

idents attendant upon the death of the young man, Stewart Holland, whose post of duty throughout all the trying scene, was the firing of a signal gun, at intervals, in the hope of attracting the attention of vessels from a distance to the scene of the disaster. While all around him were death and despair, in bold relief there he stood (like Hope herself) with the calm determination of a true hero, discharging gun after gun, until the gallant ship went down beneath the waves.—Here was a courage and manliness—a defiance of death, and an adhesion to duty, we might walk over the most famous battle fields in history to look for and not find. He was in the very act of firing as the vessel disappeared below the waters.—*Express*.

Flag of the brave! take newer light
On every stripe and flowing fold
That symbol freedoms radiant might
In their deep Heaven of stars unrolled.
O, not in vain our martyrs sighed—
And not in vain our heroes cried,
'Tis sweet for one's own land to die!
The soul of yore, the soul that gave
Their glory to our soil and wave,
From Vernon's Mount and Ashland's grave
Still lightens through the sky!

Death on the waters! hark! the cry
Of hundreds in their agony
Who helpless, crowd the deck;
There manhood sternly marks his tomb,
And woman wails amid the gloom,
As slowly sinks the wreck:
But who is he who calmly stands,
The lighted brand within his hands
Beside the minute gun?

What quiet grandeur in his air—
His right arm raised—his forehead bare
Amid the cannon's quivering glare
And mist-wreaths rolling dun!
"Save, save thyself!" the Captain cried,
"The craven crew have left our side—
I go where goes my glorious bride,
My own majestic bark,
But thou art free—thy mother waits
Her son beside the cottage gates!
How answered Holland?—hark!
His minute gun again—and by
The flash that lights the sea and sky,
Behold the hero's form,
Grand as a young Greek God who smiles
When shake the proud Olympian piles,
And quiver all the mighty isles
Beneath the bolted storm!

In vain, in vain the loud gun roars—
No more for him the calm green shore—
For him no more the home;
But still undaunted there he stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
Above the wild white foam.
See! see! the vessel reels—a cry
Of shivering horror rends the sky—
O, God! can no one save?—
The proud ship sinks—and sinks—again
The cannon thunders to the main,
Then naught but mist and wave
Where but a few brief hours ago
The rider of the billows bore
In pride four hundred joyous souls
To an expectant shore!

Soul of the brave! when sounds the tramp
'Mid red-browed battle's glorious pomp,
And rolling drum and thrilling fife,
Lead on the dark and desperate strife,
While gorgeous banners rise and fall
Majestic o'er the soldier's pall,
And eager nations turn their eyes
Upon the hero's sacrifice—
O, 'tis not then, it is not there,
With gory blade and vengeful air,
The grandest wreath is thine;
'Tis when with calm, untrembling breath,
The hero, smiling, faces death
Upon the land or brine—
And knowing not if e'er his name
Shall murmur from the harp of Fame,
But looking from a troubled zone
To God, and to his God alone!

Brave Holland! such a wreath is thine,
And millions shall rejoice that they
May build to thee a glorious shrine,
And round it deathless laurel twine,
Nor let thy memory fade away—
For still, despite of reeling deck,
The yawning wave, the sinking wreck,
The record of thy deed remains,
Stamped on the Pyramid that Time
For hero-souls of every clime,
Has reared on Glory's plains.

O, Dweller of the crag and cloud,
Wave wider, wider yet thy wing!
Roll back, roll back the tempest's shroud,
And brood above the thunder's spring:
A newer splendor lights thy plume,
And fresh vigor nerves thy flight
Amid the South's soft, sunny bloom,
Or through the Norland's wintery night;
'Twas not in vain our Martyrs sighed—
And not in vain our Heroes cried,
'Tis sweet for one's own land to die!
The soul of yore, the soul that gave
Their glory to our soil and wave,
From Vernon's Mount and Ashland's grave
Still lightens through the sky!