



A Hero.—John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance lecturer, who has returned to the United States, from a visit to his native England, and who is announced to speak at Cooper Institute on next Monday evening, related in one of his recent speeches, the following anecdote:

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said—"Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet—"John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir." "Head her southeast and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir." "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God. [Sensation.]

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. It is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin—to save a child from drunkenness than from fire.