



"JUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAYA JUBENTIAM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA."

VOLUME I.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DEC'R 9, 1835.

NUMBER XXIX.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d. per annum, if paid in advance, but 16s. if paid at the end of the year,—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance; whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage.

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For Sale.

THAT WELL KNOWN FARM

FORMERLY belonging to the Rev. JAS. ROSSON, situated a few miles from Pictou, on the Halifax Road, and fronting on the Harbour. A considerable portion of the same is in a high state of cultivation.

There are also on the ground,
A HOUSE and BARN.

For further particulars apply to H. Hatton, Esq. or to the Subscriber,

THOMAS RAE.

Sept. 30, 1835. cm-w

LITERARY NOTICE.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS:
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
OR PLEASING INSTRUCTOR,

Being a Collection of Sentences, Divine, Moral, and Entertaining.

Translated into Gaelic, by ALEXANDER M'GILVERAY.
200 pages, 18mo.

Subscriptions for the above work will be received at this Office. [October 14.]

REMOVAL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER, DRUGGIST, has removed to the shop adjoining Mr. Yorton's, and directly opposite the store of D. Crichton & Son.
September 15, 1835.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

ANY person desirous of subscribing for the New England Farmer, can be furnished with a copy, commencing with Vol. 14th No. 1, dated July 15th, 1835, by applying at this Office. [August 1st.]

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any Legal Demands against the Estate of

ROBERT BROWN,

Blacksmith, late of Middle River, deceased, are hereby notified to render their accounts duly attested, to the subscribers within the space of eighteen calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

MARGARET BROWN, Adm'x.
THOMAS KERR, } Adm'rs.
THOMAS McCOUL, }

4th November, 1835. cm-m

ON CONSIGNMENT.

ASKS Herbert's Liquid and Paste SHOE BLACKING—cheap for Cash. Subscriber. JAS. DAWSON.

835

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

A HERO IN HUMBLE LIFE.

WHAT is a hero? seems a needless question in a land where so many heroes have been born and bred. yet I am not sure that our usual ideas of heroism are very correct. The multitude, seeing that the heroic deeds we applaud are most generally those performed by our brave men—our sailors and soldiers—consider them, and them only as our heroes. The correctness of this conclusion I cannot at present pause to consider, but I am inclined to extend the title of hero to some whom it has not hitherto reached. Flowing from a high principle, which is its basis in pure moral feeling, there is a self-denying, self-devoting power—a power of sacrificing self and all its wishes, all its prospects, all its dearest earthly hopes, at the call of duty; which is many, many a time practised amid the obscurest scenes of life, amid the noiseless and unknown fulfilment of daily and hourly toils, of which few of the many who have been clamorously hailed as heroes, would be found capable—heroism which can battle down the aspirations of a lofty spirit; the bounding thoughts and purposes of a genius—of talent; the joyous anticipations of a young and mirthful heart; and at the call of duty or affection be content to smother all its cherished hopes and wishes, and to wear away dreary days and sleepless nights in cheerfully performing lowly house-hold tasks; in watching over sick-beds, training up children of the dead—or, it may be, the unworthy; in attending to potty, spirit-killing, mind extinguishing cares and services, till youth and bloom, with all their gay hopes and sweet affections, have perished—and for ever!

Of this species of heroism, the greater number of examples will certainly be found among women; though among men the instances of most noble self-devotion, without even hope or thought of attaining the smallest portion of the bubble honour, are, I am persuaded, both numerous and striking. Thoughts of this kind never occur to me without conjuring up to my mind's eye the tall, handsome, but now most attenuated form of John Cochrane, whose sacrifice of self has seldom been surpassed. He is of a family of brave men—natives of Stirlingshire. Having a number of years ago wished to emigrate to Canada, they removed westward, intending to sail from Clyde, which, however, they were prevented from doing. The person entrusted with money raised for the expenses of the voyage and subsequent settlement, acted unfairly, and I believe absconded; so that they were compelled for want of funds to remain in Port-Glasgow, where three or four of the lads became sailors. They are all first rate men, and are at present employed as masters or pilots of different steam-vessels either at home or abroad. John, the individual of whom I write, was pilot of a very fine steam-vessel called the Clydesdale, of which the master was a clever worthy young man, named Turner.

About the year 1827, this vessel was appointed to sail between Clyde and the west coast of Ireland; and one evening, after setting out on the voyage with between seventy and eighty passengers, Cochrane observed at intervals a slight smell of fire, and went about anxiously endeavouring to discover whence it originated. On communicating with the master, he found that he, too, had perceived it; but neither of

them could form the least conjecture as to where it arose. A gentleman passenger, also, observed this alarming vapour, which alternately rose and passed away, leaving them in doubt of its being a reality. About eleven at night, this gentleman went to bed, confident of safety; but while Cochrane was at the helm, the master ceased not an instant to search from place to place, as the air became more and more impregnated with the smell of burning; at last he sprang upon deck, exclaiming, "Cochrane, the flames have burst out at the paddle-box!" John calmly inquired, "then, shall I put about?" From what cause I do not distinctly know, Turner's order was to "proceed." Cochrane struck one hand upon his heart, as he flung the other above his head, and with uplifted eyes uttered, "Oh, God Almighty, enable me to do my duty" and, oh God provide for my wife, my mother, and my child!" and instantly taking the helm, fixed himself on the spot.

Whether it was the thoughts of the dreadful nature of the Galloway coast, girdled as it is with perpendicular masses of rock, which influenced the master in his decision to press forward, I cannot tell, but as there was only the wide ocean before and around them, the pilot did not long persist in this hopeless course. He put the boat about, sternly subduing every expression of emotion, and standing with his eyes fixed on the point for which he wished to steer. The fire, which the exertions of all the men could not keep under, soon raged with ungovernable fury, and, keeping the engine in violent action, the vessel, at the time one of the fleetest that had ever been built, flew through the water with incredible speed. All the passengers were gathered to the bow, the rapid flight of the vessel keeping that part clear of the flames, while it carried the fire, flames, and smoke, backward to the quarter gallery, where the self devoted pilot stood like a martyr at the stake. Every thing possible was done by the master and crew to keep the place on which he stood deluged with water; but this became every moment more difficult and more hopeless, for, in spite of all that could be done, the devouring fire seized the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still, still the hero never flinched! At intervals the motion of the wind threw aside the intervening mass of flame and smoke for a moment, and then might be heard exclamations of hope and gratitude as the multitude on the prow got a glimpse of the brave man standing calm and fixed on his dreadful watch!

The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, had been observed by the people on shore, and they had assembled on the heights adjoining an opening in the rocks about twelve yards wide; and there, by waving torches and other signals, did their best to direct the crew to the spot. The signals were not misunderstood by Cochrane. By that time his feet were roasted on the deck! The fierce fire still kept the engine in furious action, impelling the vessel onward, but this could not have lasted above another minute; and during the interval he ran her into the open space, and laid her alongside a ledge of rock, upon which every creature got safe on shore—all unscathed, except the self-devoted one, to whom all owed their lives! Had he flinched for a minute, they must all have perished. What would not any or all