
HEROISM.—The local of The Utrea (N. Y.) Observer has an item worthy a passing notice, as illustrative of human nature. A lad named Lombard, aged only eight years, in jumping from a street car in that city, lost his balance and fell upon the track, the wheels passing over one of his legs, tearing away a large strip of flesh, and almost crushing the bone into fine pieces. He was carried into a drug store and a surgeon called in, when, it is said :

The little fellow, looking at his leg, and seeing it crushed, said, "Oh! I can never walk again; but what makes me feel bad is, that mother will cry and feel so sorry, that she will die; and then there will be two dead." On being assured by Dr. Wolcott that the leg would not be taken off, but might be saved, he exclaimed: "*Well, that's bully, if I only can have my leg!*" and he bore the operation of dressing, &c., with great fortitude.

Brave words like these, proceeding from the mouth of a captain less seriously injured on the battlefield, would have been worth a brigadier's commission. So true it is that after all "men are only boys of larger growth."

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