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"MOTHER MADE IT."

From the Home Journal.

A few weeks since, while in one of the beautiful inland cities of Wisconsin, an incident occurred which awakened in my mind a train of reflections which possibly may be written and read with advantage.

I was hurrying along the street, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a little boy on the side of the pavement, selling candy. He was not really beautiful, nor was he decidedly the reverse. His age was about nine years; his clothes were old and faded, but well patched. His candy was spread upon a canvas, white cotton cloth, neatly stretched over what had been a jappanned server. He was surrounded by a small group of boys, evidently belonging to different grades of society.

As I came nearly opposite him, the oft-repeated interlude, "Candy, sir!" fell upon my ears, and although opposed to the excessive use of candy, I stopped aside to patronize the light-hearted, pale, freckled homely little representative of trade.

I purchased of him, partly for his encouragement, but with particular reference to the friendship of the little folks of the family with which I was a temporary guest.

The candy was as white as the cloth beneath it, being free from the poisonous coloring ingredients so extensively used in the confectionary art. I tasted it, and found it deliciously flavored and very nice.

"My boy," said I, "your candy is very good; let me have a little more."

I immediately saw that my remark had awakened in his young heart emotions which in themselves were quite abstract from the candy trade. His countenance beamed with joy as he raised his large eyes, sparkling with delight, and observed in reply:

"It is good, isn't it! 'Mother made it.'"

In these few words was embodied an unconscious exhibition of character. Here was a spontaneous outburst of filial affection.

Now this incident, in itself was trifling; but the spirit of the language carried my mind back through life more than thirty years, and at irregular intervals leads me pause and apply the sentiment to some item connected with my own history.

Before making the application, however, I wish to disabuse myself of the charge, which such application may incur, of appropriating to myself the nobility of character which I have above attributed to the candy boy. Holding myself exempt from this arrogance, I would simply say, I am not ashamed of the profession of my affection for my parents, and hope I may not outlive that profession.

When I was a little boy, at school, and carried my dinner in a sachet made of calico, some of my schoolmates carried theirs in fashionable willow baskets, and sometimes teased me because I carried mine in a "poke." I felt vexed, but reconciled myself with the recollection that if I did carry a poke, "Mother made it." In less than twenty-five years after that time, one of these same schoolmates was happy to avail himself of the privilege of sending his children to my school to receive a gratuitous instruction, proffered in view of his extreme poverty. His children came to school without any dinner. They had no nice willow basket—they needed no calico "poke."

William Foster ruled his copy-book with a pencil set in a fine silver case. He said he would not carry such a great ugly club of a pencil as mine. I compared the pencils of the three; I had a good lead pencil hammered out of a piece of lead. "Mother made it," and I was satisfied with it. After we grew up to be men, William Foster came to us to get me to calculate interest on a small note, at six per cent. per annum; he carried a pencil worth four cents. I had no gum elastic ball; but I had one made of woolen ravelings and covered with leather. "Mother made it."

When in my twenty-second year, I left home to attend school at L. There were in the school some fast young men, the sons of wealthy parents. There were others whose good sense was not annihilated by pecuniary advantages. Of the former class was one John Stokes, who wore very fine broadcloth. My best coat was not so fine, the cloth cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; my mother had traded two checks of her own manufacture for it, while I was working to assist my father in raising his family; she paid cents for getting the garment cut, and made it herself. John Stokes came one day to my desk, held out his arm, compared his coat sleeve with mine, and enquiring ironically, where I got such a fine coat. I proudly told him, "My mother made it." He figured great surprise, and sarcastically observed he had mistaken it for imported goods; he wished he could get such fine clothes, and wondered if mother would get him up a fine coat.

A short time afterward, while in a tailor shop one morning with a fellow student, John Stokes' fine coat was brought in by a lad, with instructions to scour and press it. He was not in his class that day; he had been seen the previous night on Walnut street, rolling in the mud drunk as a Bache. He left the school in disgrace. Now he lies in a drunkard's grave.

I boarded myself while attending school here. I walked nine miles home at the close of each week, and returned on Monday morning with my loaf of bread under my arm. It would become stale before Friday evening, but I always relished it when I recollected that "Mother made it."

I am now so far advanced in life that my friends begin to call me old. But I have not lived long enough to learn why I shouldn't still respect my mother and regard her affectionately. She is quite advanced in years, and nearly lost her sight. She is within a few feet of me, sewing up a rent in a linen coat while I write this. She knows not what I am writing. She has been a widow eight years, and is still toiling for the welfare of her children. She has never studied grammar, philosophy, nor music. These were seldom taught in

her youth. But she knows their value, and has toiled hard many a day to purchase books for her children, and support them at school. And shall I now omit the lip of scorn, or blush in company, to hear her substitute a verb of unity for one of plurality, or pronounce a word twenty years behind the Websterian era? Never—no, never! The old dilapidated grammar in my library might testify against her style; but its testimony would be infinitely more terrible against my ingratitude. I recollect well when she rode eight miles on cold winter's day, to sell produce and purchase that book for me, when I was a little boy. It required a sacrifice, but "MOTHER MADE IT."

An Amateur Phrenologist.

Our neighbor, Col. S., tells a capital story of a certain wag in Erie (Penn.) a jolly publican who contributes a good deal to the life of that pleasant but sometimes very obstinate borough. One morning a travelling Phrenologist arrived at his inn and took up lodgings. The next day in the village paper appeared an advertisement, stating that Professor B— was in Erie, and would make, "for a consideration," examinations of the heads of the citizens, and accompany the same with an accurate, reliable chart of character. For three or four days the calls were scarce; but on the fifth day there was a rush of five or six to the apartments of the Professor.

One morning a countryman entered the inn where the Phrenologist had his rooms, and said to the landlord aforesaid—

"Is this the place where the Phrenologist holds out, who can tell a man's character by the bumps on his skull?"

"Yes," replied Boniface, with a reserved and dignified manner.

"Well, I want my potato trap looked into a little. Where is the man?"

"Is the man," said the landlord.

"Oh! you be, eh! Wal, put in; feel of my bump, and gin up a map. What's the swindle?"

"There is no swindle, sir. Phrenology is a science, sir—a liberal science."

"O yes—spect so; but what's the epicure or feelin' a feller's head?"

"One dollar, with a chart."

"Wal, go it. What do I do—lie down or set up? Does it hurt?"

"Not in the least, sir; take your seat in that chair."

There were four or five more loungers in the tavern, who checked a laugh as the countryman took his seat, having first, as requested, removed his coat, vest, and neckcloth. The wag of a landlord ran his hands through the hair of the "patient," for a moment, and then said to the bar tender:

"Mr. Flipkins, take a sheet of paper, draw four lines down the whole length, and put down my figures under the head I mention to you." It was done. "Have you got it?"

"Yes, all right."

"Very well," said the landlord, who went on with an examination which was rougher, perhaps, than there was any necessity for, "put down Philoprogenitiveness, sir."

"Down, sir."

"Very well. Reverence, two."

"Booked, sir."

"Comparativeness, two hundred."

"What's that?" said the victim.

"No matter, sir; you will see on the chart."

"Caution, one."

"Credulity, four hundred."

"What's the last bump?" asked the patient.

"Never mind, now; you'll understand it, by and by. And now, (to the barkeeper.) Mr. Flipkins, you've put these in separate columns, as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; add 'em up."

"Add 'em u-p-p!" exclaimed the Phrenologist, who, "is that the way you do?"

"Of-course! How else could we get our balance of mind—of intellect."

"Wal, go a head!"

"How does it daboll, Mr. Flipkins."

"The three columns are equal—foot up precisely the same!"

The landlord looked solemnly and sympathizingly towards his subject; "It is very strange," said he, "but it is so. Phrenology never lies. You have no predominant character, sir; you have no intellectual status; you don't know anything, sir. Excuse me, sir, but I must state the truth, whether you take a chart or not; but, if there is any truth in Phrenology, you are a d—n fool! Under the circumstances, sir, I can scarcely expect you to keep the chart, which you have contracted for; that is a matter of small consequence, as it will be a valuable illustration of a unique species, which I can use in my lectures. I authenticate all my lectures with real names and residences. The charge of deception in science, is one which was never brought against me, and never will be, sir—never."

"Oh! never; mind; give us the map," said the subject; "here's the swindle for it is a swindle; but I'd rather pay it than to have you going round the country makin' a fool of me every where else as you have here—your blasted philoprogenitive humbug, you!"

With this explosion, the subject retired.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.—How many are there now lying upon beds of sickness, bolstered up in arm chairs, or creeping about their houses from the effects of Rheumatism, Scrofula, Canker, Erysipelas, or some other ill that "flesh is heir to," when they might be enjoying a pleasant ride on an agreeable walk, and breathing the fresh and invigorating air of heaven instead of the stifled atmosphere of the sick chamber, if they would but use a bottle two of Kennedy's Medical Discovery. We should not make so confident a statement were we not fully prepared to substantiate it by personal observation and the testimony of those whose words cannot be disputed; and under those circumstances, we feel constrained to speak in favor of this great Medical Discovery.

Henry Ward Beecher on the Duty of Young Men.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, held its anniversary on Tuesday night. Among the speakers was Henry Ward Beecher, who discoursed as follows:

It was no great credit to be a young man; every body has to be one. But the credit was in making it appear they were old in wisdom and Christian grace. He wished to put young men on their guard against a certain pined self denial that is too prevalent. Some people are like very religious machines. It is not only the duty of a young man to be a Christian, but to manifest all the graces of Christianity as it was by the conduct more than by the primitive Christians that Christianity was made palatable. Some people seem to think religion a kind of garb put on; yet religion is chiefly in the elements of rectitude, love, worship or veneration; and instead of going about to show how religious one is, it is to be shown in their actions. There is a great difference between religion and religiousness; the man who acts Christianity is the true Christian; that which merely talks religion is not true like that which acts. That newspaper for instance, that discusses all ordinary affairs by the light of true christianity, is most truly a religious paper; the one filled with gingerbread piety, old women's stories, and all sorts of rattle trap pious things. He said that another very important matter, a truly religious matter, is the subject of health; nothing is of more importance to the young man. A young man needs strong, vigorous health; he wished to ask the young men of the Christian Association, if while they were exploring the rum holes and gambling dens, while they were circulating tracts, if they had all considered what the thousands of young men and middle-aged men were doing in the matter of health. How is the young man to get the proper exercise? In billiards there is not exercise enough. There is nothing more healthful than bowling; yet he would soon be bowled down in society should he go into any of the saloons in Brooklyn. There was rowing, and all the various games of ball; and if the young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn would only take the subject in hand, they would be taking a step far in advance of any other city. He urged the importance of this matter most strongly upon the Association. He said that young men up to late—though he did not follow his own advice, nobody ever did; he thought no young man should see the backside of 10 o'clock at night. He suggested that perhaps the procuring of books for a library was not the most important to the association. The faces of our young men are blanched white enough already, and their chests almost collapsed. When he came to look at the books of that library, he should not look to see how many volumes of theology they had, but how many books they had from which a young man could learn something of the world into which they were born, and about that body upon which their natural and spiritual interests depended. If the church does not permit this matter, it will go on with the church; God is not half so careful about the church as church members are. He thought they should thus glorify God, in everything that makes a sound body as well as sound morals.

"Nothing But a Laborer."

In passing along the street we saw a group of people congregated round a prostitute man.

"What is the matter?" we inquired.

"A man dead."

"Who is he?"

"Nothing but a laborer!"

"Nothing but a laborer!" A poor wife, sick and weary, watches every passer on the street, strains her ear to catch every footfall, and hopes in vain that each one will prove to be the sunshine of her care-worn and hard-working life.

"Nothing but a laborer!" but little children cluster round their mother's knees, and ask in disappointed tones, "Why don't father come?"

"Nothing but a laborer!" but the baby lays down her only toy, and claps her hand at each foot-fall, crowing, "Papa, papa!"

"Nothing but a laborer!" but as the night falls dark with anxious faces, clasped hands and suspended breath, eager for the coming of him whose voice is forever hushed; who will never again whisper words of love to the wife who has worn out her life in toil for him; whose cheering tones will never more soothe the troubles of the little ones; whose strong arms lie still and nerveless, never again to raise the cowering babe, who in her sweet sleep murmurs his loved name.

Mark the agony of those faces as the messenger of woe approaches the door.—Hear the cry of anguish the poor widow gives, and see her fall fainting to the floor; listen to the children's sobs, and hear the baby's cry mingled with theirs as the wail of grief wakes her from her sleep. See the despair that falls on all as the corpse is borne in at the door where his coming was so anxiously looked for; and when the widow, turning from all consolation, calls in heart-breaking accents on the dear loved name, and implores him to look up, to speak once more to her; when the children, kneeling near her, call in vain for mother's or father's care, then say, if you can, "Nothing but a laborer."

A SHOT IN THE FLOCK.—We wonder if the following Faithful shot, from the "Notes from the Plymouth Pulpit," by Henry Ward Beecher, hits anybody in all this region round about? We hope not, Mr. Beecher said:

"There are sitting before me in this congregation now, two hundred men, who stuff their Sundays full of what they call religion, and then go out on Mondays to catch their brother by the throat, saying: 'Pay me that thou owest it! Monday now, and you needn't think that because we sat crying together yesterday, over our Savior's sufferings and love, that I am going to let you off from that debt, if it does ruin you to pay it now.'"

Joppa—Its Associations and its Plans.

Mr. Brooks, of the New York Express, is traveling in the Holy Land. His tour has awakened many pleasant associations and some things not quite as pleasant as associations kept him awake. On arriving, after night fall, at the gate of Joppa, the ancient Joppa he was refused admittance, and was forced to go to sleep—or at least attempt it—where he was. How he succeeded, his own words will best inform us:

I had not slept an hour before I was waked up by ten hundred millions of fleas creeping—walking all over me, from head to foot. Ten hundred millions of fleas I say; of course I did not count them, if you can count the sands of the desert or the sea. Look at me! look at my companions: flea-bitten from the crown of the head to the soles of the boots! See us all gyrating, gesticulating, manipulating! the most active, the most indefatigable of human beings, for finger, thumb, hand and toes. I jumped up from my bench-bed, of course, as soon as I discovered my insupportable bed-fellows, and rubbed far off from the gate and the walls. The dogs then began upon me, in barks and howls, and the rest of the night was consumed in thrashing them with my Jordan Pilgrim stick, and in gymnastic manipulations, the cause of which you can guess.

After this not agreeable experience, we ought not to expect a rose colored description of the city. Here is what he says:

Jaffa, Joppa, Japho, Yafa—we have it spelled all these various ways—is believed to have existed before the deluge, and to have been the city where Noah dwelt and built his ark. It was the port whence Jonah embarked for Tarshish, when he was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale. Here, too, Peter the Apostle, raised Sabinus from the dead, and tarried many days in the house of "Simon, the tanner." And it was here that while praying on the house top, he saw that strange vision of clean and unclean beasts and creeping things, and hear a voice saying "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." During the Roman war it was burned, and eight thousand of its inhabitants killed. Napoleon entered it with a French army, in 1799, and carried the city by storm. And here was the place, if English history be correct, where Napoleon massacred four thousand Romans, principally Albanians, who had surrendered to Eugene Beauharnois and Crozier, his aides-de-camp; and here too where Napoleon poisoned his plague stricken invalids to the number of four or five hundred. The place has history, as you see, but the quicker you get out of it, when you are in, the happier you will be.

Process of Making Ice in the East Indies.

Natural ice is never seen in the warmest parts of that country. To procure ice by artificial means they dig, on a large open plain not far from Calcutta, three or four pits about thirty feet square and two feet deep each, the bottom of which they cover about eight inches or a foot thick with sugar cane or the stems of the large Indian corn, dried. On this bed are placed in rows a number of small, shallow, unglazed earthen pans, formed of a very porous earth, a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch and a quarter deep, which at the dusk of the evening they fill with soft water that has been boiled. In the morning before sunrise, the ice makers attend the pits, and collect what is frozen in baskets, which they convey to the place of preservation. This is generally prepared on some high, dry situation, by sinking a pit fourteen or fifteen feet deep, lining it first with straw, and then with a course kind of blanketing. The ice is deposited in this pit, and beat down with rammers, till at length its own accumulated cold again freezes it, and forms one solid mass. The mouth of the pit is well secured from the exterior air with straw and blankets, and a thatched roof is thrown over the whole. The quantity of ice formed by the method above described, depends on a light atmosphere, and clear, serene weather.—Three hundred persons are employed in this operation in one place.

At first sight this curious process may appear to be an effect of evaporation; but this is not the case; for it is remarkable that it is essential to its success that the straw in which the vessels are placed should be dry, whereas, if evaporation were concerned in the congelation, wetting the straw would promote it. When the straw becomes wet by accident, it is obliged to be replaced by dry straw.

The earth is continually losing heat by radiation, and it loses most on clear, starlight nights, when there are no clouds to intercept and send back the rays of heat. The straw, like all filamentous substances, is a good radiator of caloric, and it is in consequence of the heat that is thus given out by it into space on clear nights that the ice is formed. When the weather is windy and cloudy, the effect does not take place.

Moors in South Carolina.

It may not be generally known that some of the best families in South Carolina are Moors by descent. The blood of the African soon washes out, but that of the Indian and Moor, after half a score of generations, shows itself almost as strongly as ever. The crisp, curling black hair, dark sad eyes, long silky lashes, and swarthy complexion, come up generation. Many of our old Huguenot families, down to the present day, show strong traces of their Moorish descent.

When the Moors were driven out from Spain, upon the conquest of Granada, thousands of them took refuge in the south of France, carrying with them the art of cultivating the vine and of growing silk. Remembering their bitter persecutions in Spain, they never could become Catholics, though forced by their position to renounce Mohammedanism and become Christians. They became eventually Protestants, and when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes took place, withdrawing toleration from the Protestant religion, they were again driven to seek new homes, and in large numbers emigrated to South Carolina.—Clarendon (S. C.) Banner.

Men of The Times.

We condense the following sketches of some of the leading men in the impending struggle, from various sources:

Victor Emanuel II., King of Sardinia which country bears almost the same relation to the pending European war as Turkey did to the Crimean, is one of the prominent actors in the great drama now being enacted on the Eastern hemisphere. The House of Savoy, of which he is the head, descends from the old counts of Sardinia.

The latest news places General Mamora in command of the Sardinian army, ready to co-operate with Louis Napoleon against Austria at a moment's notice. General Mamora is an old tried soldier. When the Crimean war broke out, and Sardinia joined the Western Powers against Russia, and the Sardinian contingent was raised, he was placed in command, went to the Crimea, and behaved in the noblest manner, making himself famous as one of the generals of Europe.

The Marquis D'Azeglio has figured in the quarrel very prominently. He is the Sardinian ambassador, and one of the oldest families in Piedmont, and one of considerable distinction at the present time. The first stand taken by Count Cavour, the Sardinian prime minister, to compel the admission of the Sardinian Government to a representation in the proposed European Peace Congress, and to enforce a recognition of the importance of that Power among the great nations of Europe, has marked him as a prominent man in view of the impending war, and of the part in it which is necessarily assigned him.—He was born in Turin, August 10, 1810, and belongs to an ancient and wealthy family of Piedmont.

The name of Joseph Mary Garibaldi—he now commands the ten thousand Italian volunteers in defense of Sardinia against Austria—is suggestive of liberty, and by many of his countrymen he is revered, almost as a Washington.

On Louis Napoleon—alternately the Prince, the outcast, the fugitive, the prisoner, the pamphleteer and the Emperor—the eyes of the world are now fixed, as upon an arbiter of the destinies of Europe.

Francois Certain Camerote, Marshal of France, Senator, was born in the year 1809, and belongs to an honorable family of Bretagne.

Baraguay d'Hilliers, it is announced by the Niagara, will command the divisions of the French army to co-operate with Sardinia, and is therefore of note in the present crisis. He was in 1849 military governor of Rome and commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy, though formerly he had been a French prisoner of war in Parichester castle, and at a time when no parole was granted to any prisoner, whatever might be his rank.

Count Jacques Louis Cesar Alexs dra Randon, Marshal of France, formerly Minister and Senator—now named as the Major General on the Piedmontese frontier—was born at Grenoble, on the 25th of March, 1795.

Francois Joseph, Emperor of Austria, who has been so energetically preparing for war, in spite of his youth and inexperience, and of the Napoleon with whom he has to deal, in connection with the infuriated liberals of Italy, has undoubtedly been actuated by a determined ambition. He was born in August, 1830, and is consequently but nearly twenty-nine years of age. He is a son of the Archduke Francis Joseph. His titles, besides that of Emperor of Austria, are King of Hungary and Bohemia, King of Lombardy and Venetia, Archduke of Austria and other minor titles.

A High Bridge from England to France.

The English papers have published some of the details of the plans, not long since submitted to by Charles Boyl, of London, for uniting England and France by a gigantic tubular bridge across the channel between Dover and Grines, the nearest points opposite the coast. In order to afford a passage to vessels of the largest size, the bridge would rest on one side of the cliffs of Cape Grines, the French abutments being raised one hundred and fifty feet higher than the English, to compensate for the difference of elevation of the cliffs. The bridge would be supported by one hundred ninety towers, at a distance of five hundred feet apart, each having a light to guide vessels at night, and an alarm bell for a warning in the fogs. The greatest depth of the channel on the line proposed, is one hundred and eighty-six feet. The bridge would have two or more railroads, which it is estimated could be traversed in twenty minutes; and it would be so built as to admit the light day—being lighted at night by gas.

In order to prevent all fear of invasion, the projector proposes that each end of the bridge shall be a strong battery. The towers which would be one hundred feet in diameter, and two hundred and sixty feet high, would rest on colossal bases, three hundred and sixty feet square at the bottom, one hundred and fifty feet square at the top, rising to a height of forty feet above the water, formed of blocks of granite united by iron bars. The elevation of tops of towers would thus be three hundred feet above the surface of the water.

Mr. Boyl estimates the utmost possible cost of the bridge at £30,000,000, but that it could be built for half that sum, and that the whole cost would be reimbursed to the company in eight years. The project seems to promise much better success than that of Mr. Gamond, who proposes to build a tunnel under the channel at a cost of only £4,000,000.

LIVE, WITHOUT TRIALS.—Would you wish to live without trials? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot learn as your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table; they must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If you wish to understand their true character—if you would know their strength—of what they are capable—throw them overboard! Over with them—and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

A Man Suddenly Becomes Insane—Heroic Conduct of his Sister.

A man named John W. Halsted left his home in the interior of Illinois last week, and with his sister started for California. Arriving in the city they took passage on the steamer Arctic for Buffalo. Before the boat started Mr. Halsted manifested unmistakable signs of insanity. He frothed at the mouth, talked wildly to his sister, and acted insanely in other ways. His sister deemed best to go ashore with him. She did so, and by advice of some friends took him to Mr. Edwards' tavern in Newburg, where, away from noise and bustle, she hoped he would speedily recover. In the night she was aroused by hearing the window of the room in which she had placed her brother, which adjoined hers, open. She hastened to the room, and found that her brother had jumped to the ground and was running wildly across the fields. Quickly throwing on a dress, but not stopping to put on her shoes and stockings, she pursued him and nearly overtook him, calling piteously on him to stop. He answered that men were close at his heels who wanted to murder him, and he could not stop.

Through the woods and swamps, in a strange country, barefooted and in the night, this noble woman pursued her mad brother to Chagrin Falls, a distance of twelve miles. He knew her, and would give way and then allow her to almost overtake him. He would speak kindly to her, but could not stop, as the murderers were lurking near to kill him. At the Falls, through the aid of some of the citizens, she succeeded in capturing him. She brought him to this city and gave him in charge of Sheriff Wightman, who kindly cared for him for a few days, until he became somewhat quiet, and yesterday he took him to the Newburg Asylum.

The unfortunate man is apparently about thirty-three years old. Religious excitement is supposed to be the cause of his insanity. The attack was very sudden, as he appeared to be entirely sound of mind until he went aboard the Arctic.—He is a man of fine appearance and of considerable standing at home. His sister is about twenty years old and a young lady of superior intelligence.—Cleveland Plain Dealer, 11th inst.

A Woman Shoots a Lawyer at La Crosse.

A Mrs. Bowles, a woman at La Crosse Wis., has gained a little unenviable notoriety by shooting a man of that place. It seems there is a lawsuit pending between this Mrs. Bowles, (who was formerly the widow of Peter Cameron) and Daniel Cameron, Jr., involving the title to considerable real estate at La Crosse.

Mrs. Bowles says Cameron called at her house to get hold of some important papers in her possession, which she says will show that he has no right to the large amount of property he claims in La Crosse. To this end of getting the papers, he seized hold of her dress, and tried to rifle her pocket for the keys to the drawer containing the papers. By strong effort she was enabled to reach the bed, draw a pistol from under the pillow, and sent the contents of one barrel at him, while holding on her dress, and the other after him as he was retreating from the door.

On Friday, Mr. Cameron entered a complaint against Mrs. Bowles, for an "attempt to murder;" before the Police Justice. Mrs. B. waived examination, and gave bail in the sum of five hundred dollars.

We are sorry the upper ten of La Crosse are still so uncivilized.

The Little Girl who had Survived the Shipwreck.

A few days since one of the Metropolitan cars was stopped for the purpose of taking up an elderly lady and a sickly looking little girl. In the cars were ten females, five on a side and the seats will carry nine. Every inch of room seemed occupied by the occupants of the car were fashionably dressed, and their skirts expanded like peacocks' tails. No one offered the old lady a seat, or made room for her, or seemed to care whether she was tired or rested. For a moment the old scanned the faces of those before her, and then she smiled grimly at the want of courtesy which characterized females of the present age.

"I say, you," the old lady exclaimed, nudging the knee of the nearest female and pointing to the little girl.

"Did you speak to me," demanded the astonished female, on her dignity immediately.

"Why, yes! I want to know if you would believe this little girl just come out of the shipwreck hospital at Deer Island."

Ten hands delicately gloved, were raised toward the bell strap and ten voices shrilly raised for the car to stop, and in less than one minute the old lady and the girl had the vehicle to themselves.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "I forgot to tell 'em there wasn't any patients there sick with the fever. However, I'll let 'em know it the next time we meet. Take a seat, dear, and make yourself at home."

The conductor was somewhat astonished on that trip.

MR. PILE, HIS PEAK.—A short time since Captain Yates cleared from Chicago for Pike's peak, via the canal and rivers.—The Captain has returned with his craft, the Geneva. Here is his log, as published in the Chicago Press and Tribune:

"Eight miles from Chicago broke a wheel—repaired at Joliet—started again—shot wild hog—salted him—ducks and wild fowl—ducks—more ducks—ducks, the cook falling overboard—Alton broke on our weatherbow—large river—Mississippi—more of the same sort, but muddier—believed to be an open main of the Chicago Water Works—asked wood-dealer, called Missouriian in those parts—found an island—landed—name it after discoverer, 'Polignac'—found owner of the island—more ducks—'what will you take?'—'half fowl'—said Geneva to owner—cleared 8—landed at Mr. Pike's house—any Peak, after all—don't care whether he has or not."

Flashes of Fun.

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign, and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read: "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

"John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water where there are any barefooted boys, they might get their feet pricked."

"I say, Bill, then you're getting two dollars a week now?"

"Well, you might 'a' known that, by seeing' all the fellers come scarpin' round me that would not notice me when I was poor."

An editor down east, who served on a jury, says that he is so full of law that it is hard for him to keep from cheating somebody.

Howard Paul, in Patchwork, speaks of a man whose ill-luck was so proverbial, that if he had fallen on his back he would have broken his nose.

Some one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass: the jackass can't change his mind, and the man can—it's a human privilege."

An Irishman, who had laid sick a long time, was met one day by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place:—"Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och, no, your reverence, it was the other chap I was afraid up," replied Pat.

Never be so rude as to say to a man: "There's the door," but say, "Elevate your goggle to the summit of your poricorization, and allow me to present to you our ocular demonstration that scientific piece of mechanism which constitutes the egress portion of the establishment."

A lady being asked what she thought of the doctrine of "total abstinence," she thought it a very good doctrine, if people would only live up to it.

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post office the other day, with the following memorandum on the envelope, "Please hasten the delivery of this."

A Connecticut newspaper, in speaking of the death of an editor, says:—"He was a high-winded gentleman a pungent writer, and valued his principles more than he did his wife."

A sick man, slightly convalescing, recently in conversation with a pious friend congratulating him upon his recovery, and asking him who his physician was, replied, "Dr. Jones brought me through." "No, no," said his friend, "God brought you out of your illness; not the doctor." "Well may he be said, but I am certain the doctor will charge me for it."

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said the suitor; it's more like climbing up to it."

"Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his much abused consort, "I wish you to make me a pair of false bosoms."

"I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

Exit husband in a brown study.

Brown says that of twenty-three men whom he helped to a cigar light, or loaned a newspaper, twenty said "Thank you, sir." Of nineteen women to whom he paid a courtesy—such as giving up his seat—picking up a dropped veil, shawl or the like, only seven said, "Thank you," and two of them were foreigners.

May is considered an unfortunate marrying month. A young girl was asked to unite herself to a feller who named May in his proposal. The lady hinted that May was unlucky. "Well, make it June then," replied the swain. Casting down her eyes, and with a deep blush, she rejoined:—"Would not April do as well?"

A country schoolmaster began the duties of the day with prayer, as usual, but after prayer he went up and asked a little boy why he hadn't shut his eyes during the prayer, when the boy sharply responded:—"We are instructed in the bible to watch as well as pray."

So we are sorry; good theology that.

"Poh! poh!" said a wife to her expiring husband, as he strove to utter a few parting words; "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying."

Scaree—Unabused ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, common honesty, disinterested friends, sound potatoes, first rate butter and rich printers.

"Why, Siah, I am astonished," said a very worthy deacon, "didn't we take you into our church a short time since?"

"I believe so," hiccupped Siah, "and between you and me it was the darndest take in I ever got into."

"You Wouldn't Bite a Blind Boy?"

On one of the Michigan Central Railroad trains the other morning, an incident occurred which created considerable merriment. A blind boy, who has the run of the cars for the purpose of selling knick-knacks, entered the sleeping car, supposing all the inmates were up and dressed.—Walking through the car he passed his hand along the berths to see if they were occupied, when it fell upon the face of a sleeper whose himeau covering at once arrested the boy's attention. Stroking down the hairy coat, the boy commenced with, "Here, poppy—here poppy!" and other expressions of fondness which a lover of the canine species would be likely to indulge in. The disturbed sleeper partially awoke under these manipulations, and, shaking his head, gave a loud snore. The boy jumped back in a fright, yelling, "Get out! get out! you wouldn't bite a blind boy! take him off!" without even yet comprehending the truth. The passenger roared with laughter, which did not all subside when the boy exclaimed, "Oh! I thought it was a pup in the berth, and not a big bull-dog."