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"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE.]

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**QUERIES.**  
Is it anybody's business,  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,  
If the lady don't refuse?  
Or to speak a little plainer,  
That the meaning all may know,  
Is it anybody's business  
If a lady has a beau?  
Is it anybody's business  
When that gentleman does call,  
Or when he leaves the lady,  
Or if he leaves at all?  
Or is it necessary  
That the curtain should be drawn,  
To save from further trouble,  
The outside lookers on?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the lady's, if her beau  
Rides out with other ladies,  
And doesn't let her know?  
Is it anybody's business  
But the gentleman's, if she  
Should accept another escort,  
Where he doesn't chance to be?  
If a person on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small,  
Is it anybody's business  
Where that person means to call?  
Or if you see a person,  
As he's calling anywhere,  
Is it any of your business  
What his business may be there?  
The substance of your query,  
Simply stated, would be this—  
Is it anybody's business  
What another's business is?  
If it is, or if it isn't,  
We would really like to know,  
For we're certain if it isn't,  
There are some who make it so.  
If it is, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part,  
Of the tattlers and defamers,  
Who through the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher,  
Until each meddler learns  
It were better in the future,  
To mind his own concerns.  
Picoynne.

From the Home Journal.  
**SARATOGA SPRINGS.**  
We're going to Saratoga Springs;  
To-morrow we'll be off;  
For Ma has got some chains and rings,  
And Pa has got a cough;  
And they must hasten, with their daughters,  
To cure them both with Congress waters.  
I feel as if my heart had wings—  
It's just the trip I need;  
And we have purchased heaps of things,  
To make the plan succeed;  
My lawns are lovely, I'll engage;  
And such a sweet new pink baregel.  
We'll follow where the "ton" has led,  
For Pa is somewhat ill;  
And Ma has got a dreadful head,  
That aches to try his skill  
Maneuvering for Nell and friends,  
And Angeline and Rosalie.  
Papa declares he'll take the four,  
Although I'm sure he knows  
The thing will cloud our prospects o'er  
Forever, with the beauty;  
For many a heart will turn to clubs,  
That courts at length the four Miss  
Stubbs!  
And I may win a coach-and-four,  
And I may win a cot;  
But sure no Brown, or Smith, or More,  
Need bid for this fair lot;  
For I am bound to stake my game  
On full three syllables of name.  
And yet it is a bitter cup,  
When youth is in a glow,  
To give its brightest prospects up,  
Because there's such a row  
Of Misses Stubbs—for all our charms  
Are lost in half a score of arms.  
But Ma has bid me think myself  
How Pa will have to plod,  
To gain the necessary pelf  
For Clara, Blanche, and Maud;  
For Pa has got a chime of belles,  
Whose music aint the kind that sells.  
But I must make my outfit go  
For something, sure as fate:  
'Tis hope's last chance and few can  
know  
How badly I should hate,  
When life is done with all its rubs,  
To mark my tomb with, Jeannie Stubbs.

ONE OF 'EM.—The Salem Press is our authority for the following "Bloomer" story:  
"A farmer in this town hired last spring a young Irishman to work upon his farm. He labored faithfully and gave good satisfaction, when about a week ago the discovery was made that his faithful hand was a *lass* of the Emerald Isle. She could plough, hoe corn, swing a sythe, rake, load and pitch hay with the best of them; but, strange to say, she was not very good at the *cradle*."  
An account of an analysis made by a Massachusetts physician of six different parcels of cream of tartar, which he purchased at as many different drug stores in Boston, shows that of the pure article in each sample the proportion differed in a range from forty to sixty per cent. That is, taking the average of the whole, only one-half of it was pure cream of tartar.

[From the Cayuga Chief.]  
**THE OLD MAN'S STORY.**  
A TERRIBLE SKETCH.  
I never shall forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the morning glass.  
One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.  
The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was some scheme to unite church and State.  
The night came, and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat, and we passed across the green to the church. I will remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.  
In the corner was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, till there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door to see what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.  
Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.  
The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick set in his build, and the other tall and well formed.—The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet, good natured look, as he leisurely looked around over the audience.  
But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad deep chest and unusual height looked giant like, as he strode slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar above the right eye.  
The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address, at the conclusion, calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using arguments which I have often heard since, and concluding by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable people. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.  
While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.  
As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his breast swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood, with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.  
He bent his gaze upon the tavern keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then, in tremulous tones, commenced. There was a depth in his voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eye of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any I ever witnessed.

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen and there is hope in the dark night which hangs, like a pall of gloom over our country."  
With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker continued, "O! God, thou who lookest with compassion upon the weak erring of earth's frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up on which the drunkard can look and be healed. That a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."  
It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and, before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops. The old man brushed one from his own eye and continued:  
"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just.  
"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred, on earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred or home! I was not once so!"  
No one could withstand the touching paths of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own eyes.  
"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more."  
The old man seemed looking away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.  
"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife—a fair, angel-beaute creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung till every fiber was broken. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of a home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with one who loveth children."  
"Do not be startled, friends—I am not a murderer, in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny balm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin which I have brought upon me and mine."  
He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.  
"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home, to the accusing demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."  
"I was a drunkard. From respectability and influence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her cheek pale and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."  
"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek."  
"At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."  
"We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve!"  
"That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terri-

ble impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state, and clinched both hands in her hair."  
"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie," and she sprung to the cradle and clasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and, as I lifted the latch the wind blew in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and storm. With a wild hal ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wail of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my older son and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In the agony of fear, he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers into my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of the devil, as I was, shut the door upon the arm, and with my knife severed the arm at the wrist!"  
The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face, as there was on his.  
"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought that I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins; and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what become of my brave boy."  
Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and heart broken pathos, the old man concluded:  
"I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I have endured within my own bosom. Oh, God! no, I am not a fanatic, I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears."  
The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Heart's could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.  
"Sign it—sign it, young man—Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved and lost ones."  
My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson."  
The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with red and death like paleness.  
"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man.—"Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy."  
My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both reeled and gasped—  
"My own injured boy!"  
"My father!"  
They fell upon each other's necks till it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.  
"Let me thank God for this great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and knelt down, pouring out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was then broken, and all eagerly signed the

pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.  
The old man is dead, but the lessons he taught his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.  
An English writer thus pictures a necessity for the extermination of rum. Pour over the language he puts into the mouth of the tippler as he cries for drink:  
There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and my food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There is the education of the family, and peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent that I have robbed from my landlord; fees I have robbed from the school master, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shop keeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for more I will yet pay for it! There's my health of body, and peace of mind; there's my character as a man, and my profession as a Christian—I give up all—give me drink! More yet, I have to give.—There is my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed—there—there is all hope of salvation. I give up my Savior. I give up my God! I resign all! All that is great, good and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk!  
A THRILLING SCENE.—A few days since, as the express train for Baltimore was passing the vicinity of Naaman's creek, at the rate of forty miles an hour, a horrifying sight was witnessed by those having charge of the train. A man, apparently a fisherman, inhabiting one of the shanties close by, who was laboring under *mania poba*, had thrown himself upon the rails for the purpose of self destruction; but two females having drawn him off, were engaged in a dreadful struggle to prevent his again throwing himself before the train. One had a deadly grip of his legs, while the other was kneeling upon his breast, as the iron horse went thundering by, just grazing his clothing; indeed so close was she, that her own escape from instant death was most imminent. The whole scene occupied but an instant, and scarcely any of the passengers were aware of the calamity which had been impending. Those who witnessed it were horror struck, knowing the impossibility to prevent the destruction of all three, if the maniac succeeded in struggling only a few inches nearer the rail.  
Philo. Ledger.  
GONE ASTRAY.—Cold words to fall on a loving heart—he has gone astray.—And is this the time to desert him?—This the time to taunt him with words that roll like lava from your passion, and only sear his soul? No! he passes under clouds; be his light now; perhaps he has no other.  
Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and malice, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgetting soul. Be careful how you freeze the first warm emotions of repentance. Beware lest those pleading words, unheeded now, sting you in some shadowy vale of your future sorrow. Repentance, changed by neglect or unkindness, becomes like melted iron hardened in the mould.—Trifle with it never. Be the first to meet the erring with outstretched arms. Wipe the tear from his eye—pour the balm of consolation on the wounds that guilt has made. Let your hearts be the grave for his transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing his burden, not in useless words. O, forgive the erring! Did not He who died on Calvary?—Shield him from the contempt of grosser minds; make brightness and beauty where all was cloud and storm before in his sad life.  
RATTLESNAKES.—Mr. J. G. Jones, of Orangeburg District, writes the Palmetto Standard, under date of the 10th inst., as follows:  
"A few days ago, being out hunting, I encountered and killed two large rattlesnakes, measuring four feet seven inches, one having eleven rattles.—Those of the other were scattered, and I could not ascertain how many there were, but suppose they were equally as many. They were both females, of different stripes, but were found together. In one I found eighteen young ones, and in the other seventeen, each measuring about 13 inches. These young ones were enclosed each in a separate sack, like the young of squirrels and rabbits, and I am now satisfied that the rattlesnakes breed in this way, instead of laying eggs as is generally supposed.  
According to the Rochester (N. Y.) American, Monroe county is entitled to the honor of producing more wheat than any other in the United States; and its soil and agricultural history furnish an instructive lesson to such as appreciate the true sources of national wealth. In 1845, its crop of wheat was 1,336,585; in 1850, it was 1,441,653. Increase in five years, 103,068 bushels.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.—Died, on the 8th inst., at his residence in Shelby county, Ky., Maj. BLAIR BALLARD, in the 95th year of his age.  
The deceased was born near Fredericksburg, Virginia, in August, 1759, and came to Kentucky in 1779. He immediately joined the regular militia, which was kept up for the defense of the country, and served on Bowman's campaign in 1779. He was with Gen. George Rogers Clarke in his expedition against the Pickaway towns in 1781, and in it received a severe wound, from which he never recovered. Again in 1782 he was on the campaign led by Gen. Clarke, with Floyd and Logan as colonels. After performing various and important military services between 1782 and 1794, he was present under Gen. Wayne at the decisive battle fought on the 20th of August in that year, and he commanded a company in Col. Allen's regiment, under Gen. Harrison, in the campaign of 1812-'13. He led the advance of the detachment which fought the first battle of the River Raisin. Here he was wounded slightly, and again very severely by a spent ball, on the 23d of January. On this disastrous occasion he was taken prisoner and suffered severely by the march through snow and ice from Malden to Fort George.  
Of all the remarkable pioneer Indian fighters whose history is identified with that of Kentucky, few were more distinguished than the deceased. He was a man of wonderful physical power, of a strong native intellect, of extraordinary sagacity, and of indomitable courage. These qualities eminently fitted him for the pioneer life, and, together with the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded him, make his history one of the most romantic in the annals of Kentucky. The whole of his early life abounded in adventures and feats so marvelous that they could be scarcely credited now, were not the truth of some of them attested by others, and the whole of them supported by the deceased's own unquestioned and unquestionable veracity.  
Major Ballard was an uneducated man, but we have rarely seen one who conversed more fluently or described scenes more graphically. We have often seen him on the street dressed in his buckskin hunting shirt, surrounded by crowds of men and boys listening with breathless attention to his wonderful stories. We ourselves have listened to them many an hour, and often through the livelong night without fatigue and wholly unconscious of the approach of morning.  
We once heard him asked how many Indians he had killed in one day. "I kill," said he, "six one morning before breakfast, and it was not a very good morning for the business either." This reply, given in his peculiarly business-like style, we will never forget. If we had not recurred to the question we might have thought that the old gentleman was speaking of some morning hunt for squirrels, deer, or buffalo, so singularly calm was his manner; but, on this as on other occasions, Maj. Ballard never exhibited the slightest compunctions on account of his having killed Indians. His family, and he, in his own person, had received too many injuries from the savages for him ever to feel the slightest sympathy for them. He regarded them as a faithless, treacherous race and the enemy of his own, and therefore sorrowed but little over their probable extinction. But he often spoke of some of them as brave, chivalrous, and generous, and for them expressed the warmest admiration.  
The history of Major Ballard abounds in many thrilling adventures and anecdotes which we could relate and which might interest our readers, but which the occasion forbids. We cannot, however, close this sketch without referring to one of them.  
In 1783, the Indians attacked his father's house, situated near the little fort on Tick creek, a few miles northeast of Shelbyville. The attack was made early in the morning and began by the savages shooting down his brother Benjamin, who had gone out of the house for wood to make a fire. They then assailed the house. The inmates barred the door and prepared for defense. The father of the subject of this sketch was the only man in the house, and he and one old man were the only persons in the fort. Aroused by the guns, he snatched up his own rifle and rushed to the defense of his kindred. He fired and reloaded and fired again as he ran, with good effect. In the meantime, the Indians broke open the house and killed his father, his mother, and two sisters, and tomahawked the youngest sister, a child, who recovered. When the Indians broke into the house, his mother endeavored to escape by the back-door, but a savage pursued her and as he raised his tomahawk to strike her the subject of this sketch fired at him, not, however, in time to prevent the fatal blow, and they both fell and expired together. The Indians numbered about fifteen, but, before they completed their work of death and fled, it is supposed that the subject of this sketch killed six or seven of them.  
But it was not merely as a warrior and soldier that Maj. Ballard rendered important service to Kentucky. He frequently represented the people of Shelby county in the Legislature. The State, in appreciation of his services, and to perpetuate his name, has crea-

ted the county of Ballard, and already, in anticipation of his death, is his name inscribed on the beautiful marble shaft erected in her public burying ground in honor of her distinguished dead.  
The generation now on the sphere of action, and the millions who are to succeed them, will have but an imperfect idea of the character and services of the bold, patriotic men who rescued Kentucky from the forest and savage. The deceased was a fine specimen of that noble race of men. He was the last of his father's family. His brother James, the companion of his youth, and the sharer of most of his adventures and trials, preceded him but a few years. And now that he is gone, we cannot call to mind a single pioneer of Kentucky, who is left. Who shall snatch their memory from oblivion and give us a true history of Kentucky, with its pages all glowing with life-like sketches of the remarkable men who redeemed mother from the savage, and with stories of adventures, more romantic than even romance itself can furnish. Without such biographies and sketches the history of Kentucky can no more be written than that of the United States without mentioning the name of Washington.  
Louisville Journal.  
UNBURIAL OF MONSTER REMAINS.—RELIC OF OLD TIMES.—We mentioned some two or three weeks ago that the Gas Company of this city had commenced the construction of a very large gasometer—the largest in the United States, probably—on Ulrici street, in a western division of Chouteau's pond.—A few days ago, while the laborers were engaged in the work of excavation, and when about twenty feet from the surface, they came upon a heap of bones, of enormous size, and belonging evidently to some animal incomparably larger than any now existing in the country. There were ribs and shoulder blades in a tolerable state of preservation, of gigantic proportions, assimilating, certainly, more nearly to the form of the mastodon or mammoth, than to the corresponding bones of the buffalo. The frame was incomplete, but enough of its parts were discovered to give the practised physiologist a fair idea of the monster's general structure. The relics were carefully assembled, and, we understand, will be given in present to Dr. Pope, for exhibition in the Medical Department of the St. Louis University. Dr. Pope has succeeded already in gathering to his museum a valuable collection of curiosities, and these fossil remains must add to its interest.  
Another relic of the olden times, of a more trifling character, was taken from the same excavation, some eighteen feet from the surface, and has puzzled the finders with speculations of how it came there. It is a statuette of an Indian, about twelve inches in length, composed of iron, covered with a coat of green paint. The figure occupies an erect position, and from the elaborate ornaments which cover it, may be supposed to represent a chief. The paint, which, strange enough, is itself in a good state of preservation, has prevented the slightest corrosion of the iron. The statuette has the appearance of having been cast, and, though not particularly disproportioned, is, but roughly executed. It, also, will doubtless excite the curiosity of antiquarians.  
St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 2.  
A FREE FIGHT.—The following is a description of a free-fight in Western Virginia, as related by one of the eyewitnesses thereof. Premising that there was but one blow struck, in answer to an interrogatory as to who was hit, the narrator replies:  
"I reckon he was from low down on Guyan, somewhat. Jes as they war jwin, a chap rode up on a claybank boss—I reckon he was Messinger stock, a scrovin' anemil, a little blind o' both eyes—a peert looking chap enough—an' when he got ferment the place, ses he, 'Is this a free fight?' an' they told him it war. 'Well,' says he, gitting off an' hitching his ole claybank to a swinging limb, 'count me in!' He hadn't more'n got it out, afore some one fetched him a lick, an' he drapt. He riz dretched with some *deftility*, an' ses he, 'Is this a free fight?' an' they told him it war. 'Well,' ses he, 'unhiteh'n' his hoss, an' puttin' his left leg over the black leather, 'count me out!' an' then he marveled."  
"Nehemiah, my love," said Mrs. Wilkins to her first born, who was just entering his twelfth year, "what has become of your Sunday pantaloons?"  
"I swapped 'em away, mother, for a book."  
"I am delighted, my son, to find you devoted to study. Not for twenty pair of pantaloons would I baulk the bent of genius. But what book do you find so irresistibly attractive, my dear boy?"  
—"Pilgrim's Progress," or the "Whole Duty of Man!"  
"No, ma'am, it wasn't exactly that, but something of the same nature; it was the 'Whole art of Boxing.'"  
"Is that a lightning bug in the street?" asked an old purblind lady.—"No, grandams," said a pert little Miss, "it is a big-bug with a vegar."