

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—The Constitution and its Currency.

VOL. V.—NO. 23.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 231.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BEN. METCALF,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

HAVING opened an office in Kalida, will give his attention to the ordinary business of his profession, and particularly to settlement of claims, payment of taxes, &c., for non-residents. Jan. 10th, 1845. 203x

J. J. ACKERMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO.
Office on Main street, opposite T. R. McClure's Hotel. Kalida, June 20, 1845.

JAMES MACKENZIE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Kalida, Putnam County, Ohio.
May 23, 1845. 222

RICHARD C. SPEARS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Van Wert, Van Wert County, Ohio.
Feb. 1844.

JAMES G. HALY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Napoleon, Henry County, O.
May 23, 1845. 222

DOCTOR SOLOMON M. SHAFER,

Physician & Surgeon,

LATE of Pennsylvania, but more recently from Rochester, Ohio, has located himself at Rockport, Putnam county, Ohio, and tenders to the public his professional services. Feb. '44.

DOCTOR P. L. COLE,

Physician & Surgeon,

Kalida, Putnam co., Ohio. Office in the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thatcher, as the American Hotel. April 18, 1845.

GEORGE SKINNER,

SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER, Kalida, Putnam county, Ohio. Orders promptly executed. Saddles, &c., constantly on hand.

FASHIONABLE

TAILORING.

JOSEPH TINGLE,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kalida, and the surrounding country that he carries on the business of TAILORING in all its branches. He regularly receives plates of the LATEST FASHIONS from Philadelphia, and is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business in a tasteful and workmanlike manner. CUTTING done to order on the shortest notice. Prices to suit the times. Shop next house above T. Coulter's store. Kalida, July 8, 1845. 228.

S. E. HOLIBAUGH,

Boot and Shoe Maker.

HAS just received a first rate stock of Leather from Cincinnati. Ready made work constantly on hand. Kalida, July 15, 1845. 229c1w

THE LIKE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN!

TIN SHOP IN KALIDA.

RICE & BASSETT,

HAVE commenced business and will be ready to supply the citizens of this and the adjoining counties with every variety of

Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware, at prices as low as can be had in this section of country.

NOW IS THE TIME.

If you want first rate articles, and the cheapest which can be had, give us a call and we assure you that you shall not go away disappointed. As soon as arrangements can be made, we shall be prepared to sell at Wholesale, and supply Traders and Merchants with any quantity that may be wanted. Shop over C. H. Rice's Store. 230xw Kalida, July 22, 1845.

RISLEY'S EXCHANGE.

THE subscribers continue at the old stand, in the brick building directly opposite the Court House, in the town of Kalida, Putnam county, Ohio. They respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of patronage of the public—promising, in return, to spare no pains on their part, in providing every necessary comfort for their guests.

W. RISLEY,

G. L. HIGGINS.

Kalida, May, 1845.

KALIDA HOTEL—KALIDA, OHIO.

THE undersigned, having taken the above establishment, is now prepared to furnish the traveling community with accommodations not exceeded by any other hotel in this portion of Ohio. T. R. McCLURE.

Kalida February 20, 1845. 157f

WESTERN HOTEL, (Gilboa.)

CHRISTIAN HESS

HAS purchased the well known tavern stand in Gilboa, Putnam county, Ohio, lately occupied by John E. Creighton, and has fitted the same up for the accommodation of the public. He hopes, by a strict attention to the wants and convenience of those who may favor him with their patronage, to merit a continuance of the same. Gilboa, Feb. '44.

PLAIN AND FANCY

Job Printing.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LAW BLANKS,

HANDBILLS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

Picards, Show-Bills,

PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,

Notes, Receipts,

AND ALL KINDS OF LETTER-PRESS PRINTING DONE TO ORDER.

Orders for Printing will be promptly fulfilled, at reasonable prices. We cannot print for less than cost, nor at fifty per cent. less than others. Such promises have a good deal of the leaven of humbug; but we will do our work well, and avoid extortion in our charges. Give us a trial. Kalida, July 8, 1845.

BLANK SUBPENAS, for Justices, just printed, and for sale at this office.

THE DRONES AND THE WORKING CLASS.

In the following selection from Shelly's Queen Mab, we have made a slight change to give it application to the condition of the lives in our drone-afflicted State:

Those gilded flies

That bask in the sunshine of monopoly,
Fatten on its corruption—what are they?
The drones of the community. They feed
On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn soil to yield
Its unshar'd harvest; and you squallid form,
Leaner than fleshless misery that wastes
A useless life in the unwholesome mine
Drags out in labor a protracted death,
To glut their grandeur; many faint with toil
The few may know the cares and woes of sloth.

Whence think'st thou henners and parasites arise?
Whence that unnatural life of drones, who heap
Toil and unrequitable penury
On those who built their palaces, and bring
Their daily bread?
From special privilege and vice, black loathsome vice;
From rapine, madness, treachery and wrong;
From all that genders misery and makes
Of earth this thorny wilderness; from lust,
Revenge, and murder.

And when reason's voice,
Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked
The nations,—and mankind perceive that vice
Is discord, war and misery,—that virtue
Is peace and happiness and harmony.—
When man's maturer nature shall disdain
The play things of his childhood—kingly glare,
The splendor of successful fraud, the pomp of wealth,
Will lose their power to dazzle—their authority
Will silently pass away—the gorgeous throne
Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,
Fast falling to decay,—whilest falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF GENERAL JACKSON.

On the Sabbath day two weeks before his death, there was a communion of the Lord's Supper in the Hermitage Church. Gen. Jackson was unusually serious and solemn in his feelings during the morning; and regretted exceedingly that he was unable to accompany his family to the Church. He requested his daughter, Mrs. Jackson, to bring home with her the Rev. Mr. Lapsley, as he was anxious once more to partake of the sacred feast. As they were leaving for the Church he took each member of the family by the hand and invoked upon them all the blessings of God. After their return from church, the whole family assembled in his room; he was very feeble, but conversed freely on religious topics—he was calm and resigned, and said he was ready to go whenever his Divine Master thought fit to call him—that he had suffered a great deal of bodily pain, but the Lord's will be done. He then partook of the Holy Communion—it was a solemn scene, and rendered still more so by the confidence with which he referred to it as the last time he should enjoy the happy privilege. He spoke of his death as near at hand, but said that death had no terrors for him come when he might.

"When I have suffered sufficiently," said he, "the Lord will then take me to himself—but what are all my sufferings compared to those of the blessed Savior, who died on the accursed tree for me—mine are nothing." Not a murmur ever escaped him—he spent much of his time during the latter days of his life in secret prayer.

On Thursday evening previous to his death he referred to the blessed promises in the hymn, from which he repeated:

"When through the deep water I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overthrow."

He quoted many passages of scripture, and conversed feelingly upon the holy invitations given by our Savior for all to come unto him.

About 12 o'clock of the same night his daughter was at his bedside, and enquired how he felt—he replied, "pretty comfortable, but I feel that I cannot be long with you all—and my request is, when I depart hence that you will send for my old friends, Maj. Lewis and Judge Campbell (but I fear, he said, that Judge Campbell is too feeble to come) to make arrangements with my son for my funeral. I wish to be buried in a plain unostentatious manner, without display or pomp." He then rested for this night.

The next day he was taken with rather an excessive diarrhoea, and said to his son that if it was not checked it must soon take him off; and yet, he said, it would be dangerous to check it, as it was nature finally giving way to the disease. During the day he conversed generally about his farm and business, and talked much of his beloved country, of the certainty he felt as to the annexation of Texas, of the letters he had just received from our Minister to Texas, of the stand taken by his old, early friend and companion in arms, Gen. Sam. Houston on the subject, all of which convinced him that "all is safe."

He spoke also of our Oregon difficulty, and doubted not that the present administration would do its duty to the country, expressing the most abiding confidence in President Polk, but hoping and praying that the difficulty would be amicably arranged between the two governments; but if not, said he, "let war come—there will be patriots enough in the land to repel foreign aggression, come from whence it may; to maintain sacredly our rights and to perpetuate our glorious Constitution and liberty, and to preserve our happy Union."

In the evening of the same day his mind was so much engrossed with our foreign affairs, that he determined to unbosom himself in a letter to his faithful friend, President Polk; he wrote to him a long letter in relation to our foreign relations; it was the last letter he ever wrote, and breathed a degree of affection for the President, and

confidence in his wisdom, which will make it an invaluable memento. On the next day he franked a letter to the Hon. Thos. F. Marshall, of Kentucky, which was the last time he signed his name.

During the first part of this day (Saturday) he felt comfortable until he was taken with a cold clammy perspiration; he regarded this as another indication that the hand of death was upon him, but he received the summons with resignation and composure. He conversed less than he had done on the day previous, but there was the same pious resignation running through his remarks which had characterized all his conversation for many days. Late in the evening Dr. Esselman arrived and tried ineffectually to check the diarrhoea.

Early the next morning (Sunday) Dr. Esselman was called into the room and in a short time the General fainted away, and it was supposed at the moment that he was dead; but he revived immediately, and called all his little grand-children, with the other members of his family, around him; he took his grand children by the hand, blessed and kissed them tenderly, told them that they had good parents, that they must be obedient children, keep holy the sabbath day, and read the New Testament. His eye sight had become dimmed—his son took him by the hand and said, "Father do you feel—do you know me?" He answered, "Know you?—Yes—I would know you all if I could see—bring my spectacles." He put them on and said, "Where is my daughter and Marian—God will take care of you for me—I am God's—I belong to him—I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all white and black, in heaven." He then said, "What is the matter with my dear children—have I alarmed you? Oh! do not cry—be good children, and we will all meet in Heaven." He then died away and expired quietly and calmly 6 o'clock, P. M., on the 8th day of June, 1845.

MEN AND GENTLEMEN—WOMEN AND LADIES.

"Men are made in the image of God."—Gentlemen are manufactured by tailors, barbers, and boot blacks. Men are the sons of God; gentlemen, of the goddess of Fashion, whose caprices deform his, with all sorts of fantastical airs, shapings, and appearances, and whose virtues are on her a part of her.—Men are true to the nature whose lord they are, whose perfections they embody; gentlemen are complete distortions and perversions of that nature, and the more so the greater gentlemen. Men are men; noble, Godlike; gentlemen are THINGS, play-things, for the ladies to flirt with.

Woman is the last most perfect work of God; ladies are the productions of silkworms, milliners, and dressing-maids. Woman is all nature; ladies all art; and the more artificial in every thought, word and deed, the greater the lady. The woman consists in her mind, her soul, the inimitable perfection of her nature; the lady is made up of bustles, cotton, ribbons, figured cloths, flowers, &c., tied together in fantastic forms, with needles and thread, and overshadowed with laces and rouge. To the woman the outward adorning matters little, the graces and the beauties of the moral being, every thing; while the perfections of the lady are covered up—completely smothered beneath those outward adornings which are put on and off at pleasure. The woman consists in her virtues—the lady in her toilet. By as much as the ethereal spirit of intellect and moral purity exceeds gold, silver, precious stones, and shining attire, twisted and plaited, now into one form, and anon into another, by so much does a woman excel the lady; and in so much as the highest protection of omnipotence excels the patched, boggled, and blackened manufacture of human artisans, by so much does the man excel the gentleman, and the woman the lady.

The preceding was suggested by the following from the N. O. Herald.

"Men are quarried from the living rock as with a thunderbolt. Gentlemen are moulded as the potter's clay by the dainty figures of fashion. Women are the production of a warm, rich soil, where the wind blows freely, and the heart feels visitings of God's ever changing weather. Ladies are the offspring of a hot-bed, the growths of a green house, tended and watched, lest the winds of heaven may visit their faces too roughly, till they are good for nothing as women, at any rate as wives and mothers."

If these things be so, to call a female a lady is a doubtful compliment, if not a positive disgrace; while the appellation of woman is the highest compliment that can be bestowed on the other sex—so high that it should be used but seldom, though ladies should be, as it is, almost universally applied to our females. Man, too, should be but seldom used; while gentlemen are as common as flies in summer. God grant that we may have as many women as we now have mushroom ladies, and as few ladies as we now have women; and that our gentlemen may be converted into men—let, in short, the human may take the place of the artificial.

Ladies' ears are decidedly vulgar, except when bound down and covered up by hair. Hence the propriety of cropping every feminine fashionable, because exposed ears, like the fifth wheel of a coach, make the head look so inferior, besides being always in the way.

Seriously: how silly the prevalent ladies' fashions of wearing the hair over the ears.

They would hardly look worse if the nose, the eyes, or chin, or mouth, were covered or tucked away out of sight. There are just features enough on the head to make it look well. Nor can any one of them be hidden without thereby marring, if not destroying, the looks. Strange that so silly a fashion should ever have been conceived, and stranger still that silly things should be found to adopt it. Still, the fooleries of fashion are beyond ridicule—so foolish, that may we not soon hope to be delivered from her stulticity? That people should make it their pride—should even take their chief pride, and make it their main business to follow a goddess whose phantasmagories are so foolish and often so injurious, shows the weakness of poor human nature. Oh! when will men and women place their value in their person, not attire? Good God deliver us from the sins and fooleries of fashion.—Phrenological Journal.

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

During the late American war, a soldier who had been wounded and honorably discharged, (but perhaps not paid,) knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick.—And who are you, now?

Soldier.—My name is John Wilson.

P.—And where are you going from, John Wilson?

S.—From the American army, at Erie, sir.

P.—And what do you want here?

S.—I want shelter to-night. Will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-night?

P.—May the old Nick take me if I do, John Wilson; that's flat!

S.—On the kitchen floor, sir?

P.—Not I, by the Hill o' Howth; that's flat!

S.—In your stable, then?

P.—I will not do that either; that's flat!

S.—I am dying with hunger; give me but a bone and crust—I ask no more.

P.—I will not; that's flat!

S.—Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg you.

P.—Beg and be hanged; I'll do no such thing; that's flat!

S.—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have contributed to the glory and welfare of the country which has so hospitably received you, and will you so inhospitably reject me from your house?

P.—Reject you? Who talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor—my kitchen floor—or in my stable.—Now, by the powers, do you think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a dozen soft feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth, John; that's flat! In the second place, you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat. Now, honey, do you think I'd feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I; that's flat! In the third place, you asked me for some water to quench your thirst. Now, as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveler without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome or cooling. Come into the house, my honey, you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank heaven, is none of the worst. You shall drink as much water as you please, provided you mix it with plenty of wine, and provide you prefer it. Come, my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country which gave him protection; that's flat!

WAR.—In the Crusades or Holy (!) War, continuing 200 years, two millions of men were butchered, besides women and children.

At the battle of Waterloo, more than fifty thousand perished.

At the battle of Chalons, the number slain was 153,000.

The Persian expedition to Greece lost 200,000 men.

At the battle of Cannae 40,000 Romans were slain. After the battle, three bushels of gold rings were found, showing the number of Roman knights who were slain.

By the will of three military despots—Cæsar, Alexander and Napoleon—six millions of human beings were butchered.

The Inquisition of Spain cost that country at least 2,000,000 of lives.

St. Bartholomew's massacre cost France 200,000 of her best citizens.

When Wolf was missionary at Jerusalem, a Turk, pointing to Calvary, said: "There, on the very spot where your Lord poured out his blood, the Mahomedan is obliged to interfere to prevent you Christians from shedding the blood of each other."

The Boston Post furnishes the following epigram on a dandy:

"A dandy is a chap that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But as he can't, does all he can
To show the world he's not a man."

What a glorious world this would be, if all its inhabitants could say, with Shakespeare's Shepherd; "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn what I get; get what I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad with other men's good, content with my farm."

DUTIES OF WOMEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

The shelter and protection of a free government also demand awakened and grateful energies. Since its welfare is involved in the virtue and intelligence of its subjects, the character and habits of every member of its great family are of importance. I imagine that I hear from the lips of some of the young sprightly of my sex, the enquiry, "Why need we concern ourselves in the affairs of politicians? what share have we in the destinies of our country?" The same share that the rill has in the rivulet, and the rivulet in the sea. Should every little streamlet tarry at the fountain head, where would be the river that dispenses the fertility—the ocean, pouring commerce and wealth upon its never ending tide. Woman possesses an agency which the ancient republics never discovered. The young fountains of the mind are given in charge to her. She can tinge them with sweetness or bitterness, ere they have chosen the channels where to flow, or learned to murmur their story to the time worn pebble. Greece, that disciple and worshipper of wisdom, neglected to appreciate the value of the feeble sex, or to believe that they who had the moulding of the whole mass of mind in its formation, might help to infuse a principle of permanence into national existence. Rome, in her wolf-nursed greatness, in her fierce democracy, in the corruption of her imperial purple, despised the moral strength that lay hidden under physical weakness. But our country has conceded every thing, the blessings of education, the equality of companionship, the luxury of benevolence, the confidence of a butler's office to those young buds of being, in whom is her wealth and her hope. What does she require of our sex in return for these courtesies? Has she not a right to expect that we give our hands to every cause of peace and truth—that we nurse the plants of temperance and purity—that we frown on every inroad of disorder and vice—that we labor in all places where our lot may be cast, as a gentle teacher of wisdom and charity, and that we hold ourselves, in domestic privacy, the guardians of those principles which the sage defends in the halls of legislation, and the priests of Jehovah on the walls of Zion.

From the Daily National Pilot.

OUR "UNQUESTIONABLE RIGHT" PROVED—TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

Some of the more bashful enemies of our possessing Oregon, modestly tell us we don't want this: we have too much territory, already—as if quantity were the question. Tell such men that Oregon is there, and will be occupied by somebody; that our claim to it being clear, we should possess it, first for the maintenance of our rights, then to keep out bad neighbors, and for the advantages that this lodgement upon the Pacific would give us, in future commerce with the east, and they evince to you, at once, an inability to appreciate such views.

Speaking of this forty-ninth degree, and of the impudent assertion of a New York paper that we claim nothing north of that, the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"Whoever has bestowed even superficial attention upon the subject, or has read even one of the numerous books, pamphlets, lectures and editorial dissertations in defence of the American title to Oregon, which have found readers in every settlement of the United States, knows that our government has claimed the whole territory between lat. 42 and 53, ever since the purchase of Louisiana in 1803, and the whole to lat. 54 40, ever since the conclusion of the Florida treaty, in 1819. The assertion that we do not claim beyond lat. 49 is entirely untrue."

The same New York print avers that, "from lat. 42 to 54, 40, there exists a joint title, on the part of England and the United States, which has resolved itself into a joint occupancy under existing treaties between the two countries."

To this covert manner of begging the question, as if for the especial benefit of the British government, the Ledger well responds:

"We say that no such joint title exists, or has ever been recognized by our government; that no British title to it, joint or several, has ever existed, and that if a joint title has 'resolved itself,' or has been resolved by others, into a joint occupancy, it has ceased to be a title, joint or several, and consequently that no joint title exists now, even if one ever did exist. The legal absurdities of this are quite as amusing as the audacity of assertion. 'A joint title exists between England and the United States?' England first, of course. How got the English their joint title? Not from discovery, having been anticipated by the Spaniards, who never ceded to them a foot of territory, or a shadow of jurisdiction on the Northwest coast, but always, up to their cession of the country to us, in 1819, protested against any such cession to the English. Not from the French, who never granted to them an inch of territory west of the Mississippi, but carefully reserved all west of that river by the Treaty of Versailles, in 1763. Not from us, who never surrendered our claim to an inch of Oregon, between lat. 42 and 54, 40. How, then, got the English this joint title? Echo answers, how? They have none, and never had any. And if the English have no joint title, they certainly have no several title; for they can show, for a several title, neither discovery, nor conquest, nor purchase of the natives, nor cessions from the Spanish, French or Americans, the only people, excepting the natives, who have claimed it since