

# THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 237.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.  
**WE ARE GROWING OLD.**  
We are growing old—how the thought will rise,  
When a glance is backward cast  
On some long remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past;  
It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
Or the tomb of a fair off-ise to us,  
But it seems like a far off-ise to us,  
In the stormy sea of years.  
Oh wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our steps from greenness now,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow;  
For deep o'er many a stately bark  
Have the wheeling billows rolled,  
That steered with us from that early mark—  
Oh, friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness and the dust  
Of our early toils and cares,  
Old in the wrecks of love and trust  
Which our burdened memory bears,  
Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days  
Which the morning never met.  
But oh, the change we have seen  
In the fir and winding way:  
The graves in our path which have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown gray!  
The winters still on our own may spare,  
The sable of the gold;  
But we saw their snows upon bright hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old.  
We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pass and fear;  
But where are the living fountains whose flow  
Was a joy of heart to hear?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the lore of many a page;  
But where is the hope that saw in time  
But its boundless heritage?  
Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the woods their youth renew?  
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,  
Where the bloom is deep and blue;  
And our soul might joy in her spring-time, then  
But the joy was faint and cold;  
For it never could give us the youth again  
Of hearts that are growing old.

## HUMAN LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest  
Written in wisdom—if there is a work  
That I could trace as with a pen of fire  
Upon the unassuming temper of a child;  
If there is any thing that keeps the mind  
Open to angel's visits, and repels  
The ministry of ill, 'tis human love.

ETIQUETTE.—"Heard you the sermon for the poor," "I did, and if I might determine."  
"Was really just what it professed to be—  
A remarkable poor sermon."

**LOVE AND ROMANCE.**—The following is the prettiest little romantic story we have met with for some time:

Thomas a Becket inherited a romantic turn of mind from his mother whose story is singular one. His father, Gilbert a Becket, a flourishing citizen, had been in his youth a soldier in the crusades, and being taken prisoner, became slave to an Emir, or Saracen prince. By degrees he obtained the confidence of his master, and was admitted to his company, where he met a person who became more attached to him. This was the Emir's daughter. Whether by her means or not, does not appear, but after some time he contrived to escape. The lady with loving heart following him.

She knew, they say, but two words of his language, London and Gilbert, and by repeating the former, she obtained a passage in a vessel, arrived in England, and found her trusting way to the metropolis. She then took her other talisman, and went from street to street, pronouncing "Gilbert." A crowd collected about her wherever she went, asking, of course, a thousand questions, and to all she had but one answer—"Gilbert! Gilbert!" She found her faith in it sufficient. Chance, or her determination to go through every street, brought her at last to the one in which he who had won her heart in slavery, was living in good condition. The crowd drew the family to the windows; his servant recognised her, and Gilbert a Becket took to his arms and his bride bed his fair come princess with her solitary one word.

**CREDIT.**—If youth but knew the fatal misery they entail upon themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their career! How pale they would turn! how they would tremble, and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are disporting! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it is the source of life in all its streams. Hence so many venal politicians; hence so many men of genius expending the proud talent which God gave them for useful purpose, in miserable shifts and contrivances to evade the demon of their own creation. It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster; we make him our master, who hunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The black slaves have no overseer so severe.—*Illwaukee Courier.*

**WHAT'S THE NEWS?**—From age to age, by every tongue and people, has this inspiring question been asked; "What's the news?" What news! what news! cried the citizens of Athens when in times of old they stunted through the shady walks of Acropolis, or stood against the pillars of the Parthenon—what's the news? enquires the palvering Parisian of his acquaintance, for Frenchmen never have friends. What's the news? ask the good people of Gotham as they meet in the Park, on the Battery, or in the bustling crowds of Broadway. Go where you will "from Indus to the Pole," among Mumukshus or Danes, Hottentots or Swedes, this is the never ending ejaculation, "what's the news?"

Ten thousand journals, and the daily and nightly labor of more than one hundred thousand persons are continually employed in answering this, question and circulating one never ending stream of news. But the eye of man is never satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. The world is teeming with great events, transpiring at just such intervals as to keep public inquiry ever awake. So mote it be; man is a progressive being, always seeking something new. In gratifying this passion, he obeys a law of nature which contributes much to his earthly happiness.

## WILL TRY.—FROM NEAL'S "CHIT CHAT."

"Be not afraid to try." "I'll try," is one of the best of mottoes, especially for the young, who have not, as it were, hardened into shape and lost their power of adaptation. One can but fail, you know; and after that, we are no worse than before, with the advantage of having a question settled; when we may "try" in another direction. That young and blushing maiden has a musical faculty, no doubt, and might sing agreeably; but she is "afraid to try."—And, there is a gentleman who would be pleased to be an orator; but he too is "afraid to try." Another person would like to be a feature in society—acceptable to all; but though he theorizes on the subject when in solitude, his reflections reach no practical result, and he stammers and hesitates as awkwardly as ever.—Fortunate, indeed, are they who in the outset of life are compelled to try—again and again, in various directions, surmounting failure and triumphing over defeat. It is the only way in which folks of the sensitive nerve can ever discover what they are good for; and many there are, endowed really with ample capabilities, who dwindle into sheepish nothingness, because they fear to try. It is treason to yourself—a person has no right to put his light under a bushel and to blow it out. Commend us to the bumpkin who did not know whether he could read Greek and Latin or not, because he had never tried. He, at least, did not take an incipitancy in himself for granted, and sneak away. He was to be satisfied only by the experiment. It is easy, moreover, to look on and to speculate upon action, until we become so hypercritical as to be actually afraid of our own judgment. There are people who, if they cannot at once be equal to the best, in any admitted department of human effort, would rather do nothing, forgetful that excellence is progressive and that everything requires its apprenticeship. So they wait and they wait, until energy and opportunity have faded and are gone forever. Up then, and at it—allow no phantom of the bean ideal to deter you from making the best of the power that is within you. There is no shame in having done our utmost. Truly says Ophelia, "we know what we are, but we know not what we may be"—if we try; which Ophelia did not say, and we, therefore, take the liberty to say it for her.—*Veal's Saturday Gazette.*

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**—"What are you doing, my son," said a father to his boy Billy. "Smoking a sweet fern cigar, father; I made it." "Throw it away this minute; don't you know that a boy that smokes sweet fern, will smoke tobacco, and if he smokes tobacco he will drink rum, and if he drinks rum he will lie, and if he lies he will steal, and if he steals he will murder and if he murders he will be hung, or go to—California?"

**A WIFE'S REVENGE.**—"There's a bone for you to pick," a sweet tempered man went to stay to his wife, after he had said to her something more than commonly crusty. She bore it meekly, (as wives invariably do,) but nursed within her heart a determination of eventual revenge. So, on that death bed, just when she was on the point of expiring, she whispered in his ear, that one of the two children he so fondly loved was not his own, and added, "There's a bone for you to pick!" He besought her to say which of the two children was his; she died in silence, with a smile of triumph on her lips.

**ENGLAND AND HER AD DEFICIENCIES.**—An esteemed friend, who has just returned from a year's residence in England, informs the New York Knickerbocker that it is a very barbarous country! "Would you believe it," he asked us with emotions that he knew would be appreciated, "would you believe it, that in enlightened England, a country of which we have heard so much and know so little, they have no oysters, worthy the name?—none in which the strong taste of copper is not a relief to the other putrid sensations which they awaken; no clams; no buckwheat cake; no green corn; no canvass back ducks; no peanuts, (and of course no legitimate drama; no tomatoes, nor hickory or butter nuts—no Fourth of July!)"

**BOLD LANGUAGE OF PATRICK HENRY.**—When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the Stamp Act in the House of Burgesses, of Virginia, May, 1775, while decanting on the hateful act, he exclaimed, "Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First had his Cromwell; and George the Third"—("Treason!" cried the speaker. "Treason! Treason!" echoed from every part of the house.) "It was one of those moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fix-

ing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, he continued, "and George the Third may profit by their example. If there be treason in this, make the most of it."

**THE NOBLEST WORK.**—Pope says, an honest man, is the noblest work of God. The writer of the following is of a different opinion. "Never shrink from a woman of strong sense. If she become attached to you, it will be from seeing and valuing similar qualities in yourself. You may trust her, for she knows the value of your confidence; you may consult her, for she is able to advise; and does so at once with the firmness of reason, and the consideration of affection.—Her love will be lasting, for it will not have been lightly won; it will be strong and ardent, for weak minds are not capable of the loftier grades of the passion. If you prefer attaching to yourself a woman of feeble understanding, it must be either from fearing to encounter a superior person, or from the poor vanity of preferring that admiration which springs from ignorance; to that which arises from appreciation.

A woman in who has the beauty of feminine delicacy and grace—who has the strong sense of man, yet softened and refined by the influence of womanly feeling—whose passions are strong, but chastened and directed by delicacy and principle—whose mind is brilliant, alike from its natural emanations and its stores of acquirement—whose manners have been formed by the imperceptible influence of good society, in its broad sense, yet are totally free from the consciousness and affectations of *clique*, though it be the highest—who, though she sins in and enjoys the world, finds her hearts happiness at home—is not this the noblest and the sweetest of the creatures formed by God?"

**NEW STATES.**—Before the present administration goes out of office says the N. York Sun, four new States will take their part in the national councils. Two of them, Iowa and Wisconsin, will be free; and two, Florida and Texas, will be slave-holding States, so the balance will remain undisturbed until some of our younger territories pass their minority and come to ask equal place among their elder sisters. In future, however, the non-slave holding States will naturally hold a steadily increasing preponderance. By the time the rich wilderness west of the Colorado can be converted into a State, Oregon, Nebraska and the region north of Iowa, will also be knocking at the doors of the Union. Four new States will again be added to the Union nearly at the same time and three of them will be free States. We may also almost calculate that by then Maryland and Virginia will be manufacturing and non-slave holding States. If that should be the case, however, they would still remain the friends of slave-holding interests, or rather they will fall into the rank of mediators and with the western States will help keep the balance well adjusted and loyally sustain the Union by a vigilant watch and word over the principles of the Federal contract. Mr. Polk's administration will welcome four new States into the Union and appoint Governors to four territories that have not yet received their legal baptism.—*Cin. Eq.*

**AGRICULTURE.**—By birth and fortune, Mr. Jefferson belonged to the aristocracy; but his intellectual habits made him revolt at the indolence and voluptuousness which marked the lives of that order; and his political principles attached him, by early and insensible sympathies, to the solid and independent yeomanry.

"Those who labor in the earth," he early declared, "are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. It is the focus in which he keeps alive that sacred fire, which otherwise might escape from the face of the earth. Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators, is a phenomenon of which no age nor nation has furnished an example. It is the mark set on those, who, not looking up to heaven, to their own soil and industry, as does the husbandman, for their subsistence, depend for it on the casualties and caprice of custom. Dependence begets subservience and venality, sulcates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition. This, the natural progress and consequence of the arts, has sometimes, perhaps, been retarded by accidental circumstances; but, generally speaking, the proportion, which the aggregate of the other class of citizens bears, in any State, to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts, and is a good enough barometer whereby to measure its degree of corruption."

A runaway wedding recently took place in a village in Nottinghamshire; the giv' Lathario being a miller, was soon afterwards the subject of conversation in a party; when a wag in company recommended all farmers to send their corn to the bridegroom's mill, as they would stand a good chance of fair treatment; for, added he, "I once knew a miller a great rogue, who stole his wife, but it made an honest man of him, for he never stole any thing after."

"Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying the reckoning, "recollect, sir, if you lose your purse, you didn't pull it out here."

**BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.**—There is something touchingly beautiful in words when rightly put together. They have an impression that can never be effaced. We have read again and again, till it is familiar to us as the face of a friend, the following splendid thought, and yet every time we see it 'tis fresh and beautiful as ever. The author we know not, but he deserves to be immortalized for this morcean alone:

"How beautiful it falls  
From human lips that blessed word, forgive;  
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—  
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again  
On Earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings  
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.  
Thrice happy he whose heart has been schooled  
In the meek lessons of humanity.  
That he can give it utterance; it imparts  
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,  
And maketh man an angel."

**CONSTITUTIONS.**—"This corporeal globe and every thing upon it, belongs to its present corporeal inhabitants, during their generation. They alone have a right to direct what is the concern of themselves alone, and to declare the law of that direction; and this declaration can only be made by their majority. That majority, then, has a right to depute representatives to a convention, and to make the constitution what they think will be best for themselves. \* \* \* If this avenue be shut to the call of suffering, it will make itself heard through that of force, and we shall go on as other nations are doing, in the endless circle of oppression, rebellion, reformation; and oppression, rebellion, reformation, again; and so on, for ever."  
—Jefferson.

**A NEW ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE.**—Those small-beer wits and would be satirists, who by their strenuous efforts have nearly driven "bushes" out of use, have now a still greater sin to answer for. It is a fact not generally known that the females, on finding their rights invaded by the brutes of men, and being obliged to throw off the *tourure*, that happy substitute for tight corsets, have lit upon another expedient for giving the requisite air of grace and fullness to the person, so that the loving Phillis who hereafter shall wreath his arm about the waist of his blooming Calce, shall have no guarantee that he is not tenderly embracing a *Cuba coffee bag!* Start not reader, gentle or hirsute, 'tis simple truth we tell: Cuba coffee bags have risen in demand, and even now are quoted in New York at \$1.50; \$2.00. Oh, for a return to the good old days of hoops and farthingales!—*Buffalo Pilot.*

The Union says that in the event of war, 6000 volunteers can be counted on from Philadelphia and its vicinity, and 30,000 from the whole State of Pennsylvania.—Gen. Patterson, of Philadelphia, has visited Washington, and tendered his services to the government.

**PRECIOUS BUT FRAGILE.**—The two most precious things on this side of the grave are reputation and life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon may deprive us of the other.

**THE ARMY OF THE PRESS.**—In looking over the Census we perceive that there are about 1400 newspapers printed in the United States, giving employment to about 12,900 hands. Of this number 244 are printed in New York, 187 in Pennsylvania, and 115 in Ohio.

The Picayune says that in New Orleans, the operations of the merchants and mosquitoes nicely divide the years. "The bills of the merchants come upon us in the winter, and those of the mosquitoes in the summer."

**LOVE AND RECONCILIATION.**—It is a glorious thing—and those who truly love know how glorious it is—after moments of misunderstanding, even of reciprocal transgression, to rest again, heart to heart, and to feel, deeply felt, that there is a certain in the world in spite of all the powers of hell; a certainty, which is heaven upon earth, that they love each other, that they belong to each other, that nothing, nothing in the world, shall separate them, who have found each other again in truth, in perfect love. O! this is a certainty, the most beautiful that there is on earth—a certainty which is the foundation and security for every other. He felt it truly, the man who, when about to leave the stage of life, laid his hands upon his heart and said—"I love; therefore I am immortal!"

**MEXICO AND WAR.**—Gen. Gaines, on the 17th ult. at New Orleans made a demand on Gov. Mouton for 1000 men for the National service. The requisition was immediately responded to. The artillery of New Orleans (two companies) volunteered their services, as also one regiment of musketeers and one of rifles, and were accepted.

This movement (says the Picayune) is said to be consequent upon authentic information which has reached Gen. Gaines, of the advance of 10,000 Mexican troops to a point within eight days' march of Gen. Taylor's quarters. We are not aware of the precise disposition which is to be made of the volunteer force; the great body of them, we believe, go to reinforce Gen. Taylor's command.

Democracy, like truth, is progressive.

From the United States Journal.  
**WHO ARE THE OLD HUNKERS?**  
We are indebted to the able editor of the *Steubenville Union* for the following exposition of *Old Hunkerism*. It tells the whole story in few words.

"**OLD HUNKERS.**"—Some people appear to be at a loss to know who are the "old hunkers" so much talked of. If that is all they wish to know they can soon find out all they desire. The "old hunker" is the democratic ranks is a fellow behind the democratic tendencies of the age—he opposes democratic progress by standing still when all the world around him is moving forward. He sticks to paper money "like grim death to a dead nigger," and has not mind enough to perceive right from wrong. Such there are in the democratic ranks; but they are being left so far behind, in the race with the democracy who roll the progressive ball, that nobody knows where to find them!

These are the men who have ridden upon our necks like the old man of the sea, in the story of Sinbad the sailor; they are the men of seven principles—five leaves and two fishes; they are those who have "principle in proportion to their interests," whose patriotism depends upon calculations of profit and loss; they have been a curse instead of a blessing to our cause. They have retarded our progress—have held in fetters the free spirit, which would otherwise have explored the yet undiscovered regions of human improvement and universal happiness. The time is rapidly coming when their paralyzing chains will be thrown off—when their plying and corrupting influence will become extinct.

The period cannot come too soon. Most gladly would we exchange ten of these dead weights upon the *progressive democracy* of our land, for one young and enterprising whig—who is a whig only in name. There are a host of young men now acting in the whig ranks, who are genuine republicans at heart and in principle; they are kept out of our party by the political hypocrisy of these "wolves in sheep's clothing," who are so properly termed "Old Hunkers." If these venerable old gentlemen, who have nothing in common with us but the name, will consent to withdraw from our ranks, their places will be filled (ten for one) by the young republicans, who have as little sympathy with old federalism, as these "old hunkers" have with the *Young Democracy*. We propose to make the exchange at once. Are you all agreed?

But there is another question—**WHO ARE THE YOUNG DEMOCRATS?** They are the very reverse of the *Old Hunkers*, as a matter of course. They are the party of progress, improvement and reform; they are the true friends of equality against privilege—the sworn foes of special legislation and monopolies; they look upon man as a brother, all justly claiming the same political rights under our national constitution; they demand therefore that all feet should stand upon the same political level. They claim no interests distinct from the great mass of the party, or their fellow citizens generally; there are no time-serving demagogues among them who would bring about an estrangement of political feeling between the young and the old, simply on account of their age, or merely to gratify some selfish purpose. They are not factious; they go for harmony, not division; for unity and peace, not faction and discord. They seek to create no distracting jealousies, to foment no heart burnings; but they seek the "greatest happiness of the greatest number." They demand that the blessings of government should be as generally and as equally diffused, as the light of the sun, or the rain from heaven. For this cause—to accomplish this glorious work—they are banding together. In union and harmony they expect to find strength. They have put on their armor—they have enlisted during the war. Let what may come, they will neither ground their arms nor turn their backs upon the foe. They may fall, but they will never surrender.

BRYANT, in one of his letters from Glasgow, mentions a fact which is perhaps characteristic of the clear, right-thinking Scotch mind. He says the people of Glasgow have shown their good sense in erecting the statues which adorn their public squares, only to men who have some just claim to distinction. Here are no statues, for example, of the profligate Charles II, or the worthless Duke of York, or the silly Duke of Cambridge, as you will see in other cities, but the marble effigy of Walter Scott looks from a lofty column in the principal square, and not far from it is the statue of Watt; while the statues erected to military men are to those who, like Wellington, have acquired a just renown in arms. Monuments to those who have contributed by their good works to the benefit of humanity are as positive proof of the good sense of those who erect them as they are mementoes of the greatness of those whom they are intended to commemorate.

A young girl was fined in New Orleans for appearing in the streets in boy's clothes. The Justice admitted the right of married women to "wear the breeches," but denied that single females had any right with the article.

A LARGE FAMILY.—Dr. Leipsius, who is now in Egypt, says, that the rich Hassan Bey has forty-two wives, and one hundred and ninety-seven children.