

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

VOL. XI.—NO. 41.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 532.

Keep Cool.

Is a lion in the way?
Keep cool.
Tell him you respect his pride,
But, that you may go ahead,
He must please to stand aside.
Keep cool.
Does he rous and show his teeth?
Keep cool.
Tell him you enjoy the laugh,
Give a single lightning glance,
And he'll dwindle to a calf.
Keep cool.
Are you hampered by the breeze?
Keep cool.
When you find your conscience clean,
With your hands and brains at work,
Not a devil will be seen.
Keep cool.
Has a Shylock left you thin?
Keep cool.
He's the loser—don't despair
Now that your eye-teeth are through,
Keep your temper; grin and bear.
Keep cool.
Does a villain slander you?
Keep cool.
He can never hit his mark.
Since his nature is so mean,
Let the snarling puppy bark.
Keep cool.
Should the Prince of Serpents hiss,
Keep cool.
Show him Truth's old honest whip,
When he sees you hold and firm,
You will find that off he'll slip.
Keep cool.
Can't you stand upon your sense?
Keep cool.
Queer that you should think you can't
Prudent people fashion sense
With a golden plummet, man?
Keep cool.
Cannot you reform the world?
Keep cool.
Only one thing you can do—
Give a brave heart to the work;
Heaven wants no more of you.
Keep cool.
Let things jostle as they will,
Keep cool.
Seize this truth with heart and hand—
He that rethel well himself,
Can the universe withstand.
Keep cool.

The Reformer.

Who brings on this glorious consummation?
Who waddeth Earth to Heaven as to a bride?
Who waddeth high the palms of consecration?
Who poureth forth the best baptismal tide?
T is the Reformer—meek and poor and lowly,
His life all manliness, his heart all love;
T is the Reformer—pure and great and holy,
Strong in the might descending from above,
Some noble deed wrought out with every hour,
Makes holy ground where'er his feet have trod;
Stronger than Time, or Fate, or hampered Power,
He moves in majesty, a Sox or God.
O, Earth! thy Past is wretched and concentered,
By great Reformers who have fought and bled;
They who to strife and toil and tears are fated—
They who to fiery martyrdoms were led.
O, Earth! thy living years are crowned with splendor,
By great Reformers battling in the strife—
Saints of Humanity, stern, strong, yet tender,
Making the Present hopeful with their life.
O, Earth! the Future Ages shall be glorious,
With true Reformers telling in the van,
Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And Earth be given to Freedom and to Man.

Rt. Rev. the Bishop (Duane) of N. J.,
preached on Sunday morning, at St. John's Church, Hoboken. On the 22d ultimo, appended to his Jubilee sermon, the same distinguished divine read the following original lines, which, we think, possesses as much poetical merit as any we have met for many a day. The happy thought of the semblance of the Banyan tree to the church of God, in its tendency to propagate itself, is most felicitously carried out:

Ficus Religiosa.

The Banyan, of the Indian Isles,
Strikes deeply down its massive root;
And spreads its branching life, abroad,
And bands to earth, with scarlet fruit:
And, when the branches reach the ground,
They firmly plant themselves again;
Then rise, and spread, and droop, and root;
An ever green, an endless chain.
And, so, the Church of Jesus Christ,
The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast rooted, upon Zion's mount,
Has sent its sheltering arms, abroad;
And, every branch that from it springs,
In sacred beauty, spreading wide,
As low it bends to bless the earth,
Still plants another by its side.
Long as the world itself shall last,
The sacred Banyan still shall spread
From clime to clime, from age to age.
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed;
Nations shall seek its "pillars" shade;
Its leaves shall for their healing be;
The circling flood that feeds its life,
The blood that crimsoned Calvary.

Everybody has heard the story of Major Rappahannock's great election fight, with Col. W., as recounted by himself. It commenced in a ball room of a tavern, where the hustings were held; but the venue was soon changed by the *motu proprio* of the combatants, or the pressure of the crowd to the narrow hall. "Here it was," said the Major, when recounting the affair to an auditory long after, "where it was hip and thigh, tug and tug, which and 'other. At last I determined to throw the Colonel over the banisters. I was sorry I had to do it, but my passions were aroused, and then, you know, I am ready to annihilate any one. I got the hold—strained with all my strength—the struggle lasted a minute—there was a fall, and the sudden crash of a body on the floor beneath." "Was the Col. killed, enquired the listeners?" "It wasn't the Col. at all—it was I, Major Rappahannock, who had been thrown over the cursed banisters, breaking three ribs, and laming myself for life."

SAM HOUSTON.

From the Hartford Times.
GEN. SAM HOUSTON was born on the 2d of March, 1793, and March 2d he was of course, 58 years of age. He is a native of Rockbridge co. Virginia. His ancestors were Highland Scots, and fought for liberty by the side of John Knox. His father took an active part in the American Revolution. He was born in Ireland, General Houston's father having emigrated from Scotland to Ireland. In personal appearance Gen. Houston is one of the noblest of men. He would be singled out from a congregation of five thousand, on account of his lofty figure, admirable proportions, and the marked lineaments of his features, in which intellect, firmness and goodness of heart are most happily blended.

Gen. Houston's father died in 1807, leaving no property; and the enviable conspicuous position which Sam Houston now holds in this Republic has been attained by his own exertions, and upon his own merits. He is truly a self-made man. He spent several years of his youth in the forests among the Indians, pursuing such studies as were congenial to his taste. At the age of 18 years he left the wild sons of the forest, and for a few years kept a school in Tennessee, with usual success. In 1831 he enlisted in the army as a common soldier. He was decided for entering the ranks, when he replied—"What have your craven souls to say about the ranks? I would much sooner honor the ranks than disgrace an appointment."

His mother, a tall and matronly woman consented that he should enter the army, and as he was about to depart, she came to the door of the cottage and handed him a musket saying—"There, my son, take this musket and never disgrace it; for remember, I had rather all my sons should fill one honorable grave, than that one of them should turn his back to save his life. Go, remember, too, that while the door of my cottage is open to brave men, it is sternly shut against cowards!" He did not remain long "in the ranks." His commanding form and ample qualifications secured for him a rapid promotion.

At the battle of the Horse Shoe he was an Ensign under Gen. Jackson. He was among the very first to scale the breastworks of the wild Indians, and to plunge into their covert. It was here that he rushed up to the strongest defences of the enemy, calling upon his comrades to follow; but none dared to accompany him, and alone he faced the savage, fire, receiving two rifle balls in his shoulder, and a barbed arrow so deeply imbedded in his thigh that it required the full strength of a man to extricate it. It was here that he rushed into the most dangerous part of the battle ground against the express orders of Gen. Jackson; and here too, though disbelieving that great man's orders, he won his lasting regard and love. The night set in upon the ruin of the Creek warriors and their nation; but to Houston, though he had won imperishable laurels, it was a night of pain. He was left upon the ground amid the terrible confusion that prevailed, as it was supposed in a dying state. But a life of thrilling adventure still awaited him.

He was afterwards promoted to a Lieutenant, but finally resigned and went to Nashville to study law at the age of 25. In one-third of the time usually allotted to the studies of the law student, he so completely fitted himself that he passed a searching examination with great credit to himself. He commenced the practice of law, was soon after appointed to the office of Adjutant General of Tennessee, and in the same year District Attorney. He rose rapidly at the bar. His rare good sense and penetrating genius gave him great advantage and he was signally successful.

In 1812 he was elected Major General of Tennessee, and in 1823 he was elected to Congress from that State. His course was approved by his constituents, and he was returned a second term by an almost unanimous vote. In 1827 he was elected Gov. of Tennessee by a majority of twelve thousand. So great was his popularity that he did not have a single opponent in the Legislature.

In 1829, when he was at the height of his popularity, and more generally beloved than any other man in the State, he married an amiable young lady. The connection proved unfortunate. In the course of a few weeks a separation took place; but there was no abuse on the part of either. Both deemed it best to separate. Both agreed to part in kindness and on friendly terms. The circumstance created a flame of excitement. The cause was unknown and still is. We heard Gen. Houston once say, it will never be known only to God and ourselves. Gen. Houston was assailed, and in the excitement was charged with abusing his wife. The lady soon put that right, however, and her nearest friends were afterwards the warmest friends of the General. He refused to defend or explain himself in relation to the separation, declaring that it was a

private affair in which the public had nothing to do. But he resigned his executive office, retired to the forest, and with the red man spent three years, studying the volumes of a choice library which he carried with him. He was welcomed by the great Chief of the Cherokees, who declared when he entered his wigwag; "We are in trouble and the Great Spirit has sent you to give us counsel, and take trouble away from us. The red man has no better friend than Houston and they love him as a father."

When Houston passed through Tennessee, after his three years sojourn with the Indians, he was enthusiastically greeted by the people, and urged to make his residence there. Designing demagogues had attempted to crush him, and had brought influences to bear against him. But he met them boldly and came out of all of those contests unscathed, and with a character unimpaired.

We next find Houston in Texas, true to the instincts of life, the friend of liberty the uncompromising enemy of tyrants. Our readers are better acquainted with his eventful life in Texas than they probably were of his earlier history, and we will not extend this article by giving the particulars of his rapid rise to distinction upon that field of his fame and glory.

There was no place too high or too responsible for Houston to fill in Texas, and he has never betrayed the trust which his fellow-citizens, who looked upon him as the father of their Liberties, were pleased to place in his hands. They knew him; they venerated him.

Houston is now a Senator from Texas. Calm and thoughtful—no excitement disconcerts him—no mere strokes of political policy influences him. His mission is to do right, and act for the best good of his fellow-men. There is no stronger friend to the Union than he.

It was no longer ago than Monday, Feb. 24th, that he accepted an invitation from the National Temperance Society, and delivered a most eloquent address at Triple Hall, New York. Those who heard that address declare that the newspaper reports of it convey but a faint idea of its true merits as an eloquent production of convincing argument. When he had finished it, the committee of invitation waited on him, and presented him with a package of \$5 bank notes—"No! gentleman," said he, "I do not want your money—give it to the cause in which you are engaged; my object is to aid that cause, not to get pay for my services in its behalf."

All are acquainted with the part he took in the terrible battle of San Jacinto which has scarcely a parallel in the history of human conflicts—the capture of Santa Anna, the magnanimity of Houston towards the fallen Chief of the Mexicans, showing the kindly feelings of his heart. When the public voice cried for the blood of Santa Anna, Houston interferred and said that the fallen commander, now a prisoner, should not be put to death, but that he must be treated as a prisoner of war. His voice was heard, and Texas was saved from a stain which would have been as lasting as the black mark that lines the set of England in her treatment to Napoleon.

SCHOOL CHARACTER.—Every school-boy has a character. Let us do among a group of them, and all doubts will vanish. There are selfish Harry, lying Tom, slovenly Peter, gluttonous Jim, sly Charley, cowardly Dick, and fighting Jack, as well as generous George, truthful Joseph, and honest Bob. Ask for evidence that these descriptions are truly applied, and we shall find the same rules of judgment are adopted here that are adopted among grown men. There is a commanding public sentiment in every play ground, and the same right principles, that secure for a grown man, and a great man, the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, will, other things equal secure for a boy the love and confidence of other boys. A long face may be put on—a fawning or hypocritical boy may play a game with an essay, credulous teacher, and for a while retain a false place in his estimation. But the veil is too thin. The true character comes out broadly in the play ground or on the ice, and the boy that deserves to be loved is loved. As it is among schoolboys, so it is all the world over. An honest and virtuous man may sometimes be unjustly suspected, and the breath of the slanderer may tarnish for a moment an innocent reputation; but the right side comes up sooner or later, and truth triumphs.

OURA ONCE A PART OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.—It is the opinion of some of the geographers that Cuba, St. Domingo, and other West India Islands were once connected with the main land. The disruption is supposed to have been occasioned by a great catastrophe of nature, long before the commencement of human records. By this hypothesis the Gulf Stream now rolls along a channel where once the solid earth defied the surges of the ocean, and resisted the torments rushing down the great rivers Mississippi, Alabama, Tombigbee, Escambia and Apalachicola.—*Scientific American.*

A QUAIN SERMON.

Mr. Dodd was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than ten thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gowans, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with—
"You servant, sir!"
He replied—
"You servant, gentlemen!"

They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late. He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favor to beg of him, and that it was that he would preach a sermon to them there, from a text they should choose. He urged that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the roadside) from the word MALT. He then began:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little short—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—in a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is Malt. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four: M A L T.

M—is Moral.
A—is Allegorical.
L—is Literal.
T—is Theological.
The Moral is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore M—my Master, A—all of you, L—Leave off T—Tipping.

The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another is meant. The thing meant is the spirit of Malt, which you rustics make, M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, and T—your Trust.

The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Malt, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.
The Theological is, according to the effect it works, in some, M—Murder, in others, A—Adultery, in all, L—Louseness of life, and in many, T—Treachery. I shall conclude the subject, first by way of exhortation; M—my Masters, A—all of you, L—Listen, T—to my Text. Second, by way of caution; M—my Masters, A—all of you, L—Look for T—Truth. Third, by way of communicating the truth which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the robber's agent, the wife's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's sorrow, a walking swill bowl, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man!"

However true may be the saying that "brevity is the soul of wit," the Boston Post thinks it is certainly not always the soul of discretion, and cites the axiom that "to the victors belong the spoils," as a case in point. A story is told of a talk between Gov. Marcy and his friend Talmadge, about the authorship of this saying. Marcy denied that the words were his, but said, "Suppose I did say so, Talmadge, I warrant you have often said the same thing." Not so briefly, replied Talmadge, "not so briefly, I would not do, Marcy. I have often said this, for example—that a party in power ought to favor its political friends, rather than its political opponents, in the distribution of offices—but I should never have ventured to state the sentiment with the brevity of an epigram. There is much prudence, sometimes, in verbiage."

THE WAY THEY FATTEN PIGS IN BRITAIN.—A chap who has seen the process, describes it in this way:
"Well, just afore Fair day, they gives them corn and salt—notin' but just corn and salt—no water. Next day the pigs is amazin' dry. Then the sarjents give 'em just as much water as they can drink. The pigs put into it, and keep drinkin'. Sposin' on average, they drink a bar'f apiece. That makes 'em look dreadful nice, I tell you—all filled out sleek and heavy. But there aint no heart and substance in it. You can't o' them 'ar critters home, and calculate you've got a bustin' pile of pork, but jest you look into your bog pen next mornin' and you find nothin' but a hog frame, skin and bone, and dear at that. You can't tell me nothin' about fat pigs—I've been there, and I've seen them manufactured."

The expectation of gratitude is mean, and is continually punished by the total insensibility of the obliged person. It is a great happiness to get off without injury and heartburning, from one who has had the ill luck to be served by you.

BEET SUGAR.—A company has been formed in Dublin to prosecute extensively in Ireland the manufacture of beet sugar, and this can hardly be deemed an experiment. That the sugar beet grows luxuriously here I can personally bear witness; indeed, I doubt whether there is a soil or climate better adapted to it in the world. That the beet grown in Ireland yields a very large proportion of sugar is attested by able chemists; that the manufacture of beet sugar is profitable, its firm establishment and rapid extension in France, Belgium, &c., abundantly prove. The Irish company have secured the exclusive use of two recently patented inventions, whereby they claim to be able to produce a third more sugar than has hitherto been obtained, and of a quality undistinguishable from the best cane sugar. They say they can make it at a profit of fully twenty-five per cent after paying an excise of £10 per ton to the Government, working their mills all the year, (drying their roots for use in months when they cannot otherwise be fit for manufacture.) Mr. Wm. K. Sully, Chemist to the Museum of Irish Industry, states that the beet sugar manufactured in France, has increased from 51,000 tons in 1840 to more than 100,000 tons in 1850, in defiance of a large increase in the excise levied thereon—that the average production of sugar beet is in Ireland 15 tons per acre against less than 11 tons in France and Germany—that each acre of beets will yield 4½ tons (green) of tops or leaves, worth 7s. 6d per ton for feeding cattle, making the clear profit on the cultivation of the beet, at 15s. per ton, over £5 per acre—that there is no shadow of difference between the sugar of the beet and that of the cane all the difference popularly supposed to exist being covered by the existence of foreign substances in one or both—that Irish roots generally, and the beet especially, contain considerably more sugar than those grown on the continent—and that beet sugar may be made in Ireland (without reference to the newly patented processes from which the company expect such great advantages) at a very handsome profit. As the soil and climate of Ireland are at least equal to, and the labor decidedly cheaper than that employed in the same pursuit on the continent, while Ireland herself, wretched as she is, consumes over two thousand tons of sugar per annum, and Great Britain, some twenty five thousand tons—every pound of it imported—I can perceive no reasonable basis for a doubt that the best culture and sugar manufacture will speedily be naturalized in Ireland, and that they will give employment and better wages at all seasons to many thousands of her sons.—*Greely's Letters.*

RAILROADS OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Massachusetts has constructed 1,150 miles of Railroad, at a cost of \$52,000,000; and the other New England States have constructed 1,799 miles more at a cost of \$55,000,000. To these might be added the Northern N. Y. (or Ogdensburg) Railroad, which is virtually a New England road, making a total of about 3000 miles of railroad, constructed at a total cost of upwards of \$110,000,000. The gross earnings in 1850, of all the railroads in Massachusetts, and of those that are partly in Massachusetts and partly in adjoining States, were \$9,903,328. The net earnings, during the same time, were \$3,480,347. The cost of these roads was \$53,264,000. The net income was therefore more than 6 per cent, on the total cost. The number of passengers transported over these roads during the same time was 8,973,681, which gives an average of 28,754 a day for 312 days.—*Scientific American.*

SENSIBLE HORSES.—Loring, in his travels in Norway, says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food. Instead of swelling themselves with a painful of water at a draught, no doubt from the fear of not getting any again, and then overgorging themselves with dry food for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouth as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.

ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.—Singing birds, if we would narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attachments, and exhibit the most romantic attachment.—Not a movement of their master or mistress escapes their observation. They may be taught, easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of the cage when called for, or to sit on the finger and sing when requested. A single movement of the head or expression of the eye will accomplish this, whilst the reward of a bit of hard-baked egg, or a morsel of sugar, will speedily cement an intimacy terminable only by death; the attachment of birds knows no other limit.

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

KALIDA, OHIO.

Proposals for carrying the Mails for four years from the 1st day of July, 1852, are issued from the Post Office Department. We extract the following from the List of Routes:

10201 From Carey, by Findlay, Benton Ridge, Duke's, Pendleton, and Pleasant, to Vaughnville, 40 miles and back, six times a week to Findlay, and once a week the residue.
Leave Carey daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m.
Arrive at Findlay same days by 6 p. m.
Leave Findlay daily, except Sunday, at 2 p. m.
Arrive at Carey same days by 6 p. m.
Leave Findlay every Tuesday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Vaughnville same day by 4 p. m.
Leave Vaughnville every Wednesday at 7 a. m.
Arrive at Findlay same day by 6 p. m.
10217 From Providence by Gilead, Shunk, Medary and Buckeye, to Pleasant, 47 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Providence every Wednesday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Pleasant next day by 6 a. m.
Leave Pleasant every Friday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Providence next day by 6 p. m.
10219 From Findlay, by Oak Ridge, Gilboa and Buckeye, to Kalida, 32 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Findlay every Saturday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Kalida same day by 6 p. m.
Leave Kalida every Friday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Findlay same day by 6 a. m.
10303 From Piqua, by Lockington, Houston, Wynant, Loranies, Minter, New Bremen, St. Marys, Koster, Deep Cut, Delphos, Doylestown, and Charloe, to Junction, 85 miles and back, three times a week.
Leave Piqua every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 1/2 a. m.
Arrive at Junction next day by 7 p. m.
Leave Junction every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 1/2 a. m.
Arrive at Piqua next day by 7 p. m.
10305 From Sidney, by Valonia, Dinmore, Wapakonetta, Lima, Kalida, and Franconia, to Charloe, 76 miles and back, twice a week.
Leave Sidney every Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m.
Arrive at Charloe every Wednesday and Saturday by 2 p. m.
Leave Charloe every Monday and Thursday at 12 m.
Arrive at Sidney every Wednesday and Saturday by 6 p. m.
10310 From Delphos, by Fort Jennings, to Kalida, 16 miles and back, once a week.
Leave Delphos every Thursday at 1 p. m.
Arrive at Kalida same day by 7 p. m.
Leave Kalida every Thursday at 6 a. m.
Arrive at Delphos same day by 12 m.

SPECIAL OFFICERS.—Proposals are invited for supplying the following offices in Ohio, for the nett proceeds of said offices, respectively, limited to a sum to be named in the proposals in each case.
Leipsic from Medary, 5 miles and back, once a week.
Paulding from Charloe, 7 miles and back, once a week.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, for September and October, is well worth the price paid for the whole year. They are filled with choice articles, the selection of a well cultivated and elevated mind, and the product of much well considered thought and labor.

BEARDS.—Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the celebrated Seer, comes out in the Hartford Times in favor of men wearing their beards. He says the hairs of the beard are ultimations or continuations of nerves—those of the hard coating and membrane of the eye are connected with the beard on the upper lip, and when that is shaved off the nerves are exposed to injury—some diseases of the eye he attributes to shaving. In women, these nerves instead of terminating in the upper lip are buried in the cheeks, and have much to do in controlling the phenomena of blushing. Bronchitis and maladies of the lungs are produced by shaving off the beard on the chin. Mr. Davis also argues that mustachius are no obstacle in the way of eating, or any other function in which the lips are employed; an argument indeed which we cannot admit. The most uncomfortable thing to decent eating, appears to be mustachius, but every man to his taste—we suppose that Davis has had a revelation on the subject, having seen inhabitants of his other world with beards, but that is very easily accounted for, no razors being made there. *Scientific American.*