

A. Gamney, Esq. 47 pas

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

VOL. XII.—NO. 52.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1852.

WHOLE NO. 612.

National Characteristics.

France is the land of sober common sense, and Spain of intellectual eminence; Unbounded liberty is Austria's boast, and Prussia's kingdom is as free—almost; In Russia, there are no such things as chains, Supreme, in Rome, enlightened reason reigns; America, that stationary climate— Holds to tradition, and the older time; England, the light, the thoughtless and the gay. Rejoices in theatrical display; The sons of Scotland are impulsive, rash, of infirm purpose, prodigal of cash; Whilst Paddy's are the lips that know no guile. For truth has fixed her throne in Erin's isle.

The following striking lines form an inscription found at Melrose Abbey:— The earth goeth on the earth, glistening in gold; The earth goeth to the earth sooner than it mold; The earth builds on the earth castles and towers; The earth says to the earth—"All shall be ours!"

GRACE GREENWOOD AT BURNS'S BIRTH-PLACE.

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns—Mrs. Beggs and her daughters—who we had been assured were most kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Beggs lives in a simple but charming little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birth-place, where all who seek her with a respectful interest receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Beggs is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly be made sweeter or her eye finer at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory, seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and ladylike, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet, Scottish accent. Her likeness to Nesmith's portrait of her brother is very marked; her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by picture and description—large, dark, lustrous, and changing. These eyes shine with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy for his sorrows, and our honor for his free and manly spirit—when I told her that the New World, as the Old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, "What a joy it would have been to him could he have foreseen such a noble recognition of his greatness!" she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, "Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing," then added that his death-chamber was darkened and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. Mrs. Beggs says that Nesmith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done full justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong familiar resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living—two are in the army, and one has a situation under government at Dumfries. All three are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs. Beggs was expecting daily the two youngest—the soldiers—who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly as proudly the memory of their father.

In June last, along with the ladies who accompanied us through Europe, we enjoyed a similar privilege and pleasure. We called, not without apprehensions that what was most respectfully intended might be regarded as intrusive. But the moment the "hatch-string" of the "rose-embowered cottage" (for such it is in truth as well as in poetry) was drawn, the courteous reception and kind greeting of Mrs. Beggs and her daughters relieved us from embarrassment. Half an hour passed in familiar, delightful conversation. Though approaching four-score years, Mrs. Beggs is erect in form, graceful in manner, and sprightly in conversation. Her middle-aged daughters are intelligent and agreeable. The cottage, in which order and neatness were manifest, seemed the abode of that contented cheerfulness with which industry and virtue reward their votaries. The daughters support themselves and their mother (as we were informed by others) with their needles.

Our only regret in taking leave of these estimable ladies was, that Americans who visit Ayr cannot manifest their admiration of, and obligation to, Burns in some form that would benefit without wounding his estimable sister and nieces. If they had the custody of the monument and the beautiful grounds that surround it, or if they even occupied the cottage whose garden encloses the "Well Where Mingo's mother drowned her self," Visitors would, in return for the pleasure

which these objects afford them, cheerfully contribute what would render them independent. The present proprietor of these grounds, (to which the genius of Burns has imparted even increasing interest,) who purchased them on speculation, is deriving a handsome revenue from visitors. This income, a tribute to the immortal bard, ought to inure to those who were dear to him, instead of going to a stranger.—*Evening Journal.*

MAGIC SQUARES.

It will amuse beginners in Arithmetic if the teacher invites them to place the nine digits in nine squares, so that, whether added vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, the amount will be 15, thus,—

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

When familiar with this, they may be invited to place the numbers from 1 to 25 so that, whether added vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, they will amount to 65, thus,—

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

The exercise will be as good as if the teacher should set them a hundred sums. When the pupils are farther advanced, squares in geometrical progression may be proposed, such as the following, in which the product of each row of the third square is 32,768, and of the fourth, 110,592.

16	512	4	24	768	6
8	32	128	12	48	192
256	2	64	384	3	96

HELP YOURSELF.—This is the true secret of success, the master-key that unlocks all difficulties in the various paths of life. As the French have it—help yourself, and heaven will help you. The greatest affliction that can befall a young man is to be the recipient of charity—to lean for any length of time upon others for support. He who begins with crutches will end with crutches. It is not in the sheltered garden, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storm beats most violently, that the hardiest plants are reared. It is not by the use of crutches, bladders and life-preservers, that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave, and buffeting it, like Caesar and Cassius, with "rusty sinews." The money charity of individuals to individuals is one of the greatest curses that afflict society. It is the upstart that paralyzes and reduces to the last grasp the moral energy of every man who inhales its poisonous atmosphere.—Under the appearance of aiding it weakens its victims, and keeps them in perpetual slavery and degradation. Cold, consequential, and patronizing, it freezes the recipient into humiliation, and there leaves him as firmly wedged as Sir John Franklin amid the thick ribbed ice of the Arctic Ocean. The difficulties, hardships and trials of life—the obstacles that one encounters in the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is superior to us, we increase our own strength and learn the secret of his skill. Read the history of the rich and poor in all ages and countries, and if you do not find that the "lucky dogs," as they are called, began life at the foot of the ladder, without a finger's "lift" from any body, while the "unfortunates" who fit along the paths of life more like scarecrows than human beings, attribute the first declension in their fortunes to having been bolstered and propped up by others—we will resign all pretensions to philosophy. All experience shows that this boasted benevolence tends to diminish the faint sparks of energy in those who partake of it, till, having fallen into the despair and indolence inseparable from a cultivated sense of inferiority, they look upon themselves as beyond the pale of hope, and at last lose even the wish for independence. Those who entertain a really just estimate of their own abilities, and journey through life with a determination to improve themselves by every passing occurrence, and thus give stability to their own minds, may be said to be really independent of the world, and therefore, the architects of their own position.

THE LIFE OF WEBSTER.

A SERMON, DELIVERED AT THE MELODEON, IN BOSTON, BY Rev. Theodore Parker, ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 31, 1852. (Reported for The Boston Commonwealth.)

[CONTINUED.]

Webster was a great man, a man of the largest mould, a great body and a great brain; he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive, legs—seldom such a face, since the stormy features of Michael Angelo. "The hand that rounded Peter's dome, And grained the scales of Christian Rome," he who sculptured Day and Night into such beautiful forms—he looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. Deputized and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through the streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the U. States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox.—What a mouth he had! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! What eyes, like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions, and great thoughts.

The front of his intellect, An eye like Mars, to threaten and command. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into the intellectual, moral, affluet and religious; and try him on that scale. His late life shows that he had little religion—somewhat of his lower forms—conventional, devoutness, formality of prayer, "the ordinances of religion," but he had not a great man's all-conquering look to God. It is easy to be "devout." The Pharisee was more so than the Publican. It is hard to be moral. "Devoutness" took the Priest and the Levite to the Temple, Morality the Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves. Men tell us he was religious, and in proof declare that he read the Bible; thought Job a great epic poem; quoted Habbakuk from memory, and knew hymns by heart; and latterly agreed with a New Hampshire divine in all the doctrines of a Christian life.

Of the effusions, he was well provided by nature—though they were little cultivated—very attractive to a few. Those who knew him loved him tenderly, and if he hated like a giant he loved also like a king. Of unimpassioned and unrelated love there are two chief forms: Friendship and Philanthropy. Friendship he surely had. All along the shore, men loved him. Men in Boston loved him; even Washington held loving hearts that worshipped him. Of philanthropy, I cannot claim much for him; find it not. Of conscience, it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceedingly little; his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just.—Free to give as to grasp, he was charitable by instinct, not disinterested on principle.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man. His intellect was immense. His power of comprehension was vast.—He methodized swiftly. But if you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes of force, the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Reason;—the understanding, dealing with details and methods; imagination, with beauty, is power to create; reason with first principles and universal laws.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great reason. He does not belong to the great men of that department—the Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and the other mighty. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last forever. I cannot assign to him a large imagination. He was not creative of new forms, of thought, or of beauty; he lacks, the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence. But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar he passed for learned in the Senate; where scholars are few; for a universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to

have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors whom he loved to quote, make up his meager classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him.

As a statesman his lack of what I call the highest reason and imagination continually appears. To the national stock he added no new ideas, created out of new thought; no great maxim, created out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not born in his bosom. He organized nothing.—There were great ideas of practical value, seeking lodgment in the body; he aided them not.

None of the great measures of our time were his—not one of them. His best bill was the specie bill of 1815, which caused payment to be made in national currency. He did not administer eminently well. The affairs of Cuba, last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands are little to his credit. The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The treaty signed at Washington, in 1842, he managed well, with all its intricacies. His course in politics was crooked. Now for Free Trade, then for Protection; now for Specie, then for Bills; first for a Bank, then for an "obscure idea," now for Freedom and against Slavery, then for Slavery and against Freedom; now Justice is the object of Government, now money. Now, what makes men Christian, makes men good citizens; next, religion is good every where but in politics; there it makes men bad. Now, religion is the only ground of Government; next, there is no law higher than the act of Congress, and he loots at conscience, and would out-reject the law at God. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always a bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saint; he always forsook his idea just as his idea was about to make his fortune. In his roving for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the steam run dry. The Fugitive Slave Law has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate Slavery with a ten-fold hate. So far as he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate; a great orator—it is said the greatest in the land, and I do not doubt that this is true. Surely, he was immensely great. Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great orator. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole, by Nature, as a mother bears a son; the wide knowledge of deep philosophy, nor the plastic industry which creates a beautiful whole by art, as the sculptor chisels the marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence; he was a Niagara.

His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. In latter years he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas, to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding; not the reason—Calhoun did that; the more; not the imagination—in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He hid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, making a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam cannon to piten it across. Webster was the steam gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by gunnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.

This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He carries death, without weight in his gun, as sure as fate. Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death. Commonly Webster was honest in his oratory; open English and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker

guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal, and the masterly arrangement of Caesar; and like Napoleon, broke the center of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the Court-house, in the Senate, and the public hall. There were no ambushes, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick, the trick of self-depreciation. That came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox. He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life he rose no higher than Secretary of State; and held that post but five years. He was continually out-generated by subtler men. He had little political foresight, for he had not the all-conquering Religion which meekly executes the law of God, all fearless of its consequence; nor the mighty Reason, which, reflecting, sees the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of man; nor the kindred Imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law; nor yet the wide Philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart; and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceeds; and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency, but Harrison kept him from the nomination in 1840, Clay in 1844, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thunder of his own—the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereas Webster was not one. For some years no large body of men has had much confidence in him—admiration, but not trust. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. Oily in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. General Jackson was the most popular man of our time. Calhoun was popular throughout the South, Clay in all quarters of the land, and at this day Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster had never the influence on America of the least of these. Henry Clay labored to defeat him at Baltimore, last June. This was not generous in Mr. Clay, for in '44, Webster had toiled earnestly for that "Hero of the West," vailed for his rival, toiled against hope. But Mr. Clay bore him a grudge, and on his death bed waited for the consolation of his more generous rival's fall, saw it, was glad, and died contented.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved outdoor and manly sports—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New-Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and humbly had fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—short-horned Dutchmen, Herefordshire, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. He was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, loving, came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door, his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He was a friendly man; all along the shore there were plain men that loved him—whom he also loved; a good neighbor, a good townsman.

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also, for their use—the two greatest things that a great man ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations will bind him to the coming age. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. For the present, his career is a failure; he was baulked of his aim. How will it be for the future? The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central

government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the great question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind there will appear, Adams, Giddings, Chase, and Mann and Hale, Rantoul and Sumner; yes, on other names, which, on the historian's page, will shade all these—the name of Garrison. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Banker Hall, at Faneuil Hall, at Nible's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared that "protection of property" was the great domestic object of government; that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favor of unalienable rights, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government. That New-England elephant turned round, and tore freedom's sword in two, and tread her armies under foot; they will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines—a nation reads his word; they are not far apart; you cannot get many centuries between—for there are no great ideas of Right, no mighty acts of Love to keep them wide.

Was his private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I sin here to chronicle, and not to invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues that he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impudent as the shattering of a caged canary, amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to rebuke my method and my God. Let me "sought extensive and nothing add, and set down naught in malice." It is true that he was over fond of animal delights of the joys of his body's laser part; fond of solid luxury, not fond of show. He had a plain house, but a sumptuous board. He loved power, loved luxury, loved wine, no show. He was intensely proud, not vain. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts and did not settle; borrowed and rendered not again. Private money sometimes clove to his hands, yet in his generous nature there was no taint of avarice. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rest upon him to this day. A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the manufacturers of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hands, how could he dare be just. His later speeches smell of bribes.—Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide! Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas Moore would not accept five thousand pounds, which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public services done as chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell. Considering all things, their wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonorable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

(Concluded next week.)

THE BOTTLE TRICK EXPLAINED.—Is this well-known trick there are two puzzling points: first, how can fifty or a hundred wine-glasses be filled from one quart bottle? and secondly, how can six or eight different liquids be poured from the same bottle? The first wonder is explained thus:—the glasses are so small, and have such thick bottoms, that a full quart bottle will hold enough to fill eighty of them. The second marvel is managed in the following manner:—The glasses are arranged on a tray in a particular manner by the conjurer, before the entertainment begins. The bottle is filled with a weak mixture of spirits of wine, water, and sugar. At the bottom of each glass is a drop or two of some flavouring essence, as nobby, essence of brandy, port wine, sherry, etc., and the operator is thus enabled to concoct a tolerable resemblance of any fluid that is likely to be called for, and to supply a hundred persons or more with half a sip of their favourite beverage, from a " inexhaustible bottle."—*Home Journal.*

TRIN PARR.—History is, so to speak, the zoology of humanity. Its records are the annals of the growth and development of humanity through the ages.—The various forms of civilization which it tells us of, immature efforts to attain the true social state developing up to a certain point, and then falling, because incapable of further progress, may be considered as the analogues of the various types of the animal creation, which preceded to the culminant creature—man.

"Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri elder, as he placed in his son's belt two bowie knives and a pair of revolvers.