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J. Yarny Day

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

VOL. XIII.—NO. 5.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 617.

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paid in order to receive attention.
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A. MONROE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Kalida, Putnam County, O.
WILL attend promptly to all business
entrusted to his care in the courts of
Putnam and the adjoining counties.

—ALSO—
NOTARY PUBLIC.
October 23, 1850. 492

A. BUDD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Kalida, Putnam County, Ohio.
ATTENDS to business pertaining to his
profession in Putnam and adjoining
counties. [567] July, 1852

E. H. LELAND, (JAMES MACKENZIE,
Defiance, O. } Kalida, Ohio.
LELAND & MACKENZIE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
All business entrusted in their hands will
receive prompt attention. No. 20, 1851

JAMES MACKENZIE,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

JOHN D. CARLTON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
CHARLOE, PAULDING COUNTY, OHIO,
October 25, 1852.

C. N. LAMISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Notary Public,
LIMA, ALLEN COUNTY, OHIO.
WILL attend to collections, payment of
taxes, sale and purchase of lands,
&c. in North-western Ohio.
Will also attend to conveying, taking
acknowledgments of deeds, &c., &c.

N. HUBER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Notary Public,
DELPHOS, OHIO.

ATTENDS to business in Allen, Putnam
and Van Wert counties. Office—two
doors South of the American House.
December, 1850. 500

E. SHEFFIELD, [W. SHEFFIELD,
SHEFFIELD & SHEFFIELD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery.
NAPOLEON, HENRY COUNTY, OHIO.

WILL attend promptly to all business
appertaining to their profession, which
may be entrusted to their care. 480
June 5, 1850.

M. H. NICHOLS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Solicitor in Chancery.
Office first door south of the Court house,
LIMA, OHIO.

WILL practice his profession in the
Courts of Allen, Hardin, Van Wert,
Augliaze and Putnam counties. Prompt
attention given to the collection of claims,
to procuring pensions and bounty lands, and to
the payment of taxes for non-residents in the
above named counties. [568] Feb. 6, 1852

DAVID TAYLOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery,
DEFIANCE, OHIO.

WILL promptly attend to all business
that may be placed in his hands, before
any of the Courts of this Judicial District.
Collection of Claims, sale of Real Estate.
Payment of Taxes, &c., &c. 530
May 30, 1851.

JAMES M. GOFFINBERRY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
FINDLAY, OHIO.

Will attend to all business, entrusted in
his hands, in this Judicial District.
January, 1852. 562

ALEX. SANKEY LATY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
PAULDING.

PAULDING COUNTY, OHIO. 526
January, 1852.

GODFREY & THRIFT,
DRS. GODFREY & THRIFT, for the
purpose of accommodating themselves
more effectually to the wants of the public,
have this day formed a co-partnership in the
practice of Medicine, and offer their profes-
sional services to all that may need them.
Kalida, July 7, 1852.

THE VANDORNO HOUSE,
In Gilboa.
THE undersigned has lately fitted up and
established the above house for the accom-
modation of the travelling public, which
shall not be surpassed by any village house
in this State, and respectfully invite those
who may pass this way to call.
HENRY WING.
Gilboa, Ohio, Oct. 20, 1852. 604

VAUGHNSVILLE HOUSE,
E. A. HUSSON, Proprietor.
Vaughnsville, Putnam County, Ohio.
October, 1852. 600

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE D. FREESTER.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the light wing of sleep
On my bosom lies soft:
Oh! come when the sea,
In the moon's gentle light,
Beats low on the ear
Like a pause of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest blue,
And the dew's on the flower
And the star on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll stray
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of the dove,
And the gales are so soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the beam kiss the waves
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our lips may catch
The lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love;
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky;
On our downy wings we'll go,
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Of purple and of gold,
Till love's angels envy
The bliss they behold.

DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

Dr. Lyman Beecher is now seventy-eight years old. Born before the American Revolution, he has been, until recently, actively and ably discharging duties which be onerous for most men in the prime of life. He was the son of a New England blacksmith, and was brought up to the trade of his father. He had arrived at mature age when he quitted the anvil, and began his collegiate studies at Yale College, New Haven. Ten years later, we find him pastor of the Church at Litchfield, and rising into fame as a pulpit orator. His sermons on Temperance extended his reputation through the United States; I might say through Europe, for they ran rapidly through several editions in England, and were translated into several languages on the Continent. Being now favorably known, he was called to the pastoral charge of the most influential Presbyterian church at Boston, where he remained till 1832. In that year, a project long entertained by that portion of the Presbyterian church, whose active and enlightened piety and liberal tendencies had gained for it the name of New School, was put into execution; the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary was founded. Its object being to prepare young men for the Gospel ministry, such facilities for manual labor were offered by it as to make it feasible for any young man of industry to defray, by his own exertions, a large part of the expenses of his education. Dr. Beecher had long been regarded as the only man competent to direct an institution which, it was fondly hoped, would demonstrate the practicability of educating mind and body at the same time, infuse new energy into the work of domestic and foreign missions, and revolutionize the Presbyterian church. A large corps of learned and able professors was selected to aid him. The Doctor moved to his new home in the immediate neighborhood of Cincinnati, and remained there until 1850, with what success in his chief object we shall hereafter see.

A certain eccentricity of manner and character, and sharpness of repartee, have given rise to hundreds of amusing anecdotes respecting Dr. Beecher.—Some of them paint the man.

His lively sense of the comic element in everything, breaks out on the most unlikely occasions. One dark night, as he was driving home with his wife and Mrs. Stowe in the carriage, the whole party was upset over a bank about five to ten feet high. They had no sooner extricated themselves from the wreck, than Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, who were unharmed, returned thanks for their providential escape. "Speak for yourselves," said the doctor, who was feeling his bruises, "I have got a good many hard bumps, any how."

In many matters, he is what Miss Olivia would have called "shittless."—None of the Goldsmith family were more so. No appeal to him for charity, or a contribution to a good cause, ever goes unresponded to, so long as he has any money in his pockets. As the family income is not unlimited, this generosity is sometimes productive of inconvenience. On a day, his wife had given him from the common purse twenty five or thirty dollars in bills, with particular instructions to buy a coat, of which he stood in need.—He went down to the city to make the purchase, but stopping on the way at a meeting in behalf of foreign missions, the box was handed round, and in went his little roll of bills. He forgot his coat in his anxiety for the Sandwich Islanders.

Well do I remember the first time I heard him preach. It was seventeen years ago. From early childhood I had been taught to reverence the name of the great divine and orator, and I had long

promised myself the pleasure of listening to him. My first Sunday morning in Cincinnati, found me sitting with his congregation. The pastor was not as punctual as the clock. Several minutes had elapsed after the regular hour for beginning the service, when one of the doors opened, and I saw a hale looking old gentleman enter. As he pulled off his hat, half a dozen papers covered with notes of sermons fluttered down to the floor, the hat appeared to contain a good many more. Snatching down and picking them up deliberately, he came scuttling along down the aisle, with a step so quick and resolute as rather to alarm certain prejudices I had on the score of clerical solemnity. Had I met him on a parade ground, I should have singled him out as some general in undress, spite of the decided stoop contracted in study; the iron-gray hair brushed stiffly toward the back of the head, the keen, eagle eyes, the firm, hard lines of the brown and wrinkled visage, and the passions and power latent about the mouth with its long and scornful under-lip, bespoke a character more likely to attack than to defend, to do than to suffer. His manner did not change my first impression. The ceremonies preliminary to the sermon were dispatched in rather a summary way. A petition in the long prayer was expressed so pithily I have never forgotten it. I forgot now what reprehensible intrigue our rulers were busy in at the time, but the Doctor, after praying for their adoption of various useful measures, alluded to their conduct in the following terms: "And O Lord! grant we may not despise our rulers; and grant they may not set so, that we can't help it." It may be doubted, whether any English bishop has ever uttered a similar prayer for king and parliament. To deliver his sermon, the preacher stood bolt upright, stiff as a musket. At first, he switched off and replaced his spectacles a dozen times in as many minutes with a nervous motion, gesturing meanwhile with frequent pump-handle strokes of his right arm, but as he went on, his unforced language began to glow with animation, his simple style became figurative and graphic, and flashes of irony lighted up the dark ground-work of his puritanical reasoning. Smiles and tears chased each other over the faces of many in the audience. His peroration was one of great beauty and power. I have heard him hundreds of times since, and he has never failed to justify his claim to the title of "the old man eloquent."

MRS. SWISHELM ON BABYLODY.—The following from the Saturday Visitor is decidedly a rich specimen of compound:—

SOUTHERN PRESUMPTION.—"The South," the "arrogant South," the "insolent South," the "overbearing South." How these peevish Southern people do try our patience! Nothing will do them but they must have all the Presidents and all the say in Congress. They must verify John Randolph's boast, and keep us "white slaves" catching black slaves, and nobody knows into what outrageous caricatures of dogs and man they do continue to work up their Northern dough. But nothing they or any of them have ever done, did ever rile our temper like a paragraph we find in one exchange, stating that Mrs. Prewett, of the "Yazoo City Whig," has offered to compute babies with us—intimate her belief that her misquotation, a bitten tick-ridden, red-pissed, present-day, alligator, can indeed misapprehension, yellow fever chased, sun scorched, Mississippi baby will compare with our Nellie! That woman must be "cleared out!" but in our opinion there is so much method in her madness, that she took care not to send that number of the "Whig" to our office.

She must have felt that if we became directly aware of her presumption, we should have started forthwith for Yazoo City, to cover her with inextinguishable confusion. She took care that we should get only a second hand hint of what was going on. Poor benighted woman; we do really pity her; and now that we have reflected on it, we would not on any consideration let her see our baby, for straightway she would whip and pinch her poor little thing for very spite that it was so entirely eclipsed.

She never imagined a baby like ours or dreamed of any thing so perfect. Just think of it, Mrs. Prewett—twenty-three pounds in eight months! So white and soft, and round, with such violet eyes and such a tooth! Then, if you could see that little fat foot held up for mother to kiss, and the look of wise wonder that follows this expected case! Poor Mrs. Prewett, how we pity that you have not seen the baby!

Heat how the editor of the Vermont Mercury talks to the borrowing individuals:—

"Got a paper to spare?" "Yes, sir, here's one of our last. Would you like to subscribe and take it regularly?" "I would but I am too poor?" "That man had just come from the circus, which cost him 50 cents; just time from his farm 50 cents; liquor, judging from the smell, at least 50 cents—making \$15

actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it! That's what we call 'having at the spigot and loosing at the bung-hole.'"

Some of our New England readers, we have no doubt, will recognize a once distinguished attorney general of an eastern State, in the subject of the annexed anecdote:—

Mr. B—, a distinguished advocate and attorney-general of a far 'down east' State, was sitting with hat over his eyes, and his chin on his breast, bolstered up on either side with chairs and table, and sleeping as comfortably as the indomitable spirit of gin would allow, in the court house at A—, when 'the Court' entered and took his seat on the bench. Observing the situation of Mr. B— which had not changed on the entrance of the 'the Court,' the judge looked at the sheriff, who seemed to understand that it was his duty to get the sleeper into 'condition.'—

"Mr. B—, the Court is in!"

I went give the reply. Suffice it to say the sheriff has a decided objection to going to the murky and sulphurous place to which he was consigned.

"Mr. B—," said the Judge, "we have observed, with profound regret, your conduct during the last week; and this morning we find you in no better condition to 'take up your cases than before. We are disposed to bear with you no longer. You disgrace yourself and your family, the Court, and the profession by your course of conduct." This reproof elicited the following colloquy:—

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did, sir!"

"What re-mark did he make?"

"I said, Sir, that, in my opinion, you disgrace yourself and family, the Court and the profession, by your course of conduct."

"May it please your honor, I have been an attorney in—this court for fifteen years; and permit me to say, your honor, that that is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give!"

Slightly 'pungent,' that!—*Kicker bocker.*

Penny of the Delphi Oracle. is down on "Bussing Bees." We'll bat our old quill the some of the girls have slapped his face for him. Just his tin:

"Notwithstanding the bad weather, the young ladies and gentlemen of this place have been enjoying social glee to a 'quantum sufficit.' So far their parties have passed off finely. One feature, however, (we only speak for ourselves), we do not like, and that is, the superabundance of kisses that have attended these gatherings.

The superlative bliss
Of a sincere kiss,
Should never be thrown away
In bussing and kissing
When true love is missing,
For surely it "will not pay."

Now don't say we can't appreciate the "honey of life," for we love to kiss as well as any body but it must be when the world is sleeping in deep repose—when but a single star is gazing from on high a witness to the scene—when two hearts beat close together—when—when her bosom swells with thoughts of tenderest affection—when the eye speaks and the cheek betrays emotion—*THY TRUTH*—the electric influence of a kiss is carried to the heart—'tis then and then only that man's decreed to kiss.—*Lima Argus.*

HANDSOME MEN.—Fanny Fern, the correspondent of the Boston Olive Branch, thus replied to an individual who said somebody was not calculated to win a lady's heart because he was not hand some:—

"Begging your pardon, Solomon that's a great mistake. It is quite unessential that a man should be handsome. Let him pray the gods, in the first place, to make him a gentleman; a gentleman at home as well as abroad. Let him slip into for a fine figure and courtly manner, and leave it to their discretion after that, to shape his eyes nose and mouth, provided they don't make them perfectly hideous.

Save us from our plaid-panted, bordered-vested, big-eared, moustached, cologne-sprinkled, bejeweled, braided, exquisitely dressed, self-prossed, intellectual masculin, perfectly at home upon all subjects, foreign and domestic, neither cringing to the great, nor oppressing the little, who puts one hand on his sword and the other on his heart when a woman's name is mentioned; who raises no blush on the cheek of humble innocence; who holds in contempt no living thing that God has made, who can pity the weak and erring without pharisaical reviling; who can argue without loss of temper and dignity; who seems a babe or an oak, who has an arm of a trembling age; a smile for prattling infancy; and a strong brave heart, for the oppressed and defenceless! But a "pretty man," a pink and white "Sir Brainless!" the united work of a tailor, hatter, shoemaker and perfumer! Heaven save the mark!—*Women know better!*

REGALTY OF GENIUS.—Gibbon, in speaking of own genealogy, refers to the fact of Fielding being of the same family as the Earl of Derby, who, in common with the imperial family of Austria, is descended from the celebrated Rudolph of Hapsburg. "While the one branch," he says, "have contended themselves with being sheriffs of Leicester-shire and justices of the peace, the others have been emperors of Germany and kings of Spain; but the magnificent romance of Tom Jones will be read with pleasure when the palace of the Escurial is in ruins, and the imperial eagle, of Austria is rolling in the dust."

A PATRIOT'S DEATH.—The records of ancient Greece and Rome, do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotism than is contained in the following inscription, found upon a gravestone in New London, Conn. No wonder our revolutionary fathers were invincible, while they were actuated by such motives as are here recorded.

"On the 20th of October, 1782, 4000 English fell upon this town by sea and sword; 700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day, but in the evening about 4 o'clock; the commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman who immediately stabbed him. All his comrades were put to the sword."

A line of powder was then laid from the magazine to the sea, there to be lighted and blow the fortress into the air. William Hatman who lay not far distant, with three strokes of the bayonet in his body, said to his wounded friends who were still alive—"We will end-avor to crawl to this line, and thus we will completely wet the powder with blood, and with the life that remains in us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who were only wounded! He alone had strength enough to accomplish the noble deed. In his 30th year, he died on the powder which he overflowed with his own blood. His friend and seven of his wounded companions by that means had their lives preserved."

After this narrative are the following words in large capitals:—

"Here rests William Hatman."

WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.—An American student writes from Hanover to the Boston Journal:—"You see here quite as many women at work hoeing, reaping, ploughing, etc., as men. They look strong and hardy—are generally bare-foot, but sometimes have quite a comely appearance—their arms, of course, being bronzed in the sun. Every evening I meet many of them returning from the fields with their hoes and baskets swung over their shoulders. This is by no means as bad as it looks. The women often work with their husbands, and doubtless enjoy it, simple peasants as they are, though sometimes they are ill-treated. For example, you may sometimes see a woman in a field, the woman digging the holes in the ground, and the man's surely dropping in the potatoes. It is a characteristic of the women here to be much more in the open air than the Americans, too, without bonnet or cap."

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid. When the studies of mature years are stuffed into the head of a child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confined, and can bear exertions, and the other is growing, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical, or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on our muscles.—*Quarterly Review.*

OLD BULLION.—Ex Senator Benton—(shame on Missouri for the ex.) the last of the brilliant galaxy of statesman, who conferred laurels on our national councils during the past thirty years, is now in Washington, fresh and energetic as ever. He said recently in conversation with a gentleman who spoke of his being the last of the group. "Yes," said he, "Clay, Webster and Calhoun are gone—years ago Dr. — told me, 'when these men are dead, you will be fresh and vigorous as ever.' My habits of living do it; and I was thirty, I drank nothing since! Since then I have drunk what circumstances made it fit I should drink. Temperance and moderation have kept me in health and my strength. Besides, I adopt the Roman regime—but with cold water and rub dry.—That's exercise. None of our common flesh brushes, but such as they rub horses legs with, sir!"

What a volume of essays on health is contained in these few lines, and a practical example of the efficacy of the treatment, does that hale and robust statesman present!—*Civ. Non.*

THE ISLAND OF CUBA lies at our doors; it commends the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five our States; it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American continent, and, with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world; it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. As an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume.—*Edward Everett.*

MR. ATKINSON'S BILL.

Quite a number of the Democratic journals of the State have spoken out for the passage of this bill, to regulate the State Treasury, &c., and to punish the embezzlement of the public moneys.

The *Delphi Oracle*, of the 15th, reviewing the late report of the sinking fund commissioners, in which it is pointed in its strictures upon the part Mr. Breslin and bank officials have been playing expresses the "hope that the legislature will pass this or a similar bill. There are a few professed democrats in the legislature, who, of course, will oppose anything that looks to radical reform, but there are undoubtedly a sufficient number of real democrats to carry this measure through."

Watch for the eyes and noses, friend Perry, and you will see if certain gentry do not fall in courage, that the Banks have not few adherents in that body, who, with efficient aid of a certain outside official, will do their worst to stifle that or any other bill which contemplates the responsibility of officers or misde-manners, and the divorce of the State Treasury, county treasurers, canal and land offices from the speculation at hand counts.

We have good cause for cautioning our cotemporary at Delphi, as well as friends in other regions, to watch for the eyes and noses when this bill comes up. Let us explain by calling up a reminiscence.

A few days since, in casually turning over the Senate Journal of last session, we were astonished to find the following record, Saturday April the twenty-fourth 1852.

Mr. Williams submitted the following resolution.

"The Standing Committee on Finance to which was referred Senate bill, No. 126, to punish the embezzlement of public moneys, and for other purposes, have had the same under consideration, and have given to the same the consideration and that attention which its merits would seem to warrant, and would recommend the indefinite postponement of the same."

J. W. WILSON;
A. PARDEE;
J. J. WILLIAMS;
L. S. SHERMAN.

Mr. Atkinson, as a minority of the committee disagreed to the report, and brought in a recommendation that the bill should be engrossed and read a third time.

Mr. Paries moved to indefinitely postpone, and Mr. Peppard moved to lay it on the table, yeas 15 nays 15, [names not given]. In the afternoon it went to the table, and now Mr. Atkinson has the matter in hand again.

Now, when it was notorious at that time that all the officers of the State had been speculating with the money of the people, left with them for special uses,—that Still had loaned and lost \$100,000 in the Columbus Insurance Company,—that Wood had loaned hundreds of thousands to Railroad Companies,—that Breslin was following in the same footsteps of such predecessors, loaning out the public money at all points of the compass—we say that the notoriety that all these facts had then attained, it is not surprising that such a policy as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on our muscles.—*Quarterly Review.*

The outward face of such a proceeding bears the impress of bank swiftness inside, and bank interference outside the legislature, and is discreditable to the Democratic party, so far as the delinquency of the public servants professing to be democrats and working against party integrity, can attach to our great political organization.—*Civ. Eng.*

The island of Cuba lies at our doors; it commends the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five our States; it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American continent, and, with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world; it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California by the Isthmus route. As an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a convention like this to France and England, those powers would assuredly feel that disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume.—*Edward Everett.*

The great error of modern literature is, that it is either utilitarian or merely amusing; the great error of politicians is, that they are either too reforming or too factious. Our artists study that they may invent a new steam engine, or reconstruct the British constitution. Wornied with these ambitious attempts, they read silly trash, or take up with some petty agitation.—*Lord John Russell.*