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THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

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WHOLE NO. 643.

MILTON.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to that true conception of a right-minded hero which must ever be esteemed.

Patience is the exercise of saints, the trials of their fortitude, Making them each their own deliverer, And victor over all.

TOUCHING DELICACY.—There were many little occurrences which suggested to me how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate towards any inferiority.

John Knox, the Scottish reformer, after a lengthy discourse, the object of which was to disprove the existence of purgatory, was written upon by one of his auditors, a wealthy old laird, not remarkable for his exercise of the christian virtues.

The proposition to insert a new clause in the new Constitution of Massachusetts, that "in all future enrollment of the militia, no distinction shall ever be made on account of race or color," was rejected in the Convention by a majority of only 25—the vote standing 74 to 90.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

I am inclined to believe with Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. I spent half a day in the Museum at Naples, poring over the relics dug from the above mentioned cities.

The Pompeians knew a thing or two, and if they could only poke their noses through the cinders and lava, that has entombed them for twenty centuries, they could obtain good journeyman's wages, in any blacksmith shop, foundry, or tin shop of the present day.

I revisited the burying place of the poor at Naples, not from any morbid curiosity, but because, on all the earth, it is in this city alone that such a sight can be seen.

A young German, named Morris Kleine, and a German girl, about twenty years of age, named Sophia Geismar, were recently drowned at the Hoboken ferry, New York.

Australia.—The amount of gold yielded by the Australian mines, is almost incredible. Every British mail steamer brings larger and larger amounts.

The emperor of China is in his 22nd year—the emperor of Austria in his 23rd—and the sultan of Persia 20.

Turnpikes were so called from poles or bars swung on a staple, and turned either way when the duca were paid.

From the National Era. "HELP."

There certainly linger in this republican land some of the silliest and vilest affections of social distinctions, utterly alien to the principles and spirit of our institutions.

Among these, I have frequently had occasion to notice, in contributions to our popular literature, the exhibition of one, apparently predicated upon the notion of the utter inferiority and dependence—the comparative slavery—of the class of people familiarly known as "Hired Help."

Washington Irving, noticing the fortunes of a spendthrift hero, states that he would have got along swimmingly, had it not been for a low conspiracy against him of the tailors and shoemakers, those constant foes of rising greatness and genius, who most preposterously clamored for the payment of their dues.

The West is more commonly made the scene of these terrible tribulations. Some clergyman's or doctor's wife finds her lot cast, for instance, in Illinois. Filled with all manner of false ideas of life, and unknowing how to discharge her household duties she at once finds herself involved in difficulty.

Now, I am well acquainted with the West; and I pronounce this overweening vanity on the part of employers the great source of the difficulty in procuring "help," so much complained of there.

In the mean time, I hope to encounter no more such literature heroines. If there is a scarcity in that line, I would commend writers to the other side, where the genuine article is much more likely to be found.

The natural salt ponds on the Florida Keys, which, in 1848, yielded about 75,000 bushels of salt, have been, during the last winter greatly improved and extended, so that the evaporating surface is now 600 acres, and will soon be increased to 800.

A London witness having described himself as a pennan, was asked in what department of literature he wielded his pen, and he replied that he penned sheep in the Smithfield market.

OUT AT LAST!—The Boston Transcript now acknowledges that "Fanny Fern" is Mrs. Farrington, of that city. She was formerly Mrs. Eldridge, and is a sister of N. P. Willis.

AN IRON VILLAGE IN OHIO.

Iron-ton, on the Ohio River, the capital of Lawrence county, Ohio, was begun four years ago next month, by a company of associated capitalists, who bought 350 acres of river bottom and 4,500 acres of hill land for the site, inserting in all their conveyances or leases an express condition that no intoxicating liquors should ever be sold on the land so conveyed.

When President Pierce visited New York, and the Crystal Palace, last week, he was feted and lionized a great deal more than was pleasant. He said to a friend of ours: "This is the most disagreeable duty inflicted on the Executive. What our citizens intend for honor and respect towards the Chief Magistrate, is nothing but a species of adulation—a relic of the exactions of royalty."

SINGULAR NUTRIMENT OF THE DIGGER INDIANS.—The "Columbia (California) Gazette" says that there are two considerable Indian villages in that vicinity at the present time, and the Indians, who looked as lean and gaunt as half-famished wolves during the past winter, now appear to be enjoying all the luxuries that an abundant supply of clover and an occasional supply of beef and bread can afford.

The editor of a paper down east has a Shanghai hen, which has been setting a month on two sticks and a brickbat.—He don't know yet what she'll hatch, but if it's a brickbat she ain't for sale.—Hamilton Telegraph.

Letter from Hon. Richard Rush to Col. Thos. H. Benton, relating to the National Pacific Railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco.

SYDENHAM, near Philadelphia, March 26, 2853.

My Dear Sir:—Employments in planting and transplanting trees and shrubs upon my grounds, and in such like usual work for a week or two—a species of work, however small the scale of it, not to be postponed at this season of the year—has prevented my earlier acknowledgment of the copy of your interesting letter to the people of Missouri, on the central national highway from the Mississippi to the Pacific, which you had the goodness to send me.

When you tell us of the city Alexander the great built to supercede Tyre, the main street of which was five miles long, one thousand feet wide, with a colonnade and covered footway of a hundred feet on each side; when you remind us that the pyramids were standing long before that time; jog our memories with the authentic realities of the vast chain of communication throughout the Roman empire by highways stretching more than four thousand miles in length, going through mountains which they perforated, and crossing the broadest and most rapid streams on bold arches thrown over them, the middle of this grand highway being raised into a terrace commanding the adjacent country, and paved with stone in a manner so solid that parts of it still exist to challenge our curiosity and admiration; when you remind us further from our own prescott's glowing pages, that even the Peruvians, before Spain got possession there, had a road from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles long, conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow, with galleries cut for leagues through the living rock, and over rivers crossed by bridges that swung suspended in the air, and over ravines of hideous depth, which were filled up with solid masonry, besides overcoming other difficulties and obstacles to have spanned the most courageous engineers of modern times—when you carry us back to all these things of the past, it seems to unninge one's reason. Startling moments come over us. It makes us half afraid lest in our days we have dwindled down to pigmies, become a set of Rip Van Winkles, young Rips and old Rips, all together, with little hope of our ever being wound up to the boldness and grandeur of those old fellows who lived so long before us, and who, if they could revisit the earth, might be very much disposed to laugh at us all.

If the Macedonians, Egyptians, Romans and even the semi-civilized Peruvians, could do all that you so vividly and pertinently recall, without the steam engine for land or water, or the electric telegraph to let each other know in a twinkling what was going on, or the thousand and one modern inventions in machinery for cheapening and expediting labor and multiplying so prodigiously its products, what would they not have done, if, like ourselves, they had had all these too? It is enough to make us blush to think of it. But rather let us take lessons from it. In the spirit of progress, let us determine to improve in the resolution of our own will. It is never too late to learn, however long we may have been basking in the delusions of already attained perfection.

Your admirable letter (for so I must call it) has incited me to remarks which I fear you may deem superfluous. Praying your excuse for so many words on a topic more familiar to you than to me; hoping that your letter will do the good which its intrinsic force ought to claim, and writing in the remembrance of the former friendly intercourse between us, I remain, my dear sir, very faithfully and respectfully, yours, RICHARD RUSH.

In one of your speeches some years ago I remembered you drew a very striking, very faithful, very beautiful picture of the characteristics of the Dutch; and I remember when I was among them, in 1829, to have seen near the seacoast, in the neighborhood of Harlem, carts employed in carting sand to a distance of some miles into the country where the soil consisted only of bog. The sand was shot down into the bog and mixed with it. The same carts returned to the sandy region loaded with bog, which was shot down into the sand, when a similar intermingling took place.

The country which that remarkable people thus and in other ways worked up, exhibited in the sixteenth century an accumulation of more inhabitants in the same space than was known in any other part of Europe, of more industry than was ever found elsewhere, and of more national wealth than was ever possessed by the same number of men.

Now what would the making of this railroad to the Pacific, which you recommend by such comprehensive, cogent, and animating views—what, in truth, would it be, compared to what the Dutch have done, even if, as you intimate, the United States were to employ fifty thousand laborers upon it? Almost as nothing. The Dutch, as Voltaire said of them, scooped their country out of the sea. It was like a new creation. Having no country, they made one for themselves that produced the marvels recounted. God and nature gave us a country of immense natural fertility and advantages in all respects; yet, comparatively, we sleep over them, notwithstanding all we say of ourselves, and the many things we have really done very honorable to us, as far as we have gone.

We have got an incalculably important dominion upon the Pacific, and we shall lose it if we do not set about protecting it in earnest. War will come upon us one of these days. It will come sooner or later, from some of the causes which produce all wars, while human passions remain; and it may come like a thief in the night. It is no part of prudence, however flattering it may be to our self-complacency, to rest on the belief that other nations are afraid of our power, or depend upon our trade, or dread the overthrow of their kings and emperors by battling with our democracy. You and I think that we are better off than the people of Europe, and that our government is the best; but we cannot be so sure that the Europeans all think so, or if they did, that they could establish democracy on their own continent. As a sole matter of commercial gain, we should profit a thousand-fold from this projected national highway, by its aid in securing to us more promptly the enriching trade to China and India, to an extent conceivable only to the minds that dwell upon it like yours.

And as matter of State policy, for the defence of our Union on its Pacific border, its construction without delay, and in the best possible mode, is recommended by the highest considerations which can appeal to the reason of an enlightened people. Even if we did not reason, the instincts of safety and self-defence ought to rouse us to the work at the earliest periods.