

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

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KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 680.

JOHN PUTNAM, OR THE SPY.

Two horsemen of King George rode furiously into a village of half a dozen rude dwellings, in the northern part of New York, and halting the decrepid looking inn keeper, cried out simultaneously, with many barbaric oaths, "Halloo, old wine-bibber! hast thou noticed any cheating, lying and sneaking pedlar at thy door to-day?"

"True, like the spy's own, black as jet; 'twas he himself, curse him. But surely our beasts need baiting after so long a ride, and in faith I feel like tasting of my flask." "Mind it not now; wait—we must capture that fellow, if we starve ourselves and stall our steeds. On, on, five hundred pounds and my brevet—thine be—"

"The gold for me, captain." "And I the brevet—done. This ride shall cost the pedlar dear." "Here we go! Huzza! Tally ho! Five hundred pounds!" "Silence, Wolf, once upon the scent, we must surprise the fugitive." "Ay, quiet will I be, but, five hundred pounds! Jove! 'tis enough to reward the taking of two spies. Up, my gallant nag," he continued, slapping his horse's neck, "thou shalt be stabled a fortnight, if thou doest thy duty."

However, the path was much longer than they imagined. Darkness came on and long before nightfall they were compelled to rest themselves and their beasts at a log house that opportunely lay in their way. After a couple of hours they pursued their object, and at length emerged on the high road upon which they conjectured the fugitive was a league in advance of them, hastening towards the American rendezvous.

John Putnam, who had so easily duped his pursuers at the deserted hotel before mentioned, deserted because of a late foray, and murderous attack upon it by the British, was indeed hurrying along the turnpike, with a pack on his shoulders, and a staff in his hand. Under the lining of his clothes were secreted descriptions of the English forces lying in the vicinity, which was necessary to place in Gen. Washington's possession, before he could make any decisive movement.

The following scenes in a printing office, from the Evansville Journal, are a correct picture of what often occurs. It seems that most people imagine that it is the duty of printers to accommodate their gratis—just as if this devoted class of persons should not be remunerated for their time, labor, and outlay for materials as well as other persons.

"By my spurs!" pompously added Captain Dick, the elder of the two, "we have ridden these last thirty miles in vain, if the scoundrel be not caught lurking in this hamlet. Hast thou seen him, Boniface? Speak, man, we be in great haste. I bid thee answer by the King's command."

"The hesitating landlord held on to the horse-post, and replied, "Sirs, I be half deaf, yet methinks I guess your meaning. Be ye gallant troopers of his majesty after a stray pedlar, eh? What would ye with him?"

"Death! the rascally grey-beard questioneth us!" interrupted the younger of the horsemen, a braggadocio private—and wheeling his horse around, he touched the tavern-keeper rather roughly with his gloved hand and continued—"We desire no questioning, old dotard. Hast thou seen the pedlar? We would know this, and right quickly, too."

"O be not rough! I prithee. A pedlar, sayest thou? Had he a pack?" "Pack or no pack, hast thou seen him?" fiercely cried Dick.

"Patience, masters! But memory is treacherous, and I must reflect. A pedlar with a staff did ye say?"

"Will you be so kind as to envelope them, sir?"

"I'll break your skill with a staff, if thou be fool us," said the bully, striking at the old man, who rather timidly by his looks, leaped out of the trooper's reach.

"The Captain then seriously threatened with violence, and sternly demanded a reply. As if frightened into submission, he then hesitatingly said, "No—yes—yes—now I bethink myself. I did observe a 'sneaking pedlar' pass here this morning on foot, and in extreme haste."

"Which way—wh'ich road took he?" exclaimed both of the others.

"That," deliberately answered the man, pointing to a traveled lane, that led from the one in which they stood.

"Art sure? If thou lie to us, by St. George, thou shalt hang at thine own door, like a sign."

"You will much oblige me, sir, by sending them to the post office, with your papers," he said very politely, and with a 'thank you sir for your trouble,' he bowed very gracefully, and retired, without proffering a copper for 'your trouble.'

"Ay, an' that be not the road, thou mayest hang me," observed Boniface.

"To horse then; he is six hours in advance; to horse, and a brevet to the one that catches the first sight of the Spy!" shouted Captain Dick, and rapidly they dashed away, leaving clouds of dust behind. But ere they had gone twenty yards, the inn-keeper shook his frame like a strong man, and muttered, "Ay, when they catch me, they may hang me."

He then glanced curiously around, and quickly entered the house.

Meanwhile, Captain Dick and his companion spurred their steeds to a race that would have injured animals unused to their hardy life. Mile after mile wast left behind, until within three hours they had covered every step that a man could have walked in a whole day. Then, unsuccessful, they thought of returning.

"The infernal rebel hath eluded us.—We calculated that he would hasten to the camp of Washington. We are misled, or have passed him secreted in the forest."

"Perhaps that inn-keeper hath deceived us. Methought he was not so imbecile as he pretended."

"By my soul's salvation! that heast hit it! Dolis—asses that we are! Didst thou not note the nimbleness of his leap when thy hand was lifted against him?—Judas! how will this villain triumph!—Ride back for thy life, ride like lightning!"

"Nay, not back—if he be a spy he hath taken the other road, and sent us a fool's errand on this road. A league hence, we passed a by-path that doubtless intersects the highway some distance to the west, along the river."

"Well, that be our direction. Ecod! how we have idled; nor would I have credited the clown with such wit."

"Ay, an' now, that I suspect him, I recollect the quietude of the village. The place was solitary. Nor even proffered the man a taste of his wine."

"Ugh! didst note his keen eye?"

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"The spot romantic. While climbing this eminence and for the hundredth time resolved not to secrete himself, he heard with an emotion of excitement, the dragons within fifty yards of him; and having just rounded the bluff, they discovered him. Both shouted with joy. "Ha! thou cursed rebel, we have got thee at last!" cried the ruffian Wolf. "Halloo, there—stop, or by St. George, we'll make mince meat of thee—halloo."

"In the King's name, halt," commanded Captain Dick, or rather Captain Richard Moles, a man superior in some respects to his companion.

"Shall I be deaf, stupid, or dumb?" queried the pedlar to himself. "Open defiance is a last resource." But he quickly decided as Wolf called out, "Halt, thou base low pedling coward, or I'll crop thine ears with my sabre." Nerving his arm he suddenly stopped and turned to meet them.

"The same, by the gods!" exclaimed Dick, on observing the pedlar's face.—"Huzza! five hundred pounds, down on thy marrow bones and pray for thy life!" "What want ye with me?" demanded the American.

"Want? Ask our Colonel, ask the gibbet on to-morrow's dawn! Why? why, down, spy, on thy knees and surrender."

"That I will not!" shouted the other, with a sudden energy that startled the soldiers. Flinging off his burden by a quick motion, he caught up his club, and with the first blow shivered to pieces the sword uplifted by the Captain to arrest him.

"Thy steel, Wolf! he has broken mine. Traitor! thou shalt die!"

"Nay, nay, it taketh two to make a bargain," coolly said Putnam, and while the Captain was grasping his pistols, another blow from the staff discharged one of them in the air, and so discomfited him, that for a moment he remained inactive.

Wolf struck the spy's shoulder with his weapon, but made no dangerous wound, and boldly seizing him, the latter, by main strength dragged the burly fellow from his saddle.

"A thousand curses!" shrieked he, "I believe thou art Satan!"

"Let this convince," cried the facetious pedlar, grasping the rascal's sword and by a powerful effort wrenching it from him and dropped his stick. But by this time Dick had recovered and firing his pistol, its ball entered the pedlar's leg, causing him for an instant to tremble with pain.

"Help!" screamed the conquered bully, as he fell under a blow from his own sword, and then as the Captain leaped from his own horse to assist, the scene became thrilling almost to excess.

The sword proving useless in this close contest, Putnam dexterously broke it in pieces with his foot, and kicking the prostrate soldier at the same time, grappled with Dick, who was almost equal in strength and courage.

"St. George for me!" cried Dick.

"God and liberty for me!" shouted the continental.

"Dog! I have thee now!" muttered Dick, clutching the other's throat. "Up Wolf, up and aid me; I am choking him!"

"Boast not yet," gasped the other, recovering his hold.

"Take that!" said Wolf, picking up the spy's stick and striking him with it.

"And take thou this, and may God pardon me for it!" thundered the pedlar, as he lifted his right arm, and drove his heavy fist against the soldier's head, reddening it with blood and brains. The unfortunate man fell down dead, like an ox before the butcher's ax.

At this awful sight, the captain was appalled, but by strong efforts maintained his position. The pair fought athletic, struggling, striking and groaning in the fierceness of the combat. At length the spy fell on the grass, paralyzed by the might of his powerful antagonist.

"Oh, Washington!" he moaned, "must I fall at length! Nay—nay."

"Curse thy doomed Washington!" exclaimed the other.

"Ah! this for thy mal-diction!" retorted the patriot, once more regaining sufficient strength to return a fearful blow, which sensibly affected the Captain, who yet held tightly to the spy's throat, execrating Washington and his rebels to the utmost.

But while his senses were receding, and his eyes becoming filled with blood,

his latent strength re-gathered itself.—With an embrace that might have smothered a bear, he caused such excruciating pain, that Dick was compelled to relinquish his grasp. Then he struck the soldier's temple and both fell down.

Fatigued, but not insensible, John Putnam recovered in half an hour, sufficiently to catch one of the steeds so lately crossed by his enemies, and mounting he galloped to the head-quarters of Washington, who immediately after learning the story of his adventure, ordered the bodies of the victims to be buried. However, when sought, only the corpse of Wolf could be discovered. Doubtless the captain had recovered, and retraced his path on the remaining horse.

John Putnam lived to an old age, but after his achievement he left the army and joined the Quakers. Nothing can be adduced against his personal bravery, he always remained a personal friend of Washington, but his mind took a religious bias, the peculiarities of which are always respected in so honest a man. It was the blood, he said, of the man killed by his own clenched fist, that ever after tinged his thoughts with melancholy.

THE FIGURE NINE.

This is a peculiar figure, with which numerous tricks may be performed. Not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the 9, there are among others the following curiosities connected with the figure:—

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9, or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of times—the sum of the figures in the product will be 9, or a number of nines. For instance: Twice 9 are 18—8 and 1 are nine. Three times 9 are 27—2 and 7 are 9. Four times 9 are 36—3 and 6 are 9. And so on, until we come to eleven times 9 are 99; here we have two nines, or 18; but 1 and 8 are 9. Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 0 and 8 are 9.

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9 when multiplied by the digits, as follows, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c., reverse these and we have the remaining products, 54, 63, 72, 81.

The 9 digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 5 times 9; or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the amount will be the mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more. Let the digits as written be

123456789  
987654321  
111111110

and we have 9 ones, and of course 9 once more.

Or let the upper series of numbers be subtracted from the under:

987654321  
123456789  
864197532

Add the figures of the difference, and once more we have the 5 nines or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply the same figures by 9:—

123456789  
9  
111111101

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.

A bucket full of copper coins was found recently, in excavating for cellars on land in Atkinson street, Boston.—Some specimens bear the dates of 1735 and 1759. They were issued in the reign of George II., and have the phizzes of very jolly-looking individuals. The coin was six feet below the surface.

According to the census of 1850, the slave population of Kentucky amounted to 210,981. By a recent State census it appears that the slaves now number less than 200,000, giving a decrease of about 11,000 within the last 4 years. The above figures indicate a large slave emigration from the State.

An india-rubber omnibus is about being invented, which, when jam full, will hold two more.

SINGULAR TRADITION.—Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition, regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men all of whom were fair complexioned; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein and wash. One immediately obeyed, and came from the water purer and fairer than before; the second hesitated a moment, during which time the water, agitated by the first, had become slightly muddied, and when he had bathed he came up copper colored; the third did not leap in until the water became black with mud, and he came out with its own color. Then the Great Spirit laid before them three packages of bark and bade them choose, and out of pity for his misfortune in color gave the black man the first choice. He took hold on each of the packages and having felt the weight, chose the heaviest, the copper colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second enwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave to the white man, pens, ink, and paper—the engine of the mind—the means of mutual mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

TRAGICAL SCENE.—DEATH AND SUICIDE.—A correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, residing in Waupesa county, Wisconsin, details the following heart-rending circumstance which occurred but a short time ago in that vicinity:

A farmer sold a yoke of oxen to an individual in the neighborhood, and received his pay in paper money. The man who purchased the oxen, being in a hurry to start off, requested the farmer to assist him in yoking them up; he accordingly went to the yard with the man for that purpose—leaving the money lying on the table. On his return to the house, he found his little child had taken the money from the table, and was in the act of kindling the fire in the stove with it. From the impulse of the moment, he hit the child a slap on the head, so hard as to knock it over; and in the fall it struck its head against the corner of the stove, with such force as to break its skull. The mother who was in the act of washing a small child in a tub of water, in an adjoining room, on hearing the fracas, dropped the child, and ran to the room whence the noise proceeded, and was so much terrified at what she there beheld, that she forgot the little child in the tub, for a time, and upon her return to the room, found the little one drowned! The husband after a few moments reviewing the scene before him—seeing two of his own children dead—without further reflection took down his gun and blew his own brains out.

PRESERVING EGGS.—That method which shall prevent the air from penetrating the shell and at the same time keep the yolk in the centre of the albumen or white, is the best for keeping eggs for any length of time. The method given in the Southern Cultivator, and copied in the last volume of the RURAL, of placing the eggs, small ends downwards, in holes bored in a board, large enough to hold the eggs—is a very good one where the object is not to keep them a great while. By this means the egg is kept on its small end, and the yolk cannot so readily sink to the shell.

The Farmer's Companion gives a recipe by which eggs may be kept in good condition for a twelve-month. The eggs are packed carefully away in a water-tight barrel, or in a large earthen-ware jar—earthen-ware being better than wood. They are then covered with lime water, made of fresh lime, with sufficient water to make a thin liquid, which should be cold when put to the eggs, and the barrel or jar kept in a cool place. Packing in ashes has been recommended in some quarters; but eggs will soon spoil in ashes, are changed to a thick mucous-like substance, that soon looks as tho' it was badly cooked in smoke. There probably is no better mode than keeping them immersed in lime water. It is cheap and sure.—Rural New Yorker.

SHOCKING CASUALTY.—A most frightful accident took place on the Norristown Railroad last week. A woman, about 68 years of age, was run over by the cars near Pott's Landing, a place about a mile near Norristown. She was on the track and facing the train. It is said she was partially deaf and near-sighted; and whether the screaming of the whistle did not reach her until she was too much frightened to get away, or whether through her defective vision she was unable to distinctly see the train before it came upon her, it is difficult to say. The engine first struck her, and she was thrown some fifty feet ahead of the train on the track. The cars came up, and she was caught by the wheels, and from her dress becoming entangled in them, she was literally cut into bits; the largest portion of her body found was one of her feet. The pieces were collected together and placed in a barrel. All along the road, for some distance, portions of her body was found. Her name was Mary Barker, and she was going to Conshocken, to get into the cars there, to go to Philadelphia.

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VISITOR TO OUR SANCTUM.—An old fellow dropped into our Sanctum last week, and the following conversation ensued:

"Are you the printer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, haven't you got a paper to spare? I ain't able to pay for one, but I told the old woman I'd bring her one, for she loves to read mighty."

"Here is one. Can't afford to pay for a paper? Why, on a rough guess, we would say you had spent fifty cents for frog th's very day."

"Now, see here, stranger," he replied, looking at us with drunken cunningness, "you're awfully mistaken—I've been treated."

We let him have the paper for the old woman, satisfied as to his poverty.

But the same day there came into the same room a very well dressed and jeweled man—in face, figure and appearance, a gentleman and man of the world. He addressed us very politely:

"Have you any of this morning's papers on hand? I am on the Eclipse going South, and would like to send several papers to my friends up the river, to let them know I have been in your city."

There being none in the sanctum at that moment, we searched up stairs and found three.

"Will you be so kind as to envelope them, sir?"

We took the boy's duty upon our hands, and in a moment they were in wrappers.

"Now sir, and excuse me for troubling you, can you not direct them? I have a crippled finger as you see," and held up a muffled finger with a tan kid on part of the same hand.

We directed the three papers according to his dictation.

"You will much oblige me, sir, by sending them to the post office, with your papers," he said very politely, and with a 'thank you sir for your trouble,' he bowed very gracefully, and retired, without proffering a copper for 'your trouble.'

We have no doubt our amiable countenance would have made a picture at that moment. After a moment of silent amazement we opened the window and looked after him. He was pacing slowly down the street looking with a patronizing air upon our improvements, and evidently principal owner of the Eclipse. We hope he got further out of town than his papers did.

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