

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

KALIDA, OHIO. VOL. XIV. NO. 42. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1884.

We have got behind—want of paper—and a good many other wants wanting—and our readers must excuse our only issuing a half sheet this week.

Putnam is almost alone in this State, so far as heard from, in electing our entire Democratic Ticket, as nominated.

D. I. Brown, Esq., County Clerk complained to us, that in noticing his election we had omitted to designate him a Democrat with the others. In enquiring of the matter, our devil told us that as every one knew B's politics, he supposed it perfectly useless to use types to inform them.

The Elections—A Crush retained. Stuart, Lisdaley, and other Democrats, who faithfully opposed the enactment of the Nebraska bill, in Congress, are defeated for re-election. Of course the Know-Nothing element must be credited with this result. It is worthy of them for it assures public men, that honesty of action will not save them in position, or secure them public approval. That talk as men may, the man is the out vs. the in, and that the man who foolishly loves caste with his party on account of regard for principle, need not look to be sustained by the integrity of the masses.

The Albany Journal learns from a well informed source at Washington, that the Sandwich Islands are to be at once admitted into the Union as a State—with full sovereign powers. In consideration of this surrender of their National sovereignty, the United States, agreeing to respect all existing charters, land titles, &c., are to pay \$400,000 annually as life annuities to such persons as the Island authorities shall designate. The number entitled to share in this annuity, will exceed thirty individuals, including the King, his two sons, and the members of the House of Nobles, all of whom are now rich, and constitute the great landlords. Their ages will average 40 years; and the sum to be paid to each will cease to be a debt upon the U. S. at their death. All the Government Property—Buildings, claims upon foreign Governments, &c., will be transferred to the U. S. by this Treaty. The value of these Buildings are said to exceed \$1,500,000, and the claims upon the French and British Governments to \$500,000 more.

General W. O. Butler, of Kentucky, is chairman of the committee to award the premiums at the baby convention at Springfield, Ohio, on the 5th. Britus Clay, Horace Mann, Mrs. J. J. Crittenden, Jane Swisshelm and Fanny Fern are members of the committee.

Nicholls' majority in the District is placed by the Argus at 6,200.

ELECTION NEWS.

Ohio Election. It will be seen by the subjoined that the members of Congress, so far as heard from, are elected and their opponents beaten without regard to their votes on the Nebraska bill. The Know Nothings have it all their own way:

- 1st District—Timothy C. Day, opposition. 2d District—J. Scott Harrison, Fusion Know Nothing. 3d District—L. D. Campbell, Fusion. 4th District—M. H. Nichols, Independent Democrat. 5th District—Richard Mott, Fusion. 7th District—Aaron Harlan, Fusion. 8th " Benj. Stanton, Fusion. 9th " Cooper K. Watson, Fusion. 10th " C. F. Moore, Fusion. 11th " Horton, Know Nothing. 12th " Samuel Galloway, Fusion and Know Nothing. 13th District—John Sherman, Fusion. 15th District—William R. Sapp, Fusion and Know Nothing. 16th District—Edward Ball, Fusion. 17th " C. J. Albright, Fusion. 18th " B. F. Leiter, Fusion. 19th " Edward Wade, Fusion. 20th " J. P. Giddings, Fusion. 21st " J. A. Bingham, Whig and Know Nothing.

The Election in Pennsylvania has resulted, so far as heard from, in the election of 6 Whig Congressmen and one independent, and the defeat of Gov. Bigler by a large majority.

Indiana Election. Madison Oct. 10. The People's ticket will be successful by an average majority of not less than 700 votes, and the probability is strong the Dunn, the Anti-Nebraska candidate for Congress, will be elected. The election passed off quietly.

Indiana, Oct. 11—P.M. Meigs is elected to Congress in the 9th District by 1500 majority; Baybour, in the 6th, by 450; Scott, in the 7th, by 600; Pettit, in the 11th, by 1500; Crumback, in the 4th, by 350; Holloway, in the 5th, by 2,500—all anti Nebraska. It is thought the State Know Nothing ticket is elected by a small majority.

Indiana—Returns show that six Anti-Nebraska Congressmen have been elected.

Philadelphia, Oct. 11. In the first Congressional district, Florence, Democrat, is re-elected by 345 majority; 2d district, Tyson, elected by 3025 majority over Hamilton, Democrat; 3d district, Millard, Whig and Know Nothing, elected by 760 majority over Lunday, Democrat; 4th district, Jacob Brown, Whig and Native, elected by 751 majority over H. M. Phillips, Democrat. Pollock's majority in the city, 3129.

Ottawa is the "lone star" of the Democracy of Ohio. She gave a majority for the State ticket of 80. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.—Lima Argus.

Know Nothing Convention. A Know Nothing Convention consisting of 700 delegates, is in session in Old Fellows' Hall to-day, and will probably continue in session several days. The proceedings are strictly private.

The Sandwich Isles—an American State. The Albany Journal learns from a well informed source at Washington, that the Sandwich Islands are to be at once admitted into the Union as a State—with full sovereign powers. In consideration of this surrender of their National sovereignty, the United States, agreeing to respect all existing charters, land titles, &c., are to pay \$400,000 annually as life annuities to such persons as the Island authorities shall designate. The number entitled to share in this annuity, will exceed thirty individuals, including the King, his two sons, and the members of the House of Nobles, all of whom are now rich, and constitute the great landlords. Their ages will average 40 years; and the sum to be paid to each will cease to be a debt upon the U. S. at their death. All the Government Property—Buildings, claims upon foreign Governments, &c., will be transferred to the U. S. by this Treaty. The value of these Buildings are said to exceed \$1,500,000, and the claims upon the French and British Governments to \$500,000 more.

Canadian Political Designation.—The present Cabinet of Lord Elgin is styled the "Conservative Liberal-Coalition Ministry," and their supporters in the Provincial Parliament are designated as the "Conservative rough-clear-grit combination."

The price of breadstuffs is now so much lower in England than in America that several cargoes of flour are said to have been shipped from Liverpool for New York. This has not happened since the inflation of 1837, when flour was imported into New York from the Mediterranean.—The Daily Globe.

General W. O. Butler, of Kentucky, is chairman of the committee to award the premiums at the baby convention at Springfield, Ohio, on the 5th. Britus Clay, Horace Mann, Mrs. J. J. Crittenden, Jane Swisshelm and Fanny Fern are members of the committee.—The Daily Globe.

Prisoners of Cast, Hymus, and Fanny Fern.—Reformed drunkards, gamblers, and prostitutes have figured so prominently before the public that numbers are tempted to go into these branches and quality. The area, too, of reformation is widening, with the demands of the public. Mr. Samuel Head, "the reformed burglar and robber," an accomplice of the notorious Henry Wyatt, and a leader of the gang headed by John A. Maud, who has spent twelve years of his life in the different States of the Union, is now lecturing to crowded houses in the county of Livingston, New York. The Rochester Democrat, a paper of the slang-whang school announces that the great reformed and most illustrious lecturer intends to favor that city with a visit, "and deliver a course of lectures, in which he will give his views on the present prison discipline and management. He will also give a true history of his crimes committed in this and the western States."—Albany Atlas.

Philosophy for Mechanics.—A correspondent of the London Builder says that houses should be painted in the autumn. Woodwork painted in October he says, looks better at the end of four years than if painted in June, it would at the end of two.

The editor of one of our exchanges says he would not mind getting drunk occasionally if, while in that delightful state, some cursed scamp didn't go and steal the key-hole of his front door, and thus made it necessary for him to wake up his wife, before he could get in.

Execution of Count Boulbon.

Mexico, September 19, 1864. You have doubtless learned by this time the tragical fate of Count Raoussset de Boulbon. It appears that the kindness evinced by General Yanez toward the French soldiers at Guaymas had elicited their sympathy and attachment, so much so that Raoussset, instead of commanding a party of devoted followers, found himself surrounded by reluctant combatants. Twice they refused to be led to battle, and when at length their consent was extorted, they fought without enthusiasm or ardor. Such is the true reason for the disastrous result of the expedition.

When in the midst of the engagement Yanez rushed into the melee to arouse the zeal of his soldiers, a unanimous cry of "spare the general," arose from the ranks of the French. But for this universal sentiment, Yanez would have fallen riddled with bullets. Raoussset behaved like a hero. Before surrendering he fought desperately, seeking death in every direction; but a mysterious Providence spared him for a more ignominious fate. Perceiving that his men were giving way, he rushed alone upon the artillery near the barracks, which was belching forth destruction. Two Mexicans threw themselves upon him; one attempted to spear him, but was shot dead by a pistol in the hands of Boulbon. The other endeavored to seize him, but the gallant Frenchman clove his antagonist's head with a sabre cut, and stretched him lifeless. But personal courage was of no avail. The entire plan of the expedition was faulty, and was in direct opposition to the sympathies of the French.

Although Yanez liberated the one hundred and eighty-seven Frenchmen who surrendered at discretion, and despatched them to San Blas with fifteen dollars apiece for their support, the Mexican Government has refused to sanction this generous proceeding, and gave orders to imprison the Frenchmen on their arrival at Tepic. It was at one time a question whether one fifteenth or one tenth of the prisoners should not be shot, as an example; but thanks to the active interposition of the French minister, this idea was abandoned. The prisoners are on their way to Mexico where their destiny will be decided. Along the route—at Tepic and Guadalajara—subscriptions were opened for their behalf with considerable success.

General Yanez is completely disgraced. He has been deprived of his rank, is about to be court-martialed, and the Government has even hinted at his execution as a traitor to the country. He is accused of having exceeded his instructions in pardoning the French, and of having, by misplaced leniency, occasioned the conflict of the 13th July. The truth of the matter is, that General Santiago Blanco feels that the brilliant triumph won by Yanez is a stern rebuke to his brother, Miguel Blanco, who, two years ago, was so thoroughly defeated at Hermosilla. Be this as it may, an order has been despatched for the arrest of Yanez. But who will bell the cat? May not General Yanez resist the order, and get up a pronouncement? We shall see.

Santa Anna was desirous to signalize the festival of the National Independence by proclaiming an amnesty for political offenses, but his ministry opposed the measure successfully.

Not a cent is left of the \$7,000,000 paid by the United States. Where it has all gone is a puzzle, but it is quite certain that the Government is already driven to shifts to raise money. The progress of the revolution is every day more alarming, and the present condition of things cannot possibly continue much longer.

Rumors of every kind are in circulation. It is said that Santa Anna wishes to withdraw from the country at an early day, and that he has designated General Almonte as his successor. It is likewise reported that the "conducta," which has just left the capital, is laden with \$600,000 belonging to his Excellency. These stories require confirmation, but I mention them that you may understand the vagueness and uncertainty which distinguish political affairs in Mexico.

Some impertinent fellow wants to know why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies, in their shirt sleeves while it is thought to be every way correct for the ladies to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.—Buffalo Democrat.

Since the time when "Molly Pitcher" fought so gallantly in the Revolution Americans have recognized the right of woman to "bare arms."—Cleveland Herald.

AFTER THREE—Two specimens of poor weak human nature were seated in a parlor. The hour was rather objectionable. Francis consulted his watch. Annie was too abstracted to observe the movement.

"In after three," he said with surprise.

"After three?" exclaimed the bewildered girl. "Pray who are the other two?"

During one of the warm days of last month a fellow in Burlington thrashed five bushels of oats, five of wheat, five of rye—one sheaf, four bushels, and two concombles. Barquon ought to have him.

The Great River of China.

The Chinese rebels appear to have broken down the Chinese monarchy. They are, thus far, victorious; and the Americans have been endeavoring to open a trade with them, thro' their great river the Yang-tze-Kiang, which is navigable for 1000 miles, and on the banks of which are found 100 millions of Chinese.

Very recently, Mr. Louis McLane, whom I remember to have met at Washington when he was chairman of the Committee on Trade in the House of Representatives, and who is an active, able man, and the American minister to China, was ordered to go, this year, in the steam frigate Susquehanna, up the river, on the banks of which Nankin is built, and try to negotiate a treaty for trade and navigation, and learn all he could; but he concluded to say nothing after he had seen the rebel chiefs and the state of affairs.

The chiefs of the rebels are seemingly Christians, it is true; but their followers have no notion of Christianity. They mingled the doctrines of the Bible with the absurd fables of their own mythology; while they acknowledged Jesus Christ to be one Son of God, they claim that T'ai-ping, Wang is another. The fundamental principle of their creed appears to be a notion that this latter impostor is destined to subdue the world and achieve universal monarchy. This destiny had been foretold, they said, from heaven; and with prophecy, a sword had descended from on high to enable T'ai-ping Wang to accomplish his ambitious designs. The barbarity and folly of their actions equalled the absurdity and blasphemy of their words. Their whole progress has been a series of savage cruelties, and ruthless acts of destruction. The noblest architectural works of the empire have fallen before them. Whole villages have been steeped in blood. So far from liberalizing the system of government, the rule T'ai-ping Wang was more barbarous and superstitious than that of his predecessor. His closest attendants assured the envoys that they had never seen his "golden face," though, as they added, the sight of Christ had been vouchsafed to them. A deposition of the most revolting character was the government he proposed to establish.

Our minister to China seems to have concluded that the prospect of his obtaining from them better terms than from the old dynasty was too slender to warrant his taking any immediate steps. With ignorance, fanaticism, and brute conceit to contend against, Mr. McLane thinks that the only weapons which could be brought to bear on the Chinese with any chance of success are guns and bayonets.

Here is a river, navigable for one thousand miles, running through the richest tea and silk regions in the world, and whose banks are said to be peopled by one hundred millions of industrious Chinese. Everything produced on the banks of that river commands ready and remunerative prices in North America. The bulk of American manufactures are in great demand there. An interchange would benefit them as much as the Americans. It is only prevented by the narrow prejudices of the Chinese rulers. An opportunity is now offered Jonathan to make a bold push to overcome these prejudices by a display of firmness and force.

THE SEDUCER AND HIS SON.

Years ago—no matter how many—a French Marquis of great wealth, whose estates lie in the south of France, came to Paris, and ennobled his character (in the eyes of his club associates) by making a pretty French girl—whose only wealth was her beauty, and whose only crime her trustfulness—the victim of his arts of seduction. But the Marquis, though making promising beginning, was not so far stepped in the foul fashions of the capital as many of his fellows; and when he learned that the poor victim of his arts had become the mother of a son, he made provision for both woman and child. True, her heart was broken by his violation of promise, and by the faithlessness she found where she had given and expected trust; but she struggled to live for the sake of the son whose life depended on her. Year by year she clung to her widowed and desolate existence with new tenacity, as she saw the manly grace of the father ripening in the child; year by year, too, came the promised aid, by which she was enabled to educate her son, and to place him at length in a good employ in the office of a successful advocate of Paris.

All this time she had deceived her son with the lying, but charitable story, that his father died early—before he was born even; and the child had trusted the mother with implicit faith. His character was honest, and his capacity great enough to win for him the entire confidence of his employer.

But there was a daughter in the house where he served, and she shared the confidence of her father, the advocate, in the son of the widowed mother. Confidence grew into esteem, and esteem (as it will) ripened by-and-by into love; and before the mother—absorbing in her blighted heart the secret of this shame—was aware of his passion, her son had pledged his truth to the daughter of the Paris advocate, at whose desk he was winning his way to reputation and to fortune.

The Paris advocate was neither surprised nor offended; it was only necessary to produce the usual testimonials of honest extraction, and he would cheer-

fully consent to the arrangement. The son appealed to the stricken mother; alas! she had no testimonials to show. With sobs and with tears she told him of the grief of her life. All the son's hopes were blighted. Yet he was calm. He demanded the name of her seducer; she refused to give it. Entreaties proved unavailing. The son, in her absence, broke open a secret drawer of her table, and found there the letters which informed him of the crimes of the Marquis de B—, and of the promise which he had made and broken—that he would marry his mother.

He closed carefully the drawer; but taking with him the evidences of the wrong inflicted upon his mother, he set off for the south. He traced his father to his estates in Provence; he learned that he was still unmarried.

He presented himself to him in his study—where he sat, a calm-looking old gentleman, his head silvered with sixty years. The son calmly and coolly told him of his name and of his errand; he came to demand of the Marquis the fulfillment of his promise, to marry the woman he had wronged.

The old Marquis was disposed to be kind to the young man who claimed him as a father; he assured him that he should be cared for, and that at his death he would leave him the bulk of his fortune. But the son, recalling the loved one who would be lost to him, and the wrong of his mother, was not satisfied with this reparation. He pleaded earnestly, but in vain.

At length he left the Marquis, saying as he left—"I give you three hours to reflect, and may God grant that you decide to do what you can to repair the wrong you have done to my mother; but if not, I warn you, that, as God lives, one of us two must die."

The Marquis—very cool, and looking perhaps too coolly on the despair of an injured and desperate man—took no further precaution than to ask in a couple of gentlemen to witness the coming interview. These concealed themselves behind the curtains of the window; and the old gentleman received the son as coolly as before.

"Have you decided?" said the young man. "I have decided," said the old gentleman, "never to marry your mother."

"But it is," said the son flushed with despair, "and may God judge between us." At the instant drawing a pistol and firing upon his father.

The witnesses rushed forward to secure him before he could discharge a second which he held in his hand. The Marquis was wounded, but not dangerously. The son is speedily to take his trial. Will opinion acquit him? We fear not—in France.

DEATH OF LITTLE MARY MORGAN.

From 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room, and What I Saw There.' 'Father! father!' The clear, earnest voice of Mary was heard calling.

'I'm coming, dear,' answered Morgan. 'Come quick, father, want you?'

'Yes, love.' And Morgan got up and dressed himself—but with unsteady hands and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

'Oh! father,—What a light broke over her countenance.—I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you were never going to wake up. Kiss me, father.'

'What can I do for you, Mary?' asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down upon the pillow beside her.

'Nothing, father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you.'

'I'm here, now, love.'

'Dear father! How earnestly, yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face.

'You've always been good to me, father—'

'Oh! no. I've never been good to anybody,' sobbed the weak, broken-spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

'God has called me.' The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward. 'I wish He would call me! Oh! I wish He would call me! grieved Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. 'What shall I do when you are gone?—Oh! dear! Oh! dear!'

'Father! Mary spoke calmly again. 'You are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready.'

'How can I get ready without you to help me? Mary? My angel child!'

'Have I tried to help you, father, oh! so many times?' said Mary.

'Yes—yes—you've always tried.' 'But it wasn't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as if you could'n help it.'

Morgan groaned in spirit. 'May be I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much, that I am sure God will let me come to you, and stay with you always, and be your angel. Don't you think he will; mother?'

But Mrs. Morgan's heart was too full. She did not even try to answer, but sat with streaming eyes, gazing upon her child's face.

'Father, I dreamed something about you while I slept to-day.' Mary again turned to her father.

'What was it, dear?'

'I thought it was night, and that I was still sick. You promised not to go out again until I was well. But you did go out, I thought you went over to Mr. Slade's tavern. When I knew this I felt so strong as when I was well, and I got up and dressed myself, and started out after you. But I hadn't gone far before I met Mr. Slade's great bull-dog. Now, and he growled at me so dreadfully that I was frightened, and ran back home.—Then I started again, and went away round by Mr. Mason's. But there was Nero in the road, and this time he caught my dress in his mouth, and tore a great piece out of the skirt. I ran back again, and he chased me all the way home.—Just as I got to the door, I looked around and there was Mr. Slade setting Nero on me. As soon as I saw Mr. Slade, though he looked at me very wicked, I love all my fear, and turning around, I walked past Nero, who showed his teeth, and growled as fiercely as ever, but didn't touch me. Then Mr. Slade tried to stop me, but I didn't mind him, and kept right on, until I came to the tavern, and there you stood in the door, and you were dressed so nice. You had on a new hat and a new coat, and your boots were new, and polished like Judge Hammond's. I said, 'O father, is this you?' And then you took me up in your arms and kissed me, and said, 'Yes, Mary, I am your real father—not old Joe Morgan, but Mr. Morgan, now. It seemed all so strange, and I looked into the bar-room to see who was there. But it was not a bar-room any longer, but a store full of goods. The sign of the Sickle and Sheaf was taken down, and over the door now read your name, father. O, I was so glad that I awoke; and then I cried all to myself, for it was only a dream.'

The last words were said very mournfully, and with a drooping of Mary's lids, until the tear-gemmed lashes lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed; for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for speech. Nearly five minutes glided away, and then Mary whispered the name of her father, but without opening her eyes.

Morgan answered, and bent down his ear. 'You will only have mother left,' she said—'only mother; and she cries so much when you are away.'

'I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work,' said Morgan, whispering back to the child, 'and I'll never go out at night any more.'

'Yes you promised me that.'

'And I'll promise more.'

'What, father?'

'Never to go into a tavern again.'

'Never!'

'No, never. And I'll promise still more.'

'Father!'

'Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live.'

'O father! dear, dear father! And with a cry of joy Mary started up, and flung herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lip pressed to her cheek, whilst she lay against his bosom, as still as death. As death? Yes; for when the father clasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels of the resurrection.—Author Home Gazette.