

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 23, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 321.

more than the unrolling of banners and the pomp and majesty of arms. Great deeds are wrought and glory is the guiding star to thousands, yet that long and fearful struggle, notwithstanding the various pretences set forth, was, with all its bloody accompaniments, and waste of treasure, and loss of life and suffering, simply an effort to stop the progress of this one principle. Here all the diplomacy and hypocrisy of Europe are reduced to a single element—the world in arms against human rights. France "threw down the head of a king as the gage of battle," and the conflict was set. Cromwell's army shouting through the fight, and French patriots storming over entrenchments with Republican songs in their mouths, may have been fanatical or deluded men, and cheated at last by ambitious chieftains, but the thing they sought was no delusion.

What a terror it is able to inspire when such a vast expenditure of life and money is made to check its advancement. Behold the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Prussia, and even Pitt of England, combined together, calling on the wisdom of the statesman, and summoning to their aid a million of men to crush a single principle.—*Phil. Eng.*

BABIES.—"A baby in a house," says Tupper "is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love, a resting place of innocence on earth, a link between angels and men."

Mr. Tupper, we opine, is a "bachelor gentleman," and therefore is entitled to romance upon babies as much as he chooses. But Mr. Martin Tupper, Esq., can't hope to come it over us about the pleasure of "a baby in a house." We've been all along there, as Capt. Simon Songs would say. 'Taint no great enjoyment, according to our ideas, to have a cup of hot tea pulled over into your lap, at least once a day. We could never appreciate the fun of having a baby's half digested breakfast of milk cast into your bosom. Mr. Tupper's idea of a "well-spring of pleasure" may be very satisfactory to his own imagination. We have drunk at that "well-spring" we have! Being waked up a half a dozen times through the night by the squealing of the "angel," and when you attempt to carry into execution the oft-repeated threat to "slap the brat," to find Mrs. Caudle's finger nails resenting the attempt, by a counter attack upon your face, ain't the most agreeable thing in the world. Getting up of a cold night for "the drops," and upsetting the washstand, and running you get into a bowl of pap, in the exploration for the box of matches does not give one the clearest idea of a "connecting link between angels and men." it doesn't.—*Trenton News.*

GRANT THORNBURN, the original of GALT'S "LAURENCE TODD," is still actively engaged in the cause of floriculture, horticulture, &c., in which he has been a veteran culturist of half a century. At a recent meeting of the "Farmer's Club," in New York, Mr. T. was present, and made a brief address to the club, in which he gave some interesting personal reminiscences:

Mr. Thornburn took a retrospect for the period that, in the simplicity of the art, he commenced the science of nail making, down to the period of the discovery of "cut nails," by which, as he feelingly described, his art was "cut out"—when he converted his genius to the grocery retail business. Having married, and being compelled to make both ends meet, Mr. Thornburn accidentally met with a rose geranium, which he put in a painted crock and sold for fifty cents, clearing twelve and a half cents by the operation, and from that period he cultivated the science of floriculture, and by an unexpected arrival of garden seeds was enabled to supply farmers and others with the origin of those vegetables by which our markets are now so abundantly supplied. Mr. Thornburn asserted that the sale of seeds in the establishment in Fulton street amounted to \$25,000 for the last year.

SIGNIFICATION OF MEXICAN NAMES.—*Par-rass* Grape-vines; *Buenavista*, Pleasant Views; *La Encantada*, The Enchanted; *Palomas* Pigeons; *Linares*, Field of Flax; *Victoria*, Victory; *Penasco*, Ridge of Rocks; *Rinconada* the Corner; *Pasado del Norte*, Pass of the North; *Presidio del Norte*, Northern Fortress; *Casas Grandes*, Large Houses; *Catorce*, Fourteen; *Canales*, Canals; *Lagos*, Lakes; *Roseta*, Small Rose; *Rosa Morada*, Scarlet Rose; *Agua Caliente*, Warm Waters; *Dolores*, Sorrows; *Las Pataas*, the Geese; *Nombres*, Name; *Brasos*, Arms; *Lobos* (Marines understood,) Sea Wolves; *Rio de Conchas*, Shell River; *Rio Purras*, Vine River; *Rio Puerco*, Hog River; *Rio Nueces*, Walnut River; *Rio Balsas*, Rafi River.

DOING WHAT THE DEVIL NEVER DID.—A worthy clergyman somewhere on the Cape, was told that a portion of his flock were dissatisfied with his ministry and anxious to get rid of him. Determined to be beforehand with them, on the next Sunday morning after service he addressed them as follows: "My dear hearers, in the course of the ensuing week it is my intention to do what the devil himself never did yet. I am going to leave Cape Cod!"

The *Racine Advocate* publishes the following text and unique context: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee: here we are."—*Job.* "Yes, Sir-r-e-e."—*Professor Morse.*

THIS WORLD.—The man who lives in this world and does not try to reform it, in almost every respect, must be an awful blue dish of skimmed milk.

Yet there is one point of view in which this world is a most excellent one. It is in fact so good that we really do not feel worthy to live in it. It is a glorious world to act your part well in. There could not be a better. We mean by acting your part well only doing the best you can. We are sorry we ever despaired of doing that—or by any other feeling failed to do it.

This world, as a place to train spirits in, is no failure. It goes perfectly well. It goes infinitely well. Whoever does not reap the benefit of its well going, will have to blame himself. Whether he be in the palace or in the ditch, it is all one. The law every where is, pump or drown. The man who surrounded with poverty and poison, keeps an honest, upright, hopeful, helpful heart, has attained glory. He who, clothed with silk, fur and bank checks, has sold himself to profligacy, falsehood and selfishness, is miserable.

Don't wait, friends, till this world becomes better before you try to be so. The most glorious chance is now. God Almighty, had as the world is, has not another in his boundless dominions where you would be happier than you can be here, this minute. He would have to destroy you and make you over to make you any happier than you can make yourself now. Pahaw! if he should, it wouldn't be you but another man in your place. Do you want to be annihilated? If not, go to work in your place and be happy. No matter if your business is dressing sores in the hospital; digging graves, or spinning cotton. If it is only an honest business, do it. Do it well. Cherish the life that is in you for the sake of doing it. Happiness is a fountain that is inside of you. You may look outside eternally and you will not find it. Forgive our being so prosy.—*Chronotype.*

WISCONSIN.—This new State is getting entirely ahead of her old sisters in matters of political and social reform. She seems to be determined that the democratic principles in opposition to banking and the credit system, shall be put into complete operation in her borders. There is a provision in the Constitution which she has adopted, prohibiting the chartering of a banking institution, which seemed to be striking an effectual blow at banking monopolies, and their legitimate results, an unhealthy extension of the credit system. But there is still another provision, looking to the benefit of the poor or classes in disenthraling them from the slavery of debt—one on prohibiting the collection of any debt by law of less amount than \$100. This will put a stop to those endless cases of litigation of the collection of small debts, and at least relieve the honest but unable debtor from the vexations of a lawsuit, and the payment of costs which in many cases exceed the debt itself.—*Mahoning Index.*

"Well, my boy, what have you to do at home?"

"I does considerable, I rides the turkeys to water, milks the geese, combs down the big rooster, puts up the pigs' tails in papers, to make them curl, and keeps tally for dad and mam when they scold at a mark. Any more questions to ax."

Santa Anna had Tom Corwin's speech translated into pure Castilian, which he read with pleasure. He says Tom is a "good enough Mexican."—*Noah.*

"No LICENSES."—The majority against license in Cleveland City and Township is 179.

During the absence of Anson Benedict and his wife, of Allegheny township Penn. on the 22d ult., the house was entirely destroyed by fire, and three children, two girls of 13 and 7, and a boy of 3 perished in the flames.

MASSILON, STARK COUNTY.—The democrats of Massillon have elected their ticket, except one trustee, by 120 majority. Last fall the vote stood, Tod 227, Bulb 248—140 democratic gain. Three cheers for Molly Stark!

An Irishman was killed at a lock a short distance below this place, by a piece of timber, which fell upon and smashed his skull.—*Logansport Dem. Pharos.*

SALE OF CANAL LANDS UNDER THE NEW LAW.—J. C. CURTIS, Esq., Register of the State Land Office at this place, has furnished us with the number of acres of Canal Lands entered under the new law, and the amount received for them.

The whole number of acres entered, since the 19th of February, when the new law went into operation, was 6,200, and the whole amount of money received is \$8,865.60. This is up to the 10th inst.

The total of moneys received for Canal Lands in 1846, amounted to \$22,114.13. It will be seen that the sales this year, bid fair to reach a large amount, and this, as a matter of course, will be of vital interest to the North West.

Our exchanges will confer a favor upon us by noticing the above facts, and noticing also, that large tracts of valuable land, favorably located, can yet be entered at reduced prices.—*Lima Argus.*

From the Hagerstown, [Md.] News.
FUNERAL EXTRAORDINARY.

"STAND BACK AND LET THE COFFIN PASS!!—DON'T CROWD THE MOURNERS."

"It is finished!" The last expiring cry of the Farmers' and Miller's Bank was uttered on Thursday evening last. The doors were closed, the sign taken down, and the premises yielded up to that grim monster, Death! Don't be startled, kind reader.—Notwithstanding the tremendous influence brought to bear upon the sinking tenement of this most miserable creature, the underpinning of its existence has been cruelly, most unceremoniously knocked away by the sledgehammer of fate, and its soul (if corporations have any soul) has been sent on a voyage down, down, to the interminable, incomprehensible depths of despair. "Death loves a shining mark," and the great, the grand, the solemn, and awfully terrific crash has come at last. Tears of regret and anguish roll down our fevered cheek, burning everlasting furrows in their way, as we announce the solemn truth.

The solemn rites of sepulture to the deceased, will be postponed until Monday next, the first day of Court, in order that numerous and highly respected friends may join in the procession. The following order will be observed:

THE CORPSE.

Sydney Rigdon, and Parson Millor, in robes.
The President and directors of the Franklin Railroad as Pall Bearers.
The noteholders and officers, as the Chief Mourners.
Joseph T. Guthrie, in chains.
The sword of Justice, in crape.
The Hagerstown Critic, in goggles.
The Williamsport Jawbaw band.
The uniform of a broken down militia officer, borne by a delegation from Captain Walker's Rangers.
The learned pig, and the Ohio fat girl.
Members of the Weaveron Manufacturing Company.
The ghost of Nick Biddle, in white.
A delegation from the county jail.
The goat from Lodge No. 31.
The friends and Relatives.
Strangers and citizens.

The whole to be followed by a delegation from the "Hagerstown Rounders." The procession will move through the principal streets, during which the bells of the various churches will be tolled, and all the steeples hung in black. The corpse will then be dragged out by four jacks, and buried with the honors of war; after which the hymn commencing

"We'll never hear the widow mourn,
Nor will the orphan cry,"
will be sung by the assembled crowd. This will be followed by a last grace from Parson Miller, after which the Audience will retire to their respective homes, to mourn the fate of all that's mortal.
"Requiescat in pace."

Auditor Woods—Printing Blanks.

The following question to the Auditor will probably be interesting to printers:

MARION, April 5, 1847.
JOHN WOODS Esq.—Dear Sir: Conceiving it to be right of every citizen to make such inquiries of a public servant, as pertain to the performance of his official duties, I beg leave, most respectfully, to submit the following interrogatory: From whence do you derive authority to instruct county Auditors to sell out, to the lowest bidder, the printing of Assessors' blanks, or other printing which they are required to have done for the benefit of the county?

An early answer to the above interrogatory, through this paper, will be very acceptable to the undersigned, and, I doubt not, the public generally.

Very respectfully,
Your most obedient,
—Ohio Statesman. R. A. KNAPP.

FOLLY.—At the recent whig State convention in Pennsylvania, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Tariff of 1842 was the source of unexampled prosperity to the country, and that its repeal has been attended with results detrimental to the true interests of all sections and classes.

This resolution is very brief an equally false throughout. Under the new tariff the public revenues have increased over last year at all ports of the Union. The prices of produce have risen and prosperity is seen on every side, yet the federalists of Pennsylvania attempt to gull the people by such resolutions. It is remarkable that the people can't find out the tariff of 1842 has ruined them.—*Seneca Advertiser.*

A vile wit says that man, being the only animal that laughs, does so because he has no tail to wag when he is pleased.

The Castle of San Juan de Ulloa is nearly the strongest in the world. It has been taken but twice. The French took it by accident—the Americans by hard fighting.

To dislike the war and yet glory in its victories—to condemn the freedom of trade for ourselves, and call the principle unjust when extended to our Mexican enemy—and to love our enemies in proportion as they barbarously shed the blood of our citizens, is whig love of country.—*Vax.*

HUMAN RIGHTS.—We have been favored with a copy of an oration that was recently delivered before the Literary Society of the University of Vermont, by J. T. HEADLEY.—Its title is the "One Progressive Principle," and it is one of the most thrillingly eloquent productions that ever came under our notice. We annex a stirring passage:—

"I have thus endeavored to make history illustrate my proposition, by watching the appearance of this principle at different periods, and studying its characters, and gauging its strength. But, the present, no less than the past, throws in its testimony; and even now this strange, unconquerable principle is moving on, dragging the life and energy of the world after it. Oh, it is fearful to behold its strength and the upheaving it has occasioned! Ever since the time of Christ, man has striven more or less resolutely to get an acknowledgment of his rights, either in religious or political matters, or in both. Despots have made use of old reverence—superstitious fears, trickery, falsehood, the dungeon, the bayonet and the scaffold, to silence his claims and overcome his arguments.—Force has done much, for though

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"

it often requires the eternal years of God, and men have succeeded in burying it fathoms deep. But the one of which I have been speaking, has had two mild resurrections—one in England, when Cromwell shouted over its grave, and one in France, when the infuriated populace call it in shrieks forth from its burial of ages. Oh! how man has struggled to be free—free to eat the bread his own hands has sown, free to breathe his thro's over the lyre, or utter them through the pages of his country's literature, free to lay the taxes he himself pays, free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. See England convulsed, her House of Commons in tears, and the torch of civil war blazing over the land, and all for a principle—the principle of personal freedom.—Behold this country pouring out its blood like water, see it clothed in mourning—her children marching barefoot over the frozen ground, leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of it they traversed—nay, marching by hundred naked into battle, and all for this one principle.

See France rent asunder, her streets flowing with blood, and the loud beat of the alarm drums, and the steady peal of the tocsin, and the heavy pools of the umbrells, going to and from the scaffold—the only music of Paris for years and millions of men sacrificed; and yet this principle, in some form or other, lying at the bottom of it all.—Deceived as the fierce actors of this tragedy may have been, and diverted though the thought, for a while, might have been to personal safety or personal aggrandizement, yet the spell words by which the storm was directed, were 'freedom and equal rights.'—Look at Europe while the great Napoleonic drama was performing—there is something