

THE KALIDA VENTURE.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 27.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 235.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

BEN. METCALF,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

HAVING opened an office in Kalida, will give his attention to the ordinary business of his profession, and particularly to settlement of claims, payment of taxes, &c., for non-residents. Jan. 10th, 1845. 203z

J. J. ACKERMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

KALIDA, PUTNAM COUNTY, OHIO.
Office on Main street, opposite T. R. McClure's Hotel. Kalida, June 20, 1845.

JAMES MACKENZIE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

Kalida, Putnam County, Ohio.
May 23, 1845. 222

RICHARD C. SPEARS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Van Wert, Van Wert County, Ohio.
Feb. 1844.

JAMES G. HALY,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Napoleon, Henry County, O.
May 23, 1845. 222

DOCTOR SOLOMON M. SHAFFER,

Physician & Surgeon,
LATE of Pennsylvania, but more recently from Rochester, Ohio, has located himself at Rockport, Putnam county, Ohio, and tenders to the public his professional services. Feb. '44.

DOCTOR P. L. COLE,

Physician & Surgeon,
Kalida, Putnam co., Ohio. Office in the building formerly occupied by Mr. Thatcher, at the American Hotel. April 18, 1845.

GEORGE SKINNER,

SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER. Kalida,
Putnam county, Ohio. Orders promptly executed. Saddles, &c., constantly on hand.

FASHIONABLE
TAILORING.

JOSEPH TINGLE,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kalida and the surrounding country that he carries on the business of TAILORING in all its branches. He regularly receives plates of the LATEST FASHIONS from Philadelphia, and is prepared to fulfil all orders in his line of business in a tasteful and workmanlike manner. CUTTING done to order on the shortest notice. Prices to suit the times. Shop next house above T. Coulter's store. Kalida, July 8, 1845. 222z

S. E. HOLIBAUGH,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
HAS just received a first rate stock of Leather from Cincinnati.
Ready made work constantly on hand.
Kalida, July 15, 1845. 229ebw

THE LIKE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN

TIN SHOP IN KALIDA.

RICE & BASSETT,

HAVE commenced business and will be ready to supply the citizens of this and the adjoining counties with every variety of
Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware,
at prices as low as can be had in this section of country.

NOW IS THE TIME,
If you want first rate articles, and the cheapest which can be had, give us a call and we assure you that you shall not go away disappointed.
As soon as arrangements can be made, we shall be prepared to sell at Wholesale, and supply Traders and Merchants with any quantity that may be wanted. Shop over C. H. Rice's Store. 220zw Kalida, July 22, 1845.

RISLEY'S EXCHANGE.

THE subscribers continue at the old stand, in the brick building directly opposite the Court House, in the town of Kalida, Putnam county, Ohio. They respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of patronage of the public—promising, in return, to spare no pains on their part, in providing every necessary comfort for their guests.
W. RISLEY,
Kalida, May, 1845. G. L. HIGGINS.

KALIDA HOTEL—KALIDA, OHIO.

THE undersigned, having taken the above establishment, is now prepared to furnish the traveling community with accommodations not exceeded by any other hotel in this portion of Ohio.
T. R. McCLURE.
Kalida February 20, 1845. 157f

WESTERN HOTEL, (Gilboa.)

CHRISTIAN HESZ
HAS purchased the well known tavern stand in Gilboa, Putnam county, Ohio, lately occupied by John E. Creighton, and has fitted the same up for the accommodation of the public. He hopes, by a strict attention to the wants and convenience of those who may favor him with their patronage, to merit continuance of the same. Gilboa, Feb., '44.

PLAIN AND FANCY

Job Printing.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

LAW BLANKS,

HANDBILLS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

Placards, Show-Bills,

PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS

Notes, Receipts,

AND ALL KINDS OF LETTER-PRESS PRINTING DONE TO ORDER.

Orders for Printing will be promptly fulfilled, at reasonable prices. We cannot print for less than cost, nor at fifty per cent. less than others. Such promises have a good deal of the leaven of humbug; but we will do our work well, and avoid extortion in our charges. Give us a trial. Kalida, July 8, 1845.

BLANK SUBPENAS. for Justices, just printed, and for sale at this office

From Arthur's Ladies' Magazine.

A Domestic Sketch.
HOW TO CORRECT A HUSBAND'S FAULTS.

BY FANNY GRAY.

"Now just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the hurra's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife, mutters something that she cannot understand, and he turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband had thrown topsy turvy. "I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off in a huff. But I won't have my things forever in confusion."

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without the clean pocket handkerchief for which he had been in search. Half the afternoon passed before he gets over his ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself that she had done wrong, for every now and then, she utters, half aloud, some censure against the careless habits that were annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and sometimes he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you hadn't a chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work basket, and the scattering of needles, cotton, scissors, wax and a dozen etceteras about the floor. The reply of Mr. Jones, hurt his wife. It seemed undeserved. He had brought home a new book, which he intended reading, but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book to himself.

It must be said, that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handy as any one, but a thought of shutting either never entered his mind. The frequent reproach of his wife, such as—

"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or

"Please to shut that drawer, will you Mr. Jones?" or

"You are the most disorderly man in existence," or

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no good effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse every day, instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat upon the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table or bureau—splashed the water about and soiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding at him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a single moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair; took off his hat and tossed it over the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up, and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. Her husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, she lifted his hat from the bed and put it on the mantle-piece—took his boots and put them in the closet from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but he did not understand the expression of her face, exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mr. Jones did not seem angry but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly a half an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to move the dirt which the boot had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go to the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

"If you know, Henry," she said in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal. I shall have to wash out the dress myself, now the washer woman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, hot as it is."

"I am very sorry indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend you again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and at each other. He had offended and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more careful. When Mr. Jones offended, as he still too often did, his wife checked the instant impulse she felt to upbraid him. He perceived this, and appreciating her self-denial, compelled himself, in consequence to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones that, to use a hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it—could get a handkerchief, or any thing else from a drawer, without turning it upside down—could hang his hat upon the rack, and put his boots away when he took them off. It fact, could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

THE WEST—ITS NATIONAL HEART—THE CHARACTER OF ITS PEOPLE.—There is a word, "great-hearted," in our language, which we believe has not yet travelled across the Atlantic, but which seems peculiarly applicable to one part of our country, and that is the West. The recent consummation of the annexation of Texas, has brought out traces of popular character which an observer will mark and ponder over as eminently illustrative of the different sections of our Republic.

While the South have received the news of this union with lively feelings of joy, the North with a steady soberness, and the East with a calculation of the future commercial and manufacturing advantages of annexing so vast and fertile a domain as Texas, the West seems to break out in a very mad passion of joy. "A new State," is the cry which sweeps across their wide plains and rich valleys. No fears for the future darken their rejoicings. They look upon Annexation as a grand and glorious national measure, in adding another star to our confederacy.—The West have certainly room enough for many more States. It contains an area for our surplus population, for a hundred years to come, and yet, throwing aside all selfish fears, they rejoice with a perfect delight over the addition of a new and tempting field of emigration. May we not justly say the "great-hearted West"?

It is frequently asked, why are the western people so peculiarly colossal in their notions of things and the future prospects of our nation? Does not this inspiration spring from their extraordinary country? Their mighty rivers, their vast sealake lakes, their noble and boundless prairies, and their magnificent forests, afford objects which fill the mind to its utmost capacity, and dilate the heart with greatness. To live in such a splendid country, amid such scenery, expands a man's views of everything in the world.—It is sagaciously remarked of the settlers on the prairies and amid the forests of the West—"Coming to this region as they do, early in life, they assimilate at once the wants and circumstances of the country. Its wild inspiration comes over them—they become bold in speech, and prompt and resolute in action. Here everything is to be established, governments instituted, and the very foundations of society itself are to be laid, and all its multifarious frame work fashioned. These things fill their lives with great enterprise, perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. To the truly western men, quiet is worse than death, his quick spirit breathes forth in the exclamation—

One glorious hour of crowded life—

Is worth an age without a name."

It is to be borne in mind that this is not a mere restless and roving spirit, unproductive, like that of the Arabians of the past, but is fortunately an improving civilizing spirit, productive of the most extraordinary progress in all that beautifies and adorns life, or strengthens our country. The school-house rises side by side with the earliest cabin, while churches devoted to the service of the living God tower up, even before the hardy pioneers are able to erect comfortable dwellings for themselves. The busy wheel of commerce and manufactures move on with an increasing hum, aided by the steamboat and canal and railway, and every other evidence of a refined and useful civilization.—*Albany Argus.*

☞ Banks grow rich upon their own debts; the more they owe the richer they become. Who would not like to enjoy the same privilege?—*American Union.*

From the (Hudson) Spirit of the Age.
MODERATE DRINKING.

Governor Briggs, of Mass., in a speech at Albany, related the following thrilling incident. At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkennes, is true. All practice, all experience declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. LOOK UPON ME. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine noble-hearted, industrious boys. WHERE ARE THEY NOW? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all—every one of them FILLING THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest Deacon and Doctor, "as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror; I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin—I tried to ward off the blow, I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The Minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the Deacon (who sits upon the pulpit there, and took our FARM TO PAY HIS RUM BILLS, sold them the poison; the Doctor said that a little was good, and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another was conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time—my sand has almost run—I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all—to warn you, Deacon!—to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" and with her arms high flung, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed—*I shall soon stand before the judgement seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!*

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacon and Physician hung their heads—and when the President of the meeting put the question—"Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spiritous liquors?" the response was unanimous—"NO!"

BANKING.—It is fortunate for the people of Louisiana, that the power of creating and renewing charters for Banks, is forever taken away from the General Assembly. In future the currency will be composed entirely of coin, the rate of which is regulated according to its intrinsic value. By this means we shall be blessed with an unchangeable and invariable circulation, and consequently our trade will not be subject to those ruinous and frightful revulsions, produced in former times by the recklessness of bank directors, in issuing their streams of paper. Those revulsions with their principal cause will be felt no longer; at least it is at all times in the power of the representatives of the people to say to the few banks that now drag on a weary and languid vitality, that their paper operations must cease. The labors of the convention have not been vain. This striking of the banks out of existence is ample recompense for all trouble of the people in getting up the convention and all the expense of money that attended it.

Five or six years ago, one could scarcely take up a newspaper, without seeing an account of some explosion of a paper money shop, if not in this city or its immediate vicinity, at least in a more remote part of the Union. At present these accidents are rare. The banks are greatly reduced in number, and those that remain above ground, are so watched by the people and their public servants, that it is difficult for them to enter upon a course leading to insolvency.

After two or three generations shall have passed away, should some one write a full and accurate history of the banking system, as it flourished in this country and in these times, posterity will find a difficulty in believing that their forefathers could have been so dull and so stupid as to permit a collection of half a dozen irresponsible individuals to usurp the sovereign privilege of manufacturing paper notes and passing them off as

the representative and equivalent of gold and silver, without the slightest control of law.—*N. O. Courier.*

CUBA AND LIBERTY.—The Cleveland "Plaindealer" gives the substance of a very interesting conversation had recently with one of the editors of the "Diario," a paper published in the city of Havana. Texas, annexation, and the signs of the times were the subject of conversation, and the *Habancero* spoke with great warmth, a warmth amounting to enthusiasm, of his anticipations and those of the thousand others in his island, of the day when the power of the mother country having become a rope of sand, and her throne set at naught by the Kingdoms of Europe, she shall have fallen a prey to their wiles and been divided between them, even as Poland was carved and served out piece-meal to Russia and Austria.—"In that day," said he, "*Habanceros* will raise the 'stars and stripes' upon the walls of old Moro Castle, and declare our entire and unlimited independence of all European sway! We cannot be Spanish colonists long,—we can be colonists of any other power never. Even to-day, we would become United States citizens if we were strong enough.— But the Home Department has quartered an army of tens of thousands of soldiers upon us. We are under martial law. Our taxes are paid because the payment is enforced by the bayonets which our own *piastres* must support. Our revenues are all farmed out to monopolists, our privileges of trade sold by the crown to the highest bidder, and our colonial government, the bitterest despotism ever suffered by an enduring people. But the time will come when the arm of the government will be shortened, and we shall be free to act alone, or like Texas, ask protection from the American flag."

BUSINESS ON THE MIAMI CANAL.

QUICK CONVEYANCE OF GOODS.
This new channel of transportation of merchandise, between the Lakes and the Ohio River, bids fair to more than realize the anticipations of the business community, even at this early stage of its existence.— We have, on several occasions, noticed the arrival of boats full freighted from Toledo, for Cincinnati and ports south of this city. On Friday, one of the Troy and Erie Line of boats, brought 42, 411 lbs. merchandise, consigned to the Agent, Mr. J. D. Walbridge, which were shipped at New York on the 16th July; consequently, were only sixteen days to Cincinnati! A part of these goods have about eighteen hundred miles yet to be transported, previous to reaching their destination at Lake St. Croix and Lake Pepin, in the territory of Wisconsin.

Through the Rivers and Canals of New York, the public improvements of Ohio, and the great fresh water highways of the West—a part of this merchandise will have performed a trip in its extent equal to one across the Atlantic, viz:

From New York to Troy,.....140 miles.
" Troy to Buffalo,.....363 "
" Buffalo to Toledo,.....300 "
" Toledo to Cincinnati,.....247 "
" Cincinnati to St. Louis,.....800 "
" St. Louis to Lake Pepin, &c. 1000 "

2853 miles.
A longer distance, quicker time, and cheaper conveyance, than can be found in comparison with any other channels of conveyance in the Union.—*Cin. Atlas.*

BUCKEYE.—Although it is only 43 years since the first state government was formed out of the great territory north-west of the Ohio, yet it is not known, or is forgotten, that the broad seal of this territory was a *Buckeye Tree*, with logs in the foreground cut up in preparation for burning. This was the origin of the name of Buckeye being applied to the people of Ohio. Now a state of near two millions of inhabitants, proud of the appellation of Buckeye, few of whom know its origin. Compared with her sisters—a full share of intelligence, more enterprise, abounding in commercial cities, canals, rail and other roads, and all the substantial characteristics of high civilization. We are advancing with such rapidity that we do not look back to the starting point, although it was but this morning. We are indebted to a highly intelligent correspondent of this city for the above welcome explanation of the origin of Buckeye, as applied to our citizens.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Ma! Ma! Cousin Bill, he's in the parlor with sester Sal, and he keeps a biting her."

"Consin Bill biting our Sal!"

"Yes'm—I seed him do it ever so many times; bite her right on the mouth—and the tarnal gal didn't holler a bit, mother."

"Oh—ah never mind Ned, I guess he didn't hurt her much."

"Hurt her! by gosh she loves it cos she kept a letting him, and didn't say nothing, but just smacked her lips as though 'twas good she did. I seed it all through the key hole. I'll fire taters at him, by gosh."

PROFANITY.—There are no oaths in the Choctaw tongue. When an Indian swears he can only employ English expressions of profanity.

The small pox is in Cleveland. Several cases have occurred, and the authorities are taking such measures as will probably prevent the pestilence from spreading.