

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT

JANE G. SWISHELM.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."—EXODUS, CHAP. XIV, VERSE 15.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 1.

ST. CLOUD, STEARNS CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY AUGUST 5 1858.

NO. 1

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT
OFFICE ON THE WESTERN BANK OF THE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
80 MILES ABOVE THE FALLS OF
ST. ANTHONY,
OPPOSITE THE STEAMBOAT LANDING.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$5.00
Two copies, one year, 8.00
Five copies, one year, 12.00
Ten " " " " " " 20.00
Twenty " " " " " " 35.00
Payment must invariably be made in advance.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One column, one year, \$60.00
Half column, " " " " " " 35.00
One-fourth of a column, " " " " " " 20.00
One square, (ten lines or less) one week, 1.00
Business Cards not over six lines, 5.00
Over six lines and under ten, 7.00
Legal advertisements at legal rates.
All letters & business to be directed to the St. Cloud Visitor.

MINNESOTA IN 1858.

Mrs. Swisshelm's St. Cloud Visitor of the 3d inst. is before us, hailing from Stearns County, Minnesota, "Office on the River, opposite the steamboat landing," but what river that is, and in what section of Minnesota St. Cloud is located, we can find no Gazetteer, no Atlas, sufficiently modern to inform us. A standing account in the papers of that city inform us, however, that "St. Cloud is the point at which the Red River crosses the Mississippi on their way to St. Paul, which proves it to be the natural junction of land travel between these two great arteries of trade. It is at the present head of steam navigation on the Mississippi. Boats run regularly during the Spring and early Summer months from St. Anthony to this place."

We further learn from this article that Gov. Stevens camped and left the Mississippi at this then nameless point when he surveyed the Northern route for a Pacific Railroad in 1853. The first cabin was built on this spot in 1855, and in 1857, 332 votes were polled here, and in the county 907. We guess St. Cloud is some fifty to eighty miles above the Falls of St. Anthony and just below the heaviest Pine region of Minnesota, while a large tract of miscellaneous forest and "openings" here heavily belts the Mississippi. The soil is rich and deep, the natural meadows producing a very rank grass. The climate is cold but healthful and invigorating. Wild grapes, plums and berries are abundant. The people of Stearns county were frightened by clouds of grasshoppers last season, which for a time threatened to devour every green thing; but they absconded in July, and do not seem to have left any progeny. And, though the crops of 1857 were much shortened by them, so that appeals were made to the charity of older and richer communities for aid to save the moneyless pioneers from famine, yet there seems to be bread enough in 1858. Wheat selling at St. Cloud at 75 cents, Corn at \$1, and Potatoes at 25 cents per bushel.

The leading article in *The Visitor* before us is a graphic account of a Buffalo Hunt which came off a few days previous on "the Red River of the North," a hundred miles or so west of St. Cloud, on the Dakota side of the river, and on the site of the embryo city of Breckinridge. It was an impromptu affair—the horses being propelled by clubs and rifle-barrels instead of spurs, and being disqualified by fear of the game for hunting it properly. Of the five buffaloes pursued, one only was killed—a bull whose meat weighed 900 pounds, and was pronounced capital fare. Buffaloes are said to be plentiful in that region; elk and deer still more so; a herd of a hundred elk were seen last Winter 60 miles west of St. Cloud; several were killed within a few yards of *The Visitor*'s office, while bears were repeatedly seen but not taken. *The Visitor* says:

"We have promise of most abundant crops. Wheat and grass are very fine; the prairie are besprinkled with strawberry blossoms, and the woods and thickets with other fruit. We have no frost to injure the buds in the least."

The Retail Price Current gives the following among other prices:

Sugar—Maple 25c. Crushed 20c. Brown 15c. Molasses 90c. to \$1. Pork, Mess, per bbl. \$24. Rice per lb. 11c. Nails per lb. 7 1/2c. Butter 15c. Cheese 15c. Codfish 10c. Dried Apples 15c.

Among the St. Cloud advertisers, in the number before us, are grocers, surveyors, carpenters, dry-goods men, hotel-keepers, boot and shoe sellers, dealers in real estate (too many of them), painters, watch-makers, a druggist, a merchant tailor, &c. &c. These are located respectively in East, West, and Lower St. Cloud; while St. Anthony and Minneapolis also put in their applications for custom.

On the whole, we judge that St. Cloud is a tolerably smart place for one not yet three years old, though there are doubtless scores in Minnesota no older yet quite as thriving, and some, perhaps, more so. We give the one of whose origin, growth and present condition we have some data, as a sample of a Western village just begun to grow.

N. Y. Daily Tribune of July 15th.

Markato Independent

ELI THAYER.

The ingenious and able originator of the New England Emigrant Aid Society, who startled the Southerners by his former speech in Congress, in which he proposed the colonization of Central America, has again made a shrewd and telling speech in Congress. He sympathizes with the "chivalry" and must have made some of them open their eyes. He deals in facts, and *politiques* with sarcasm. Rather a "hard polish."

In this speech the ingenious New Englander takes for granted all the professions that have been made by the defenders of slavery, such as, "Christianizing the negro," a system "for the good of the negro," etc. He concedes all that is thus claimed, and then proceeds with unmitigated irony to show how much the South has sacrificed for such laudible objects. He says:

"Mr. Chairman, these are not the only authorities on this subject. You and I have heard from the other side, day after day, quotations from the Bible intending to prove the same thing; and you and I know there are honest men in the slave States who believe that this is the fact—I have seen such men myself, and have conversed with them. They have told me that slavery was a curse, and the only reason why they held their slaves a day was, that they owed them certain religious duties, and must keep them to look after their spiritual welfare. I heard this from a gentleman in Kentucky, and again from a gentleman from Augusta, Georgia, and I believe in my heart that both these gentlemen were honest in their views. I am not here to impugn any man's motives. I put this upon the ground that is claimed by the Southern men; and when I listened to the gentleman on the other side reading honestly from the sacred volume in defence of this institution, as coming from God, and as a means for the regeneration of a heathen race in our land, I felt impelled to use the language of the Apostle to the Gentiles which he employed on Mars Hill: O Athenians, I perceive that in all things ye are exceedingly given to religion."

Now, since this institution has done all it ever can in this capacity, and since it is now destroyed as a converting and regenerating power, I stand here to give it place in ecclesiastical history, for its right place it has never yet had."

The speaker next proceeds to compare the effort of the Free States in "evangelizing the heathen," with these "tremendous sacrifices on the part of the South, in a way quite disparaging to the former. He rebukes the spirit of glorification in the North because they raised more money for such purposes, and shows that they really do not give so much in proportion to what they are able to do. He says:

"It is true we make more contributions. The city of Boston gives, for foreign missions, perhaps more than all the Slave States; and the city of New York perhaps more than Boston. But what of that? We give a few cents apiece, and only a few cents for foreign missions each year, which amounts to a greater sum, because we are a great people. We send men to heathen nations far over the water, to tell them about their future destiny. We are careful not to send our best men; we keep our Noths and our Waylands, and our Beechens and Cheevers, at home; but sometimes a Judson escapes from us before we know what he is. This is about the extent we submit to self-sacrifice for the sake of the heathen."

Is there any cause for exultation in this, when we see what our Southern brethren have done and are doing? When have we ever taken the heathen to our hearth-stones and to our bosoms? When have we ever admitted the heathen to social communion with ourselves and children? When have we ever taken the heathen to our large cities to show them the works of art, or to the watering places to show them the fashionable society and beautiful scenery? Did you ever see a Yankee at the White Sulphur Springs shodding a benighted heathen influence over a little congregation of heathen companions? [Laughter.] We have fine women in the Northern States, whose bright examples have made attractive the paths of virtue and religion. Conspicuous among them in every good work, are the wives of our ministers and deacons; but not one of these within the range of my acquaintance, would consider herself qualified, either by nature or by grace, to be chambermaid, dry nurse, and spiritual adviser to ten or twenty heathens in her own family.

But, sir, had these worthy dames been noble dames, had they come down to us from the blood of Norman kings, through the bounding waves of sundry chivalries, and then had been willing to assume these humble offices of Christian charity, we should have believed the time, so often prayed for, had already come, when Kings should be fathers and queens nursing mothers in the church, where there is the ground of exultation on the part of the North? I tell you it cannot be prompted by anything but a rotund, bulbous, self-righteousness. So much for the social sacrifices of our Southern brethren."

With sarcasm doubly armed by a huge dose of facts, he carries this self-sacrificing "Now, in addition to these moral and intellectual sacrifices which our Southern brethren admit, there are pecuniary sacrifices which you know to be very great. Indeed had Virginia been free fifty years ago, had she been exempt from this great tendency to christianize the African race, she would have been worth more this day than all the Atlantic States south of New Jersey. And should she by chance become free, you will see her wealth and population increase in proportion as this missionary spirit is diminished. [Laughter.] It is true our Southern brethren impressed with this great idea of "Christianizing the African race, having for their only ambition to present the souls of their negroes without spot or blemish, before the throne of the Eternal, having sacrificed almost everything, I could quote from Southern men upon this subject. The sagacious statesman who governs the Old Dominion, in a speech a few years ago said:

"But in all the four cardinal resources—wonderful in fact, disagreeable to tell, shameful to announce—but one source of all four, in time past, has been employed to produce wealth. We have had to work in manufacturing, and commerce has spread its wings and flown from us, and agriculture has only skimmed the surface of mother earth. Three out of the four cardinal virtues have been left to our young men over their cigars, and today talking politics, and the negroes have been left to themselves, until we have grown poor together."

But trials and tribulations, and poverty, have ever beset the pathway of the saints. In the earliest days they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, persecuted, afflicted, and tormented. Even now, in the nineteenth century, the condition of our Southern brethren is not much improved, since they are compelled to chase the stump-tailed steer over sedge-patches which outshine the sun, to get a beefsteak and to listen to the perpetual cry of "debts, debts, taxes, taxes!"

In this age of material progress, you have seen the North outstrip you; but, with true Christian patience and devotion you have adhered to the great work of regenerating the heathen. Through evil report and good report, reproached and maligned abroad by those who did not understand your motives, and worst of all, sometimes abused at home by the progressive objects of our Christian charity; you have still pressed on towards the mark of your high calling. Now, sir, when was there ever a class of men so devoted and self-sacrificing? I have read the history of the Reformers of the Scotch Government,

of the Huguenots and of the Crusaders, and I tell you not in one of all these have any such heroic sacrifice for the good of another race or for the good of others, as I do see in the history of these Slave States. I have seen Fox's Book of Martyrs, but there is nothing in that compare at all with the martyrs of the South. The genius of the United States treats of them by comparison, and by stating I can see how a man impressed with a grand and noble sentiment, should perhaps, in excitement or in an emergency, give up his life in support of it; but I cannot see how a man can sacrifice his friends, his family and his country, for a religious idea of an abstraction.

How admirably pertinent in the introduction of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case.

"Here then, sir, is the position of our Southern brethren upon this subject. But the worst is yet to be told—the doleful conclusion of the whole matter. They have made sacrifices and it seems to me they were entitled to the reward for them; and I doubt not they have often consoled themselves in contemplating the rewards in the future which must await them for such good services in the present. I have no doubt, sir, that oftentimes seeing they had no treasures laid up on earth, they supposed they had treasures laid up in heaven! [Laughter.] But just as, that time, when they seemed to be almost in the fruition of their labors, when the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Anderson) in great exultation of spirit, was speaking of the institution that had raised the negro from barbarism to Christianity and civilization, and when the gentleman from Indiana (Mr. Hughes) had caught the inspiration, and said that although the body of the negro might be clogging under the lash, his soul was free, and could do more for the sublime principles of science and philosophy"—when faith had almost become sight—just then, sir, out comes the Supreme Court with the decision that

"A Negro has no soul!" [Laughter.]

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! All these treasures that were supposed to have been laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and the eyes do not break through, and steel never been invaded by the decision of the Supreme Court, and scattered to the four winds of a windy heaven of apostate judges."

A Little Romance.

The Washington (Ohio) Register has such a nice little romance about a Dutch girl, that we mean to try to give it in full, if it is not too strictly true, and because it turns out happily. The story might be worked up into a pleasing volume.

Beauty and worth, unadorned, are far more valuable than all the tinsel drapery of earth. Not over ten miles from Washington is a pretty country residence where a retired trader, and his wife live with their only son, in the enjoyment of wealth and ease. We will call the gentleman Mr. Landens. Among the "help" in the house was a German girl who possessed remarkable beauty. There was an air of superiority about her manners and address; but the Landens always treated her with kindness. One pleasant day last summer the old lady and gentleman had gone to visit a friend, some miles distant, but Frank, being busy at something, did not accompany them.

Soon after the carriage was gone, Frank heard the sound of music. He stole into the house, and peeped stealthily into the sitting room. There sat Mary, as we will call her, with the guitar, which she played with skill. After executing a brilliant piece, she glided into a sweet French air, and then, with a rich voice, full of pathos, sang one of the *chansonnettes* of Beranger. The youth was enraptured; and, when she concluded, he could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and admiration. The girl dashed hastily when she saw the young man at the door whom she had thought was out with his parents. She turned pale with dismay, uttered a few steps, and fell fainting on the sofa. Frank ran to her aid, but was in a condition not much more rational. He had something of the family pride, and was of a shy, retiring disposition.

Thus the blissful, confused romance was supported with an air, the form of a love story, and a fainting fit. Frank had

never before felt the power of beauty, but she was not overwhelmed, and, before sprinkling some drops of water on her face, she took a hasty, thrilling, hesitating kiss. That kiss was fatal. Mary recovered from the swoon, but Frank could not escape the effects of the kiss; steady amusement, everything, was at a stand; he seemed to be walking in a dream, and buried in restless thought. He would have treated the girl with some attention, but not a word not a look could he win from her; she pursued her occupations with her usual diligence, and acted as though she had forgotten the entire scene. Seeing no other means Frank one day took advantage of the absence of his parents, and candidly avowed his affection, making honorable and frank proposals. We have not space to describe the girl's confusion, nor the refusal of the eager lover, nor the existence of some very tender sentiment in her own bosom; also, her own narration of how she came with such requirements, in such a situation. Her father had been living in Australia for a long time, and had returned to New York. Mary went to Cincinnati, and then came into the country to hire out. When she had been explained, she insisted on the whole thing being openly declared to Mr. and Mrs. Landens; she would be a party to no clandestine measure. The disclosure was made; the parents became indignant, and Mary was sent away. Months of despair ensued. Mary would consent to no hidden correspondence. Frank's health began to fail, and the doctor to shake his head. The crisis was irresistible; and Mary was sent for; Frank got well, and Mary is the affectionate daughter-in-law of a couple who thank her the greatest blessing Heaven ever sent them. Truly, "lowliness is young Ambition's ladder."

THE ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.
JANE G. SWISHELM, EDITOR.
Thursday, August 5, 1858.

OBITUARY.

Died, at St. Cloud, July 29th 1858, the St. Cloud Visitor, The deceased entered this sublunary sphere December 10th 1857, and had a stormy time of it up to July 22nd 1858, when its founder voluntarily sacrificed it, to the infernal gods, to relieve its best friends of a course of persecution, which, from the very contemptibleness of its source was intolerable.

The Visitor lived one week in the hands ofimps, when she who had given it existence, relieved it of the burden, feeling that life, should not outlast liberty; and that the least a parent can do for his or her offspring when once enslaved is to renege old Virginia, and make it free in death.

Before the Visitor was reissued on the new press, we spoke to Mr. J. Gorton, Treasurer of the printing company, and one of its wealthiest members, and to H. J. Fowler, a democratic member of the committee, to place it on some basis where we, alone, should be legally responsible for its conduct. We stated that we felt obliged, in self defence, to republish our review of Mr. Shepley's lecture, as that had been reprinted, far and wide, as a personal attack upon Mrs. Shepley, and we did not look upon it as such. No steps were taken to comply with our request. We republished the article and such comments as we thought best calculated to show Mr. Shepley the very unpleasant position in which he had placed his lady, by his published card, which stated that our office was destroyed for fear we would say something about his wife. Now it was well known that Gen. Lowry was the principal instigator of that destruction; he had lately married an amiable lady, whom he left, while so much of an invalid that it was a breach of etiquette for us to refer to him editorially even to repel a gross insult, and came two miles from home remaining until near morning on a very cold night to commit a burglary, and, to any mind, the natural inference would be, that if this was done, for fear we should say something about Mrs. Shepley he must have been specially interested in something we might have said. In this we simply drew an inference from Mr. Shepley's own premises; and at the same time took pains to state that these premises were false, and of course the inference fell with them; but we furnished the case by simply availing ourselves of any inference which might impugn her purity. We thought of course, that any man who had committed the murder of his wife, and then published an advertisement in which he acknowledged

that his accomplices had some other motive for their act, than for fear of some revelation we might make about his wife. We did not, for one moment dream, that any man who had any pretension to decency would persist in keeping his wife in such position. We had not measured the full length of the animal's ears. We owed the woman no malice, although we knew she was an active member of the political clique against which we were contending, and that she had aided her little man to get up the lecture, which was the opening broadside of a war intended to ruin us both in our public influence and private reputation. When we saw that weeks passed and that the little deacon had left her where he had placed her, we published a minute account of where and when we had met the woman from whom we had first taken, both the outlines and all the shading in, of the portrait which he had claimed as taken for her. But he had been in Washington for the reward of his patriotism, in destroying a 4-d abolition sheet, had gone to procure the removal of E. Wilson the present U.S. Attorney and his own appointment in stead; and had been met with contempt; the military business was dull and he had no hope of getting into his natural vocation. So it appeared to have occurred to him that he might make something by advertising his wife as charged with a secret and guilty intimacy with one of her boarders; and getting some one to pay for her imperiled reputation. Gen. Lowry had no mind, yet, to lie under the odium his act had brought on him; when he found the little fellow willing to interpose his wife still further between him and the consequences of his mode of chastising a refractory slave, he went with a zest into the plan of regarding Mrs. Shepley's character. A summons was prepared, printed, and served on twenty five or six of our most respectable citizens, who were required to pay Jimmy and his Mary F. B. \$10,000 for her character; but whether plaintiffs would take county scrip said sum, none sayeth not. If we bore any malice to this woman we could not more effectually ruin her, than by copying this document, circulated by herself and husband, and now posted up in bar rooms. We have been repeatedly urged to do so, in order to free ourselves from all suspicion of having ridiculed a pure minded woman who belongs to private life; but we believe Mrs. Shepley, has in this case wronged herself; it would be unjust as well as ungenerous to take advantage of that wrong.

Contrary to our advice the Committee refused to comply with Jimmy's terms of settlement, to give his wife a certificate of character. They insisted that her character had not been assailed by anybody but Jimmy himself. We wanted them to waive that; and in some way leave us elbow room. We were not made to understand it did not suit our ideas to have a collection of men between us and one scion of chivalry with his two hounds.

We wanted them all to ourself and told the former owners of the press to consider the Visitor theirs as far as any publication was concerned; and to do anything that could satisfy the wounded honor of the article; and we determined to keep his wife between us and our work. For three days they refused to waive that; and in some way leave us elbow room. We were not made to understand it did not suit our ideas to have a collection of men between us and one scion of chivalry with his two hounds.

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