

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ST. CLOUD, STEARNS CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 9 1858. NO. 6

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT. OFFICE ON THE WESTERN BANK OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, 60 MILES ABOVE THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

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EDITOR.

THE EXILES OF FLORIDA.
OR
THE CRIMES COMMITTED BY OUR GOVERNMENT AGAINST
THE NEGROES WHO FLED FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AND
MISSISSIPPI, SEEKING PROTECTION UNDER SPANISH
LAW. BY JOSEPH R. GIDDINGS, COLUMBIAN,
OHIO: Follet, Foster, & Co. 1858.

Mr. Giddings tells us that the story is true, and that it is full of pathos and tragic interest, and melts and softens the heart of every one who reads it. It is a story of the mean and ruthless oppressors. Every American citizen should read it; for it is an indictment which recites crimes which have been committed in his name, and which he has sanctioned by his presence, and all done at his expense. The world and before the tribunal of posterity for these atrocities, devised by members of his cabinet, and his Congress, directed by its Presidents, and executed by its armies and its courts. The cruelties of Alva in the Netherlands, which make the deed of Morley glow as with fire, he tells them, the *dragonnades* which scorched over the fairest regions of France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have a certain excuse, as being instigated by a sincere, though misguided religious zeal. For Philip II. and Louis XIV. had, at least, a fanatical belief that they were doing God a service by those persecutions; but the most sordid rapacity and avarice, the lowest and basest passions of the human breast.

And so carefully has the truth of this story been covered up, with lies, that probably very few indeed of the people of the Free States have any just idea of the origin, character, and purposes of the Seminole Wars, or of the character of the massacres which they were waged. And yet there is no episode in American history more full of romantic interest, of heroic struggles, and of moving griefs. We have been taught to believe that these wars were provoked by incursions of the savages of Florida, on the frontier, and if the truth could not be concealed, that an incidental motive of our war of extermination against them was to be found in the sanctuary which the fugitive slaves of the neighboring States found in their fastnesses. The general impression has been, that these wars were mainly runways of robbers, who made their escape from contemporary masters. How many of our readers know that for more than three quarters of a century before the purchase of Florida, there had been a nation of negroes established there, enjoying the wild freedom they loved, and gradually becoming identified with the Indians, who made it their city of refuge from slavery also. For the slaveholders of Carolina had no scruples in employing Indians any more than they had in employing negroes.

It was discovered that the Seminole nation of the red men, made him an indispensable and dangerous servant. These Seminole Indians and their white neighbors, which is now the state of Georgia, pushing their way even to the peninsula of Florida, and were followed in their flight and to their asylum, by many of their black comrades in bondage. For nearly seventy years this little nation lived happily and contentedly in the State of Florida, and commenced the series of piratical incursions into their country, then a Spanish dependency, from which they were never to be driven. The nation at last taking up the slaveholders' quarrel and pushing their way to the bloody end of the whole stage, and well told by Mr. Giddings. And, moreover, truthfully and accurately, the original condition of these people, and the manner in which they were reclaimed as far as the

supply of their simple wants demanded. They planted, they hunted, they multiplied their cattle, they intermarried with their Indian friends and allies, their children and their children's children grew up around them, knowing of slavery only by traditional legend. The original founders of the tribe passed away, and their sons and grandsons possessed their own fields and their hunting grounds in peace. For many years no tests disturbed their security. Under the Spanish rule they were safe and happy. Then comes the gradual gathering of the clouds on the edges of their wilderness; its first fitful and irregular flashes; till it closes over their heads and bursts upon them in universal ruin and devastation. Their heroic resistance to the invasion of the United States troops follows, sublime from its very desperation. A more unequal contest was never fought. On one side one of the mightiest powers on earth, with endless stores of men and money at its back; and on the other a handful of outcasts fighting for their homes, and the liberties, in no metaphysical sense, of themselves, their wives, and their children, and protracting the fight for as many years as the American Revolution lasted.

Then succeeded the victory of Slavery, and the reduction to hopeless bondage of multitudes who had been for generations free, on claim of pretended descendants of imaginary owners, by the decision of petty government officials, without trial or real examination. More than five hundred persons, some of them recent fugitives, but mostly men born free, were thus reduced to slavery at a cost to us all of forty millions of dollars, or eighty thousand for each recovered slave. Then comes their removal to the Cherokee lands, west of Arkansas, under the pledge of the faith of the nation, pledged by General Jessup, its authorized agent, that they should be sent to the West, and settled in a village separate from the Seminoles Indians, and that, in the mean time, they should be protected, sold to white men or others. This however, was not all. The issue of a new wage was solely for the reduction of these exiles to slavery; and so the debts of President Polk as to the construction of this treaty were sold by Mr. John V. Mason, of Virginia, who was sandwiched in between two Free-State Attorney-Generals for this single piece of dirty work, (of which transaction see a most curious account, pp. 228-9 of this book,) and who enlightened the Presidential mind by the information, that, though the exiles were entitled to their freedom, under the treaty, and had a right to remain in the towns assigned to them, "the Executive could not in any manner interfere to protect them."

The bordering Creeks, who by long slave-holding had sunk to the level of the whites around them, longed to seize on these valuable neighbors, and, indeed, they claimed rights of property in them as fugitives in debt from themselves. The exiles were assured by the President that they had the right to remain in their villages, free from all interference or interruption from the Creeks. Trusting to the pledged word of the Head of the Nation, they built their huts and planted their ground, and began again their little industries and enjoyments.

But the sight of so many able-bodied negroes, belonging only to themselves, and setting an evil example to the slaves in the spectacle of an independent colony of blacks, was too tempting and too irritating to be resisted. A slave-dealer appeared among the Creeks, and offered to pay one hundred dollars for every Floridian exile they would man and deliver to him, — he taking the risk of the title. Two hundred armed Creek warriors, made a foray into the colony and seized all they could secure. They were repulsed, but carried their prisoners with them and delivered them to the tempter, receiving the stipulated pieces of silver for their reward. The Seminole agent had the prisoners brought before the negroes, Arkansas, judge by Habersham (Corpus), and the whole matter was reviewed by this infamous magistrate, who overruled the opinion of the Attorney-General as to their right to reside in their villages, overrode the decision of the President, repeated the treaty stipulations, pronounced the title of the Creek Indians, and consequently that of their vendees, legal and perfect, and directed the kidnappers to be delivered up to the claimant. We regret that Mr. Giddings has omitted the name of this wretch; and we hope that in a future edition he will tell the world how to catalogue this choice specimen in its collection of judicial monsters.

Then comes the last scene of this drama of exile. Finding that there was no rest for the sole of their foot in the United States, these peopled and hunted men resolved to turn their backs upon the country that had thus cruelly entreated them, and to seek a new home within the frontiers of Mexico. The bad provision began its march westward by night, the warriors keeping themselves always in readiness for an attack. The Creeks, finding that their prey had escaped them, went in pursuit, but were bravely repulsed and

leaving their dead upon the field, — the greatest disgrace that can befall, according to the code of Indian honor. The exiles then pursued their march into Mexico without further molestation. There is a fertile and picturesque region, to be established themselves and resumed the pursuits of peaceful life. But they have not been permitted to live in peace even there. At least one marauding party, in 1823, was organized in Texas, and directed towards the new settlement. Of the particulars of the expedition we have no account. It is known that it returned without captives, and the Texas papers announcing the fact admitted, and slightly demoralized, — "How long they will be persecuted in their new home we can say." Complaints are already made that the escape of slaves is promoted by the existence of this colony, which receives and protects them. (Any when the Government shall be ordered by its Slave-holding Directory to add another portion of Mexico to the Area of Freedom, these outrages will be sure to be found in the catalogue of grievances to be redressed. Then they will have to dislodge again, and yet farther from before the face of their hereditary oppressors.)

Mr. Giddings has done his task admirably well. It is worthy to be the crowning work of his long life of public service. His style is of that best kind which is never remarked upon, but serves as a clear medium through which the events he portrays are seen without distortion or exaggeration. He has done his country one more service; in entire consistency with those that have filled up the whole course of his honorable and beneficent life. We have said that this is fit to be the crowning work of Mr. Giddings' life; but we trust that it is far from being the last that he will do for his country. A winter such as rounds his days is fuller of life and promise than a century of vulgar summers. — He has won for himself an honorable and enduring place in the hearts and memories of men by the fidelity to principle and the unflinching courage of his public course. Of the ignoble hundreds who have fitted through the Capitol, since he first took his place there, "Heads without name, no more remembered," his is one of the two or three that are household words on the lips of the nation. And it will so remain, and with a fame as pure as it is noble. The ear that hath not heard him shall bless him, and the eye that hath not seen him shall give witness to him.

The following graphic description of the country lying west of us is from the pen of C. C. Andrews, Esq., and first appeared in the *Boston Post* but has been copied into several other Eastern papers. Mr. Andrews is wandering his adopted home a substantial benefit by thus bringing its claims before so large an audience of Eastern readers.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON POST.
On the 24th of the Red River Valley
Minnesota July 16, 1858.

With only a few hours' notice, I started on an excursion to the Red River of the north. I expect to travel 160 miles through a region which its resources will be of great importance hereafter, and which now contains but a very few settlements. I have therefore taken along a note book and pencil in order to furnish your readers with the result of my observations. There are six in our party, all being young men, and each from a different state. One large wagon, with a cotton awning, drawn by three horses, carries us and our blankets, carpet-bags and fire arms. We left St. Cloud at 2 P. M., and proceeded directly westward. Three miles of Prairie to Sauk River, which we cross on a bridge; then over prairie and oak openings, considerably cultivated, to the village of St. Joe, where we arrived at 8 P. M. Met fifty Red River carts loaded with furs. Soon reached Jacob's Prairie, which is about five miles in length, flanked on both sides with timber, and contains many fields of grain. Reached Cold Spring (17 miles) just before sundown. This settlement has several families. A saw mill is carried by the Sauk River. The place has long been known for its cold and pure fountain of water, which feeds a copious brook. Here on a small plateau at the edge of the settlement we camp. Cooking and eating the first meal out of doors is so much a novelty that every one of the party has a hand in it. One goes for some wood, another for some water, another for some milk, another kindles the fire and puts the coffee a boiling, and one fires the pot. All this we do with a sort of remaining that it was the boast of Sheridan and Webster that they could make a chowder. After supper we start a smoke, in which each man has a hand, — to drive away the mosquitoes. We are quite indifferent about extinguishing the canvas is not fit for one, and so we sleep in our

blankets, with the sky for a shelter. Saturday, July 18.—Up at half past three and ready to start at four. Go five miles and take breakfast at the settlement of Richmond. This is also on Sauk River. It is a handsome place, thirty feet above the river, and well cultivated. Notice one field containing one hundred acres all in crop and looking thrifty. Here, instead of crossing the river and following the old Red River trail we keep on the north side of the valley in order to strike the new route for the state road from St. Cloud to Breckinridge. My purpose is to examine the country along that route. We were obliged to deviate from the survey at St. Joe on account of the timber. Proceeding up the valley of the Sauk, we shall to-day be on a transient track. Here and there it is fenced in, and our course is crooked. The prairie is narrow and appears to be claimed. There are frequent small streams to be crossed, but, as yet, no sloughs. Pass a few well cultivated farms with log houses. The weather is hot and we stop at eleven to bait the horses. The exterior of the country we have passed this forenoon is varied and beautiful. Looking to the south the opposite side of the valley presents a picture of tranquil landscape so vast and far that I shall entirely fail to describe it. A thin belt of heavy oak skirts the river bank. The dark foliage of the trees blends finely with the rich waving grass. The surface is undulating, and rises gradually till in the distance it meets the horizon. Wealth has sometimes turned a few acres into handsome terraces, approached by lawns, and surrounded with groves. But here, for miles and miles, nature, with a protean hand, has distanced all that could any where be done by affluence and toil.

At 1 o'clock we again start. In a few minutes a fine deer appears on the opposite bank of the river. It is a long, slender, and the bullet strikes the water, while the deer bounds off in the grass. Pass the commissioners who are surveying road to Long Prairie. The undulating surface of the prairie with its clusters of oaks, grows more and more beautiful as we pass on this afternoon. It excites frequent exclamations of delight. Pass through the Kenecob or Yankee settlement, which was commenced about a year ago. The fields of corn, wheat, oats and potatoes look promising. The general appearance of things indicates plenty. We can see several plain shanties, around which no improvements worth mentioning. July 19.—Sauk valley, 37 miles from the Mississippi at St. Cloud. We were getting along finely yesterday afternoon, and enjoying ourselves remarkably well, still about four o'clock we found ourselves suddenly in seven or eight feet of running water. We had come to one of the tributaries of the Sauk, and not apprehending any difficulty in fording it, drove in with full confidence. In less than a minute everything was afloat. The current bore the team just below the road track, so that the wheels brought up against the abrupt and inundated bank, made worse by a snag or else perhaps we might have sailed through with no other damage than a drenching. There was considerable excitement. There was a vain struggle to save the powder, and an impulsive rush for the rifles. One tried to hold down the wagon body; two or three rescued the horses by quickly detaching them from the wagon; and as the driver was quite active and self-possessed, the horses were saved from drowning. One dove for his carpet bag and brought it up. It required our utmost activity in keeping the luggage from floating off and in carrying it ashore. At that point the stream has two channels; between which the ground is overflowed and muddy. So there was a good deal of work to get the wagon over, and to carry by hand our load even after it was rafted over the deepest channel. We were all hard at work for nearly two hours, and had the friendly aid of a couple of settlers besides.

We had come to the last scene of the adventure when a two-horse wagon with three or four men met us, and to our surprise and satisfaction forded the channel successfully where we had been wrecked. And indeed two heavier teams have crossed there to-day; but one of them got stuck, and had to get the aid of a settler's oxen. We came on last night a mile and a half and dividing ourselves into two parties, who live half a mile apart. To-day we have dried our clothing and blankets, and expect to continue the journey to-morrow morning. In regard to the stream which we have discovered to be navigable, a word or two should be said. The road where we attempted to ford is merely temporary, none having been surveyed in this locality till just now commissioners cross it in their route to Long Prairie. The settlers give us an excuse for not having a bridge that they were waiting for this survey in order to know where the crossing would be, and say that a bridge will soon be erected. It may be added that the heavy rains have swollen the small streams to an unusual depth. It would, of course be very discouraging to settlers to meet with such accidents, having their children and goods—as happened to us yesterday.

It sometimes happens that the hardship attending a journey to a settler's home is quite discouraging to the family. I am stopping to-day at an Englishman's. They came here last fall and his wife tells me she was so homesick the first month they would have gone back if they could well have done so, though now she is delighted with her home. It is a serious damage to a country to have settlers convey an unfavorable impression in the first report which they send to their friends; and nothing will so well prevent such unfavorable reports as security against accidents in travelling. People in a new country cannot better improve its value and make it attractive than by making good roads. The land here is very good; as it is everywhere in this valley, but at this point the scenery has not the beauty which marks much of the valley below. There are good fields of corn on soil never cultivated before this season. Imagine the same family here and in a mercantile city or town, and how great a difference there is in favor of a home here! There is a man here who might be considered poor, and who if in town would depend on his daily toil early and late, at other's bidding; to support his family. He has neither oxen, nor a horse, nor a cow, and yet his crops will sustain his family till another harvest. Comfort and content bless his log house. A farm of 160 acres of excellent land surrounds it, for which he will need to pay to the United States in the course of a couple of years, the sum of \$1.25 per acre. It needs but a little manly resolution with persevering, patient labor, to secure for a settler in three or four years the independence of a landholder.

From the Boston Journal, Aug. 6.
We compile from different sources at hand the following sketch of this great undertaking, over whose success the civilized world is now rejoicing.
In the year 1856, Cyrus W. Field visited England. The result of his visit was the formation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, with a capital of £350,000 for the purpose of connecting Europe with America by a submarine telegraph cable. In August, 1857, an attempt was made to lay down the Atlantic Submarine Cable, resulting in a disastrous failure. The cable was 2,500 miles in length, weighing nearly one ton per mile, capable of bearing a direct strain of over five tons without fracture. The centre of the cable was formed by seven fine copper wires, twisted into a cord 1-16 of an inch thick. This strand was coated with gutta serena, forming a small rope of 3 of an inch thick; then coated with hempen twine twice soaked in pitch and tar; lastly an external sheathing of 18 iron wires, each wire being a strand of seven finer wires, making in all 126 wires.

The submersion was commenced on the 6th August, 1857. There were present the six steamers, *Niagra*, *Agamemnon*, *Leopold*, *Susquehanna*, *Willing*, and *Mind*, intended to assist in various parts of the operation. The cable came up from the hold of the ship, around a central block, to the open space above decks; it was there wound round grooved sheaths, geared together by cogs, and firmly planted on girders. Thence it passed over a fifth sheath, out over the stern into the sea, sinking by its own weight. A trifling accident happened on the 6th; this was repaired, and on the 11th, 380 miles (statute) had been submerged. The engineer here concluded that there was too much "slack" in the cable's course, and some modification in the machinery was consequently made. This appears to have been badly attended to by a subordinate. The cable snapped, and thus ended the attempt of 1857.

It having been concluded from Lieut. Maury's calculations that the average state of the weather was much better on the Atlantic in the early part of summer, it was decided this year to attempt laying the cable in June. It was also thought best to begin the submersion in mid-ocean and pay out toward either shore. Accordingly the steam frigate *Niagra*, consisting of the U. S. steam frigate *Niagra* and her Majesty's steamers *Agamemnon*, *Valorous*, and *Gorgon*, left Plymouth on Thursday, June 10th, 1858. The *Niagra* had 800 tons, and the *Agamemnon* 450 tons coal, and each about 1,000 nautical, or a little less than 1,500 statute miles of cable on board. The weather, at first favorable, became unusually boisterous, so that the fleet were not ready to commence operations until late on the 25th of June.

The first splice was made between the *Niagra* and *Agamemnon* on the morning of Saturday, the 26th of June, and after each ship had paid out about three miles the cable broke on board the *Niagra*, owing to an overridding and getting off the pulley leading on to the machine. Both vessels put about and returned, a fresh splice was made, and again lowered over at 7. The paying out proceeded beautifully until early on Sunday morning, when the signals suddenly ceased. The cable was cut, and the *Niagra* repaired to the rendezvous. The cause of the rupture was equally mysterious to those on board

the *Agamemnon*; and satisfactory conjecture has since been made.
The cable was again spliced on the 28th, and the steamers parted. Everything worked beautifully during that night, and the next day. But at 9 o'clock P. M. of the 29th, the announcement of "No signal" was made on board the *Niagra*. The time 142 miles of cable had been paid out. It was subsequently ascertained that the cable parted, for some reason unknown about six fathoms from the stern of the *Agamemnon*. About four hundred miles of cable was lost during these trials, the effect of which upon the public confidence in the final success of the undertaking was most depressing.
But the managers continued indefatigable. The fleet sailed a second time from Queenstown on the 17th of July, joined the cable on the 29th, and on the 5th of August the world had news of success.
The cost of the telegraph cable has been put down as follows:
Price deep-sea wire per mile, \$30
Price spun yarn and iron wire per mile, \$20
Price outside tar per mile, \$4
Total per mile, \$54
For 2,500 miles, \$1,212,500
For ten miles deep sea cable, at \$1,400 per mile, 14,000
For 25 miles shore ends, at \$1,250 per mile \$31,250
Total cost, \$1,257,750

ANIMAL CHARACTERISTICS.
In Buck's "Beauties, Harmonies, and Similitudes of Nature," we find many curious and important facts recorded, some of which exhibit a striking analogy between the human characteristics and those of animals: "Thus, in the joy, we may trace the peevish air of a coquette; in the magpie, the restlessness of a penny; and egotistical ostentatiousness of the peacock; while the green macaw is the perfect emblem of a suspicious and jealous spouse; for if his master's excesses are transferred to a dog, a cat, a bird, or even a child, nothing exceeds its anxiety and fury, nor will it appear till it forsakes the new favorite, it returns to it. Envious men and calumniators, women we may compare to the porcupine at the secretary's bird; and the selfish will fit their type in the Rhinoceros, since it is said to be incapable either of gratitude or attachment, while the inebriate may also be classed with the roquette bat, whose propensity to become intoxicated with the juice of the palm tree is a lesson proverbial. Again, obstinate or perverse persons may read their lineaments of character in that of the Lapland mouse, or the Arctic puffin; for if the latter should seize the end of a rough thrust into his hole rather than let go it will suffer itself to be drawn out and killed, and the former will not move out of its course for anything or anybody."

John Mitchell, though a regular Democratic gun, sometimes makes an effective shot into his own camp. In a late number of his paper he says: "We shall say, in plain English, that the Nation's Democracy is and must be a power created and held together, not by any principle of action, but solely and entirely by money; by the tradition and smell of money; by the tradition and tender remembrance of money—and that its sole use is to cover over and conceal a rent that yawns and shall yawn eternally. This being the case, the question arises: Does it pay at eight millions? And if yes, then whom does it pay, and who pays it?"

THAT'S SO.—The Chicago Journal has the following, which is "true to nature":
Did you ever sit by a camp-fire of your own kindling, and watch the smoke as it grew thick and bluer, and meandered its way up among the thick and clustering leaves, and mingled last with the sky, that never stained at all? Did you ever eat a fish of your own catching, and dressing and cooking, served up on a platter of a leaf, with a pinch of salt for seasoning? It is a luxury sometimes to get away from frigidities, and what a blessing a good, honest "dred" is; no rheumatic twinges; no weariness that results from want of real animating work, but a right down muscular ache, that makes you say of the pillow of evergreens, "It is downy," and of the blanket, "it is bliss." You look up through the trees at the stars that are never "clouded off," and in a minute you are to be gliding down a gentle river, and are forested a fire, you do not get up by degrees, like a dromedary, but casting the *Magpie* "draper of your couch" aside, you leap upon your feet with a spring, "clothed and in your right mind;" never right than you have been since you were in those same woods before.

There is a directness about this wild-wood life that links, as in a little chain, the effort and success.
Papa goes to town to make bread, said a little five years old daughter of a friend who goes countryward to bed, why doesn't he bring a loaf home sometimes?
In artificial life, it is so with children of a larger growth; the intermediate series of means separates the labor from the bread and so the latter is deprived of half its sweetness; but in the woods it is not so; a man catches his dinner with a hook, or he bings it down with a rifle, or he plucks it up by the roots; he earns it before he eats it, and that thought and effort makes a most piquant sauce, sometimes.

Kit North says, it is no wonder the girls love cats, for both are graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that the both scratch.
It is said some babies are so small the they can creep into quarts measures. But the way in, which some adults can crawl into such measures is astonishing.

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