

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.

JANE G. SWISSELM,

"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 OCTOBER 7 1858.

NO. 10

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.
OFFICE ON THE WESTERN BANK OF THE
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ST. ANTHONY,
OPPOSITE THE STEAMBOAT LANDING.

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Minnesota correspondence of the Boston Post.
LETTER NO. 5.
Trip to the Red River Country.

On the 29th of July left Breckinridge on the homeward trip in company with E. Barber, with a light wagon, a pair of horses, and a saddle pony. Took the newly surveyed state road route, which traverses the same vast and luxuriant prairie I crossed in coming. Little else but travel will be required to make the road acceptable. We make but a short halt in the 25 miles to the settlement of Dayton city. Plovers, prairie chickens, and sand hill cranes were seen in abundance. Pass a few small lakes. To confine the observation to objects near our track, the scenery might well be considered monotonous. But as the view takes in an almost unbounded expanse, it becomes interesting. The ocean is sublime, because it is vast. The same cause lends grandeur to this great and wide verdure clad plain. Nor can one fail to be impressed with the thought that this whole region is waking from its long barbaric sleep to the action of industrious life.

The settlement of Dayton city where we arrived at four P. M., was named in honor of the defeated candidate for the vice presidency from its relation to Breckinridge. The "city" was added to distinguish it from another town of Dayton on the Mississippi. It is on the Red River, near the upper crossing and the settlement of Laphau. The most of the settlers of the place are men who came from Appleton, Wisconsin. They are versed in mechanics, men of integrity and enterprise. The eldest told me that his son selected the place last summer, and wrote back that after all the praise he could bestow upon the locality and surrounding country, he would fail to represent its beauties and advantages. I came out, said he, ready to make some allowance for enthusiasm but find his account not exaggerated. The place has an excellent water power, and a dam across the Red River is begun. There is but one log house now. Several acres of land are under cultivation. The corn planted on the soil looks thrifty. The channel of the river is here about a hundred feet below the general surface of the prairie. Its banks for a couple of miles back on either side are gently undulating, and are skirted with groves of oak timber. The settlers here are doing a great deal of good as they will form a nucleus for other settlements. To build mills and houses and cultivate and fence in land requires much labor, and therefore, the first year of so remote a settlement presents the least for show. One of the residents here is an elderly gentleman from New Jersey, whom I met in St. Cloud last spring, while on his way out here. He was then in feeble health, a mere skeleton, and having found medicine unavailing, had come out to try the atmosphere of Minnesota. He is now in perfect health, and engaged in active employment.

July 30.—We are up at half-past three in the morning and preparing to start, when one of the horses ran back twelve miles toward Breckinridge. This detained us several hours, and we did not get started till four in the afternoon. We made, therefore, only about seven miles to-day. The soil continues equally rich and the grass luxuriant. Small lakes are in sight most of the way. Camp near two that have high grassy shores dotted with oak groves. There is a pleasant breeze and a prospect that we shall not be troubled with mosquitoes. But we have not got the traces unhitched before swarms of them torment us and the horses. Were it not for such annoyances our evenings in these wild spots would be most delightful.

July 31.—Were on our way again before sunrise and went fifteen miles to Pomme-de-terre river, where we halted for breakfast. The nearest settlement east of Dayton City is Alexandria, which is forty miles distant. We would have followed the line of the new state road to the Mississippi, but for the impossibility of crossing two belts of timber which occur on it, between those settlements. We are therefore on the old trail again. Get stuck in the mud on the east bank of the Chippewa river. To rescue the horses are obliged to detach them from the wagon, where it is over the hubs in mud and water. The latter is hauled out chiefly by our own strength. We are in want of a lever but there is no timber near. We resort therefore to elementary principles of mechanics, and make one of grass. Having a scythe, we mow some of the heavy grass on the river banks, twist and tie it into large knots, and by lifting one wheel at a time and thrusting this grass underneath we finally raise them all nearly to the surface. Then we make a platform of grass in front of the wagon, tie a rope to the spire, hitch on a horse and triumph over our disaster. This labor occupied an hour. Of course our clothing had got completely saturated with mud and water; and to wash it we waded into the river where it is four feet deep and the current strong. Went about five miles further and camped at a small stream at sundown. Mow grass for the horses. The heavy swath we cut attests its rankness.

August 1.—A rainy forenoon and, we travelled slow. Three miles before reaching White Bear lake pass the camp of some Frazer River emigrants. They are from the southern part of Minnesota. They have ox teams and entertain no doubt of a successful journey. They expect to reach the Rocky Mountains before winter sets in. In two miles we meet other teams accompanied by men in the same party. They appear to have an excellent outfit, with strong mule teams and a few saddle horses.

At 2 P. M. we arrive at a vacant log house on the northeast shore of White Bear lake. Here we meet some gentlemen from Alexandria who propose joining us on the rest of the trip. Also meet Mr. Sweet's party surveying a road from Superior to Graham's Point. White Bear lake is a very romantic and beautiful place. It will some day be a fashionable summer resort. The east and north shores consist of high grassy bluffs which are 17-53 feet above the level of the sea. The lake itself is a splendid sheet of water and the diversified scenery for many miles surrounding it makes the locality one of the most charming in the state. The soil is fertile and ready for the plough.

From White Bear lake to Grove Lake the distance is twelve miles. During the afternoon we were overtaken by a heavy shower. But it soon cleared away and a beautiful rainbow stood out in the east resting its beams on the broad prairie.

August 2.—Grove lake pulled several votes last fall, but it has but one resident now and but one house. The land there is very good, as it everywhere is on the route, and there is a little timber around the lakes. A small patch is under cultivation. We there replenished our stock of provisions, and at 7 o'clock were again started. From there to Lake George the distance is about fifteen miles. The winding trail traverses a gently undulating prairie, covered with a profuse growth of grass handsomely variegated with flowers. There are several bad sloughs the first few miles from Grove Lake and then the road is good till we come to the north fork of Crow River. The formidable nature of the slough there made it necessary for us to separate the horses and lead them across and then draw the wagon over ourselves through three feet of mud and water. This precaution was necessary and saved us time and trouble. A few miles further we came to another slough where the same operations were necessary.

At Lake George are a few settlers who have excellent farms which have been about two years under cultivation. They are Germans. Here we met a large number of Red River carts bound for Daotah and the Hudson's Bay territory. At 3 P. M. continue our journey. It is about six miles to Lake Henry which we reach about sunset. Here also are a number of German farmers, with fine flocks of cattle, abundant crops, and every indication of thrift. Stop for the night at a farm house near the trail.

an exceedingly bad slough. The saddle pony is mired even while being led over; and we are led to the extreme remedy of pulling him out by a rope round his neck. This was successfully done. A little labor bestowed here would save travelers much inconvenience and damage. Stop two hours at Mr. Richardson's the next place we come to. In the afternoon go fifteen miles to St. Joe and lodge at Mr. Linneman's.

August 4th—Leave St. Joe at four and arrive at St. Cloud. The place of starting at six. This concludes the random notes of a trip of 160 miles through a wild but beautiful portion of Minnesota. The big prairie as it is called over which the Red River trail passes has it to be observed, but little timber. This is its only lack; for its soil is fertile, its expanse pleasing and cheerful. Yet this lack will postpone its settlement for some time; at least till the region, so much more attractive on account of timber, north of it, is settled.

The trail may answer for a summer road; but in the winter it will not be safe to send settlers out upon it, for there might not be land marks enough there to guide them. About six hundred Red River carts have passed over the trail this season. I am convinced that the work which will at present most conduce to the settlement of the Red River Valley, and the country between that and the Mississippi will be the opening of the newly surveyed state road. Leaving the Mississippi at St. Cloud it strikes through the timber directly west of St. Joe. Voluntary contributions of labor can cut a way through that which will answer for the winter. The road when completed will shorten the distance to Red River. It will be the best winter road probably that can be constructed, and will afford access to an extensive stretch of country which now holds out the most unexpecting inducements to farmers; and which when settled will surely support a large mercantile and manufacturing business at some point on the Mississippi.

DOUGLASSISM CRUSHED OUT UP NORTH.
We call the attention of the Pioneer and its lugubrious correspondent, to the proscriptive manner in which Lecomptonism is made the test of Democracy up in the north country—in the wild-cat regions where Indian agents, U. S. Land Officers and Rice Indian traders have undisputed sway. They are wiping out the Douglas men wherever they find them! But down here, and in Southern Minnesota, the same people cry out, "O, let us agree to disagree on that point—don't make it a test—damn principle, so we save the offices."

The reason for this different action in different sections is, that south of Saint Anthony Falls the Douglas element is strong, and might not tamely assent to being kicked aside, as the Rice Buchanians are doing to the professors of that faith further north, where they are comparatively weak.—Minnesota Republican.

A PREDICTION.—For future reference we put on record a prediction handed us by a friend, made by an active Douglass politician of Illinois. He says Douglass' friends will have seven majority certain in the Senate, and seven in the House—total on joint ballot, fourteen. That the chances are more than equal that they will have a majority of twenty on joint ballot. That Douglass will receive twenty thousand more votes than Buchanan received in 1856. That the "Danite" (Buchanan) ticket will not receive two thousand votes in the entire state. That in all county organizations they will vote with the Republicans. That they will not elect a Buchanan member in the entire Senate.—That in some thirty counties they will not receive a single vote. That in some counties in which the Buchanan candidates live they will not get one hundred votes each. That they will not receive on an average, twenty votes in each county of the state. That Judge Douglass will be returned most triumphantly to the Senate, the opposition in Illinois disgracefully rebuked in Washington. These are very bold prophecies—let us see how many of them are fulfilled.

Pittsburg Dispatch.
A NEW RECIPE TO KILL FLIES.—Get a four horse power engine, put it in the back kitchen, run shafting in every room connected with the aforesaid engine by belting. On the shafting place fly wheels; smear the wheels with molasses and set the engine going. The flies being attracted by the molasses on the fly-wheels will light on them; and the wheels revolving rapidly they will be wheeled off. Have a boy under each wheel with a flat shingle, and let him smite them as they fall and before they have time to recover from their dizziness. A smart boy has been known to kill as many as fifty in a day.

Wanted.—Several cash subscribers to fill the Democrat lists and three lines to fill this column up snug, and tight.

From the Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.
An accident occurred at Newton Hamilton on the Pennsylvania Railroad, eighty-two miles west of this place, on Wednesday morning. The train was the fast express, which left Philadelphia on Tuesday night, under the control of Mr. Charles Keller. At forty minutes past six o'clock, on Wednesday morning, Newton Hamilton was passed, the train moving at the rate of about twenty-eight miles an hour. A short distance above the station there is a switch. The eastern end of this was in proper order, but when the locomotive was within a few yards of the western end the engineer discovered that the switch was misplaced, and that in an instant he would be off the track. He seized the rope of the whistle and gave the signal for "down" brakes. The order was complied with, but before the speed of the train could be checked in the least, the heavy engine was bounding from cross tie to cross tie, followed by the train of five cars.

The scene was frightful. On either side of the track rose an embankment, and the locomotive, run off upon the right hand, was throwing itself with desperate force against the mound. Cylinders, levers and fragments of the engine house were scattered around, as the velocity gradually diminished, and the tender, express baggage and smoking cars were going against the embankment. At length the halt took place.

One of the rails of the track was twisted upwards and entered the boiler. The shock threw the fireman Mr. Hoffmaster amid the wreck, and the steam escaping from the office just made, rushed out upon him, scalding his thighs, back and face. Simultaneously the express car ceased its bounds and fell heavily against the mountain, crushing beneath it the express agent, Jeremiah Kane, whose duty obliged him to attend to the brake on the side of the car from which he was precipitated to the ground and crushed. But he was not instantly killed and lived until two o'clock the same afternoon.

And now comes a singular part of the narrative. The morning was very cloudy as will be remembered, and the engineer was cautiously looking out ahead. He saw the switch tender standing beside the switch, waving a white flag, (a sign that all was right,) but his own eyes enabled him to see that this was false, and that the switch was open. He sounded the whistle and that very instant, the man with the flag, evidently discovering his own terrible mistake, threw down his signal, and ran away at the top of his speed to a place of concealment. Since then, we are told, he has not been seen.

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggdah there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb; to clothe himself in rags; to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am poor, stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him on his horse and carry him home; but the rouge replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher, I have got the horse, and I am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would tear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment; then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embraced him and invited him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

A Western editor having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for intruding his family matters upon the public.

NO TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.
Messrs. Cullen and Pritchard, the Commissioners deputed to make a treaty with the Yanktons, for the purchase of a portion of their lands west of the Big Sioux, have returned to the city, without being able to accomplish their object. The Commissioners were to hold a council with the Indians, during the present month, but the latter declined receiving presents or holding a council, until they had accomplished a "certain piece of business this winter." This piece of business is generally understood to be the "wiping out" of Fort Abercrombie, against the present location of which the Indians are bitterly opposed. We should not be surprised to hear of lively times about the head waters of Red River during the ensuing winter.—Pioneer.

THE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON INTELLECTUAL VIGOR.—The Medical Press asserts that the Polytechnic School in Paris, have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco consumers.

Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into two groups—the smokers and non smokers—it shows that the smokers have proved themselves in the various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the schools are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke, enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

Blair's investigations have extended over but a small portion of his district, but he has already ferreted out 400 fraudulent votes for Barrett, and he and his friends do not doubt that the investigation will result in proving his election by 800 majority.

"My son," said Spriggles, Sr., to Spriggles, Jr., thinking to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the hen species, "My son, do you know that chickens come out of eggs?" "Do they," said Spriggles, Jr., as he licked his plate—"I thought eggs come out of chickens."

Smart boy that. He will make a second James Buchanan one of these days.

We send this number of our paper to some friends who are not subscribers. Will they endorse the principle of woman's right to discuss the laws which govern her and the importance of maintaining the principles of the freedom of the press, of human freedom and human progress in the vanguard of civilization, by aiding us in getting subscribers to the last paper published on the way to the buffalo pastures by Gov. Stephens' route to the Pacific.

We have personally assumed the responsibility of maintaining these principles here, and earnestly ask the aid and sympathy of the friends of freedom and reform.

Important Letter from Senator Rice.

WASHINGTON, Aug 5, 1858.
Editors of the Pioneer and Democrat:
There will be no sale of Government Lands in Minnesota this year, I am confident, but the settlers should prepare themselves as soon as possible with the means to enter their claims, for it cannot be expected that the lands will be kept out of market longer than next summer.

The even sections upon the lines of the railroads are subject to pre-emption at \$2.50 per acre, and each pre-emptor can locate one warrant upon the land, the balance, \$1.25 per acre, he must pay in cash. The above is in answer to numerous letters received by me on these subjects.

Truly Yours,
H. M. Rice.

Will our friends at Sauk Rapids, Little Falls, Crow Wing, Monticello and other towns of Northern Minnesota furnish us an occasional correspondence about matters and things in their several localities?

We want the Democrat to represent the interest and resources of Northern Minnesota. So we want facts from all the different places. Also, those who do think we misrepresent the opinions of this section; and wish to advocate other views use our columns at such prices as will barely pay for paper, ink and printing.

"Away, then, with the demagogue of peals for the will of the majority, with which the country is now rife on the subject of Kansas."—Washington Union.

Minnesota Disfranchised by the Moccasin Democracy!

The terms of the two Democratic Representatives from Minnesota—Messrs Phelps and Cavanaugh—expire on the 3d of March next. In view of this fact, the Republicans in the Legislature attempted to procure the passage of a law providing for the election of their successors at the coming State Election. Knowing and feeling that after an exhibition of so much corruption and fraud in the party miscalled Democratic, the Republicans would surely carry the State, the Democratic members in the Legislature voted and worked persistently and methodically against the passage of such a law. So the Democratic caucus determined to oppose and prevent the passage of any law authorizing the election of Co. ressmen, preferring that the State should not be represented at all than that it should be represented by Republicans, in accordance with the will of the people. In this way, by united opposition, they defeated the bill which gave the people the right to speak! This is the first triumph of "Popular Sovereignty."

But the Republicans quietly watched their opportunity, and in the bill regulating general elections, they inserted a clause which provided that elections to fill all offices, should be held at the State election in October, next preceeding the expiration of the term of the incumbents. The Moccasin Democracy were asleep or drunk (being one or the other nearly all the time), and this bill passed both houses *non con.*, and was presented with the batch to the Acting Governor (Sibley), for his signature.

The quondam Indian Trader was wide awake. He "smelt a nice." He examined the bill and found the trap which had been set for him and all the Democratic party to fall into. It wouldn't do. It would be political suicide to let the State have an election for representatives at the proper and constitutional time, for the State was surely Black Republican, and such a bill would surely strengthen the enemy of Sham Democracy in Congress. So the Usurper vetoed the bill! This is the second triumph of "Popular Sovereignty!" Sibley and his pliant minions in the Legislature then went to work and provided that this Fall's Legislature shall never meet, unless it shall happen to be of the Moccasin tribe (as it won't be, thank the Lord!) lest—asssembling according to the desire of the people—they may reflect the people's will, and fill Gen. Shields' seat by electing a Republican Senator to Congress! This is the third triumph "Popular Sovereignty."

And if the Legislature about to be chosen is not permitted to convene, (as it may do only by the caprice of Sibley,) no law can be passed for the election of the successors to Phelps and Cavanaugh, and thus, by Democratic opposition and the veto of a corrupt executive, Minnesota will be disfranchised at Washington in '59 and '60, being represented in the Senate and the assembly by H. M. Rice alone! This is the glorious result—the grand culmination—of these successive triumphs of "Popular Sovereignty" in the Minnesota Legislature!

The secret of this matter is, the Democrats are afraid of the people. They dare not permit them to choose their own rulers in their own way. They dare not give them another chance at the ballot-box, for they know that such an opportunity would furnish the Untrified officials, with a gratuitous supply of hemp. The only way that was left them to rob the State of a few thousand dollars more was to forbid the people from holding an election, until the smell of Democratic villainies should have time to clear away, and then trust to treacherous memories and mock penitence for a re-election.

And this disfranchisement of a Sovereign State through an entire session of an American Congress, this cheating an honest constituency and insolently forbidding an expression of the popular will—this Minnesota Democracy!

St. Anthony Republican.

From a Democrat.
"Honest Democrats have thus been deprived of the opportunity to vote in October next, against the election of Moccasin candidates for Congress, and of the opportunity which such an election would give to expose with crushing effect, the dishonest and disgraceful principles and practices of the whole Moccasin Tribe which now rules the State under the assumed name of 'The Democracy of Minnesota.'"

They have so dishonored this name, that they now by their acts, concede the triumph of the Republicans at the election in October next; their only consolation being, that the Legislature then to be elected, will never be convened, and that therefore they have one whole year in which to cover up their tracks. In view of this state of facts, I have determined to defer the proposed work till the Congressional and general election of 1859, when I hope honest Democrats will be sufficiently numerous to give the corruptionists their quietus."

D. A. ROBERTSON
St. Paul, August 19, 1858.