

# 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 NOVEMBER 25 1858.

NO. 17.

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

**TERMS:**  
One copy, one year, \$ 2.00  
Two copies, one year, 3.00  
Five copies, one year, 7.00  
Ten " " " " 12.00  
Twenty " " " " 20.00

Payment must invariably be made in advance.

**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 of business to be directed to the  
**EDITOR.**

## POETRY.

*From the Standard.*  
**HYMN.**

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MARIA WENTON CHAPMAN.  
—000—  
"—a strain which I could fancy tradition to have handed down through the ranks of French Protestantism, from the Albion and the Vandals—the Calvinists and Huguenots; though it may quite as probably be of Catholic origin, being so eminently human in its passion and its power as to satisfy the universal cry of the human heart for self-devotedness worthy of adoration."—*Liberty Bell*, 1845.

MORTALS! are ye faint to know  
What is all my hope below,  
All my knowledge, all my sense,  
My treasure and my recompense?  
Jesus the crucified.

What the anchor of my faith?  
What the law my nature hath?  
What the perfect sacrifice?  
On whose power my heart relies?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who doth mediate between  
God my Maker and my sin?  
In my sorrows and my fears,  
Who hath looked upon my tears?  
Jesus the crucified.

In my days of bitter grief,  
Who alone can give relief?  
While my troubled watches keep,  
What Divine One stays my weeping?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who my fainting spirit sees,  
Giving me for torment ease?  
Who, when grief and pain must be,  
Fills my soul with constancy?  
Jesus the crucified.

Prince of Peace—say who is he  
That with blessings crowneth me?  
Whose love that hither came  
To fire my spirit with its flame?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he whose death hath brought  
To my life a higher thought?  
Who the friend that calleth me  
To himself unceasingly?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who is he, triumphant One,  
Reigning in my heart alone,  
That from deepest suffering ever  
Doth my o'er-fraught soul deliver?  
Jesus the crucified.

Who, when untried ways are mine,  
Offers me his torch divine?  
What the pure and living light,  
Making all my pathway bright?  
Jesus the crucified.

Ah! together celebrate  
All the Savior's blessings great,  
And a hymn of joy outpour,  
Singing, saying evermore,  
Christ the crucified.

## FAME.

—000—  
This is a translation of one of the most perfect of the lyrics of Schiller, and so well done, that it loses little by transfer into our language. There is a thought in every line.

—000—  
What shall I do lest life in silence pass:  
And if it do,  
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass:  
What need'st thou rue?  
Remember, eye the Ocean deeps are mute;  
The shallows roar;  
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit  
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?  
Thy duty ever.  
This did full many who yet slept unknown—  
Oh! never, never!  
Think'st thou, perchance that they remain un-  
Whom thou know'st not?  
By angel trumpets heaven their praise is blown,  
Divine their lot.  
What shall I do to gain eternal life?  
Discharge aright  
The simple dues with which each day is rife?  
Yes, with thy might.  
Ere perfect sense of action thou devise  
Will life be fled.  
While he who ever acts as conscience cries,  
Shall live, though dead.

## Select Miscellany.

*From "Noble Deeds of Women."*  
**DEVOTED LOYALTY OF**  
**MRS. JANE LANE.**

—000—  
"Through me may ye be blest, through me obtain  
The glorious palm of conquest, and return  
To your exiting country."—WOMEN.

THE heroic and courageous action of Mrs. Jane Lane at this period, already alluded to, requires to be more minutely recorded. Bentley Hall, where this young lady resided with her father, Mr. Lane, and her brother, Colonel John Lane, was about four miles distant from Mesely, the place of King Charles' concealment; which, owing to its owner, Mr. Whitgrave, being a Roman Catholic, was considered an unsafe retreat. The friends of Charles accordingly proposed his removal to Bentley, Mr. Lane being "a person of excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king;" and who, it is said, had already diligently sought to discover where the king lay, in order "that he might get him to his house, where he was sure he could conceal him till he might contrive his full deliverance." This venerable gentleman was the father of nine children, of whom, Colonel John Lane, the eldest, it was that suggested the plan of employing his young sister, Jane, in the scheme for escape, devised first for Lord Wilmot, but afterwards changed for the king himself. The young lady, we are told, was possessed of "very good wit and discretion," and was "very fit to bear a part in such a trust." It happened that at this time Jane Lane was about to visit a friend, Mrs. Norton of Abbotleigh, in the neighborhood of Bristol, who was shortly expecting her confinement; and for this purpose, a pass had been procured from an officer of the parliamentary army for herself and her servant. It occurred to Colonel Lane, that Lord Wilmot, who much desired to reach Bristol, from whence he could take ship, might easily personate his sister's servant; and this plan was entertained till, on the failure of a scheme for Charles' crossing the Severn for Wales, it was thought advisable that he should avail himself of this means of escape instead. All this being agreed on, in the dusk of the evening Charles bade farewell to his devoted servants at Mesely, and was committed by them to the care of Colonel Lane, who, with the horses, lay in concealment near, to conduct him to his house; where they arrived on Monday night, the 9th of September, 1651.

The king's personal appearance on his arrival at Bentley is described as follows: his hair had been cut short at the ears, and clipped away at the crown of the head even as near as the scissors would go, though long flowing curls were the fashion of the day. "He wore a very greasy old gray steeply-crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hat-band; a green junip coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white; and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter; with an old leather dublet, a pair of white flannel stockings, next his legs, which the king said were his boot stockings, the embroidered tops being cut off to prevent them being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; his shoes were old, all slashed, for the ease of his feet, which had been sorely galled in his long marches;" he wore no gloves, and his hands had been carefully covered with walnut-juice, as a completion of his disguise. Having conferred with Lord Wilmot and Colonel Lane, on next day's journey, and supped, the king retired to bed, though his rest could be but short, for at break of day his host called him up, providing him with a suitable disguise for the new character he was to assume. He was now to personate the son of one of Colonel Lane's tenants, and to change his name from Will Jones, which he had hitherto borne, to William Jackson. To bear out this change, Colonel Lane provided him with a new suit and cloak, of country gray cloth, as near as could be contrived like the holiday suit of a farmer's son, a disguise more convenient for their present intentions than that of a servant would have been. His dress being now complete, Colonel Lane took the

king by a beck way to the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting his part; then mounted him on a good "Gentle horse," and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he did, with a fitting air of humility, carrying his hat under his arm. By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs. Lane, who knew nothing of this great secret, "would needs see her beloved daughter take horse; and, as she was standing for this purpose, the colonel said to the young king, "Will, thou must give my sister thy hand."—But he, unacquainted with such little offices, offered his hand the contrary way, a piece of awkwardness which attracted the old lady's attention, who, laughing, remarked to her son, "What a goodly horseman her daughter had to ride before her!" The party thus setting out consisted, besides the king and his young protectress, of Mr. Henry Lascelles, her cousin, who was admitted into the king's secret, and Mrs. Peter's, a married sister of Jane Lane's, and her husband, both of whom were in entire ignorance of it.—They were followed, in another route, by Colonel Lane and Lord Wilmot; with hawk and hounds as a disguise, who that night took up their lodging at the house of Sir Clement Fisher, at Pockington, in Warwickshire, whose name we shall have occasion to mention hereafter in connection with Jane Lane. The colonel knew that at his house "they would be as welcome as generosity, and as secure as fidelity, could make them."

When the royal party had gone about two hours on their journey, the king's horse cast a shoe; and he had to take it to the next forge to have it replaced.—"As I was holding my horse's foot," says the king, in his own account of this unlucky accident, "I asked the smith, what news? He told me that there was no news, that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues, the Scots. I asked him whether there were none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that that rogue Charles was taken, but some of the others were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him, that, if that rogue was taken, he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, I spoke like an honest man; and so we parted."

Hiding to refresh their horses at Woodton, within two or three miles of Stratford, they caught sight of a troop of cavalry. Mr. Peters, who had before experienced ill treatment from the soldiers, declared he would not pass through them to be beaten again, and was resolute in turning back; the very course to excite suspicion. The king, hearing him say so, whispered softly in the ear of his companion, that they might not turn back; "but all she could say in the world would not do." Mr. Peters resisted his sister-in-law's earnest persuasions, and turning back with his wife, entered Stratford another way. The king, however, by no means disconcerted, rode leisurely through the midst of them, without exciting notice; and, if the heart of his young companion beat quicker in this peril, she betrayed no unworthy signs of it. Indeed, throughout, she well deserved the praise Mr. Whitgrave has left of her—"that, in all this journey, Mrs. Lane performed the part of a most prudent and faithful servant to his Majesty, showing her observance when an opportunity would allow it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much discretion."

At Stratford Mr. and Mrs. Peters left them, to pursue their journey to Windsor; and the royal party, now reduced to three, rested for the night at Mr. Tombs's, of Long-Marston, with whom Jane Lane was well acquainted, whence they proceeded next day, without any considerable accident, to Cirencester, a distance of four-and-twenty miles. The adventure of King Charles with the cook-maid, already related, is said by some to have occurred at Long-Marston, and not at Abbotleigh; it certainly was not one of the least of the king's escapes, on this most perilous journey.

At Cirencester the royal party proceeded to the Sun, where they took up their lodging. After supper a good bed was provided there for Mr. Lascelles, and a truckle-bed in the same chamber for Will Jackson; however, as soon as they were left to themselves, Mr. Lascelles made his Majesty take the best of the two, an observance he made whenever an opportunity permitted.

On the following day, Friday, they arrived at their destination—Mr. Norton's, of Abbotleigh. It is related, that "on their passing through Bristol, a place so well known to the king, he could not forbear gazing about to see the alterations; and coming near where the great fort had stood, he rode, with his mistress behind him, all round it. In the indulgence of this somewhat unseasonable curiosity, he lost his way, and had to enquire for it of a passer-by.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

\*Clarendon

## From "Noble Deeds of Women." King Charles and the Cook-Maid.

—000—  
"He must be tight of it, and he shall: the office becomes a woman best; I'll take it upon me: if I prove money-mounted, let my tongue blister."—SHAKESPEARE.

—000—  
ABBOTTS LEIGH, about three miles west from Bristol, claims attention, not only for the singularity of the structure of its manor-house, but also for its having afforded protection to Charles II., who was so closely pursued, after the battle of Worcester, that he had only time, on entering the house, to disguise himself by throwing a carter's frock over his shoulders. Trusting his secret with the cook-maid, when his enemies rushed in, and inquired if he had been seen, she replied, "Anan;" and instantly applied a cudgel to the king's back, whom she had set to wind up the jack, at the same time scolding him loudly for his slovenness. His pursuers, seeing her behave with so much apparent severity, interceded for the poor lad, and left the house, without suspecting the deception.

The block on which Charles performed this service office, and the chair on which he sat, are still preserved, as relics of the merry monarch.

Mr. Forney, of the Philadelphia Press, does not seem to be a particle more pacific, although the Washington Union's fire has slackened or almost ceased. The Press slashes away at old Buck, John Quincy Bigler, and the rest of the Leconteian sinners, and Mr. Forney, as the New York Herald says, made another fierce onslaught on the President, in his speech at Yorkers on Saturday night.

The Charleston Mercury and Mr. Keitt are firing broadsides into both the Northern wings of the Democracy, and threatening terrible things from Gen. Quantrell, if Kansas be admitted as a free state. All round, things look vastly glibly-piggishly with our Democratic neighbors, and we see no way of getting out of hot water, but by catching all the Fire Eaters and sending them to some island, where they will first eat up all the other inhabitants and then each other, or putting them all in South Carolina, and letting that peppery State have free course to swell and burst itself with indignation.

It is clear that slavery must be making a pass all the time, and no party on earth can satisfy its demands. If not bossed from it, Democracy may float again, as of old, but with this snaker it will go down, in spite of all the corals and fleets of compromises and double-entendre platforms for 1860.

Let go the millstone at once, instead of holding on and going to the bottom. Is it not yet made plain to the dullest political doer's noddle that concession only begets greater arrogance in the Slaveholders—that for every inch conceded they claim a yard more—and that the contemptible quarter of a million soul-traders have no other idea than that they alone are the sovereigns in this Republic of twenty-five millions of people.

They asked Louisiana, and it was given; Texas, and the payment of her millions of debt, and it was granted; a cruel removal of the Creeks, and it was done; a ruthless and enormously expensive Florida war against the Seminoles, and it was carried through; a Fugitive Slave Law—a repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a Dred Scott Decision—one governmental wrong after another in Kansas—all were demanded and carried—and is slavery more reasonable than before? What party, ever formed or dreamed of, could appease such fellows? Let them drop, and paddle your own canoe.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

—000—  
An amusing incident occurred on the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road which must be preserved in print—it is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the usual custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber; but just as the lamp was lit she awoke and, half-asleep, imagined herself in the infernal regions.

Frantic with fright, she implored her maker to have mercy upon her, remembering, at the same time "the devil has got me at last." Her mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her—"Mollie, don't make such a noise: it is I, be not afraid." The poor African immediately exclaimed, "Oh, mi-sus, dat you; jest what I speect: I always thought if ober I got to de bad place, I would see you dar."

**DIFFICULTY** is sometimes experienced by persons seeking employment, in producing "a character." We are led, from observation, to suggest, as the readiest mode of obviating the difficulty, that they join some political party, and "run for office." Everybody who tries this finds a "character" in short metre, without putting himself to the least trouble in furnishing data.

—000—  
AN Irishman speaking of his brother, said he died during a tight-rope performance.

## Minnesota and Pacific Railroad.

STATEMENT.

By an Act of Congress, approved March 3, 1857, a grant of land was made to Minnesota to aid in the construction of a railroad from Stillwater by way of St. Paul and St. Anthony to a point between the foot of Big Stone Lake and the mouth of Sioux Wood River, and from St. Anthony via St. Cloud and Crow Wing to the navigable waters of the Red River of the North, at such points as the Legislature might determine.

The land granted consists of every odd numbered section for six sections (or square miles) in width, on each side of said lines, being 3,840 acres per mile, in length of road, and amounts in the aggregate to 2,467,680 acres.

By an act of the Legislative Assembly of Minnesota, approved May 22d, 1857, "The Minnesota and Pacific Railroad Company" was incorporated and all the above mentioned lands granted thereto; and the terminus of the first mentioned line was fixed at Breckinridge on the Sioux Wood River, and of the other at St. Vincent, near the mouth of Pembina River. The length of the former is 222 miles, and of the latter 428 miles, making in all 650 miles.

The capital stock is five millions of dollars, with power to increase it to twenty millions.

The line from Stillwater to Breckinridge has been accurately surveyed and located, as also from St. Anthony to Crow Wing, the maps have been filed with the Governor of the State, and with the Commissioner of the General Land Office; the locations have been approved by the Secretary of the Interior, and by his direction the lands are now being allotted to the Company.

The charter is liberal in all its provisions, and contains no restriction as to the rate of tolls, speed, the mode or manner of connections with other roads, &c., and requires no taxes to be paid, but in lieu thereof three per cent. of the gross earnings of the road (deducting running expenses) is to be paid to the State annually. It is free from penalties and gives the company until the 31st day of March 1867 to complete its road.

In other respects it is all that could be desired.

On the 15th of April, 1858, the people of Minnesota, by a vote of 25,000 to 6,000, adopted an amendment to the constitution, authorizing a loan to the company of \$1,250,000, maturing in twenty-five years, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum and payable semi-annually in New York, to be issued as follows: \$100,000 upon grading any ten miles of road, and the like sum when any ten miles are in operation, and so on to the extent of the loans, being at the rate of \$20,000 per mile actually put in operation.

As security for this loan the company give to the State a lien upon the proceeds of the first 240 sections of land to which it is entitled, which constitutes a sinking fund for the payment of interest and principal upon the State Bonds, and also deposits the first mortgage bonds of the company with the Treasurer, in like amounts as those received by the State placing the State upon the same footing as that of any other bondholder.

The company have executed a deed of trust to Elton Farnsworth, Ex-Chancellor of Michigan, Edward C. Corlies, Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, and William H. Welch, Ex-Chief Justice of Minnesota, of its lands, road, franchise, &c., to secure the payment of its first mortgage bonds, four hundred thousand dollars of which have been issued, and are now being exchanged with the State for a like amount of State bonds. About one hundred miles of the right of way have been secured.

The company have contracted with Sallah Chamberlain, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, for the construction of eighty miles of road from St. Paul to St. Anthony, and thence up the Mississippi river via Anoka to Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud, fifty miles to be completed ready for the rolling stock in two years from the 25th day of May 1858.

For this they pay for the most part in State bonds and first mortgage bonds at \$23,000 per mile.

The present population adjacent to these fifty miles of road is estimated at 67,000. It has increased ten-fold within the last three years. In Wisconsin as appears by the last census, the increase of population has been at the rate of eighty-seven per cent. per annum; and taking this as a basis the population upon these fifty miles of our road will be in two years 200,000.

St. Paul has a population of 15,000; St. Anthony and Minneapolis (divided by the river only), 10,000; and the valley of the Mississippi to Crow Wing (128 miles) is lined with thriving villages and towns, and has business sufficient to sustain the road handsomely if constructed at the present moment.

The transportation of goods, merchandise, farming utensils, etc., and travel to and from the Territory of Dakota and the Red River and Hudson Bay Company's settlements, will pass over this route via Crow Wing, to the Red River, which is navigable from thence to Lake Winnipeg.

A glance at the map will exhibit the eligible location of the lands granted to the Minnesota and Pacific Railroad Company, being adjacent to a line through St. Anthony and Crow Wing by Otter Tail Lake and the Valley of the Red River to Pembina.

Probably no more favorable surface for Railroad construction exists in the world than from St. Paul to Pembina, and from thence to the Pacific.

The region surrounding Otter Tail Lake in all directions is pronounced by Captain Pope, of the United States Army, to be the garden of the North-west; while the basin of the Red River of the North, with a surface admirably adapted to a railroad line, will constitute a wheat district fully equal to that of the Baltic.

Over most of this line the company will definitely control the selection of sites for towns and the sides of lots and lands under judicious management, cannot be less than a sum equal to \$15 per acre for the whole, or \$57,000 per mile. This will present the road to the stockholders completely equipped and paid for, with a surplus fund for future repairs, equal to 27,000 per mile; while the development of the British northwestern region will be of incalculable benefit to its future interests.

The country south and northwest of Crow Wing is receiving daily acquisitions to its settlements. Several large steam and water mills have been erected, and steamers are about being placed upon the Red River.

The rare beauty and fertility of this region far on to the valley of the Saskatchewan, to which our road directly points, and indeed to the Pacific, are not only strongly attracting the attention of settlers of the United States, but also of Great Britain and her Canadian Government.

Among those who have given the subject any attention, it is well known that this section embraces some of the finest agricultural lands in the country, sufficiently wooded and watered, and that the climate is delightful, and free from the miasmas of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas.

Above Crow Wing to Pokegama Falls, 250 miles, the Mississippi is navigable for steamers drawing three feet of water; and one, "The North Star" is already plying between these points.

The traffic upon fifty miles of our road will be, for the first two years:

1. The importation and distribution of manufactures, stores, &c., into the interior.
2. Indian annuity goods, provisions, &c., furnished by the Government to the Indians of Dacotah Territory amounting to the annual value of half a million of dollars.

3. Supplies (other than United States property) for Fort Ripley and Fort Abercrombie.
4. Supplies of goods, agricultural implements, &c., for Siskiwit and Hudson Bay Companies possessions.

5. Return products from these different points the trade of these places last year with St. Paul alone amounting to over a million of dollars. Forty reaping machines were taken to Pembina during last season.

Forty miles of the road are already graded, and the work is being vigorously prosecuted. The iron will be laid and the road put in operation from St. Paul to St. Cloud, eighty miles, next spring and summer.

Over 45,000 tons of freight were transported between St. Paul and St. Anthony last year, and the travel was estimated at four hundred people daily.

Much profit will undoubtedly arise from the appreciation of the value of the grounds to be donated and purchased about the stations on the road. These stations will form the nuclei of towns and cities, and while many of them will be founded upon the company's land, others will be donated or purchased at comparatively low prices.

With proper management, it is not to much to say, that at least one million of dollars may be realized from this alone upon the construction of fifty miles only.—The amount invested in this way may be more than returned in a short period of time by sales of lots to those desiring to establish business near the depots. Nine years ago St. Paul had a population of less than 400; now it is over 15,000. What the increase may be during the next nine years, with the aid of railroads, it is left to time to determine.

At St. Paul and St. Anthony this road will connect with four other railroads running easterly, southerly and south-westerly.

At Pembina it will strike the Red River of the North; which, with Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan, is navigable for steamboats for more than half the distance to the Pacific. Several steamboats are now being built there.