

Some articles intended for this week, are crowded out; and we regret to break off in Mr. RIDDLE's obituary; but justice to his memory, requires that we give a more extended notice than can appear in one number of our paper.

Obituary.

No news that has come to us from our dear, old home—Pittsburg, has been so sad as this, which announces the death of ROBERT M. RIDDLE. Sketches of his life will be written in abundance, for he had many warm, personal friends; and was long and widely known as Pittsburg's most polished and able political editor.

To us, therefore, it is left to speak of him simply as he appeared to us in the relations, of publisher, printer, business partner or employer for twelve years.

Just prior to the getting up of the Mexican war, we were writing a series of letters on Woman's Wrongs. They were published in *The Spirit of Liberty*, an able little Anti-Slavery weekly, published and edited by REECE C. FLEESON, one of the present editors, of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*.

The rush of patriotism which carried our nation into the Mexican war, submerged the *Spirit*, which went down gallantly, maintaining the principle of Liberty or Death. Pittsburg was thus left without one paper to utter a word against the Peculiar Institution; and her citizens, even many of those who had been prominent Anti-Slavery men, appeared to be drunk with the glorious prospect of whipping that miserable old cripple, Mexico, for the benefit of our pet institution. Any one who breathed a word against the war was giving aid and comfort to the enemy, obtained the brand of traitor and, if a politician, signed his own political death warrant.

It was not customary then for American women to write about anything "but moonshine, spring flowers and the art of cooking;" and when we resolved, if we could gain a medium of communication with the public, to throw ourselves directly across the current of public sentiment, we were strengthened for the task by the reflection that we had no children to suffer by the disgrace, and public scorn into which we were about to plunge.

There was no editor we knew even by eye sight; but old Judge RIDDLE's wife was a member in our church; and one of her sons owned and edited the *Pittsburg Commercial Journal*, a leading Whig paper, and in its columns our letters had been favourably noticed.

The *Journal* was fully committed to the war policy; but our faith in female influences led us to think that the son of such a mother must have a strong internal sense of natural justice and would not refuse a hearing to the other side.

To him we sent our communications; and while he protested against our sentiments he gave us such prompt and respectful hearing as commanded the respect of his readers; and enabled us to produce all and more than all the effect we had hoped for.

This required considerable editorial independence, for we went upon the principle of wasting no powder, spending no time battling the air or talking of abstractions; but adopted the old Revolutionary tactics of taking aim and shooting the enemies officers.

In carrying out this plan we made direct, personal, nay, almost unpardonable attacks upon many of the most influential citizens, including Hon. GABRIEL ADAMS who is an elder in the church which brought us up in the hatred of Slavery, who was then Mayor of the city, and is now a Judge of District Court; and on Hon. CHARLES SHALER, Mr. RIDDLE's brother-in-law; from whose house we now learn he has departed to the Better Land.

There is no place in the Union where less pride is felt in the feats of that dastardly war than in Pittsburg, and for the correctness of sentiment her Anti-Slavery citizens are indebted to the courage and fairness of ROBERT M. RIDDLE, who kept his columns open for discussion, and published many articles from able writers who took the side of peace.

We followed our war articles with a series of letters on the legal oppressions to which women were subjected. He gave these such respectful attention, so far endorsed our strictures on Pennsylvania law, and *The Journal* stood so high in political circles, that, in 48, the attention of our Legislators was called to the matter; and they passed an act permitting married women to hold and devise property, without placing trustees between them and their husbands.

Thus Mr. RIDDLE accomplished more for the advancement of "Woman's rights and the redress of her wrongs," than has since been achieved by all the conventions which have been held.

After the close of the war, another Anti-Slavery paper was started under the charge of CHARLES P. SHIRAS, the Pittsburg Poet, who wrote "Dollars and Dimes," and "I owe no man a Dollar." It was called the *Albatross*, and was most ably conducted; but only lived three months.

Being in the City one day, a friend said to us:

"The last number of 'The Albatross' will be issued next week; and we are without a paper again."

After exchanging regrets a few moments, the idea flashed into our mind, and we exclaimed:

"I have a mind to start a paper, myself; and make one more trial to sustain an Anti-Slavery press here."

Starting on a half run, down street, we overtook Mr. S. and stating the case to him, asked what he thought of our starting a paper. He was pleased with the plan; and we went directly to the *Journal* office, and seeing Mr. RIDDLE, told him we were going to start a paper, and call it the *Saturday Visitor*, and wanted him to print it.

He thought us insane, and said so, inquired if Mr. S., and our friends knew our purpose.

We told him he did, and for the rest it was no matter, as any loss we should incur, would fall on us, personally. He tried to persuade us, at least, to take time to think, and give him time to prepare. No printing was done in his office except his own paper, and he had not type and fixtures to get out a second; but we would get out an Anti-Slavery paper on the week succeeding the suspension of the *Albatross*. There should be no break in time—we knew nothing of any other printing office, and he had to print it. Words were wasted upon us; and we had never stopped to consider that to edit and publish a weekly paper, we must spend a large portion of our time in the City; while we lived two hours ride from it, in the time of good roads; and three hours a great part of the year. We did not stop to think that much of that time must be spent in the office where our paper was issued, in a dingy five-story establishment, full of men and boys, presses, desks and type stands; in a city where there was not one woman in any such business, that we were not yet thirty, and looked no more than twenty-five, with a soft, countrified face; and hair which had distressed us for five years by the pertinacity with which it refused to turn gray, long after every hope in life lay crushed and dead.

We did not reflect that he was in the prime of life, a man of commanding address and fascinating manners, that he had the reputation of having fallen into some of the sins, which public opinion scarce considers blameable in one of his sex; and that the relations we thus ran into, could scarce fail to awake the voice of scandal.

He must have thought of it all, for again and again he referred to Mr. S., until we went and brought him there to sanction our insanity.

Then he went to work to get out the *Visitor*. There were delays and difficulties; and the day it was announced to appear, it could not be got off the press until after night. A crowd filled the office and stood on the pavement waiting for copies. We were correcting proof until the last moment, in the editorial room adjoining the office; and it was eleven o'clock before the people dispersed and we could leave. We had kept a hired man with us, one of the farm hands a very worthy man, to aid us in various ways, and see us to the friend's house where we were staying. When we were ready to start, Mr. FLEESON, who was then a clerk in the office, and who, with his wife, was on intimate terms in our family, took his hat, and said jestingly:

"Mr. RIDDLE, since you are the head of this establishment, I concluded you had a right to the honor of seeing the heroine of the evening safe home; but since you neglect, I hope she will exempt me as a substitute."

Without giving us any time to reply, he bent his tall form, with such a look of offence, and replied:

"It was from Mr. FLEESON, I learned that Mrs. S. never accepts such attentions from any gentleman; and you observe she has retained her attendant all the evening. Her relations in this establishment, are simply business relations; and when she thinks anything that any of us can do, is necessary to insure her safety, she will let us know."

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From that time we came and went with no more ceremony than attended the ingress or egress of one of the roller boys, except that no man or boy in the establishment ever used a rude or profane word in our presence.

He generally contrived to vacate the editorial room at the times we occupied it.—Often for six weeks we would not see him; and generally when we wanted to settle we had to go to his residence. When we came into the sanctum and found him there, or he came and found us, he always stepped to the window which opened to the street and set back the shutter so that any one passing could see what passed within; and that without giving us other intimation by word or look that he considered us a very imprudent little woman, to have wandered so far out of woman's sphere, as to get into a printing office.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The State Road

E. CURTIS, who is superintending the cutting out of the State Road to Breckinridge, is now in Town for supplies. He informs us that they have passed the 22d. mile stake in their progress; having cut out eleven miles of the road through a forest of heavy timber.

The survey was vacated, by the last Legislature, as far as St. Jo., 8 miles out, and the old road retained as a part of the route. This leaves no road making to be done out as far as that point; and from St. Jo. the company started in, leaving four miles of the road west of that place to be made by the citizens of the precinct. The surveyors and road-makers, both speak in high terms of the liberality and alacrity with which the German settlers of that township have aided their labors in this work; and express the utmost confidence in securing a good, permanent road, at small cost.

It is a matter of great importance to have that timber region penetrated by an open road. It must facilitate its settlement, and induce many to come in and take timber claims, who could not if there were not such road.

We look upon it as of the utmost importance that our timber lands should be dotted with settler's houses.

It will be in the timber region, where it will be protected from the winds, that our best fruit must be raised; and to the necessary clearing we must look for a continued supply of fuel, without involving the necessity of cutting down our beautiful oak openings and groves, which ought to be religiously preserved.

We regret, therefore, very much, that two or three of that class of croakers, who always see a lion crouched just a little piece before, and hear the growl of a tiger on either hand—that class of folks whose principal business in life is to see or imagine insurmountable difficulties, have croaked until they have so discouraged some of our most enterprising, public spirited citizens that they withhold their subscriptions to the work. We are entirely convinced, from talking with Engineers who have been over the route, and have no interest in it, that a good, practical road can be made at reasonable cost; and such road will greatly facilitate the settlement of that country. We have no doubt, whatever, that a few bags of flour, bushels of beans, and pounds of pork, would be a profitable investment, in this work; and that all our citizens who make such investment, will realize a full percentage profit, in the increased value of property in St. Cloud.

The American Eagle—May he never rise in anger or go to roost in fear.

The Company were highly pleased with this as they had been with Brother MILLER's flag toast; and nobody said a word about the habits of that

—Fierce gray bird,
With the bending beak;
With an eye of flame;
And a startling shriek.

Or the particular fancy he has for catching old hens and small chickens; and for contending with the vulture for his carrion prey.

Mr. WAIT made the following remarks: Ladies and Gentlemen, in response to the sentiment offered by my friend Mr. Lancaster from Sauk Rapids, I have to say that I know of no other subject so deeply affecting the interests of Minnesota as that of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Situated as Minnesota is, midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, commanding as it does the navigable head waters of the Mississippi River with a Railroad, such as that contemplated, we should have the choice of all markets and be excluded from none.

The Geographical situation of Minnesota is peculiar. Few States have greater commercial facilities and none have them so well distributed over its surface. Whilst its South and South-eastern parts find direct communication with Southern markets, its Northern and Western portions are connected with the great Lakes; and, by the Red and Saskatchewan Rivers, with the country which lies at the base of the Rocky Mountains. We need a Pacific Railroad to bridge the commercial chasm

cooking the oysters. The meats, vegetables and sauces were brought to perfection under the hands of the hostess and her usual assistants.

It was a merry, busy time; and we should be at a loss to find a better illustration of the genius of our country than was given in that supper. Here we are, in the very vanguard of civilization, within sound of the Indian's rifle, as he pursues the game he still claims as his rightful inheritance; and to see the table fully furnished with snowy damask, crystal glass, silver, china and all the changes deemed essential in the highest civilization; and to reflect that it owed nothing to government patronage. It was not at a military post, those anomalies which carry luxury and vice into the most inaccessible regions. It was simply an impromptu entertainment of private citizens, who had come to make homes beside the Red man's wigwam.

The costumes and general appearance of the company would have been elegant in any place; and we wished that those who talk of the "privations of frontier life," could have witnessed the fortitude with which our pioneers bore the afflictions of that evening.

After supper, speeches and sentiments were the order of the evening. STEPHEN MILLER Esq., who presided, opened with a short, pleasant and appropriate speech, of which we failed to get a report. He closed with the sentiment:

Our country's flag—Her stars for friends, and her stripes for foes.

Which popular toast indicates the fact that brother MILLER is decidedly patriotic; but he forgot to mention that our country does not dispose of her emblems according to his wish; but that her stars are reserved for Buncombe and Fourth of July illuminations; while her stripes are bestowed upon the women who toil in her cotton and rice fields; and for weak neighbors whose territory offers a field for the extension of our striped institutions. He forgot that our Supreme Court, and Chief Magistrate have decided that our flag is principally intended to proclaim and protect the right of ruffian men to whip women, and steal babes on any soil over which it waves.

Shame upon our self laudations about our own liberties, while we stand in the light of a nation where the rich and powerful rob the poor and weak with impunity.

Mr. H. Z. MITCHELL was next called out but professed to have eaten too much supper to be able to see clearly; but proposed that the meeting be called the old settler's association, and maintained that he must be an old settler since the country was only two and a half years old, and he had been here three years. He gave us a sentiment:

Our highly esteemed and worthy representative Hon. T. C. McCLURE—shape and talent—the primary elements of his political success, we bespeak for him, on the same account, a speedy matrimonial success.

This called out Mr. McCLURE, who gave us a sentiment:

Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud—separated by the turbid waters of the Mississippi, may they never be divided by feelings of strife, envy or discord.

Mr. LANCASTER then rose and after a few graceful remarks gave:

Success to the Northern Pacific Railroad.

As Mr. L. is a Government surveyor of large experience and information about the different routes for a Pacific road, this sentiment was warmly received.

Mr. GORTON next gave:

The American Eagle—May he never rise in anger or go to roost in fear.

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which nature has left between us and the West. The South ever watchful of its own interests, laughs at the idea of a Pacific Railroad North of the latitude of St. Louis. They couple our position with barren wastes and trackless snows and with winters which scarcely admit of summer sunshine or summer flowers. But experience is fast exploding such theories. The emigrant may go North, as he goes West, without change of climate. The snows of Minnesota average less in depth than in Eastern States, whose latitude is 2 or 3 degrees further South. The new gold discoveries in British Columbia point to Puget Sound as the future western terminus of the Pacific Railway. Ships are now fitted out at Vancouver's Island, laden with freight direct for the Indies. San Francisco is fast losing its exclusive commercial monopoly upon the Pacific; and is dividing its spoils with Victoria. British capital and British enterprise is becoming enlisted in the great undertaking which is a guaranty of its success. Shall not Minnesota also engage in the work of building a Pacific Railway? It is directly upon the line and the finger of destiny seems to point to the Road which is now approaching us from St. Paul, as destined in the future to be a part of that stupendous work. Not "Westward" but Northward "the course of empire takes its way."

He gave us a sentiment: New Years Eve—The shadowy link, in the chain of years which binds the dead past to the coming future—May it link our past trials to a future of golden destinies.

A lady from Little Falls offered: Minnesota—May she ever be faithful to the Union.

Whereupon we took the liberty of adding: So long as the Union is faithful to the right.

A gentleman who was too modest to get up before so many ladies, got Mr. MITCHELL, who was still laboring under difficulty on account of the oysters and ice cream; and the trouble of belonging to that class of Hollanders who do not see well after four o'clock, to read:

Our Fellow Townsman, STEPHEN MILLER Esq.—Commends himself to our high esteem, for his public spirit, and indefatigable zeal in whatsoever tends to promote the interest, prosperity and welfare of our town and neighborhood both at home and abroad.

Here Mr. MILLER was expected to say something handsome; but had his attention so pre-occupied by the ladies, that he could not "say beans;" and twelve o'clock being announced, some wag, who dared not stand god father to the sentiment, offered:

THE LADIES.
When did ever morning break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here."

N. P. CLARK, our Clerk of Court, elect, when called upon, was discovered in a state of modesty which forbade a speech, but he gave:

May the ensuing year be as victorious, as the ending of the old year is glorious.

Mr. COON gave:

The coming year—May it be a glorious and happy year for us all.

CHARLES TAYLOR Esq., being repeatedly called, gave the most beautiful sentiment of the evening. We feared spoiling it, and so, did not take it down, as we did the others, hoping to get it from him in writing; but he objects to appearing in print; and as he is one of our most estimable citizens and a near neighbor, we have reluctantly consented to leave him out of our report. Our readers will therefore understand that Mr. TAYLOR is left out by his own request. His sentiment amounted to a wish, that the lives of the citizens of Minnesota might flow on in harmony, as do her streams on their way to the ocean; but it gained peculiar beauty from the manner of expression.

Judge SMITH was repeatedly called for, but could not be induced to utter a word. It was understood that he was suffering from disappointment, at having been badly jilted at a late wedding party; and he was exoused.

As he owns the grist mill here the Miller of St. Cloud was toasted until he was done quite brown; and S. MILLER Esq. responded for him. This gentleman has a habit of making people laugh when he talks, which is rather undignified in one whose beard is turning gray. If it were not for this peculiarity, his remarks would be worth reporting, when he is not talking about "Our Flag," for he talks well; but we never say anything about it, for fear of making him vain.

The Mill owner of Sauk Rapids, Mr. CHASE, was next toasted, but declined saying anything except pledging himself to use his best endeavors to supply us all with the staff of life. We thought him a very amiable gentleman; and were no little surprised when we were called on for a sentiment, and thinking to say something clever, gave:

The Gentlemen—Thank God for them, that had as they are they might have been worse.

and our modest Miller rose on the instant and responded that there was abundant evidence before the house that this sentiment was correct. "The horrid creature—" If it were not that he made ashore and really beautiful speech afterwards, we should say he ought to be "chased" by

the ladies until he takes refuge in matrimony with a shrew.

HENRY SWISSELM was repeatedly and pressingly called, but was on the committee who were to be seen and not heard.—Sentiments came fast and we select at random, for want of room.

By Mr. WAIT,
St. Cloud, the Town of magnificent dimensions—May its future be a popular comment upon the most sanguine expectations of her original proprietors.

By Mr. PROCTOR,
Minnesota—May the present year bring us a big emigration; but not a grasshopper emigration.

By Mr. WAIT,
St. Cloud sends to Sauk Rapids Greeting—Rivals though not necessarily foes—May their future development span the Mississippi River in a single arch of consolidated triumph.

By Mr. MILLER,
The loved ones behind us—May they be with us next New Year to judge of Minnesota for themselves.

By Mr. PROCTOR,
Sauk Rapids and St. Cloud—May they soon be connected by iron bands.

By Mr. WAIT,
Stearns County, the County which bears the name of our honored host—May he long live to enjoy its healthful climate and beautiful landscapes.

Mr. STEARNS after bluntly telling Mr. WAIT that he did not thank him for calling him in to hear that, gave us a history of the division of the State into Counties. He stated that he had the "honor—or dishonor" of being a member of the Territorial Legislature two years, that in 54 an attempt had been made to divide Northern Minnesota into Counties but had failed. In 55 Mr. J. L. WILSON of St. Cloud had brought the question up again, when this County was organized and named for him. He ended by hoping the citizens would resist all of the many plans for dividing it, reminding them that small Counties were of small importance in districting the State for Representatives.

Mr. W. M. POWELL, then favored the company with the popular National song of the "Red, White, and Blue."—When, in answer to our sentiment and by way, he said, of killing us with kindness, he gave:

The Ladies—Thank God for them that, good as they are, they could have been no better.

Whereupon, we were constrained to acknowledge that he was entitled to our bouquet.

The tables were then cleared, and the dining hall suddenly converted into a hall room, when we left the young folks enjoying themselves to the extent of their ability.

Very Magnanimous

We give place to the following article in the *Pennsylvania Telegraph* for two reasons:

FIRST. We wish to give the children of Minnesota an opportunity, during the holidays, to laugh at the credulity and prejudice of the author.

SECOND. We are anxious once for all, that the public should learn that many Eastern editors who have a character for truthfulness upon other subjects, become morally insane when they refer to Minnesota.

The Editor of the *Telegraph* (during his lucid intervals) knew that at the time of writing the article in question, there had been no winter in St. Paul for eight months; and, if he enquired, he knew that mullen stalks and pokeberries do not grow at all in Minnesota. It is to be regretted that he cannot comprehend why land in the neighborhood of St. Paul, a larger city than Harrisburg, and doing tenfold its business, should not command about half the price of land in the vicinity of Harrisburg, when it is known that the St. Paul lands will produce twice as much grain or vegetables per acre, as the soil to which he is so much devoted.

The citizens of Minnesota, relying upon their natural advantages and the energy of her sons, must struggle upward to their high destiny, through unheard of difficulties, and the unmerited and undying hostility of Eastern editors, and THEY WILL.

THE WESTERN FEVER.—If there are any of our young men who are anxious to go west and realize fortunes, let them first send for some of the newspapers of the section, and look at the probable chances of success. At St. Paul, the grand center, \$50 is charged for the use of two coaches and a wagon to go nine miles, and the stage fare to St. Anthony, (eight miles,) is \$1. The people are constitutionally opposed to work, and swap far for barrels, and far barrels for tar. Land that raises four plants and two mullen stalks to the acre, sells for \$100 per acre—the pokeberry and mullen harvest being followed by a winter eight months long.

THE Ladies Temperance Social Circle met at the Everett School House. The house was densely crowded. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. PHILLIPS, when the choir under Mr. SCOTFIELD sang in excellent style a song of "sparkling water." Mrs. SWISSELM read a lecture on "Man," which is to be published in the next St. Cloud Democrat.

The choir again sang, when an opportunity was offered for all to sign the pledge. A number did so; and after some time spent in social conversation, the choir sang the Hallelujah chorus and all dispersed in fine spirits.