

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.

JAMES G. SWISSELM,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 2.

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NO. 24

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT

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The Republican National Convention.

A National Republican Convention will meet at Chicago on Wednesday the 13th day of June next, at 12 o'clock (noon), for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice President at the next election.

The Republican electors of the several States, the members of the People's party of Pennsylvania, and all others who are willing to cooperate with them in support of the candidates who shall there be nominated, and who are opposed to the policy of the present Administration; to Federal corruption and usurpation; to the extension of Slavery into the Territories; to the new and dangerous political doctrine that the Constitution, of its own force, carries Slavery into all the Territories of the United States; to the reopening of the American slave-trade; to any inequality of rights among citizens; and who are in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas into the Union; under the Constitution recently adopted by its people; of restoring the Federal Administration to a system of rigid economy, and to the principles of Washington and Jefferson; of maintaining inviolate the rights of the States, and defending the soil of every State and Territory from lawless invasion; and of preserving the integrity of this Union, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws passed in pursuance thereof, against the conspiracy of the leaders of a sectional party to resist the majority principal as established in this Government at the expense of its existence, are invited to send from each State two delegates from every Congressional District and four delegates at large to the Convention.

EDWIN D. MORGAN, New York.
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Victor Hugo on John Brown.

To the Editor of The London Star:
Sir: When our thoughts dwell upon the United States of America, a majestic form rises before the eye of imagination. It is a Washington!

Look, then, to what is taking place in that country of Washington at this present moment.

In the Southern States of the Union there are Slaves, and this circumstance is regarded with indignation, as the most monstrous of inconsistencies, by the pure and logical conscience of the Northern States. A white man, a free man, John Brown, sought to deliver these negro slaves from bondage. Assuredly, if insurrection is ever a sacred duty, it must be so when it is directed against Slavery. John Brown endeavored to commence the work of emancipation by the liberation of slaves in Virginia. Pious, austere, animated with the old Puritan spirit, inspired by the spirit of the Gospel, he sounded to these men, these oppressed brothers, the rallying-cry of Freedom. The slaves, enervated by servitude, made no response to the appeal. Slavery afflicts the soul with deafness. Brown, though deserted, still fought at the head of a handful of heroic men; he struggled; he was riddled with balls; his two young sons, sacred martyrs, fell dead at his side, and he himself was taken. This is what they call the affair at Harper's Ferry.

John Brown has been tried with four of his comrades, Stephens, Coppie, Green, and Copeland.

What has been the character of his trial? Let us sum it up in a few words:

John Brown, upon a wretched pallet, with six half-gaping wounds, a gun-shot wound in his arm, another in his loins, and two in his head, scarcely conscious of surrounding sounds, bathing his mattress in blood, and with the ghastly presence of two dead sons ever beside him; his two fellow-sufferers wounded, dragging themselves along by his side; Stephens bleeding from four labor wounds; justice in a hurry and overleaping all obstacles; an attorney, Hunter, who wishes to proceed hastily, and a judge, Parker, who suffers him to have his way; the hearing out short, almost every application for delay refused, forged and mutilated documents produced, the witnesses for the defense kidnapped, every obstacle thrown in the way of the prisoner's counsel, two cannon loaded with canister stationed in the Court, orders given to the jailers to shoot the prisoners if they sought to escape, forty minutes of deliberation, and

three men sentenced to die. I declare on my honor that all this took place, not in Turkey, but in America.

Such things cannot be done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience of humanity is an ever-watchful eye. Let the judges of Charleston, and Hunter, and Parker, and the slaveholding jurors, and the whole population of Virginia, ponder on it well; they are watched! They are not alone in the world.

At this moment America attracts the eyes of the whole of Europe.

John Brown, condemned to die, was to have been hanged on the 2d of December—this very day.

But news has just reached us. A respite has been granted him. It is not until the 16th that he is to die.

The interval is a brief one. Before it has ended will a cry for mercy have had time to make itself effectually heard?

No matter! It is our duty to speak out.

Perhaps a second respite may be granted. America is a noble nation. The impulse of humanity springs quickly into life among a free people. We may yet hope that Brown will be saved.

If it were otherwise, if Brown should die on the scaffold on the 16th of December, what a terrible calamity!

The executioner of Brown, let us avow it openly (for the day of the Kings is past, and the day of the peoples dawns, and to the people we are bound frankly to speak the truth)—the executioner of Brown would be neither the attorney Hunter, nor the judge Parker, nor the Governor Wise, nor the State of Virginia; it would be, though we can scarce think or speak of it without a shudder, the whole American Republic.

The more one loves, the more one admires, the more one venerates that Republic, the more heart sick one feels at the contemplation of such a catastrophe! A single State ought not to have the power to dishonor all the rest, and in this case there is an obvious justification for a Federal intervention. Otherwise, by hesitating to interfere when it might prevent a crime, the Union becomes a participator in its guilt. No matter how intense may be the indignation of the generous Northern States, the Southern States force them to share the opprobrium of this murder. All of us, no matter who we may be, who are bound together as compatriots by the common tie of democratic creed, feel ourselves in some measure compromised. If the scaffold should be erected on the 16th of December, the incorruptible voice of history would therefor testify that the august Confederation of the New World had added to all its ties of holy brotherhood a brotherhood of blood, and the fuses of that splendid Republic would be bound together with the running noose that hung from the gibbet of Brown.

It is a bond that can only kill.

When we reflect on what Brown the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes an importance coextensive with that of the nation which would commit it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is one of the glories of the human race; that, like France, like England, like Germany, she is one of the great agents of civilization; that she sometimes even leaves Europe in the rear by the sublime audacity of some of her progressive movements; that she is the Queen of an entire world, and that her brow is irradiated with a glorious halo of freedom, we declare our conviction that John Brown will not die, for we recoil horror-struck from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

Viewed in a political light, the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a gaping fissure which would lead in the end to its entire disruption. It is possible that the execution of Brown might establish Slavery on a firm basis in Virginia, but it is certain that it would shake to its center the entire fabric of American democracy. You preserve your infamy, but you sacrifice your glory.

Viewed in a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the enlightenment of humanity would be eclipsed, that even the ideas of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of emancipation by liberty.

As for myself, though I am but a mere atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, I fall on my knees weeping before the great spangled banner of the New World, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American Republic, sister of the French Republic, to see to the safety of the universal moral law, to save John Brown, to demolish the threatening scaffold of the 16th of December, and not to suffer that, beneath its eyes, and I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, a crime should be perpetrated surpassing the first fratricide in humanity.

For—yes, let America know it and ponder on it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel: It is Washington slaying Spartacus.

VICTOR HUGO.

Hautville House, Dec. 2, 1859.

Letter From John Brown.

From The Wooster (Ohio) Republican

By permission of the Rev. J. W. McFarland, of Wooster, to whom it was addressed, we copy, from the original, the following letter written by John Brown, in answer to one received by him from Mr. McFarland. The letter like all others written by Brown since his imprisonment, speaks the true spirit of a hero and martyr.

JAIL, CHARLESTON, Nov. 23, 1859.

REV. MCFARLAND—Dear Friend:

Although you write to me as a stranger, the spirit you show toward me and the cause for which I am in bonds, makes me feel toward you as a very dear friend. I would be glad to have you or any of my liberty-loving ministerial friends here, to talk and pray with me. I am not a stranger to the way of salvation—by Christ—From my youth, I have studied much on this subject, and at one time hoped to be a minister myself, but God had another work for me to do. To me it is given in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. But while I trust that I have some experimental and saving knowledge of religion, it would be a great pleasure for me to have some one better qualified than myself, to lead my mind in prayer and meditation, now that my time is so near a close. You may wonder, are there no ministers of the gospel here? I answer no. There are no ministers of Christ here. These ministers who profess to be Christian, and hold slaves, or advocate Slavery—I cannot abide them. My knees will not bend in prayer with them while their hands are stained with the blood of souls. The subject you mention as having been preaching on, the day before you wrote to me, is one which I have often thought of since my imprisonment. I think I feel as Paul did when he lay in prison. He knew if they killed him it would greatly advance the cause of Christ; that was the reason he rejoiced so. On that same ground, "I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Let them hang me, I forgive them, and may God forgive them for they know not what they do. I have no regret for the transaction for which I am condemned. I went against the laws of men, it is true, but, "whether it be right to obey God, or men judge ye." Christ told me to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them, to do toward them as I would wish them to do toward me in similar circumstances. My conscience bid me do that. I tried it, but failed. Therefore I have no regret on that score. I have no sorrow, either, as to the result, only for my poor wife and children. They have suffered much and it is hard to leave them uncared for. But God will be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless.

I have frequently been in Wooster, and if any of my old friends from about Akron are there, you can show them this letter. I have but a few more days, and I feel anxious to be away, "where the wicked cease troubling and the weary are at rest." Farewell. Your friend, and the friend of all friends of Liberty, JOHN BROWN.

Kidnapping Irishmen.

It is well known that there is a gang of men in the lower part of the State engaged in the nefarious business of kidnapping negroes for Southern market. It appears that they extend their operations also to Irishmen. As witness the following, from the Olney Times of the 25th November:

Alton Courier.

This week a man of dark complexion, straight black hair, black whiskers and mustache, was arrested and brought to Olney on the enormous charge of being a fugitive slave. His captors took him to jail for the purpose of securing him, but Fred Johns did not feel safe in putting him in the lockup without some better authority than his captors were able to produce, and they were reduced to the inconvenience of keeping personal watch over him, which created some little curiosity among our citizens to know something of the fellow, concerning his history. In conversation with him he informed us that he was a native of Ireland, and had been twelve years in America, and the last year had been in Chicago. He gave his name as Thomas Leary. Hon. M. O. Kane was present, and gave it as his opinion that he was an Irishman of inferior intelligence. We endeavored to prevail on his captors to release him, when they, in a very decisive manner, gave us to understand that when they received the reward that they claimed was offered for his apprehension they would do so. Seeing their determination to run him off, a petition was drawn

up praying Hon. A. Kitchell for a writ of Habeas corpus, which was duly served, but up to the present writing has not been returned.

Compliment to a Minnesota Member of Congress!

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal, writing relative to the protracted contest for Speaker in the House of Representatives, thus alludes to one of our members of Congress:

"The Republican members are in their seats ready to vote whenever the fire-enters will allow a vote to be taken. Among the most noticeable evidences of devotion to the party as well as back-bone, was the appearance of Mr. Aldrich, of Minnesota, who, though unable to take any kind of nourishment for thirty-six hours, nevertheless went to the House, and being too weak to sit up, reclined on a sofa for five hours ready to answer to his name whenever the roll was called. Had other members been as eager to organize the House, or been ready to sacrifice half as much, the House would ere this have been organized."

The Colonel is good pluck, and the slave-drivers will find him always on hand to combat their schemes. He has driven stage in his time, and don't know how to be driven.

We like this first gun from Washington about Minnesota's new Representatives there. The former stock were not calculated for grit or independence. Rice summersaults from Douglasism to Buchananism, at the first flourish of the official whip; Shields was only of account to deliver financial orations; Cavanaugh himself declared he "hesitated, and faltered," and Phelps never ran the least risk, by any over act of talent, of being mistaken in his namesake of Missouri.

Four Republican members may have no opportunity to display talent, we will accept the exhibition of pluck, grit backbone, as compensation instead Good for the old Colonel, we say again—Minnesota and Times.

When is bread said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why is a hen immortal? Because her "son never sets."

When you advertise your business make no half-way work of it. Business like architecture—its best support is its columns.

If you want to get rid of corns, rub them over with roasted cheese, and let three or four nice nibble them for a night or two. If the mice do their duty, the remedy will be efficient.

"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you at Massa?" replied Pompey, "I knew it at Massa."

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COMPRISING LIVES OF GENERAL FRANCIS MARION, General William Moultrie, General Andrew Pickens, and Governor John Rutledge—With Sketches of other distinguished Heroes and Patriots who served in the Revolutionary War in the Southern States. By GEORGE B. HARTLEY. With engravings from original designs, by G. G. Whitt. One volume, 12mo., cloth. Price \$1.00.

From the Preface.

The purpose of the work is to record the actions of some of the most celebrated of the many heroes and patriots who distinguished themselves by eminent services in the Revolutionary War, in the Southern States of the Union.

Among these, General Marion, whose life occupies a considerable portion of the volume, was one of the most remarkable characters who figured on the grand theatre of war in those times that "tried men's souls." Marion's achievements were of the most heroic and romantic character; and are always read with interest and admiration.

General Moultrie, the illustrious defender of the fortress which bears his name, is not less interesting in his way.

General Pickens, was the companion of Marion, in some of his daring enterprises, and one of the most useful of all the general officers who assisted in recovering the Southern States from the enemy.

Governor Rutledge, rendered services to the cause, of the most important nature, and displayed a character and ability equal to every emergency of those critical and perilous times.

Of several other military Commanders and Statesmen, we have given but slight sketches, in consequence of the brief space to which we were limited.

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"The wide and still spreading popularity of 'Home Theatricals,' or Private Dramatics, amongst the most fashionable and refined circles, together with the repeated calls for a form of Dramas, or Plays, differing in their structure and effects from those of other works in circulation, have induced the Publisher to present this work, in which will be found, along with some original pieces, a large number of the plays, comedies, and farces of the most popular Dramatists; from the days of Shakspeare to those of the present period; all or most of which are compressed into one act, and into parlor scenes, or such as can easily be arranged by the ordinary household resources.

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Perhaps a more perfect work of the kind is not to be found at the present time in the world, and it certainly reflects the highest credit on the author and publisher in the production of the one in question. The insipid trash, and nonsensical charades, and drawing-room dramas, which we have seen and heard, must now yield to something more elegant, refined, interesting, and amusing. Silas S. Steele's "Book of Plays for Home Amusement," will form a new era in this description of domestic dramatic literature, and create a taste to witness those productions from which he has culled out only a scene or two:

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George P. Burnham, late liquor agent of Massachusetts, has been arraigned before the superior court of Boston on the charge of adulterating the State liquors. He pleaded not guilty, and was held in \$5,000 for trial.

A country editor says that a farmer in that country made a scarecrow so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days, and left in the field.

I plow, I sow, I reap, I mow, I get up wood for winter, I dig, I hoe, and I tatter