

# 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. 2.

ST. CLOUD, STEARNS CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, MAY 31 1860.

NO. 44

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

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Will make collections, invest money, buy, sell or loan Land Warrants, and enter purchase or dispose of Real Estate.

### JAMES McKELVY,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
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No. 108-117

### THE PLAYMATE.

BY J. G. WHITFIELD.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,  
The orchard birds sang clear;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home,  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine;  
What more could ask the bashful boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of eventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smooths her silken gown—  
No more the home spun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet  
The woods of Folly-mill.

The lillies blossom in the pond,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems—  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
For other eyes than ours—  
That other hands with nuts are filled,  
And other laps with flowers?

O, playmate in the golden time!  
Our mossy seat is green,  
Its fringing violets blossom yet,  
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
A sweeter memory blow;  
And there in spring the vespers sing  
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are moaning like the sea—  
The moaning of the sea of change,  
Between myself and thee!

—Atlantic Monthly.

### THE PEDDLER and HIS DOG.

Some years ago I traveled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot, or rode, as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry, to sell to those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journey was a large dog, of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be the king of his species. He was good-natured and quiet, and there was something almost human in his eyes. He attended to his own business, and never quarreled with "ears of low degree." He would bear an insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation; and I never knew him, save on a few occasions, resent the undue liberties of puppies of a larger growth. When his rille, however, was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to "evil doers."

When I traveled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched all my movements with a business-like expression. It annoyed him, sometimes, to see my customers drag the goods from my pack, and handle them with such freedom, which he expressed by a low growl, while he followed every piece with his eyes to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and with my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with every thing, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew the value of every thing I carried, and the value I attached to them. He was, and wagged his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watch dog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his care being taken away. I found him very useful and companionable in my travels.

Conveyances were so scarce and uncertain, that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. These journeys were anything but pleasant; and as the country was new, and the state of society was anything but good, robberies were frequently perpetrated upon these lonely roads, and there were those, no doubt, to whom the rich stuff I carried would be a sufficient temptation to commit murder. This idea frequently occurred to me, in traveling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was always by

my side, ready to die in my defence, and proud to share in my wanderings. I always went armed. An excellent brace of pistols, steel barreled, and loaded with ball, were never from my pocket, save long enough to see that they were in order, and at night they lay beneath my pillow. I felt quite safe with these and Lion, who was the companion of my rights as well as days. He always laid down between my bed and the door, with his face towards the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day, in the summer of 1830, I found myself in a small settlement, on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eighteen miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained, without waiting till the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forth briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would be, by no means, an agreeable one.

The road, it need it could be called, was very hard, and through the thickest forest in that part of the country. The night, too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side, getting over the ground fast, so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was on me, before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eighteen miles, but I could see no settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to traveling, and knew well my ability to calculate distances. But I kept up a good heart, and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road I was in, until I reached some habitation.

In a short time, I was glad I had made the resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I could be accommodated very well there. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. A man opened the door.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings, and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes upon him. In a gruff voice, he asked my business. I told him I believed I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodation. After hesitating a moment, he asked me to enter. A tall female sat in a corner, near a large rock fire-place. She seemed busy in watching a piece of meat, hissing over the fire. It struck me that I had never seen a more apathetic countenance than her's. She hardly noticed my entry. She might have been forty years old. Her face was remarkably thin, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was thin and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head gear was wholly indescribable, and beneath it gray hairs were visible. Her entire dress was unlike anything I had ever seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack, as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse looking person, whose countenance appeared more indicative of rapacity than villainy.

To my questions, he replied very civilly, after I had entered, and he had got a view of my person. I learned from him what I had suspected for the last half hour—that I had taken the wrong road.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed that I could stay. This did not appear to me a very great favor, since I had a chance to observe my host and hostess. The meat upon the coals was put upon the table, at length. I was invited to partake of it, which I did, with my host, who had been absent, and had returned, a few minutes before my arrival. During my repast, Lion took his station by my side, receiving a portion, as he always did.

When I had finished, I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket, pretended to be reading.

I glanced up occasionally from under my brows, and was started to see the apathy of the woman, as well as that of the man, wearing off rapidly. Her eyes grew animated, and in unison with his, glanced at the dog with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

Presently I nodded over my paper like a sleeping person. Instantly the manner of the two persons became more alarming. Finally the tall hag lifted my pack, and weighed it in her hand as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewelry and costly silks. I always made a practice of putting my silver money in a bag, and deposited it in a corner of said pack, but my bills were placed in a belt which I wore next to my skin.

After she had done this, she motioned for him to come and lift it, which he did, with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced.

He then opened the door softly, and motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood the

antonomies as well as anybody, he did not offer to stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient, and shook a poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth and uttered a low growl. The pantomimes ceased in an instant. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me. "A fine dog," said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark "I reckon he wants to get out—he growls as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did no such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat, and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

This was something very strange for him. I never before knew him to refuse meat when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instincts taught him that the hand outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness; the rather decided and energetic expression of her feelings.

I thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preparatory yawn or two. The same apathy came back and settled upon the features of my entertainers. I made them understand that I wished to retire. There was but two apartments to the cabin, and both left the one I was in to make arrangements in the other, for my accommodation. They came out at length and I was informed that my bed was ready. They watched my movements with a considerable interest when I arose to retire. I started without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair lighted up; I returned and took it and they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first, and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion; but the latter put forth his strength, and sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

"I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire," said she, by way of apology.

"Call the varmint out—taint likely the man wants to sleep in a room with a beast," added mine host, in a manner that expressed a great deal of christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him in the room with me," I answered.

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh, no," I answered, "You are quite right—he never takes anything that's not his."

Saying this, I wished them a good night and closed the door.

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine every thing in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c., together with a quarter of venison, some jerked beef, and skins of all animals. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles, in the same state they were taken from the woods, and the clothing upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular, was that the bed was turned towards the partition, separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left open by design.

I began to feel queer (and this is not just the word to express what I mean.) I had a large sum of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers at any rate, as their actions had already evinced. How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice whilst I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it from my mind. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would come in that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat, and busied about as though I was undressing.

I put my pistols under my pillow and laid down, but such an unaccountable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not sleep. Lion, too, appeared uneasy; came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, and then went back to his post at the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most musically, but I did not fail to look through the crevice and see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, and were quiet enough until I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them rise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed. I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was then in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I

turned over heavily, and pretended to have awakened. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I determined to make it more useful than it had ever been before. I lifted myself from the bed, and felt about in the dark, until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this manner, I crept back to my bed, and placed it on my pillow, in the exact spot which my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the long crevice, through which I now took another look. Heavens! the funds were loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs.

I can't say but I felt a little dry about the throat then! I looked towards old Lion. I could see his great eyes through the darkness. He was upon the alert.—The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself I am no coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistols in my hands, I bent over the bed and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, and nodded and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag, with the pistols and carving knife. Stopping, he peered into the room, and brought his ferocious looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I distinctly heard him fix the muzzle of his gun against the fissure opposite the wig, and then, with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I lay still and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat, and elevate his piece? A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories!" I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily to the floor. "Now for that dog!"

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his forefeet upon the bed, while to keep him still I put my hand over his mouth. He knew what I meant, for I had kept him quiet so before. At the moment of the discharge he gave a growl. I pointed to the door. He understood my meaning very well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire, while he awaited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassin.

"I will open the door a little way, and when the critter sticks out his head, shoot him," said the she wolf.

The door was opened, but "the critter" didn't stick his head out. Lion knew better than that, and watch his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time; with a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the woman, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, dragged him in an instant to the floor, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp; her surprise was so great that she made but little resistance, and I quickly bound her hand and foot with a cord she had prepared for another use, perhaps to drag my body away into the woods.

The next thing to attend to was the man and Lion. The struggle was still going on, but the latter had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little life was in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it he had set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no pity from me. I bound him as I had his companion in iniquity, while he maintained a moody silence, and she heaped curses upon the dog. I bound her apron about his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Lion seemed very well satisfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner and watched them with calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as much as Lion did, and they were certainly old offenders, as it was proved afterwards, in a court of justice.

As good fortune would have it, a man passed next morning, by whom I sent word to the next settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited

their trial, which took place about three months afterwards. They were sentenced to ten years imprisonment, which, all things considered, was not too much. I believe if they ever live to get out they will kill Lion, should he survive their punishment; he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere; no money would tempt me to part with him.

It is now looking quietly in my face as I write this. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published in this sketch—but he shakes his head very gravely, as much as to say—"I don't care about it, master, every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days." Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his way in this, as in a great many other things. Let no one despise the dog, as he is the only animal who, for forsaking his own species, cultivates the friendship of man.

The New York Tribune of the 15th has the following allusion to the large defalcation (stealing of the people's money, in plain English,) of Postmaster Fowler in that city:

"The city was startled yesterday by the report that Mr. Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster of New York, Grand Sachem of the Tammany General Committee had fled from public justice as a defaulter to a large amount. Rumors of a similar nature had before been put in circulation, and had found their way into the press; but no proof had ever been adduced to support them, and they had always failed to obtain public credence, or to shake the social and political standing of Mr. Fowler, who has been personally popular among all parties as a genial, gentlemanly and liberal-minded man. Now, however, the facts are placed beyond dispute; and from the somewhat differing narratives of the event, which we draw the following summary of what we suppose to be established as the truth of the case:

"The defalcation, which is stated to be \$153,000, is of long standing, some of it dating back as far as 1856. With the assistance of his friends, Mr. Fowler has, until recently, kept pretty well up in his accounts, but the load was constantly increasing, and could no longer be carried. On Friday the first definite step was taken by the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Fowler, and Assistant Post Master General King came on and took possession of the office. Mr. Fowler disappeared on Saturday night, and yesterday the facts became public. Thus far he has not been found, although it is thought he is in or near the city. His bondsmen are George Law and Gustavus A. Conover, who guaranteed \$75,000; but it is probable they may escape, as the government knew of the deficit long ago. No one else in the Post Office is implicated, and Mr. Fowler is understood to have assumed the entire responsibility."

### Republican Victory in Rhode Island!

LITTLE RHODY WILL "DO TO BET OR."

At the city election in Providence, R. I., on Wednesday last, the straight Republicans swept everything, ELECTING ALL THEIR OFFICERS, the smallest majority being 493! In April—a month ago—the Republicans were beaten in this same Providence, Sprague and the rest of the Loofoco-American mongrels having 700 majority;—Republican gain, 1193! at this rate, we would like to ask the farmer how long it will take before the Black Republicans are annihilated?—Jeffersonian, 16th.

FIRST PAPER MILL IN MINNESOTA.—The Golden Era brought up on Monday evening the machines for the first paper mill in Minnesota. It is to be established at the Falls of St. Anthony, the great water power there rendering it a most eligible location. There is, probably, over fifty tons of common printer paper used in the city of St. Paul every year, for which the hard cash has to be paid, and we note with gratification every instance of progress in manufacturing for ourselves, that will serve to retain within our own borders the large amount of money now going out to the benefit of other States.—Pioneer.

PAY OF EDITORS.—The Pioneer speaking of his State exchanges, says "no one appreciates more forcibly than ourselves the troubles, trials and tribulations of the country press, and the fact that seldom in a new country, does the editor realize for his mental and physical labor the scanty sum doled out to second rate mechanics in the larger towns."

We commend the above testimony of one who knows, to those crackers who are ever grudging the country press every opportunity of making a few dollars more than the pittance necessary to sustain life. If it should act as a gentle suggestion to delinquent subscribers, we should not be sorry.—State News.