

ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT.

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JANE G. SWISSELM,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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From the New York Tribune. THE SECESSION MOVEMENT. PRAYER-MEETING IN A STORM.

[See President Buchanan's last Proclamation.]

A gale came up from the south-west; 'Twas fierce November weather; But the ship had felt such a storm before, And her planks still held together. And thus, though the howling tempest showed No signs of diminution, The passengers said: "We'll trust our ship, The staunch old Constitution!"

The captain stood on the quarter deck,—"The seas," he said, "they batter us; 'Twas my watch below in the former gale—I doubt if we'll weather Hatteras. The wind on the one side blows me off, The current sets me shoreward; I'll just lay-to between them both, And seem to be going forward."

"Breakers ahead!" cried the watch on the bow, "Hard up!" was the first mate's order; "She feels the ground-swell," the passengers cried, "And the seas already board her!" The foremast split in the angry gust, In the hold the ballast shifted; And an old tar said:—"If Jackson steered, We shouldn't thus have drifted!"

But the captain cried:—"Let go your helm!" And then he called to the boys in the main:—"Pipe all hands to the quarter-deck, And we'll save her by Devotion!" The first mate hurled his trumpet down; The old tars cursed together, To see the good ship helpless roll, At the sport of wave and weather.

The tattered sails are all a-back, Yards crack, and masts are started; And the captain weeps and says his prayers, Till the hull be mid-ships parted. But God is on the steersman's side—The crew are in revolution; The wave that washes the captain off, Will save the Constitution!

BY ARDENT TAYLOR.
New York, Dec. 18, 1860.

ADDRESS
Delivered at the Dedication of the St. Cloud Institute, on Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1860, by
HON. C. C. ANDREWS.

I esteem it a peculiar honor to be invited to take part in these exercises. Here in mid-winter, in a very brief time, and by private subscription, has been completed for actual use a neat Seminary building that will seat about three hundred persons. Most grateful ought we to be to those who have contributed to its erection! The man who plants a handsome shade tree in a village is in some degree a benefactor. Every row of trees, every cultivated garden adds so much to the beauty and attractiveness of a town. "In order to love our country," says a wise man, "our country must first be lovely." And, so, every enterprise and association for culture and refinement, whether a museum of agriculture or natural history, a lyceum, an accomplished choir of singers, or an amateur band of instrumental musicians—such as we have in St. Cloud and delight often to hear—constitutes a valuable acquisition to a community. On this principle we rejoice at so much progress of an institution for academic learning. If you will but say the word, it can be furnished with globes and maps, and philosophical and chemical apparatus; you can here have free lectures on astronomy, on chemistry, so important to agricultural interests—on experimental philosophy, illustrated by the aid of the crucible, the electric wheel and the galvanic battery. In short, if you so determine, you can lay the foundations of a permanent college. To a generous public spirit no reasonable object is impossible. And much, indeed, is already done. If we are resolved, our town shall be a safe and cheap place for the young to come to and live.

It, by any possibility, there could be one indifferent to the peculiar benefits of such an institution, and who is yet eager for pecuniary success, to him I would say, there is no way in which you can so well attract large reinforcements of population, multiply your patrons and increase the value of your real estate, as by liberally patronizing enterprises for culture and education.

The white man who will not aid the cause of education has no business west of the Mississippi. If we are indifferent to the progress of civilization better that we give back the land to the wild customs of the Indian. He has yielded up this fair expanse reluctantly. Here, he tells us, our tribe were content with their method of life. We gained ample support by the chase. What we got for our peltries was better than our annuities. We were independent. There was no fire-water; no contagious disease. We were happy in the smile of the good Spirit. Love dwelt in our wigwam. If we had no books, we heard the stories of great adventures and daring feats from the lips of our grandfathers. We punished wrong. We shared our bread with the hungry. But we tell him that our method of life is the best. These delightful groves, these beautiful lakes whose glassy bosoms mirror the skies, these luxuriant valleys, majestic prairies and noble rivers, amid which your fathers lingered, are no longer yours. No more the proud and elastic step of the warrior

and the chief, no more the robust vigor of health and hardy independence as the exclusive children of nature, no more the wild, joyous and bounding freedom of the populous band through the forest. Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, we take possession of these lands. You must recede. Broken into fragments, diseased, weak, dependent, a beggar at the door of the white man you must henceforth take up your abode on a well-defined reservation. For we have come, with civilization! We have come with the security of government and law; knowledge; its solace, its expanding and ennobling influence; industry and art with their ten-thousand triumphs; science with its mighty grasp of power; religion with its tender charities and its brotherhood of affection—we have come with these. Ah! my friends, let us take heed that he finds us not making too lofty pretensions. Let us, take heed that he finds us not receding to our noble system of life—that he shall not discover our institutions neglected, un-housed or in decay. Let us take heed lest from some high deity, finding us absorbed in the selfish struggle for the mere loaves and fishes of life, he does not look down upon us with disdain.

But to look at the subject again in a practical light, consider what a wide field we are placed in and how extensive an influence a good literary institution can here exert. Where have we ever seen, considering the times, such encouraging development as within the past three years has united our interests with the valley of the Red River? And yet what a vast expanse of beauty and fertility beyond us yet remains unoccupied. Will not this prospect stimulate us to further exertion in order to maintain our relative position? In this enterprise you are contributing something to that power of knowledge whose triumphs always come with blessings, and whose light has improved every useful art and given countenance to every great reform. This power is still exploring, still renovating, still achieving—lessening the dangers of the deep and of the wilderness—staying the pestilence—extinguishing the conflagration—disarming the oppressor—diminishing crime—softening pain—lengthening life. Wherever the mariner shall struggle amid waves lashed by the ocean gale, wherever the messenger of truth shall be menaced by intolerance and persecution, wherever right encounters wrong, there do you extend a hand to sustain, encourage and inspire. You contribute plenty to the squalid garret of want, a rampart of security around the cottage of the weak, a cheering ray to the captive's cell, an hour of rest to aching toil. This is that triumphant help to action

"Whose might is not in crowns and palaces, In parchment rolls or blazoned heraldry, But in the power of thought, whose energy Of unassisted mind, whose steady will No force can daunt, no tangled path divert From its high onward purpose."

ADDRESS
BY
WILLIAM H. WOOD, Esq.

Memory dwells pleasantly in places that never knew us. Adorned by art and consecrated by wisdom, the dwelling places of men and women whose power of intellect have made them immortal, are ever dear to our hearts and sacred in our memory. In spirit we are there; and as devotees before the altar, bow as in the living presence of genius we may never hope to attain unto. Scio, Mantua, and Mania each is holy ground. Great souls dwell around them, and Art and Learning and Philosophy.—We love the names of these spots of earth, because once illumined by wit, wisdom and intelligence. Not the God of War was there, careering in martial array over ensanguined fields. Not the military chief, tanned with waving plume and gorgeous trappings, with his cohorts of glittering arms, in battle. None of these. But the world's masters in the peaceful arts of Philosophy and Poetry. They were those, speaking as prophets in the wilderness unto a people in an idolatrous age. We love these old sages of "vision and faculty divine." We speak their names in homage and repeat their words with reverential emotions. We look back to the scenes and days of these old philosophers, and they appear all bright and beautiful. They lived the impress of the intellects that lived in them. They are irradiated by the glory that marvellous learning imparted.—The Groves of Academus, though ever so old, have, to our ears, a pleasant sound. We can never cease to cherish, with ever growing ardor, the minds that there, in a darkened age, spoke out truths that can never die.

Poetry, science, and philosophy—these make nations, places and ages great in the world's history. The laws of Lycurgus; the teachings of Socrates; the Iliad of Homer, made Athens famous, and have given her prominence on the historic page. All times are indebted to the intellects that live in them, for their claim to mankind's respect and remembrance. They alone embellish and beautify and ensure perpetual honor. So has it been ordained of

God since he looked out upon the works of his hands, and pronounced them good. It is not all of life to enquire "how we shall be fed, and wherewithal shall we be clothed." It is not all of life to live and toil and die in the pursuit of gain. It is not all of life to tread the burning sands in the wearisome journey after this world's goods. The craggy mountains, and the barren deserts, and the turbid waters, that lie in that way, are ever this world's poorest gifts. This is not all of life. There is a higher and a nobler part. There is a purer sphere in which the human soul finds congenial employment, commensurate with its capacities and aspirations. It is cultivating and expanding, elevating and purifying the "mental mind." This is the great, the high work for man to do. This is his blessed privilege—this his priceless liberty. And yet in the madness of the present day, in the thirst for riches how often is it forgotten! Gold is the god to be worshipped. Trade and commerce, barter and merchandise usurp the places in the sanctum of our thoughts, that should be given to art and philosophy.—Every scholar must deplore the utilitarian spirit that is corroding that golden chain that connects us back to a better day.—Not that we should not rejoice in the enterprise and thrift that characterize American life. It is creditable to American courage. But with all our universities, all our institutes, all our lyceums, how infinitely do we fall below that standard of literary excellence capable of attainment by our people. Newspapers and books are abundant, but how few standards in their line! Indeed, the question is not who shall be wiser, but who shall be richer than his neighbor. Look at your great cities giving law to fashion and taste with a despotism even more intense than that with which Rome governed her conquered provinces. Observe the gorgeous display of wealth and equipage. The halls of splendor where Epicure is god. The insatiate thirst for gilded finery in which to gratify for the fleeting moments, the poor pride of a poor heart enslaved. Your metropolitan journals come to you freighted with studied descriptions of man's and woman's costume; yet how few poor lines does it find room for in commemoration of learning's progress and art's triumphs. In these times, the rich, and not the great and good are becoming society's idols and models. Shame to American pretension; shame to American taste. Has she forgotten her Franklins, and her Edwardses?—Will she remember only the Girards and Astors? Never. Sober reason teaches that none of these shall live in men's remembrance beyond their stately sepulcher. Their memory shall die with them, and the recollection of their works shall be interred with their bones. Who cares to speak of Ceres? Who remembers him? Who knows aught of his long life but that Ceres was rich? Ceres lived and Ceres died; and that is his history.

But how differently is it with those whose words and works were intellectual, and given to the world for the world's good. The mention of the names of Cicero and Plato poor though they were, and without lands or slaves, lifts the soul in admiration, and inspires it with renewed confidence in man's immortality. Socrates with his fated hemlock; Plato in the midst of idols, pointing upward to an imperishable life; Aristides teaching justice to conquerors, ostracised and in exile; Diogenes under his tub, waving Alexander from his sunshine; these are fresh and green in our memories; while cotemporary nations have been blotted from existence, with the temples and marble columns, that in their day, attested their opulence and power.—The lapse of years adds to the grandeur of their lives—and such as theirs—as distance to the splendor of the rainbow—as mists to the gorgeousness of the setting sun. Nor is this strange. God has planted in every man's heart a reverence for high intellectual power. It has spoken out in all ages. And when we remember its wonderful achievements we are sometimes at a loss to know (with reverence be it spoken) which most to praise, the gift or the giver because whether the one or the other, both are of God. Behold mind's triumphs!—Man has by wisdom given bands to Orion, and named the Pleiades. He has parted the strata of Earth, and brought up from its profound depths formations of prior existence that "golden sages" never knew; brought new worlds to view; and corals and gems and precious things from the before unknown isles of the sea; measured the old ocean; chained the lightning and annihilated space; given life and nature to the glowing canvass; and form and beauty to the unseemly rock. Music bath her sons and daughters, rivaling Orpheus of old, and those who like "Burning Sappho loved and sung."

"She bath her Solean and her Elean muse; Her Here's harp and her Lover's lute." If such be the superiority of mind and its achievements, what manifestly becomes your duty and mine. Shall we sit down and fold our arms, spending precious time only admiring? May we idly live and die having done nothing? All cannot win a name. Few are chosen. We may never enter within the

magic circle of Genius; and never, like those be crowned with the laurel and the amaranth. The sacred mantle has not fallen upon us. The divine inspiration that gives voice to the water-fall—music to the stars and beauty to jagged mountain—and gems the sky with innumerable worlds of unapproachable brightness, may never be vouchsafed to us. We may be all-unworthy of the Heavenly gift. But we have each our mission yet, as truly as Beethoven and Goethe had. If a divine power was theirs, so had they assigned them a lofty work which they worthily and faithfully performed. What was theirs to do they did well. They were no idlers standing still in the world with the world's splendors around them. They were not like certain ones of old of whom it is written "Ears have they and they hear not; eyes have they and they see not."

Life with them was not cheap but sacred. They lived not selfishly, but for centuries forward, all loaded and fragrant. They disdained frippery and spurred triflers.—They were emphatically workers.

Though far in the distance, let us in our humble sphere emulate their example in our way and mode of life. No man can be said to have lived well, who has not laid some gift, however small, upon the altar of learning. We can all do something. We can quarry the rock if we cannot give it form and beauty. No man does all in anything. Life is too short. Man lives a short life. Mankind only long ones. Each must do his part and leave the unfinished work to those that come after.

Do you say we have no time? Remember the old masters; poor, persecuted, exiled, they were not the favored of Princes. Theirs were not the paths of roses. To them this was a world of toil, struggle and hardships. The rains fell, and the winds blew and the storms of life fell upon them. But they never faltered; they never complained but worked on and the crown is theirs. Who wants for perpetual sunshine will never find it. Your time is now—whether rain or sunshine—it is now the time to add to that soil, each addition to which will abide and travel with it through this life into the next. "Providence has a wild, rough, uncalculable road to its end," and we must take it as it is—never despairing, but working on to a higher, and higher intelligence.

Nine years ago your speaker pitched his tent on the opposite bank of the river.—The ground on which we now stand was Indian ground. No white man intruded his settlement here. It was seldom traversed by the foot of the pale-face, and then only for him to wonder when the light of learning should dawn upon this wilderness. It was emphatically the Red Man's Home. In these groves his camp fires were lighted. Up and down these banks, in long lines, these rude sons of the forest trailed their devious way in silence, erect, and fearless: Even here has the war song oft been sung; and the solemn, mystic sounds of the medicine dance been heard. These banks have echoed to the sharp report of the warrior's rifle, peradventure in deadly conflict, and a Red Jacket or a Tecumseh has fallen.

We need not arrogate to ourselves the claim as the first dwellers by the Northern banks of this majestic Mississippi. In years remote, glided upon its placid waters swiftly and gracefully, the bark canoe.—These prairie flowers bloomed not to "blush unseen" through all these unrecorded years. The maiden of the forest gathered them to twine the dark braid of her abundant hair; and with all the heart sentiments of her paler sister gave them as interpreters of her affection to her warrior lover. O! no, an untutored but not an uninteresting race preceded us. They were, but now are not. Their graves with fast decaying emblems of remembrance, are all that remain. No more in the vernal year are the strawberry and whortleberry found upon rude hillocks, to subsist the departed ones on their long journey to the land of the "Great Spirit." Farther toward the setting sun are they making their way, whither are fast tending the feet footsteps of the remnant of a race that once reigned undisputed sovereigns from America's Eastern to her Western shores.

It seems but yesterday that I joined along these banks what no human habitation in view. What a change have nine short years produced. Here is a flourishing city with the arts and adornments of civilization. The vast region stretching out beyond us teems with a thrifty and busy population. I am proud of what I see around me. Proud of the intelligence and enterprise. Proud of the work done here already. It foretells the existence here, in less than one decade, of a great and prosperous community, the centre of trade and commerce, of intelligence and refinement. It is eminently fitting, then, that here should arise a seat of learning to grow in strength and extent with this growing population. It is founded in the right time and in the right place. But while, instead of the gleam of the camp-fire, the light of learning in chastened effulgence shall shine forth from this favored spot, may we cherish the hope that

the saving and healing light of a yet brighter star may be blended with it. May the star of christianity—the morning star of man's hope, also arise and shine—a fairer star imperial Corinth never knew. For it will conduct us to homes in the shining "Pavilion of uncreated excellence." Not in the court of some Acropolis soon to become a ruin and a mockery; not in houses of Oriental magnificence embellished with Egyptian gold; but in God-built chambers eternal in the Heavens.

The affluence of this world in its best estate; beauty as it bloomed on Judean hills, and in the spice groves of Sheba will appear poor indeed when this morning star shall reveal to our vision the outlines of these eternal columns; and the immortal Tishbite and Pisdida's martyr, and the prophets of old shall be seen there.

"Throned and sceptred with harp and palm."

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRUCTOR.—Loughley, in his "Travels in India," tells this exciting story: When on one of his sporting excursions in Wynaud, Capt. Croker was told of an enormous boa or anaconda, which had been occasionally seen, and which in great terror by the natives, but could obtain no certain intelligence of its whereabouts. Being, however, one day in pursuit of game, accompanied by a Shikaree, and a very powerful and high-couraged dog, the latter made a rush forward, and suddenly he heard a whimper and choking noise. Capt. Croker at once thought that his dog was in the clutches of a snake, and pushed on to his assistance through the thick jungle, where he got sight of a large object, in color black and orange, which he at first thought was a tiger, but presently saw that it was a huge boa constrictor coiled up. As he approached, the monster began to uncoil himself; presently its head glared, as the animal glided toward him.

Captain Croker was a man of great nerve, and he fired both barrels at the boa's head; both barrels took effect, yet, though checked for an instant, the snake came on more fiercely than before, and the Shikaree having bolted with the captain's rifle, he also was compelled to run, and had just time to climb up a tree when his pursuer arrived at its foot. Captain Croker lost no time in reloading, but to his dismay found that the Shikaree had carried off all his balls; luckily, however, he had plenty of shot, and having reloaded, saw that one of the boa's eyes was knocked out; nevertheless the animal appeared quite aware of his proximity, having seemingly followed him by the scent.

By this time the boa was twining itself round the bole of the tree in order to ascend it, when Captain Croker fired one barrel into its remaining eye, at a distance of only about ten feet; the creature at once fell back, but again and again renewed its efforts to reach him, though without effect, and Captain Croker continued to fire till life appeared to be extinct. Though for a considerable time it continued to writhe, and lash the bushes with its tail, the vast muscular power of which seemed quite astonishing.

USEFUL ORTHOGRAPHICAL RULE.—Among the other difficulties of English orthography is the relative position of i and e in words ending in "ieve" and "eive"; and both in manuscript and print are seen "believe" and "believe," "receive" and "receive," "reprieve" and "reprieve." The writer was somewhat surprised on being told not long since by a foreign lady, who was taught English in Holland, that there was a rule regulating the position of the letters referred to in all such words; and as it was new to him, and so far as he has been able to discover, new to every one, he thinks it may prove useful to give it publicity.

When the preceding consonant is a letter which comes after i in the alphabet, e comes after i in the word, as "believe"; but when the preceding consonant comes before i in the alphabet, e comes before i in the word, as "receive."

The rule is invariable as applied to the class of words referred to, but is not of general application to words of one syllable, having the same vowels in juxtaposition; thus we have "niece," "oel," &c., which conform to the rule; and "colier," "seize," &c., which do not. This being Mr. McGowan, a member of the House of Representatives of South Carolina, and a recognized leader in the State, said in the course of a debate in the House on the 9th inst: "We have long been satisfied as to the causes of dissolution. We await our votes of the election of Lincoln, but it is not with us the only cause of complaint. We have remained in the Union for the purpose of obtaining the co-operation of our Southern sisters—to arrange the time when and the manner how, and for nothing else." PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 2. Three salutes of thirty-three guns each will be fired in different sections of the city to-day in honor of Maj. Anderson.