

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. 3. ST. CLOUD, STEARNS CO., MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14 1861. NO. 29.

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

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One copy, one year, \$1.50
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St. Cloud, July 28th, 1860. aug-2-3m

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(Late of St. Anthony),
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE IN McCLEND'S (PREVIX) BLOCK,
NEAR THE BRIDGE.

ST. PAUL, - - - Min.

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COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OFFICE WASHINGTON AVENUE,
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DR. W. B. SIMONTON,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his Professional Services to the Citizens of St. Cloud and its Vicinity.
Residence, Lower Town, second house south west of Ravine, formerly occupied by Mr. Duorne.
Particular attention given to Operative Surgery. vol-10ny

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dec10 1857-1y

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Three doors above the Tremont Hotel.
St. Anthony, Min. vol1no18,1
June, 10, 1858.

STEPHEN MILLER, HENRY SWISSELM
REAL ESTATE AGENCY
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.
We undersigned offer their services to loan money upon best real estate security; and to purchase and sell property either real or personal, for a reasonable commission.
They have now for sale, at low prices:
20 quarter sections of good land.
50 lots, (some improved), in St. Cloud.
20 " in Nininger addition to St. Paul.
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10 " in Mount city, Illinois.
MILLER & SWISSELM
St. Cloud, May 18, 1858.

T. H. BARRETT
(Civil Engineer and Surveyor.
Office on First Street, Lower St. Cloud
We do all surveyed lands, and plat of all the adjoining towns of Northern Minnesota, can be had at all times at my office.

NEW YANKEE DOODLE.
Uncle Sam is peaky sick
And weak in constitution;
And all his folks are lookin' for
His speedy dissolution,
His friends upon the left-hand side
Are now the chiefest mourners,
A whin-in in the whiskey shops,
Boo-hoo-in on the corners.
Yankee doodle, them coddles
Are big and blue and shiny,
That the sodger fellows wear,
Down in South Carliny.
No yankee doodle do they play;
They want begin to toot it;
An' ev'ry chap a nigger has,
To toot his gun an' shoot it.
Besides he has on tother side,
Another bigger feller
To carry his Palmetter fan
And coting numberella.
Yankee doodle, &c.
They've carried all the chicken roots,
And tosted off the poultry,
And call it only practisin'
For takin' of Fort Moultrie.
They all hev knapsacks, five feet long,
Stuffed mighty full of staple;
I swear they'd stand a musket ball
"Just like a log o' maple."
Yankee doodle, &c.

A Good Dialogue.
[The scene of the following interesting Dialogue is that of two farmers on opposite sides of a fence. Mr. Smith, who has beside him a basket of very small potatoes, is leaning on the fence looking wistfully over at Mr. Jones, who is digging a splendid crop of big Potatoes. A picture of the scene was prepared with the original dialogue, and should be here, but we have not the engraving at hand. The dialogue is pleasing and instructive, and should be read by every one.]
"The Potatoes, they are small,
Over there, over there."—Old Song.
Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil, mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that?
Mr. Jones—I manured this field with brains.
Mr. Smith—'Pshaw. All the Cincinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten acre field.
Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of which there are plenty.
Mr. Smith—Nonsense. Now don't make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and Providence has sent you a good crop.
Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my own brains on this field.
Mr. Smith—So I did mine, and they are as good as anybody's.
Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself: I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in this crop.
Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but I don't understand it.
Mr. Jones—Well, when we began here twenty years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor.
Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "book farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments. I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try anything for improvement.
Mr. Jones—I'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago, I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had cludded together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of how different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper, and have done so every year since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has not cost the produce of a single acre.—Why I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand thoughts, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away.
Mr. Smith—But does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil and with a different climate, suit your wants?
Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly, perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am continually improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and compost them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way, I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked me to write out just how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters,

and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will.
Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper.
Mr. Jones—Take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it. You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. One hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year.
Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year.
Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobacco, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How little a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper.
Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper?
Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics.—It is devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden crops. Animals, etc., and has, besides, a good deal about Wenan's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. Then there is also a department for the young folks, containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff, such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My Joen says he can pay for it easy with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land I should still want it for my wife and children.
Mr. Smith—Does the editor know anything about farming?
Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory, and has besides, travelled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners and Housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they do gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it. Then, too, every paper has engravings which show one exactly how animals and plants, and implements, and household furniture look, much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan others; and also many very fine large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume.
Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers.
Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his readers. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent manures, and all kinds of humbugs.
Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?
Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate editors in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly warning his readers against humbugs, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I can not stop to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.
Mr. Smith—I wish I had. I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage two cents a week.
Mr. Jones—Never fear. If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost for my boys to keep.
Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper is called?
Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturalist. It is published in New York City. The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing, and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient.
Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?
Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, County, and State plainly, and direct to ORANGE JUDD, 41, Park Row, New York City.
Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?

Mr. Jones—The twentieth volume begins Jan. 1st, but all who send in the dollar now, get the remaining numbers of this year, in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen months' papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers. Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturalist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have so many potatoes to dig, I can not get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time showing the paper evenings and election day. Send in your subscription and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums. I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them a lot of choice garden and field seeds.
Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them?
Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free, except the postage. They are of the best kind and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper.
Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way; if half what you say is true it will be a good investment.
Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true.
Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it.
Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day. I must hurry up digging my potatoes—I've such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the Agriculturalist.
Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the Dollar.
Mr. Jones—To Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York City.

Think Before You Sign.
Some men have a fatal facility in signing petitions and memorials. No matter what the subject of petition, no matter what the phraseology of the memorial, it is enough for them that certain respectable names are appended to it, or that their own names are solicited by some respectable and responsible person. Thus it is that memorials which could not bear an hour's discussion by intelligent men, often come before the public with the apparent sanction of thousands of names.
We caution the citizens of the State of New York against a memorial to Congress, now circulating, which invokes that body to adopt substantially "the plan of Compromise recommended by the Representatives of the Border States." This Memorial goes forth under the auspices of gentlemen of high respectability in this city, and their names may induce many to sign it without reflection. We call attention, therefore, to the following statement: "Without discussion as to the merits of the various questions at issue, believing that the perpetuity of the Union of these United States as one nation is of vastly more importance than the establishment or rejection of this or that subject of controversy, etc., your memorialist humbly prays." We put it to the conscience of the Christian reader, can you give your name to such a statement? Do you believe that, in order to preserve a particular form of political organization, a nation should commit a moral wrong? Is not slavery—the system of human chattelism established in the Southern States—a moral wrong? Can you become a party, dare you be a party to any measure that would impose that system upon New Mexico, and legalize it under the Federal Government? Dare you be a party to any measure that would re-open the African slave-trade, with all its horrors? Dare you be a party to any compromise which shall bind you to uphold, strengthen, and perpetuate that system of iniquity—or even to be silent concerning it? Yet this is what this memorial asks you to do through the agency of your representative in Congress. We are sure that the gentlemen who drafted it could not have weighed their words. We feel sure that no Christian who carefully reads it and prayerfully weighs its meaning, will add his name to such a declaration.
Can peace be bought by bartering away justice and right? Can the God of Right, now indignant at our national crimes, be pleased by such an offering? Come what may, let Christian men remember that the only safety of this nation lies in doing right. And there can be no compromise with slavery which does not involve a moral wrong. SIGN NO PETITION FOR COMPROMISE; BUT BURN YOUR REPRESENTATIVE AGAINST IT.—N. Y. Independent.

TELEGRAPHIC.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.
The steam frigates Colorado, Mississippi and Minnesota, now at Boston, and the Roanoke at Brooklyn, are at once to be put in requisition for service connected with the collection of revenue at certain ports where the same cannot be collected by the usual means.
The Virginia conference reassembled this morning. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Gurley. The committee on organization reported President Tyler as President. A resolution was adopted to hold the session with closed doors. It will be impossible to obtain a report of the proceedings.
Colonel Hayne intended to leave for Charleston to-day, but having been informed that the President is preparing a reply to his communication demanding the surrender of Fort Sumpter, he will delay his departure till Wednesday.
NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—A special Albany despatch to the Herald says that Governor Morgan received a despatch from Gov. Brown, of Georgia, demanding immediate surrender of muskets seized on board the steamer Monticello. The Governor has not yet replied.
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 2.—The Mint and Custom House were taken possession of yesterday by the authorities of Louisiana. To-day the officials take the oath of office under the ordinance. There are flying reports that fighting has commenced at Pensacola in consequence of the Brooklyn trying to land troops. There is no ground for the report, but it is authoritatively stated by Alabamians.
The cutter Lewis Cass was surrendered to the Alabama authorities at Mobile to-day.
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 5.—The custom house was opened yesterday under the government of Louisiana.
A rumor reached the city last night that the convention of Texas has passed an ordinance of secession by 154 to 6. The sentiment in favor of uniting Texas with the southern confederacy, is represented to be largely in the ascendancy.
BALTIMORE, Feb. 4.—The latest dates received here by mail from Pensacola on the 27th, speak of the withdrawal of the troops. No mention is made of the Brooklyn. The Montgomery and Milledgeville papers speak of the withdrawal of the troops from Pensacola as a thing fixed upon. A Pensacola correspondent says it is deemed impracticable to take Fort Pickens unsupported by a war vessel.
WASHINGTON, February 5.—The great speech of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, to-day is the universal topic of discussion. His denunciations of secessionists were terrific and overwhelming. He did not hesitate to hold up as traitors the late Senators who had committed themselves as leaders in secession and rebellion.
Maj. Haskin commands the company of artillery stationed opposite the eastern front of the Capitol. He was in command at Baton Rouge when that Arsenal was taken by the State troops. The War Department entirely approves of his conduct in surrendering.
The Tellers, to count the votes for President and Vice President, are Trumbull for Senate, and Washburne of Ill, and Phelps for the House.
Several Alabama postmasters decline to render their accounts, saying they await the action of their States.
Additional evidence continues to be received of the violation of private correspondence in the South.
Secretary Black was nominated to-day as successor to Justice Daniel, and John Pett was appointed as District Judge of Kansas.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The Charleston volunteers are drilling daily, and with the aid of laborers, are placing Moultrie and the other forts in the harbor in the best state of defence possible. There are about three thousand soldiers now in entrenchments, and their number is constantly augmented by arrivals from the interior of the State.
It is represented that whatever work is done in the way of rendering Fort Moultrie capable of repelling attack, it cannot be made to command Fort Sumpter in any event, or be able to damage that fort by her cannonade.
BURLINGTON, Vt., Feb. 6.—The late delegates to the Chicago Convention from Vermont, comprising many of the leading Republicans of the State, met informally at Montpelier yesterday and unanimously protested against the adoption of any of the proposed Compromises.
CHARLESTON, Feb. 5.—Nothing is transpiring here to-day. The reported reinforcement to Fort Sumpter is false.
NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 5.—The Convention passed the Military bill for two regiments, one of Artillery and one of Infantry—in all about seventeen hundred men.
GALVESTON, Texas, Feb. 5.—The ordinance of secession passed on the first inst., by a vote of 156 to 7. The Governor, Legislature and Supreme Judge was present. The ordinance is to be voted on by the people on the 23d of February and will go into effect on the 2d of March. Gov.

Houston recognizes the voice of the people declares his attachment to the South and a desire to join the Southern Confederacy, but if none formed, favors the republic of Texas. The secession news from Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana created much excitement in northern Texas.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—The Artillery Company lately at Augusta arrived this morning. They are quartered in the South wing of the Treasury building, owing to the difficulty of procuring accommodations elsewhere. Gov. Letcher is among the latest arrivals.
ST. LOUIS, Feb. 6.—Two hundred and fifty troops from Newport, Ky., and 100 from Fort Reilly, Kansas, arrived to-day destined to the United States Arsenal at this city. The latter company is under command of Capt. Lion who has been appointed Commander of Arsenal vice Maj. Bell. There are between 500 and 600 troops at this Arsenal.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—In the Peace Congress to-day a resolution was introduced proposing to conduct the proceedings with open doors. It was earnestly debated.—The result was a restriction upon commissioners from communicating their doings to outside parties. The commissioners are socially harmonious but as yet have discussed no measures looking to political results. A number of Republican members of the New Jersey Legislature are here urging their representatives not to agree to any compromise which will compromise their principles.
The steamer Michigan on Lake Erie will be put in commission on the 1st of March. An Artillery company recently left at Augusta has been ordered here.
Starvation in Kansas.
ATCHINSON, K. T., Feb. 4.—Messrs. Hyatt and Pomeroy have prepared the following appeal to the States, which represents truly the condition of the people of Kansas, without question.
STARVATION IN KANSAS—FRIGHTFUL PROSPECT.—But one step between 50,000 people and death—an appeal to the press of the country, to the churches, to Congress, to State Legislatures, to philanthropists, to the humanity everywhere.
Prompt action by the country, or a miracle from God can alone save this people. The famine, like a vortex, draws to its frightful centre all conditions. They who had food yesterday have none to-day—they who have food for to-day, have none for to-morrow. Seventy teams arrived yesterday, fifty were loaded and sent away the day before. Ten thousand dollars worth of clothing have been distributed within the past week; six thousand dollars cash within four days have been paid for freight; eighty-one car loads of provisions have arrived within that time, yet starvation is imminent. The people are living from hand to mouth, but barely saved alive. Our funds are now exhausted. The numbers of the destitute increase fearfully. The melting snows of February, and the overflowing streams must shortly prevent the distant sufferers from coming here to get supplies. Their salvation depends upon our promptness in establishing depots of provisions at accessible points. Without funds the whole work must cease. The intermission of a week is death and desolation. Unless the country gives us seed there can be no harvest and the seed wheat should be in the ground within forty days. At least a hundred thousand dollars is needed for food, and as much more for seed. To the heart of the country, and in the name of Christ, we make this earnest appeal, [Signed] THADDEUS HYATT, In behalf of a perishing multitude. I endorse every word of the above.
S. C. POMEROY,
Chairman of Kansas Relief Committee.
NARROW ESCAPE.—On Wednesday afternoon, two lads, one of them named Holland, were playing in the Diamond, when Holland drew a pistol from his pocket, and turning it quickly accidentally fired it, the ball striking his companion on the outer angle of his eye, and glancing off—inflicting a slight wound. Had the ball struck an eighth of an inch nearer the eye, it would have penetrated the brain, and probably caused instant death. The boys are companions and reside some distance up the Menongahela river.—Pitts. Dispatch.
WHAT THE PRINCE SAW.—Shortly after the Prince of Wales arrived in England, the London News, in an editorial, complimentary to our country, remarked that the Prince "had seen a nation of soldiers without an army,—civil order without a police—wealth, luxury, and culture without a court or an aristocracy. He has learned to mingle with the busy crowd of men without the intervention of chamberlains and courtiers. He has found respect without ceremony, and honor without adulation."
—The Memphis Avalanche publishes the letter of Major Anderson and appends thereto this remark: "It is evident he is an abolitionist at heart, and is anxious to imbue his hands in southern blood."