

The St. Cloud Democrat.

VOL. VII.

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1864.

NO. 5.

THE DEMOCRAT

Is published at St. Cloud, Stearns County, Minnesota, every Thursday afternoon.

W. B. MITCHELL, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One column, one year, \$75 00; One-half column, one year, 40 00; One-fourth column, one year, 25 00; One column, six months, 45 00; One-half column, six months, 30 00; One-fourth column, six months, 18 00; One square, one year, 8 00; One square, six months, 5 00; Business cards, five lines or less, \$5 per annum; six lines, \$6; eight lines, \$7. Legal advertisements at statute rates. [Ten lines of this sized type constitute a square, and cards will be charged proportionately to the space they occupy in briefer solid.]

JOB WORK

Of all kinds executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable rates.

Real Estate Agency,

ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

EXTENSIVE Explorations of Land in this District subject to private entry, and long experience in Land Office business, give the undersigned peculiar advantages in the

Selection of Land,

And location of Land Warrants.

Land Warrants

For sale at a small advance on New York prices. Contested Pre-emption cases prosecuted before the Local and General Land Offices. Attention paid to

THE PAYMENT OF TAXES

In Benton, Sherburne, Morrison and Stearns counties. Town lots for sale in St. Cloud. v6n18-1f L. A. EVANS.

H. C. WAIT,

BANKER,

AND LICENSED DEALER IN Exchange, Land Warrants, Scrip, County, Town, and State Orders.

DEALER IN REAL ESTATE.

Collections and Remittances promptly made. Taxes paid for Non-residents. Office on Washington avenue, one door south of the Central House. v6n18-1f

WILLIAM J. PARSONS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, U. S. Bounty, Claim and Patent Agent, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

PRACTICERS in all Courts, State and Federal

prosecute claims before any of the Departments at Washington. Particular attention paid to the collection of Bounty and Arrearages of Pay of Soldiers, Pensions for Discharged Soldiers or for the heirs of those who have died in the service. Office in 3d story, Broker's Block, over J. C. & H. C. Burbank & Co. v6n23

EDWARD O. HAMLIN,

Has resumed the

PRACTICE OF LAW,

IN ST. CLOUD, MINN.

Office, Five Doors south of H. C. Wait's Bank.

GEO. W. SWEET,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, WILL attend promptly to Collections, and payment of taxes in Stearns and Benton Counties. Special attention given to cases before the Local and General Land Offices.

Office on St. Germain st., over Broker's Store. ST. CLOUD, MINN.

A. T. UPHAM,

Physician and Surgeon, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

J. V. WREN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Will practice Medicine in all its branches, including midwifery and operative surgery. St. Cloud, Minn., Dec. 11th, 1862.

WM. R. HUNTER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

J. W. T. TUTTLE,

MANUFACTURER OF CABINET WARE, Building and Carpentry attended to. Near the Stearns House, Lower Town. ST. CLOUD, MINN.

J. W. T. TUTTLE,

MANUFACTURER OF CABINET WARE, Building and Carpentry attended to. Near the Stearns House, Lower Town. ST. CLOUD, MINN.

JOB PRINTING,

SEND YOUR ORDERS TO THE Democrat Office.

ST. CLOUD BOOK STORE

J. M. ROSENBERGER,

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER & NEWSDEALER

Has always on hand a Fine Assortment of

Books and Stationery.

THE LATEST PAPERS & MAGAZINES

THE STANDARD SCHOOLBOOKS,

And everything usually found in a first class Bookstore. v6n18-1f

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, &c., TAKEN AT

Mrs. Farwell's Gallery, Opposite the Democrat Office, Lower town.

Hours between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Every variety of Albums, Frames and Cases kept on hand. v6n52-1f

F. C. MERCER,

[FROM LIVERPOOL.]

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

SAINT CLOUD, MINN.

N. B.—Watches, Clocks, Time-pieces, Music Boxes, Jewelry, &c., &c.

Neatly Fixed and Warranted.

Old Verge and Lupina Watches made into New English Patent Levers at a small cost.

Engraving done to order. v6n51-1y

SADDLER AND HARNESS SHOP

AND

Carriage Trimming.

TRUNKS, SADDLES, (of every style)

Horse Collars, Whips,

BRIDLES (fancy and plain), BRUSHES.

Curry Combs, Spurs,

And everything necessary to a complete outfit, kept constantly on hand.

Work and Side Harness made to order on short notice.

Carrriages trimmed in any desired style. Shop on St. Germain street.

JOHN SCHWARTZ, v6n18-1y

NEW SADDLER SHOP.

WE have just opened a New Saddler Shop, on St. Germain street, where we have a complete assortment of everything connected with our trade, comprising

HARNESS, HORSE-COLLARS,

Saddles, Trunks,

WHIPS, BRIDLES, BRUSHES

Curry Combs, Spurs, &c., &c.

This is the only establishment in town where CARRIAGE TRIMMING can be done properly.

HANSEN & DUEBER.

St. Cloud, Sept. 9th, 1863. v6n49-1y

St. Cloud

BOOT AND SHOE

SHOP.

JAMES BIGGERSTAFF

HAVING opened a Boot and Shoe Shop on St. Germain street, two doors above Burbank & Co's store, is prepared to make boots and shoes, of every style and quality, at

REASONABLE RATES.

Repairing done with care. He respectfully invites his friends to call and see him at his new stand.

JAMES BIGGERSTAFF,

St. Cloud, Sept. 16th, 1863. v6n18-1f

ANTON SMITH,

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A full supply of

Boots and Shoes,

BUFFALO OVERSHOES & MOCCASINS, Kept always on hand, and for sale at favorable prices.

A good stock of Leather and Shoemaker's Findings.

Particular attention paid to Custom Work. The highest market price in Cash paid for Hides. ANTON SMITH, Washington st., St. Cloud. v6n18-1y

HENRY W. WEARY,

CARRIAGEMAKER.

I HAVE removed to my new shop near the Bridge, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Carriage-making line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repairing. HENRY W. WEARY, v6n18-1y

THOMAS JONES,

BLACKSMITH.

ALL kinds of work done in the best possible manner. Particular attention given to horse and ox-shoeing, plow work, and repairing of all kinds. Shop in same building with Henry W. Weary.

J. W. METZROTH,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

WOULD like to examine his New Styles of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Particular attention paid to custom work.

THE SISTERS.

They were two sisters. One old and fat, with yellow lights in her wavy hair.

The other was dark, and in her eyes shone the sunny fire of Southern skies.

They both had handsome noses two. Broad in extent and fair to view.

With lovers and children all around them, And rivers which flowed to greet the main.

The sister of the one with wavy hair, Swayed in the breath of the wind at noon.

Here she stood in the shade of a tree, Or wielded the axe in the shady wood.

She built great ships that rode the sea, Sped on the wings of the ocean breeze.

Fleets of these in her port found room; Her factories hummed with the busy loom.

There men and women, early and late, Labored to earn the bread they ate.

Her children flocked to her schools to learn Knowledge profound and wisdom stern.

In the autumn months she stood in the field Laden with fruits of the harvest yield.

In granaries built through long years of peace She gathered the wealth of earth's increase.

And the winds which blew from her sunny hills Were not more free than her people's wills.

II.

The swelling slopes of the other shore white With cotton blooms in the hot sun's light.

Under the shade of ancestral trees Her sons and daughters lived at ease.

Her dusky daughters, stalwart and strong, Told in the field the whole day long.

Hard and slow were his hands, His muscles were like to iron bands.

A modern Saxon in strength was he, He looked like a giant to the folk.

Sometimes a patient gaze of toll Fell from his eyes as he filled the soil.

Sometimes at night his wandering eyes Turned to the stars in the Polar sky.

And a hungry longing for Freedom gave, Wings to the feet of the dusky slave.

But pillars blazoned with his track, With their deep-mouthed bayings drove him back.

In the foul market-places he stood, The bondman sullen and stern of mood.

And like a scabbard was bent and sold— A human being for a mere good.

Down the river after on his way; What are wife and child to the slave?

O God! that such things ever had, And gained the sanction of Christian men!

III.

Then rose on the air a sudden cry, Like thunder rolling above the sky.

From the burning lips of the North it came, From her stern states and stern names.

Strange the dream-visions that came, Dark the gathering tempest grew.

In some chamber of the state Long and loud was the hot debate.

Then the Northern sister called to her side A man for his prudence noted wide.

But she of the South with fierce repulse Flashed defiance out of her eyes.

Then shouts of "War" on the winds went, "War" from the South, "War" from the North.

The trumpet blew, and the loud drums beat; The dumb earth quaked with the tread of feet.

To-day the cannon thunder loud; And yonder see the battle cloud.

To-day each's altar-steps are red With precious blood of heroes shed.

Look on those swelling mounds that rise— These are a nation's sacrifice.

May it stave our God's just sight, And wash our garments snowy white.

And kiddle in the East a ray, The dawn of a broader, purer day!

—Harper's Magazine.

AN APPEAL TO HISTORY.—Hon. James T. Brady, a distinguished democratic lawyer and politician of New York, in a late speech says:

"Much has been said about usurpations of power; but where in history will you find a war against rebellion conducted with such moderation?"

The reason why the Copperheads are for making the Presidential campaign 'short and sharp,' is 'owing to the whisky tax. How can they be expected to run a six months' canvass with whisky a dollar and six pence a gallon?—Poria's Democrat

No man ever yet saw an American who hated slavery yet upheld the rebellion, and no one ever saw an American who justified and wished to perpetuate slavery who had not at least a sneaking tenderness for the rebel cause. For all practical purposes, the rebellion and slavery are related as mother and child.

A clergyman in Western Massachusetts, who evidently had to wrestle with his flock, recently went to Washington and told Secretary Stanton that he would take Richmond if the Secretary would 'take charge of the Congressional church on Chester Hill!'

An exchange asks, very innocently, 'Is it any harm for young ladies to sit in the laps of ages?' Another replies that it all depends on the ages selected. Those between eighteen and twenty-five are hazardous.

AN ACCOUNTANT.—Bill is an excellent accountant, but like all men will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that '8 times 8 are 88.' The Governor was not slow in discovering the mistake, and demanded an explanation. Bill examined the account and saw that he was down, but did not like to admit it; so putting on a bold face, he said, 'That's all right. How so?' was the inquiry. 'It's all owing to the inflation of the currency,' said Bill, 'the multiplication table, like everything else, has gone up.'

A piece of cold charcoal laid upon a burn is said to instantly subside the pain.

STORIES OF A HUNTER'S LIFE.

The correspondent of the St. Paul Press, with Gen. Sully's expedition, writes some interesting letters, from one of which we copy the following sketches of frontier reminiscences:

THE GREAT SPIRIT FAVORED THE SIOUX.

Our party had been hunting some time, over the disputed lands, and our camps gave undisputed evidence of the havoc we had made among the buffaloes, when we met a war party of the Prairie Sioux. Through the dead man of the party, an old brave named Wrakanhudee, Kookyapi, (he who trembles at the lightning), a personal debate was made of us to pay them for the buffaloes we had killed; of course we demurred and wished to know what better right they had to them than we.

"These lands are ours," said he, "and every animal upon it is ours, the Great Spirit put them upon it for us; you have killed our cattle, we may likewise kill yours." "Do you not," we returned, "sometimes wander starving over these plains when not one buffalo can be found? Where are they? Have not the droves moved into the Cree, the Crow and the Assiniboinie countries, are those nations not then feasting on cow meat, while you are glad to get your prairie turnips to feed upon? Whose cattle are they then?"

"Ours," he solemnly answered, fairly foaming with rage. The Great Spirit gave them to us and not to our enemies."

"No," said we, "they are yours no more than the ducks and geese, which you do not claim. Do the buffalo not move like the wild owl, as the Great Spirit has ordered, that every people may be supplied with meat?" He made them for all his children, so we believe, and when we are hungered we kill them." The old man, however, was not to be silenced so easily, but a few plugs of tobacco put in at the proper season, was more convincing, and closed the talk.

ABOUT HUNTERS AND HUNTING.

Upon the plain about the Des Moines and Little Sioux Rivers, were first observed, on this march, old traces of the buffalo. Between Sioux City and Fort Pierre, the

'signs' were quite recent, and a day or two from the latter place the heads and bones of buffaloes not long killed, fresher traveled paths, and the 'Bois de Roche,' or buffalo chips, assured us that we were at last in a region frequented at times by that animal, and which we were likely to see most any day.

The curiosity was great at the outset to see one of those huge creatures, but the introduction into the buffalo country was so gradual, that but little surprise was manifested when some one in the ranks pointed out a dark object in the distance, and asserted it to be a buffalo. Every one expected it, and were prepared and ready to believe that every dark object along the horizon was a buffalo. We often passed to the windward of solitary bushes, to which the lively imagination of those who had never been on the plains before, gave life and animation. Many a lone willow was seen to move and gallop about, and when some one anxious to get a shot at the noble game, would approach the object, it was most invariably from the windward quarter.

A few months in the buffalo country will convince those inexperienced Nimrods, that the buffalo can smell as well as see, which is a fact very necessary to understand in order to turn out a successful hunter. "At the risk of boring" the readers of the Press, I will relate the—

HUNTING EXPLOIT OF WAMUDITA.

Something like twenty years ago the people of Wamudita and Wamudita's village on the Little Sioux moved up to the wintering grounds on "Grizzly Bear" and "Bone Hill" creeks in the Buffalo country, and the drifting snow hurried by the biting winds of January enclosed deserted cabins and filled silent streets.

The Wamudita village, a pleasant site for summer residence, but most bleak and forbidding in winter—being exposed to the full force of the northwest blasts—the curling smoke from one pipe alone indicated the presence of man. It was that of Wamudita, or Sisseton, a noted warrior among his people as a lay man. Wamudita had raised corn enough in the summer season to partially sustain himself and family, which, with the dried Buffalo meat given him by his relatives, and the skill of his wife in fishing, he managed to live through the severe winter months, until the warmer days of spring brought the ducks and geese to more northern latitudes. He rarely accompanied the villagers to the hunting grounds either of the Hootata, toward the Mississippi, or northward to the Buffalo country. He owned neither dogs nor horses to transport his camp fixtures, and was too lazy or proud to assist his wife in packing.

One cold morning Wamudita pushed aside the old robe which served as a door to his tepee, and looked toward the lake where a night gizzard, his astonished victim which would have aroused the dormant energies of the latest Indian of the "seven council" fires. A large band of buffaloes had worked down along the lake shore, and were quietly grazing on a peninsula that jutted well into the lake.

A belt of flags and rushes lined the extreme point about which the drifting snow had gathered; beyond the rush, bordering all was glare ice; the quick eye of the Sisseton took all this in a glance and his plan was formed on the instant. Calling his wife, and descending the table land by a ravine, which led them, unobserved, close to the herd, he directed the woman to remain quiet here, until he could gain a point on the peninsula to the leeward of them, where he would conceal himself, when the squaw was to run to the windward of the herd and frighten them, the probability being that the buffaloes would run in the opposite direction down the peninsula, and deceived by the high flags and deep drifts, would plunge through and reach the ice beyond, where many, slipping, and falling upon the ice, unable to raise or regain their footing, would become easy prey. This was successful beyond his most sanguine expectations. Startled by the sight and loud hallooing of the squaw the buffaloes dashed through the drifts, and the hidden Sisseton now exposing himself and running toward the field of glare ice, where the foremost, pressed and struggling ineffectually to raise, tended to increase the terror of the fleeing animals. Wamudita and his wife hurried up and unsheathing their knives, hamstringed great numbers of the now helpless creatures. Truly fortune had come to his door. For weeks he and his squaw were engaged in killing, skinning and cutting up the buffaloes. Of the skins was made robes, and leather for lodges, and moccasins; and meat was dried and packed at leisure.

The smell of blood attracted thither great numbers of wolves and foxes, and the lucky hunter, constructed 'deadfalls' about the refuse carcasses, and trapped many of them; and when the Sioux returned in the spring, to occupy their old cabins and planting grounds, it was to find Wamudita the richest Indian of the tribe. He sold his robes and furs to the traders, and exchanged his meat and moccasin leather for horses with the Lower Sioux, and eventually took to himself two more wives and thereafter followed the Buffalo hunters to the Plains regular, and up to the late massacre was still pointed out as the "Rich Indian of Plainsity."

I must now relate how a white man hunted buffalo under similar circumstances; this paper would be incomplete without the story of

ANDERSON AND THE BULLS.

Buffaloes are fully aware of the slippery character of ice, and will avoid it if seen, if any other direction is open to escape. The winter of 1857-8 the writer hunted at Devil's lake, in company with two others who were somewhat inexperienced in hunting huge game.

Anderson was looking for other "signs" along the lake one day, when he discovered a small herd of two or three hundred bulls browsing upon a peninsula which was connected by a long narrow neck with the main land. Anderson, without noting the direction of the wind, proceeded directly to the narrow neck, observing only the most covered route to approach them; though, unobserved the buffaloes snuffed in the breeze, the presence of this incognito hunter, and the herd took instant alarm and rapidly retraced their steps which had conducted them to the peninsula, not venturing upon the glare ice which nearly surrounded it.

Anderson was not only surprised by this unexpected movement, but lost his presence of mind altogether, and instead of darting out upon the ice for safety, continued to run along the narrow isthmus toward the main land, supposing in his fright that the whole herd charging him, and firmly believing that his "trace was raw" and certain that he would be tossed in mid air from the horns of some infuriated bull. The buffaloes brushed along over and about him, and hurried off to the plain, no doubt glad to escape from the dangerous neighborhood of hunters, and Anderson rose from the ground unharmed, no less thankful for his escape, and glancing at the retreating figures of the bulls in the distance vowed he would subsist wholly on "Badger" before he would venture to approach another buffalo.

PARALLEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND UNITED STATES.

Some of the leading facts in the course pursued by Great Britain, which show closely the policy of this government, in some particulars where it has been held to be most in the wrong, has followed the English precedent, are brought together by the New York Times:

"For years Great Britain, suspended specie payment in her desperate struggles with France. Bank of England notes were made, in effect, a 'legal tender,' by every person being protected from arrest who offered them in payment of a debt, and by the bank being guarded by law from any suit for non-payment of its notes. For 18 years there were thus in great Britain an unconvertible paper currency. From 1797 to 1815 the Bank of England tripled its circulation, and the country banks increased from 200 in the same time to 940, or almost five times.

How much the depreciation really amounted to has been hotly disputed, as it was to some extent, disguised by a 'great demonetization' of specie. But prices underwent a frightful inflation. The price of wheat rose from 58s. 11d. a quarter in '97 to 120s. 5d. in 1812; oats from 16s. 9d. to 44s.; wool from 2s. 8d. to 10s. The rent of arable land increased from 288s. 84d. to the 100 acres in 1790, £162 12s. 74d in 1812. But unlike America, no increase of prices arose in England from diminished labor; on the contrary, labor was supplied in abundance and wages did not rise with other values; the final rise being only about 20 per cent in many parishes."

In a currency which had just lost half its purchasing power, the interest on the public funds was paid—a step which English men of this day recognize as an act of improbitly when it is taken by individual States of this Union, but to which the general government has not descended. Of the vast fever of speculation caused by the inflation, we need not speak. From all this however England recovered:

"Despite all the inflation and with a public debt in 1815, of some \$3,700,000,000, England resumed specie payment in four years after the termination of the war, and began a career of prosperity which has made her the richest nation in the world."

The United States has followed closely, too closely, in the footsteps of England, except in the matter of taxation. The vast resource we have left, almost untouched, with a public debt still far below that of England. The parallel which our English critics are fond of drawing then to their own advantage, while it does not convey such reproach as they insist is to be found in it, is full of encouragement and hope to us.

A WHITE HORSE ANECDOTE.—Setchell, the comedian, says he was present at the White House the other day when the following was perpetrated: An old farmer from the West, who knew President Lincoln in days by-gone, called to pay his respects at the Presidential mansion. Sleeping the Chief Magistrate upon the back, he exclaimed, "Well, old hoss, how are you?" Old Abe, being thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and with a relishing a joke, responded "So I'm an old hoss, am I? Was kind of a 'hoss' to be sure." "Why, an old draft hoss, to be sure." "Why, the rejoinder, Good even for Setchell. Boston Transcript.