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REASONABLE RATES. Repairing done with care. He respectfully invites his friends to call and see him

JAMES BIGGERSTAFF. St. Cloud, Sept. 16th 1863. v6n18-tf HENRY W. WEARY

at his new stand.

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the Bridge, where I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the Carriagemaking line. Wagons, carriages and sleighs made in a neat and substantial manner at low rates. Particular attention paid to repair

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

Shepherd Dogs. The subscriber has a number of pure SHEPHERD DOGS, 7hich he will dispose of at fair rates.
1721-tf F. SMITHSON. On Clearwater road, I mile below 8t Cloud.

FRANK, MY DARLING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

low heavenly calm the soul looks out From baby's asure eyes! As pure and fair, as clear and sweet, As the stream that flows through the golden street And waters Paradise.

And surely the flowers of that bright land, Where deathless verdire grows— brighten anew in his dowy lips, In his shining shoulders and finger tips, In his cheek's delicions rose.

and surely those white robed ones who bathe Their wings in fadeless light; Three souls of children who perished pure In their early youth, and were caught secur From the touch of coming blight;—

urely those arrel children fair. Smile as they float afar-To see 'mid these world-weeds, dark and dank The stainless soul of our baby Frank Shine out like a sister star !

happy darling! I clasp thee close, I clasp thee, faint with fear, For looking into thy liquid eyes, hear the rustle of Paradi And feel the angels near.

and I hide thee in my bosom, babe I kiss thee o'er and o'er lest the angels catch thee, as if in play but of my arms, in happy play, and bear thee away-away-away-To bring thee back no more!

Many a darling, fair as thou, From mother's breast as fund, Has floated away with the happy dead, Thro' the golden gates, by the angels led, To swell the ranks beyond.

nd blessed are they, I know full well, For they rest and know no sin : and the bowers of Heaven are bright-and th day drink with their innocent lips alway The waters that gush therein.

Yet, angels dear, fead not my boy Where that fair River rolls! His little sparkling life would be A drop in your rich Eternity, Replete with happy souls!

ou-you can spare him yet awhile-Your court shall lessen never! But I, ah woe —how could I rest, Vith empty arms and yearning breast? And miss my babe forever? Saturday Evening Post.

PUSS BURBANK'S ENEMY.

"How now, Vallance, speculating or o-morrow's chances, eh?"

Captain Dana threw himself lazily down on the grass beside his friend and began to which softly.

"I should not be surprised if to mor row's chances came to-day," said Vallance St. Cloud, thoughtfully, '-I susthink-not a difficult thing for him to be hiding away somewhere down there But that was not the subject of my speculations. Did you know, Dana. I pent two years in this vicinity once. Everything looks as natural to me as the book I learned my letters in would. Do you see that hill yonder, the bluest crested one; lower than the others?"

Dana looked and nodded: "I staid just at the foot of that-the other side though-two years. It was the different, old-fashioned, big-roomed farm house, with the oddest little maiden presiding over it. I should like to know what became of her. She wasn't a sweet-heart, Dana, so you need not laugh; I was only a lad then, too. My mother left me there for the air; she fancied I was consumptive, I believe. I used to be ill sometimes; I femember, and this little girl took care of me. Such a demure little puss, you know; and, by-the-way, they called her Puss too. It's a fashion they have in these Southern families. There's always a 'Puss' among the children, and I never heard ber called anything else but Puss Burbank."

"There's a Burbank a rebel colonel,

isn't there ?" interjected Dana. "It can't be Pusa's father-no, treated the child shamefully somethe little thing again, if he hasn't killed her in one of his drunken rages. Why she could't have been-wellnot more than eight, I should think, and she used to take care of me like a regular grandmother. She liked me wonderfully; clung to me as though she would never let me go the morning I left; and when I finally had to start, I left her in a kind of swoon .-Children have such fancies occasionally you know. I promised to go back and see her sometime, but I never went." "She's probably dead or married be-

fore this time," said Dana. though I could find her right there in started up. the old house yet, poor, patient little Puss! I don't know why I never I reckoned on," said Mallory, and over there, just beyond that rise of the War Department. went to see her; I always meant to while Burbank lingered in the doorway ground." And as Puss, catching her There, Dana! didn't I tell you?" as he went and stood near Puss.

a shell suddenly came screaming toward the lines from the plain below. It cinity, not speaking, however, fell short though, and the two young men sprang up the bank, the long roll was goin' to fix this yer malter of ours sounded, men flew to athis; it was a to-day, of it hadn't a been for this fight followed dreamily after the men as they

gone away from the very roof that shan't stand no more triffin! " wi young St. Cloud had lain ill under years hefore. I dore say she had yet; and if she had looked womanly to be conciliatory words. 118 del when she was a child, she looked strangely childlike now she was a woman. There is an expression of countenance natural to some woman that is always childlike; and, curiously enough it so often accompanies as to almost mean patience and meekness under great calamity.

A little earlier than St. Cloud and Dana were talking of her Puss sat in the low doorway of the farm-house sewing. Short, low dropping curls clustering against her faintly-crimsoned cheek, and deep outturling lashes fringed the blue-veined eyelids. As she now and then cast expectant yet shrinking glances down the path, her eyes had the serious brightness of a startled child. Puss /wasn't thinking of the impending battle, Living in a very secluded and by-place, she caught only vague rumors of it. She thought of the war sometimes; often perhaps; but she was full of her own troubles, poor Puss! and the conflict off yonder had clamor of this other-a vital one, too, in her own home. Her home: a plain and bare enough one, but owing what comfort it had to her little hands, that never ceased trying to brighten itnever wearied of caring for the o'd man, whose sole housekeeper she had been since her mother died, more than ten years now. She was older than St

Cloud thought. He had called Barbank broken with drink when he knew him; but there had been vitality enough left in him to drug through these years since, getting more broken and worse with drink, and leading Puss such a life as is not easily

She never murmured though, and when her mother's relatives would have horse. removed her from his control, she always said in her little quiet, unanswerable way, "I promised mother, you know, and he's all I've got besides," and staid.

Burbank was afraid of her leaving him; and after one of these scenes used to hang about her in a pitiful kind of gratitude, that, half maudlin as it was used to make her heart overflow with loving tenderness toward him.

She should never be sorry, that she should not, for staying with her old father She'd get her reward some of him. these days; and one night he told her

what it was to be. There was a bold, bad, coarse man with whom Burbank had of late formed a drunken intimacy. That he led her father into even deeper excesses than he would seek himself Puss was very sure, and aside from his natural repulsiveness, that made him hateful to her. She shuddered at his very presence, but endured till her father commanded her to receive him as her future husband. This she utterly refused to do; but emboldened by the old man's encouragement, and the girl's helplesscourse not. He was an old man in ness, the ruffian continued to persecute those days-broken with drink too; her with his loathesome suit. Poor Puss! Her mother's friends had gone times, and petted her ridiculously at away from that part of the country : others. I'd give a month's pay to see she and her father lived very isolated lives, and she had nobody but God and herself to look to for protection from this danger-this outrage, which Burbank in his drunken dotage was capable of perpetrating.

Suddenly, as she sat sewing, she heard the approaching voices of her father and this man, who was always with him now, and shrank within the ing upon them, retreated to the window and resumed her sewing, betraying no the direction indicated. consciousness of having heard Mallory's "Possibly," St. Cloud said, with a ing the first sullen boom of the attack: asked, in a low and stricken voice, as or not, I shall want the rebellion put half sigh; "but it seems to me as ing cannon rounded, and the two men they were moving off.

She drew back trom his too near vi- voice to two of the men, who followed war and let Jeff. Daris have his wa

"See yer now, my girl," said he, "1 county on. I'm goin' to hev a hand lifted and hore the body between them. Puss, she wasn't dead or married, or in that now, but when I come back I

touched her round white chin familiar- found a man frightfully torn with grown some, but she was a little thing by with his hand, adding some meant- wounds, and howling in agony. Puss

> She rose trembling then, calling fied. "Father!" in an agony.

toward her again:

Quick as a flash Puss struck him döör, like some scared animal, and lipe. bounded up the hillside with such franthe first rush, gave up the chose.

the top of the hill which commanded there. the far-away battle field, whose din by this time was shaking the very earth. In a fascination that swallowed every

morning she went out, white and scar- crept into his arms, crying; ed, to look for him.

ameng the fastnesses of the hills, she give me for not coming sooner! But went straight on running sometimes, to how I want somebody. Can I have yesterday's battle-field. A little way out upon the plain past sights that left her lips bloodless, tender, timid whisper, "Yes." though here had not been the heat of A LETTER FROM MRS. SWISSHELD

It was a young officer who lay near, half crushed under the body of his With a strangely throbbing heart the girl approached him.

He had recognized her, and not much wonder, she had changed so little; but it was somewhat singular that she knew him through the blood and dust, and generally of the stamp called "radical." after the years since she had seen him. Some women hold some faces in their hearts forever though, and defy time pression of the rebellion. or aught to put the memory past recog-

hands. It was what she used to call treason. Amongst others, a wealthy you"-and the professed Union ma

hurt, if only some one would lift this ed to wait his trial for furnishing goods space to the petitioner, for the wife carcass off mc. I've got something in to blockade runners. This arrest has a negro soldler who lay dangerously il my shoulder that won't let me help my- created quite a commotion in the Mon- was that day to be turned out of he

incubus. As they lifted him in he 29th a delegation of Jew tallors tried pseudo Unionists have hertofore had o held his well hand toward her. "Come their luth with an eloquent German as him, and his disposal of the case state and see me, Puss, won't you?"

toward the officer in charge. "Where are you going to take them?" she asked. "Is it fat?

"About three miles."

"hot hear a mile. I'll take care of them ed his long limbs into all the awkward poall, if you'll let me, and as many more sitions imaginable, as he walked backas vou thouse to bring."

utterance.

house. The two sat down to the meal young pale face; perhaps some red- of the speaker, assured him he "couldthat waited them, and Puss, after wait- tape scruplo vexed him; but if so, he n't help it. They couldn't put down risked it, ordering the ambulance in the rebellion if the practice of furnish-"In going over the field have you and he added:

The officer understood her. "Poor

breath, turned away, he spoke in a low

The poor old man was dead. A little whiter faced, but quiet, Puss

The day's happening was not yet done. Taking a little different route their sleck heads forward with the ai Puss only shrank a little till he than that hy which she had come, they knew him-it was Mallory-and stop-

The ambulance had gone on. When Burbank did not hear. He was al- the man saw her he entreated piteously ready nodding in the doorway; and that she would call it back; that she with a brutal chuckle the ruffian bent would bring him water; that she would not leave him there to die alone.

Fear and shuddering lost in pity, with her little hand one two, three, Puss promised to stay by him in his sharp stinging blows across the eyes; mad terror and agony till other help amount of money the prisoner had give and as he recoiled involuntarily, blind- came. She brought him water, and en to the Union cause. ed by the smart, she leaped through the knelt beside him, holding it to his

Her enemy! Words cannot tell how tically swift feet that the fellow, after she had feared him; but he could not lion, by furnishing supplies, it does n hurt liet how; and with her hand up- help the case," urged Mr. Lincoln Puss never paused till she stood at on him, pitiful shid forgiving, he died

Puss made a capital nurse Her patients thrived as no others did.

Vallance suspected from stray glean. other feeling she stood watching the ings something of what her life had me plainly, we will not support you forid flash and rolling smoke clouds, been all those vents; but she never plank, if, every time we catch a rases nor turbed away till she saw by the fly- liked to talk of it, and he never knew you releast him !" ing squadrons that Northern bayonets that it was her enemy whose dying mohad won the day. Then she crept ments Puss had southed that day .- rascal!" not yet deadened with its roar the fearful and stealthily back to the house She kept that themory, so connected "Beg your pardon, but I think h But no one was there, nor seemed to with her dead father, to herself. No- is." have been all day. Her sewing lay body should blame him for that. But just as she had dropped it, and the door something of her long pain broke into him, your Excellency. The Mayor was wide. No one came near the house her voice when one day after Vallance Baltimore has vouched for him. all night, though she sat and watched; was allines well, and had been talking vouched for him. He is a good Union not even her old father; and in the in low, check-flushing words to her, she man. We all voted for him. We wind

> Not stopping, as on similar occasions wanted you so!" before, to look for him, aeleep perhaps "I knew it, my darling! God for-

> > He knew, but he liked to hear her

She Relates an Incident at the White

House to Illustrate the Fact that the President is adopting a stear! & Policy Towards Public Enemies.

WASHINGTON; Cet. 31st; 1564. DEAR LEMOCRAT.-Your readers doubtless like to hear from our tall President, and although they are not they must rejoice in every evidence of his increasing carnestness in the sup-

The War Department has recently been very active in ferteting out and "Oh Vally !" she said, clasping her arresting the aiders and abettors of have no time for this, and will not German Jew clothing dealer, of Balti- who had spent thousands and would at He smile I faintly. "I'm not much more, has been arrested and imprison- a rogue to escape, was forced to yiel lilatumed hair, were marshaled into the a storner and more effective policy. presence, and ranged themselves in a semi-circle, looking "meek as Moses," while their spokesman harangued his Puss glanced at the ambulance, con- "Excellency" on the impolicy of keeptaining now as many of the poor wound: ing a "good Union man" in prison, ed fellows as it could accommodate, away from his business, his wife and and the thought of the long way before his children. The thing was likely to they could be at rest almost stifled her affect his election. Uncle Abraham ran his long fingers through his hair, "I live up there," she said, eagerly, thrust his hands into his pockets, twistwards and forwards, or stood and lis-The officer hesitated, glancing at the tened, and stepping suddenly in front ing goods to rebels was not broken up,"

coarse flattery. While they were eat- seen an old, quite an old man?" Puss "No thatter whether I am re-elected down all the same."

One orator persisted. Our President "That means business, and sooner'n child! yes," he said gently. "He lies told him that the business belonged to

> "But your Excellency can do it." "Yes, I know I can. I can stop the is a branch establishment of his or in

but," and he thried his head on o

side with his peculier look "I'me going to do it.". This called out applause from few present all except fie automator delegation, who persisted in holding

of humble reverence they had at lim assumed: "See here," broke in Father Abra ham, "it this man is innocent, as yo say, why does he not patiently await his trial, and make his innocence ap pear? Why do his friends presume i taking up my time urging his release If I was arrested for a crime, I should

no man for mercy!" Jane Kangar Orator then gave a statement of the

wait my trial, look for justice, and as

"If he gave a few hundred to the Union cause, as a cover to the thou sands he has contributed to the rebel

"But he has not done this !" "Make it appear on his trial. I te you what it is, my triend, we have big 108 86 hand, putting down this re bellion. The War Department says

"But, my friend, Mr. - is not

to vote for you again. Here is a lette "I wanted you so long, Vally-I to show that I am a Union man." "No, no, I do not want to see the le ter. I can trust you as well as the

writer." "I have spent thousands in the Un ion cause, your Excellency. I one paid three hundred dollars for knock

ing a man down." The President started back with

nock look of alarm, excla

"I hope you will not try that After the laugh had subsided th

orator persisted. "Even your enemys, your excellency say you have a kind heart."

ime for this, and I tell you, once for The pleader then begged a permit visit the prisoner. This was grante and on taking leave, he said :

"Now not another word. I have

"I will come again your Excellency and show you-" "No. You must not come again.

timental City, and the President is lit. poor dwelling for non-payment of ren Tears blinding her, Puss tried with erally beseiged by deputations, delega- His firmness in resisting petition her own little hands, but of course in tions and petitions for his parole. The regarding the late arrests of rebel sym Mayor of Baltimore has been libre-a pethizers, has given new hope to the An ambulance came up soon, how- deputation of Bultimore merchants, and class of his friends who have lamente ever, and released St. Cloud from that influential persons not a few. On the the influence which these Border Stat spokesman A round dozen of them, which I have from an eye and an ea With a gashing sob the girl turned in shiny new coats, and thoroughly po- witness, is one of the hopeful signs o JANE G. SWISSHELM.

THE SHOPKEEPER'S EMBARRASS

MENT. -The following anecdote respe ting the famous Eau de Cologne Jeau Marie Farina has appeared in French journal: "There are many Fa rinas at Cologne, all of whom, course, claim to be the real Simo pure. A French gentleman who wa recently in that city, being anxious obtain a few bottles, entered the hand somest of three fine shops, ail pretend ing to sell the genuine perfume. ier making a purchase, he conjured the master of the establishment to /ea whether he was indeed the real Fattin The shopkeeper seemed greatly embar rassed, but at last confessed that he wa not, and that the real Farina kept :he shop on the other side of the street The gentleman thanked him for hi candor, and immediately made affects purchase at the shop indicated. Th next day the Frenchman, happetting pass through the street with a hat of Cologne, related his adventife, a was not a little astonished when: triend exclaimed: "The tascal! the shop which he recommended

DEFECTIVE DAGE