

The St. Cloud Visiter.

JANE G. SWISSELM,

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

EDITOR.

VOL. I.

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ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

BY MRS. JANE G. SWISSELM.

'Tis years, six long years, mother, since
We wrapped the winding sheet
Around thy worn and wasted form—
Thy rest was calm and sweet.
Death came in his good angel garb,
And freed from racking pain;
I would not then for worlds have called
Thy spirit back again.
But Earth is very silent now—
It wants thy pleasant tone;
Its holiest, brightest light is fled—
Thy loving smile is gone.
I listen in the twilight,
The plaintive whistler will—
The sighing of the zephyr's breath.
And murmuring of the rill—
Thy voice, thy dear voice, mother mine,
Is wanting, wanting still.
The sky with all her brilliant eyes,
Could ne'er look half so fair,
Did I not think thy spirit pure
Looked down on me from there.
When sickness lays his iron hand,
To press my faint head down;
'Tis then, 'tis then, my mother dear,
I feel that thou art gone—
No love is half so tireless then,
No hand is like thine own,
When friends, kind friends are around my
bed,
And loved ones standing near
To speak in tones of sympathy,
Their kindly words of cheer—
I turn in utter loneliness,
To whisper, mother dear,
That sound of mother, mother dear—
Earth has no other word
With half so much of melody.
How has my full heart stirred
To hear it poured from cherub lips
Like notes from some glad bird.
No wonder that I turn mine eyes,
With longing looks above—
The world is very desolate,
Without a mother's love.

Fair Play for Woman.

A LECTURE BY GEORGE WM. CURTIS.

The following is the New York Tribune's report of the Lecture on Woman's Rights by Geo. W. Curtis, in that city. A large audience greeted Mr. G. W. Curtis last night at Mozart Hall, where he lectured on the above subject. He said that whoever had heard public speaking or read public discourses in this country, had learned well the art of "not how to say it." There was always some party to be compromised or some prospects to be ignored. Happily, to-night, there was no party, not even a committee to be compromised by any plain speaking. I stand here to-night alone in a sweet and good cause. In saying what I think of I speak only for myself, though I may speak also for many of the good and true who hear me. The subject is of such a nature that those who speak about it may say nearly the same things and arrive at the same conclusion. Although a new subject to a popular audience, it already has a literature of its own, many advocates of its own, and has become as familiar to those who have thought of the question as flowers are to May. When we see something that ought to be done and may be done, we soon begin to consider how it shall be done. I will therefore hope that our talk together this Spring evening may be like the talk of Boaz when he saw Ruth gleaning in the fields and said to her: "Be it far from me that when we reap thou shouldst be glean; lay thy sheaf down, come share my harvest and my home." [Applause.] Just in the degree that the world advances, every question of right and responsibility is subjected to a most searching discussion. It does no good to lose our temper or call names. When this nursing of a question grows more robust scolding may quiet it, and when it grows older and tugs at your coat tails, swearing may do or frightening with the bugaboo; but still later, when this poor little baby of a question, at which you laugh has grown

to be a problem to solve, not to be frightened, when it seizes your feeble fists and punnels you with its own, you will either have to come to terms or be reduced to an intellectual and moral jelly. This woman question has grown to be robust, the child has grown strong. When a woman, not far away from this, refuses to pay taxes without representation; when the Sorbonne in Paris gives diplomas to 200 women as teachers; when the most eminent men in modern times protest against the injustice done to their wives; when women everywhere doing more than half of the most menial work in the world quickens the humanity and the invention of man, and as society condemned the great mass of woman to the needle, the sewing machine comes in to relieve the few and send the many into the street or the grave yard. The woman question, or the candid inquiry whether women are to have the same chance in the world as men, has become a very robust question, and is not to be put off with slops and sugar much longer. The question is not whether women are men. Men are men, and women are women; no boy is so contemptible as the she boy, while the woman puts all men to flight. But we men have treated women as slaves, or have always made them subordinate to ourselves, and for no other reasons than the same by which the big boy takes the apple away from the little girl, and the white man makes the black man his slave. In the earliest times women were absolute slaves; they belonged to the man who could take them. The Hebrews and Egyptians were polygamists, and in Athens, as among savages now, they were not allowed to sit at table with their lords. Yet even in Greece, Sappho sang, and Arete lived, and Corinna bore away the palm. True, they called Sappho hard names; but that we do to the Sapphos now-a-days. The Romans did better, and among the northern nations, there was a mysterious religious respect for women. Chivalry was the offspring of this respect, but it was only a beautiful form of selfishness. Nowhere in literature did respect for women appear until the days of Shakespeare, when Elizabeth ruled England. Soon this was over, and men praised only handsome women. Defoe spoke noble words for women in the midst of the dirty drama of the 18th century.—The essayists, who came next, patronized women; they gave them advice about hoops, and treated them as elder brothers treated very little sisters, Pope said every woman was a rake at heart, and yet he was called a poet! What dreary women were portrayed by Fielding and Smollet, and even Goldsmith's women were only milk and water and water and milk. Until this century women were the toasts of convivial hours, the toys of a moment, the puppets of a court, the slaves of parents and brothers, the drudge of the household of old England, when the King said "if beoels will be boots and bainters, let 'em starve." In France there was then a bloated and sensual court, while thousands of women were crying for "bread! bread!" and suckling the French revolution. An English Judge then decided that a man had a right to chastise his wife with a stick as large as his thumb, but if it were no larger than his wit or his manhood, a cord of such thumbs would not form a stick large enough to make a babe fingle. The whole theory of modern society is in the Cochinchina proverb, that "woman's hearts bear a good deal of breaking." It is not changed so very much. Women are sold by parents from Circassia, and they mean by the sale precisely the same as the fashionable woman now means when she calls a good match for her darling Jane anything in trousers with twenty thousand a year.—This was in early times; and while there have been some variations in the social condition of woman, there has always been the same general estimation that she was of an inferior sex. And although the loveliest traditions of Christianity are interwoven with the names of the Madonnas, the Magdalens and the Marthas—although in its theory woman is brought to an equality—yet she practically has no legal and industrial equality. In the celebrated debate in England, Mr. Gladstone said, when the Gospel came into the world, woman was elevated to an equality with her stronger companions. So she was in theory. But if Christianity taught the equality of woman, it taught that men were brothers; yet in Christian nations, as a matter of fact, women have not enjoyed that equality any more than man have enjoyed that brotherhood. At that very time the English law of divorce was denounced as disgusting and demoralizing in its operation, barbarous and a disgrace to the country, shocking to the sense of right.

I have thus far spoken of other times, but if we now come straight to this land of the free and the home of the brave, we discover a whole people bowing and giving the best seats in cars and lecture rooms, and even not allowing a woman's drunken husband to squander her wages: we shall exclaim, here is a nation where woman has her rights as a member of society; and there is doubtless a general feeling in this country that women are about as well off as they can be, and it is very silly to talk

about woman's wrongs, and no doubt both men and women are better off in this than in any other country, despite negro Slavery, which is both a crime in morals and a blunder in economy. [Applause.]

In some parts of the country there are laws which justify the assertion that woman is respected, but this is by no means the general spirit of our society. We may be as gallant as Lovelace, or courtly as Sir Charles Grandison; but this is profession, and it is our national weakness to confound our profession, with our performance. We profess to hold as a distinctive principle that all men are born equal, yet nearly one-seventh of our population are degraded by the most odious system known to history.

We also claim to be a Christian nation; when a cardinal principle of Christianity is love to God and to our neighbors as ourselves. We all know whether people go down town every day to love their neighbors. [Laughter.] We all know whether the universal principle of trade is not "Every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost." We are ex-officio Christians, just as a boy is an ex-officio Democrat, because his father is a Tammany Sachem. These are simple facts, and I mention them to show there is a great deal more to be done than has been yet done, and nobody need look for the Millennium before the end of the summer. Is the practical public opinion in this country a just and noble one? Do we open to woman every industrial opportunity, and admit her to equal rights in society? When we hear that old Herodotus said that there was a place in Babylon where they sold women, we remark, "That was before the Christian era." When we are told that wives are sold in Asia, we say, "Those are uncivilized lands." But how about this in Paris to-day, when Cotilda is taken from a convent and married to the old roue of 70, whom she has never seen, or having seen, hates? How about this in London, where Ethel Newcome is sold to the Marquis who bids highest?—Does she not protest, with all her heart, and—submit? How then about New York? But no—I put off my shoes.—This, I am told, is a Christian city—this is no Constantinople. Here we marry for love. This is no London or Paris. Of course it is not! [Laughter.] May we not read in the morning papers of those delightful public dinners at which men only are present. When serious business was disposed of; when the great speeches were made that complimented women so prettily, and the privileged ladies were behind the screen; after the orators had retired the army and navy were drunk with cheers, and the songs had been sung, the last toast is proposed, "Woman—Heaven's last and best gift; It is received with many cheers, and the gallant editor of the Weekly Flopdoodle responds; many shed tears; after which those of the company that were able rose, and, hallooing "We won't go home till morning," hiccupped to their homes. [Great laughter.] There are hundreds of young men in this city saying to hundreds of young women that life is a blank till they will consent to make them happy; and when the long worship is over, they settled down to their sphere and become either a beautiful flower in the parlor, or head cook and superintendant of breeches butans! Are these pictures unfair? Do they not occur here continually? Is not the position of woman in this country, after all, somewhat similar to her position in the Turkish harem? If unmarried, is she not obliged to drudge for a living, and be laughed at if she strives to rise above that position? If married, does she not become a simple mother of children, a lay figure for milliners a figure head for her husband's table? I hope there are women here who are indignant at this description. In painting, sculpture, literature and science, a few women are patronizingly said to be doing very well for women. And in the English census of 1851, there are a certain number of women classed as in the learned profession; they are pen-women. Though women are peculiarly fitted to soothe suffering humanity, they are met with stormy troubles when they attempt to obtain a medical education. But, thank God, there are women who fight their way through; that, within a stone's toss of the place where I am speaking, there are noble women, who, under the ban of public doubt and contumely, have chosen to do what God has given them power to do, and to answer to God and not to Mrs. Grundy.—Literary women are still sneered at. But among the industrial classes, where always must be most men and women, there are sadder sights. Thousands of miserable men and women surround us. The men have their work, their votes, and in the last extremity their strong right hands. But the woman—even their needle is now stolen away from them by the subtle brain of man, and what resources have they? Pretty girls, they become what you are not even expected to know; they are not far from here. You shall meet them as you go home to-night. In the gas light they are very gay; in the midnight you shall hear them laugh and see them reel; no leper so outcast, no slave more forsaken. Not more ally in these April days does the robin

and the bluebird fit and sing than in that mother's arms does that little child laugh and crow—and now the dark river sweeps her to sea with all its foulness. Might we not as well stop bowing and complimenting, and request the gallant editor to take his seat, and ask ourselves, whether when we drink with enthusiasm "Heaven's last gift," she is not most likely to be cared for and elevated by our cups or by wholesome regulations in our laws and workshops.—As honorable men we must concede that every human being has a natural right to do what God has given him the power to do within the limits of the moral law. We must certainly concede to them the same right to be physicians as we do to any long-haired, dissipated, sallow boy in spectacles.

When we see women like Florence Nightingale watching the sick and wounded; women like Grace Darling going on to the stormy sea to save men's lives; when we see a woman ignorant and poor, escaping from a land of slavery, and yet going back seven times at the peril of her life after three of her own flesh and blood, we look in vain for greater heroism, and pray that she may be enabled to go back and come again seventy times seven. [Great applause, at the close of which we heard a hiss, when the applause rose again, louder than before, and for three or four times, till all hisses were completely drowned in the storm of applause.]

The right of these women to do these things was where Washington's right was. Is a man talking in public foolishly, sophistically or worse, more to be respected than a woman who asks the right to the money she earns to buy bread for her starving children, and that it may not be stolen from them by her drunken husband? The State must show that women are incompetent, and by what authority they are determined to be so. If bearing arms be the test, the reply is that many men are excused, and many women, in days of trial, will not be excused. I do not suppose that, if the polls were to be opened to-morrow, many but the ignorant women would avail themselves of it. They would do as the men do now. You have to look on the cloth of the parlors and not on the slime of the grog-shops, for the cause of your bad government. When I voted for President I entered a line with ten or twenty men, and in ten minutes I had done all I could to make Mr. Fremont President. [Applause.] Is it improper for a woman to spend half an hour at the polls and highly proper to be crowded for hours into a lecture room or a church, to hear prurient poems in a play or see the pretty spectacle of an opera? Unwomanly for a woman to drop a ballot in a box; but quite modest and lady-like to whirl in a polka in the arms of a man she never saw before, and have her cheek flamed by his tipsy breath? That there are children now in some cities who will now go to the theatre and lyceum, who will one day go with their wives to the ballot-box, I just as firmly believe as I do that women are quite as well informed in political subjects. I believe that women are as intelligent as their gardeners, or as those of our fellow-citizens who land here ignorant of our laws and customs, but whose eyes are annointed with political sight by the tobacco spittle of the City Hall. I know how busy and dangerous is prejudice in all its different forms; but it is our duty to keep ourselves free from prejudice, and to call our friends around us with sacred hospitality, and be ever generous to every movement which tends to the welfare and elevation of our common humanity.—[Great applause.]

BEAUTIFULLY SAID.—We have the following extract from a homestead exemption law, from a letter written by a distinguished Judge of Tennessee:

"Secure to each family, whose labor may acquire it, a little spot of free earth that it may call its own—that will be an asylum in times of adversity, from which the mother and children, old age and infancy can still draw sustenance and obtain protection; though misfortune may rob them of all else, they can feel they are still free, still entitled to walk the green earth and breathe the free air of heaven, in defiance of the potency and power of accumulated wealth, and the domineering of the pretending and ambitious. The sacredness of that consecrated spot will make them warriors in the time of eternal strife. These shocks of corn, said Xenophon, inspire those who raise them to defend them. The largest of them in the field is a prize exhibited in the middle of the stage to crown the conqueror. Secure a home to every family, whose labor may obtain one, against the weakness, vices or misfortunes of the father, and you will rivet the affections of the child in years of manhood by a stronger bond than any consideration that could exist. He will remember where he had gambled in his early youth, the stream upon whose flowery banks he felt a mother's love, and the green spot within that little homestead where sleep the loved and the lost."

Rev. Dr. TAYLOR of Omicthia Parish (La.) shot one of his negroes recently for insubordination.—E.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRICETON MIN. APRIL 19th.

Mrs. EDITRESS

The dastardly attempt to "crush out" freedom of speech in St. Cloud by the destruction of your paper, has aroused the country. To think that in the center of the New England of the West, a press should be destroyed because of its noble advocacy of rights of the poor and the down trodden, almost staggers my credulity.

Shall a Slaveholder erect his whip over the heads of the citizens of St. Cloud? That is the question. Most emphatically has the question been responded to by your paper, and most handsomely and unqualifiedly do they sustain you, in the good name of St. Cloud, by their manly resolves. They ring out the true metal. They have got the snop in them. Going as they do before the country, along with the account of the outrage, they more than neutralise it.—They do more to give a good name to St. Cloud than all the windy puffs it has ever received.

I own a little town property there, which, since this event, and as a result of the winding up of it, I consider enhanced in value one hundred per cent. No thanks however to General Lowery and his 'head laquey—Jeems!' I leave them to the indignant scorn and contempt of their just incensed fellow citizens and to the infamous notoriety they have brought upon themselves.

I inclose \$1 for which please send me the Visiter according to your terms. I will make an effort to get more subscribers here for you.

Truly yours,

V. FELL.

Extract from private Correspondence.

BIDDEFORD MAINE APRIL 13, 1858.

I hope you will not be driven, but get to publishing another paper again and in time you will show those "border ruffians" that their mob spirit is not such as can flourish in the noble land of Minnesota.

I am pleased with the noble welcome the Editor of St. Paul Times, made you to use his columns. I am a Subscriber to his sheet, and I shall herafter, feel a livelier sense of his manhood, when reading his paper, than before. On your resuming, I shall try to send you a few subscribers.

Yours very truly for a Free Press, or none.

THE KANSAS DODGE.

The new Kansas bill proposed by Mr. ENGLISH, of Indiann, as a compromise between the two houses of Congress, is so objectionable to both sides, that we hope for its abandonment by its projectors, or its defeat when it comes to a vote. It is a dishonest scheme, because it pretends one thing and intends another. It has been said of it with much truth, that it is at once a bribe and a threat. The people are to be allowed to vote on the Constitution, but they are to be rewarded if they vote Yea, and punished if they vote Nay. Mr. ENGLISH's bill provides for a grant of three millions of acres of land to the State of Kansas if she accepts the Lecompton Constitution, but if she rejects it she gets nothing, and must stay out of the Union until a census shall allow that she has a population sufficient to entitle her to a member of Congress—which is now 93,420 and will be from 110,000 to 125,000 under the census of 1860. Thus, if the people reject Lecompton, they will be subjected to pro-slavery rule for an indefinite period, and minority will have a new lease of power, using it, as of course they will, to strengthen slavery in the territory, and finally to fasten upon the people a slave Constitution. Now, can anything be more dishonest than this? If Kansas is qualified to come into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, is she not also qualified to come in under another Constitution if she so elect? Yet she is to be told, if this project succeeds, that unless she votes in a certain way she must be kept out of the Union perhaps for years to come.

But deceptive and unjust as this measure is, its adoption by the Administration, for it is said to be approved in that quarter, involves a concession of almost everything claimed by the opposition in relation to the validity of the Lecompton Constitution.—It is an admission that that instrument is not the Constitution of the people of Kansas; that it lacks what our neighbor of the Union calls "legal virtue," and is of no force until legally and fairly ratified by the people. This is an important concession, and deprives the Lecompton scheme of its most objectionable feature.

Capital punishment is not inflicted in Wisconsin, and a movement to reinstate it has called forth in the Milwaukee Wisconsin an article arguing in favor of the present and milder mode of punishment by imprisonment. The writer insists that the crime of murder has not increased since the abolition of the gallows, and challenges the proof to the contrary.

Punch has a portrait of "The next ambassador to Naples." It is a seventy-four pounder, behind which stands an English tar with his hands on the fuse.

Death of a Revolutionary Hero.

Mrs. Sarah Benjamin died in Mount Pleasant Township, Pa., on the 20th ult., at the age of one hundred and fourteen years, five months and three days. Her maiden name, says the Honesdale Democrat, was Sarah Mathews, and she was born in Goshen-county, N. Y., on the 17th of November, 1743. She was thrice married. Her first husband was Mr. William Reed. He served in the revolutionary army in the early part of the struggle, and died of a wound received in Virginia. Her second husband was Mr. Aron Osborne, of Goshen, N. Y. He was also in the army of the revolution, but survived the war. Her last husband was Mr. John Benjamin, with whom she settled in Mount Pleasant in 1812. He died four years afterwards. She had five children, the youngest of whom is seventy years old. She has left four generations of descendants. From her youth, until past forty years of age, she was in the midst of rough and stirring scenes of border warfare or of the revolutionary struggle. Her temperament was such that she could not be an idle spectator of events. She entered very deeply in all these vicissitudes. Up to the latest period of her life she distinctly recollated the family of Mr. Broadhead, whose sons, in 1755, boldly resisted a party of two hundred Indians, making a fort of their house. She was in the vicinity of Minisink when Brant, the Indian chief, led a party of Indians and Tories through that settlement, scalping the inhabitants and burning the houses. After the second marriage she accompanied her husband in the army.

During marches she made her self useful preparing food, and when in quarter, engaged in embarking some heavy ordnance at Kingsbridge, on the Hudson, ostensibly to attack New York, then in the hands of the enemy, it was necessary to do it in the night, and to place sentries around, lest they should be observed or taken by surprise. Her husband having been placed as a sentinel, she took his station, with overcoat and gun, that he might help to load the heavy artillery.

Soon Washington came round to examine the outposts, and detecting something unusual in her appearance, asked, "Who placed you there?" She promptly replied, in her characteristic way, "Them who had a right to sit." He, apparently pleased with her independent and patriotic spirit, passed on. She accompanied the army, with her husband, to the South, and was present at the siege of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis. During the battle she was busy in carrying water to the thirsty, and relieving the wants of the suffering. When passing where the bullets of the enemy were flying, she met Washington, who said, "Young woman, are you not afraid of the bullets?" She pleasantly answered, "The bullets will never cheat the gallows." She possessed extraordinary energy, even in her extreme age, and would relate the events of her early days with the vivacity of youth.

MINNESOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—We are gratified to learn that arrangements have been made to secure three hundred and twenty acres of land to be given to the State for the benefit of the State Agricultural College located near this town. We hope to see a commencement made this season on the buildings and grounds of the College.—Glencoe Register.

NEW POTATOES.—Here it is, only the third day of May, in the year of grace, 1858, and we have been luxuriating on new potatoes "away up in Minnesota."—This may be a startling announcement to eastern ears which seldom if ever listen to any tale from Minnesota other than those of starvation and snow drifts; but it is nevertheless true. Judge Orlando Stevens has laid upon our table a quantity of potatoes raised this spring upon his farm at Minnesota City, six miles out of town. They are all of good size, and several of them are larger than hen's eggs. This will do to chronicle as the first fruits of the season.—Winona Republican.

THAT 'AR TURNIP.—We were presented by our energetic and good-looking Sheriff, George W. Baker, with a most magnificent turnip, weighing two and one half pounds, which was raised this Spring.—Talk about your country "down South," now, will you? You can't come in. If there is any country this side of "sundown" that can beat Minnesota, we should like to hear from them.—Rochester Free Press.

The coal business of Ohio in 1840 employed four hundred men; in 1850, seven hundred; and in 1857, five thousand. The labor of these five thousand men have supplied (independent of the large amount of coal used for fuel) a motive power, in steam engines, &c., equivalent to the labor of five hundred thousand men.

Queen Victoria invited Sarah Bonetta, an African Princess, boarding at Bhamton, to the wedding of the Princess, and sent her dresses suitable for the occasion.