

# The St. Cloud Visiter.

JANE G. SWISSELM,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## THE ST. CLOUD VISITER

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### I—NOVEMBER.

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,  
Of olive and gold and brown,  
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,  
Through all the embowered town.  
They were washed by the autumn tempest,  
They were trod by hurrying feet,  
And the maids came out with their bosoms,  
And swept them into the street.  
To be crushed and lost forever  
'Neath the wheels, in the black mire lost,  
The summer's precious darlings,  
She nurtured at such cost!  
O words that have fallen from me!  
O golden thoughts and true!  
Must I see in the leaves a symbol  
Of the fate which awaiteth you?

### II—APRIL.

Again has come the spring time,  
With the crocus's golden bloom,  
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mould,  
And the violet's sweet perfume.  
O gardener! tell me the secret  
Of thy flowers so rare and sweet?  
"I have only enriched my garden  
With the black mire from the street."

**PACIFIC ROUTE.**—At a celebration, on the 5th, at Minneapolis "The northern route to the Pacific" was given as a toast. C. C. Andrews, Esq. of St. Cloud, responded in a brief but able speech of which the following is an extract.

Thus far two maxims have been the leading feature of our policy in Minnesota. First, to find out what can and ought to be done,—secondly, to do it. Now we have ascertained that a railroad can be built on the Northern route, through Minnesota, to the Pacific. Thorough and reliable explorations have rendered it comparatively certain that such a route is most practicable. It has long been admitted by statesmen of all parties, that a railroad to the Pacific is necessary as a means of defense to the coast, and as a means of economy in transporting the mails. It is unnecessary to speak of the advantage which such a road would be to Minnesota. Those who remember what the overland emigration to California and Oregon did for western Missouri, can form some idea of the results which would accrue from a great Pacific route through the State. What I especially desire in these remarks, is to call attention to the fact that far to the northwest of us is a region which will need, and contribute to support the proposed northern road. The vast Territory extending ten degrees north and west of here, lying chiefly in British America, is well adapted to agriculture. It is as far north of us as we are north of Tennessee. It is larger than all the middle and New England States together, and watered by the Assiniboin, the Athabasca, Saskatchewan and Peace rivers. The other day I was looking into Mackenzie's account of his voyage through North America in 1792. After exploring the great river, which will carry his name down to posterity, he ascended the Peace river. Some of the scenery on that river, he says, was the most magnificent he ever saw. He then found a garden, which he states, equaled any vegetable garden he had ever seen in Canada. The great region of which I speak, has for two centuries been under the jurisdiction of a gigantic monopoly—the Hudson Bay Company. It has been for the interest of that company to keep the territory a wilderness, to promote their fur business; and accordingly their combined influence has been exerted to represent it as unfavorable for agriculture. Lately, however, their affairs have been inquired into by the House of Commons, and testimony was taken, showing the ample resources of that country. There is a prospect that it will soon be wrested from the retarding influence of that monopoly, and opened up to settlers. When this is done, as it should and will be done, a great stimulus will be given to our northern route. I have said something of what may contribute to our material prosperity. Let me

say, however, that there is something greater and higher for a state, than mere physical resources. We must be imbued with the spirit which animated our ancestors, in the great contest which we commence to day, if we would secure the greatest success. If we would build an empire that shall not decay, we must be faithful to just principles. The most salubrious climate, the most fertile soil, are in vain, if we do not maintain wise and just institutions. Many States of antiquity, now crumbled into ruins, could once boast of as much wealth and elegance as exist in any nation to-day. But they were false to the principles of Christianity which alone can give us true civilization, go hand in hand with our arts, our laws, our physical growth—then the land will blossom as the rose—then we may build up an empire that shall defy the ravages of time.

### CONGRESSIONAL REMINISCENCE.

The Albany Evening Journal, in an interesting sketch of scenes and incidents that occurred in the old Representatives Hall, thus describes one of the warmest and most memorable occasions ever witnessed in that Hall:

The Right of Petition was early put in issue by that persistent body of men, the radical Abolitionists, whose convictions of duty to fire of persecutions was able to burn out of them. It is a curious fact that the first modern memorial respecting Slavery, ever presented to the House of Representatives, was the proceedings of a meeting in Utica, New York, deprecating the agitation of this subject! It was offered by Judge Beardsly, then in Congress, in the opening days of the session of 1854.

John Dickson, of Ontario county, New York, in January, 1855—just after the reception of the Utica memorial—presented a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He advocated its prayer in an able speech. This was the first gentle zephyr of the approaching storm which ultimately swelled into a tempest that raged in the House with unabated fury for many years. The earliest defenders of the right of petition were Messrs. Dickson, of New York, Phillips and Jackson, of Massachusetts, and Slade, of Vermont. Resort was still made to the Gag Rule, which, as the flood of memorials began to increase in volume, was finally incorporated among the standing rules of the House.

These tyrannical measures aroused the ire of John Quincy Adams, who soon became the leading champion of the right of petition. His great age, his eminent services, his persistent courage, his skill in debate, at once elevated the controversy to a commanding position before the country. During the session of 1837—8 and '9 his desk was loaded with heaps of anti-slavery memorials from all the free States. Every petition-day witnessed a graphic scene, as the old man deliberately presented one memorial after another, taking most provoking pains to make a brief statement of each as he handed it over to the little page, to be ultimately consigned by the clerk to some dark cell in the vaults of the Capitol.

On the 18th of January, 1837, the House adopted the usual rule to lay anti-slavery petitions on the table; this being denominated "Hawes Gag," to distinguish it from the "Patent Gag," and the "Atherton Gag."

On Monday, the 6th of February, 1837, Mr. Adams having occupied an hour or more in exhausting his pile of anti-slavery memorials, paused, and looked significantly at Mr. Speaker Polk, said, "I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a petition from certain slaves. If I should present it to the House, would it go on the table under the order of the 18th of January?" The speaker seemed bewildered, and had time to stammer out something about the gravity of the question, when the entire pro-slavery side of the chamber exploded with the most intense wrath. "Let him be expelled!" screamed a score of voices. "Expel the traitor!" shouted Dixon H. Lewis, whose huge body, weighing five hundred pounds averted, came waddling and wheezing down the aisle towards the clerk's desk. The whole corps of Oligarchs were on their feet, screaming, swearing, gesticulating like demons. Quick as thought resolutions were prepared for the expulsion of Mr. Adams, based on the assumption that he had presented a petition from slaves for the abolition of slavery.

Ere they were fairly before the House, they were offered in a modified form by Mr. Waddy Thompson, now demanding the severest censure rather than expulsion. Thereupon the debate began. It raged violently three days. Thompson, Dromgoole, Wise, Underwood, leading off from the slaveocracy, while Lincoln, Cushing, Phillips, Granger and others, defended Adams. During the height of the tempest, the rotunda, the galleries, the passages of the Capitol being filled with an excited throng, the colleagues and friends of Mr. Adams felt great anxiety, not only for his fate in the House, but for his personal safety. Meanwhile the resolutions were

going through various modifications, all tending to soften their terms, and mitigate their conclusions. All this time the old Roman sat unmoved in his place, the calmest man in the chamber, with the incendiary petition safely locked up in his desk. At length it began to leak out that the paper was not exactly such a document as the slaveholders in their hot haste had imagined it to be. Whereupon Dromgoole, of Va., still further modified the resolutions; by setting forth that the member from Massachusetts had "given color to the idea that slaves had a right to petition," etc., a phrase on which Adams afterwards roasted him alive. Finally the pro-slavery side began to suspect that they were pursuing the negro in the wrong direction; that if there was a colored individual in the case at all, he was more likely to be found in the pailing than in the petition, and so they stopped to take breath.

Then Mr. Adams rose to address the House. With great deliberation, his voice of a shrill key that penetrated to the remotest corners of the galleries, and with a frail bit of paper rustling in the speaker's aged hand, he called the Speakers attention to the question he had put to him three days ago, which still remained unanswered, viz.: Whether a petition purporting to be from slaves IF he were to present it, go to the table under the order of the 18th of January? Looking around him with an expression of mingled sarcastic cunning and lofty scorn, which Lord Chatham would have envied, he cried in a voice, not of thunder, but in a sharp, hissing tone, such as lightning might be supposed to employ if it spoke at all, "AM I TO BE EXPELLED FROM THIS LOQUACIOUS, BABELLING HOUSE FOR SIMPLY ASKING A QUESTION."

For the first time the thought flashed on foe and friend, that Mr. Adams had neither presented the paper, nor proposed to present it. Everybody felt queer, while some grave men looked like lank sheep suddenly denuded of their fleeces. It had now got wind that the paper was a forgery, the work of some stupid politician in Washington, and purporting to be written by Scipio, Sambo, and other bogus negroes, asking the House to expel Mr. Adams from that body.

And now the "old man eloquent" took his turn in debate. How he demolished one opponent after another scourging, flogging, scalping, and impaling to his heart's content—how rank upon rank of chivalry went down before his trenchant blade—how he spitted poor Dromgoole, and roasted him before a slow fire of sarcasm, when he told him that "giving color to an idea" was not a Northern but a Southern practice, one of the peculiar institutions of Virginia, with which he had no desire to interfere—how the House screamed with laughter as Dromgoole essayed a grim smile in acknowledgement of his delicate allusion to the bleaching chemistry employed by the South to eradicate the dark tints in their variegated population—how he wound up his triumphant philippic by warning his young adversaries never again to run on an errand till they knew where they were going—and how the House firmly refused to lay the resolutions on the table, but brought their authors to a direct vote, and finally trampled them down by a decided majority. Are not all these things written in the chronicles of the Old Hall of the House of Representatives.

### A Pocket-Piece.

Among the victims of the Henry Clay disaster was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man, formerly mayor of New York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket-book was found a printed slip containing the following advice:

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.  
If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.  
Always speak the truth. Make few promises.  
Live up to your engagements.  
When you speak to a man look him in the face.  
Good character is above all things else.  
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.  
If any man speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.  
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.  
Live within your income.  
When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing through the day.  
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.  
Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.  
Never play at any game of chance.  
Avoid temptation through fear you may not be able to withstand it.  
Earn money before you spend it.  
Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.  
Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous.  
Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy.  
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

### Northern Route.

We give the following able article from the Pioneer & Democrat on the natural land route from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. It affords much food for reflection; and presents a very important chain of facts. We have little doubt that the first railroad that shall connect our eastern and western seaboard will be this Northern route; but the line now in process of construction from Stillwater to Breckenridge on the Red River will be completed in a few years with connections that will give a continuous railroad from the Schuykill to the Otter Tail.

Once there, and a way will soon open to proceed. One thing in this connection is worthy of note. The present Red River trade might be principally stopped in St. Cloud, saving the carts ninety miles of the worst part of the road; also the expense and delay of freighting. The merchants of our three-year-old city have been so busy accumulating lands and buying Iowa sites that the capital employed in other business is altogether insufficient to supply the demand for merchandise. If it were not so, St. Cloud would, in a great measure, relieve St. Paul from the pressure of the Red River trade. The men have shown a disposition, this summer, to purchase here; and have dealt with our merchants more than they did last year, although their stock of goods is quite inferior to what it then was.

A few enterprising merchants with a moderate capital, added to our present business list would enable St. Cloud to intercept the Red River trade; and to do several other things which would be very well worth the doing.

### Emigrant and Railroad Route from St. Paul to Puget's Sound.

The facts developed in the pending contest of the Canadian people with the Hudson's Bay Company, for the possession of the splendid territorial prize, which has been so long locked up under the avicious rule of that trading monopoly, has awakened an interest in relation to the part of the British possessions, which lies contiguous to the north-west boundary of our own State, scarcely less than if a new Continent had been discovered.

Fifty years have passed since Lord Selkirk, penetrating through the inhospitable belt of territory which encloses the waters of Hudson's Bay, and passing along the same parallels of latitude from the climate of Lapland, to the climate of Crimea, from the Arctic sterility of northern Norway on Nelson's river to the generous soil and luxuriant vegetation of Southern Russia on Red river, declared that he had found in the basin of the Winnipeg, and islanded by arctic snows on the north and east and by barren plains in the south, a country with all the characteristics of the temperate zone embracing 300,000 square miles, and capable of supporting a population of 30,000,000.

The effort of the Hudson's Bay and Northern Companies to crush the infant colony planted by him on the Red River, and the final assertion by these corporations under the name and charter of the latter of an unlimited monopoly over this whole region, with objects adverse to projects of colonization, explain the mystery in which the physical geography of this country has been industriously involved; and the facts which the recent contest has developed, often extorted from the unwilling witnesses of the company itself, have all the novelty and, in view of its economical bearings, all the sublimity of a continental discovery. The agents of the Canadian government have done for the terra incognita of Rupert's Land more than Livingston has done for the interior of Africa, or than Perry did for Japan. They have added a new world to the domain of Colonial enterprise.

The discovery—for discovery we must call it, since it ceases to be the secret of a corporation of a vast fertile plain stretching uninterruptedly from the valley of the Red River to the base of the Rocky Mountains, watered across the whole expanse by navigable streams of noble volume, and which carries the isothermal zone of St. Paul to the sources of the Mackenzie river, opens a new theatre for the colonization of the latter half of this century, and determines definitively and unalterably the path of the first Railway to the Pacific. The level valley of Saskatchewan, which is navigable for 1400 miles from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Winnipeg, interlocking there with the waters of the Red River, which forms our northwestern boundary, and adds 500 miles more to this splendid chain of inland navigation, fixes across these level steppes the best route in the world for a Railroad; and the Rocky Mountains which divide this immense plain from the slopes of the Pacific shore, afford along the gorges which connect it with the valley of Fraser's river, the most practicable passes in the whole chain. The extraordinary deflection of the isothermal lines which carry the climate of

St. Paul and Milwaukee along the whole route, the absence of the deep snows which encumber the track in the moister climates of the South, the immense coal fields which line the course of the Saskatchewan, all confirm the decrees of physical geography. The finest and most capacious harbors on the Pacific afforded by the inlets of Puget's Sound, add the last link to the chain of geographical affinities which connect the emporium of Pacific commerce in British Oregon, through the magnificent valleys of the Saskatchewan and Red River, with the basin of the Mississippi at St. Paul on one hand, and perhaps at some future day with the basin of the St. Lawrence at Superior on the other.

At the recent investigation by the House of Commons' Committee, to which was referred the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company for an extension of their Charter—the whole tendency of the testimony was to fix St. Paul as the natural outlet of this whole region. The six hundred carts now here and on their way—which bring in the first instalment of our annual trade with the Red River—is proof of this; and as a further evidence of the growing recognition of this commercial and geographical fact, the Hudson's Bay Company have this year forwarded over three hundred packages of goods from New York via St. Paul to their posts in the British Possessions—an important testimony extorted from the most reluctant of witnesses to the superiority of this route.

Thus while the progress of investigation and the march of events have been rapidly unfolding, one after another, the vast capacities of this region, a new development more immediately important than all the rest has arisen at the Pacific extremity of the route, already fixed by all physical conditions, which fixes it inevitably in the interests of political economy, and, by determining the tendencies of emigration, hastens to an immediate issue the solution of the great Northern Pacific Railway scheme, of which the Canada and Minnesota systems are links.

The gold discoveries on Fraser's river will re-produce in British Oregon the phenomena of the growth of California. Thousands are already flocking from the occupied fields of the latter to the new theatre opened by the former. The prestige of San Francisco is about to be lost in the new marvel on Puget's Sound, and the new weight thus thrown into the scales will irrevocably decide the preponderance of the Northern route over the combined commercial influence of San Francisco, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans.

These events mark out an important path for Minnesota, and especially for St. Paul. An empire lays at their feet. It remains but to go in and take possession. An adjourned meeting is to be held on Wednesday evening, in Concert Hall, when the subject of an emigrant route from St. Paul to Puget's Sound will be discussed, and the report of a committee on the subject read. Of the benefits that would accrue to this city from the establishment of such a route, it would be superfluous to say anything now. It would open a career for St. Paul second to that of no other city in the Mississippi valley, and crown her the commercial queen of the Northwest. Pioneer & Democrat.

### Visiter Correspondence.

Paynesville July 5th. 1858.

I send you five subscribers for the Visiter; and hope to do more when times will permit; and if I am considered one of your several hundred local reporters it is perhaps time for me to make my first effort. I am a farmer, land agent, surveyor, &c.; dwell in the land; walk up and down it, and go to and fro in it; as saith your Prospectus. In regard to farming I report progress, and judging from present appearances the people of Stearns County will not starve to death another winter if they did last; for even now there is within half a dozen miles of here, grain and produce for sale which was raised in Stearns County last year. As land agent I report lots to give away in as pretty a town as Minnesota affords; and good claims to be had for a song. As surveyor I would say the land in this region is surveyed from rail road incumbrance and subject to pre-emption. Forty varieties of timber, and all kinds of prairie found in the state.

Celebration at Paynesville July 5th. I recollect once being asked what day New Years came on, and some might think we had mistaken Independence day; but as the 4th came on Sunday, we had religious exercises; we concluded to celebrate the 5th. Suffice it to say, J. J. Gibson Esq. of Cold Spring, was President of the day, and Rev. C. B. Harrison and Doctor E. T. Sedgewick resident minister and physician of the town of Paynesville, were speakers of the day, and did justice to the occasion. The former delivering a Poem on the Union; of merit, wit and sarcasm, which will long be remembered; whilst the latter after referring to facts in history, from the discovery of America to the present time, closed upon Tea, Coffee, Tobacco and Whiskey; said that the best tea party he ever heard of was at Boston, when 340 chests of tea were steeped at one drawing; and after fully giving the "modus operandi" of making coffee, said, throw it in the swill pail and take a glass of cold water; after the repeat and a ride to the lake, the Richmond and Cold Spring folks left for home, all satisfied with a cold water celebration. Yours &c. E. E. PAYNE.

St. Cloud June 26th 1858

St. Cloud Visiter, I returned to this place yesterday from Breckenridge on Red River; being one of the party who located the State Road to that place and thinking some of the readers of the Visiter might wish to know something of the country which it traverses, I propose to give them an idea, through your columns. In the first place, a good road can be made on the line located with but very little expense. The country is far better suited for a road than that which the "old Pembina trail" traverses. Very few bad sloughs are encountered, and good crossings were found at all the principal streams. The distance is about 140 miles which is a saving of at least 30 miles over the Pembina trail.

The country is as good, if not better than any other which I have seen in the North West and, by the way, I have seen a large portion of it. There is no point on the line until within 30 miles of Breckenridge, where timber of good quality, and in abundant quantity, is not found at a distance no greater than half a mile. The soil is excellent and yields wheat, oats, potatoes, corn &c. abundantly. Any person who doubts this I would advise to take a trip up the Sauk valley and see the fields of wheat, corn and oats; which there gladden the heart of the farmer and he will doubt no more. Probably no person has stronger prejudices against this country than I had before I came here; but they are all removed; I intend to make it my future home.

The road is located through the town sites of Sauk Centre, Kandota, Alexandria Lapham. The latter place being at the crossing of the Otter Tail River which affords a superior natural water power; and is likely to make quite a town. Alexandria is the county seat of Douglas County and is located among some of the most beautiful lakes I ever saw. There is an abundance of good timber close to the town site, with long strips of prairie extending into it. It is a county which must soon fill up with settlers, for any one who sees it cannot fail to like it. Breckenridge is surrounded by a fine agricultural country; and being at the head of navigation on the Red River, and also the terminus of Minnesota & Pacific Rail Road cannot fail to make a large town. The timber is scarce in the immediate vicinity; but this difficulty is obviated by the fact that there is an inexhaustible supply just above on the Otter Tail, which can be easily floated down and made into lumber and fuel. A large "drive" is now within a few miles of Breckenridge, which demonstrates the practicability of this. It is designed for the mill which is to be erected this summer by the town company.

If the necessary exertion is made to cut out the roadway through the brush and timber, and to bridge a few of the bad sloughs, so that the travel will be directed into that channel I have no doubt but the whole country along the line will be settled within two years.

C. Brown.

**DECREASE OF EMIGRATION.**—We learn from the N. Y. Herald that the last report of the Commissioners of Emigration shows a great decrease in the number of emigrants arriving at the port of New York from the first of January to the 23d inst. The arrivals for that period are, in fact, less than half those of the same time last year. The number up to June 23, 1857, was 81,608; while that of the present year is only 30,450. The Herald remarks: This decrease is, unquestionably, attributable to the late financial revulsion. It is one of its most natural consequences. The alarm which our crisis created in Europe gave this country a new aspect to many European eyes. The demand for work or bread, the tumultuous scenes of Tompkins square and the Park—fomented and prolonged for certain political purposes—deterred the emigrating classes from trusting themselves to the incertitude of fortune which seemed to await them here. It will probably be some years before the tide of emigration fall again into its old channel.

**Punishment of a Wood Thief.** In the depth of a hard winter's night, in Northern New York, a gentleman heard a noise at a big wood pile, and sallaying forth found a man just leaving, dragging a sled on which were a few sticks, and purloined from the pile. The sled was overtaken and he begged for mercy, averring that his family was freezing. "Come back, you rascal, with that sled," said the owner of the wood; and the culprit dragged it back to the pile, and began to unload. "Stop that, you rascal, and put on a sled full!" said the owner; and after piling the sled to its full capacity, added: "Now pull, you scamp!" The culprit could barely start the load, but the application of switch and an oath or two from the rough but good natured owner of the pile the load was got under way, and for half a mile, with snow knee deep, was the culprit forced to a dog trot, until he reached the door of his fireless cabin, ready to fall down from the labor of hauling the load. "There," said the owner, you scoundrel, I'll teach you to steal my wood; next time ask for wood!" That was justice tempered with mercy.