

The hard times have induced us to offer the *Visitor* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, the best magazine published in America, or the *Visitor* and *God's Lady's Book* for \$3.50 a year, making the *Visitor* but 50 cts a year as these magazines are \$3 to single subscribers. *Arthur's Home Magazine* and the *Visitor* we can furnish for \$3; and we would be ever so glad if ever so many people would "embrace this opportunity" of sending us ever so many dollars. And yapping these few lines may find all their readers enjoying the blessing of a good many more dollars than falls to the lot of the writer, we remain ac.

WANTED—Wheat, oats, corn, beans, potatoes, butter, cheese, pine lumber, firewood, or any thing else that is worth money in exchange for the *St. Cloud Visiter*.

We send this number of our paper to some friends who are not subscribers. Will they endorse the principle of woman's right to discuss the laws which govern her; and the importance of maintaining the principles of the freedom of the press, of human freedom and human progress in the vanguard of civilization, by aiding us in getting subscribers to the last paper published on the way to the buffalo pastures by Gov. Stephens' route to the Pacific.

We have personally assumed the responsibility of maintaining these principles here, and earnestly ask the aid and sympathy of the friends of freedom and reform.

History.

CONCLUDED.

The first time we saw Mr. Brott we told him of Gen. Lowry's idea that he had some purpose about the management of the paper here; and wished to avoid any connection with him. Mr. B. wrote to the Gen a note which was handed to us open. I was in the most gentlemanly terms, and disavowed any object but that of giving reliable information about the country. He expressly stated that it had been a heavy tax upon him, and that he would be very glad of any cooperation and assistance from himself or any other proprietor. So far as we know no answer was ever returned; but we did not intend to let his generalship off just so. So we wrote, after some time stating that Mr. Brott had concluded he would not support the paper here any longer; but would remove it to Breckenridge; and that as the object of a press here was purely local, we did not wish our isms to stand in the way. If he and Mr. B. could agree upon any plan of supporting it and an editor that would make it to suit their views they should count us out. We would resign at any moment; without any ill feeling, in fact that we would rather do so than have *St. Cloud* left without a press. Or if they thought our services of sufficient importance to bear with the expression of our anti-slavery views, they should appoint some one to take charge of as many columns as they pleased and fill them with whatever kind of politics they had a mind to. We did not claim to make the paper our organ but would simply maintain the freedom of expression in such columns as were placed under our control; and assured him this was all we could do; by way of concession.

He replied that he had intended the letter we have published as definite, that he could not conscientiously support a paper which opposed our present administration, that he had no objection to the removal of the press to Breckenridge as here, it would do as much to support the local interests of *St. Cloud* as it could do here because that place is so situated, with reference to this, that whatever promoted the growth of the one must of the other. So, here we had it in a nut shell. Gen. Lowry, with that large reputation for generosity which Southern gentlemen, in general, contrive to maintain even while refusing to pay their washer women, was coolly calculating the benefits he might receive from the local press; and had no conscientious scruples, so long as Messrs. Brott, Welles and Taylors paid the printer; but could not bring his conscience into any compromise by which he might be required to aid in footing the bills. Moreover, his first letter to us had been a definite offer of patronage upon certain terms.

Here was an era in our life. We had our first bid, no mistake. "Property enough to support two papers entirely Democratic"—not a cent for one that opposed the administration. We had spent as much money, supporting the anti-slavery press, as we should have been willing to

give for all the property Gen. Lowry has about *St. Cloud*. We had risked more than life again and again to attack the highest in the land when their power and influence were cast into the scale against the slave. We had sacrificed the privacy we loved and borne a publicity which had made all our nerves quiver as if under the surgeons knife—had shrunk from no risk, no contumely connected with standing between the slave catcher and his prey. Our fidelity to his cause had never been doubted; and now to be offered a bribe by the little lordling of such a tremendous city as this—to have a chance of getting a few square feet of a bramble patch for stultifying oneself and undoing the work of a lifetime! The temptation was great. Our "hour of weakness" had come and without five minutes reflection we wrote that impossibilities were required of none. We had done all we could to sustain an anti-slavery press here; and could do no more, as we were poor. We had therefore concluded to accept his patronage on his terms and support Mr. Buchanan. This would appear odd to many but instances of the kind were not rare. We could as easily get new light as other people; and, indeed, when we came to think of it, it was quite natural. Our proper place was in the minority; and helping the weaker party. Mr. Buchanan needed assistance; and our post was at his side, &c. We read the letter over and were afraid that he would think we were talking ironically, when we wanted him to think he had made an addition to his live stock; and wished him and his laqueys to boast of the purchase. We thought to throw the letter aside and write one more humble, more submissive and less equivocal; but the fever was a little abated; and the fact began to stare us in the face that this was deliberate deception, a doing evil that good might come. For fear our good angel would prevail we hurried off the letter; hoping he would read it as a serious acceptance of his offer. He did so. It was soon confidentially whispered, on the authority of Mr. Shepley and Dr. Palmer, that Gen. Lowry had made an arrangement by which the *St. Cloud Visiter* was coming out "all right".

This was just what we wanted; and the *Visiter* did come out all right. We lived up to our contract to the letter, supported Mr. Buchanan beautifully! It was no fault of ours that folks laughed at our solemn appeals in favour of democracy; that men threw up their hats; and cried "stand firm under," as we labored to convince that woman-whipping was the only American institution worth naming. We were not to blame that they said our innocent scraps of local history were "raking broadsides all down the line" of our new allies.

We did not promise to make irreverent people serious or stupid folks bright. Our engagement was specific. We were to support the administration, for town lots. We did do the supporting; but did not get the lots! And now we just want Gen. Lowry to walk down and settle up. If he would like to renege us: "Berkis is willin'". Any thing to make an honest penny.

We have had copious rains and Steamer Enterprise is making her regular trips between this and *St. Anthony*.—A small band of Chipeways came down in canoes on sabbath; and camped on a delightful spot opposite our office. They were quite superior in appearance to those who come down with the trains. In fact they are the first we have seen who do not make the Cowper idea of the Red man altogether ridiculous.

They were tall and commanding in appearance. The tallest was a woman, who in red leggings and blue blanket, wrapped straight around her from the neck to within six inches of the ankles, without a fold, stepped out with a graceful dignity which led us to suspect that massive skirts have entailed on most women a sad habit of waddling. She, and one gentleman, in soiled white blanket and minus pantaloons, came up stairs in our house; and were greatly pleased to hear our Jeannie play the piano. Nettie, but a little younger, was too much afraid to touch the keys; the eight-year-old heroine went over all her pieces; trembling at the novelty of having two great Indians peeping over her shoulders. The man tied, hard, to look as if he had been brought up amongst pianos, books engrain carpets and paintings; while she was as evidently delighted as any of her civilized sisters over a display of new millinery.

"Now suppose you was to be turned into an animal," said Jim; "what would you be Bill?" "Oh I'd be a lion," replied Bill, because he is so. "Oh no don't be a lion Bill," interrupted little Tom, who has had some painful calamity at school; "be a wasp and then you can sting the master."

We had intended, in this issue, to give a full account of the way Mr. Shepley's wife has been thrust into her present prominence in the quarrel between Gen. Lowry and the *Visiter*; but as it is to be subject of legal investigation we conclude let the evidence come out first before a jury; and only say that the little hound evidently thought we knew that she had aided him in preparing; and sent him out deliver, the lecture in which he made his first public attack upon us. Thinking this, he naturally assumed that something in our review applied to her. With this we will leave the lady in private life until her little donkey of a husband brings her name into court for a sitting. We do this the more readily since it has occurred to us that as Jeemes has failed in his late mission to Washington where he went, with Gen. Lowry's endorsement, to procure the removal of E. Wilson U. S. District Attorney and his own appointment in stead, and as the military business is dull and presents few inducements for Jeemes to enter upon his natural vocation, he may think of settling his wife up in some little business such as an oyster saloon or cigar shop; and wishes to get her as much gratuitous advertising as possible. If such are his plans we will not aid them further, for this is the last time his lady can appear in our columns at less than regular advertising rates, except in our reports of court trials. If Jeemes can get up any thing about his wife which differs so much the printed circular, called a summons, got up by doctor Palmer in name of Jeemes and his "Mary F. B.", that it will not pollute our columns, he can have it inserted at \$1 per square.

If she should get those \$10,000, the price she's set upon her reputation for chastity, she will, maybe, write another little lecture on "woman" and send her little men out to deliver it in hope of getting another 10,000! That business might pay.

Letter to General Lowry.

Sir. As we go to to press we are warned, by one well worthy of credence, that your laqueys are plotting a second destruction of our office, counting that the risk will be less, now, that it belongs exclusively to us. We have thought to protest privately; but self-respect forbids after the use you have made of our former letters. We therefore make this public appeal; and ask you to call off your dogs.

As our enemy, we can ask no quarter of you: as a man, we request you to desist.

Since the office destruction, you have united with the only church here in which we can commemorate the dying love of a common saviour; and, notwithstanding we did very wrong in pretending to turn democrat, the right is on our side. The wrong we did was such as most gentlemen would have repelled with a laugh; and is no apology for the kind of warfare you have waged on us. If you have as much honor or manliness as we still give you credit for, you will not be deterred any course by threats; and we make none; but the men of lower *St. Cloud* think they know that you incited all the rival claims which have disturbed their titles. You destroyed their printing office and thus have brought great odium upon the place.

When we were thought to be dying through your agency; the danger of personal violence, to you and your associates, appeared so great that we forgot the gathering darkness in taking measures to prevent it, and the men who then, at great inconvenience, purchased us a new office, would feel no less indignation at its destruction than at that of its predecessor. If any injury is done to it, the consequences will surely be unhappy; and we doubt if any one has more reason than yourself to depreciate further violence, for the prevention of which we would earnestly entreat you to use your undoubted power.

People know that after you had, to all appearance, discarded these fellows you sent your little hound Shepley on to Washington for a bone. They know that the suit brought in the name of Shepley and wife was entered by Dr. Palmer. Wait, one of the lawyers in the case, says you are to pay the fees. You know the suit will ruin the woman it professes to protect; and all are compelled to feel your course one of malicious, unmanly persecution.

Do not, we beg of you, let it again take the form of burglary or there will be a serious time.

—Birds and Toads are among the 500q helps in the destruction of insects, and boys should be protected. Robins have a fancy for eating curculios. This is a merit in the robin almost sufficient to cause every fruit-grower to take off his hat to every robin that visits his grounds. One hundred and sixty-two curculios were last year taken from the craw of one robin. Let the robin live, even if they do claim a share of the fruits. Let more fruits be grown for the robins and human kind.

A Reform Convention.
Some one sends us the proceedings of a convention lately held at Rutland, Vermont, and on the margin writes "what do you think of this?" We think that any editor who publishes the proceedings, either in whole or in part, of such gatherings ought to be liable to heavy fine and imprisonment.

It is the press that is responsible for the sayings and doings of these people. They are a set of lunatics and no man should think of publishing one word of their babble. All this people want, is to see themselves in print; and take this plan to get themselves and their dogmas gratuitously advertised. In this they succeed to a nicety; and it is now an established fact that any one who wishes to poison the public mind with any kind of infidelity; and get himself or herself advertised has only to get up a convention; and the press is teeming with the important matter.

The more preposterous their proceedings the better for their purpose. All their acts and isms, and out goings and incomings are heralded and commented upon and powdered over, as minutely as though they were the most important things in life. Thus the object of the convention is fully gained; and we soon have another. Then the evil of it, is that there are thousands upon thousands who read and fail to separate between the Conventionists and the causes they bespatter with their babble. None have such cause to deprecate conventions as the sane and sincere friends of human freedom, for to all the questions concerning it these notoriety hunters attach themselves with the pertinacity of barnacles to an old ship. We think of conventions, in general, pretty much as Col. Benton did of the national article; but the very name of a "womans right's convention" or a "Reform convention," or an "anti-slavery convention," gives us the chills.—From all such agencies may the good Lord deliver his cause.

THE CROPS.—We have the prospect of one of the most bountiful harvests that ever blessed any portion of this earth.—Men from all parts of the country agree in saying they have never seen wheat look finer and some think it superior to anything ever seen even in the finest wheat growing districts of Illinois.—Some of the spring wheat was sown too late and will not do well, and in other fields a little worm has killed a portion of the heads. It is described as a small white magot, half the length and thickness of a shoe peg, and it is found in the upper joint of the stalk. We have found no one who can tell us what it is, and when we say that the description answers that we have heard given of the Hessian fly, all roundly assert that it is not the Hessian fly. Those acquainted with the "joint worm" say it is not that; and we have heard no definite opinion as to what it is. Its first appearance created alarm, but the danger is past and the damage is inconsiderable. Our farmers generally purpose to cultivate the winter wheat as best suited to the soil and climate.—That and rye are now ready for the reaper; and all other crops are in luxuriant growth.

North West.
Some people think *St. Cloud* is in the North West but this appears to be a mistake. Certs came in with one of the Red River trains which had come twelve hundred miles to reach this place. They left home on the 7th of March. One man says he lives seven hundred miles north west of this, and has friends living one thousand miles north of that; and says that up there they have the finest climate in the world; and that that country is unsurpassed for agricultural products.—We feel a little anxious lest it should be discovered by and by that we are "away down east" and feel somewhat like taking up our line of march for the great west.

The democracy of Ill. are trying to heal the breach in their ranks, caused by the Douglas defection, and are rallying to the support of that gentleman.—The *St. Paul Pioneer* is also daubing up the cracks in the foundations of the party; and to keep them closed, Gov. Sibley proposes to have this legislature extend its session until the beginning of next year; and save the trouble of electing another. It might be a good plan for his Honor to continue his term into the next century; and then name his successor to avoid the uncertainty of elections.

—A father consulted a friend as to whether he had better give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth of limited means, or a rich man who had no other recommendation. "I would give my daughter," was the reply, "to a man without money, rather than to money without a man."

Charles Dickens.
Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, is separated from his wife; of course, people said the cause was something particularly scandalous. There is a stupidity or malice for which we never could account, that always attributes all serious domestic troubles to the infidelity of one of the parties; and we are truly glad to hear that the trouble between Dickens and his wife is a cause honorable to both parties. A London correspondent of the *Boston Atlas* thus explains it.

"The scandalous reports about Dickens and his family have excited much attention here, but the early card of Mr. Dickens, published in *Household Words*, I was yesterday conversing with a gentleman well acquainted in the Dickens family, and he attributes the difference between the novelist and wife to diverse views they take in regard to the religious education of their daughters. Mr. Dickens is a decided Unitarian in his views, and generally attends the Unitarian Church, while Mrs. Dickens, an Edinburgh lady, brought up in the stricter doctrine of Presbyterianism, still clings to the religious ideas inculcated in her youth, and naturally wishes her daughters brought up in the same way. The fact of the daughters siding with the father, merely shows that like most young people, they approve of those doctrines that offer more freedom, and are generally more attractive in appearance at least.

We pity the father; but sympathise with the mother. We should do just as she did only more so. No one should bring up a daughter of ours any thing else than a Presbyterian, and rather than have one brought up latitudinarian we should steal her, at midnight, beg a passage to the other side of the world, change our name to avoid pursuit; and support her by manual labor.

MILLS.—We were this week through the planing mill, sash and blind factory of Messrs. Raymond Owen and Co.; and the grist mill of N. N. and R. S. Smith.—This appeared to be very well arranged, but it was still having a belt adjusted. The other was making the chips fly at a great rate. The machinery is driven by a Pittsburg engine of twenty horse power, built by A. Irwin. It is considered here; a most perfect piece of machinery; and far superior to any engine that has yet been brought to this region from New England and set to work to test its quality. We are glad to hear this; as we have always thought the Iron City apart from being the most delightful combination of streets, houses and people that stands any where on a like surface of earth, is the best machine shop in America. The proprietors of this engine are doing a fine business and through all the hard times their premises have been a perfect hive of industry.

A Change.

Before issuing the *Visiter* on the new type we proposed to members of the committee of stock holders to place the paper on some basis where we alone should be legally responsible for our words; but they just laughed in our face and said "go ahead." Last week when we found that Jeemes had reached the achme of impertinence and entered suit against them for slander, we positively refused to continue our connection with the paper unless they would get out of the way. They had never made the slightest attempt to dictate or control our course, but we like to feel solely responsible for our acts; and would have routed the office from them. Learnin our decision they had a meeting and voted unanimously to present it to us, thus showing a continuance of that generous confidence with which they have honored us from the first; and we trust they may never regret it. We are now sole proprietor and editor of the *St. Cloud Visiter* as the result of the unremitting and desperate efforts of the Buchanan democracy to get rid of our opposition to the administration. If they are not satisfied we hope they soon will be.

Visiter Correspondence.

OFFICE OF STATE TREASURER,
MADISON JUNE, 3d 1858.
MRS. JANE G. SWISSHELM,
EDITOR *ST. CLOUD VISITER*.—I have just received the first issue of the *Visiter*, since its destruction, through the kindness of a relative residing in your place, and herewith enclose my note in answer to your elegant appeal for material aid; for which please send me the *Visiter* for one year.

I have read many statements in different papers of the proceedings of these magnanimous modern Jacobins, and conclude that a more dastardly and contemptible outrage never was perpetrated. Don't drive them from the town as report says 'tis contemplated, nor clothe them in a coat of tar to make outside and inside bear a corresponding likeness (although I will admit they richly deserve it) but let them "dwell on in

peace"—yet make that peace a living hell. Let every man, woman and child of *St. Cloud* treat these Vandals with that prome contempt they so richly deserve. Let priest, layman and citizen shun them as they would the vilest contagion, and them be treated publicly, socially and politically as too vile for men to mingle with until they shall say that "all the blood all the Kings" will not wash out this infamous act. 'Tis said that "conscience man's accuser," by this course then, these dastards reap the benefit of cowardly deed; yet, perhaps 'tis an hypothesis to assume that they have a conscience, but if every citizen will treat them as though he or she were the victim of their malice and have nothing to do with them but "pass by on t'other side" they can't help but feel their punishment. I trust *St. Cloud* will purge itself of this affair and let "justice be done though the heavens fall."

Truly Yours
O. G. SCOTFIELD.

For the *St. Cloud Visiter*.

Dear Mrs. Swisshelm.

I have perused the columns of your last week's issue, and cannot refrain from expressing my heart-felt gratitude, that the Giver of all good; has directed your steps to open a field of labor, in this our beautiful western region, where those of sterling worth, and undaunted courage, are so much needed.

Your prospectus was read with deep interest and satisfaction by myself and surely no one capable of judging correctly, or possessing honorable motives can do else than justify, and sustain you and the principles which constitute your creed from first to last. True there may be some who may call you a fanatic and make your paper a subject of sarcasm and ridicule, but we will look upon such in deep commiseration, knowing they are sadly deficient in the development of those moral organs which constitute a generous, affable, and noble character; you will most assuredly be sustained by those whose humanity makes them worthy the name of man and woman. Let this thought, with the ever supporting arm of Him who doeth all things well, guide and guard you in the noble course you are pursuing, and never shrink from publishing the principles of justice and right which your faith, and conscience dictate. You even if in so doing your "path leads into the deep waters, go forward! the irresistible right arm shall divide the waves." For those who are fighting the good fight, shall sufficient strength be given, and the host of sin shall not prevail.

AVILO.

The Flood and its Effects.

The great flood with which our river towns and bottom lands have recently been devastated, has subsided, and we are left without any apprehensions of further aggression for this season; but we have to mourn over an amount of damage to life, to comfort, and to property wholly incalculable. Whole towns and villages located upon the low lands have been depopulated, and, in some cases, almost entirely destroyed. Farms, houses, fences, and other fixtures have been swept from their positions by the remorseless tide, and some large and valuable plantations have been entirely ruined by deposits of sand upon what before was the richest alluvial soil. Thousands upon thousands of horses, cattle, and other animals have been drowned. Families have been driven from their homes, and, in some cases, in destitute and even suffering circumstances. And what is to be lamented far more, many—very many lives have been lost.

No estimate has been or can be made as to the amount of pecuniary damage caused by the flood. We have seen it stated that the loss, below the mouth of the Ohio will not fall short of thirty millions of dollars; but this is only "guess work," and, we hope, largely over-guessed.

Between Alton and Cairo, on the Illinois shore, there is a rich and densely populated bottom, from one to ten miles in width extending all the way, except at Chester, where, for a distance of about four miles, there is no bottom land at all. This immense tract of rich country has all, or nearly all been under water. The destruction of property has been immense, and much distress and suffering have been caused; and but for the exertions of the steamers *Wm. Garvin*, *Rodolph*, and others, the suffering and loss of life would have been far greater. To the officers of the first named steamer particularly, too much praise cannot be awarded. The *Wm. Garvin* is, and has been for over a year, a regular tri-weekly packet between *St. Louis* and *Chester*, and, as such is one of the most popular boats on the river. No sooner had the water risen above the river banks, thus rendering the bottom residences unsafe and unprofitable, than the *Wm. Garvin* started out on a voyage of relief and mercy. Regardless of risk, time or expense, Capt. Ziegler took up and conveyed to places of safety every family and every person requiring assistance, saving also their property and their stock too when ever it was possible to do so. Such disinterested conduct merits the highest meed of praise. *Alton Courier*.

BREDE & MENDENHALL,
BANKERS,
NORTH-WESTERN LAND & COLLECTING
AGENTS,
MINN/APOLIS, M. I.