THE ST. CLOUD DEMOCRAT
JANE G. SWISSHELM, EDITOR
Thursday, Oct. 14 1858.

WOOD! WOOD!!

Will some of our subscribers send us fire-wood to the office, and send it soon.—We are very much in want of it.

GLORIOUS

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY!

STEARNS COUNTY REDEEMED!

THE MOCCASINITES DEFEATED!!!

THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN FREEDOM; AND THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, TRIUMPHANT IN THE 20TH DISTRICT!!

The election is over and we have made a clean sweep. The Moccasinites are so badly beaten that there are not enough of them left to bury their dead.

The result appears like a miracle. It staggers the belief of the most sanguine of our friends; and falls upon the enemy with a most crushing effect.

Rice has always counted upon this District, under Lowry's management as beyond a peradventure, bound to obey orders to the letter, and now! Yes now. The Anti-Lecompton Democrats and Republicans united on a ticket; and have triumphantly elected Wm. H. Wood and Thomas C. McClure anti-slavery Democrats, and A. P. Whitney, a staunch Republican to the Legislature; and their whole County tickets in all three counties.

They all ran as anti-slavery candidates, pledged to vote against any man or measure looking towards any extension or nationalizing of the curse of slavery.—They are pledged to use all their influence to preserve our National Domain for the use of free laborers; free soil for free men. No more Slave States. No Slave Territory.

This is the ground they openly took before the people; and on this ground they have been triumphantly elected.

They are men who will stand by their pledges; and we ask our anti-slavery friends everywhere to rejoice with us; to thank God and take courage.

The issue of no press-breaking, entered largely into the canvass; and the District has gloriously redeemed itself from that reproach.

The Dictator is fallen, fallen. His poor little laqueys are crushed; and the freedom of the press is a fixed fact in Northern Minnesota.

FULL RETURNS FROM BENTON COUNTY!

	Sauk Rapids	Watab	Platte River	Princeton	Total
Wood	88	8	24	44	164
McClure	87	8	24	44	163
WHITNEY	88	8	54	44	164
Burdick	3	43	12	22	80
Robers	3	43	12	22	80
Willie	3	43	12	22	80

Dem. in Roman letter. Rep. in Capitals; and Moc. in Italics.

RETURNS.—The official returns for Stearns and Meeker counties are not yet in; and it is useless for us to attempt, this week, to give a table; but enough is known to make it *certain* that Freedom's Ticket is elected by an overwhelming majority.

THAT CHALENGE.

The report that the Typetown General has chalenged us, and that we "showed the white feather" is a trick of the Moccasins, to keep up their leader's reputation for valor.

We have received no message from him; but hold ourself ready to meet him; and heal his wounded honor, with an application of potato bullets.

A nice, little, old woman has consented to act as our second. We have two quills from from the wing of hawk, that will make capital pistols, Dr. Hunter, we feel certain, will attend us as surgeon, and we are ready either to shoot or be "shooted."

ELECTION DAY.

ELECTION, Tues. 1858, the meets day in which the moccasin clique its first serious opposition in Stearns county. The election is held in Lower St. Cloud, for the first time. Here no intoxicating drink is sold as a beverage; and instead of meeting at a liquor tavern, as usual, the voters are crowding around the Everett School House, in full view and within speaking distance of our office.

Here we have been, since early this morning, fixing forms for the boys to strike off more tickets; and in cutting and folding them. It is 4 o'clock; and all has gone off peaceably, although a serious fight was anticipated and the friends of freedom went, to the polls, armed; and prepared to assert their rights, at the pistol point.

Last Spring the first triumph against pro-slavery rule in St. Cloud, was won in electing three staunch Republican Supervisors and town Clerk. This victory was won simply on the Anti-Press-breaking issue; and the regular Democratic Nominees defeated because the Press Gang were electioneering for them. This Small victory gave the friends of freedom a majority in the board of Supervisors which has power to fix the place of holding elections; and led to the removal of the polls to Lower Town. The Moccasin men were aware of the disadvantage of being so far from a barrel of Whiskey. They therefore organised a regular plan for removing the polls back by a vote on the morning of election; and also for taking possession of the polls and just letting as many people vote as they thought proper. Their plan leaked out; and the friends of freedom prepared themselves to meet force with force. It is owing to this fact, that the pole is going on in Lower town and that no disturbance has occurred up to this hour.

The prospect of a general fight appeared good, and we thought it probable that if they undertook to drive the Republicans from the polls they mignt embrace the opportunity of ridding out our office.

Our boys always keep arms in it, but we mentioned to a friend, that we should like his double barrelled gun to-day, as we intended staying here all day. He assented at once, saying he would put in two good charges of buck shot and if any body came along, that we felt like shooting, we could just fire away; but appearances now indicate that the Moral Sentiment of this community is meeting the rowdies at the ballet-box in such a manner as will convince them of the hopelessness of any farther appeal to brute force.

They had planned a tremendous rally at St. Jo, the Strongest German precinct in the County, last night; and went, in full force. Rowdy Caruthers, the Land Office Mosquitoe, made a terrible speech killing all the opposition, one at a time, then all together; putting an end to our worthless life and burying us down deep, proving Slavery a divine institution and himself a wonderful fellow.

Wood, McClure and Wait were present and Mr. Wood made a speech which, is said to have been the best ever delivered in Northern Minnesota. Our informant says "he shaved Carothers until he did'nt leave a bristle on him".

The fighting men, upon whom they relied to take possession of the St. Cloud polls, were on the ground, and one of them boasted that he had a pair of shears, in his pocket with which he "would shear Wait's head" that evening.

A crowd gathered and informed him there were just 50 of them who must be sheared before Wait; and that if he did'nt hurry and get through in an hour, he must himself take the chair, while one of them should try his hand at haircutting.

He left; and one of his aids was well whipped before the meeting was over.

"HURRAH!"

Wednesday afternoon our Democratic friends are parading the streets with banners, shouting their exultation and wild with excitement. A deputation of German Democrats has just left our door where they came to offer their congratulations and wind up with three cheers for Mrs. Swisshelm and the *Democrat*. We have no words in which to return our thanks to the All Father; and his children here.—Victorious candidates and sympathising friends are dropping in all day congratulating us as if this election were a personal triumph to us. So it is and for this we are glad; but most we trust we are glad with a joy so deep as to call for expression in tears that the right has triumphed, that the Democracy of this district have intelligently, elected Anti-Slavery representatives, on an open Anti-Slavery issue!

Thank God and take courage! The freemen of Northern Minnesota, the American and the German have united at the polls, in setting the solemn Seal of their disapproval upon the further extension of Slavery. They have said emphatically, "We will not aid the Southern Aristocracy of this land, to brand women, to rub them scourge defenseless backs of their children, and sell them on the auction block as cattle; and seperate them from all that makes life dear."

The Democracy of Minnesota are not woman-whippers; and will not range under the banner of those who claim that the right to steal babies is the only American institution worth reserving. Our heart is full of thanksgiving; and our ears with the prolonged hurrah's of those who aided to redeem this district from the blighting rule of a little clique of slaveholders. Again and again and again the prairies ring with the old familiar "hurrah!"

Our Officers Elect.

Wm. H. Wood who heads the legislative delegation from this district is one of the first settlers up here, has resided in Sauk Rapids eight years, where he was Register of the Land Office during the administration of Gen. Pierce. He has the reputation, and we think justly earned, of being an able lawyer. We know he is a gentleman of commanding address, a high sense of honor and fine literary attainments; and believe him to be governed by a strictly religious sense of duty. He is the husband of our personal friend "Minnie Mary Lee;" and we trust him for the same reason we always trusted Cassius M. Clay, viz: because a man of energy, courage and correct principles is a match for all the temptations of the world and the wicked one, if his wife is a help mete for him, if she understands and sympathises with his loftiest aims and uses her influence to urge him

"——up the steep
Where hangs the noblest crown
Honor may gain, or virtue keep
An honest man's renown."

Freedom may count on him whenever his vote can serve her cause, or we have made a sad mistake.

With Messrs McClure and Whitney we are not personally acquainted, but in manner and appearance they are gentlemen, with good faces, and well formed heads and reputations for honor and integrity of a high order. The one is an Anti-Slavery Democrat, the other a Republican. They profess to be opposed to the extension of slavery; and the domination of slaveholders; and those who know them well, feel certain they have the self-respect and firmness to stand by their professions.

Our County officers are men of character and grit, temperate, honorable men, capable of discharging the several duties of their places, and in favor of a free press, free soil and free men. N. P. Clark, the Clerk of Court, has been particularly active in bringing about the present happy change in this Upper Country *regime*.

Our County Surveyor and County Auditor will no doubt prove themselves worthy the confidence reposed in them, as they are well known and highly respected. The reign of ruffianism is over, for the present, in this County.

DEMOCRAT.

When we started the *Democrat*, claiming to be the only Democrat in Stearns County, we thought it was even so; but their name is Legion now. An overwhelming majority of the broad-chested, big-fisted, warm-hearted laborers of this County have come up and recorded their names below that of the immortal Jefferson; and endorsed the American Declaration of Independence, saying that "all men have an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

We say frankly to our Republican friends that we never were a Republican.—We were present at the National Convention in Pittsburg which organized the Free Democratic party. We endorsed its platform and agreed to support its measures and its men, if we liked them. For some years we edited the *Visiter* while it was recognized as a State organ. We stand by our old pledge to that party; and shall do all we can to get the Republicans of this district to drop that organization; and come up higher, even into the ranks of the Democracy. We went to enlist them in a war against human chattledom, under the broad banner of 'God and Liberty;' not only for their own personal freedom; but for liberty to all the common children of a common God. We are with them; and pledge this hitherto, misrepresented district to lead the van guard of freedom in the North Star State.

We cordially invite Republicans to unite with us permanently, as they have done temporally, to enlist under the broad banner of Democracy and drive the Moccasin clique into everlasting embecility.

Henry C. Wait.

This gentleman, who made himself odious to Republicans by joining the Democrats in the Constitutional Convention, has, through this campaign, been most indefatigable in his opposition to the Moccasins. Lowry tendered him the nomination for Legislature on condition that he would vote for a Buchanan U. S. Senator.

He rejected the offer, went into the caucus as an Anti-Lecompton candidate, was beaten, found the feeling against him would prevent a union between the Republicans and Anti-Lecompton Democats, resigned his claim, and went in for Wood, McClure and Whitney with a zeal and energy deserving of all credit.

The election could not have been carried without him, for he is immensely popular with the Democrats. His influence, to the utmost, has been used to secure the triumph of anti-slavery principles, for on that issue, we repeat, the battle was fought and won.

Looking upon Mr. Wait as recreant to the cause of Freedom, we have spoken of him with contempt. We now desire publicly, pointedly and particularly to make the *amende honorable*, to say that we believe we had mistaken his motives in breaking his connection with the Republican party. He did not renounce his allegiance to Liberty; and so long as a man is true to this, we care very little what he calls himself. Henry C. Wait has proved himself a friend to the slave; and a formidable foe to the slave power which has ruled this District. We personally extend him the right hand of fellowship; and give, and ask forgiveness of all the hard things we have said of each other.

Doing Something.

General Lowry—When you discovered that the Democracy and Republicans were about to vote the same ticket, you warned your lacqueys that something must be done or you were beaten.

Well, you stirred about, had a few spurious tickets printed and circulated to frighten the Democrats; and make them think that great big bug-a-boo "Black Republican!" would catch them; but, General you see, that was no account!

You might have known that a printer's stick was not your weapon; and that your vocation was not *setting up type*.

You should have taken our advice and stuck to your profession. Woman-whipping, not type setting, is your trade; and it is at this business you must expect to win your laurels.

If you had just mustered your men, and charged down on that little, old woman who lives in a shoe; and took her garrison, you might have come to the polls in your own proper character; and aroused the enthusiasm of military ardor to replace you in your old dictatorship.

As it is, you did nothing worthy of yourself and your great name; and see where you are. Stick to your trade, man! Stick to your trade; and use the tools to which you are accustomed. Picking locks at midnight, and whipping old women is the business you understand best; and you had better not meddle with type except to put it into the river.

SHEPLEY!—Our obligations to Jeemes continue to increase. The dear little donkey, not content with all he had done for us, devoted all his little time to electioneering for Mr. Sah Lowry and his candidates. He could not muster courage to come down to the polls and work, braving the scorn with which the men of Lower St. Cloud regard him; but he stayed above the ravine hailing the voters as they came down, thrusting his eloquence, and his tickets upon them.

This was such confirmation of the truth of our statement, that what was called the 'Democratic' was in fact the Burglar's ticket, it had a most salutary influence in aiding our friends to carry the election.

Messrs Buchanan and Rice have great reason to thank Lowry and his assistant burglars for the pertinacity with which they fastened themselves upon the Lecompton issue; and dragged it into the gulf of their own infamy. Leading Lecompton men here openly acknowledge that it was the odium of the destruction of the press, which defeated the party. So, the cause of freedom and ourself have much for which to return thanks to little donkey Jimmy.

A MINNESOTA CROP.

Our old friend, Col. Emerson, comes in to congratulate us, on the result of the election; and laughing until the tears stream over his cheek, exclaims

"That type of yours must have been first rate seed, and well sowed, too, for it *is* bringing a famous crop; and we're getting it in before the rost, at that!"

LED BY A LITTLE OLD WOMAN.

An ex-legislator, of the beaten party, met D. Smith, one of our triumphing Democracy with the sneer

"Your party is led by that little, old woman of the *Democrat!*"

"Very good!" says Smith, "and what kind of party have you to be so badly beaten by a little, old woman!"

It occurs to us that any woman, three feet high, and 90 years old, might whip the valiant General who has led the Lecompton forces into the slough of despond where they are now floundering; and that a little, old woman is quite as good a leader as a chucky-necked woman whipper.

VISITERS.—We were gratified this week by a call from Judge Orton of Fredonia Chau. Co. N. Y., H. A. Risley of Dunkirk, same County, Mr Risley of Key.—They were on their way to Long Prairie to see the Winnebago Reservation, which has been purchased by a Company. H. A. Risley thinks of coming out as the agent of the company, and bringing a large emigration next Spring. Judge Orton also thinks of emigrating to Northern Minnesota on account of the health of his only daughter. They all three expressed themselves highly pleased with the Country.

A MINNESOTA SLAVEHOLDER.

We had written a notice, last week, of Mr. Willie, the Moccasin Candidate for Meeker County, being a Slaveholder; but it was overlooked. It does not appear out of place to say that we learn this gentleman owns a slave whom he keeps, here; on the free soil of Minnesota.

A NEW GRIST MILL.—A fine, new flouring Mill has just gone into operation at Kingston, Meeker County. It is said to be the best in the State; and farmers in the West and Southwest of Stearns County will no donbt find it a great convenience.

SWEET POTATOES.—Melons, cucumbers and squashes have been a failure in this County this year. This season was the first in which Sweet Potatoes were tried; and as mellons, squashes and cucumbers have, hertofore produced marvelous crops, it is reasonable to suppose the Sweet Potato will do well in ordinary seasons.

POTATOES.—We are indebted to Mr. Hooper for a half bushel of potatees. There are just twenty-five potatoes and they fill a half bushel measure, heaped. They are of the Pink Eye variety; and those who have seen Mr. Hooper's crop say that about one fifth are nearly if not quite as large as these a none are small, while for firmess and flavor they are unsurpassed.

FROST.—The frost killed the vines in our garden on the night of the 5th. Up to that time, tomatoes, squashes, sweet-potatoes &c., were growing green and fresh.

EMIGRANTS.—Eighty-seven emigrant trains have passed into Stearns Co at Fowler's ferry this season.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH,—comes to us greatly improved; and, it has always been an excellent literary and family paper.

The publishers have made arrangements by which they expect to place it in the first class. Those who can enjoy a *literary* paper without large instalments of blood and thunder, will find the *Olive Branch* a pleasant addition to a family's reading matter.

Terms $2,00 per annum.

THE LADIES HOME MAGAZINE, for November, is an excellent number, has one very beautiful engraving, fashion plates and patterns; a valuable, illustrated article entitled "Three Years in Jerusalem; and a well selected variety of tales, poetry and misscellaneous matter.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM for October is making the eyes of the little folk dance, as they gather around the centre table to see what pictures he has brought, and hear the the tales he has to tell.

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.

Will our friends at Sauk Rapids, Little Falls, Crow Wing, Monticello and other towns of Northern Minnesota furnish us an occasional correspondence about matters and things in their several localities?

We want the *Democrat* to represent the interest and resources of Northern Minnesota. So we want facts from all the different places. Also, those who do think we misrepresent the opinions of this section; and wish to advocate other views can use our columns at such prices as will barely pay for paper; ink and printing.

☞ MILLS. St. Cloud wants another large flouring mill. N. N. Smith sends away hundreds of bushels of grain weekly, that he cannot grind. There is a fine water power at Rockville, Stearns County; in a rich wheat growing region where a mill is much wanted; and the proprietors would give liberal inducement to any person erecting one.—

☞ WE call attention to the card of Mr. Thompson, of Washington City.—We know gentlemen who have employed him to attend to legal business at the Capitol; and who have the utmost confidence in his legal abilities; and his attention to business.

An Ax to grind—Origin of the term.

"When I was a little boy, says Dr. Franklin, "I remember one cold winter morning I was accosted by a smiling man, with an ax on his shoulder: 'My pretty boy' said he, 'has your father a grind stone?' 'Yes, sir,' said I. 'You are a fine little fellow,' said he, 'will you let me grind my ax on it?' Pleased with the compliment of 'fine little fellow,' 'O yes,' I answered, 'it is down in the shop.' 'And will you, my little fellow,' said he, patting me on the head, 'get me a little hot water?' could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. 'How old are you and what's your name?' continued he, without waiting for a reply; 'I am sure you are one of the finest little fellows that I ever saw; will you just turn a few minutes for me?'—Tickled at the flattery, like a fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang and I could not get away; my hands were blistered; the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, 'Now, you little rascal, you've played truant, scud for school, or you'll rue it.'

Alas! thought I, it is hard enough to turn the grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great profession of attachment to liberty, who is in private life, a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning a grindstone. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him respectable or useful; alas! deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grind stone for a he