

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JULY 14, 1859.

NO. 28.

## Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid for the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

## To Country Dealers.

DUCKWORTH & HAYN,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c.

No. 80 Dry street, New York.

June 16, 1859.—ly.

## AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

### Notes on Kansas.

MANHATTAN, May 24, 1859.

I left Leavenworth in the Fort Riley stage at 6 a. m. on Tuesday, a day in advance of the "Pike's Peak Express," which crosses the U. S. Military Road at this point, in order to gain time to visit Topeka and Manhattan, and sum up my impressions of Kansas for THE TRIBUNE. Our road from Leavenworth lay over the heavy hill westward which Leavenworth must soon cut down or it will cut her down materially, passing through the rich valley of Salt Creek and over a divide into that of the Stranger, which we forded at Easton, a village of thirty to fifty houses, famous for Border Ruffian outrages in 1856. The bluffs of the Stranger are here one to two hundred feet high, generally timbered with Oak, &c., and so covered with limestone boulders that scarcely more than half the ground is visible. These boulders are generally oblong and irregularly flat, making the best of stone-wall. I am informed that nine rods of capital wall is regarded as but a fair week's work for a good wall-builder, working by himself. We pass out of the valley just beyond Easton, rising to the slightly rolling prairie, and henceforth for forty miles to Topeka our way lies through a gently heaving sea of grass, with timber generally visible along the water-courses on either side. Occasionally, however, we descend from the crest of the prairie into a barely perceptible hollow and now nothing but grass and sky are visible, the two meeting at the horizon on every side. I do not like this region quite so well as the more rolling country south of Olathe and Prairie City, across Bull Creek and the Marais de Cygnes, but it is very fertile, fairly wooded, and sufficiently irregular in surface to carry off the water and leave few or no marshes or sloughs except in the road, where the frequent crossing of unbridged water courses is attended by a jolt and a jerk which render a dose dangerous and at the same time scarcely possible. In riding over such roads, all the pleasure must be drunk in through the eyes alone.

We stopped for dinner at the crossing of Grasshopper Creek, at the Village of Osawkee, once the seat of Jefferson County and a Land Office, both now removed. Grasshopper Falls, I believe, next obtained the coveted distinction of being shire town; but another popular vote removed it thence to Osaklooa, on the very line of the Delaware Reserve, which still covers a good part of Jefferson as well as of Leavenworth and Wyandot Counties.—Osawkee, now probably four years old, is therefore in a state of dilapidation and decay, like a good many Kansas cities which figure largely on the map. Its business having left it, its great hotel was very mysteriously burned, and I presume the insurance on it was duly paid. We dined here at a very modest but comfortable tavern, kept by a kind and worthy Pruntyvan Dutchman, who recognized me from our meeting at the Whig National Convention at Harrisburg, nearly twenty years ago. Bearing south of west from Osawkee, we crossed Rock and Muddy Creeks (neither of them more rocky nor muddy than the other), and were obliged by the lack of a bridge (now being repaired) over Halfday Creek, to keep on west to a petty village called Indianola, whence we turned a sharp angle through the magnificently fertile and admirably timbered bottom of the Kaw or Kansas to the Topeka ferry, which we reached a little after sundown, but were delayed by a great contractor's train which had been all day crossing, and was likely to be a good part of the morrow, so that we did not get across and into Topeka till nearly dark. I noticed with sorrow that the oxen which draw these great supply wagons are often treated very cruelly, not merely in respect to the beating and whaling, which every human brute delights in bestowing on every live thing over which he dominates, but with regard to food and drink. Here were cattle that had stood in the yoke all that hot, dry day with nothing to eat or drink, and when they came down to the river mad with thirst, they were all but knocked down for trying to drink. I was assured that oxen are sometimes kept in the yoke, without food or drink, for two days, while making one of these river crossings. There can be no excuse for this. Those which have long to wait ought to be taken off and driven a mile or more if necessary to

grass and fed there; at all events they should be watered at least twice a day. How can a competent train-master—to say nothing of humanity—overlook the policy of this?

—The river is here wider than at Lawrence or Wyandot below, is nearly muddy as the Missouri, and runs with a swift current even to its banks. An attempt had been made during that day to swim across a drove of cattle; but the strong current carried them below the ferry landing on the south, whence the steep bank forbade their getting out, so that they went down the river several miles, and three of them were drowned. The experiment of swimming proved wretched economy, alike in time and money.

Topeka is a village of probably 100 houses, 1,000 inhabitants situated on the north line of Shawnee County, which has the Sao and Fox Reserve on the south the Potawatamie on the north-west. Along the north bank of the river opposite, a party of Half-Breeds have a reserve a mile wide by twenty miles long, and I give the good-for-nothing rascals credit for admirable judgment in selecting their land. There is probably not an acre of their tract that could not be made to produce one hundred bushels of shelled corn by the application of less labor than would be required to produce thirty bushels on the average in New York or New-England. The soil is a river deposit four to six feet deep; the timber large and choice—Oak, Elm, Bass, Black Walnut, Sycamore, &c., with thick undergrowth of shrubbery and annuals, with wild grape vines four to six inches through. I begin to comprehend, though I do not excuse the covetous impatience wherewith Indian reservations are regarded by their white neighbors.

Topeka was one of the strongholds of the Free-State cause throughout the dark days of Kansas. Here assembled the first Convention chosen by the People to frame a State Constitution as a rallying point for defense and mutual protection against the Border-Ruffian usurpation of 1855; here the Free State Legislature, peacefully assembled in 56 to devise and adopt measures looking to a redress of the unparalleled wrongs and outrages under which Kansas was then writhing, was dispersed by Federal bayonets and cannon; here the guns of the troops were pointed against a mass meeting of the people of Kansas, assembled in the open air to devise and adopt measures for the redress of their intolerable grievances, and that meeting compelled to disperse under penalty of military execution. And here I renew my vows of hostility to that Federal Standing Army until it shall have been disbanded. It is utterly at war with the genius and perilous to the existence of Republican institutions. The regular soldier is of necessity the blind, passive, mechanical instrument of Power. If ordered to shoot his own father, he must obey or be shot himself. Twice has the French Republic been crushed by the Bonaparte usurpation—crushed by the bayonets of a Standing Army pointed at the breasts of her faithful legislators. A Republic whose citizens are not willing to do their own fighting—all that is necessary and proper—but must have a Standing Army to do it for them, lies at the mercy of any bold, unscrupulous adventurer who can work his way to the command of the favor of the Army. I trust our army is near its end.

—After greeting friends and speaking in Topeka, I learned with surprise that the stage for Fort Riley started at 3 in the morning, leaving but a narrow margin for sleep. On rising, however, I learned the high wind would not allow us to cross the river yet, and it was nearly 6 o'clock when we actually started.

We had now enjoyed three dry, bright, warm days, which had turned most of the mire of the roads to a sort of sun-burned brick, though enough still remained in sunken holes and brook crossings to remind us of what had been. But the lightning had dashed and the clouds gathered throughout the night, and as we drove out through Indianola and took the Military Road westward, the thunder gave indications of the shower which burst upon us a little before 9 o'clock and poured till 11, turning the brick of the road to mire again. And, though the rain ceased, the day remained sullen and lowering, with transient glimpses of weak sunshine to the end.

Our route lay for thirty miles through the Potawatamie Reserve, and was no longer encumbered with great Army Supply trains, as they were either north of us on the California trail to Laramie, or south on the road crossing at Topeka and leading to Fort Union and Santa Fe. A few of the wagons we passed this day may have been heading for Forts Riley and Kearney; while "Pike's Peakers," both going out and returning disheartened, were in considerable numbers. I do not see how those returning could well resist the temptation to bolt and make claims, as I hear many have done, generally seeking them in the south part of the Territory, where Speculation has been less rampant than in the vicinity of the Kaw. With a wagon-load of provisions and three or four yoke of oxen, a squatter might, even yet, by the help of a good plow, get in twenty acres of sod corn this season, eat hay for winter, and break a glorious breadth of prairie before hard frost could stop him next fall. Whoever does this judiciously and resolutely will have reason for gratitude to Pike's

Peak, even though he never see the color of its gold nor get nearer it than the Big Blue.

We travelled all day with the timber of the Kaw visible on the south, sometimes quite near us, then one to two or three miles distant. Our road lay for a considerable distance along the bank of what seemed a deserted bed of the river, which has since made a new and deeper channel more to the south. We traversed the prairie of course, except where it was cut down by the creeks coming down from the north to lose themselves in the Kaw. The Soldier, the Red Vermillion, and another Rock creek, were the principal of these streams. Our road passed St. Mary's (Catholic) Mission, where there is quite an Indian village and a very large improvement, which I guess white men were paid to make. Yet, whether to their credit or otherwise, I believe the truth cannot fairly be disputed, that Catholic Missions have been more successful in establishing a permanent influence over Indians than any others, except, perhaps, the Moravians.

At the Red Vermillion—still on the Potawatamie Reserve, but near its western edge—we dined—the landlady a Half-Breed—the dinner the hardest I ever paid half a dollar for. Doubtless, however, my eyes will be opened to an appreciation of cold hog and corn dodger as delicacies long before they are blessed with a sight of the Sacrament.

A wide, marshy bottom—over which charioter seeks an untraversed path, since a rut buries him so much deeper into the mire—lies just west of the Vermillion (which, with two or three other steep banked streams, we crossed on Indian toll-bridges cheaply built and very profitable to their owners); whence the land rises into rolling sandy ridges, some of them thinly wooded up their sides with White and Burr Oak. Thence we strike the old-fashioned deep, black prairie again—most inviting to the cultivator, but not so grateful to the traveler, just after a soaking rain—and passing the stakes and ruinous cabin or so of one or two still-born cities, we reach the Big Blue, which here joins the Kansas from the North. It is nearly as wide as the Kansas or Kaw at Lawrence, but of course neither so swift nor so deep. It is far clearer, even just after a heavy shower, than the Kansas, as it is strikingly evinced at and below the junction, where the two streams run for some distance side by side in the same channel without mingling.

The Big Blue rises near the Platte, in what is now Nebraska, but which will be included in Kansas, if the Platte is made her northern boundary, as it seems likely to be. I understand that there is a good deal of settlement already along its course and on its tributaries, though I judge from the relative purity of its water that some portion of this region must be less fertile than the portions of Kansas I have seen. Manhattan is an embryo city of perhaps 100 houses, of which several were unroofed and three or four utterly destroyed by a tornado on the wild night I passed at Atchinson (15th inst.). So violent was the tempest that a large sign-board was carried across the Blue and thrown down fully a half a mile from the spot at which it was taken up; and other heavy articles have not since been found. Several families deprived of home and shelter by the hurricane are temporarily lodged in the basement of the new hotel just erected here—a three-story building, 55 feet by 33, with limestone walls and black walnut finishing—an establishment of which there is urgent need. The city is located on the flat, deep bottom in the forks of the river, with a high limestone bluff, affording capital material for building itself behind it. The Kansas comes hither from the South-west, and has Fort Riley and its large military reservation fifteen miles distant on its north bank, with the intended City of Ogden just east and "Junction City" just west of it, at the forks of the Kansas, whence its more northerly branch is known as the Republican and its more southerly as the Smoky Hill.

At Junction City, is a newspaper—the most westerly, I presume, in Kansas, apart from the Pike's Peak region—founded and kept alive by an army sutler, and of course "Democratic" in its inclinations. In opposition to it, *The Manhattan Express* is about to be issued here by M. Vivalde, an Italian exile and a devotee of Universal Liberty, who will of course sustain the Republican cause. I commend him and his journal to the confidence and patronage of all who would like a weekly bulletin from the Far West. I spoke here last evening in the midst of another gathering tempest, which burst in rain as I closed, and it continued to flash and roll all night, with considerable rain, and is cloudy and blowing a gale to-day. I fear we shall be stopped by high water on the Plains.

I had hoped to sum up my impressions of Kansas in this letter, but that would make it too long. Let me close with an incident which is currently reported throughout this region as having recently taken place at a crossing of the Big Blue known as Marysville (of course not the Marysville of Bull Creek) some 60 miles north of this place: A party of disheartened gold seekers, it is said, were returning from the Plains, and came to this ferry, which they insisted on crossing without payment, saying they had no money. The ferryman refused to take them over until paid—(en-

other account says he asked them an exorbitant price)—when they attempted to take his boat and put themselves across—whereupon he drew his revolver, they drawing almost at the same instant. He was of course riddled with balls, and fell dead, but not till he had either killed or severely wounded five of his assailants.

One more illustration of Border life: A quarrel recently arose about a 'claim'—that fruitful source of frays and lawsuits in new settlements—on one of the creeks a few miles from this place. The stroger party, composed of several who are known here as bad fellows, told the resident he must leave, which he, in fear for his life, consented to do. His wife, however, more resolute, resolved to hold possession, and bade them defiance, turning as she did so to go into the house and bar the door. As she turned, she was fired at and fatally wounded. She died two hours thereafter, having first made a statement of the affair, which was taken down from her dying lips. The adverse party came down at once to the nearest Justice and told their story, expecting to clear their leader, who fired the fatal shot; but the Justice, after hearing them through, considered that it implicated the whole party (five), and consequently held them to answer to the charge of murder.

### HORACE GREELY.

#### Cutting and Curing Grain.

Experiments have pretty well settled the fact that wheat should be cut while the grain is in the state called dough. This conclusion was, indeed, reached several years since in regard to wheat, but it has by the experiments of Voelcker been clearly shown to be applicable to oats; and it is also known to be equally applicable to Indian corn. At first, it was feared by some that there would be a great shrinkage of the grain cut in this stage, which would amount to absolute loss. It is proved however, that the sap of the stems of straw is so perfect to perfect the grain, under such circumstances even possesses some valuable properties which it has not when it remains uncut till dead ripe.

Mr. Colman states that he found by many inquiries in England, that "the best rule for harvest is not when the stalk below the head has changed color, and the circulations have consequently ceased, but when the grain, though it has ceased to yield any milk upon pressure, is yet soft." The advantages of cutting at this stage are briefly given as follows:—"Weat cut early affords more grain, yields less bran, makes better flour, wastes less in gleaning, gives better straw, and enables the farmer to do the work more leisurely."

#### Pat's Idea of Restitution.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between an Irishman and his confessor:—"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"—"Yes, her honor."—"What have you done with it?"—"Killed it, and ate it, yer honor."—"Oh, Patrick, Patrick" when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"—"Did you say the pig would be there, yer reverence?"—"To be sure I did."—"Will, thin, yer reverence, I'll say, Mrs. Maloney, here's yer pig."

#### Happy headed people are generally Empty, cork always floats.

—Provoking—to dream you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself a printer.

#### Good Brandy.

For the past four years a cask has lain in the Union depot in Indianapolis, Indiana, uncalled for. A few days ago it was opened and found to contain the bodies of twin babies put together *à la Siamense*. But the liquor (alcohol) which had originally surrounded these remains had all been drawn off. The fast young men about the depot had from time to time applied straws vigorously through gimlet holes in the cask, thus procuring an article with which they smacked their lips and pronounced "good brandy."—The color of brandy had been imparted to the alcohol by the dead bodies! Several railroad employes have abstained since the discovery, and we hope their abstinence may be permanent.

#### Too True.

An exchange well says, when a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would ever suspect that he had sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl, is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue.—The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed—there is no posse for her this side the grave. Society has no loving, helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them and fearful are the consequences.

#### From the Bradford Argus. The Moravian Indians.

Some inquiry having been lately made into the settlement of the Moravian Indians formerly settled in Wyalusing, and then known by the name of Frieden-bulden, or "tents of peace;" I shall attempt to give a short history of that settlement. The Indians were settled in this county long before the whites became acquainted with it—how long we know not. In 1742, the celebrated Count Zinzendorf visited the Wyoming Valley, and made application to the Indian Chief to visit villages, and instruct the natives in the doctrines of repentance and salvation, through the merits of the Savior. He was received with the kindness and politeness of refined society. Their answer to him was: "Brother, you have made a long journey over the seas to preach the Gospel to the white people and the Indians; you did not know that we were here, and we knew nothing of you. This proceeds from above! Come therefore to us, both you and your brethren. We bid you welcome among us." The Moravians, of whom the count was a leader, had made a settlement at Bethlehem on the Lehigh, and from that place were sending out their missionaries for the conversion of the Indians; and from thence the Rev. David Ziesburger came to Wyalusing in 1763—now nearly a century ago. The Indians, seemingly prepared by a kind Providence, were ready and anxious to receive him. But his stay was not long—troubles arose from inimical Indians, and he fled to save his life, to Bethlehem, and on the return of more peaceful times in 1765, he returned to Wyalusing accompanied by other Christian Indians from near Bethlehem; and after enduring hardships and sufferings untold, reached their new home in May, 1765. Here they went to work and built them up a village, on the lands formerly owned by Joseph Stafford, and now owned by Levi P. Stafford, Esq., grandson of the former owner, and Benj. Brown. The situation is a very pleasant one, on a second rise from the river, just above high water mark, and about two miles from the mouth of the Wyalusing creek. The village contained some forty or fifty well built houses after the English fashion, with chimneys and windows, and a street about eighty feet in width; their church was in the center of the village, with a bell—the first ever placed in a meeting house this side of the Blue Mountains.

There they lived in peace some seven years, enjoying the blessing of the gospel. The remains or ruins are nearly obliterated; the place where the old well was is still to be seen. The burying ground situated below, or down the river from the village. There was a more ancient place of interment higher up the river on a lower flat, where the river has washed away the banks, exposing the bones of those that were hurried there. The writer of this, between thirty and forty years ago, in company with others, saw many of those bones where the bank had been washed away. In 1828, Mr. John Stafford the present owner of the land, found, in one place, three skeletons lying parallel and close by each other; one a very large skeleton, and some of the bones in a good state of preservation. The bone from the shoulder to the elbow, when measured by a very tall man over six feet high, was four inches longer than his.—If this bone be any guide, this person when living must have been more than eight feet high.

At the head of these skeletons was placed a brass kettle, with quite a number of small bones partly decayed, supposed to be of some animal, perhaps a raccoon or wookebuck, for food for the dead man to eat on his journey, and a spoon partly decayed. About the same time Levi P. Stafford, Esq., found other skeletons, with an earthen crock placed at the head of the bones, filled in part with the same kind of bones, and prepared in the same manner as the other. This grave yard was supposed to be occupied long before the settlement of the Moravian or Christianized Indians of whom we are speaking.

But let us pause and look in upon these Christianized heathens, and see what the power of the religion of the Savior can make of the wild children of the forest. There they are, every person striving to earn their own living, and to educate themselves under the direction of their beloved teachers, who have left their own homes with all their ties and endearments, to teach the wild red man the way to Heaven and eternal happiness. Each person is striving not only to lay up treasure in Heaven, but to provide for his temporal wants. They built a handsome little village of some forty or fifty houses in very good fashion for those times, and a pleasant meeting house; so they must have been very diligent and industrious. Many interesting anecdotes are related by the early white settlers of these people, especially of Job Gilloway, one of their Chiefs. Job, by the settlers, was esteemed a perfect gentleman, as well as a Christian; but said he could make of his wife nothing but a squaw. However, troublesome times were at hand.—The Connecticut settlers had come on, and the Penrynite and Yankee war had commenced; and the Mohawk Indians had become restless, desirous, perhaps, to have something to say and do, while the others were fighting. Under these discouraging circumstances, the Missionaries and

their friends advised a removal to the Ohio, and who shall say what heart aches and pain they came to this conclusion, "none but God and they could know." There was another settlement of Moravians at Sheshequin, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Rothe, (said to be the father of the Rev. Mr. Rhodes who afterwards was settled at Northumberland, Luzerne County, who was said to have been born white on this journey.) These two settlements met at Wyalusing, and after again dedicating themselves to the Most High, and partaking of the Holy Communion on the 6th day of June 1772; on the 11th of June, all being ready, the Missionary in a few solemn words reminded them of the many great favors and blessings received from God in this place, and then offering up praise and thanksgiving to Him, with fervent supplication for his peace and protection on their journey. The company consisted of 241 persons; brother Etwein conducted those who went by land, and brother Rothe by water. The land party went over the mountains and down the Muncy creek, which they crossed thirty-six times; but they did not fail attending to their daily worship of their Maker. The other party went down the Susquehanna to Northumberland, and thence up the West Branch to the Great Island, where the two parties met. There they left their canoes and went over the mountains to what was then called the Ohio, now the Allegheny river. In passing over the mountains, they suffered everything that man could suffer, and live; their way led through a trackless wilderness, infested with wild beasts, and worse than all else, the rattlesnakes were so thick that they were constantly in danger of being bitten by them; and a great portion of their goods had to be carried on their backs. The Children, too, had to be carried; some died under their sufferings—one poor cripple, 10 or 11 years old, whose mother had taken in a basket most of the way. On the Allegheny they made canoes and floated down the river until, on the fifth of August, they came to Friedenstadt, now in Beaver county, where they found friends and fellow Christians under the teaching of the Rev. Mr. Ziesberger; here they rested until the next year, when they all removed to Muskingum in 1773, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder and Rev. John Rothe. Now what was the cause of all this? The Indians strove to live in peace with all. If a white man called on them he was fed and cared for free of charge, and so were the Indians treated in like manner; this called up a jealous feeling between the whites and Iroquois Indians—each suspecting that the Moravians were friendly to the other. Ardent spirits, that bane of the red man and curse of the white, began to be introduced among them. These, and the desire to live in peace, undoubtedly caused their removal. But who shall tell the sad fate that awaited these poor suffering Christianized Indians in their new home! Historians seem very willing to bury it in eternal oblivion; but there is a record on high that will be read before an assembled world at the last great day.

The author of Historical Recollections of Pennsylvania, says: "The Historian willingly drops the curtain upon the scenes which they encountered in their new residence." Mr. Miner says, "The fate of these poor creatures at nearly the close of the Revolutionary War, I am glad it is not my painful duty to record." We may well say with Mr. Jefferson, "indeed I tremble for my Country when I think that God is just and that his justice will not always sleep."

They were pursued to their new home in 1782, driven into their meeting house, tied together, and while uniting in the praise of the Most High God, men, women, and children were committed to the fire and perished all together; and this, too, after the professed Christian white people had taken two or three days to consult and consider upon it. But the heart sickens and the hand trembles while attempting to record this horrible transaction; and may God in His mercy forgive this nation for the sins we have committed against humanity, and shame forever shut our mouths.

#### WYALUSING.

Bible Promises. They are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the windows of a poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

#### The Straight Gate.

The straight gate of religion is wide enough to admit any penitent sinner, but too narrow to admit of any sin.—Howells.

#### Faith.

Faith renders thanks for the sufferings more than for the joys of earth.—Lavater.

#### A Calf with an arm.

The Wheeling Argus says: "There is on exhibition at 121 Market Square, a living calf with a hand and arm. The arm is attached to a perfect shoulder, growing about eight inches back of the natural shoulder of the animal. It is certainly a great living curiosity. The calf is large for its age, and well formed in other respects."