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AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

XVI.

Editorial Correspondence of the Tribune.
 FROM DENVER TO LARAMIE.

FORT LARAMIE, June 27, 1859.

I left Denver at 3 p. m., on Tuesday, the 21st inst. There are two roads thence to this point: that usually preferred follows down the east fork of the South Platte some forty miles, crossing that river near St. Vrain's Fort, thus avoiding several rapid and difficult creeks, and crossing Cache-le-Poudre near its mouth, where, like nearly all these streams, it is broader and shallower than where it issues from the Rocky Mountains. My guide had expected to take this route till the last moment, when he learned that the South Platte was entirely too high to be forded near St. Vrain's Fort, or anywhere else, and that there was no ferry-boat for two hundred miles below Denver, so he had no choice but to take the upper or mountain route. So we crossed the Platte directly at Denver, and Clear Creek some three or four miles below the road to Gregory's Diggings by a bad, difficult ford, embellished by some half dozen deep, ugly "sloughs" in the bottom on either side, the creek being so high that the bottom was flooded in part, and very mirey. We pushed on ten miles further, and camped for the night opposite "Boulder City," a log hamlet of some thirty habitations, covering the entrance to "Boulder Diggings," twelve miles westward in the mountains. Here we found four wagons, two of them with horse teams each conveying the luggage of four or five men, who, having taken a look at this gold region, had decided to push on to California, mainly, I believe, through what is known as the "Cherokee trail," which forms the shortest route from Denver to Salt Lake. I was strongly tempted at D. to join one of these parties and go through this pass—had I stood firmly on both feet, I think I should have done it, saving distance, but losing time. We all camped for the night beside a small brook, the rippling of whose waters over its pebbly bed fell soothingly on the drowsy ear. I had the wagon to myself for a bed chamber, while my three companions spread their buffalo skins and blankets on the grass, and had the vault of heaven for their ceiling. The night was cool and breezy; our wiles were picketed on the grass at a short distance; our supper of fried pork and pilot-bread had not surfeited us; and we slept quietly till the first dawn of day, when our wiles were quickly harnessed, and we left our fellow campers still torpid, pushing on fifteen miles, and crossing two deep, swift, steep-bank streams (St. Vrain's Fork and a branch of Thompson's Creek) before stopping for feed and breakfast. After resting two hours, we harnessed up, and made twenty miles more before stopping, at the crossing of the other fork of Thompson's Creek, for dinner. Here we found a caravan moving from Missouri to California, which reminded me of the days of Abraham and Lot. It comprised six or seven heavy wagons, mainly drawn by oxen, with a light traveling carriage and a pair of horses conveying the patriarch's family, some two or three hundred head of cows, steers and young cattle, with three or four young men on horse-back, driving and keeping the herd. Girls were milking, women cooking or washing, children playing—in short, here was the material for a very fair settlement or quite an imposing Kansas city. They hitched up and moved on before us, but we very soon overtook and passed them. There are scores of such caravans now on the various roads to California, many of which will see very hard times ere they reach Carson Valley, and some still harder before they get fairly across the Sierra Nevada. Many of them are behind time; the feed—for much of the way scanty at best—has been devoured by the cattle ahead of them, the drouth forbids the growth of more until September, in which month snow begins to fall heavily on the Sierra Nevada. And it will not tend to rouse their flagging spirits to meet—as I am well assured they must—similar caravans of people who, having tried California to their satisfaction, are moving back to Missouri again. Was there ever such another vagrant, restless, discontented people, pretending to be civilized, as ours?

Perhaps one petty living stream, we stood, at 5 p. m., on the south bank of Cache-le-Poudre, 70 miles from Denver, and by far the most formidable stream between the South Platte and the Laramie. Our conductor was as brave as mountaineer need be, but he was wary as well, and had seen so many people drowned in fording such streams, especially the Green River branch of the Colorado; that he was cautious to feel his way carefully. So he waited and observed for an hour or more, meantime sending word to an old French mountaineer friend from Utah, who has pitched his tent here, that his little help was wanted. There had been a ferry boat at this little crossing till two nights before, when it went down the stream, and had not since been heard of. A horseman we met some miles below assured us that there was no crossing, but this we found was a mistake—two men mounted on strong horses crossing before our eyes, and two heavy-laden ox-wagons succeeded in doing the same, save that one of them stuck in the stream, and the oxen had to be taken off and driven out, being unable to pull it while themselves half buried in the swift current.—But these crossings were made from the other side, where the entrance was better, and the current rather favored the passage; the ox-wagons were held to the bottom by the weight of their loads, while ours was light and likely to be swept down stream. At length our French friend appeared, mounted on a powerful horse, with an attendant on another such. He advised us to stay where we were, for the night, promising to come in the morning, with a heavy ox-team, and help us over. As this, however, involved a loss of at least ten miles on our next day's drive, our conductor resolved to make an attempt then. So the Frenchman on his strong horse took one of our lead mules by the halter, and the Indian took the other, and we went in, barely escaping an upset from going down the steep bank obliquely, and thus throwing one side of our wagon much above the other; but we righted in a moment, and went through—the water being at least three feet deep for about a hundred yards, the bottom broken by large boulders, and the current very strong. We camped as soon as fairly over, lit a fire, and having obtained a quarter of an Antelope from our French friend, proceeded to prepare and discuss a most satisfactory supper. Table, of course, there was none, and we had un- luckily lost our fork; but we had still two knives, a sufficiency of tin cups and plates, with an abundance of pork and pilot-bread, and an old bag for table-cloth, which had evidently seen hard service, and had gathered more dirt and blood in the course of it than a table cloth actually needs. But the Antelope ham was fresh, fat and tender; and it must have weighed less by three pounds when that supper was ended than when its preparation was commenced.

By the way, there was a discussion at supper between my three companions—all mountaineers of ripe experience—as to the relative merits of certain meats, of which I give the substance for the benefit of future travelers in this wild region.—Buffalo I found to be a general favorite, though my experience of it makes it a tough, dry wooden fibre only to be eaten under great provocation. I infer that it is poorer in spring than at other seasons, and that I have not been fortunate in cooks. Bear, I was surprised to learn, is not generally liked by mountaineers—my companions had eaten every species, and were not pleased with any. The black-tailed Deer of the mountains is a general favorite; so is the Mountain Hen or Grouse; so is the Antelope, of course; the Elk and Mountain Sheep less decidedly so. None of our party liked Horse, or knew any way of cooking it that would make it really palatable, though, of course, it has to be eaten occasionally, for necessity hath no law—or, is its own law. Our conductor had eaten broiled Wolf, under compulsion, but could not recommend it; but he certified that a slice of cold boiled Dog—well boiled, so as to free from rankness, and then suffered to cool thoroughly—is tender, sweet, and delicate as lamb. I ought to have ascertained the species and age of the dog in whose behalf this testimony was borne—for a young Newfoundland or King Charles might justify the praise, while it would be utterly unwarranted in the case of an old cur or mutton-tuff—but the opportunity was lost, and I can only give the testimony as I received it.

Cache-le-Poudre seems to be the centre of the Antelope country. There are no settlements but a small beginning just at this ford, as yet hardly three months old, between Denver, 70 miles, on one side, and Laramie, 130 miles, on the other. The North Platte and the Laramie both head in the mountains, 40 to 60 miles due west of this point, then pursuing a generally north course, for more than a hundred miles among the hills, which are here lower and less steep than further south. The bold, high, regular front displayed by the Rocky Mountains, for at least a hundred (and, I believe, for two hundred) miles south of the Cache-le-Poudre, hence gradually melts away into a succession of softer, rounder, lower hills; snow disappears; the line between the mountains and the plains is no longer straight and sharply defined; and the still waters of the plain have, for some miles, an alkaline appearance, besides being very scarce in summer. The Cherokee

trail plunges into the Mountains on the north side of, and very near to Cache-le-Poudre, and henceforth we overtake no emigrants moving westward—none of any sort—but meet a few in wagons making for Boulder City, or the Gregory Diggings. Since we crossed Clear Creek, on which there is here a decent fringe of cottonwood, we have seen but the merest shred of small Cottonwoods and some shrub willows, at wide intervals, along the larger water-course; but the pine still sparsely covers the face of the Rocky Mountains. Cache-le-Poudre has quite a fair belt of Cottonwood. Henceforth there is scarcely a cord of wood to a township for the next fifty or sixty miles, and the Pine is no longer visible on the hills near us, because they expose little rock, and hence are swept by the annual fires. The high prairie on either side is thinly, poorly grassed, being of moderate fertility at best, often full of pebbles of the average size of a goose egg, and apparently doomed to sterility by drouth. This region, though inferior in soil, and less smooth in surface, is not dissimilar to Lombardy, and like it will in time be subjected to systematic irrigation, should the gold mines prove rich and extensive. Some of the streams crossed by our road, might easily be so dammed at their egress from the mountains as to irrigate miles in width to the South Platte, forty or fifty miles distant; and at the prices which vegetables must always command here, should the gold mines prove inexhaustible, the enterprise would pay well. I was told at Cache-le-Poudre, that encouraging signs of gold had been obtained on that stream, though it had only begun to be prospected.

We were up and away betimes, still over thinly-grassed and badly-watered prairie, rather level in its general outlines, but badly cut by steep banked water-courses, now dry. Some shallow ponds are also formed here in the wet season, but the last of them had just dried up. We drove fifteen miles, and stopped for breakfast on a tributary of Cache-le-Poudre, named Box Elder, from a small tree, which I first observed here, and which is poorer stuff, if possible, than Cottonwood. This is the only tributary which joins the Cache-le-Poudre before its egress from the Mountains. All the streams of this region are largest where they emerge from the Mountains, unless reinforced below by other streams having a like origin; the thirsty prairie contributes nothing, but begins to drink them up from the time they strike it. The smaller streams are thus utterly absorbed in the course of five or ten miles, unless they happen sooner to be lost in some larger creek. Drouth, throughout each summer is the desolating and inexorable tyrant of the plains.

Rising from the valley of the Box Elder, we passed over a divide, and were soon winding our way among the Buttes, or irregular, loosely aggregated hills which form a prominent feature of the next seventy or eighty miles, and which I must try to give some idea of. The soil of this region, like that of the plains generally, is mainly clay, with some sand and gravel intermixed; the gravel probably washed from the mountains.—Here, though not at a distance from the mountains, loose, water-rounded stones, from the size of a pigeon's egg up to that of a man's head, are often though by no means uniformly intermingled with the soil, especially near the beds of streams. These stones are of various kinds and colors, including Quartz, indicating a mountain origin. But there seems to be no underlying rock in place—that is, none at any depth attained by the deepest water courses—and the soil, when sodden by the pouring rains of winter and early spring, seems unable to oppose any resistance to the washing, wearing influence of every stream or rill. The average level of the plains would seem to have once been at least forty feet higher than at present, the greater part of the earth having been gradually worn away and carried down the streams to the Missouri and lower Mississippi. But there are localities where, from one cause or another, more or less obstinately resist this constant abrasion; and these are gradually moulded into hills by the abstraction annually prosecuted all around them. Some of them have been washed down to so gentle a slope that grass covers them completely, and prevents further loss; but the greater number are still being gullied, washed and worn away by the influence of each violent rain. Others have living streams at their bases which having once taken a sheer against them, are consequently increasing the acuteness of their angles and gouging more and more decidedly into their banks, occasionally flinging down tons of undermined earth into their channels, to be gradually carried off, as so much has been already. In such places the Buttes are perpendicular and square-faced; but they are more apt to be circular, and steeper near the summit than below. In some instances, the earth is of a bright vermilion color; in others partly thus and partly white; giving the Buttes a variegated and fantastic appearance, like that of the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. When first seen from a distance, the ensemble of these Red Buttes is very striking. But the white clay, as it is gradually washed away, leaving almost or quite perpendicular surfaces exposed to the action of sun, air and water, is, by some occult agency, gradually hardened into a kind of rock,

of which long ranges of perpendicular bluffs are composed, sometimes miles in extent, but broken and disturbed at intervals by the intervention of water-courses or other influences. After leaving Box Elder, our road gradually ascended, winding among the rounded and less regularly arranged Buttes first described above, but passing no water but a single spring, and little available grass, until it descends a long hill to a part of Howard's Creek, twenty miles from Box Elder. Here we stopped for dinner at 3 p. m., with two or three wagons of Pike's Peakers, from whom we obtained a generous supply of fresh bread and another Antelope ham, very much to the improvement of our edible resources. I may as well explain here that all the emigrants we met going into the Kansas diggings, had started from the Missouri, on the north side of the Platte, and had failed to cross at Shinn's ferry, sixty-five miles up that stream, supposing that they could do so at Fort Kearney, or some other point below the forks; but in the absence of ferries, the high water had headed them off, and forced them clear up to Laramie, whence they were now working southward, having lost fully two hundred miles by neglecting to cross the Platte where they might have done so. In all this region, it is a settled maxim that you must cross a stream directly upon reaching it, if your way lies across it, never camping before you do so, lest a sudden rise should obstruct your passage for days. Many have lost a fortnight's weary travel by failing to heed this rule in spirit with regard to the Platte.

We moved again at 5, passing over a ridge and into a broad valley, with rounded hills on the west and a range of such precipitous clay-rock bluffs as I have tried to describe on the east. These bluffs were broken through at intervals, and the streams that came down on the hills on the west ran out at the brooks, after traversing the valley for two or three miles, and flowed away east to join Howard's Fork and the South Platte.—Our trail here bore considerably west of north, evidently to reach the mouth of the Cheyenne Pass. We had hoped to make our next camp at that point, but night fell upon us before reaching it, and we stopped on a little run where we found good water and grass, but close under the mountains, and in one of the loneliest spots I ever beheld. Not a tree nor shrub was visible, nor had been for miles; yet it was not difficult to gather dry sticks enough to cook our supper, proving what I have elsewhere observed, that wood was formerly more common in all this region than now. We had all turned in by 9, and were doing very well, when a rush by one of our mules apprised us that he was loose, having broken his lariat; but he was soon caught and made fast, and we all addressed ourselves to slumber again. In an hour, however, there was a fresh alarm, and not without reason, for three or four of our mules had gone, we could not tell whither.—The first impression was that a band of Cheyennes, who were known to be encamped in the mountains very near us, had been watching our progress from their heights unsuspected by us, and had stolen down under cover of the deep darkness, unfastened and started off our mules with intent to run them off. This was not an agreeable view of the case, as we could hope neither to recover nor replace our faithful animals for at least a week. However, a little watching of the mule still fast convinced our conductor that the others had started back on the road we had traversed, which was a route the Cheyennes were most unlikely to take, while so near their hiding-places in the mountains. So two of our men started on the back track, but returned in an hour unsuccessful. Then the remaining mule was saddled and bridled—and he had to be thrown down twice before he would submit to the operation—when our conductor mounted him, expecting to be instantly thrown by the perverse beast, unused to the saddle, but he was happily disappointed, and started down the road on a brisk trot. By this time there was moonlight; and he found all the missing mules a little beyond the point to which he had proceeded on foot, and brought them back in triumph. It was now break of day, and we resolved to feed and breakfast for once before starting. We did so, and moved on at 6 a. m., reaching "Camp Wolbach," at the Cheyenne Pass, in less than half an hour.

—Let me halt here a moment to illustrate the Military and Public Land systems of the United States. It last year entered the head of some genius connected with the War Department, that the public interest or safety required the establishment of a Military post at this point, and one was accordingly planted and maintained there throughout last Winter. Of course, buildings were required to shelter the officers, soldiers and animals in that severe climate, and they were accordingly erected; some of the timber being transported from this point—a distance of fully eighty miles. In the main, however, they are built of pine logs from the adjacent mountains, the erections being plastered with mud. In the Spring the troops were very properly withdrawn, leaving half a dozen good serviceable houses and a superior horse-shed and corral unattended. Hereupon, three lazy louts have squatted on the premises, intending to start a city there and to

bold and sell the Government structures under a claim of Pre-emption! Of course, in the absence of any U. S. Survey, with the Indian title still unextinguished, this claim is most impudent, but that will not prevent their asserting it, and I fear with success. Their interest on one side will be strong; they can threaten to exert a political influence, favorably or adversely as the case may be, to those whom they find in power; if they are only tenacious enough, impudent enough, they will probably carry their point. Yet they might as fairly pre-empt the White House at Washington, should they ever chance to find it vacant.

We drove across a badly gullied region, wherein are the heads of Horse Creek—the first stream on our route that runs to the North Platte—and struck the Chugwater just where it emerged from the mountains, about 11 a. m. Thence we followed down this creek more than forty miles, crossing it four times, and finally leaving it on our left to follow the Laramie river, eight or ten miles above this place.

The Chugwater is a rapid, muddy mill-stream, running in a deep, narrow, tortuous channel, and constantly gouging into one bank or the other, except where the willows and some other small shrubs oppose the resistance of their matted roots to the force of the current. The rocky hills sometimes crowd the stream closely, compelling the road to make a circuit over the high prairie adjacent, to avoid the impracticable canons through which the stream frets and foams on its devious way. The "Red Buttes," are numerous and conspicuous on the upper course of this creek—the ochry earth or rock which gives them their peculiar color or being accounted a rich Iron Ore. On the lower bottoms of this stream we found far better grass than elsewhere on this journey. But the day was hot, and our mules suffered so much from musketoes and flies, that they ate fitfully and sparingly where we halted for dinner, and again where we stopped for the night.—We were unable to stop where the grass was best, because we could not get our animals down to water.

We made our last camp at a point thirty miles from this post, having made 160 miles in three days' travel, hampered by the necessity of finding grass and water for our beasts. With grain, I think they would easily have made sixty-five miles per day. We stopped beside a stone and mud shanty of very rude construction, where a Frenchman had this Spring made a small dam across the Chugwater, so as to irrigate and fence (by a ditch) a small piece of intervals, on which he had attempted to grow some grains and vegetables, with a fair promise of success. He was absent, and no person or domestic animal was to be seen about his place.—The night was uncommonly warm for this region—the musketoes a good deal more attentive than obliging. We rose early again, came on ten miles for breakfast, passing almost continually between two rows of magnificent Buttes, often looking in the distance like more or less ruined castles; one of them reminded me strongly of the Roman Coliseum. Two miles after breakfast, we crossed the Chugwater for the last time, and left it running north to the Laramie, while we struck a more easterly course for this place. Two miles further on we came to a most excellent spring—the first I had seen since I emerged from the Rocky Mountains, by Clear Creek, two weeks before. I had been poisoned by brook water—often warm and muddy—so long that I could hardly get enough of this.—We now passed over twelve or fifteen miles of high, rolling, parched, barren prairie, and halted for dinner by a little brook—the only one that crosses our trail between the Chugwater and Laramie—after which we drove down opposite this place in an hour, but were obliged to go two miles below, and pay \$2 50 bridge-toll to get across the Laramie, now very high, and looking decidedly larger at their junction than the North Platte itself.

It is absolutely essential before stowing away the grain that has been harvested and threshed during the present season, that the granaries should be rendered thoroughly free of the weevil and other insects. There are several modes of accomplishing this desired result, but either of the two following will be found efficient. The first is Mr. Carmichael's method; it is very simple and inexpensive, and is as follows:—
 "Place on the floor of the granary to be cleansed, a small bed of sand, and upon that sand an earthen pan containing powdered brimstone. Set fire to the brimstone, and close tightly the windows, doors, and all other openings. The smoke of the brimstone will penetrate every nook and cranny of the granary, and when the wheat is subsequently placed there, you need fear neither black weevil nor any other insect that is injurious to the grain.
 The second method runs thus:
 Thoroughly sweep all portions of the interior of the granary, gather up the dust and burn it. After this is done, wash the whole interior with strong ley, floors, ceilings, &c., a good coat of white-wash, followed by a second coat, if the work has been imperfectly done.

"The Tyranny of Female 'Help.'"
 "We are a conquered people," said Washington Irving, in reference to our slavery to foreign domestics; and bitter groans from the vanquished reach our ears continually. A writer in the Perth Amboy Journal recommends that lady housekeepers make a strike, or, if that cannot be done, (as it certainly cannot) that the young ladies of a family take a share in the domestic duties, so that the family may be less dependent of servants. "I believe physical labor," says the writer,
 "To be as necessary to the development of human intellect as stirring and cultivating the soil is necessary to perfecting the plant. In Germany, where certainly intellect and literary acquirements are pre-eminent, the ladies, even among the nobles, spend the early part of each day in their kitchens, which are fitted up with the most scrupulous order and elegance, so that they can allow a friend to see them so occupied. In France, every lady understands the mysteries of the cuisine, and with a small furnace filled with charcoal, a frying-pan and a skillet, will perform miracles of cooking. In England, the servants are kept for years; a good servant considers her interest identified with that of the family with whom she resides, and seldom changes; this promotes an attachment between them, which is frequently preserved for generations, and the families of the same domesticity will, for successive generations, live with the same families."
 How is it in the United States? The young ladies are most generally brought up with no culture. Their habits are indolent as regards bodily exertion—and they think making any exertion degrading. This being the case, they are thrown completely in the power of a class who, after being kept at the lowest stage of animal existence in their native countries, are at once promoted by their voyage across the Atlantic, to the office of regulators and arbitrators of our homes.

The project of reviving the Slave Trade is energetically pushed forward by a very considerable portion of the Southern Press, and a majority of the local politicians fall in with the movement. The Mississippiian says that the agitation in favor of the repeal of the slave-trade law, is confined to no political party nor class of citizens, but is fast becoming the popular sentiment of the Southern people. "The sooner," it adds, "our Northern fellow citizens are convinced of the fact, and make up their minds to accede to our just demand, the better for the peace and prosperity of our political union."
 In other words if the North does not yield to the clamor of the South in favor of re-opening the Slave Trade, the Union shall be dissolved! The alternative is an alarming one—but very difficult, we apprehend, of successful consummation.

Epitaph Upon A Topper.
 Beneath these stones
 Repose the bones
 Of Theodosius Grim
 Who took his beer
 From year to year
 Until the beer took him.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed:
 "O, how like! it's the picture of him!"
 An old farmer only dissented.
 "Taint like!" Exclaimed everybody, "just show us wherin taint like!"
 "Taint—no 'taint," responded the farmer, "don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket! 'T would be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

We have all heard of asking for bread and receiving a stone, but a young gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks for a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.