

THE JEFFERSONIAN

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

VOL. 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. OCTOBER 20, 1859.

NO. 42.

Published by Theodore Schoch

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

Advertisements of one square (ten lines) or less, five or three insertions, \$1.00. Each additional insertion, 25 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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 despatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

J. Q. DUCKWORTH. JOHN HAYN.
To Country Dealers.
DUCKWORTH & HAYN,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Groceries, Provisions, Liquors, &c.
No. 80 Dey street, New York.
June 16, 1859.—ly.*

From Once a Week.
A SEAPORT DITTY.
"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you,
By the power of my art,
All the things that e'er befell you,
And the secret of your heart."
"How that you love some one—don't you?
Love him better than you say;
Won't you hear, my maiden, won't you?
What's to be your wedding day?"
"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories that you know!
Where's the husband, for my money
That I gave you long ago?"
"Neither silver, gold nor copper,
Shall you get this time from me;
Where's the husband, tall and proper,
That you told me I should see?"
"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes,
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."
"Get along you stupid gipsy!
I won't have your barack-teau,
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"
"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome sailor's name."
"I know every one—that's better;
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."
"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so!
Now I see the die is cast,
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last!"

The New Aerial Ship.
Lowe's aerial ship, City of New-York, rivals the Great Eastern in magnitude—With it he confidently expects to make the trip from New York to Europe in forty-eight hours. It is nearly five times larger than the largest balloon ever before built, its dimensions being as follows: greatest diameter, one hundred and thirty feet; transverse diameter, one hundred and four feet; height, from valve to boat, three hundred and fifty feet; weight, with outfit, three and a half tons; lifting power, (aggregate), twenty-two and a half tons; capacity of gas-envelope, seven hundred and twenty-five thousand cubic feet. Six thousand yards of twined cloth have been used in the construction of the envelope. Reduced to feet, the actual measurement of this material is fifty-four thousand feet, or nearly eleven miles.—Six of Wheeler and Wilson's sewing-machines were employed twelve days to connect the pieces. The upper extremity of the envelope intended to receive the galleys, of triple thickness, strengthened with heavy brown linen, and sewed in triple seams. The pressure being great at this point, extraordinary power of resistance is requisite. It is asserted that one hundred women, sewing constantly for two years, could not have accomplished this work, which measures by miles. The material is stout, and the stitching stouter.

The San Juan Affair.
The English journals generally compliment the American Press on the tone of forbearance and moderation with which it has discussed the San Juan differences. We wish our cousins would praise us less and imitate us more. When they talk about Gen. Harney's movement as "one of those acts of piracy" by which the United States are in the habit of settling disputes with weaker neighbors, and urge the necessity of at once chastising "the licenced ruffians of the Federal army," they do not in the least facilitate the pacific adjustment of the dispute. We have not the slightest apprehension that any war will grow out of the controversy. If Mr. Buchanan had intended at any time to insist upon our extreme rights in that quarter, he would not have sent Gen. Scott to reap the honors of so doing.—We regard the fact that he was ordered thither as at least presumptive evidence that the British claim will be conceded. But it is scarcely worth while for the English journals to presume upon this fact so much in advance. We should be sorry to have our satisfaction at the preservation of peace marred by any recollections of needless insult from the other side.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

XXIV

The Army in Utah.

CAMP FLOYD, Utah, July 21, 1859.

Camp Floyd, 40 miles South of Salt Lake City, is located on the west side of a dry valley, perhaps ten miles wide by thirty miles long, separated by high hills from Lake Utah, some fifteen to twenty miles distant on the north-east. This valley would be fertile were it not doomed to sterility by drought. A small stream takes its rise in copious springs at the foot of the western hills just north of the camp, but it is soon drunk up on the thirsty plain. Water in this stream, and wood (low cedar) on the adjacent hills, probably dictated the selection of this site for a camp, though I believe a desire if not a secret compact to locate the troops as far as possible from the Mormon settlements had an influence in the premises. No Mormons live in this valley or within sight of it; though all the roads leading from Salt Lake City, as well as from Provo, and the other settlements around Lake Utah, are within a days march and may be said to be commanded by the camp. The soil is easily pulverized when dry, and keeps the entire area enveloped in a cloud of dust during the Summer, visible for miles in every direction. I saw it when eight miles away as I came down from Salt Lake City yesterday.

The camp is formed of low and neat adobe houses, generally small. I presume there are three or four hundred of them—enough, at all events, to make three or four Kansas cities. "Frogtown" is a satellite, or suburb, whence grog and other luxuries (including execrable whisky, at about \$10 per gallon) and dispensed to thirsty soldiers who have not already drunk up more than their pay amounts to. The Valley is covered with Sagebrush and Greasewood, as usual; but the camp has been freed from these, and is mainly as level as a house floor. The adobes were made on the spot by Mexicans, the boards for roofs, finishing off, &c., supplied by Brigham Young and his son-in-law, from the only cañon opening into Salt Lake Valley which abounds in timber (Yellow Pine, I believe) fit for sawing. The Territorial Legislature—which is another name for "the Church"—granted this canon to Brigham, who runs three saw mills therein at a clear profit of a \$100 or so per day. His profit on the lumber supplied to the Camp was probably over \$50,000. The price was \$70 per thousand feet. President Young assured me, with evident self-complacency, that he did not need and would not accept a dollar of salary from "the Church"—he considered himself able to make all the money he needed by business, as he had made the \$250,000 worth of property he already possesses. With a legislature ever ready to grant him such perquisites as this lumber canon—and I believe the best Wood canon leading into Salt Lake Valley is held by him under a similar free grant)—I should think he might. The total cost of this post to the Government was about \$200,000.

The army in Utah has numbered 3,500 men—I believe its present strength is about 3,000. It is mainly concentrated in this camp, though some small detachments are engaged in surveying or opening roads, guarding herds, &c., in different parts of the Territory. I believe this is still the largest regular force ever concentrated upon the soil of our country in time of peace. It consists of the 5th; 7th and 10th regiments of Infantry, a battalion of Light Artillery and two or three companies of Dragoons. I met between Bridger and Ham's Fork, a considerable force of Dragoons going down.

Let us briefly consider the history and position of this little Army. In the former half of 1857, it was concentrated in Kansas; late in that year, the several regiments composing it were put in march toward the Rocky Mountains. The Mormons full soon learned that it was to be launched against them, and at once prepared to give it a warm reception; the Army had no information on the subject, save general report. Detained in Kansas to give effect to Gov. Walker's electioneering quackeries, it was at length sent on its way at a season too late to allow it to reach Salt Lake before Winter. No commander was sent with it; General Harney was announced as its chief but has not even yet joined it. It was thus dispatched on a long and difficult expedition, in detachments, without a chief, without orders, without any clear idea of its object or destination. Entering Utah thus as no Army, but as a number of separate, straggling detachments, neither of which was ordered to protect the supply Trains which followed one or two marches behind them, they had the mortification to learn, about the 1st of October, that those Supply Trains, without even an armed corporal's guard in their vicinity, had been surprised and burnt by a Mormon band, who thus in effect made war on the United States. Indignantly but still without a leader and without definite orders, the Army struggled on to Bridger, 113 miles from Salt Lake, which the Mormons abandoned on its approach. Bridger is many thousand feet above the level of the sea and the ground was here so buried in snow that its gaunt animals died by hundreds, and the residue were unable to drag the baggage over the rivers and steep mountains which still separated it from Salt Lake. So the regiments halted, built huts to shelter themselves from the Winter's inclemency, and lived through the snowy season as they might on a half allowance of their lean gristly animals, without salt.

Spring at length came; the day long hoped and impatiently waited for, when they could advance received; they had been promised a warm reception in the narrow defiles of Ech Canon by Lieut. General Wells and his Mormon host, and they eagerly courted that reception. If Gen. Wells were able, as he boasted, to send them to the right about, they would have nothing to do but go. They had grown rusty from inaction, and stood ready to be polished, even by so rough an implement as Gen. Wells. But news came that the whole affair had been somehow arranged—that Col. Kane, Brigham Young, and Gov. Cumming had fixed matters so that there would be no fighting—not even further train-burning. Yet the Mormons fled from Salt Lake City in anticipation of their entering it; they were required by the civil power to encamp as far as possible from the Mormon settlements; and they have ever since been treated by the Federal Executive as though they had come there on their own motion, in defiance of rather than in obedience to that Executive's own orders.

Whether truly or falsely, this Army, probably without an individual exception, undoubtedly believes the Mormon as a body to be traitors to the Union and its Government, inflexibly intent on establishing here a power which shall be at first independent of and ultimately dominant over that of the United States. They believe that the ostentatious, defiant refusal of Brigham Young, in 1857, to surrender the Territorial Governorship, and his declaration that he would hold that post until God Almighty should tell him to give it up, were but the natural development of a policy which looks to the subjugation of all earthly kingdoms, states, empires, sovereignties, to a rule nominally theocratic, but practically autocratic, with Brigham Young or his designated successor as despot. They hold that the instinct of self-preservation, the spirit of that requirement of the Federal Constitution which enjoins that each State shall be guaranteed a republican form of Government, and demand its overthrow.

The Army undoubtedly and universally believes that Mormonism is, at least, on the part of the master spirits of "the Church," an organized, secret, treasonable conspiracy to extend the power, increase the wealth, and gratify the lecherous appetites of those leaders who are using the terms of religion to mask and shield systematic adultery, perjury, counterfeiting, robbery, treason, and even murder. It points to the wholesale massacre at Mountain Meadows, the murder of the Parish, and a hundred more such, as instances of Mormon assassination for the good of the Church, the chastisement of its enemies or the aggrandizement of its leading members—to the impossibility of bringing the perpetrators of these crimes to justice, to the Territorial laws of Utah which empower Mormon functionaries to select the Grand and Petit Jurors even for the United States Courts, and impose qualifications which in effect secure the exclusion of all but Mormons from the Jury-box, and to the uniform refusal of those jurors to indict or convict those who have committed crimes in the interest of Mormonism, as proof positive that all attempts to punish the Mormon criminals by Mormon jurors and officers must ever prove abortive, and demands of the Federal Government that it shall devise and put in execution some remedy for this unbearable impunity to crime. It is uniformly believed in camp that not less than seventy-five distinct instances of murder by Mormons because of apostasy, or some other form of hostility to "the Church" or mainly for the sake of plunder, are known to the authorities here, and that there is no shadow of hope that one of the perpetrators will ever be brought to justice under the sway of Mormon "Popular Sovereignty" as now established in this Territory. The Army, therefore, turns an anxious eye to Washington, and strains its ear to hear what remedy is to be applied.

Manifestly, the recent response from that quarter are not calculated to allay this anxiety. The official rebuke recently given to the Federal Judges here, for employing detachments of troops to arrest and hold securely Mormons accused of capital crime, elicits low mutterings of dissatisfaction from some, with a grave silence on the part of many whom discipline restrains from speaking. As the recent orders from Washington are understood here, no employment of Federal troops to arrest or secure persons charged with or even convicted of crime is allowed, except where the civil power (intensely Mormon) shall have certified that the execution of process is resisted by a force which it cannot overcome by means of a civil posse. How opposite this is to the orders given and obeyed in the Fugitive Slave cases at Boston, &c., need hardly be indicated.

Very general, then, is the inquiry in the Army. Why were we sent here? and why are we kept here? What good can

our remaining do? What mischief can it prevent? A fettered, suspected watch dog, distrusted Army—an Army which must do nothing—must not even be asked to do anything in any probable contingency—what purpose does it observe beyond enriching contractors and the Mormon magnates at its own cost and that of the Federal Treasury? Every article eaten, drank, worn, or in any manner bought by the soldiers, cost three to ten times its value in the States; part of this extra cost falls on the Treasury, the residue on the troops individually. Their position here is an irksome one; their comforts few; home, family, friends are far away. If the policy now pursued is to prevail, they cannot be needed in this Territory. Why, then, keep them here? Brigham Young will contract, and make money by contracting, to put down all resistance to this policy at one-tenth the cost of keeping the Army here: why, then, not withdraw it?

I have not so bad an opinion of the Mormons as that entertained by the Army; while I consider the Mormon religion, so called, a delusion and a blight, I believe many of its devoted adherents, including most of those I have met, to be pure-minded, well-meaning people; I do not believe that Mormons generally delight in plunder or murder, though the testimony in the Mountain Meadows, Parrish, and one or two other cases, is certainly staggering. But I concur entirely in the conviction of the Army that there is no use in its retention here under existing orders and circumstances, and that three or four companies of dragoons would answer every purpose of this large and costly concentration of troops. The Army would cost less almost anywhere else, and could not anywhere be less useful.

A suspicion that it is kept here to answer private pecuniary ends is widely entertained here. It is known that vast sums have been made out of its transportation by favored contractors. Take a single instance already quite notorious: Twenty-two cents per pound is paid for the transportation of all provisions, munitions, &c., from Leavenworth to this point. The great contractors were allowed this for transporting this year's supply of Flour. By a little dexterous management at Washington, they were next allowed to furnish the Flour here, being paid their twenty-two cents per pound for transportation, in addition to the prime cost on the Missouri. As Utah has a better soil for growing Wheat than almost anything else, they had no difficulty in sub-letting this contract at seven cents per pound net, making a clear profit of \$170,000 on the contract, without risking a dollar or lifting a finger. Of course, I expect contractors to bargain for themselves, not for the Government; but somebody is well paid for taking care of the public's interest in such matters: Has he done his duty?

Again: Pursuant to a recent order from Washington, the Assistant Quartermaster-General here is now selling by auction some Two Thousand Mules—about two-thirds of all the Government owns in this Territory. These mules cost \$175 each, and are worth to-day \$125 to \$150. I attended the sale for an hour or so this forenoon; the range of prices was from \$60 to \$115; the average of the 700 already sold about \$75. Had these mules been taken to California and there properly advertised and sold, they would have brought nearly cost; even at least \$100,000 more than here, where there is practically no demand and no competition for such an immense herd; and, after every Mormon who can raise a hundred dollars or over shall have supplied himself with a span of mules for half their value, one or two speculators will make as much as they please, while the dead loss to the People will be at least \$200,000. Nobody here has recommended the sale of these mules; they were being herded, under the care of detachments of the Army, at no cost but for herdsmen, and they could have been kept through next Winter in secluded mountain valleys at a cost of about \$10 per head; whereas, the Army can never move without purchasing an equal number; and they can neither be bought here nor brought here for \$200,000 more than these animals are now fetching. Somebody's interest is subserved by this sale, but it is certainly not that of the Army nor of the People. The order is to sell seven hundred wagons as well, but these would not bring \$30 each, while they cost at least \$130, and could not be replaced when wanted even for that, while the Army cannot move without them, and keeping them costs absolutely nothing. Who issues such orders as this, and for whose benefit?

Look at another feature of this transaction: There is at this moment a large amount due to officers and soldiers of this Army as pay, in sums of \$40 to \$500 each. Many of those to whom this money is due would very much like to take mules in part payment, either to use while here, to sell again, or to bear them and their baggage to California, or back to the Missouri on the approaching expiration of their terms of enlistment. In many instances, two soldiers would doubtless club to buy a mule on which to pack their blankets, &c., whenever their time is out. Hundreds of mules would thus have been bought, and the proceeds of the sale considerably augmented, if the

Government, by its functionaries, had consented to receive its own honest debts in payment. But no! on some ridiculous pretense of ill-blood between the Pay and the Subsistence bureaux of the War Department, this is refused—it would be too much trouble to take certificates of soldiers' pay actually due in payment for these mules; so the officers and soldiers must purchase of speculators at double price or go without, and the mules be sold for far less than they would have brought if those who must have them had been enabled to bid directly for them.—Two or three speculators reap a harvest here at the sore cost of the soldiers and the Treasury.

But it will be said that Forage is dear in Utah. It would suffice to answer that idle mules obtain, save in Winter, only growing on the Public Lands, which may as well be eaten in part by Government mules as all by those of the Mormon squatters. But let us see how it costs so much. There has recently been received here thirty thousand bushels of corn from the States at a net cost, including transportation, of \$340,000 or over \$11 per bushel. No requisition was ever made for this Corn, which could have been brought here, delivered, for \$2 per bushel, or \$60,000 in all. The dead loss to the Treasury on this Corn is \$280,000, even supposing that the service required it at all. Somebody makes a good thing of wagoning this Corn from the Missouri at over \$10 per bushel: Who believes that said somebody has not influential and thrifty connections inside of the War Department?

I will not pursue this exposition: Congress may.

—Let me now give a sample of Retrenchment in the public service in this quarter:

The mail from Missouri to Salt Lake has hitherto been carried weekly in good six mule wagons; the contract time being twenty-two days. The importance of frequent and regular communication with head quarters, at least so long as a large Army is retained here at a heavy extra cost, and because of some presumed public necessity, is evident. Yet the new Postmaster-General has cut down the Mail Service on this important central route from weekly to semi-monthly. But the contractors, who are obliged to run their stages weekly because of their passenger business, and because they have to keep their stock and pay their men whether they work or play, find that they cannot carry the Mail every other week so cheaply as they can every week. For instance: A mail from the States now often consists of twelve to sixteen heavy sacks (most of them filled with franked documents), weighing as many hundred pounds. Double this, and no six mule team would draw it at the requisite pace, and no baggage wagon stand the jerks and jolts of an unmade road. So they say, "Please let us carry the Mail weekly, though you only pay us for carrying it semi-monthly." But not this is strictly forbidden! The Postmaster at Salt Lake has expressed written orders to refuse it, and of course he at St. Joseph also.—And thus all this central region, embracing at least a dozen important Military posts and countless Indian Agencies, is reduced to semi-monthly mail service, though the contractor would gladly make it weekly at the same price!

HORACE GREELEY.

Harriet Martineau on Female Education.

It will be an immense advantage when the day comes for boys and girls learning and playing together, as the children of several foreign countries do. Climbing trees is admirable exercise for everybody; and so is cricket, and trap-ball, and ball play of all kinds; and rearing and jumping. Instead of this, we see not a few schools where the girls, after sitting and standing all day, are taken out for a walk in the twilight to save lighting candles. They seldom feel the sun; they have chilblains and other ailments from bad circulation; and in such schools nearly every girl has more or less distortion of the spine when she has been there more than two years. In the last century people knew no better. Little girls were put upon hard benches without backs, and so high that the feet hung in the air; and so perched, they were required to sit bolt upright and sew for hours together. The consequence was the deformed shoulder, the hump back, the weary aching spine which many thousands of English women have carried to the grave. There is no more reason for women being crooked than any other creature born with a proper backbone; and this is better understood than it used to be. We see that the seats in schools are oftener accommodated to the height of the children; and if leaning back is not countenanced, there is more frequent change of posture and of occupation.—Calisthenic exercises, and even the inclined plane for the relief of the backs of fast growing girls, are common sights in our day. The improvement is marked; but the condition of school-girls needs more consideration than has yet been given to it. Their average of health is far below that of boys; more of them will languish in invalidity; fewer will have genuine robust health; more, in particular, will die of consumption within ten years. The main cause of this is the unequal development of the faculties. There is too much intellectual acquisition, though not too much mental exercise, if it were

made more general; and there is an almost total absence of physical education. If the mules were called upon as strenuously as the memory to show what they could do, the long train of school-girls who institute the romance of the coming generation would flock merrily to ten thousand homes, instead of parting off—some to gladden their homes, certainly, but too many to the languid lot of invalidism, or to the actual sick-room; while an interminable procession of them is for ever on its way to the cemetery—the foremost dropping into the grave while the number is kept up from behind. Many a survivor will be still wondering, with grandchildren round the fire, that this and that and the other pretty or clever schoolfellow should have died so early; and at the same time, papa, at thirty, will remark on the number of the fellows who left the school with him who have had to go to Madeira. Some have rallied; but for most it was merely the choice of a grave under the myrtle there, or in the sea, or in the cemetery at home.

When a dragon devoured youths and maidens in ancient times, somebody was always found to go out against him, and to conquer him at last. We must not be less watchful and devoted than our forefathers. We must rescue our youths and maidens from an early doom.

An Orator in a tight Corner.

I remember once, when I was a young man living up in New-Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained, and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told, un-lawyer-like—a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience, commenced:

"Fellow citizens—Five and forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused a moment, "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" Again he paused. [Cries of "good, go on."] Here was the rub. "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now."

A word with the Aeronauts.

There is one great feature of balloon sailing which threatens to assume a very unpleasant practical importance, if the art is to pass into the category of ordinary human occupations. We mean the system of lightening balloons by "heaving over" ballast in a promiscuous manner upon the earth below. So far as we know, no accident has ever yet resulted from this practice; but it is impossible for any merely walking sublimity mortal, who does not disdain his mother earth, to read without a certain discomposure Mr. Lamontain's exciting account of the means he adopted for relieving his ship when she had lost her buoyancy in the storm. The Atlantic took up seven hundred pounds of ballast, and a miscellaneous supply of iron fans, posts, bars, carpet-bags; and other luggage, more or less weighty. She came down minus her entire cargo. It happened that in this case the good vessel was unloaded chiefly into a lake, though Mr. Lamontain does admit that he once heard his sand-bags strike with a "thud" upon the roof of a house. Suppose that house a pleasure house on the shore of the sea, and the reader seated thereon, enjoying his evening cigar and a distant view of the changing sea. Or suppose a pair of lovers rowing in a boat upon the summer waters of some rural Coma, "youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm," and the same suddenly saluted by the benediction of three carpet-bags and a twenty-pound crow-bar falling from the skies, as falls a star! The fate of Eschylus was romantic certainly, but rather peremptory; and though it would be more honorable to be killed by a sand-bag in the cause of science than to have one's crown cracked by a tortoise dropped from the talons of an eagle, the net result to the earth-creeping man would be virtually the same in both cases.

Death from a Fly Bite.

A letter from Cassel in the Journal de Frankfort, mentions the sudden death of Mr. Habicht, a protestant Minister of that town, from the puncture of a fly. The wound was inflicted near the corner of his eye. A tumor formed, which was followed by erysipelas, and speedily caused death. It is presumed that the fly had been feeding on some dead carcass in a state of decomposition, and had imbibed a poisonous virus, which had entered the wound.

At the last accounts flour was selling in Hayti for \$240 per barrel. This seems like a high price, but the money was Haytien currency, much depreciated, like our old Continental money. About twenty dollars of it are equal to one silver dollar.