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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

An Affecting Scene.

One of the most affecting scenes that has ever taken place in the Police Court since its organization, occurred yesterday morning. After the business of the morning was over a middle aged American lady, neatly attired, approached Judge Spooner and requested that he would send to the House of Refuge her two sons—one aged ten and the other eight years. The two little boys were presented to the Court, and better looking boys than these we have not before seen in this city. At the request of the court she made the following plain statement, which in its delivery exhibited the true feeling of a mother, and the sad duty she was compelled to perform.

"I came to this city in '39, where I have resided ever since. In 1842 I was married to Elisha Rettick, who on account of his dissolute habits and a refusal to maintain his family, I procured a divorce in June, 1853, since which time I have not seen him nor do I know where he is. I have had four children, one dead, and three living; these two boys and a little girl about six years of age. I reside in Mill near Fourth street; I have no means of support but my needle. I have tried hard to raise my children as they should be raised, but whenever it is possible the two boys run away, and the oldest one will take things from the neighbors. I have sent them to Fourth Street School, and instead of going, they are continually playing truant. I have done all I could, and can do no more. I would willingly support and provide for them, but I cannot govern them. Judge 'it is hard for me to part with them, but their interests compel me to do it.'"

Her narration was listened to with breathless attention by all in the Court room, and frequently the tears which ran down her cheeks evidenced her feelings within. When she had concluded, the boys burst into tears, and the younger faintly ejaculated, "Dear ma! don't do it." Here followed a scene which beggars description. The mother sank into a chair and burst into a flood of tears, while her two prodigal sons wept bitterly. Every eye in the Court room was moistened, and the Court, overcome, left the bench and paced the floor. The boys pleaded, but the mother replied in deep anguish, "My dear sons, it is too late!" and the scene became more and more affecting. After some minutes respite, the Court remarked that it was the most sad duty they ever had to perform—separate a kind mother from her children—but the task cannot be avoided. The boys were then sentenced to be confined in the House of Refuge until discharged by due course of law. The children were then taken out to that institution by the Marshal, the mother accompanying them to take a final farewell. The rules of the institution will not permit her to visit them oftener than once a month.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE HUMAN RACE.—"Ginger!"
"Sah!"
"When am dat great race to cum off dat dar is so much talk about?"
"What great race? I habent heard ob any great race."
"De human race, de great human race, dat is to come off 'fore long!"
"Yah, yah, yah! you be de biggest fool I eber saw. De human race, dat ain't a boss race—it be de people in de world, de inhabitants."
"Who told you so?"
"I allers knowd it, and so did everybody else but you, and you am de dumbest nigger I eber saw. I wish dat everybody had larnin', so that they wouldnt' bother 'spectable niggers with such foolish questions."
The man who was 'filled with emotion,' was unable to make room for any dinner.

The Gipsy Slaves of Wallachia.

All travelers who have journeyed from Zemlitz on the Danube to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colors. Once out of the sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminable dismal plain, with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever in the centre. There are no objects behind, to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead to encourage you on; no mountains of blue rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long line into peaks and valleys, bristling with crags or clothed in forest. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your wagon moves speedily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoucheer pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there a few slight elevations, a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights of crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin, and wearing prodigious mustaches, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley of musketry fired by some party of travelers, who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in crossing these sad plains to come upon groups of wild-looking individuals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntily out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of songs, and clattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps when night has fallen, an hour or two after those odd looking people have gone ahead of your wagon, (they take two strides for one of your own,) the ground ahead will probably become spangled as with glow-worms; and presently a sort of whistling of strange sound, half song, half shout, will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon a village, an encampment, a burrow of Gipsy troglodytes (dwellers in caves), who are either sitting around the remains of the fires they have lighted to cook their evening meal, or, with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country.

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of Wallachian people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little State, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condition of abject slavery.—Their history is most obscure, and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descended to their present level. It seems certain, however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as Gayras, in Hungary as Zingari, in Germany as Zigenor, in Spain as Gitanos, in France as Bohemians, and in England as Gypsies. Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whence they were transported in the Eighth century by one of the Emperors to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighboring nations, and especially by the Mohammedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury, dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians, who shared indeed, the greater part of the newly-made serfs among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Wallachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and works; whilst the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in the laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfrequently drove them to suicide. Many Boyards of human character now granted a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them, for so much a year, to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every Spring, the half enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his tribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instalment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalized by long suffering and is so addicted to every kind of debauch-

ery, that very few succeed in rescuing themselves from bondage. Amongst the Boyards of the present day there are a good many whose copper complexion, white teeth and general cast of countenance evidently prove them to be descended from Zigans.

The physical constitution of this unhappy people is strongly marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy. Their skin is black or copper-colored; their hair thick and woolly; their lips are of negro heaviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole eyes. All, without exception, wear beards.—Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them: perhaps an old bed curtain given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune, until it has been rejected by the scullion.

As it is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or handsome. Most of the Zigans are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but after that time, suddenly shrink and shrivel, change color, bend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth, admired and wooed, to dishonored old age. The dress of these women is peculiar, consisting generally of nothing but a tight tunic or bodice, made of sheep-skin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquetish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals. As ornaments they wear earrings of brass gligree, necklaces of paras strung upon a slender thong, and a variety of metal bracelets.—The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve, and whole swarms of girls and boys may sometimes be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in the summer, in the water or snow in the winter like so many black worms. As you pass by, a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a moaning shout, which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellow-creatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independent being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the town—anywhere, in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, or of branches, or of mud; whilst in winter they scratch deep holes into the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle; a few two pronged forks, and perhaps a pair of scissors, a poignard, and gourd to hold brandy, or arakee—to the use of which this race is peculiarly addicted. When they have stowed these articles in their hole, under a shed, they call the place their home, and go back to it every night. They squat upon heaps of filth and commence smoking their pipes, while the women set before them their supper which has been cooked in the afore-mentioned old kettle, swung upon three sticks over a fire of wood brought in by the children mixed with a kind of peat. Sometimes a piece of turned meat, which all Christian cooks have rejected in the butchers' shop, or a portion of some animal that has come by an untimely death and has been distributed by some generous Boyard, is added to the porridge of beans, or maize on which the Zigans generally support their strength. They use no plates or spoons, but dip their hardened fingers into the steaming kettle, and bring up a ball of porridge or fragment of meat, which they cool by throwing from one hand to the other until they can venture to cast it down their throats. The women and children eat after the men, who, as soon as they have wiped their hands in their hair, take again to their pipes, and—if they can afford it to drinking. They make themselves merry for an hour or two, until fatigue comes over them and then go pell-mell to their huts, or stretch out by the embers of the fires. Nothing can be more abominably filthy than the habits of this degraded tribe. They are often obliged to abandon their villages on account of the dreadful state to which they have been brought by their carelessness. This abandonment costs them nothing in feeding or in money; they are essentially wanderers. When the air is too pestiferous to breathe, they shoulder their working utensils and their furniture, and remove a mile or two away. If it be summer they set up their sheds again in a few hours; if it be winter, and the frost has not yet come on, they form subterranean dwellings in the course of half a night.

As we have said, a good many of the Zigans are employed in the rough labors of agriculture. The greatest number, however, are artisans, and are celebrated for their ingenuity. Their favorite trade is that of the blacksmith, but they can turn their hands to anything; and the bazaars of Bucharest are filled with a vast variety of toys and fancy work, which would do credit to our cleverest workman. But the vagabond tendencies of the Zigan—perhaps, also, the contempt with which he is regarded—prevent him, except in the rare instances we have mentioned, from rising, by means of his industry, in the social scale. It is difficult to learn anything of his religious or other opinions. From his talk one would sometimes fancy

him to be half Christian, had Mohammedan; at other times to be fire-worshiper, an infidel, a believer in fetiches, or what you will. He is a man of many colors, like his language, which contains traces of an original character, but which is enriched as it were, with words borrowed (it might perhaps, be more appropriate to say, stolen—for the Zigan, like his brethren we know of, has great pilfering propensities from a dozen different dialects. The sound is not at all unusual; and some of the songs which have been taken down are curiously characteristic. The following is the beginning of one of these:

"Through the pathway of the sky,
Quail with sharpen'd beak doth fly,
Christos praising with sharp beak.
What, oh dun quail, dost thou seek?
To the grog-shop come with me,
And treat me to some arakee!"

It will be seen from these lines that the ideas of the Zigans on various points are somewhat confused, or, at any rate, it seems rather odd to interrupt a pious quail in its doxologies by an invitation to tipple. Perhaps, as in the case in many eastern songs, the words arbitrarily thrown together for the sake of harmony—an observation that might apply sometimes to the verse making in our civilized regions.

The Zigans are not only poets and singers, but they are musicians also, and their favorite instruments is the fiddle.—They often ask permission of their masters, the Boyards, to form what are called Witzoulin, or storms of music, consisting of ten or twelve members, who go about the country to the towns and castles of the rich, and let themselves out at so much an hour. No ball is considered complete without one of the musical storms who ask very little for their services, pretending that they are paid by their pleasure; but who, unless they are grievously wronged, generally contrive to leave a deficit behind them somewhere, either in the larder or in the hen-roost. They often lead a few bears about with them, and when there are no balls toward, dance a strange dance among themselves, circle, men and women, they begin by uttering frightful cries, and then, as the fiddle strikes up, whirl, jump, stop, roll, crawl, crowd together, separate, throw their arms and legs into the air, wag their heads, shake their bracelets, and work themselves up into a kind of fury. The dance in fact, is a kind of opomundium of the bolero, the saltarella, and the fandango. Sometimes a single performer goes thro' a ferocious jig, which may be called the jig of murder and suicide, for these two pleasant things are the basis of his representations. The acting is often so clever that the unaccustomed spectators shriek and rush away to save themselves. The ragged and breathless artist, fancying they want to escape payment, pursues them with his greasy cap held out, shouting for a piastre.

Little is really known of the relations of the Zigans among themselves. Marriage can only take place within the limits of the tribe, and generally within the limits of the property of one master, whose permission, also, is required before the ceremony can take place. There is no ceremony of betrothal, no intervention of matchmakers or friends; the youth goes to the father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts at politeness—as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objections, the young lover receives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the course of the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pot of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling—a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches—where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheepskin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbor, is modestly crouched in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of a few handfuls of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great feat that follows be not more worthy that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both women and men are, as a rule exceedingly debauched.—*Household Words.*

A Novel Condensed.—Moonlight night—shady grove—two lovers—eternal fidelity—young lady rich—young man poor—great obstacle—young man proud—very handsome—very smart—sure to make a fortune—young lady's father very angry—wont consent—mother intercedes—no go—rich rival—very ugly—very hard hearted—lovers in a bad fix—wont part, die first—moonlight again—garret window opens—rope ladder—flight—pursuit—too late—marriage—old man in a rage—wont forgive them—disowns them—old man gets sick—sends for his daughter—all forgiven—all made up—old man dies—young couple get all the money—live in the old mansion—quite comfortable—have little children—much happiness. FINIS.

The fellow who kissed the face of nature, says it didn't 'go' half as well as the buses of some of his lady friends.

Description of Nebraska Territory

ITS INHABITANTS, CLIMATE, SOIL, &c.

Nebraska is so named from one of its large rivers called Nebraska. In this Territory there are but few white settlers besides the Indian agents, military occupants, and missionaries sent out by the various religious denominations of the United States. The whites are principally located on the Santa Fe road, and the routes leading to California and Oregon. Prominent points for them are Fort Leavenworth, a military station, and Council Bluffs, and Indian Agency.

It is estimated that there are some 75,000 people in Nebraska, the greater part of these being Indians. It is the choicest hunting ground of the red men, and it is supposed, of the estimated half a million of Indians in the United States, nearly a sixth of them are within this territory.—The Sioux tribes alone are supposed to have 3000 lodges, and about 30,000 people. Added to these are in Nebraska, the Pawnees, the Delawares, the Shawnees, the Kickapooes, the Stockbridges, the Crow, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Aricario, Grosbrentes, Assinbowes, the Mandan and other Indians. A portion of the Cherokees will fall into this territory, under the bill of Mr. Douglas. It is well known that the American board of missions has for many years employed missionaries among those Indians. The Osages would also be included, to whom the same association formerly sent missionaries.

The climate of Nebraska is, of course, different in different parts. Its southern portion may have about the climate of Virginia, its interior of Connecticut, and its extreme northern portion that of Maine. Then the prairie region must be milder than the mountainous portions on the western borders. The tops of its highest mountains are described as covered with almost perpetual snow.

The soil varies as much as the climate. Much of it is excellent, while other portions are composed of nothing but sand, such as the Great American Desert, in the central portion of the territory. The eastern portion is generally prairie, which, like the tracts on the numerous rivers, is productive. It is generally agreed that the country must be chiefly an agricultural one. Manufacturers may flourish to some extent, and commerce hardly at all, as it is far from oceans, and has no great lakes leading thereto.

The agricultural powers of the country may be somewhat inferred from the returns of the four tribes of Christian Indians—the Delawares, Kickapooes, Shawnees and Stockbridges—all living north and south of the Kansas river. The number of these Indians is 2702. They are mostly supported by agriculture, and these returns are for a single year. This number of acres cultivated were 4990.—They raised over 80,000 bushels of corn, 2690 bushels of wheat, and 12,000 bushels of oats. They kept over 900 working oxen, and large numbers of horses.—Of melons of all kinds they raised over 200,000, and 400 hogs. The value of their products is put down at \$31,000.

Among these Indians, civilization and Christianity have much advanced, and will be further indicated by the statistics that follow. They have six schools, seven teachers, and two hundred scholars.—Their Sabbath schools are five, and their churches the same. Of professors of religion there are 372, nearly half of whom are males, or a much larger portion than is usual in England. The Nebraska, the Kansas and the Arkansas are the three great rivers. The first two flow from east to west, and empty into the Missouri several hundred miles above its mouth.—The branches or forks of these rivers are many. The Arkansas rises in the western portion of the territory and flows southeast, and empties, after crossing the State by the same name, in the Mississippi. The Nebraska river is from one to three miles broad. It is full of islands covered with cotton wood, willow and shrubs. Col. Long, says that "only forty miles of it is open to steamboat navigation." The great emigrant routes to California and Oregon follow the north fork of this river. The Fremont route of 1842 was upon the south fork of the same river. The Kansas river is navigable for 150 miles from its mouth, for steamboats.

All accounts agree that this territory is not well wooded, or at least, is not a timber country. Many trees that are found in our forests, such as elm, birch, maple, white oak, willow and pine, are found there.

Much of the country is high table and prairie land, elevated from 2000 to 6000 feet above the sea. The climate is termed very dry. Wild animals abound there, such as buffaloes, deer, elk, antelope, prairie dogs, mountain sheep, wolves, wild horses, turkeys, etc. Occasionally a grizzly bear crosses the tract of the traveler. Those who journey through this territory subsist much upon the meat of the buffalo, the meat of the cows being much preferred to that of the bulls. Deer are much used for food, as is also a plant called the milk plant, much eaten by the Indians. Fremont's account of his giving chase to the buffaloes, in company with Kit Carson and others, is exciting in the extreme. One must be a good deal of a horseman, as well as marksman, to engage in that hazardous sport. This vast region is now almost an unbroken wilderness. As the territory is not organized

the emigrant has not yet fixed his eye upon it, except with the hope of fixing his abode there as soon as the word goes forth from Washington.

A Genuine Yankee out West.

The Yankee, as described in popular lectures and shown up by foreign tourists; is more or less a fabulous character, but now and then we hear of one who has all the rough and ready, go-ahead talent and native idiosyncrasy, combined with real virtue and benevolence instead of petty shrewdness and penny-wise tact. The following portraiture is from the Editorial Jottings of the National Magazine:

Pressing our way through the throngs of men and freight that crowd the grand railroad depots of the city—depots which cover acres—we found ourselves again on board a steamboat bound for Lake Huron. We were hardly on board, when my friend introduced me to a passenger, who, I saw at a glance, was a 'character.'—He wore a hat that certainly had not been brushed for six months, and might have been as many years old; it was high, and falling slightly aback, disclosed as genuine a Yankee contour as ever the London Punch or Yankee Notions portrayed—that prominence of the nasal region, out-painted if not up-pointed, those lines radiating from the eyes and extending to the very ears, those thin but tough integuments, and that indescribable expression of easy self possession, of mingled 'enthusiasm' and good humor, which become the moral and physiognomical characteristics of Brother Jonathan the character of Brother Jonathan the character of—His shoes were rough, heavy clumps of leather, that certainly had never known 'blacking'; his coat and pantaloons were black wollen, of the coarsest, strongest texture; his shirt bosom and collar were unstratched coarse cotton and he wore no stock. He evidently did not relish the delectation of shaving, and his speech was the perfection of the nasal drawl. He might defy the best Yankee 'Shaker' of England to beat him in the last respect.—And yet there was something exceedingly interesting about him. He announced himself to me, when introduced, as a 'doer of the seventh distillation'; he seemed to be conscious of his appearance, and to enjoy the practical joke it was playing upon the fashionable dilettantism of the world. For after all, he stood before us a genuine man—a man who had nobly fought with misfortune and won the day, who was religiously upright, whose energies are expended in doing good in the noblest way, by promoting education and virtue, whose name is on an important literary, institution of the West, and who was now actually on his way to the Chippewa camp meeting, to obtain two or three young Indians whom he wished to educate at his own expenses, for the benefit of their race.

We learn that he was in fact a real Connecticut Yankee, from Littlefield County—that, Yankee like, he started in youth to teach in the South; that finding it rather poor business for both health and pocket, he returned destitute and sick not to hang upon the 'old folks,' but heroically to marry a Yankee girl of like mind with himself, and then, armed with his axe and accompanied by his bride, to march bravely into the Western woods. Here he located about twelve miles south of Cleveland, and putting down his stake rejoiced with his young wife, thanked God, took courage, and 'shook his stick' at fortune with manly defiance.

In brief he has formed a village, (the well known Berea of the West), has given it the buildings and necessary annual income of a flourishing Boarding Academy; has opened a grindstone quarry from which is paid this income, and also \$500 a year to the Methodist Missionary Society; has built a railroad (of which he is sole proprietor) connecting the village with the Cleveland and Columbus Road; has built cotton and woolen manufactories, in which all his own clothes are manufactured, and being a genuine Yankee, (that is a thoroughly practical man) he has, last of all erected a large stone edifice for another academy—a sort of manual labor school on a plan of his own. In this institution he has placed a steam engine and apparatus, for the manufacture of cloth and for knitting under garments and hosiery, by which he is to furnish employment to female pupils; while a farm, from which he hopes to draw full subsistence for the school, is together with a stone quarry, to afford labor and manly muscle to male pupils.—The design is to afford education to young men and women who are under the necessity of 'working their way.' No one not dependent upon such efforts is to be admitted. Several students are already there and at work. God bless you, John Baldwin, with your old hat and rough shoes, your big heart and generous deeds!

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house.

BLANK DEEDS
For sale at this Office.