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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Annabel Lee.
BY EDGAR A. POE.
It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may
know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than
love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs above
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason, that long ago,
In the kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason, as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
But our love it was stronger by far than the
love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
For the moon never beams without bringing
me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so all the night-tide I lie down by the
side
Of my darling, my darling—my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Wishing.
I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor,
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motive always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the sad were fewer;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching.

'Hillo! little boy, where am I?' said a
superannuated gent, who was stauding
at the junction of three roads in the
country.
'Why yer on yer feet, aint yer?'
'Pshaw! I mean where does the road
go to?'
'Them roads dose'nt go anyveres,
they've been laying still ever since I
knowed 'em.'
'You young ragsmuffin! I mean which
of these roads will lead me to Marbur?'
'Well, it dont matter which, they all
lead to Marbur, but they havenot travel-
ed none.'

'Do you believe what the Bible says a-
bout the prodigal son and fatted calf?'
'Certainly I do.'
'Well, can you tell me whether the calf
that was killed was a male or female calf?'
'It was a female calf.'
'How do you know that?'
'Because (looking the chap in the face)
I see the male is alive now.'

Total Loss.—A Yankee has invented a
machine extracting liss from quack ad-
vertisements. Some of them are never
seen after entering the machine as only
the truth comes out.
A fellow who chopped off his hand the
other day while cutting wood, sent to an
apothecary for a remedy for 'chopped
hands.'

The Philosophy of Boarding.

What do you charge for board, asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second rate hotel in New York. 'What do you ask a week for board and lodging?'
'Five dollars.'
'Five dollars! that's too much; but I suppose you'll allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?'
'Certainly, 37½ cents each.

Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not either take dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of the two weeks, he walked up to the bar, and said—
'S'pose we settle that account—I'm goin' to leave in a few minutes.
The landlord handed him his bill:—
'Two weeks board at five dollars—ten dollars.'
'Here, stranger,' said the Yankee, 'this is wrong—you've made a mistake; you have not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days; two meals per day, at 37½ cents each—10 50 cents. If you've not got the fifty cents that's due to me; I'll take a drink, and the balance in segars.'

Eclipses for the Year.

In the year 1851, there will be two eclipses of the sun, and two of the moon.
1. The moon will be partially eclipsed, on the 13th of May, beginning at 10h. 8. 4m. A. M., consequently invisible to us.
2. There will be an annular eclipse of the sun on the 25th of May, visible as follows:
Beginning at 1h. 1m.; greatest obscuration, 4h. 11m.; ends 6h. 55m. P. M.
Eclipse begins 147 degrees 52 minutes from vertex to the right.
Digits, eclipsed 10½ on the Northern Limb.
The Line of Central and annular Eclipse passes through a portion of the northern part of the United States, and southern part of British America.
This will be the largest eclipse visible in the United States until the year 9100 when the sun will be totally eclipsed, the centre passing near Washington.
3d. A partial eclipse of the moon will occur on the 4th of November, at 4h. 1m. P. M., invisible. The moon will rise with a light shade on its northern limb.
The sun will be totally eclipsed on the 20th of November, the middle occurring at 6h. 30m., A. M., invisible. The eclipse will be central and total in the Southern part of Africa, Southern America, and the Southern Ocean.

Hard to Please.

A lady went into a grocery lately, and asked for some self-raising flour. The clerk for the moment was a green Irishman, who, opening a barrel showed her some of the ordinary superfine.
'This is what I want,' said the lady with some pique; 'I want the self-raising flour.'
'Oh,' said Pat, with promptness, 'a divil a bit will ye find fault with its not rising; the whole barrel went up from nine to eleven dollars, and if that don't suit, you are hard to please, intirely.' The lady disappeared in a huff.

Domestic Scene.

Chambermaid.—I heard you wanted to hire help, ma'am.
Lady.—I do; have you any recommendation?
Maid.—Yes'm; the gentleman with whom I last lived was a great deal better housekeeper than his wife, and that I acted the "lady" nearly as well and—
Lady.—But why did you leave?
Maid.—Because, you see, his wife, my mistress, got a little jealous, only because she seen her husband squeeze my hand and me; that was the only reason I left my place.
Lady.—Miss, I have altered my mind, I will do my own chamber work. (Little excited). I'll lay no temptation in the way of my husband.
A Philadelphia Judge and punster, having observed to another Judge on the bench, that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. 'How so?' was the inquiry, 'He has *carrot* hair, *reddish* cheeks, *turnip* nose, *sage* look.'

Stern says that one of the tricks of women is to pretend that they have accidentally got something in their eye, and induce a man to look into it; and he says the man is *survived* if he looks for that something.

The Prairie Fight.

It was that most delightful season of the year the 'Indian summer,' when seated by some traveling companions on the deck of the steamer Otto, bound for the Upper Mississippi, we perceived three Indians in earnest parley with the captain of the boat. They were fine specimens of their nation; tall and straight, with proportions of exact symmetry. Their keen black eyes glittering with excitement, and with their rifles in their hands and each one foot advanced, they appeared as if to spring overboard into the deep and turbid waters of the river.
With furious gestures they pointed to the prairie, that lay stretched out before the view until it seemed to meet the glowing sky. Covered with rich grass and wild flowers—lonely and wild—it looked like a vast extent of silence and solitude. But as we gazed through the shimmering mist, that like a transparent veil over the face of beauty, enveloped its green luxuriance, we observed far in the distance a party of Indians, moving in single file at a rapid rate.
They were Sioux whose tribe at that time were in deadly feud with the Chippeways. The Indians on board the Otto were chiefs of that nation returning to their homes. As soon as the Chippeways saw the Sioux, they knew from their mode of traveling that they had been on a war expedition to some of their villages; hence their impassioned gestures and pleadings to the Captain to be set on shore. They said they would take their revenge from their foes, and rejoin the boat some distance ahead.
After urging their request for some time the captain of the Otto complied with it and they were landed, and soon in quick pursuit of their enemies. At the solicitations of many of the passengers, backed by the potent influence of sundry odd dollars, which found its way into the rough hands of the captain, he consented to the boat's slackening her speed, that we might view the result.
The Chippeways crept stealthily but swiftly along the shore, concealing themselves in the brushwood that lined the banks of the river, until they came near enough to the Sioux, and then, with a spring like the panther's, and a whoop that filled the air with its murderous echo, in an instant each rifle brought down a foe. Three of the Sioux fell dead upon the prairie. In return, the Sioux though taken by surprise, and thrown off, the guard, turned in pursuit of the Chippeways, who fled for their lives, determined to avenge the death of their fallen companions.
The intense excitement on board the steamer was beyond description. Ladies were borne half fainting with terror to the cabin; mothers were screaming for their children; children crying and nurses scolding all dreading instant massacre from their near proximity to the Indians. Men gathered in groups on the deck; some betting high on the result of the fight; some blaming the captain for 'permitting murder;' others watching with breathless eagerness the flying foes, expressing earnest desire for their victory or defeat.
It was a perfect Babel of languages; the steerage passengers crowded the lower deck—men, women and children all talking at once in their different dialects, all intent upon seeing the novel fight.
The three Chippeways ran swiftly—their feet scarce seemed to touch the sward, so rapid was their motion. But step! One stops—something impedes his steps; 'tis for a second's space—he throws away his moccasins, and as he does so, casts a quick glance behind him, in the act of leveling his rifle—a flash and a report. [The excited spectators on board the Otto give a simultaneous shriek, and the words 'He is shot! he is shot!' are heard on every side. But no he bounds forward with increased velocity. A moment more, and he staggers, reels, and falls prostrate, shot through the heart.
Then commenced a scene in Indian warfare so fiendish and blood-thirsty that my pen can scarcely record it. While the body was still heaving with the last struggle of life, with a scream wild and unearthly, the Sioux bent over it with his glittering knife. I involuntary closed my eyes, and when I looked again, I saw the gory scalp of the Chippeway dripping with the still warm blood, fastened to the girdle of the Sioux. Raising a war-whoop, that echoed from shore to shore, like the yell of some demon, he hurried on after the others.
The two remaining Chippeways were fast distancing their pursuers; and we could see them for miles along the prairie, running in a line from the shore, the Sioux still in hot pursuit, like wolves after their prey. The captain commanded that added steam should be put to the boat: there was a bluff where the river made a bend, a short distance ahead, and he thought he might yet save the fugitives by getting them on board the Otto.
And steam was put on. The raging and cracking of the fire, as it roared amidst its frail barriers, the surging and mad speed of the boat, as she churned the waters into foam, the groans and dissonant noises of the vast machinery, surrounding like the cries of a soul in agony—all were unheard or forgotten in our breathless intensity of vision. The chase was for human life—for human life that a few moments before had lived and breathed amongst us.

In short space we came to the bend of the river; here the shore was thickly covered with scrub pine and wild creepers, and our view intercepted. As we rounded the point however, we could see far across the prairie; and in the distance could trace one Chippeway, like a deer flying from the huntsman, still pursued by the maddened Sioux. A crash was heard among the branches; and his companion came leaping from the high bluff that overhung the river. The poor fellow had outran his implacable foe, and seeing the boat, had made an attempt to reach it as his only chance of life. But instead of falling into the water he came heavily upon the ground and broke his leg. Before his enemies found his trail, he was safely landed on board the steamer. A physician being on board, his limb was set and he finally reached his village.
It was afterwards discovered that, according to the assertion made by the Chippeways, their village had been attacked by this Sioux party. A boy stationed upon the bluffs that surrounded their dwellings seeing their approach, had given instant alarm, so that by the time the Sioux had reached the village, it was deserted and bare. They set fire to it, and were returning when seen by the three Indians on board the steamer.
The Chippeway that fled across the prairie was sorely beset by his enemies; for days and nights he had neither rest nor sleep. Once only, he stopped to breathe amongst some bushes; but they had tracked his course, and he found himself surrounded by a burning circle of fire. But his courage and perseverance did not forsake him even amidst such deadly peril. With a bound he cleared the flaming brushwood, and though thrice, wounded by chance shots, he had eluded their direful vengeance, and while his body was weakened and emaciated by such severe hardships and fatigue, his resolute spirit, sustained his exertions until retreat was practicable, and he also returned to his people in safety.
This sketch is no vision of fancy; there are persons still living, who witnessed 'The Prairie Fight.'

Rapid Growth of the West.

The Chicago Tribune, speaking of the rapid development of those elements of prosperity possessed by the 'Great West,' says:
'The West is still in its infancy. It has not yet passed out of its teens. Nineteen years ago, there were less than five thousand white inhabitants in all the vast region of beautiful country lying between Lake Michigan and the Pacific Ocean!—Now the number is between one and two millions!
'Twelve years ago Chicago contained a population of 5,000. Now it has over 60,000!
'Twelve years ago, eight to twelve days' passage between Chicago and New York was considered quick time in the most favorable season. Now two days is the average; and it is to be soon reduced to but three hours more than one day!
'Six years ago, Chicago had not a single foot of railroad completed, and only one in contemplation. Now it has 482 miles completed in the limits of the State alone, and over two thousand in process of construction!
'Fifteen years ago, the people of Chicago brought a large part of their bread stuffs and provisions from the States of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Now there is exported from this city, each year five millions of bushels of grain and 120,000 barrels of beef and pork!
As incredible as the above may seem, it is nevertheless true. The rapidity with which Chicago has attained to her present high position among the cities of the West, and, in fact, with which the whole Western country is being brought under a state of civilization and refinement, is altogether unparalleled in the history of nations.'

The Daughter.

The early education of the daughter ought to be more thorough, deeper, clearer, sounder, more extensive and better than the education of the son; because the daughter, early in life, becomes a wife and mother; retires from the world to her own peculiar empire—her home. The son, if not thoroughly educated for his calling at first, is compelled by circumstances, by the world all around him—by rivals in business—by his own shame and emulation, to educate himself. Indeed, he is always learning something, either by good or bad luck, useful for him to know. It is not so with the daughter, who must learn in early life or never learn. Be a woman ever so wealthy, in this country, she should know how to cook her food, to wash and iron her clothes and those of her family, to nurse her children, and to teach her daughters to do the same. If she has servants they may be ignorant, lazy and worthless; and there may be times when no servants can be procured. So may be too poor to hire servants. She that every house-keeper should know all these arts of house-keeping.
'Cut my straps and let me go to glory!' as Sam Slick exclaimed, when he took his first kiss.

Singing School in Suckerdom.

[An Illinois gentleman furnishes his friends in Union county with a sketch of a singing exercise, worthy of Chronicaling as follows:]
A few nights ago, I attended a singing school, a few miles from this place. It was a fac simile, in its way, of a western debating society. I took a back seat in the synagogue, (front seats reserved for ladies and singers.) As a mark by which to be distinguished from common folks, the teacher kept his hat on until the services had fairly commenced; and by way of 'livenin', the exercises,' he interrupted the 'axecution' with numerous bursts of oratory, the product of his own master application! It was the second time the class had met, and he was putting them through on the 'ruddyments,' with variations in the following styles:—
'Feller citizens of the community, and members of my class! In larnin' to sing the science of music it is permanently necessary to learn to discover the music of sounds; and, secondly, to become perfect in the melodious union of the many harmonious voices which will blend the music of their melody in the sacred strains that shall emancipate from the consecrated fustled(!) walls of this school house institution. Yes, feller citizens, to contain all this vast amount of constitutional larnin', it is necessary, yea, we are bound by the respect we have for the people of the community, whose hearts we are making glad by our vocalular spains, and for the love we feel, yea, verily, enjoy! for these fair, rosy-checked, blooming, buxumjases! I repeat, it is necessary, we are bound! to practice—as a-hem!—*knowin pieces* so as to contain all this afore-mentioned constitutional knowledge of larnin' to sing the science of music—and for the above afore-mentioned constitutional knowledge of larnin' to sing the science of music—and for the above afore-mentioned object we will sing and praezyze from that well knowin' hime which commences in the following language:
'Oh that will be joyful.'
Now, feller citizens, I want you, I desire you to sing this soul expiring song with true phelinks of devotion and pyty, which when once done, you will have learned this inexcusable science of larnin' to sing the science of music. Take the note—all together—do, sol, do—sing!
'Oh that'll be choyful, choyful, choyful!'
To meet to part no more.
On Cal-nan's happy shore!
Good! (Claps his hands.) Now, in the language of the conspired book-keeper, the ice is bruck! You can now turn to the hime recorded on—page, named Boylton [Boylston.] Sing with the understandin'—do, sol, do!
This is a verbatim of his harangue, as near as I can recollect it. He made the class sing several camp-meeting hymns to perfect their pronunciation.

Raising the Dead.

And as I went through New York, I came even into the Broadway. And there on the pavement lay an Englishman, and many people stood around grievously lamenting for he was dead. But I stepped up and whispered in the ear of the corps, 'Beefsteak,' and lo! he that was dead arose, and went into Taylor's, and ate his breakfast as he had done before.
And I went yet further, and I came even into the street which is called Bowers, and lo! a Yankee lay dead before me and many people stood around weeping and wailing. But I went unto him and whispered in his ear 'Cotton!' And he that was dead arose, and went into his counting-house, and drove a brisk business as before.
And I came unto the street which is called Chatham, and saw a Frenchman lying on the side-walk, and many people stood around, bitterly lamenting that he was dead. But I calmly went to him and whispered in his ear, 'Allons enfans de la patrie!' And the Frenchman arose and whistled the Marsillaise, and looked around at the ladies, and went on his way rejoicing.
And I went yet further, and came into the street which is called William, and there lay a dead German. But by him stood nobody. And I thought and reflected for a long time, whether on the whole it were not better for him, as a German, to be dead than alive. But at last I stepped up, and whispered in his ear, 'Lager beer.' And lo! he that was dead arose in double quick time, and went into a German tavern, and drunk lager beer as he had done before.
'Did you attend church to-day?' said a planter to his slave.
'Sartin, massa,' was the reply; 'an' what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell.'
'What stories were they?'
'Why, he tell de people no man can sarve two massas. Now, dis is the fust story, kase you see I sarve you, my old massa, and also young massa John.—Den de preacher says, he will love the one and hate the other, while the Lord knows I hate you both!'

A Western Editor.

The editor of the "Bugle" a spirited little paper, published at Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives an interesting sketch of his life and adventures, in his last paper, from which we extract the following:—
We are glad to see that the editor who was recently burned out at the great fire in that little city has not suffered his losses to dampen his ardor.—Ed. American.
Up to the age of eighteen our energies were directed, and employed in Agriculture. Possessed of a feeble and rather feminine constitution, and having the care of a mother and younger members of the family, we concluded to look about for lighter employment. We resided in Ohio, found the country decidedly too small, started with an ox team towards sundown, but did not reach that point, for our funds gave out and brought us up at the capital of the Sucker State all standing. When, after passing through the various degrees of sickness, poverty and a "power" of ague shakes, wood sawing, soap making, peddling, et cetera, we obtained a situation with 60 little suckers and commenced teaching the young idea "how to shoot," with so much success that the "Yankee Schoolmaster" was considered "some pumpkins." Our education however being limited we had to scratch hard to keep ahead of the cholera.

In 1850, being in feeble health we started in July to cross the mountains, stopped at Salt Lake near two months and returned in the winter. The next winter we took a Delegation of Omaha Indians to Washington City who wished to make arrangements for future subsistence—staid there through the winter and returned them home in the spring. Had accumulated a handsome property supposed to be worth \$20,000, which was almost totally lost in the great fire.
We have at various times and under various circumstances followed and carried on many and various kinds of business, enumerated below, viz: Housebuilding, cabinet and chairmaking and turning, brickmaking and school teaching, saloon-keeping, drug business, and am the inventor of patent nostrums, farming, a public showman, merchandizing, baking and manufacturing confectionaries, have twice been post master, notary public, trustee of an incorporated town, alderman &c., have carried on coopering, wagon-making, blacksmithing, shoemaking, saddle and harness business, have had three stores in operation at once, carried on the daguerrian business, been a sub-editor, and to wind up am now the unfortunate but not discouraged editor of the Council Bluffs Bugle, and expect in a few years to be as rich as we may wish—am 35 years old, have a better half and supposed to be the father of six children, three of whom are living—am six foot in *high heeled boots*, and weigh 140 lbs.
If any one should wish to learn more of our history let them ask our brothers, two of whom are in Utah, and another on the Sandwich Islands. They are much smarter men than ourself and could write a far more intelligible and interesting article. We trust however this will satisfy the most curious, especially when they learn that we sometimes grind poetry, write tales, &c., and are the redoubtable "Amicus" of the west and would be a Mormon if we were smart enough.

The following is one of the many good anecdotes told of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, late a member of Congress from the 8th district of Pennsylvania. He belongs to that class, who look upon human slavery as an evil for which the United States Government should not be responsible. During the Session of 1850, he took an active part against the so-called "Compromise acts" of Congress. One evening he was in company with several other members, one of whom was a gentleman from the South—a Slave holder. The conversation turned upon the great topic of the day—Slavery. Among other ar-conversational arguments used by the gentleman from the South, was the following:— 'It would do some of you Northern men good to see our Slaves—the manner in which they are fed and clothed, their contentment and cheerfulness, and then compare them to your half-starved darkeys of the North. Why sir, I have a number of Slaves who belong to the same Presbyterian Church, with myself, and family—they partake at the communion table with us, and one of them, a very pious man is actually at this time an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. Now sir, tell me, have any of your free negroes of the North ever acquired such distinction and character?' Mr. Stevens listened very gravely to this happy picture of the "peculiar institution"—he looked quite serious, as if he were convinced, at last, that Slavery is the best and most desirable institution with which our country is favored, and in his usual sarcastic style asked his Southern friend the following question:— 'What is the usual *cash price* of Presbyterian Elders, down in Georgia?' This gave "Old Thad," one chalk, and the party retired to get a drink of—water. It is charitable to suppose that many of those who go to church merely to enjoy a quiet nap, are like the old woman who prepared for a comfortable snooze directly after coming to church, having perfect confidence in the minister; and being fully satisfied that he would preach the right doctrine.

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It is charitable to suppose that many of those who go to church merely to enjoy a quiet nap, are like the old woman who prepared for a comfortable snooze directly after coming to church, having perfect confidence in the minister; and being fully satisfied that he would preach the right doctrine.

A venerable citizen of Baltimore, Jacob Albert, died on Sunday night. His estate is estimated to be worth \$2,000,000.

'My tale is ended' as the tadpole said when he turned into a frog.