

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN"  
H. B. MASSEY, Proprietor  
JOSEPH RISELY, Editor  
Office in Centre Alley, in the rear of H. B. Massey's Store.  
THE "AMERICAN" is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per annum to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.  
No subscriptions received for a less period than six months. All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

**PETER LAZARUS,**  
SUNBURY,  
Northumberland County,  
PENNSYLVANIA.  
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the Brick Stand, formerly occupied by George Prince as a public house, (next of the State House, and opposite the Court House,) where he is prepared to accommodate his friends, and all others who may favor him with their custom, in the best manner. In short, no exertions nor expense will be spared to render his house in every way worthy of public patronage.  
Sunbury, April 4th, 1846—6m

**CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS**  
At the "CHEAP STORE" No. 41 Strawberry Street, Philadelphia.  
OUR Store rent and other expenses being very light, we are enabled to sell our CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, &c., wholesale and retail, at the lowest prices in the city, and buyers will find it really to their advantage to call and examine the large assortment we offer this season, of  
Beautiful Imperial 3 ply  
Double Superior Ingrain  
Fine and Medium do  
Twisted and plain Venetian  
together with a large stock of OIL-CLOTHS from 2 feet to 24 feet wide, very cheap, for rooms, halls, &c.; also, Matting, Floor Cloths, Rugs, Carpets, &c., &c., with a good assortment of Ingrain Carpets from 25 to 50 cents, and Stair and Entry Carpets from 12 to 50 cts.  
ELDRIDGE & BROTHER,  
No. 41, Strawberry Street, one door above Chestnut, near Second Street, Philadelphia.  
March 21st, 1846—3m.

**A CARD.**  
TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD!!  
V. B. PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, duly authorized and empowered, by the proprietors of most of the best newspapers of the cities and principal towns in the U. S. and Canada, to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and to give receipts for them, respectfully offers the public, that he is prepared to execute orders from all parts of the Civilized World, embracing Individuals, Firms, Societies, Clubs, Reading Rooms, Corporations, &c., at his several offices in the cities of Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York and Boston, and where communications and inquiries, post paid, may be directed. Address V. B. PALMER, Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets; Baltimore, S. E. corner Baltimore and Calvert streets; New York, Tribune buildings opposite City Hall; Boston, 20 State st. As no other person or persons are in any manner connected with the subscriber, in the American Newspaper Agency, all letters and communications to him, should be carefully directed as above, and to no other person. This caution has become necessary, in order to avoid mistakes, and put the public on their guard against all pretended Agents.  
V. B. PALMER,  
American Newspaper Agent,  
Editors throughout the United States for whom V. B. Palmer is Agent, will promote the advantage all concerned, by publishing the above.  
**PUBLIC NOTICE.**—V. B. Palmer is the authorized Agent for the "Star and Sentinel," in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Baltimore, of which public notice is hereby given.  
March 14, 1846.

**ALEXANDER L. HICKEY,**  
**"RUNK MAKER,"**  
No. 150 Chesnut Street,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
WHERE all kinds of leath, trunks, valises and carpet bags, of every style and pattern are manufactured, in the best manner and from the best materials, and sold at the lowest rates.  
Philadelphia, July 19th, 1845.—1y.

**SHUGERT'S PATENT**  
**WASHING MACHINE.**  
THIS Machine has not been used by more than thirty families in this neighborhood, and a given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It rinses no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to wear out. It will do twice as much washing, with less than half the wear and tear of any other machine, and what is of greater importance, it costs but little over half as much as other washing machines.  
The subscriber has the exclusive right for Northumberland, Union, Leominster, Columbia, Luzerne and Clinton counties. Price of single machine \$6.  
H. B. MASSEY,  
The following certificate is from a few of those who have used this machine in use.  
Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.

We, the subscribers, certify that we have now used, in our families, "Shugert's Patent Washing Machine," and do not hesitate saying that it is the most excellent invention. That, in washing, it will save more than one half the usual labor, and it does not require more than one third the quantity of soap and water; and that there is no rubbing, and consequently, little or no wear; or tearing. That it knocks off no buttons, and it cleans clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks, &c., may be washed in a very short time, without the least injury, and its face without any wear and tear, whatever. We therefore, cordially recommend it to our friends and to the public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.  
CHARLES W. BEGINS,  
A. JOHNSON,  
CHS. WEAVER,  
CHS. PLEASANTS,  
GIDEON MARKLE,  
Hon. GEO. C. WELKER,  
BENJ. HENDRICKS,  
GIDEON LEIBENRING.

MAN'S HOTEL, (formerly Tremont House, No. 116 Chesnut Street.) Philadelphia, September 21st, 1844.  
I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine my house upwards of eight months, and do not hesitate to say that it is one of the most useful and valuable labor-saving machines ever invented. I formerly kept two women continually occupied in washing, who now do as much in two or as they then did in one week. There is no soap or tear in washing, and it requires not more than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have a number of other machines in my family, but it is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not without one if they should cost ten times the price they are sold for.  
DANIEL HERR.  
**MAX BEED.**—The highest price will be given for Flax Seed, at the store of  
Aug. 9, 1846. HENRY MASSEY.

# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

## AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republic, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JARRASON.

Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 1, 1846. Vol. 6—No. 45—Whole No. 305.

**Murder of Mr. Muir.**  
We give the following additional particulars of the horrible affair from the "Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer":

The mysterious disappearance of Mr. F. Adolphus Muir—an advertisement of which has appeared several times in our paper—has at last been accounted for. His body has been found and identified. He was murdered by Captain Wm. Dandridge Epes, of the county of Dinwiddie, who has, for the present, made his escape, but who, we trust, will be arrested and suffer the punishment due to his enormous offence against the laws of God and man.

The annals of crime scarcely furnish as aggravated a case of cool and deliberate murder. Whether we look at the character of the parties, the motives which prompted the deed, or the mode of its accomplishment, the offence stands out with an appalling bold relief. The murdered man was one of the most respectable, amiable and inoffensive men in our country. He was connected with one of the most respectable families in our State, and possessed qualities which commended him to the esteem and love of all who knew him. There was not in Dinwiddie county a man more universally popular than F. Adolphus Muir.

His murderer is also connected with a family as respectable as any in the country. His own character, as far as we have heard, was unimpaired up to the period of this horrible affair, and he was upon terms of friendship with his victim to the very moment that he slew him—indeed, Mr. Muir had been at the house of Epes the very day he was killed, and had accepted an invitation to return there to dinner; but the man who tendered him his hospitality became his murderer. What, it will be asked, was the motive which prompted Epes to the horrible deed? The accused love of money prompted the act. Muir held a bond, or bonds, amounting to \$2,300 against Epes—it being the balance of which Epes owed for a tract of land bought by him of Muir. It was to get possession of this bond that Epes murdered Muir.

After giving the letters and the awkwardly contrived story of Muir's absence, which we have already published, the Intelligencer proceeds: This awkwardly fabricated account of the cause of Mr. Muir's absence from home, of course, excited the suspicion of his friends. The blank, as it appears in the first letter, and which refers to the payment for the land, was in the original, filled with the name of Captain Dandridge Epes.

On inquiry, it was found that, on the 21st of February, Mr. Muir had gone to the house of Mr. Epes—that after he had remained there some time, Epes remarked to him that there was a deer in the woods, and proposed that M. should accompany him and see him kill it, and they together left the house on horseback, Epes with a double-barrelled gun and Muir entirely unarmed. This was the last time Muir was seen in life.

This account was given by the amiable and most deeply distressed wife of Epes, before she was aware that her husband was suspected of the crime. She further stated, that Epes returned to his house alone, and on being asked by her, why Mr. Muir had not redeemed his promise to return to dinner, replied, that Muir had found it necessary to go to Brunswick. The first letter, dated "Petersburg, Feb. 4th, 1846," having stated that Epes had paid the money due on the land, E. was asked where he paid the money. He replied that he paid Muir on the 4th of February, at Jarratt's Hotel, in this town. On making inquiry at Jarratt's, Muir's friends ascertained that neither Mr. Jarratt or any one else had seen him there—nor could any one be found in Petersburg, where Muir was well known, who had seen him in town at that time.

A careful examination was next made of the handwriting of the three letters mentioned in the advertisement, and it was ascertained that they were all written by the same person, though an attempt had evidently been made to vary the hand-writing. These letters were next compared with the hand-writing of Epes, and a resemblance between them detected. Suspicion against Epes was now strong enough to warrant Muir's friends in searching E's premises, and charging him with the murder.

Accordingly, on Thursday of last week, a large party went to Epes's house. They found him at home, and told him that he was suspected of the murder. He, of course, asserted his innocence most strongly, but on being told that he would be sued upon the bond or bonds for \$2,300, which he had in his possession, he replied that rather than have any trouble about it he would pay the bonds over again. The plantation and woods were then searched; but no trace or vestige of the body could be found; and the friends of Muir not thinking that they had any right to arrest Epes at that time, permitted him to remain at large.

Matters stood thus until Sunday last, when Mr. Lameden, a respectable watchmaker of this town, stated that in May last, Mr. Epes had sold

him or traded to him a gold watch, which watch he had in 1845 cleaned for Mr. Muir, and taken down the number. On examination the numbers corresponded, and the friends of Mr. Muir identified the watch as having belonged to, and been worn by him at the time of his disappearance. This development, coupled with other circumstances, justified the arrest of Epes, and accordingly a warrant was issued for his apprehension. It was, however, issued too late, as Epes left his house on Monday, and has not since been heard from.

On Wednesday a party went to the house of Epes, and were there informed by his overseer, that he believed a certain negro on the plantation could tell where Muir's body could be found. His reason for thinking so was, that for some time past Epes would not permit this negro to be chastised for his faults. The negro was called up and interrogated, and forthwith proceeded to a spot about 600 yards distant from the house, and pointed out the grave. On opening it, the body was found, and although a good deal decayed, was readily identified by all the acquaintances of Muir who were present.

The account given by the negro is, that on the day after Muir was killed, his master took him to a spot near the grave where Muir's body lay covered up with pine burrs and trash, and ordered him to dig a grave. The negro says he was for some time so much agitated as to be unable to proceed with his work—that his master assured him he killed Muir accidentally, and regretted it deeply. The negro's silence from that period until Wednesday, was doubtless produced by threats from his master.

This is substantially an account of one of the foulest and most cold-blooded murders that ever disgraced humanity; and we have been thus minute—not for the purpose of ministering to a morbid appetite for the horrible, but for the purpose of spreading far and wide the facts, in the hope that a knowledge of them may aid in the apprehension of the murderer.

A reward of \$500 is offered for Epes's apprehension.

**AWFUL SITUATION.**—A man ascended the steeple of a meeting-house in Kingston, R. I. lately to take off the vane for gilding, and having left the ladders, climbed the iron spire to the distance of 12 to 15 feet above, relying upon the ball, half way up the spire, to rest his feet on, and from which position he could take the vane off with his right hand. While he was in the very act, the ball on which his feet rested gave way and ran down the spire. At this moment he was raising the vane over the end of it; as he did so, the spire growing smaller, made a convenient place for his thumb to keep the balance in the gudgeon bore, when the ball gave way under him and he sunk. The vane falling back with his thumb in the gudgeon bore, held him fast with his feet dangling in the air. He remained in this perilous situation until a man ascended the spire and placing his shoulders under his feet, at once relieved him. The scene was terrible to behold.

**INCIDENT AT THE GRAVE OF AN EDITOR.**—The editor of the St. Louis Evening Gazette, in describing the scene at the grave of Penn. late editor of the Republican, of that place, introduces the following affecting incident, in which the absorbing affliction of childhood was beautifully exemplified:—After prayer the crowd gathered around the grave to commit the corpse to its last home. Slowly and solemnly it was lowered to its narrow house. Among the sincerest mourners was unaffected childhood. Pressing through the crowd to the very brink of the grave came a little daughter—and just as the cover of the box was about to slide forever the sable coffin from the world, she dropped upon the dark house which contained the precious relics of a beloved father, a cluster of flowers! as if bent on performing the very last act of kindness and respect within human reach. This was a scene most tenderly affecting! Enough to break up the deep fountains of the most frigid nature. Many a heart heaved a sigh, and the eyes around gathered moisture, at an unaffected, so touching a dictate of filial love!

**INTERESTING FACTS IN BARRIERS.**—Out of every thousand men, twenty die annually. The number of inhabitants of a city or county is renewed every thirty years. The number of old men who die in cold weather, seven to four.

The men able to bear arms form a fourth of the inhabitants of a country. The proportion between the death of women and that of men, is one hundred to one hundred and eight. The probable duration of female lives is sixty; but after that period the calculation is more to them than men. One half of those who are born, die before they attain the age of seventy.

Among 3125 who die, it appears by the register that there is only one person of one hundred years of age. More old men are found in elevated situations than in valleys and plains.

From the N. Y. "Spirit."  
The Agent's Trip to Charleston.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "COUSIN SALLY DILLARD."

In the county of Robinson, in the State of North Carolina, there lived in times past a man by the name of Brooks who kept a grocery for a number of years, and so had acquired most of the land around him. This was mostly pine barrens of small value, but nevertheless Brooks was looked up to as a great land holder and big man in the neighborhood. There was one tract, however, belonging to one Col. Lamar, who lived in Charleston, that "jammed in on him so strong," and being withal better in quality than the average of his own domain, that Brooks had long wished to add it to his other broad acres. Accordingly he looked around him and employed, as he expressed it, "the smartest man in the neighborhood, to wit, one Angus McAlpin to go to Charleston and negotiate with Col. Lamar for the purchase of this also. Being provided pretty well with bread, meat, and a bottle of pale-face, which were stowed away in a pair of leather saddle bags, and like all other great plenipotentiaries, being provided with suitable instructions, Mac mounted a pineywoods-tackey (named Rasmus) and hid him off to Charleston. The road was rather longer than Brooks had supposed, or his agent was less expeditious, or some bad luck had happened to him, or something was the matter that Angus did not return until long after the day had transpired, which was fixed on for his return. Brooks in the meanwhile had got himself into a very tury of impatience. He kept his eyes fixed on the Charleston road—he was crusty towards his customers—harsh towards his wife and children, and scarcely eat or slept for several days and nights, for he had set his whole soul upon buying the Lamar land. One day, however, Angus was despatched slowly and sadly wending his way up the long stretch of sandy road that made up to the grocery. Brooks went out to meet him, and, without further ceremony, he accosted him. "Well, Mac, have you got the land?"

"The agent, in whose face was anything but sunshine, replied somewhat gruffly that 'he might lay a body get down from his horse before he put at him with questions of business.' But Brooks was in a fever of anxiety and repeated the question—  
"Did you get it?"  
"Shaw, now, Brooks, don't press upon a body in this uncivil way. It is a long story and I must have time."

Brooks still urged, and Mac still parried the question till they got into the house.  
"Now, surely," thought Brooks, "he will tell me! But Mac was not quite ready.  
"Brooks," says he, "have you anything to drink?"  
"To be sure I have," said the other, and immediately had some of his best forthcoming. Having moistened his clay, Mac took a seat and his employer another. Mac gave a preliminary hem? He then turned suddenly around to Brooks, looked him straight in the eyes, and slapped him on the thigh—  
"Brooks," says he, "was you ever in Charleston?"

"Why you know I never was," replied the other.  
"Well, then, Brooks," says the agent, "you ought to go there. The greatest place upon the face of the earth! They've got houses there on both sides of the road for five miles at a stretch, and in the horse track the whole way through!—Brooks, I think I met five thousand people in a minute, and not a chap would look at me. They have got fine houses there on wheels. Brooks, I saw one with six horses hitched to it, and a big driver, with a long whip going it like a whirlwind. I followed it down the road for a mile and a half and when it stopped I looked and what do you think there was? Nothing in it but one little woman sitting up in a corner. Well, Brooks, I turned back up the road, and as I was riding along I sees a fancy looking chap with long curly hair hanging down his back, and his boots as shiny as the face of an up-country nigger! I called him into the middle of the road and asked 'him a civil question—and a civil question, you know Brooks, calls for a civil answer all over the world. I says, says I, 'stranger, can you tell me where Col. Lamar lives?' and what do you think was his answer—'Go to—you old fool!'"

"Well, Brooks, I knocks along up and down and about, until at last I finds out where Col. Lamar lived. I gets down and bangs away at the door. Presently the door was opened by a pretty, fine spoken, well dressed woman as ever you seed in your born days. Brooks, Silks! Silks! that every day Brooks! Says I, 'Mrs. Lamar, I presume,' 'Madam,' says I, 'I am Mrs. Lamar, Sir.' 'Well, Madam, says I, 'I have come all the way from North Carolina to see Col. Lamar—to see about buying a tract of land from him that is up in our parts!' 'Then,' says she; 'Col. Lamar has rode out in the country, but will be back shortly. Come in, Sir, and wait a while. I've no doubt the Col. will soon return,' and she had a smile on that pretty face of her's that reminded a body of a Spring morn-

ing. Well, Brooks, I hitched my horse to a brass thing on the door, and walked in. Well, when I got in I sees the floor all covered over with the nicest looking thing! nicer than any patched worked bed quilt you ever seed in your life, Brooks. I was trying to edge along round it, but presently I sees a big nigger come stepping right over it. Thinks I if that nigger can go it, I can go it too! So right over it I goes and takes my seat right before a picture which at first I thought was a little man looking in at a window. Well, Brooks, there I sat, waiting and waiting for Col. Lamar, and at last—he did'nt come, but they began to bring in dinner. Thinks I to myself, here's a scrape. But I made up my mind to tell her with a genteel bow that I had no occasion to eat. But, Brooks, she didn't ax me to eat—she axed me if I'd be so good as to carve that turkey for her, and she did it with one of them lovely smiles that makes the cold streaks run down the small of a feller's back—'Certainly, Madam,' says I, and I walks up to the table—there was on one side of the turkey a great big knife as big as a bowie knife, and a fork with a trigger to it on the other side. Well, I falls to work, and in the first e-fort I slashed the gravy about two yards over the white-table cloth you ever seed in your life, Brooks! Well! I felt the hot steam begin to gather about my cheeks and eyes. But I'm not a man to back out for trifles, so I makes another e-fort and the darned thing took a slight and lit right in Mrs. Lamar's lap! Well, you see, Brooks, then I was taken with a blindness, and the next thing I remember I was upon the hatch a-kicking. Well, by this time I began to think of navigating. So I goes out and mounts Rasmus, and cuts for North Carolina! Now, Brooks, you don't blame me! Do you?"

**THE WAR.**  
That well known, patriotic individual, Ethan Spike Esq., of Hornby, writes to the Boston Chronotype, as follows:  
HORNBY, Oxford Co., Me.,  
May 18, 1846.

**MISTAKE RITE.**—Sur: Father's bin over to Paris Hill to see aunt Betsy, and says how he seen one of your papers, and thought by the radio that was into it, that conjest everything. And so, as we all wanted to know something most particular—father said I'd better Wright to you.

Wal you see, uncle Josiah, went down to Portland last week with a lode of hoop-poles and beans, and when he come back, he set us all in a muss by the news he fetch. He says the Mexicans have taken Oregon, after a battle of fifty four minutes and 49 seconds, and shot Mr. Polk right through. And it was thought every day they would come over into Vermont to take general Cass, and set the niggers loose. Tell you what Mr. rite, 'twould done you heart good to see the way our folks dancier riz when they heard it. Leftenant Libby run over to his house, as hard as he could spring and got his great sword that the Legislature gave him, for his services in the Madawosky war—and back he come full chisel, swearing he'd never sheth it agin till he'd quinqued it in the heart's blood of some red Mexican. And off he started down the road—his wife trying to head him off, and two of his children hanging back at his coat tails; but twas no use, they couldn't stop the leftenant. He swore he cared nothing for wife or children, when his country called; that general Cass needed him go, he would, if the old hairy stood in his way. And so givin a great flourish with his sword—which so echoed Mrs. Leftenant Libby, that she lost her balance and fell over a barrier that was behind her whom; 'an' kickin' off little Epeh and Bill from his coat tails, he set off full spitt.

Deacon Wiggins moved that we should all go to the meetin' as an hold a public meetin, an' when we'd all got in, the deacon was appointed cheerman and me clerk. Arter sittin a minute, the deacon got up and said the object of the meetin was to consider the news from Portland; that the meetin was now open, and the cheer would listen to any remarks. He'd no sooner set down, than up jumps Kurnal Pettish Peabody, and O Jerusalem! how he did put it in! I wish every federalist and other enemies of the country could hear it.

'Feller citizens,' says he 'this hear is a great country, and can lick any other country under the high canopy of heving! (cheers.) Didn't we lick the old fired British twice, and get all ready to do it again down Madawosky? An' now says he 'who are these ondashus Mexicans that have invaded the free soil of this great republic? who are they I say?' 'Who are they?' screamed out Judy Kier poking her green bonnet over the gallery railen 'who are they indeed? I'll tell you; they're good for nothin, rotten, yaller faced, sneekin, animal magnation, pecky french brittisher, that fit general Jackson about the banks, and tried to stop the veto, and got up a stamp act!—the bloody minded villains!' says she—'I could scratch their eyes out, I could.'

'Hoo roar!' shouted the kurnel, when suat Judy sot down. 'Hoo roar for the wimin of A-

**PRICES OF ADVERTISING.**  
1 square 1 insertion, \$6 50  
1 do 2 do 0 75  
1 do 3 do 1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, 0 25  
Yearly advertisements: one column, \$25; half column, \$18; three squares, \$12; two squares, \$9; one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18; half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares, \$5; one square, \$3 50.  
Advertisements left without directions as to the length of time they are to be published, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.  
Sixteen lines or less make a square.

merity! I real grit still—the same as 'twas in the Revolutionary war. Feller citizens the country's eaf while this here spirit of '76, as we've just witnessed, burns in the bosoms of the fair sects—but the kurnel could'nt go on; his compliments to the wimin, set them as crazy as bed bugs. A dozen of 'em got up at once, an' give us so much of the spirit of '76, as the kurnel called it, that I'll be shot and biled in ile, if it didn't seem as tho' that war two or three young herry canes in the house. The deacon holloed Order! Order! till he was as hoarse as a bullfrog—but old wimin held out in spite of him; they'd got the steam friiry on, an' didn't seem to know how to shut it off.

At last Ensign Pike an' the town clerk had to go up and gag them with their own shawls, and then the meetin went on.  
We passed a great many resolutions—some regular clinchers, I tell you. I'll show one or two just for curiosity.  
Resolved, That no people in the hull, general universal world are so free, virtuous an' happy as the people of these sovryn states.

Resolved, That Texico, Kallefornio, Naty-moras, Korpus Christi, and Madzywoosky, was originally part of the Union an' ort to be re-annexed right off.  
Resolved, That the hull military force of Hornby be placed at the disposal of general Jackson as the case may be; provided they are not obliged to go further than portland.

Resolved, That if any of the pecky Mexicans dare to show their yaller faces up in old Oxford we'll give 'em some.

Resolved, That any individual who ain't ready to go these sentiments, is no friend to ginowine liberty, and ought to be sent to 'shove in the horns of Montysums'.

Resolved, That our patriotic feller citizen, mister Leftenant Libby, by his intrepid knood in starting right off to rescue general Cass, has won for him our highest—

This here resolution, Mr. rite wasn't finished cos just as we got so fur Epeh Libby burst into the house like a lokymotive an' said his father was in a fix and wanted us all to help him. So we all started like a shot, thinking the leftenant had met some of the enemy, an' run as tight as we could scratch down the road till we came to a pickered pond; there right over into neighbor Eastman's orchard, on the tip-top of one the biggest apple trees set the leftenant yellin like an injun, and Des Wiggins's great brindle bull, pawin and bellowin at the foot.

We driv the critter off, and got the leftenant down, but he was about the skocdest feller you ever see. He went rite of hum, and hasn't said a word about the Mexicans since.

I told you when I begun that I rit for information. The question I want to ask is this: Is them Mexican injuns, niggers, or Jarman? Cos father says they is, an' I say they isn't.

Yours for the country, 'rite or rong,'  
ETHAN SPIKE.  
P. S.—When you see the government, tell it to depend upon Hornby, if wust comes to wust and that we hate the British was than poison!

**PROFITABLE HOAX.**—Recently at the Copper Mines on Lake Superior, a 'green horn' asked some miners to show him where to dig; they offered to do it, provided he would treat to a quart of 'prairie dew' which he did, and they set him to work under a shady tree, in mere sport. Before night, he struck a 'Lead,' and the next day he sold out for \$4,000. What did the hoaxers feel like, we wonder.

**COOPER BAZ SKIRTS.**—The Boston Bee tells a story of a fashionable and dashing looking spinster, who a few days ago was attempting to pass the ruins of the old wooden building in Beaver street. It seems that a laborer was removing a plank from the place, when the lady's light, ample dress which protruded 'every which way,' was caught by an evions nail which was sticking from the aforesaid plank. The lady shrieked, but the careless fellow did not hear the appeal of the lady until the outer dress was almost entirely torn off, revealing to the astonished spectators the well known commercial phrase, "PRIME OLD JAVA," written in large characters upon the skirt underneath! The consternation of the victim, and the amusement of the bystanders can be better imagined than described. She stepped into a cab immediately, looking daggers at the grinning spectators as she rode, and was conveyed home in a state of mind bordering on distraction.

**FRONTIENERS A ROUGH.**—In the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander M'Mans was fined \$5 for stealing wood from the steamer Hancock, and was asked to fork up 'y' his honor.  
'C-c-can't do it,' stutered he, a-a-a-in', 'got th-th-the p-p-pewter, your Honor.'  
'Are you a married man,' inquired the recorder.  
'N-n-not exactly a-a-so far gone yet sir.'

'Well, I will have to send you to the work-house,' said the Recorder.  
'I-t-ain't nothin' t-t-to be g-g-g, th-there,' said Alek. 'I-I-I'm used to it; b-but when you t-t-talked about m-m-m, r-r-riggles, old fellow you f-f-frightened me!'