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# SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JEFFERSON.  
By Masser & Eisely. Sunbury, Northumberland Co. Pa. Saturday, August 30, 1845. Vol. 5--No. 49--Whole No. 257.

**PIECES OF ADVERTISING.**  
1 square 1 insertion, - - - - \$0 50  
1 do 2 do - - - - - 0 75  
1 do 3 do - - - - - 1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, - - - - 0 25  
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one square, \$5. Half-yearly: one column, \$18;  
half column, \$12; three squares, \$8; two squares,  
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ingly.  
Sixteen lines make a square.

**H. B. MASSER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SUNBURY, PA.  
Business attended to in the Counties of Nor-  
thumberland, Union, Lycoming and Columbia.  
Refer to:  
THOMAS HART & CO.,  
LOWE & BARBER,  
HART, CUMMINGS & HART,  
REYNOLDS, McPHELAN & CO  
SPENCER, GOOD & CO.

**SHUGERT'S PATENT**  
**WASHING MACHINE.**  
THIS Machine has now been tested by more  
than thirty families in this neighborhood, and  
has given entire satisfaction. It is so simple in  
its construction, that it cannot get out of order. It  
contains no iron to rust, and no springs or rollers to  
get out of repair. It will do twice as much washing,  
with less than half the wear and tear of any of  
the late inventions, and what is of greater im-  
portance, it costs but little over half as much as other  
washing machines.  
The subscriber has the exclusive right for Nor-  
thumberland, Union, Lycoming, Columbia, Luzerne  
and Clinton counties. Price of single ma-  
chine \$6.  
H. B. MASSER.  
The following certificates are from a few of those  
who have used these machines to use.

Sunbury, Aug. 24, 1844.  
We, the subscribers, certify that we have never  
in use, in our families, Shugert's Patent Washing  
Machine, and do not hesitate saying that it is a  
most excellent invention. That, in washing,  
it will save more than one half the usual labor.—  
That it does not require more than one third the  
usual quantity of soap and water; and that there  
is no rubbing, and consequently little or no wear-  
ing or tearing.—That it knocks off no buttons,  
and that the finest clothes, such as collars, laces, tucks,  
frills, &c., may be washed in a very short time  
without the least injury, and in fact without any  
apparent wear and tear, whatever. We therefore  
cheerfully recommend it to our friends and to the  
public, as a most useful and labor saving machine.  
A. J. JORDAN,  
CHS. WEAVER,  
CHS. PLEASANTS,  
GIBSON MARKLE,  
HON. GEO. C. WELKER,  
BENJ. HENDRICKS,  
GIDEON LEISINGER.

Hon's. HERR, (formerly Tremont House, No.  
116 Chesnut street), Philadelphia, September  
21st, 1844.  
I have used Shugert's Patent Washing Machine  
in my house upwards of eight months, and do not  
hesitate to say that I deem it one of the most use-  
ful and valuable labor-saving machines ever inven-  
ted. I formerly kept two women continually oc-  
cupied in washing, who now do as much in two  
days as they then did in one week. There is no  
wear or tear in washing, and it requires not more  
than one-third the usual quantity of soap. I have  
had a number of other machines in my family, but  
this is so decidedly superior to every thing else, and  
so little liable to get out of repair, that I would not  
do without one if they should cost ten times the  
price they are sold for.  
DANIEL HERR.

**UMBRELLAS & PARASOLS,**  
**CHEAP FOR CASH.**  
**J. W. SWAIN'S**  
Umbrella and Parasol Manufactory,  
No. 37 North Third Street, two doors below the  
CITY HOTEL.  
**Philadelphia.**  
ALWAYS on hand a large stock of UM-  
BRELLAS and PARASOLS, including the  
latest styles of Pinked Edged Parasols of the  
best workmanship and materials, at prices that will  
make it an object to buy at Mercha's and other  
to call and examine his stock before purchasing  
elsewhere.  
Fe. 22, 1845.—1y

**SPANISH HIDES**  
AND  
**TANNERS' OIL.**  
5000 Dry La Plata Hides—first quality.  
3500 Dry La Guira, do  
1000 Dry Salded La Guira, do  
1000 Dry Salded Br. zil Hides, do  
2000 Hides Green Salded Patna Kips.  
35 Hides Green Salded Patna Kips.  
20 Bales Dry Patna Kips.  
120 Bales Tanners' Oil.  
Tanners' and Curriers' Tools.  
For sale to Country Tanners at the lowest prices  
and on the best terms.  
N. B. The highest market prices paid for all  
kinds of leather.  
D. KIRKPATRICK & SONS,  
No. 21, South Third St. Philadelphia.  
September 14, 1844.—1y.

**DR. ALLEN'S**  
**VEGETABLE COMPOUND,**  
FOR THE CURE OF  
**DYSPEPSIA.**  
THIS Medicine is offered to the public gen-  
erally from a full conviction that it is superior  
to any other medicine now in use, for the cure of  
Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility or  
Bilious Weakness, &c.  
Its effects have been tested in a private practice  
of near eight years, and it is now more extensively  
circulated, at the solicitude of many who have re-  
ceived the most signal benefit from the use of it.  
The following is one among a number of certi-  
ficates received in relation to the success of this me-  
dicine:  
LAWSON, Co. March 18.  
DR. GEORGE W. ALLEN,  
Dear Sir:—It is with great pleasure that I in-  
form you of the success attending your Dyspepsia  
Medicine, which employed in my practice. From  
past experience, I firmly believe that in eight cases  
out of ten, the Dyspepsia, by the use of your me-  
dicine, may entirely and himself of this thorn in the  
pathway of life; not only in dyspeptic cases, but  
in all cases of constipation, and diseases depending  
on a debilitated state of the nervous system, to-  
gether with a torpid state of the bowels, will your E-  
lixir be found of inestimable value. Numerous in-  
stances wherein the usefulness of the medicine has  
been realized, may be forwarded, if required. I  
ask you great success, and recommend the me-  
dicine to the suffering part of mankind.  
Yours, with great respect,  
ROBERT AGNEW, M. D.  
For sale at the store of H. B. Masser, agent  
for the proprietor, Sunbury, Pa.  
October 26th, 1844.—1y

**MARY:**  
**OR,**  
**THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.**

'Men have died and worms have eaten them,  
but not for love.' I shall not attempt to con-  
trovert the old maxim by labored argument, it  
may, or it may not be true; and yet the story  
that I am about to tell, will go far to show that  
the triumph of high moral sentiments over long  
cherished affections, may work the slow yet  
sure decay of a gentle nature. In the old  
Church Yard, where I have so often strolled  
during the Sabbath noons in summer and au-  
tumn, sleeps the once lovely form of Mary.  
Often have I read on her tombstone, her name,  
age, and death, and the simple couplet that ex-  
pressed the love and sorrow of those who laid  
her in her last dark chamber. Her history  
was often rehearsed by the neighbors, who had  
admired and loved her, but the old man who had  
acted the part of a father to the gentle orphan,  
was never weary of recalling every virtue  
and grace with which memory encircled her  
character. When an infant, her dying mother  
had commended her to the care of his wife,  
who was an early friend, and as she had no  
children of her own, she bestowed all her affec-  
tions on her adopted daughter. No pains  
spared to render her lovely, and her uncommon  
docility of disposition made her a general  
favorite.

Among her schoolfellows was a boy of few  
years older than herself, whose neglected train-  
ing, and consequent ungracious manners, won  
the hearty dislike of all but Mary. She felt  
that want of kindness made his heart evil, and  
always strove to make him gentle and happy  
by winning words and pleasant smiles. The  
consequence was, that he became gentle and  
obedient to her, and looked up to her as his  
only and best friend. He was a child of un-  
common beauty, and under gentle influences,  
became even fascinating and refined; but a  
sense of wrong, of blame for the misdeeds of  
those to whom he owed his being, and a feel-  
ing that he was degraded in the eyes of the  
world on that account, had so embittered his  
spirit that her love alone could soften and sub-  
due its asperities. As they grew older, the  
ties that bound their hearts seemed to strength-  
en; but the evil influence too often prevails  
over the good, and when he became a man and  
saw how superior was the pure and gentle Mary  
to his own dark, wild spirit, he dared not hope  
to unite her destiny with his own. She with  
all the hope and long suffering of a refined and  
Christian character, sought to restrain and lead  
him back whenever she saw him overcome by  
temptation, little dreaming even then that her  
heart was so much interested in his behalf. In-  
deed their spheres seemed too widely separated  
for them ever to hold intercourse with each  
other beyond the school room. Nor did they  
for some years often meet after those days were  
past, for Mary felt that his character was such  
that it would bring dishonor upon those she  
loved, were she to encourage his addresses. She  
saw that he became weaker in moral prin-  
ciple as her influence was less felt. She even  
knew that her rejection made him hopeless  
and desperate. Often, very often, did she feel  
that she was the only human being who could  
lead him into the paths of virtue and peace,  
yet she feared the force of early neglect and  
subsequent irregularities would be even strong-  
er than her influence; and yet her heart would  
hope that he would emerge into a higher life,  
and be the fit companion of a refined and vir-  
tuous spirit. A mysterious sympathy seemed  
to unite them, yet each felt that the distance  
between them was immeasurable. For months  
she watched his course, vacillating between  
hope and fear, until she learned that he had  
taken to the fatal bowl, and then her heart  
sank. She could no longer sing as she did,  
she grew pale and weak, and her anxious  
friends blamed the damp east wind for treating  
so rudely the tender blossom. Physicians said  
she was threatened with consumption, and ad-  
vised that she should visit the Atlantic coast,  
hoping that the ocean breezes might invigorate  
her decaying frame.

'Oh!' said the old man, when rehearsing her  
story, 'you cannot imagine how I felt when I  
saw her wither beneath its influence. I knew  
that my dear child must soon leave us, and  
how could our old hearts endure life without  
her.'

He soon returned, bringing his drooping  
flower to fade and die among the hills where  
it had blossomed so sweetly. Shortly after  
her return, she communicated the history of  
her heart to one of her most intimate friends.

Said she, 'I pitied the boy for those very  
faults for which others blamed, for I saw his  
heart was crushed by unkindness, and rendered  
cold and bitter by want of sympathy; and when  
I used to speak kindly, and notice him in our  
plays, he was so gentle and tender, and his clear  
dark eyes expressed so much gratitude, that I  
cannot wonder he became an object of childish  
love. For that I can scarcely blame myself, but  
as I grew older and saw that he was surround-  
ed by such influences that he could hardly be-

come any other than a vicious man, I erred  
greatly in bestowing any thing more than feel-  
ing of friendship upon him, and yet I did not  
regret that he was my heart's idol until I saw  
little hope that he would ever be brought back  
to a life of virtue. My heart sank under it,  
not so much because its earthly hopes were  
blasted, as from the conviction that in suffering  
such a love to find a place in it, I had dishon-  
ored the kind friends who had acted the part of  
parents to a destitute orphan, and more than all,  
had departed from the peace and love of the  
Redeemer. But now the struggle is over, and  
I feel that I shall soon rest in peace in the arms  
of my reconciled Saviour. It was the struggle  
between love and duty that undermined my  
health, and yet, for my own sake, I do not re-  
gret that my heart will soon be freed from its  
weakness, but for those who have bestowed on  
me such undeserved affection, I feel most deep-  
ly. I know that my earthly death will almost  
break their hearts.'

'You have done wrong in keeping all this  
from them,' said her friend; 'they must know  
it.'  
'I could not tell them,' replied Mary, 'I could  
not find strength to say to them that the weak-  
ness of my heart had cost them all their suffer-  
ing and sorrow on my account; but if you think  
justice demands it, tell it them for me.'

When the old folks heard the story—how she  
had for their sakes, and for the honor of the re-  
gion which they had taught her refrained from  
even encouraging his love, they expressed  
the deepest regret.

'Oh!' said the old lady, 'why have you done  
so, my child? We would not think of opposing  
you in anything.'  
'How could I think of bringing disgrace up-  
on those who have done so much for me?' re-  
plied Mary. 'I knew that he was unworthy  
whom my foolish heart idolized, and that my  
life would only be made wretched by uniting  
my destiny with his.'

'No,' returned the kind friend; 'that we en-  
tertained the most distant idea of all this, they  
would have taken him and rendered him wor-  
thy of your love.' And perhaps it is not too late  
even now,' continued she, 'so hope whispered  
that her life might yet be spared.'

'It is too late to bring back my wasted frame  
to health and vigor,' replied Mary, 'yet it might  
recall him to a sense of duty to know that his  
irregularities have caused so much sorrow.'

The young man was accordingly invited to  
their house, and remained with them till Mary's  
departure, for it could hardly be called death  
which so gently emancipated her spirit. Her  
earnest exhortations, and a consciousness that  
a virtuous life might have won her for his part-  
ner, seemed to give him new resolution, and  
those who loved him for her sake believed that  
with her he might have lived a life of useful-  
ness and propriety.

It was a beautiful Sabbath in early autumn  
that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was  
administered to the church of which Mary was  
a member. At her request, the pastor, deacons,  
and a few of her neighbors and friends repaired  
to her chamber after the close of the exercises  
at church, that she might once more commemo-  
rate on earth the dying love of the Saviour.  
Slowly and solemnly they wound their way  
through the beautiful valley skirted with wood-  
land, through which peeped the bright waters  
of the quiet little lake spread out at their right  
hand; at their left by well cultivated farms,  
and orchards bending with fruit, while almost  
before them rose a high hill, over whose sum-  
mit they must climb before they would reach  
the dwelling of the departing girl. To a stran-  
ger the scene was one of beauty, but to one who  
knew what objects of familiar love all these had  
been to Mary, and how soon her eyes would be  
closed for ever on all that she admired on earth,  
there was a voice of sublime sadness whispering  
in every mountain breeze. Mary had counted  
the hours, and at last the minutes that would in-  
tervene before their arrival, and began to think  
that they delayed coming, and she would depart  
without seeing the good pastor, and bidding him  
and other dear friends farewell.

'Why do they come so slowly?' asked she,  
'I fear I shall not be here when they arrive.'  
'There is no visible alteration in you Mary,'  
replied the youth, who sat by her bed, watching  
every indication of the approach of the fatal  
messenger. 'I trust you will not so soon leave  
us as you imagine.'

She shook her head, then in a low voice said,  
'I shall not behold another day on earth, and  
then be contented to look once more.'  
'They are coming, dearest,' said he, 'and will  
soon be here.'

'Then my request is granted,' said the dying  
girl. 'My exit will be sweet and fearless.'  
With slow and measured tread they ascended  
to her room, as though the spirit had already  
winged its way to another and a better land.  
Her pale face glowed with unearthly bright-  
ness, and her voice was clear and unflinching,  
as, supported on the bosom of a friend, she wel-

comed each by name, and expressed her plea-  
sure at meeting them once more. The solemn  
scene which, in this chamber of sickness and  
suffering, brought back to the heart of the dy-  
ing love of the Saviour, may no imagined but  
never described. When the emblems of the  
broken body shed blood of the Saviour had  
been received by the gentle sufferer, her young  
friends joined singing a hymn, and her sweet  
clear voice was heard among them as in other  
days. All were astonished at the fresh strength  
with which she moved her limbs and spoke, and  
a feeling that she was not thus to go, seemed  
spontaneously to govern all but her. She called  
each in turn to her bedside, spoke with rap-  
ture, and the prospect of meeting them in glo-  
ry, received the blessings of her beloved pas-  
tor, and then calling to her the young man  
whose weak erring course had cost her so much  
bitterness, she placed her hand in his and gen-  
tly said—'Prepare to meet your Mary in heav-  
en.' A shade passed over his features like  
the flitting of a white cloud before the sun, her  
eyes closed, and all was over.

The hushed stillness of death was interrup-  
ted only by the suppressed sobs of those who  
loved and mourned the early departure of the  
gentle orphan. The last rays of the setting  
sun glided the distant hill tops, as the morning  
group knelt round the couch of the departed,  
while the tremulous voice of the pastor led  
their humble supplications. And when they  
rose, the youth still clasped the hand which  
her dying love had professed, and the gentle  
remonstrance of friends could scarcely per-  
suade him to relinquish it. It seemed like sun-  
dering the last tie that bound him in holy sym-  
pathy with his kind. Reluctantly did these fac-  
tor parents consign the beautiful dust of their  
loved one to her last resting place, and tears of  
sympathy and deep regret bedewed many an  
eye that was unused to such gentle expressions  
of sorrow.

For her sake they loved and cherished the  
youth whom Mary once had loved, but the  
strength of early habits, and the want of a con-  
trolling spirit, that could under all circum-  
stances act upon his own, gradually diminished the  
impressions which her death had made upon his  
heart, and in a few years he was the wretched  
husband of a miserable woman, who became the  
mother of a drunkard's children.

And yet they could never give him up.—  
Whenever he came to their neighborhood they  
treated him as though he had been their own  
son, tried to cover his faults, and often, very of-  
ten repeated—'Had Mary lived he would not  
have been what he is.'

## OREGON.

The late accounts from the Oregon territory,  
from the intimation which is given that the set-  
tlers there are likely to establish laws and an  
independent government for themselves, instead  
of waiting for the United States or Great Britain  
to assume that authority, have given a new  
interest to the movements and doings in that  
country. The territory is rapidly filling up with  
adventurers of a roving, discontented character,  
hard to control, property is accumulating, and  
social relations are becoming more complicated,  
involved, and difficult to settle without the ar-  
bitration of law and the authority of govern-  
ment. Inevitable necessity seems to urge the  
settlers to the adoption of the course which has  
already been intimated. What effect this move-  
ment will have upon the negotiations pending  
between the two governments, it is difficult to  
determine, but the ultimate result is very easily  
foreseen. Peopled, as that country is, by em-  
igrants from the United States, carrying with  
them the feelings, attachments and connections  
they had formed in early life, and the republi-  
can spirit which they had imbibed in their own  
country, it would not be many years before we  
should see them making propositions for admis-  
sion into that great Union, which, at no very dis-  
tant day, will embrace and bind together the  
whole of North America.

Late intelligence from the settlements in the  
neighborhood of the Willamette Falls repre-  
sents things there to be in a very good and pro-  
sperous condition. Some emigrants, who had  
not been more than nine months on their new  
farms, have plenty for themselves and some to  
spare for their countrymen, now on their way.  
Of bread, beef, fish, and potatoes, of an excel-  
lent quality, they have an abundance, and have  
commenced commercial operations by exporting  
those articles to the Sandwich Islands. The  
brig Columbia is engaged in this trade, and a  
profitable business is expected to be carried on.  
They export to these Islands, wheat, flour, beef,  
pork and lumber. In return, receive from them  
British, Chinese, and American manufactured  
articles; and molasses, sugar, coffee and rice,  
the growth of the Islands. The village of Ore-  
gon contains sixty-two buildings, and several  
other villages have some pretensions of future  
greatness.

The farmer can sow wheat from August un-  
til January, with a certainty of reaping a fair  
compensation for his labor. The straw of that  
sown in May grows very short, which renders

it difficult to harvest. That sown early, and in  
good order, grows large and long, measuring  
five and six feet, and in some extraordinary cases  
it has been known to measure seven feet in  
length, with a proportionable length of head.  
The grain or berry is remarkable for its round,  
plump form. The small Canada corn comes to  
perfection; oats likewise grow well; Irish po-  
tatoes are of a fine quality, and yield abundantly.  
The streams never freeze over, nor does  
the snow ever cover the ground more than three  
or four days at any one time during the winter.  
The open or prairie valleys are small; almost  
all the uplands are covered thickly with the  
latest firs. The earth is thickly covered with  
bogs, underbrush, and the male fern, called by  
some brake. It grows in many places up to the  
shoulders.

This seems to be the testimony of all who are  
in that particular part of the country. Authen-  
tic information of the nature and character of  
this wide-spread territory will soon be laid be-  
fore the public, on the reports of the various ex-  
ploring expeditions under Captain Fremont.  
A notice of these forthcoming documents has  
already been published in the Democratic Re-  
view, which gives a digest of the most interest-  
ing particulars contained in them. The insur-  
mountable obstacles to a military march from the  
United States to Oregon which were supposed  
to exist, have vanished before these expeditions.  
The distance, counting from the interior of Mis-  
souri to the tide-water in Oregon, is only about  
two thousand miles; the mountains are easily  
passed; the whole way is practicable, even in  
a state of nature, for carriages and artillery;  
an abundant and nutritious grass furnishes food  
to horses and to beef cattle; and as for the In-  
dians, it is on proof that twenty-five men, with  
rifles and a howitzer, may move in safety, in  
spite of the hostility of any tribe. Captain P.  
comes to the conclusion that Oregon is the most  
impracticable country in the world.

In traversing the region from Missouri to  
the Rocky Mountains, an abundance of the most  
nutritious grass is found at almost all seasons of  
the year, superseding entirely the necessity of  
transporting feed for the sustenance of the cat-  
tle and horses which it may be necessary to take  
with an expedition. After passing the moun-  
tains, the product is equally prolific and nutri-  
tious, though of a different species, called bunch  
grass, to which pertains the property of second  
growth, springing up vigorously in autumn after  
the failure of the spring-shoots. It seems to  
be universal on the western slope of our con-  
tinent, as the buffalo-grass is on the eastern  
slope of the Rocky Mountains; and was found  
abundant for the sustenance of their horses, even  
in the dead of winter—in the cold months of  
December, January, and February—in the deep  
gorges and on the lofty peaks of the Sierra Ne-  
vada, (snowy mountains of California,) when  
the wind had blown the snow from some ex-  
posed point, or the sun had melted it in a cove,  
or their own large fires, built of colossal pines and  
cedars, had melted a circle in the deep snow a-  
bout the camp.

The Rocky mountains, whose very name in-  
duces ideas of impassability, are shown to be not  
the formidable barriers supposed. Captain Fre-  
mont crossed them at four different places; in-  
stead of being desolate and impassable, they are  
shown to have many excellent passes, (of  
which the South Pass is the finest,) and to em-  
brace beautiful valleys, caves and parks, with  
lakes and mineral springs, rivalling and surpas-  
sing the most enchanting parts of the Alpine  
regions in Switzerland. The Great Salt Lake,  
one of the wonders of nature, and perhaps with-  
out a rival in the world, (being a saturated solu-  
tion of salt, of a hundred miles diameter,) is for  
the first time revealed to our view, by one who  
has surveyed its shores and navigated its wa-  
ters. The bear river valley, with its rich bot-  
toms, fine grass, walled-up mountains, hot  
springs, mineral springs, soda fountains, volca-  
nic rock, volcanic crater, and saline efflu-  
vents, and four thousand and five hundred feet  
above the sea, is for the first time described.

The same of the Sierra Nevada—of the rivers  
Sacramento and San Joaquin, which constitute  
the water of the bay of San Francisco—and  
the same of the Great Desert, and its Arab in-  
habitants, which lies south of the latitude of that  
bay, and extends many degrees east towards the  
Rocky Mountains. None of these objects have  
heretofore been described by any traveller.

The Bencivente river, which has a place  
on so many maps, and whose course is traced  
from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, is  
declared to have no existence but in the imagi-  
nation of writers and map makers. Of the ge-  
ographical discoveries and descriptions, the most  
striking is that of the Great Basin, or vast inter-  
ior plain, which lies between the Sierra Neva-  
da and the Rocky Mountains, east and west, and  
between the Blue Mountains and Waktach on  
the south, and embracing an area of five or six  
hundred miles in diameter. The elevation of  
the Sierra Nevada, being more lofty than the  
Rocky Mountains, accounts for the formation of  
this Great Basin, as Captain Fremont calls it,  
and of which he is the first to announce its ex-

istence to the world. A basin, which may hold  
such a kingdom as France, and which has for  
its rim a circle of mountains whose summits  
penetrate the regions of eternal snow, is cer-  
tainly a new and grand object to be revealed to  
our contemplation; and its non-discovery hereto-  
fore can only be attributed to its position in  
that part of Spanish America, (the California,)  
from which Spanish jealousy excluded every  
foreign eye. Its existence is now established.  
Captain Fremont was in it and around it—was  
eight months getting round it—and never out  
of sight of snow-capped mountains; its own  
elevation being upwards of four thousand feet a-  
bove the sea.

## Strength of the Turtle.

A party went on shore one night for the  
purpose of catching turtles, a description of which  
may not be uninteresting. We left the ship  
at sunset, and reached the shore about dark,  
then hauled the boat from the beach. Having  
reached the place where we thought it likely  
that the turtle would land, we lay down, keep-  
ing a sharp look out, and making as little noise  
as possible. The moon had risen some time,  
and was shedding her silvery rays on these des-  
olate regions; the opposite coast in the distance,  
which is very mountainous, and the ship riding  
at anchor, had together a beautiful effect; the  
sea was perfectly calm, and everything appear-  
ed to be sleeping in the stillness of the night,  
and not a whisper being heard among the party,  
the surf dashing against the rocks, alone break-  
ing the silence of the scene. We were thus  
all in the expectation of the appearance of a  
turtle, and six bells had just gone on board—  
that it was eleven o'clock, P. M.—when we  
saw the first, to our great delight coming on  
shore, just opposite us. It looked like a black  
rock moving slowly and steadily out of the wa-  
ter.

We did not interrupt its progress, until it had  
got some distance upon the beach, when a rush  
was made toward it, and it was immediately  
turned over on its back, without giving it time  
either to defend itself or blind its assailants by  
throwing sand with its flippers or fins, which  
they do with such force that it is almost danger-  
ous to come near them.

It took six men thus to turn the largest that  
was caught; and the following incident will  
further show the immense strength of these ani-  
mals. One of our men, the gunner, wandered  
away by himself to the farther end of the beach,  
where he thought to have all the sport to him-  
self, not doubting for a moment that he would  
be able to turn any turtle which he found;  
but on the contrary to his surprise, not being  
absent long, before espying a large one making  
towards the beach, he allowed it to come up  
some way, and then ran over it, and attempted  
to turn it. All his endeavors were, however,  
fruitless; and by some means he got his hand  
between the shell and the neck, which the ani-  
mal, by drawing in its head, jammed, and held  
there so tight that he could not withdraw it.

The turtle then began to crawl towards the  
sea, dragging the man with it; and he was in  
imminent danger of being carried off, when he  
began to call for assistance. Our party was  
somewhat alarmed at the cries, thinking that  
some serious accident had happened, and im-  
mediately ran towards the place from which the  
sound proceeded, where we arrived in time to  
save the poor fellow from a watery grave. The  
turtle was close to the edge of the sea, and was  
carrying him off as if he were nothing; nor  
was it without some difficulty that we released  
him from his perilous situation, dragging the  
turtle above high water mark, and turning it  
over. The man got off with only a few bruises,  
and was much frightened; and we all had a  
good laugh at him for his adventure.—(Kemp-  
thorne's Memoirs on the Eastern Shores of the  
Persian Gulf.)

## SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF A DEAD BODY.

Col. Todd, our Minister at the Court of Russ-  
land, describes a remarkable case of an incor-  
rupt body which came under his notice. The only  
one at Revel, on the Baltic. It is that of General  
Duke de Croy, a Frenchman, who was in the  
Russian service, under Peter the Great. At his  
death, in the beginning of the 18th century, his  
creditors did not allow his friends to bury the  
body until his heirs should pay his debts. The  
body remained in the church's interior, and was  
kept in a dry room under ground, and it was  
preserved by some that the composition of the soil  
(which is chalk and limestone) preserved it from  
decay. The body is perfectly dry; some of the  
teeth and white hairs are in a perfect state.  
The skin is of a brown color; and was represent-  
ed, when first exposed to the air, to be very  
elastic. If you strike the chest or the belly, it  
gives a hollow sound. The stockings are nearly  
decayed, but the boots are entire, and the hairs  
of the wig are in a good condition.

There is a jewel of a damsel at N. Haven,  
Connecticut, who has breathed under the sig-  
nature of "Venus" a few stanzas to the Courier,  
expressive of the outpouring desire of her dis-  
satisfied innocent little heart. The following is a  
sample. Hear the darling:  
With the blessings I have, my wants are but  
three,  
Most simple, and definite, nothing that's wild;  
I ask no more than is useful for me,  
A husband to love, with a cottage, and child.