Washington Sentinel.

BY BEVERLEY TUCKER.

EDITED BY

WM. M. OVERTON AND CH. MAURICE SMITH.

CITY OF WASHINGTON.

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☞ See first page for interesting news items.

☞ For the latest intelligence and telegraphic news see our third page.

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NEW YORK POLITICS.

The New York election has now taken place, and although the result is not known, we deem the occasion not inappropriate for us to review briefly the prominent points involved in the contest in that State. The collision at Syracuse was so sudden that it took the public mind unawares. It was the product of a long chain of circumstances extending over so many years that but few politicians even could recal them. The subject was still further mystified and befogged by the efforts of designing men to misrepresent the past, and to cover up and conceal the real issues of the present.

Martin Van Buren, who had led the democratic party to a Waterloo defeat in 1840, was a candidate for re-election in 1844. At one time, his prospects for the nomination of the Baltimore convention were flattering. But his letter opposing the annexation of Texas, and the salutary operation of the two-thirds rule, blasted his hopes and filled his heart with bitter hatred to the democratic party, and more especially to the democracy of the south, which was united as one man in favor of annexation. The course pursued by the friends of General Cass also excited the bitter enmity of Mr. Van Buren's followers, so that they swore vengeance against the Michigan statesman.

Immediately after Mr. Van Buren's defeat at the Baltimore convention of 1844, his partisans—attributing his discomfiture to the agitation of the Texas question—set on foot a movement to obtain revenge, by making an appeal to the anti-slavery sentiment of the north. After the annexation of Texas was accomplished, they availed themselves of the introduction of the Wilmot Proviso into Congress; and in 1847 they seceded from the State convention of New York because their "corner stone," as they termed the Proviso, was rejected as an element of the democratic creed. Their leading presses put the "corner stone" at the head of their columns, and called together the celebrated Herkimer convention on that basis. That convention was followed by a convention at Utica, which appointed free-soil delegates to the Baltimore convention of 1848.

The admission into the Baltimore convention, of the freesoil delegates appointed at Utica by a factious organization unknown to the democratic party, was sternly resisted by such men as Daniel S. Dickinson; and Louis Cass was nominated as the democratic candidate for the presidency. Then the Van Buren freesoilers of New York, after denouncing the Baltimore convention, united with the freesoilers and abolitionists of other States and proceeded to Buffalo, where they erected the celebrated Buffalo platform, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the presidency and Charles F. Adams, of Massachusetts, an abolition whig, for the vice presidency. This movement defeated the democratic party in 1848, and led to the dangerous agitation which followed.

In 1849, the year after the defeat of General Cass, a mischievious alliance was formed in in New York. That alliance was not based on a community of principles—least of all was it based on a relinquishment of freesoil sentiments. It was purely and simply a coalition for the spoils. The national democrats nominated one half of the State ticket, and the freesoilers nominated the other half; but each party adhered to its separate principles. The course which the freesoil leaders pursued during the session of Congress which enacted the compromise of 1850, proves that the freesoil party never retracted, or intended to retract, any of its anti-democratic heresies.

The coalition of 1849 was continued; and as the freesoilers of New York always acted in concert with the declared purpose of abolitionizing the democratic party, they succeeded in winning over many of those who had sustained General Cass in 1848. This was accomplished by appealing to the ambitious desires of aspirants, who being able to lead off a few followers, from the ranks of the national democracy, united with the freesoil organizations, for the purpose of obtaining position and place. Thus has a compact, unscrupulous, bargaining organization been able to purchase up co-laborers whose easy virtue made them too weak to resist temptation. By this natural process the soft-shell party was formed; but, from the nature of the case, its organization and future destiny must be controlled by the action of the Van Buren freesoilers.

The coalition of 1849 continued until 1852, not approaching but receding from the point of honest union. The soft-shell delegates manifested in the Baltimore convention no spirit of concession and harmony; and after the nomination of General Pierce, and the adoption of the platform, the organs of the controlling portion of the soft-shell or freesoil organization denied that the platform was adopted at all, and took such ground, during the entire canvass, as would permit them at any time to renew the anti-slavery discussion. Indeed, they strove to impart to the union of the democracy of the country the same dishonest features which characterized the spoils league made in 1849 in the State of New York.

This is fully and satisfactorily proved to every candid and unprejudiced mind by subsequent events. The freesoilers, who control the soft shell organization, steadily refused to sustain the Baltimore platform and the President's inaugural up to the time when there was a plain, patent, mercenary motive for them to alter their professions to suit the occasion. When a proposition was made in the New York legislature that they should endorse the platform and inaugural, they refused to do it. All of them, but four, left the hall, and three of the four, voted against the proposition. They kept up their separate organization, and made every effort to obtain a majority in the late Syracuse convention; being willing to abide by the action of the convention, if they could dictate that action. John Van Buren was willing to unite the two conventions at Rome in 1849, when he found that there was a soft minority in the convention of the national democracy that was willing to unite with his solid phalanx, and enable him to rule.

But when the freesoil leaders arrived at Syracuse in September, they found that they could not control the convention by fair means, and they determined to resort to foul. They sent to New York for a band of fighting men, to break up the convention and enable them to make their own nominations. The scheme was carried out through the agency of bullies and blackguards; and then to cover up the enormity of their conduct, and to mislead the public, so that they might gather spoils and enjoy patronage, they adopted a series of resolutions which were in direct contradiction to their often repeated and most solemn declarations for the last eight years. The facts and circumstances we have detailed must prove, to every candid mind, that no faith can be placed in the Syracuse professions of the freesoilers; that they only add additional infamy to a long course of infamy. Yet there are those who would drive true and tried democrats from the party, because they place no faith in such suspicious promises coming from factious traitors. But the space at our disposal will not permit us to pursue this subject further at the present time.

THE MADNESS OF FREESOILISM--JOHN VAN BUREN.

We appeal to the nation! Is it not too bad, that a man, who, since the time he first appeared on the arena of politics, has, by every person, of almost every complexion of opinion, been known to be a destructive—a radical, a revolutionary and most dangerous character, should now, by respectable papers that profess to be of the national democratic stripe, be assigned a prominent position among the great men and the patriots of the nation. A freesoiler, an abolitionist, a disorganizer, his name is now sought to be linked with that of General Cass, with that of President Pierce, with the great democracy of the nation.

Making a jest of every thing human and divine—unable to open his mouth without showing scorn of things sacred, and love of things profane—the libeller of patriots, the patron of bullies, the master spirit of abolitionism, the constant foe of his country, her peace and prosperity, with an oath recorded against the south and her constitutional rights—he is formally welcomed into the great democratic family of the nation. Has madness, has folly, has infatuation reached this point? Is this nation to be thus outraged?

In the face of day—with the eyes of the nation fixed upon them, and at this crisis in public affairs—is it possible that any press in this country, professing to be true to the national creed—professing to be true to the different sections of this country, can seriously welcome into the honest democratic family such a radical, such a destructive, such a disorganiser, as Mr. John Van Buren.

With Mr. John Van Buren, personally, we are not dealing. He may hold what sentiments he pleases—he may express them when and where it is most agreeable to him, without molestation from us. We have not the slightest feeling of personal unkindness towards him. But when Mr. John Van Buren comes before us as a politician, and when he is gravely, cordially, triumphantly welcomed by leading organs and politicians, into the true democratic ranks; when he is appealed to as authority; when he is most reverentially erected into a deity, and put beside the acknowledged household gods of democracy, we feel that it is our duty to speak out.

In his sleeve, John Van Buren laughs at the follies now enacted before high heaven. He laughs at the men who are weak enough to think that they can fool him, or simple enough to be fooled by him. If they are playing a game against John Van Buren, they will be lost. No, no. The game has been played, and they are literally sold to the Dutch. They have been beguiled, they have been entrapped, and they now want to carry the national democracy with them. Will the good and the true men of the north follow? Will the south, with all its rights of property at stake, suffer herself to be blindfolded, hoodwinked, and led like a lamb to the slaughter?

Forbid it heaven! We love our country too much. We value too highly its peace and prosperity. We are too deeply interested in the south, to stand idly by, silently by, criminally by, and see the very master-spirit of abolitionism extolled—magnified, almost worshipped.

Those who profess to be the peculiar guardians of the democracy; those who assume the high office of preserving its creeds and its sacred records, shall not prostrate it at the footstool of rank freesoilism without a protest from us. We ask, and we ask with earnestness, WILL SUCH CONDUCT BE APPROVED BY THE NATION?

☞ We have occasionally seen in some of the presses of the country intimations—and in one or two instances distinct assertions—that the *Sentinel* is an anti-democratic and anti-administration paper. Such charges scarcely merit attention; but once for all, we pronounce them utterly false. They originate in either malice or ignorance. No man with an honest heart and an intelligent mind can read the *Sentinel* without doing us the justice to say that we have dealt as heavy and as hearty blows for democratic principles, as any press in the country. We have not in one single instance failed in allegiance to the great cause of democracy. There is no one principle promulged in the ancient creed of the party, reasserted in the Baltimore platform and announced in the noble inaugural address of President Pierce, that does not command our entire and unqualified approbation and concurrence.

But, because as an unbought, honest, independent paper we have disapproved of the course pursued towards Dickinson, Bronson, and that patriotic party in New York, with which they are identified, some men who cannot understand the high duties that attach to the conductor of a press—who are slaves in their natures, and would have others degraded to a level with themselves—some few such people have thought fit to prefer against us the charge to which we allude. We despise the petty malevolence of these petty scribblers. We do not boast—but we speak the truth when we say, that there is more true democracy, and more honest democracy in one issue of the *Sentinel*, than is contained in all the files of all these libellous sheets put together.

The greatest danger that this country has to dread is the corruption and demoralization of the press. When it quits the honest paths of manly independence—when it becomes filled with ignorant and servile party hacks, who have no thought, and speak no word, without permission from those in place and power, then indeed will it be a curse to the country. It is only useful when it is truthful, and it is only truthful when distinguished by proper independence.

W. M. BURWELL, Esq.

From the Fredericksburg Herald we clip the following:

"W. M. Burwell, esq., late editor of the Washington *Republic*, is now editing the Baltimore American. Mr. B. wields an able pen."

For some time past we have been apprized of Mr. Burwell's connexion with the *American*, but as we had never seen it formally announced, we had not felt at liberty to mention it. But now that it has found its way into the public prints, we are relieved from the scruples that restrained us.

Few men in this country can claim precedence over Mr. Burwell in scholarship and accomplishments. He is not only a scholar, but he is a learned politician. Nor is he less distinguished for his literary acquirements. His ample resources are always at command. He writes with as much facility as force, and as much vivacity as facility. He is as good a speaker as writer, and, whilst addressing the Virginia legislature, of which he was for some years a distinguished member, we have frequently known his fellow members to crowd around him that they might avoid losing one word.

But Mr. Burwell is more than all these. As Mr. Consul Sanders said of Judge Bronson, Mr. Burwell is a veritable "brick." His social qualities, his generous feelings, and his sparkling wit have gained him scores of friends and admirers. His politics are different from ours, but he is a gentleman with whom one can agree to disagree.

HAVE WE NATIONAL MUSIC?

We were at the brilliant concourse assembled on Monday evening at Carusi's Saloon to listen to the grand concert of our esteemed friend Ole Bull. Strakosch opened with an inimitable execution on the piano forte. Sweet little Signorina Adelina Patti sung a "brilliant cavatina" from the opera of Ernani, a piece from La Somnambula, the beautiful ballad of "Home, sweet home," and Jenny Lind's far-famed "Echo song." Ole Bull, with his pristine vigor and delicate sensibility, performed his complicated *Polacca Guaniena*, his *Fantasia Appasionata*, his *Fantasia Religiosa*, and his *Carnival di Venice*. It would be superfluous for us to say that each performer was more than equal to the part each assumed. We think Strakosch would bear the palm as a pianist from the much-famed Leopold de Meyer; that Ole Bull is fully the equal of the late Paganini; and that the dear little child Patti is the best singer of her age in the world. So much for so much.

But what we wanted to ask is this, to us a very interesting question—have we a national music? At the conclusion of Monday evening's performance, we inquired of a very intelligent Virginia gentleman how he was pleased. "Very much," said he, "but I wish there had been more of the "Home, sweet home" in the programme, and less of the hy-fa-lu-tin, for that part of it I cannot feel." We will confess, though we lay ourselves obnoxious to the charge of possessing an unrefined taste, that we regarded the *critique* of our Virginia friend as one full of good old-fashioned common sense. Quite all the "musical rockets" of Strakosch were lost upon our ear, save when, in his "Scherzo Cappriccio," came thundering upon that organ the notes of "Yankee Doodle" and "Old Folks at Home." The ears of the audience caught with our own these notes, and for a moment spontaneously beat time to their music. Accuse us of a want of refinement, if you will, we say this indicates that what our Virginian calls "hy-fa-lu-tin" music is not the music for an American audience. Yet we must admit that there is among many polite and intelligent men and women an affectation of interest and admiration when they hear music we do not understand, and rendered, too, in a language equally incomprehensible. They seem to be transported with everything not national, so it be of foreign growth, though it be Italian, Spanish, French, or High Dutch. Such folks may have, however, more intelligence and a more keenly appreciative sense of the exquisite than we have.

We are not disposed to confess to the bad taste of not admiring the musical compositions of Italian and other foreign artistes. We should copy from them, but not in a servile spirit. The lulling softness and the "dying falls" should be accommodated to an American audience in the utterance of such sentiment, national, and traditionary, as will touch the American heart. Music, as well as poetry and oratory, should appeal to the general sense of mankind. The eloquence of a Kossuth, if delivered in his native tongue before an American audience, can be no more appreciated, than, in our humble musical judgment, the recitative of the best Italian opera before the same audience. We want more national music at our concerts—we want music that we can comprehend—not that music, or so much of it as we have, designed merely for chromatic ears. We have but an ordinary ear ourselves, and the great mass of our people have ordinary ears, and we profess to be able to judge whether a sound properly expresses a passion, and whether it is pleasing and melodious to our senses. If this were not Ole Bull's last concert we would ask him to consider our suggestions in the same kind feeling we make them. We are National Democrats and prefer National music.

Vermont Liquor Law.—Gov. Robinson, of Vermont, has delivered his first message to the legislature. It is brief, and confined to State affairs, which are reviewed, and the people of the State are congratulated that they are free from the embarrassments of a public debt, but are recommended to incur the expense of a geological survey of the State. The governor is opposed to the new liquor law, the passage of which has revolutionized the State.

"FALSE AS DICER'S OATHS."

We have read a speech recently made by John Van Buren in New York city, the same one, we presume, which the *Pennsylvanian* designates as a "running sore of scandal," during the delivery of which that convenient politician proposed "three cheers for Gen. Cass!" We cannot but believe, from our impression of Mr. Van Buren's easy political virtue, that the successful embarrassment of a measure involving a great principle—for instance, the annexation of Texas, the election of a democratic President like Gen. Cass, the passage of laws designed to keep this Union intact—would be by him regarded "a good joke." It strikes us, also, that this proposition of his, to cheer Gen. Cass, was an act either of grossly immoral shamelessness or a severe irony, intended to cast insult upon Gen. Cass and his friends. When we finished the reading of this speech of scandal and loose sentiment, we could not resist the exclamation of a line from Horace, which we render in plain English:

"Go seek a stranger to believe thy lies!"

Upon this point we publish the following admirable anecdote, illustrative of the position now occupied by Mr. John Van Buren, from a valued correspondent in Fauquier county, Virginia.

Fauquier County, Va., *Nov.* 7, 1853.

To the Editors of the Sentinel:

Feeling an earnest sympathy with the *hards*, in the contest now waging in the State of New York, I have not been an inattentive observer of passing events.

The course of John Van Buren has presented vividly to my mind an anecdote, the facts of which occurred in a Virginia county court, not many years since. There was, in that old State, amongst many other distinguished men, one yclept, "*Crab Horton*," known, in many of the tide-water and Piedmont counties, as an accomplished "*sweat player*;" that being the game by which "*Crab*" lived and supported his family. Crab had exhibited his game in the town of Fredericksburg. The grand jury indicted him for a violation of the statute against unlawful gaming. That statute prohibited games by name, such as *faro, E. O., U. S. A.*, and all other games *decidedly favorable to the exhibitor*. Upon the trial, the question was raised, whether, or not, Crab's game of *sweat* was within the general prohibition, the game not being named in the statute; and, if prohibited, included in the general description of games *decidedly favorable to the exhibitor*. Learned counsel for the *State* and the *accused* entered into a trial by *figures*, and *calculated* to ascertain the fact. One calculation showed the game to be favorable to the *better*, another to the *exhibitor*, and another proved it to be *perfectly fair*. In this state of doubt and uncertainty in relation to a matter of crime, the court, leaning to the side of mercy, decided that if "*Crab*" would put himself upon a *platform*, that is to say, if he would pledge his *word of honor* that he would not exhibit "*sweat*" in Fredericksburg again, the indictment should be dismissed. Crab's counsel communicated the terms to him, which he readily accepted, and came into court to put himself upon the platform and give the required pledge. He delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen of the court: I pledge my word of honor, as a *gentleman*, that I will never again exhibit *my game* in Fredericksburg, *by God*;" and struck with the ridiculousness of the whole scene, he could not hold in until he cleared the court-house door, but involuntarily broke out into into the most sonorous haw!! haw!! haw!! haw!! ha—w!! And in less than one hour Crab was exhibiting the biggest game of sweat ever played in Fredericksburg.

The application I leave you to make. My own conclusion is, that I will never trust a "*sweat player's*" word that he will never exhibit his game again. If he can make any thing by it, he is sure to forfeit his pledge of honor; the security is worthless.

Very truly, your friend.

Abolitionists Fooled.—We recently heard of an instance in which one of these northern philanthropists was most successfully "done for."

A gentleman, whose name we withhold, was coming from Kentucky, and had with him some valuable stock, in charge of a faithful and trustworthy slave. The night being foggy, the boat landed at a small town on the Indiana side, for the night, where the faithful servant was soon beset by a horde of negro sympathisers, all urging him to make his escape from bondage, and detailing in the most glowing terms the beauty and fascination of freedom. The negro listened and appeared to hesitate, when one of them suggested to him to take one of his master's horses on shore, under the pretence of exercising him, and then mount him and make tracks. The slave seemed unwilling for this proposition, when another suggested to him that he could furnish him with a horse that would bear him in a short time far beyond pursuit. This proposition was accepted, and the negro told them he would go up in the cabin, get his clothes and join them. In the meantime, he told them to wait below. So far everything was arranged. The negro accordingly went up in the cabin, and awoke his master, who was lying asleep in his berth, and acquainted him with the details of the proposed kidnapping. The master asked him if he was disposed to leave him, and received such a decided negative, that he determined to lay a trap for the thieves. Accordingly, a consultation was held between the master and slave, when it was agreed upon between them that the latter, whose name was Ben, should go along with the kidnappers, take the horse they proposed to convey him from bondage with, and instead of going to the point where they directed him, to meet him at the little town of ———, some twenty or thirty miles below.

Ben started and joined his friends, and the whole party were soon en route for the place where the horse that was to carry him away was stabled. A saddle was soon put on, and after giving him directions where to stop, told him to "put."

Ben was not slow in obeying, and after getting fairly away, took a straight road in the direction of the point where his master had told him to meet him, and where he arrived a short time after daylight. The boat came along a short time afterwards, and Ben and the horse were taken on board.

The abolitionists are probably wondering to this day, what became of their dark protege and the fine horse. Should this notice meet their eye, we can inform them that both passed through this city a few days since, bound for the Missouri river, the master rejoicing not only in the possession of his slave, but also a fine horse.—*St. Louis Repub.*

Isthmus of Darien.—It is stated that a commission of American and British officers has been detailed to make a survey of the Isthmus of Darien, preparatory to the construction of a ship canal. Lieut. Strange, of the navy, commands the United States wing of the party.

☞ The Pennsylvania Historical Society will celebrate the 171st anniversary of the landing of William Penn, by an address and dinner, at Reading, on Tuesday. The address will be delivered in the Odd Fellows' Hall, by the Hon. Charles Jared Ingersoll, of Philadelphia. A number of Philadelphians of taste will be present, and several literary characters of high standing, including Mr. Bancroft.

☞ The Emperor of Russia arrived at St. Petersburg on the 13th from Berlin. The preparations for war were more active than ever.

☞ It was stated that the Sultan had asked the French for two generals, to be attached to the Turkish army.

ARCTIC RESEARCHES.

[CONCLUDED.]

The following is an abstract of the proceedings of her Britannic Majesty's discovery ship Investigator, since parting company with the Herald upon the 31st of July, 1850, off Cape Lisbourne:

At 5.20 A. M., August 2, in lat. 72 1 N., long. 166 12 W., made the ice, which did not appear heavy, but upon entering it a short distance was undeceived, and ran out.

Aug. 5.—In running along the pack edge, endeavoring to find an opening, exchanged numbers with the Plover, and at 11 A. M., made a low shingle beach to the eastward of Wainright's Inlet, and at midnight rounded Point Barrow in seventy-three fathoms, but, from the foggy state of the weather, did not see it.

Aug. 8.—1.45 A. M., being off Point Drew, sent Mr. Court, second master, and Mr. Miertsching, interpreter, to deposit a notice of having passed, who met some Esquimaux that had arrived three days previous. These trade with the Russians, and were very friendly; therefore sent a letter with the chance of its reaching the Admiralty. We also heard from them that last year three boats had passed to the eastward with white men and Indians, which was most probably Lieutenant Pullen. In the evening erected a cairn, and buried another notice at Point Pitt.

Aug. 9.—Passed the Colville, about 40 miles from the entrance, in three fathoms and a half.

Aug. 11.—Deposited a notice upon Jones's Island, which was thickly strewed with drift wood. In the forenoon two baidars, containing twenty-four natives, came alongside. The chief possessed a gun, with "Barnet, 1840" on the lock, obtained from the Russians. Bartered tobacco for salmon and ducks. In the afternoon communicated with another party, who were exceedingly intelligent and clean. Sent dispatches for the Admiralty via Colville, and from what the interpreter states, believe that they will arrive.

Aug. 12.—Several baidas came alongside. Received fish and ducks for presents of beads and tobacco. These are adroit pilferers.

Aug. 14.—Run upon a shoal eight miles north of Yarborough inlet, having, during the last two days, narrowly escaped several of these dangerous banks, which are very little above the water, and hidden from view by the ice. Hove off with the stream anchor, but unfortunately upset a whaleboat and lost eleven casks of beef, having to carry sail to prevent being set again on shore.

Aug. 15.—Found it impossible to get two miles in any direction, the ice having closed from the northward, resting upon the shoals in that direction, and to the southward; the low banks which we grounded upon yesterday. Anchored to await some favorable change.

Aug. 16.—Ice to the northward of the shoals, slightly eased, leaving about 150 yards of open water. Weighed and warped through two cables' length of ice to get into it, which occupied six hours of hard labor, so heavy was the pack.

Aug. 17.—At noon the weather, which had been foggy, cleared with a breeze from northeast; made sail through heavy sailing ice, occasionally striking violently; navigation along this coast very dangerous, the sandbanks being low and numerous. Lat. 70 30 north, long. 148 4 west.

Aug. 21.—Made the Pelly Islands off the Mackensie; since the 17th have encountered very heavy ice; ran ninety miles into a bight, which brought us to the solid pack; fortunately, we were enabled to run out of it before it closed.

Aug. 24.—Observing some huts a little to the westward of Point Warren, sent dispatches for the admiralty, with the hopes of their being forwarded by the Hudson Bay Company; this tribe, however, have no traffic with them, but barter with others further west that trade with the Colville, giving as their reason that the Hudson Bay Company had given the Indians water which had killed many of them, and they did not wish to have any; they appear savage and warlike, and are at enmity with their neighbors. Brought the dispatches back.

Aug. 30.—Observing a post erected on the beach near Point Maitland, in Liverpool Bay, sent to examine it and deposit a notice of our passing. Found it was an Esquimaux mark, and that they had apparently recently quitted it, there being several *caches* containing birds and fish.

In the afternoon, while approaching Cape Bathurst, observed Esquimaux on the shore. Upon communicating with them found that they belonged to a tribe now at Cape Bathurst, who were catching whales, and the same who had seen Sir J. Richardson last year. In the evening, being thick, and getting into 3½ fathoms, anchored between Baillie's Islands and the mainland.

Aug. 31.—Proceeded to Cape Bathurst. Tribe consisted of three hundred, very friendly, would go south in three weeks; gave them dispatches for the admiralty, a gun and ammunition to the chief, and many presents among them; and, judging from their intelligence and cleanly appearance, have great expectation of their reaching.

Sept. 1.—Off Cape Bathurst, many natives came on board, and being nearly calm, remained until the evening; when a breeze springing up, we took our final leave of the Esquimaux upon the American coast, fully convinced that neither the ships nor any of the crews of Sir John Franklin's expedition have ever reached their shores; they appear a quiet, inoffensive people, (with the exception of those at Point Warren, whom the Cape Bathurst tribe have no dealings with,) and would assist any white people thrown among them.

The whole of this coast is shallow, but with the lead may be safely navigated, the soundings being very regular. The shoals terminate about thirty miles to the eastward of Yarborough inlet, and water, varying in breadth from one mile to forty, may be calculated upon along shore between the beginning of August and 10th of September, according to the winds more or less ice encumbered, but the natives state that every year the ice opens from the shore. We found the prevailing winds from east southeast to northeast.

Sept. 6.—At 11 30 A. M., being to the northward of Cape Perry, remarked high land from N. by E. N. E.

Sept. 7.—At 7 30 A. M. landed and took possession of the discovery, and named it Baring Island. The land is bold upon the southern side, being upwards of 1,000 feet in height, its northern being Bank's Land; erected a signal-pole with black ball, and left a notice in latitude 71 8 N., long. 122 48 W.

Sept. 9.—Observed land N. N. E. Named it Prince Albert's Land, which is continuous with Wollaston and Victoria Land, and extend north to lat. 73 21 N., long 112 48 W.

Sept. 11.—Ship beset, lat. 72 52, long. 117 3 W., but ice in motion.

Oct. 8.—Since the 11th of last month have been drifting in the pack—narrowly escaped destruction several times—until, with a heavy nip at 3 A. M. this day, which listed the ship 3½ degress, we were firmly fixed for the space of nine months, in lat. 72 47, long. 117 34.

Oct. 10.—Took possession of Prince Albert's Land, distant four miles.

Oct. 18.—And to-day of the Princess Royal Isles, lying in the center of the Prince of Wales Strait, distant four miles from the ship. There is erected a large cairn, pole and ball upon its summit, in lat. 72 46 N., long. 117 44 10 W., and have deposited three months' provisions for sixty-six men, besides leaving a boat and some amunition.

Oct. 21—The captain, Mr. Court, and party started to trace this strait towards the northeast.

Oct. 26.—Discovered the entrance into Barrow's Strait, in lat. 73 30 N., long. 114 14 W., which establishes the existence of a northwest passage.

Oct. 30.—Five musk oxen shot upon Prince Albert's Land, which terminated our operations for 1850.

April 18, 1851.—This day dispatched three travelling parties to search the coast line, under Lieut. Haswell, to the southeast, towards Wollaston Land, Lieut. Cresswell in the direction of Banks' Land, and Mr. Wynniatt, mate, to the northeast, respectively reached the position as noted below, and tracked the coast, as per accompanying chart.

June 2.—Captain and Mr. Miertsching, (the interpreter,) communicated with the Esquimaux upon Prince Albert's Land, about 60 miles south of our position, who had previously been met by Lieut. Hasswell; they traced the coast line as marked in the chart, and state that there are many of their tribes inhabiting the land towards the south, but that they know of none to the northward; they are a kind, simple people and have never before seen the white man, at whom they were evidently alarmed.

July 14.—The ice opened without any presure, and the vessel was again fairly afloat, but so surrounded with it that we only drifted with the pack, having been able to use our sails but twice, and then only for a few hours, up to August 14, when we attained our furthest northern position in Prince of Wales Strait, lat. 73 14 19; long. 115 32 30 W.

Aug. 16.—Finding our passage into Barrow's Strait obstructed by northeast winds setting large masses of ice to the southward, which had drifted the ship 15 miles in that direction during the last 12 hours, bore up to run to the southward of Baring Island.

Aug. 20.—Lat. 74 27 N., long. 122 32 15 W. Have had clear water to reach thus far, running within a mile of the coast the whole distance, when our progress was impeded by the ice resting on the shore. Secured to a large grounded floe-piece in twelve fathoms. It appears to have but recently been detached from the coast.

Aug. 29.—Ship in great danger of being crushed or driven on shore by the ice coming in with a heavy pressure from the Polar sea, driving her along within one hundred yards of the land for half a mile, heeling her 15 deg., and raising her bodily one foot eight inches, when we again became stationary and the ice quiet.

Sept. 10.—Ice again in motion, and ship driven from the land into the main pack, with heavy gale from the southwest.

Sept. 11.—Succeeded in getting clear of the pack, and secured to a large grounded floe. Lat. 74 29 N., long. 122 20 W.

Sept. 19.—Clear water along shore to the eastward; cast off and worked in that direction with occasional obstructions, and several narrow escapes from the stupendous Polar ice, until the evening of the 23d, when we ran upon a mud-bank, having six feet water under the bow, and five fathoms astern; hove off without sustaining any damage.

Sept. 24.—At daylight, observing Barrow's Strait full of ice, and large masses setting into this bay, determined upon making this our winter quarters, and, finding a well sheltered spot upon the south side of the shoal upon which we last night grounded, ran in and anchored in four fathoms, lat. 74 6 N., long. 117 54 W. This night were frozen in, and have not since moved. The position is most excellent, being well protected from the heavy ice by the projection of the reef, which throws it clear of the ship 600 yards.

The currents along the coasts of the Polar sea appear to be influenced in their direction more or less by the winds; but certainly upon the west side of Baring Island there is a permanent set to the eastward. At one time we found it as much as two knots during a perfect calm; and that the flood tide sets from the westward we have ascertained beyond a doubt, as the opportunities afforded during our detention along the western shore of this island gave ample proof.

The prevailing winds along the American shore, and in the Prince of Wales Strait, we found to be NE., but upon this coast SSW. to NW.

A ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar sea, the water along shore being very narrow and wind contrary, and the pack impenetrable; but through Prince of Wales strait, and by keeping along the American coast, I conceive it practicable. Drift wood is in great abundance upon the east coast of the Prince of Wales strait and on the American shore, also much game.

In this vicinity the hills abound in rein-deer and hares, which remain the entire winter; we have been very fortunate in procuring upwards of 4,000 pounds.

The health of the crew has been, and still continues, excellent, without any diminution of numbers, nor have we felt the slightest trace of scurvy.

It is my intention, if possible, to return to England this season, touching at Melville island and Port Leopold, but should we not again be heard of, in all probability we shall have been carried into the polar pack, or to the westward of Melville island; in either of which cases any attempt to send succor would only be to increase the evil, as any ship that enters the polar pack must be inevitably crushed; therefore, a depot of provisions, or a ship at Winter harbor, is the best and only certainty for the safety of the surviving crews.

No trace whatever has been met with, or any information obtained from the natives, which could by any possibility lead to the supposition that Sir John Franklin's expedition, or any of his crews have ever reached the shores we have visited or searched, nor have we been more fortunate with respect to the Enterprise, not having seen her since parting company at the Straits of Magellan on the 20th of April, 1850.

This notice was deposited by a travelling party in 1852, consisting of Captain McClure, Mr. Court, second master; John Calder, captain of the forecastle; Sergeant Woom, Royal Marines. George Gibbs, A. B.; George Bounsall, A. B.; John Davis, A. B.; and Peter Thompson, captain of the foretop.

Whoever finds this, it is requested that it may be forwarded to the Secretary of the Admiralty.

Dated on board her Britannic Majesty's discovery ship Investigator, frozen in in the Bay of Mercy, lat. 74 6 N., long. 117 54 W., April 12, 1852.

ROBERT McCLURE, Commander.

Unless there is a vessel now at Melville island, it is not my intention to revisit it, but make the best of my way down the Straits.

R. McCLURE.

The first meeting of Lieutenant Bedford Pim with the party from the Investigator is thus described in a private letter from Captain Kellett, C. B., dated her Majesty's ship Resolute, Melville island, April 19th, 1853.

This is really a red letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors forever. At nine o'clock this day our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Donville was the first person I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Capt. McClure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is very hungry. His description of Pim's making the harbor of Mercy would have been a fine subject for the pen of Captain Marryatt, were he alive.

McClure and his first lieutenant were walking on the floe. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them, they supposed he was chased by a bear, or had seen a bear. Walked towards him; on getting onwards a hundred yards, they could see from his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim began to screech and throw up his hands, (his face was as black as my hat;) this brought the captain and lieutenant to a stand, as they could not hear sufficiently to make out his language.

At length Pim reached the party, quite beside himself, and stammered out, on McClure's asking him, "Who are you, and where do you come from?" "Lieutenant Pim, Herald, Capt. Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to McClure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits. He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—an angel of light. He says—"He soon was seen from the ship, they had only one hatchway open, and the crew were fairly jammed there in their endeavor to get up. The sick jumped out of their hammocks, and the crew forgot their despondency; in fact, all was changed on board the Investigator."

McClure had thirty men and three officers fully prepared to leave for the depot at Point Spencer. What a disappointment it would have been to go there and find the miserable yacht Mary with four or five casks of provisions, instead of a fine large depot.

Another party of seven men were to have gone by Mackenzie, with a request to the Admiralty to send out a ship to meet at Point Leopold, in 1854. The thirty men are on their way over to me now. I shall, if possible, send them on to Beechy Island, with about ten men of my own crew, to be taken home the first opportunity.

May 2.—Investigator's second party, consisting of Lieutenants Cresswell and Wynniatt, Mr. Piers, and Mr. Miertsching arrived, bringing two men on their sledge. They made an extraordinary passage across for men in their state. The greater part of them are affected with scurvy, but are rapidly improving.

The Sandwich Islands.—The Daniel Webster also brings some very important information from the Sandwich Islands, the details of which will be looked for with anxiety. It is said that another and decided step has been taken towards the annexation of the islands to the United States, and that, in consequence, protests had been entered by the representatives of Great Britain and France. What avail these protests are likely to have is indicated in the significant fact that King Kamehama's Minister of Finance has been removed, and the late United States consul installed in his place.

Canal at the Falls of Ohio.—The subscriptions to the stock of the private company incorporated by the legistature of Indiana, to cut a canal round the falls, in that State, amount to near $300,000, and will no doubt soon reach that sum. The subscribers are among our responsible business men. This is a very important work, and should be built by the United States and made free. If it be made by individual means there is a fortune in the charter, if the Louisville canal is kept subject to toll.—*Cin. Atlas.*

Statue of Daniel Webster.—A letter from Florence, in the Newark *Advertiser*, says the friends of Mr. Webster will be gratified to know that Mr. Powers has received an order from Boston for a bronze statue of the great statesman, to be placed in front of the Massachusetts State House.

A Big Gun.—One of the 700 Turkish cannon which guard the Dardanelles is charged with 230 pounds of powder, and throws a stone shot of one thousand pounds weight. Of course such immense guns are more formidable in appearance than reality, and the firing is not unattended with danger to their own artillerymen.

The Executive Mansion.—The repairs of the White House, authorized by the last Congress, are now nearly completed, and that in the course of this month the building will be thoroughly renovated, as far, at least, as the appropriation will allow.

Local and Personal.

Water for Washington and Georgetown.—The Mayor of Washington and all the other officers of the corporation, together with the members of the city councils, left the City Hall, in omnibuses, yesterday morning, at half-past eight o'clock, for Georgetown, where they united with the corporation officers and city councils of that city, for the purpose of proceeding to the Great Falls of the Potomac, to participate in the ceremony of breaking the ground, as a preliminary to the construction of the projected works for supplying the two cities with an ample supply of wholesome water—an indispensable article, of which we are at this time, unfortunately, deficient. The party, we are informed, were joined by the President of the United States and his private secretary, and the Hon. Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, and other invited guests.

The arrangement was to embark on board a canal packet, for the scene of the interesting ceremonies, at the Great Falls.

We are unable to state the character of the inauguration proceedings, the excursionists having delayed their return to the city until a late hour last night.

The corporation offices of Washington were closed during the entire of yesterday, and, as a consequence, no public business was transacted; the occasion being regarded as an important jubilant era in our municipal history.

We cannot doubt that the works so vigorously begun will be prosecuted with zeal to their completion, at the earliest practicable day. The citizens of Washington and Georgetown will, of course, watch every movement in this enterprise with increasing interest.

Numerous shanties have been erected at the Great Falls, for the accommodation of the workmen, and other arrangements made with a view to immediate building operations.

Complaints about the "tightness of the money market" are numerous throughout this city. The banks are not discounting, as formerly, and therefore "accommodations" are unattainable. Money in the hands of private speculators is a powerful "shaving" apparatus, and the operations return heavy profits to the lenders. The prices of produce, necessary for household purposes, are going up, instead of coming down, and there is no telling when the extreme height will be reached. The timid ones anticipate business explosions, fearful that money gripings in the larger commercial cities will extend hitherwards, to a greater extent than now, and fatally affect some of the Washington merchants and speculators. As to the latter class, not a few who have, during the last two years, risked credit and cash, may soon find their calculations considerably below their hopes. But we trust that if business earthquakes shall prevail elsewhere to a considerable degree, our trading people may, though a little alarmed, not be overwhelmed by the shock. It is at all times the part of wisdom, both on the part of seller and bu