SUNBURY AMERICAN.

H. B. MASSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE, MARKET STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Literature, Morality, Foreign and Domestic News, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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H. B. MASSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SUNBURY, PA.

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J. R. KAUFFMAN

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has just received and opened a new stock of goods, which he now offers for sale on the most reasonable terms. His stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS.

SUCH AS

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ALSO:—An assortment of Liquors, viz:

BRANDY, WINE, WHISKEY, &c.

Besides a variety of other articles, most generally used and in want by farmers and other persons, all of which he will sell to purchasers at a saving of ten per cent. by calling on him.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, April 26, 1851.—tf.

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

EVERYBODY should embrace this opportunity to buy CLOTHING for Men, Youth and Boys, at such prices as have never yet been known in this City, at GEORGE CHLIN'S CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, South-East Corner of Market and Second Streets, Philadelphia, embracing a choice of the best, most desirable, and fashionable

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

Habit Cloth do., Linen Drilling do., Tweeds, &c., &c., together with a great variety of

Boys' Clothing,

Consisting of Sack Coats, Polka Jackets, Monkey Jackets, Vests and Round Jackets made of Tweed, Linen Drilling, Cloth, Alpaca, Kersamier, Doeskin, &c., &c.

Particular care has been taken to procure the new styles for Men and Boys' Summer Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, &c., to which he would invite special attention.

Furnishing Goods.

Consisting of Shirts, Stocks, Handkerchiefs &c., all of which are offered at the *lowest possible cash prices*, and cheaper than any other Clothing Store in the City.

Persons wishing to purchase are earnestly invited to call at the Cheap Clothing Store of [illegible] and satisfy themselves that this is no humbug.

S. E. Corner [illegible] Philada.

Apr. 26—ly.

Alden's Condensed Reports of Pennsylvania.

JUST Published, and for sale by the subscriber—the *Second Volume* of Alden's Condensed Pennsylvania Reports, containing the last three volumes of Yeates' Reports, and two first volumes of Binney's Reports. The first volume of Alden, containing Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes; and Yeates' Reports, volume 1, is also on hand, and for sale. The above two volumes are complete within themselves, and contain all of Dallas' Reports, 4 volumes, and all of Yeates' Reports, 4 volumes, besides the two first volumes of Binney's Reports. The third volume is ready and will be put to press immediately.

H. B. MASSER, Agent.

Sunbury, Aug. 16, 1851.—

NATIONAL HOTEL,
SHAMOKIN,
Northumberland County, Pa.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Hotel in the town of Shamokin, Northumberland county, on the corner of Shamokin and Commerce streets, nearly opposite to the House he formerly kept. He is well prepared to accommodate his guests, and is also provided with good stabling. He trusts his experience, and strict attention to business, will induce persons visiting the coal region to continue the liberal patronage he has heretofore received.

WILLIAM WEAVER.

Shamokin, April 19, 1850.—tf.

JAMES H. MAGEE

HAS removed from his old Stand, No. 118 Vine street, to

No. 52 Dillwyn St., (bet'n Cd'hill & Willow,)

where he has constantly on hand,

BROWN STOUT, PORTER,
Ale and Cider,

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION OR SHIPPING.

N. B.—Coloring, Bottling, Wire and Bottles, Vinegar, &c. For sale as above.

Philadelphia, April 12, 1851.—1y.

Lycoming Mutual Insurance Company.

DR. J. B. MASSER is the local agent for the above Insurance Company, in Northumberland county, and is at all times ready to effect Insurances against fire on real or personal property, or renewing policies for the same.

Sunbury, April 26, 1851.—tf.

JUSTICES' FEE BILLS. For sale by H. B. MASSER

Sunbury, April 26 1851.—

SELECT POETRY.

From the London Punch.

Last Appendix to Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle sent to town
His goods for exhibition;
Everybody ran him down,
And laughed at his position—
They thought him all the world behind;
A goney, muff or noodle;
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle,
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.
Their whole yacht squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went ahead,
And they came nowhere arter.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

O'er Panama there was a scheme
Long talked of, to pursue a
Short route—which many thought a dream
By Lake Nicaragua.
John Bull discussed the plan on foot,
With slow irresolution,
While Yankee Doodle went and put
It into execution.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A steamer of the Collins line,
A Yankee Doodle's notion,
He also quickest cut the brine,
Across the Atlantic Ocean;
And British agents, noways slow
Her merits to discover,
Have been and brought her—just to tow
The Cunard packets over.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention;
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright in agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a vulture.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yours defied
The rogues of all creation;
But Chubbs' and Bramah's Hobbs has
pick'd,
And you must now be view'd all,
As having been completely lick'd
By glorious Yankee Doodle
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, &c.

A Historical Sketch.

THE LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

A TRUE HISTORY.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived—the long, straight robe, with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

The old man was the great astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine, titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." In the midst of poverty, ridicule and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical sciences.

On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple Rheticus was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument, which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon. No shadow of a doubt remained; and overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these, His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen he wrote on the title page of his book—"Behold the work of the greatest and most perfect Artisan: the work of God himself." And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded with a collected mind to write the dedication of his book:

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III: I dedicate my work to your Holiness, in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, of Thorn."

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leant his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labor, he, in truth, needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration; it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who with slow and heavy step, ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is waiting for your proof sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor, sick people in the house waiting for you; and, besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water machine, which has stopped working, and also to see the three workmen who broke their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus; "let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was, in outward appearance, one of the most unpretending in Wernica. It was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome or Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground floor, which was open for all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and, resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney piece.

It was in this parlor that the good canon found room to tend invalids who had come to claim his assistance; dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out to Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter.—He trembled as he recognized the hand writing of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this letter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets; the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits; and the University, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman who had been charged to escort him back asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man, in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremburg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work; they cannot stop the stars in their course."

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon the town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bonda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunely, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water flowed freely into the town.—His first cares, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy man who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices; he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself, which was destined to crush him to the earth.

As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return home, he perceived among a crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all kinds of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in the exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking that he directly recognised himself, and paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the Merry Andrew, whose business it was to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions.

The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot. In the second, he explained, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his head was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of rosin. In the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicine—he spoke dog Latin to the passers by; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which he did indulge, that he finally disappeared under the table. In the fourth and closing acts he was again dragged forth to view as one accursed by God and man; and the Devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declaring his intention to punish him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity. * *

On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm. Thrice had the students of the University made an attempt to invade the printing office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all of our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts, either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen. The printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our guard for two days, the book is saved; for, let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand"—Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burnt in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. But a popular tumult might yet ruin all."

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlighted faith branded as impiety, and his self denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sunk, exhausted, to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and faith still shed its halo around the dying man.

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the *chef-d'-œuvre* of Copernicus; *this* messenger was the bode of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly exhausted, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his dying bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, glancing at its contents with his dim expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features, the book fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth, to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d of May—heaven was still lighted with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed its earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say, "The King of Creation gives the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles*, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Interesting Letter from Lady Franklin.

The following, from the Journal of Commerce, is the most interesting of all the reports of the cruize of the American expedition to the Arctic Seas:

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—This intrepid navigator, if alive, will soon enter upon his seventh winter in the polar seas. The Advance, one of the vessels fitted out from this port to rescue him and his gallant comrades from their perils, reached our harbor yesterday morning, and now lies at the Navy Yard in good condition, having lost only her bulwarks and part of her false keel, in her long and hazardous voyage. The Rescue, from which she parted in a gale on the 13th of September, is expected soon. The expedition was unsuccessful in the humane and noble object for which it was set on foot, but the generous-hearted officers who went out in the Advance still entertain hopes of the safety of the missing vessels, and trust that the beneficent exertions still in progress for their safety may be crowned with success.—We have learned from them, that there is abundant material in food and fuel, in the region in which Sir John Franklin is supposed to be, for the sustenance of his party.—It is found in the game which emigrate to the Arctic seas, and in the seal and other marine mammalia found there the latter furnishing both food and fuel.

Although the expedition has not been successful in the object for which it sailed, the effort is creditable to the humanity of the age, and should be continued until all hope is extinguished. To our fellow citizen, Mr. Henry Grinnell, a large debt of gratitude is due, for his noble and well planned endeavors. The two vessels, the Advance and the Rescue, after being prepared with great skill to resist the pressure of the ice, set sail from this port under the command of Lieut. De Haven, on the 23d of May, 1850, with orders to return to this port during this Fall. They were well fitted and equipped, and after sailing along the Greenland coast, and up Barrow's Straits, reached the rigion of Arctic discovery in the month of August, 1850. They found at Beechy Island or its vicinity, traces of Sir John Franklin, for it was here that three of his men had been buried, but nothing was ascertained to indicate the direction he took from that point, in search of the Northwest passage. An attempt was made by Lieutenant De Haven to reach the open sea, which is supposed to exist at the extreme North, but it was unsuccessful. The vessels of this expedition were within about seven hundred miles of the supposed position of the Enterprise and the Investigator, the two vessels which entered into the same seas on the opposite side of this Continent, through the straits between it and Asia.

The rapid approach of winter forced the squadron to seek for winter quarters, and they attempted to do so; but the ice gradually formed around them when off Wellinton Channel, and on the 13th Sept. 1850, they were completely fastened in. The vessels then commenced what was wholly unexpected, a northern drift, and reached by first of October the high latitude of 75,23, the highest latitude ever attained in that meridian. The drift is owing to the combined action of the wind and tide, which on the first of October, turned the vessels in a Southern direction, which they continued for the extraordinary period of nine months, and until they had floated a distance of 1070 miles. The ice about them formed one vast plain, but it was subjected to occasional and powerful disruption. On the 8th of December and 13th of January, the vessels were exposed to constant dangers, and if they had been larger, or less carefully guarded with double sides and heavy braces, their destruction would have been inevitable. The disruption was accompanied with a noise, described by the officers as resembling a Locomotive whistle; and a singular and constant pulsation of the ice, accompanied with that noise, was constantly occurring.

The drift was frequently at the rate of ten miles per hour, and occasionally the vessel would be carried near to bold and rocky promontories, from which there was much danger. Frequently when the vessel was in peril, every knapsack was filled with food, with which to retreat upon the ice, in case of the destruction of the vessels. During the eighty-one days of this hazardous time, the sun did not rise, and there was total darkness, except at mid-day, when, for a few moments, a paper could be read if held up towards the faint light that proceeded from the south. In February of this year, they were blessed with a return of daylight, which enabled their sick to take exercise upon the ice. It was then ascertained that they were ninety miles from land, and that the ice in which the vessels lay imbedded appeared to be stationary, although from astronomical observations its motion was known. On the 10th of June, by a severe explosion of the ice, the vessels were liberated, and they were once again sailing cheerfully upon the waters. Sea sickness, however,—so long had they been free from motion—soon generally prevailed.

They emerged from their imprisonment in latitude 65 30, and immediately proceeded to the Greenland settlements for fresh provisions, which were obtained to a limited extent. They again proceeded northward along the Greenland coast, leaving to the west the masses of floating ice, and penetrated again into the upper regions of Baffin's Bay. Here a new and far more threatening difficulty befel them. They were locked up in the midst of huge icebergs, which shut them out completely from a view of the horizon. Some of them were 250 feet high, and in the light of the sun, (it was now constant day,) the scene was spoken of as extremely gorgeous. They had now reached the 19th of August, and even with an open sea they could not have made Lancaster Sound before the ice would again form, and it was determined that the expedition should retrace its steps. They did so, and soon afterwards reached our port.

The officers concur in stating that the winter of those regions exceeds any cold within our conception, and they were astonished to find that the steam generated from their bodies and from cooking became condensed into water on their bedding and froze it together so that it could not easily be separated. The extensive waste of waters between the coasts of Greenland and America become cemented together by ice, and all the region including Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and the Straits of Belle Isle become choked up, and but for the Gulf stream, it would belt in New Foundland.

Such is the region through which numerous, expensive and well planned enterprises have been sent by various Governments at different times within the last two centuries for the purpose of navigating around the northern coast of America, into the Pacific Ocean, and now two vessels, the Enterprise and the Investigator, before spoken of, are endeavoring to make the passage from the opposite direction, and in the hope of finding the veteran navigator, whose fate enlists so warmly the benevolent interest of all commercial nations. The voyages of Ross, of Parry, of Back, and former voyages of Franklin, are deeply interesting, and there is now a commercial motive for prosecuting them, which did not until lately prevail.—The whalers are now obliged to proceed northward, through the passage between Asia and America, for supplies of oil, within seven or eight hundred miles of the supposed locality of Sir John Franklin. This fact will stimulate the spirit of discovery on the Pacific side to an extent beyond what now exists.

One of the remarkable facts attending the expeditions last made through Barrow's straits—the British and the one in question—is this, that they commenced wintering within 15 miles of each other, a fact that was unknown, until the arrival of the expedition in this port, where tidings were obtained of the place of wintering and of the unexpected return of the British vessels.—We have the materials on hand for a more extended notice of the expedition, but we omit it to day, in order to make room for the deeply interesting letter of Lady Franklin, whose earnest efforts in the important duty which has devolved upon her, have done so much to enlist the sympathy of the civilized world in her behalf, and in behalf of her distinguished husband. It is highly creditable to the management of the expedition that although exposed to severe sickness and to vast perils, not a single man has been lost, and the vessels were but slightly damaged prior to the gale in September.—The following are extracts from Lady Franklin's letter:

21 BEDFORD PLACE, LONDON,
Sept. 12 1851.

MY DEAR MR. GRINNELL:—I write to you in much agitation and confusion of mind, which you will not wonder at when you hear that Captain Penny, with his two ships, has returned, and announces the approaching return of Capt. Austin's squadron, after being out for only half the period for which they were equipped.

* * * * * * *

Capt. Penny's letter is to-day before the Board of Admiralty, urging them in the strongest terms to despatch instantly a powerful steamer to Wellington Channel, in which quarter, to the north west, he has discovered the passage which there can be scarcely a doubt the ships have taken since it is the only opening they have found anywhere, and hundreds of miles of coast have been explored in the lower western direction to Cape Walker, Bank's Land, and Melville Island, without a trace of them. Driftwood in considerable quantities has come out of this north west channel, and also a small bit of rather fresh English elm, which Penny pronounces must have belonged to our ships, and was probably thrown overboard.

Thus the right track of the north west passage and the course of the missing ships are identical; and I can only regret that our squadron was not told they might attempt the making of the passage if they could, for in that case we should have had no abandoning of the search till many more struggles had been made to get into Behring Straits. The barrier of ice in Wellington Channel did not break up last year, nor had done so this, when Penny left; but his explorations, which extended to 180 miles from the entrance, were made beyond it in boat sledges; 60 miles beyond this he saw water with land standing to the northwest. I can hardly conceive how he could resist following the open water which he saw beyond him, and which he is convinced leads into the so much talked of Polar basin. He is also convinced, with Dr. Kane, that there is a better climate in those more northern latitudes, with more natural resources of food and fuel: some proofs of which he brings forward. We have every reason, then, to hope that some of our lost friends and countrymen may yet be able to support life in this region, though unable to return by the way which they came; and the absense of any traces of them north of Cape Innes, on the east side of Wellington channel, proves nothing at all against it, since they were not likely to linger on their way to examine shores and islands, but would push on as fast as possible while the opportunity favored them; and the next traces to be found would probably be their second winter quarters.

In confirmation of this view, Penny tells me that there are signs of their first winter encampment at Bachey Island, &c., of their having left it suddenly: and that the summer of 1846, though extremely unfavorable to the whalers, who, on account of the prevailing winds, could not cross over to the west side of Baffin's Bay, must have been quite the reverse to our navigators. You may imagine in what state of anxiety and agitation we are; till we learn the decision of the Admiralty on the appeal now made to them. I have written a strong letter also, and I know what Sir F. Beaufort, Capt. Hamilton and Mr. Barron, who are all at their posts, will allege the necessity of prompt measures with all their powers. Should we fail, we must look to America alone as our resource. To you will belong all the virtue and credit of continuing the search when our own countrymen fail, and to you will belong the honor and glory of succoring the distressed and settling forever that vexed question, which for centuries it has been the ambition of Europe, and of England in particular to solve. I cannot abandon my husband and my countrymen to their fate just at the very moment when the pathway to them has been found; and, if need be, my coming to the United States would help in engaging the active and energetic sympathies of your countrymen, painful, in many respects, as this trial would be, I would brace up my courage to the proof.

But my head is growing weak, and my health is sinking, and then I have a beloved sister, (not to mention an aged father, who is not now in a state to be conscious of my absence,) whom it would almost break my heart to leave. I am sure you will tell me, with all your accustomed truth, and candor, and kindness, what is your view of this point, in case the Admiralty fail me.

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It appears that it was Capt. Austin's intention to look into Wellington Channel himself, and also into Jones's Sound, before he returned home; but as to the former, Penny says, he will find the ice impassable, so that he will be sure not to be able, as an eye witness, to see the opening. Nothing, perhaps, could penetrate it in its present state, but the 400 horse power steamer, and that cannot be done this year, though Penny says, if the steamer could be ready to sail in three weeks or a month from hence, he thinks he could still get her up to Lancaster Sound this season, or at any rate, to some convenient locality, which would enable him to commence early operations next Spring. I intended writing much more to you about your own two gallant ships, and their Winter of almost unparalleled anxiety, but as I wish to address a few lines to Judge Kane, I believe I must forbear, and refer you to my note to him, which I shall enclose and leave open. Capt. Penny has studded the northern part of Wellington Channel with your names, and the names of our brave and generous allies in your ships. I am greatly pressed for time, having more writing than I can possibly get through. Believe me, dear Mr. Grinnell, ever, most truly and respectfully yours,

JANE FRANKLIN.

A YOUNG white female, of delicate, fairly-formed features, named Julia Ann Smith, and a black, ugly, dirty African, named Alfred Pumphrey, have been arrested in Baltimore, for living together illegally. Poverty drove her to the act.

A CONTRACTOR on the Michigan and New Albany Railroad, is reported to have absconded with $6000, and leaving a debt of $100.

THERE has been a machine for polishing boots on exhibition at the Lowel Fair. This we consider a most useful, though an humble invention.

THEY are beginning to manufacture whiskey from the tomato. The delightful vegetable could not be converted to worse use.

MACHINE POETRY.—The Detroit Free Press is responsible for the following:

"The telegraph wires
Are awful liars!"

All the Ohio Railroads which are fully opened, are paying 10 per cent, on their stock.

A heavier vote will probably be polled in Hamilton county, Ohio, this year than ever before.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER'S throat is seriously affected.

COPPER mining is carried on to some extent in Adams county.

DESTRUCTIVE Fires have laid waste woods near Millville, N. J.

THE Jews have establish[illegible] in Wheeling