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THE DAILY NATIONAL WHIG,

IS published in the City of Washington, every day, at 3 o'clock, P. M.—Sunday excepted—and served to subscribers in the City, at the Navy Yard, in Georgetown, in Alexandria, and in Baltimore, the same evening at 6¼ cents a week, payable to the Sole Agent for the Whig, G. L. Gillchrest, Esq., or his order. It is also mailed to any part of the United States for $4 per annum, or $2 for six months, payable in advance.

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The NATIONAL WHIG is what its name indicates it speaks the sentiments of the Whig party of the Union on every question of public policy. It advocates the election to the Presidency of Zachary Taylor, subject to the decision of a Whig National Convention. It makes war to the knife upon all the measures and acts of the Administration deemed to be averse to the interests of the country, and exposes without fear or favor the corruptions of the party in power. Its columns are open to every man in the country, for the discussion of political or any other questions.

In addition to politics a large space in the National Whig will be devoted to the publications up on Agriculture, Mechanics, and other useful arts, Science in general, Law, Medicine, Statistics, &c. A weekly list of the Patents issued by the Patent Office will likewise be published—the whole forming a complete family newspaper.

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Lancaster, June, 4th 1847. 4tf

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Lancaster June 18, 1844. 5

Miscellaneous.

A Christian Woman.

A worldly man was with his friends in a coffee house, wine had inflamed the heads and loosened the tongues of the guests. Each sketched the character of his wife, and enumerated her defects as well as her good qualities. "As to mine," said our worldling, "all that I could say in her praise would fall far below the truth. My wife unites all the virtues, all the amiable qualities which I can desire. She would be perfect if she were not a Methodist. But her piety gives her no ill-humor, nothing disturbes her equanimity; nothing irritates her nor renders her impatient. I might, go with you, getlemen at midnight and ask her to serve us with supper, and she would not show the least discontent. She would do the honors of the table with as much assiduity as if I brought loved and long expected guests."

"Well, then! let us put your wife to the proof," said some of the company.

A considerable bet was made. The husband agreed to the proposal, and our wine drinkers, forgetting all propriety, went in the middle of the night, to invade, with their noisy mirth, the peaceful dwelling of the humble Christian.

'Where is my wife?" asked the master of the house of the servant who opened the door.

—"Sir, she is asleep, long ago."

—"Go, wake her, and tell her to prepare supper for me and my friends."

The wife, obedient to the will of her husband, quickly made her toilet, met the strangers and received them in the most gracious manner. "Fortunately," said she, "I have some provisions in my house, and in a few minutes supper will be ready."

The table was spread, and the repast served. The pious lady did the honors of the table with perfect good will, and constantly bestowed upon her guests the most polite attentions.

This was too much for our drinkers.—They could not help admiring such extraordinary equanimity. One of them, (the soberest of the company) spoke, when the dessert was brought in, and said: "Madam, your politeness amazes us. Our sudden appearance at your house at so unseasonale an hour, is owing to a wager. We have lost it, and we do not complain. But tell us how it is possible that you, a pious person, should treat with so much kindness persons whose conduct you cannot approve.'

"Gentlemen," she replied, "when we were married, my husband and myself, we both lived in dissipation. Since that time it has pleased the Lord to convert me to himself. My husband, on the contrary, continues to go on in ways of worldliness. I tremble for his future state.—If he should die now he would be to be pitied. As it is impossible for me to save him from the punishment which awaits him in the world to come, if he is not converted, I must apply myself at least to render his present life as agreeable as possible."

These words affected strongly the whole company, and made a deep impression on the husband. "Dear wife," said he, "you are then anxious about the fate that awaits me in eternity. Thanks, a thousand thanks for the warning which you give me. By the grace of God I will try to change my conduct."

He was true to his promise. He opened his heart to the gospel, and became from that day another man,—a sincere christian and the best of husbands.

"Christian wives who have the misfortune to be united to infidel husbands," adds the narrator, "read and read again this anecdote. See how minds are gained to the gospel. Complaints and reproaches, however well founded, do not restore peace to the household; often the contrary, they irritate and increase the evil. Be then full of meekness, patience charity, and the Lord will bless your efforts."

The Wise and Good Police Officer.

Passing from the office of the *Prisoner's Friend* to the neighborhood of Fort Hill and Broad street, one day last week, seeking a place for a poor child whose mother is in prison and whose father is dead, noticing the poor dwellings and seeing some of the wretched inhabitants, the thought came to my mind that I seldom found persons in our jail from that part of the city. I was perplexed to know why it was so. Meeting soon after the police officer who was stationed in that neighborhood, I observed to him that I seldom found persons in jail from his district, and that probably he did not have much to do. He soon explained to me why it was so. He informed me that when he was first stationed there, he took a list of all the poor families, and of their number of children. He then gave them good advice. If they were in want he assisted them; if intoxicated he had a room to which he took them, and kept them until they became quiet and sober. Last Thanksgiving week he collected one hundred and sixty-five dollars, purchased provisions, and distributed them among the poor. The natural consequence of this generous course has been, that they look upon him as a friend, benefactor and father. Not one of them has ever insulted him, or even given him a saucy word, and he has been among them a year.—Seldom has he any occasion to confine them. Usually they comply with his wishes as soon as they are spoken to.—Like the other police officers, he was furnished by the high sheriff with the usual means of confining the hands of the prisoners, but he has never had occasion to use them.

The name of this excellent officer is LYSANDER RIPLEY. He is a wise and good police officer. Could a sufficient number of such persons be constantly employed in Boston, our prisons would soon be useless, our courts would be vacated, our sheriffs would be unemployed, poverty would be diminished, and crime would be prevented. It is much better to pay for preventing than for punishing crime.—*Prisoner's Friend.*

A Christian Colony.

Mrs. Child, in giving the history of a little colony of unsophisticated New England christians, which emigrated to, and settled many years since in Michigan, thus touchingly, eloquently and graphically describes their faith, their trials and their ultimate triumph, over the selfish and sensual, by the power of kindness. —*Queen City.*

Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens, they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and things prospered under their hands.—But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers, believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, 'You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, 'We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvest?' "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, 'Neighbor, your cows have been in my field, I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at *their* chickens." Thus was the evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

At the end of ten years, the public land, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price; which at that time was $1,25 per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unsually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equality would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the very verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in, at seventeen, twenty-five and thirty dollars an acre. The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold, at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale they observed, with grateful surprise that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating—Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute.—They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go at the government price.

The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered $1,25 intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, *not one over bid them!* Without an opposing voice the fair acres returned to them. I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence, I listened to this unlettered back woodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do, said I, if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" We should give him food when hungry, shelter when cold, and always treat him as a brother." Would not this process attract such characters?—How would you avoid being overrun with them? Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard handed laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant ladened with pearls. Again I repeat money is *not* wealth.

☞"I expect," said a young physician just entering on the practice of medicine, "to see a good many death beds." "No doubt," said his friend, "if you have much practice."

The Landing of Black Pomp and a Cargo of Horses.

Reader! Did you ever see a cargo of horses thrown overboard from a ship?—The scene would remind you of your first buffalo hunt; and when the wind is fresh and the waves run high, it possesses something of the sublime confusion of a 'stampede." The anchorage is half a mile from shore. The horses are taken to the ship's side, one end of a long cord attached, to their necks, the other thrown to the waterman alongside, when they are tossed overboard, drawn to the stern of a boat, and towed to land. The horses come up from their plunge stark mad and disposed to mischief. The wildest ragamuffin race of watermen throng about the ship, eager for the prizes as they are tossed to them. Between the shouting, laughing, racing and fighting of the boatmen, and the efforts of the horses to break away from them, the confusion becomes laughable in the extreme.

Occasionally an animal slips his halter, when the chase is up, and fifty boats after him on the instant—a man in the bow of each, using his long cord as a lasso, now throwing at the head of the horse, now at the head of some boatman, who is outstripping him, and equally contented if he throttles the man or halters the horse.

There was a little incident while the Galveston was unladen of her horses yesterday that would have pleased you.—Young Col B. had a fine charger on board, of which he had told wonderful stories during he passage; and as both the Colonel and his horse had become favorites among the passengers, all assembled on the upper guard to see Black Pomp tossed overboard. He was a noble fellow, black as a coal and fierce as an Arab. He dashed the sailors and ostlers about at a fearful rate, and seemed indignant at the idea of being tossed into the sea in so rude a manner. But at last, looking up to his master as much as to ask if it must be done, and seeming to understand that it must, he dashed two hostlers to the deck with a swing of his head, kicked an old tar into the scuppers, and rearing violently, cleared the waist at a bound, and plunged head formost into the sea.

He came to the surface of the water, the fiercest living thing you ever saw.—His eyes gleamed with living fire, and he seemed determined to walk upon the water. One old boatman approached timidly to take his halter, but a gnash of his teeth sent the old man tumbling into the stern of his boat, and the horse struck off resolutely for the shore, with the whole shoal of boats at his heels. It was a desperate chase; a musquito fleet of watermen against Black Pomp, the charger. Some of the men threw their lassos at his head, with the precision of practiced hunters; but the horse seemed to know his danger, and carried his head top low to be noosed. For a time the issue was doubtful. But all the boats were at last distanced, except one, that kept its place close to the animal's haunches. He tried his rear batteries upon the enemy, but could not elevate his heels to do much execution, and struggled forward the more desperately.

The chase had become exciting. The boatmen that had been run off the track began to gratify their grand passion, and lay bets up the result; the rabble of boys on the beach yelled like so many young devils, and Col. B. cheered on his steed from the ship with the genuine soldier's enthusiasm. The horse evidently heard his voice at times, and would turn his head to look at him. The noble animal carried with him the sympathies of every one. The drop of an oar would have been hailed with a general shout.—But the boatmen gained upon him. The bowman's hand was almost upon his mane and every body had given him up to the halter, when rearing half his body from the water, Black Pomp turned upon the boat, and struck her a blow in the bow with his fore foot, that made the timbers crack again. The waterman drew back and gave up the chase; the crowd of lookers on sent up a shout to the victor that startled the buzzards from their resting places on the most distant spire of the city, and Pomp swam to the shore unmolested. He pranced about in the surf for a few minutes, evidently proud of his victory, and then, like a well trained war horse, walked up quietly to his master's servant, and gave his head to the bridle. Black Pomp has become the lion of the camp.—*Letter from an Officer.*

Emigration to Liberia.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 3, 1847.

The Liberia packet sailed on her second voyage this morning at 12 o'clock. She carried out eighty emmigrants, mostly from this State & Virginia. At 10 o'clock religious services were performed on board by the Rev. Mr. Payne, (a colored man,) the pastor of the Bethel Church of this city, which were attended by a large concourse of people, who appeared greatly interested. The packet has a full cargo of freight, and was not able to take all that was offered She more than meets our most sanguine expectations.—If no untoward event occurs betwhen this and the close of her first year, the managers will be able to declare a very handsome dividend to the stockholders. The influence which she is exerting upon the colored population is also very encouraging. During the last forty-eight hours some twenty persons in this city offered themselves as emmigrants, of whose intentions nothing had been previously known.

We expect the packet to return in time to sail on her third voyage on the 1st day of January, 1848. Yours respectfully,

Nat. Intelligencer. W. McLAIN.

THE CHINES JUNK.—The N. Y. Gazette says: Owing to the recent difficulties between the officers and crew of the Junk, the latter consisting of 26 Chinese, have abandoned their vessel and taken up their quarters at the Sailor's Home in Cherry street. The vessel has also been libelled, and will not be able to leave for some time, as advertised.

Political.

Political Economy.

INTERESTING STATISTICS FROM "SEAMAN'S PROGRESS OF NATIONS."

We noticed, a few day's since, the publication of a Supplement to that valuable work, "Seamen's Progress of Nations." In these additional pages we find many interesting Facts and Statistics, brought together by the author and placed before the reader in a simpe and convenient form.

From these statistics we select his estimate of the average prices of Wheat, Indian Corn, Oats, and Potatoes, per bushel, from 1840 to 1846 inclusive, in each of the United States, at the nearest market towns to the places of production, to which the same may be taken without any expense to the producer, except his own labor and the use of his teams.

New Eng'd. States	*Wheat.*	*Ind. Corn.*	*Oats*	*Potatoes.*
Maine	$1 12½	0 66⅔	0 33½	0 20
New Hampshire	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 20
Vermont	1 12½	0 62½	0 30	0 20
Massachusetts	1 12½	0 66⅔	0 33½	0 25
Rhode Island	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 25
Connecticut	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 25
Middle States.				
N. York-South Dis.	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 25
do. North do.	0 87½	0 45	0 30	0 20
New Jersey	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 25
Penn.—East Dist.	1 12½	0 62½	0 33½	0 25
do. West do	0 87½	0 40	0 25	0 20
Delaware	1 00	0 60	0 33½	0 25
Maryland	1 00	0 50	0 33½	0 25
Southern States.				
Virginia-East Dist.	1 00	0 50	0 33½	0 25
do West do.	0 50	0 15	0 15	0 20
North Carolina	1 00	0 40	0 30	0 20
South Carolina	1 00	0 30	0 30	0 20
Georgia	1 00	0 25	0 30	0 25
Alabama	1 00	0 25	0 30	0 25
Florida	1 12½	0 30	0 30	0 30
West & S. W. States.				
Mississippi	1 12½	0 25	0 30	0 25
Louisiana	1 12½	0 37½	0 33½	0 40
Arkansas	1 00	0 25	0 30	0 25
Tennessee	0 50	0 15	0 15	0 20
Kentucky	0 50	0 15	0 15	0 25
Missouri	0 40	0 15	0 15	0 20
Ohio	0 55	0 20	0 15	0 15
Indiana	0 45	0 15	0 15	0 15
Illinois	0 45	0 15	0 15	0 15
Michigan	0 55	0 25	0 20	0 15
Wisconsin	0 45	0 20	0 15	0 15
Iowa	0 40	0 15	0 15	0 15

When we take into consideration the great cost of transporting produce, and the incidental expenses of storage, forwarding, insurance, wharfage, commissions, risk of spoiling and damage, &c. we can readily account for the great difference in prices of produce in different parts of the United States. The convenience of water-carriage by rivers, lakes, &c. and internal improvements, has also great effect on the prices of those articles of produce to which the soil and climate of particular sections are adapted. Thus we can account for the difference in prices in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, compared with Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Western Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, &c.

It has been estimated by a distinguished British writer that a deficiency in the wheat crop of Great Britain of *one-tenth* would raise the price of the whole crop *three-tenths*, and a surplus of *one-tenth* would depress the price of the whole crop *three-tenths*, and so in like proportion; so that a deficient crop will actually sell for considerable more money than an abundant crop yielding a large surplus. This is most clearly illustrated in the case of cotton exported from the United States: 653 millions of pounds of cotton, of the crop of 1842, were sold in 1844 for nearly five millions of dollars more than 792 millions of pounds brought the previous year, and over two millions of dollars more thon 863½ millions of pounds brought the year following.

In estimating the causes of the great disparity in the prices of products in different countries, we must look first to the fact whether the country produces a surplus, or produces less than the inhabitants need: if the former, to what market it can be sent, at what expense, and at what prices it can be sold; and if the latter whence it can derive supplies, and at what cost of transportation. For instance, Vermont, though an agricultural State, produces for each of its inhabitants, according to the census of 1840, less than two bushels of Wheat, less than one of Rye, and less than three of Indian Corn; and must therefore import Flour or Grain; while Ohio produced for each of its inhabitants (according to the returns of 1840, for the previous year, over ten bushels of Wheat, over half a bushel of Rye, and about 22 bushels of Indian Corn; and had therefore a large surplus to export. Ohio sent her products mostly to the New York market, via the Erie Canal and the Hudson River, and the produce got the New York prices—say $5 per barrel on Flour, less about $2,-25 for cost and expenses and profits of sending it to market and selling it, while the people of Vermont were obliged to send to Albany or Troy for a portion of their Flour—pay about $5 per barrel for it, beside about 75 cents for the cost and expenses of obtaining it; and this raised the price of all the Flour made in that State to the same standard—so the Vermont farmer got more than twice as much for his Wheat, and three times as much for his indian Corn, as the Ohio Farmer. All these facts are taken into consideration in estimating the average prices of products in the States. They serve to show the effect on the prices of produce and the advantages to the farmer of a mining, manufacturing or commercial population in his vicinity, to create an increased demand for its products.

Though Indian Corn in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, is put down in the foregoing Table at 15 cents per bushel, yet it is done out of deference to the high estimates of Professor Tucker, who has put it in Tennessee at 25 cents, and in the other four States at 20 cents per bushel. Mr. Seaman thinks that the Corn crop of those States cannot be worth, on an average, over 12½ cents per bushel; and in many interior districts it often will not sell for more than 8 or 10 cents per bushel. The Prices Current often show the fact that their Oats and Potates bear higher prices than Indian Corn in the Western and South-western States.

The official average prices of Produce in France in 1841 were: For Wheat, per bushel, $1 05; Indian Corn 62 cents, Oats 40 cents, and Potatoes 14 cents per bushel. These prices are below the average prices of Grain in our manufacturing States on the sea-board, and show that we cannot export either Grain or Flour to France when her products are abundant.—*New York Tribune.*

Another Historical Example.

We cited the reader in our last, to the long forbearance of our Revolutionary Presidents in former wars and in the controversy with the French Directory, and the repugnance manifested by them to the adoption of measures of a warlike character. We especially called attention to the language of Mr. Madison, in "submitting the solemn question of war to the legislative departments of Government, to which it legitimately belonged." We instanced these historical examples, by way of instituting a comparison between the conduct of our forefathers and that of Mr. Polk's Administration—the one distinguished by a dignified forbearance and wise love of peace; the other by testiness, feverish impatience, and an apparent eagerness to involve the country in bloody strife. We have since met with another historical example, as given by the *Richmond Whig.*

In 1805, the United States and Spain, became involved in an unfriendly controversy. During its existence, Louisiana was purchased and made part of the Union. This increased the dissatisfaction of Spain, and a question of boundary arose in an effort to settle which Mr. Monroe spent five months in Madrid. He did not succeed. Spain threatened "*to advance on our poesessions* until repressed by an opposition force." Under far greater provocation than that shown by Mexico towards Mr. Polk's administration, what course did President Jefferson adopt? Did he order his Generals to march into the Spanish possessions? Did he usurp the prerogative of Congress, and begin the war without the knowledge or consent of that body? Here is the account of his actions as given by the Whig:

Mr. Jefferson took the same view of his power as Chief Magistrate, which the Whigs now insist that Mr. Polk should have taken, and which had they been adopted by him, for his guidance, would unquestionably have prevented the war in which we are now engaged; or, if not, it would have given it the sanction of constitutional authority, the want of which is one of the principal grounds of attack upon its usurping authors. What is that reason? "Considering (said Mr. Jefferson) that CONGRESS ALONE *is constitutionally invested with the power of changing your condition from peace to War,* I have thought it MY DUTY TO AWAIT THEIR AUTHORITY FOR USING FORCE, in any degree which could be avoided. I have barely instructed the officers stationed in the neighborhood to protect our citizens from violence, to patrol *within the borders actually delivered to us, and not go out of them* but when necessary to repel an inroad, or to rescue a citizen or his property." Such was the tone of policy adopted by the Apostle, whose disciple Mr. Polk professes to be—and that, too, although as he stated to Congress, the circumstances then existing required prompt action—the crisis in Europe being, as he remarked, favorable for pressing a settlement, in making which not a moment should be lost. But yet, though speedy action was necessary, he properly declined usurping a power expressly withheld from him by the Constitution to which he had solemnly sworn to conform his action. He declined, because in his own words, "the course to be pursued will require the means which *it belongs to Congress exclusively* to yield or deny. To them (he continues,) I communicate every fact material for their information, and the documents necessary to enable them to judge for themselves. To *their wisdom* then, I look for the course I am to pursue; and will pursue, with sincere zeal, *that which they shall approve.*"

Nothing can be clearer than, that Mr. Polk has turned short out of the well beaten path trod by the statesmen of '76 and 1812. His way was hedged in by constitutional guards and restrictions. But for his own political advantage, or party purposes, or from the foolish desire to distinguish his administration, James K. Polk has broken down all constitutional barriers, usurped the prerogatives of the people's representatives, and involved the country in a bloody and expensive war.

IMPROVED MANNERS.—The *Union* at Washington, and the *Statesman* at Columbus, after having employed much ink and time in calling the Whigs "Federalists" and "Mexicans," have quietly dropped into the habit of calling them 'Whigs'—their right name. No one can say after this, that the press is not improving. It is evidence of better morals and better manners, than these organs of democracy have ever before exhibited. Have the elections any thing to do with the improvement.—*Cin. Chron.*

☞We learn from the Pittsburg Journal that there is a prospectus in circulation, for the publication of a newspaper to be called *The Crisis*, and which is to be published at Moundsville, Va. It is to advocate anti-slavery principles, upon the ground of religion, morality and expediency. This is a bold effort and demonstrates that there is no institution that a free press is not bold enough to beard in its chosen home.

THE BRUTE FORCE OF ENGLAND.—An exchange paper says that the strength of the English war force is 30,000 cavalry, 180,000 infantry 14,000 artillery, 30,000 marines, and 100,000 militia—in all, 354,-000.' Yes, and the worst of it is, all this enormous strength is expended in breaking the backs and pinching the bellies of hard-working, industrious men, women and children, who have to maintain it.—*Christian Citizen.*

WILLIAM H. POLK.—The attempt of the Union to humbug the people in reference to the self-sacrifice and devoted patriotism of the brother of President Polk, in resigning his chargeship to Naples, which they represent as one of the most agreeable courts of Europe, for the purpose of accepting a military commission, which exposes him to the hardships and dangers of the Mexican campaign, has excited the indignation of the editor of the New York Tribune, who exposes in the most admirable manner, the motives which are at the bottom of the whole transaction. The following is a portion of his article:

After a visit of two years to the continent and some months to the city of Naples, improved in health, manners, and knowledge of the world, Mr. Wm. H, Polk returns home—and for what? The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times suggests a reason: *because it was impossible to live in Europe on the salary attached to the mission at Naples.* This is the assigned reason of a friendly newspaper—an organ of his party, and an eulogist of himself. Many gentlemen could live in Europe for $4,500 per annum, with besides as much for an outfit: it is very possible that the brother of Mr. President Polk could not, and it is very probable that he has not. But this is no affair of ours.

It is an affair of ours, however, and of the public generally to object to such gross imposition upon the understanding, as to be called upon to eulogize the conduct of an individual who leaves a position which he cannot support even on a liberal allowance, and seeks another where emoluments, though less in sum, are really greater in comparative advantages, and whose duration can be with more certainty calculated upon.

Encourage Your Own Mechanics.

We conceive it to be a duty of the citizens of every town, to encourage their own Mechanics; and we heartily concur in the observations of a cotemporary, that the disposition cannot be too much rebuked, let it exist in every town it may, to send to distant places for products, which could be equally well furnished by the mechanics of their own town. This will apply to nations as well as towns. No one thing can be more positively injurious to the real interest of a town than to go over the heads of its mechanics, and buy elsewhere. It takes out of the place money which justly belongs at home. It discourages and drives away honest and enterprising mechanics. It prevents them from advancing in prosperity, so as to add to the success of their own town.—Wherever you see poor mechanics, you will be very sure to see a poor town. The prosperity of both are identified.

We regret to believe that there are people who think that no article can be good for any thing, unless it be an imported one. Such persons are enemies to the towns in which they live. They do what they can to retard its progress, and discourage its citizens It is wholly wrong unjust and foolish. Every real friend to the place in which he lives should do all he can to encourage its mechanics, and he who has a correct conception of the duties of a neighbor and a true American citizen, will ever take pleasure in doing so, and not run after everything that is foreign, from the foolish idea that by so doing it renders him a man of the *ton*, by such an act of deep injustice to his own fellow citizens.

Another Invention.

The Pittsburgh Journal has examined an invention made by Mr. Lilly of that city, in connection with Dr. Colton, which seems to challenge attention, not only for the ingenuity which it displays, but the useful results which it promises. The machine is a small locomotive, and is placed upon a circular railroad, around which it is driven by electricity. The power is applied, not to the locomotive but the *track*, and herein consists the novelty of the discovery. Two currents of electricity, negative, and positive, are applied to the rails, and from thence communicate with the engine. The latter is provided with two magnets, which by a process of alternate attraction and repulsion, drive the car over the track. A piece of lead was placed on the locomotive, making in all a weight of about ten pounds and on the application of the battery, the machine moved with astonishing rapidity up the plain inclined about five degrees. Heretofore the propelling power has been used on the car itself—in this instance, however, the power is placed on the rails, and an an engineer might remain in one town, and with his battery send a locomotive and train to any distance required.

John Bull Handsomely Hoaxed.

The Liverpool Mercury, July 20th, under the head of 'Life in the west,' gives numerous scraps for its Catalogue of Horrors, culled in the American papers, received by the Cambria steamear then just arrived, and among others, the following from the Bristol [R. I.) Phœnix:

A few days since a person was seen in our jail by Dr. Holmes, who had been confined for several months without a stich of clothing to cover his nakedness. From extreme weakness he is unable to talk; and cannot therefore, tell what his sufferings were. He frequently vents his sufferings by tears and sobs, but not a word of complaint has escaped from his lips.'

About the time this appeared in the Bristol paper, news being somewhat scarce in R. Island, and after the editor had gleaned all the items of news from his exchanges, his devil still called for copy; when the birth of a child in prison, furnished a happy opportunity for the editor to eke out a column, which has so choked our kind friend over the water.

BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.—A German wife gave birth to a fine healthy boy on Thursday morning last, in the cars near Rochester. Although no ticket had been purchased for him, he was allowed free passage to the end of the line. This is the first instance on record—*Alb. Jour.*