(*From the Hartford Religious Herald.*)

THE AWAKENING.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.

Wife. Thou hast slept well?

Husband. As never before. Not even in childhood did I experience such a deep, soft, refreshing slumber. My old father—thou remembered him well—when he stepped into the room in the morning, where we were waiting for him, used to say in answer to our inquiry how he had slept, "like the blessed." Like the blessed, I might say, have I slept; or rather, like the blessed have I awakened. I feel myself newly quickened; as if all weariness, and all need of sleep, were gone forever. Such vigor is in my limbs, such elasticity in my movements, that I believe I could fly, if I would.

W. And you are pleased with this place?

H. Indeed, I must say, we have been in many a beautiful place together; but this is wonderful and beautiful beyond description. What trees! actually heaven-high! They bear blossoms and fruit together. Their branches swaying to the morning wind, cause the tree-tops all to give forth melody, as if a host of feathered singers dwelt in them. Behind the trees the mountains tower up. Their majestic forms rigidly defined in the pure air, and here and there glowing with all the hues of sunrise and sunset, stretch along their sides, or float over their summits. Upon the highest peak, out of a milk-white, translucent, skimming mist there spring, as it were, the gates and towers, and palaces, of a splendid city. From this peak nearest us, there seems to gush a mighty water, which I may call a sea rather than a stream, and which, nevertheless, leaps down the numerous terraces of the mountain, not with fearful roaring, but with a melodious sound. Wide about us are sprinkled the drops which water the trees and flowers, and impart a delicious coolness to the air, making it ecstacy to breathe here. Look, too, at this bank whereon we stand! How luxuriantly and thickly strewn with wonderful flowers. We wander over it, and yet the spires of grass are not broken, nor the flowers crushed by our footsteps. 'Tis a solitary place; yet on all sides vistas open to us, and the horizon tempts us ever further and further on.

W. Hast thou seen all this often before, or dost thou see it to-day for the first time?

H. Notwithstanding all is so homelike to me here, and though everything greets me as something long beloved, yet when I think of it, I must say no, I have never been here before.

W. And dost thou not wonder to see me again at thy side?

H. Indeed, and hast thou not, somehow, always been near me?

W. In a certain sense, I have; but in another, not so. 'Tis long since thine eyes have seen me. I disappeared from them once.

H. Ah! now there sweeps over my memory as it were a dark cloud—days of anxiety, and nights spent in weeping—only the painful thoughts and emotions which so recently absorbed me. Now they elude my grasp; I cannot distinctly comprehend them; they appear to me something mysterious.

W. Think on the fourteenth of February.

H. Now, it is all clear to me. It was near noon. Four days hadst thou been sick. We had feared much for thee, but still had hope. Suddenly a faintness came over thee; thou didst lean thy head upon my breast; didst sink back with a deep sigh; thou diedst—yes, it is all over, thou art dead.

W. I am dead; and yet see, I live.

H. If thou art dead, and if I see thee, then do I really dream?

W. Thou dreamest not, for thou art awake.

H. O, art thou sent down from heaven to earth, that I should see thee again for a short time, and then anew through long years lament thy disappearance?

W. No; henceforth we shall never separate. I am indeed sent to thee, but not down upon the earth. Look around thee here; where upon earth hast thou seen such trees, such waters? Look at thyself; thou didst go about yonder bowed beneath the weight of years. Now thou art young again. Thou dost not walk, thou floatest; thine eyes not only see, but see immeasurably far. Look inward upon thyself; hast it always been with thy heart as now?

H. Within me is a deep, unfathomable, ever-swelling, and yet entirely still and peaceful sea. Yes, when I look about me here, and when I feel thy hand in mine—then I must say I am blessed—I am in heaven.

W. Thou art.

H. And then must I be actually dead.

W. Thou art. Hast thou not lain sick in that very chamber where I died, and whither thou didst long to be brought. Has not thy son, day and night, without leaving thy side, sincerely and tenderly nursed thee? Hast thou not, by day and night, found open the blue eye of thy daughter, in which she vainly strove to hold back the forth-swelling tears? Was there not then a deep mist and utter darkness spread over the faces of thy children, and over everything around thee?

H. I AM DEAD! Lord of life and death, upon my knees I thank thee, that thou hast fulfilled this so great thing in me; that thou hast led me to such great happiness—to such great honor; *dead, and happy to be dead!* Thou knowest, O Lord, how often that moment stood before me; how often I have prayed that thou thyself, since I was not able to do it, wouldst prepare me for that hour; that thou wouldst send me soft, blessed death. Now, O Lord, that thou hast heard this, as all my other prayers, thou hast in this, as in all things, eternally shown thyself gracious and pitiful. What stood before me is now over. Truly, though dead, I have not yet learned exactly what death is, but this much I know; death is sweet. As one bears a sleeping child out of a dark chamber into a bright spring garden, so hast thou borne me from earth to heaven. But now, loved one, hold me no longer back.

W. Whither wouldst thou go?

H. Canst thou ask? To whom else but to Him? All is beautiful and lovely here; these trees, these flowers, this down-streaming water, this coolness, which breathes over flowers and trees, and deep into my heart; thyself, thy presence, which, after so long a separation, after so many tears, I enjoy again. But not even all this satisfies me. HIMSELF I must see.—Let him adorn his heavens as beautifully as he may, that cannot compensate for the loss of his presence. What was impossible he has made possible; so long, so unweariedly, so faithfully has he worked in me, that I might be capable of bliss. Even before I was born he chose. Where is the little earth? Yonder it spins, how far from here! In what darkness it is veiled! I would not return to it! He has condescended to go down thither, has trod its dust with his sacred feet, has endured hunger and thirst, and died! Ah! he will quicken my vision, that I may pierce deeper than heretofore, the abyss of his death pains. There he won me for his own, and that I, his dearly-purchased one, should not again be lost to him, he has from my earliest years given me his ceaseless care. Much that he has done for me have I already learned upon the earth, now I know more, and I shall no more still in the future, when together we recount the whole. But now I have no time for this. Emotion within me is too strong, my heart will burst; I must away to him, see him, thank him—if I am capable of thanking him—if, in this overpowering bliss, thanksgiving be not swallowed up.

W. Thou wilt see him, but not until he comes to thee. Until then be patient. I am sent to thee to tell thee that such is his will.

H. Now I know for a certainty that I am in heaven, for my will yields itself implicitly to his, without a struggle. I had thought it wholly insupportable not to see him here. Yet I not only bear it, but bear it cheerfully. His will is this, I will it also. Other than this seems now impossible to me. So readily could we not submit below. But if thou art sent to me from him, then he must have spoken with thee. He has already spoken many words with thee?

W. Already many.

H. O thou truly blessed one! Can'st thou tell how it was with thee, when he for the first time spake with thee?

W. As it has been in my heart each following time. I am using an earthly language with thee, in which these things cannot be described.

H. As thou sawest him for the first time, didst thou instantly recognise him?

W. Instantly.

H. How?—By that particular glory in which he outshines all angels?

W. He has no need to clothe himself in splendor; we know him without that.

H. Dost thou mean that I will immediately recognise him, without any one saying to me, that is he?

W. Thine own heart will tell thee.

H. How will he really seem to me, severe or gentle? Below when I cried to him out of the darkness of my earth-life, he often answered me with sternness.

W. There below he is constrained to do this with his best beloved. Here, it is no longer necessary; here there is no need that he should do violence to his own heart, he can give free expression to his love. This love is infinite; on earth we could not fathom it; as little can we do so here.

H. Do there exist among you here differences in glory and blessedness?

W. In endless degrees; but then the highest are even as the most lowly, so they stoop down to the humblest. And this does he require of them; for he who ranks above the highest is himself the humblest of them all. So, then, these diversities become swallowed up, and we are all one in him.

H. Lo, I have often thought me, if I only reach heaven, only dwell not with the enemies of the Lord, I shall be content to be the very least of all there.—Thou, methought, would soar in a much higher circle, and our children also when they left the earth.—But, then, if only once in a thousand years, I might be counted worthy to see the Lord, still methought it would be enough for me.

W. Be trustful. Whom he receives, he receives to glory. Knowest thou not by what wonderful way he has called us in his word?

H. Well I do know all that, and I see with what glory and honor he has crowned thee. Between thine image in thy last sickness, and that which now stands revealed to me—between that perishable flower and the heavenly blossom—what a difference! No, this bloom upon thy cheek can never fade; this light in thine eyes can never be dimmed; thy form shall never bear the impress of age. Thus ever wilt thou wander about with me here; thou wilt show the glory of those heavenly mansions, and also wilt lead me to those blessed ones who are dear to me.

W. Thou wilt see them as soon as thou hast seen the Lord.

H. How delightful was it of old when we sought our aged father in his cot! Our carriage rolled up; all came running out before the house, and among the whole troop we sought first his dear honored countenance. How much more delightful to see him here! He whom the smallest favor filled with thanks to the giver, he who could find beauty in a single spire of grass, who smiled at a brighter sun beam, he who went forth so joyfully under the starry heavens and adored the Creator of these worlds—what must he experience here, where the wonders of Omnipotence lie all open and unveiled before him! He who in the silent joy of his heart thanked the Lord for his beneficence, and for the least refreshing which was granted him on his weary earthway—what thanks will he now pour forth to his Redeemer! "We shall meet again," he said to me in his last sickness, as he pressed my hand with all his remaining strength, "we shall meet again, and together thank God for his grace."

W. Thou wilt soon see him and thy mother also.

H. My mother, who loved me with such unspeakable tenderness, and whom I have never known! I was three years old when I lost her. As she lay upon her death bed, and I was playing before the house. "What will become of my poor child?" she cried. Good mother! all that man can be, thy son has become—an inhabitant of heaven. Through the grace of God has this been effected, and also by the help of thy prayers. Is it not so?

W. It is even so. I have often spoken of thee with thy father and mother.

H. Is X** here?

W. Yes.

H. I had not expected it. That, however, was wrong; *why am I here?* But the dear souls whom I left behind me on earth, I would have some tidings of them; or is the perception of them lost to us until the moment of re-union?

W. This question thou mayst speedily answer for thyself. Look thither.

H. I do so; but I see nothing.

W. Look longer in this direction—and you will surely see. Dost thou see now?

H. Perfectly. The place is familiar to me. It is the church-yard, where I placed my mortal part, which was given back to the earth. The place became dear to me. I often sought it, and kneeling upon thy grave, raised my eyes hitherward to heaven, where we both are now. Among beautiful trees and flowers, I thought, may she be wandering there. Among trees and flowers shall her body rest here. So a flower garden, and a wilderness of blossoms sprung up, and every beautiful thing which the anniversary brought with it adorned thy grave.

W. I knew it well. Look thitherward now.—What seest thou?

H. Near thy grave is another open. The church-yard gate stands open, a corpse is borne forward; our children follow. Do ye weep, loved hearts, weep so bitterly? Could you see us as we see you, ye would not weep, or at the most only for longing. The body—my body—is lowered; now they cast a handful of dust upon the coffin. The grave is closed; now rests my dust by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that heavenly peace which we now enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When you meet and pray there we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as you go. He will guide you safely, your old parents have proved this. And one day he will bring us together.

W. Amen, Thus it will surely be.

H. Hearest thou those sounds? What may it be? Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide heaven. Hark now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angels choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of ONE, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For sometime already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely, and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Pardon me who am so lately called from the earth, an earthly childish comparison. At the home whom where I was born, thou knowest it well, tho' at the time thou was no longer upon earth, I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful unfoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers, yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it; each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully, and grew thrifty, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me that man be the gardiner in this heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in the mildest radiance; but one can see that everything here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart till this moment I have felt within me only *soft soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising* in my breast—I am dizzy—heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight—I see him alone. Now pain returns again to this heart; yet in this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach him. Yes, he is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now he turns hitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself; I must away to him. I must say to him that I love him as I never loved aught before. He raises his hands—how? in those hands a mark, and from the marks rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us. Deep in my heart I feel his blessing. Now know I that I am in heaven—now know I that this is he!

W, Away, then, to him.

COLONEL DICK JOHNSON.—In the last number of the Frankfort Yeoman there is a call on Colonel Johnson to come out and give the country the benefit of his views on the subject of the Mexican war. As the Colonel is not in the habit of refusing to attend to calls on his patriotism, there can be no doubt that his views of the war will be forthcoming at an early day. Every sentence will flash like a broad-sword, and every paragraph will deal as much destruction as a forty-two pounder discharged into the ranks of the "Mexican Whigs." The eloquence, logic, wit, pathos, and wisdom of the Colonel's effort will certainly be irresistible, and we look forward to one of the richest feasts of intellect ever presented to the palates of hungry souls. That portion of his views referring to amalgamation with the Mexicans will certainly be exceedingly radiant, profound, and practical.—*Louisville Journal.*

PARIS, *Nov.* 1847.—The distinguished *savant*, Alexander de Humboldt, is now on a visit at Paris. He is enjoying excellent health, and notwithstanding his advanced age, retains the activity of body and spirit which belong to much fewer years. His reception is highly flattering, but not more so than it should be in this brilliant centre of literature and science. He was received day before yesterday by the King at St. Cloud, whence, at 1 P. M., he accompanied their Majesties the King and Queen, and several other members of the royal family, on a visit to the Museum and Palace of Versailles. The illustrious veteran attends the Academy of Sciences, and the meetings of other learned bodies. He has just entered upon his 79th year.—*Charleston Courier.*

☞ Lord Sydenham, a former British Governor, wrote to a friend from Canada, as early as February, 1841, "I have sent home a long Report on Emigration which some of you won't like, because it tells the truth, and declares that to throw starving and diseased paupers under the rock at Quebec ought to be punishable as murder."

CANAL TOLLS.—Amount of Tolls received on all the New York State Canals in each of the following years, viz:

Years.	2d week in November.	Total to 22d November.
1840	$68,230 56	$1,753,392 14
1841	62,777 15	2,011,827 66
1842	66,661 97	1,743,449 79
1843	51,225 82	2,007,996 93
1844	96,979 56	2,439,368 92
1845	110,401 37	2,623,532 67
1846	107,271 57	2,732,759 79
1847	96,273 96	3,610,225 23

The amount collected last year, in the closing week of canal navigation, was about $24,000. There has been, no doubt, more than that collected in the corresponding week this year; but, probably, not sufficient to raise the gross amount of tolls to *three millions seven hundred thousand dollars*; yet, it will not fall much short of that sum. The receipts this year will exceed those of 1846, between *nine hundred thousand* and *one million of dollars.*

(*Albany Argus.*

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL JOHNSON.—Among the reports from the various departments of the Government, that from the Postmaster General will possess peculiar interest. It will propose a uniform cheap postage for letters all over the Union—proving to the advocates of cheap postage the full realization of all their predictions of the result of the adoption of that system. **** The receipts of the department, from the 1st July, 1845, to the last of June, 1847, inclusive, were over seven millions three hundred thousand dollars, with only twenty-one thousand dollars outstanding. More than nine thousand postmasters have been changed in that period, and the accounts of more than seven thousand been settled.—(*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ Saturday was the day on which Greasy Bob Wickliffe was to reply to Mr. Clay's great speech on the Mexican war. Ofcourse, all the States were represented in the crowd that met to hear the *oily* strains of the orator; of course, there were reporters present from all the Eastern newspaper offices, and of course, the speech has been telegraphed in all directions, and is now illuminating a world very much in the dark, in the shape of numberless extras.

(*Louisville Journal.*

☞ R. N. Wickliffe ("Greasy Bob") was to speak at Lexington on Saturday, in answer to Mr. Clay's speech.—The Locofocos cannot meet Mr. Clay upon the arena of intellect, and so, they think to show their disrespect for him by putting forward such a fellow as "Greasy Bob" to reply to him Mr. Clay stands infinitely too high to be reached by such a low insult.—(*Ibid.*

DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

WASHINGTON CITY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—By the year, FIVE DOLLARS, *payable at the time of subscription.* For any time less than a year, TWO CENTS per number, *payable in advance at the desk.*

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—Fifty Cents per square, of fifteen lines or less, the first insertion, and Twenty-Five Cents per square for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements inserted at intervals Fifty Cents per square. All payments for Advertisements in advance.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC'R 4, 1847.

For President

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Subject to the decision of the Whig National Convention

Massachusetts Quarterly Review.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, THEODORE PARKER, and J. ELIOT CABOT—all gentlemen of Boston—have projected a QUARTERLY REVIEW upon a basis which, we trust, they will be able to occupy all its length and breadth; but while such is our hope, our fears are that the public mind of this country is yet too immature, too closely bound in the swaddling-bands of infancy to enable it to appreciate the bold and lofty design of the editors. The American public is a beast that boasts of enlightenment, but let any Journal, or Monthly, or Quarterly, put forth sentiments not in perfect unison with its previously conceived opinions upon any given subject—opinions always conceived in ignorance—and at once it will cease to buy the offensive publication. The readers of periodicals will avow, if questioned, that they love and tolerate free discussion, but the bulk of them mean, the right to entertain their own views without contradiction. It is this terrible spirit of intolerance that drives every periodical publication in this country into dependence upon particular sets of opinions, and prevents the success of independent journalism.

We have not seen the first number of this work for the present month, but we learn from the New York Tribune that it is an admirable number. Mean time, the editors have our warmest wishes for their success.

(*To the Editor of the National Whig.*)

WHIGS OF WASHINGTON

There are some remarks in the letter from Washington to the North American and U.S. Gazette of the 30th ult. published in the Whig of Friday, that demand notice. The writer speaks of the Whigs of this city with unqualified censure, many of whom he says are "bankrupts in fortune, somewhat so in reputation, and have lived upon the bounty of our few successes, obtained by the labor of others"—"decayed gentlemen, of convenient politics, who are whigs as occasion requires; put them all together, and they have not influence enough to control a dozen votes," &c. "There are proper and highly qualified men in *all the States*," he continues, "for the vacancies that are now about to occur in Washington, and they should surely *be preferred to the lounging hangers-on* that have infested this capital for a generation and more past." If the writer means to embrace all the Whigs of this city in this denunciation, I unhesitatingly pronounce it a base calumny and a gross falsehood. I venture to assert that in no portion of the United States can there be found an equal number of men who have been more sincere and ardent in their devotion to the Whig cause, more persecuted and trampled upon by the opposite party, or more reckless of expense and indifferent to consequences than the Whigs of Washington. Without the political rights common to their fellow-citizens, with every inducement to be silent and inactive—proscribed, oppressed, and abused for years, they have stood firm and immovable, the first to rush to the Whig standard when the first chance of success presented itself, and spending their money lavishly, and devoting their time, talents, and energies to the cause throughout the long and disastrous reign of Locofocoism. If this slanderer does not, many of the Whigs in Congress know what they have done to benefit the Whig party in all quarters of the Union; and most of the party successes which have been witnessed, during the present year, in the different States, may be, in a degree, attributed to their disinterested exertions here. I have said disinterested, because, nine-tenths of them had no other motive for what they did than a love of truth, and a desire to promote the best interests of their country. It is rather too much, therefore, after all they have done and suffered, to be thus denounced and slandered by one who, if he rendered any service to the party at all was either paid for it, or expected to be paid. I have no doubt there are men in all the States, as he says, properly qualified to fill the vacancies about to occur in the House of Representatives, but they could not, assuredly, be *preferred* to those who have been struggling for years here, to promote the Whig cause, and who are, to say the least, equally qualified to perform the duties of the places in question. It has been a matter of surprise that, with a knowledge of the fact that but few citizens of Washington are ever appointed to office, they should have remained so ardent and persevering in the cause for so long a period. Nothing more plainly demonstrates their disinterestedness and their consequent claims upon the Whig party.—The writer of this seeks no office; but as a Whig (of much older standing, I suspect, than the correspondent of the North American) and a citizen of Washington, knowing the true character of his Whig brethren here, I cannot quietly suffer them to be so grossly and shamefully slandered as they have been by this penny-a-liner. It is not only a gross but wanton slander, and disgraceful to any man who pretends to be a Whig.

EPAMINONDAS.

That part of the letter of "Independent" to which Epaminondas takes such just exception crept into the National Whig entirely through inadvertence, and we have written some remarks excusatory of the oversight, but we throw them aside for those of our valued correspondent, whose positions in regard to the course of the Whigs of Washington we endorse to the letter. Why "Independent" should have suffered his pen to indite such undeserved strictures upon his Whig brethren of Washington, it is not for us to say, but we assure our friends, against whom the offensive paragraphs are directed, that their appearance in the National Whig was enterely inadvertent.

☞ The New York True Sun says that Mr. Clay opposed the war of 1812. Query—is Major Noah still the doer up of the political articles of the True Sun?

☞ The Auburn Advertiser calls the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger the "confidential friend and *adviser* of the Secretary of State." A slight mistake. Read *advisee* for adviser.

☞ One of the measures of pacificating Mexico just now, is said to be the passage by Congress of a joint resolution, the President willing, creating a grand commission, to consist of five persons, who shall repair immediately to Gen. Scott's headquarters and ask the Mexicans to appoint a similar commission to meet them, and consult upon the best mode of effecting a speedy peace. We have heard the names of Mr. Clay, Mr. Benton, and Mr. Calhoun, on the part of the political parties of the United States of Richard S. Coxe, on the part of the claimants upon Mexico for spoliations; and of John Hughes, on the part of the Catholic Church, which is one of the estates of Government in Mexico, as persons suited to compose such a commission. It is further said that the joint resolution will designate these persons to compose the commission; and that the President favors the project, and will yield his constitutional control over the *personnel* of such a commission for the nonce—contenting himself with approving the action of Congress.

☞ The Dallas men are up in earnest.—The Philadelphia Dallas meeting call upon those who think that he ought to be President to organize forthwith in all the States. But *cui bono*, gentlemen? You have not a man in all your ranks who can carry a single State against Old Zack—so hang your harps upon the sycamores, and be done with your noises!

☞ The Albany Argus, *d.*, says that Mr. Clay's speech proves the fact, that there are those who have *fallen* in the war with Mexico, who have never quit their own firesides. Gospel truth this—for there is not one of the Administration but who has so *fallen*, from Mr. Polk down to his last appointee.

☞ They have a Fourier community of 20,000 runaway negro slaves on the Sydenham river, in Canada, 60 miles northeast from Detroit. The New York Express thinks it is strange, that negro slaves, who enjoyed Fourierism in its highest perfection on the plantations, should fly to Canada cold and snow. There is no accounting for tastes.

☞ We have heard it said that a movement is on foot which shall result in making Mathew St. Clair Clarke, Esq. Secretary of the Senate. A more able parliamentarian is not in the country, and if such an event should take place, it would be a source of gratification to Mr. Clarke's friends, whose name is legion.

☞ Mr. French, it is said, threatens, that if he is not elected Clerk of the House, none of the old officers of the Senate shall be restored. We do not see how this will benefit him, if it be true, that Mr. St. Clair Clarke is to be the new Secretary.

☞ Mr. Benton thinks, in his letter to the New York Italian sympathizing meeting, that he is the *Father of the Senate.* He has forgotten himself; for, if *white hairs* be any title to the honor, Mr. Dallas bears away the palm!

☞ The Albany Argus, *d.*, thinks that if Mr. Clay had declared in favor of the war, nothing could have hindered his being made President. Go to; if Mr. Clay had done so, you would have declared with equal facility that a contrary course would have made him Chief Magistrate!

Oh, Mr. WALKER, Mr. WALKER, oh! The steamship Acadia took out $404,000 in specie. The drain is just begun! When will it end?

☞ The Rochester Gazette thinks that Morse's Telegraph companies get the greatest possible amount of fees for the least possible amount of service. They do more. *They get all they ask, for doing nothing at all!*

☞ It is said that the South Carolina Delegation do not intend to take any part in the organization of the House.

THE MAIL FOR THE SOUTH.—The great mail for and from the South, which has been for a long time past carried from Washington to Richmond by way of the Potomac river and the railroad, is about to be taken by a new route. The Richmond Republican says:

We understand that the Post Office Department has closed a contract with the Bay Line in connection with the James River boats for the transportation of the great Northern Mail. By this most wise and blessed arrangement, the Northern papers will arrive here from ten to twenty hours later than at present.

BOSTON, Wednesday, P. M.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.—Capt. Weldon, of the schr. Eben Atkins, from Cape Haytien 14th ult., reports that information had been received at that place that the Haytien man-of-war bark Nautilus had been blown up in the harbor or port au Prince, killing ninety persons.

BUFFALO, Dec. 1 1847.

THE WEATHER AND THE CANAL—The canal, notwithstanding the severe cold weather remains navigable, but shipments of produce are very light, and chiefly made for short distances. The appearances indicate another fall of snow or rain; should a warm spell intervene. It may be some days before the complete stoppage of navigation. The harbor keeps open, and the arrivals are fair for the season.

GEN. TAYLOR.—We learn from an intimate and near relative of Gen. Taylor's, that "Old Zach," of Monterey and Buena Vista memory, may be expected here to-day or to-morrow. There will be some guns fired and some bells rung when the old Chieftian arrives in New Orleans.—N. O. Delta, 25th of Nov.

CRITICAL.—If we were called to write a critique on a great many things now-a-days that are called very beautiful, we would simply adopt the description of a sermon we heard once—"The preacher took about two drops of thought, and beat it into bushels of bubbles, and then threw in rainbows all round."

We regard Gen. Zachary Taylor, as the only Whig candidate for the Presidency now in the field. We look upon him as honest, faithful and capable. We believe he has the popularity to distance any other opponent. We therefore ardently desire his election. Cumberland Civilian.

THE CANAL.—Mr. W. W. Buel, one of the sub-contractors, who has a very large contract, has been at work for two weeks. Mr. McManus will also get under way in a short time. The other contractors are preparing materials, &c., and will go on with their work as soon as ready.—Cumberland Civilian.

☞ Major Iturbide, who was taken prisoner by our American forces, in Mexico, passed through this city yesterday on his way east. He is the son of anex Emperor of Mexico] and a Philadelphia lady. He is a genteel looking Mexican.—Wheeling Augus

☞ We fear Major John P. Gaines will not be present at the organization of the House next Monday, as we have not yet heard of his return to Kentucky. Mr. Palfrey, of Mass., we have also heard, is likely to be kept away by domestic afflictions.—We trust no Whig member will grudge any sacrifice except of duty that may enable him to be present at roll-call.—N. Y. Tribune.

☞ **Agency for the National Whig in Georgetown**—The citizens of Georgetown are respectfully informed that JOHN W. BRONAUGH, Esq., Broker, &c., on Bridge street, a few doors west of the Union tavern, is agent for the National Whig. Persons desirous of being served with the National Whig in Georgetown will please leave their names and residences with Mr. Bronaugh.

☞ ENOCH W. SMALLWOOD, Gardiner's street, Navy Yard, is Agent for the *National Whig.* Persons wishing to be supplied with the paper will please leave their names at his store and they will be served.

☞ BISHOP HUGHES, of New York, is expected to preach in St. Patrick's Church, at 11 o'clock tomorrow morning.

EXHIBITION

FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY!

The Chinese Museum Exhibition

Will open THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, at 7 o'clock,

At Odd Fellows' Hall, 7th street.

THIS large and beautiful collection consists of Chinese figures of life size, several hundred Chinese Paintings, magnificent embroidered Articles, elegant Carvings in ivory, Shell, Wood, and Stone; Models of Houses, Stores, Pagodas, and Vessels; splendid specimens of Lacquered Ware, Porcelain Vases, Lanterns, &c., from the great Chinese Museum lately exhibited in Philadelphia, which is the only collection of the kind in this country, and the most extensive one in the world.

At 8 o'clock the Chinese who accompany the collection will assume the dresses of the Emperor, civil and military Mandarins of different ranks, Soldiers, Judge, and other officers of a Court; Priests, of the sects of Budha and Taou; Farmers, Barbers, Coolies, &c., representing the different classes of society in China, the most ancient and populous nation in the world. They will also exhibit the manner of smoking opium, and the mode of receiving and paying visits in the "Celestial Empire."

These representations will be given in the form of Tableaux, in a large Chinese Summer House, with appropriate views in the back ground; and, at the close, the Chinese Professor of Music will sing a song, and accompany it upon one of his original Chinese instruments.

A descriptive catalogue of the articles and representations with miscellaneous remarks upon the Government, History, Religions, Arts, Manners, Customs, and Foreign Commerce of China, can be obtained at the door.

Admittance 25 cents. Children under twelve years of age, half price.

N. B.—After to-day (Saturday) the collection will be open daily from 10 a. m. till 5 p. m., and from 7 till 9 1-2 p. m. The representations by the Chinese will be exhibited twice daily, viz: at 4 and 8 p. m. dec 4—

Bronchitis, Asthma and Disease of the Windpipe.

THESE diseases proceed from the serosity or corrupt humors of the blood, having settled itself on the throat and lungs, and stopped them up, so that they cannot draw sufficient air in for respiration. *Dr. SWEETSER'S PANACEA* will give immediate relief, and to make the cure perfect and certain, it should be continued some time after to free the system of all bad humors.

For sale by the Druggists generally.

dec 24-tf J. F. CALLAN.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.

A New supply to-day received and for sale by

dec 4-tf J. F. CALLAN.

THE ADELPHI.

MESSRS. BROWN & NICHOLS respectfully announce that they have leased a large, new and commodious brick building, on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, near the corner of 4 1-2 street, and are now engaged in fitting it up as a place of dramatic and popular entertainment, to be called

"THE ADELPHI."

The lessees, who intend to accommodate one thousand auditors in the building, will fit up in a style of elegance and comfort, so that it may compare advantageously with Mitchell's Olympic Theatre in New York, and other handsome and well arranged places of public amusement. They have a talented and respectable corps of dramatic and vocal performers already engaged. Their scenery, which is new and unrivalled for its chastness and execution, is painted by Mr. H. Isherwood, so favorable known in New York as a scenic artist. Their wardrobe, furnished by Mr. William Taylor, of New York, the celebrated costumer, is superior to that of most theatrical establishments.

The lessees have made arrangements in New York, by means of which they will be regularly supplied with the best dramatic and vocal talent that is now in the United States, or that may hereafter arrive from Europe. It is their intention to conduct their establishment in a respectable manner and under suitable police regulations. The Orchestra will have, as its leader, Mr. John Smith, for many years of the Bowery Theatre, and now leader of the Orchestra at Palmo's Opera House.

The lessees respectfully appeal to the citizens of Washington, to Members of Congress, and sojourners, who visit the National Metropolis during the session, for that liberal support which will justify, on their part, a most liberal and unflinching enterprise.

It is expected "THE ADELPHI" will be opened on or about the 15th instant.

☞ A limited number of season tickets will be disposed of, on immediate application to the lessees.

dec 3—3t

Perfumery, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles, Soaps, &c.

THE subscriber has received and offers for sale, at liberal prices, a good and general assortment of **Perfumery, Hair Brushes, Fancy Articles, Soaps, Pomatums, &c.**, to which he would call the attention of his friends and the public generally. In the list may be found:

EXTRACTS FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.

Lubin's Fine Extract
Demarson's Fine Extract
Wright's Extract of Citronello Rose
Wright's Extract of Sweetbriar
Roussel's do.

POMATUMS AND HAIR OIL.

Ox Marrow, French — Ox Marrow, Roussel's
Pomade de Aux Flowers
Myrtle Pomatum, English
Rose Pomatum, do
Bear's Oil, warranted genuine — Macassar Oil

SCENTED WATERS.

German Cologne, genuine
French Cologne — American Cologne
Orange Flower Water — Florida Water
Lavender do — Rose do.

SOAPS.

Roussel's celebrated Shaving Cream
Naval and Military do do
Omnibus, fine large oval cake
Do. fancy wrapped
Camphor Soap, French, for chapped hands
Crystaline Soap Balls — Musk, English
Old Brown Windsor — Palm Oil and Almond
Sand Balls and Cakes

BRUSHES.

Hair Brushes, a good variety — Tooth Brushes
Nail Brushes — Clothes Brushes.
Shaving Brushes — Flesh Brushes

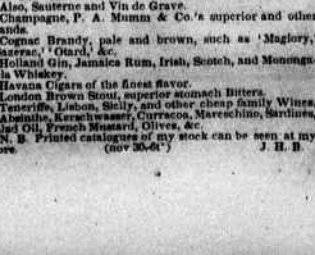
COMBS.

Ivory Rivetted Combs — English Dressing Combs
Ivory Fine Combs — Pocket, Horn & Shell Combs

ALSO—Razors and Razor Strops, Cold Cream, Lip Salve, Sachets, Lilly White, Tweezers, &c. &c.

CHARLES STOTT,

dec 2-tf corner of 7th street and Pa. avenue.



OPERATIONS UPON THE FEET.

THE subscriber offers his services to the public as an **OPERATOR ON EXCRESCENSES**, such as: *HARD and SOFT CORNS, BUNIONS, CLUB NAILS, NAILS PENETRATING THE FLESH, WARTS, &c.* Operations performed in FIVE MINUTES, without the least pain or blood. He has devoted much time and thought to the subject, and believes that he entirely comprehends their nature and treatment. His success in the city of Baltimore for the last five years, has been such as to warrant him in promising to all who may confide in his experience and skill, *great and satisfactory benefit.*

Dr. ZACHARIAH is now permanently located in this city, and will be happy to attend ladies' or gentlemen's feet by the year. His charges are quite moderate; trifling indeed, compared with the relief and satisfaction he affords to the sufferer. He likewise refers the public to the following recommendations which are in his possession:

BALTIMORE, August 27th, 1846.

WE, the undersigned, having examined Dr. I. Zachariah, Jr's., method of curing Corns, Bunions, &c., we do not hesitate to recommend him to the public, and say that his method is a most rational one as well as effectual.

(Signed,) W. W. HANDY, M. D. | P. CHATARD, M. D.
Prof N. R. SMITH, | JOHN WHITRIDGE, M. D.
" CHAS. B. GIBSON, | F. E. CHATARD, M. D.

Besides the above Dr. Z. has certificates of his skill from some of the first men in the United States, and can be seen by calling on him at his office, over Mr. S. PARKER'S Fancy Store, Pennsylvania avenue, between 4 1-2 and 6th streets, SIXTH DOOR EAST OF COLEMAN'S HOTEL.

I. ZACHARIAH, Jr.,
Surgeon Chiropedist.

☞ Ladies or gentlemen waited on at their residence, if required. dec 2-if dly

Parlor and Chamber

FOR RENT.—House situated on 4 1-2 street, between Pa. avenue and C street.

dec 2-tf JAS. WILLIAMS.

Concentrated Extract of Lemon

FOR Flavoring sauces, jellies, custards, &c. For sale by CHARLES STOTT, Druggist, corner of 7th street and Pa. avenue.

dec 2-tf

WINE STORE.

JOHN H. BUTHMANN,

South side Pa. avenue, between 4 1-2 and 6th streets,

Has received his fall supply, and has now in store as complete and select an assortment of WINES and LIQUORS as can be offered for sale in this city, and at very moderate prices.

Madeira, in bottles and by the gallon, of various houses and vintages, some very old and of high repute.

Sherry, brown and pale of various grades, some in bottles of the highest order.

Port Wine, in bottles and on draught, some bottled in Oporto, which can be highly recommended for medicinal purposes.

Rhine and Moselle Wines of great variety, some sparkling.

French Wines of almost all grades, from a genuine 'Latour' and 'Lafite' to a table claret.

Also, Sauterne and Vin de Grave.

Champagne, P. A. Mumm & Co.'s superior and other brands.

Cognac Brandy, pale and brown, such as 'Magiory,' 'Sazerac,' 'Otard,' &c.

Holland Gin, Jamaica Rum, Irish, Scotch, and Monongahela Whiskey.

Havana Cigars of the finest flavor.

London Brown Stout, superior stomach Bitters.

Teneriffe, Lisbon, Sicily, and other cheap family Wines.

Absinthe, Kerschwasser, Curracoa, Mareschino, Sardines, Salad Oil, French Mustard, Olives, &c.

N. B. Printed catalogues of my stock can be seen at my store. (nov 30-6t) J. H. B.

City Intelligence.

COURT.—Monday being the first week of the sitting of the Criminal Court of Washington County; we intend giving a synopsis of the different trials that may arise. Happily, however, for the morality of our city, the docket is small; and, indeed, very few, if any, cases are interesting. The most prominent is that of Mr. Hogmire, of Georgetown. This case grows out of the sale of a negro boy by said Hogmire to a Mr. Gannon, for which he received his notes for $600. The charge against Hogmire under the oath of Gannon is the procuring these notes under a false pretence.

THEATRES.—We understand that Messrs. Brown and Nicholes have leased a large building near the corner of 4 1-2 street, on the South side of Penn. Av. for