THE WHIG STANDARD.

PUBLISHED DAILY, AT 7 O'CLOCK, A. M. PRICE TEN CENTS PER WEEK.

VOLUME I. WASHINGTON, D. C. FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1844. NUMBER 52

PUBLISHED DAILY AT 7 O'CLOCK A. M. BY

JOHN T. TOWERS.

Office corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth street.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square	1 day	$0 50	1 square	1 month	$3 50
1 do	2 days	62	1 do	2 months	5 00
1 do	3 do	75	1 do	3 do	7 00
1 do	1 week	1 25	1 do	6 do	12 00
1 do	2 weeks	2 25	1 do	1 year	24 00

Business cards $5 per annum.

Longer advertisements at equally favorable rates.

Ten lines or less to make a square.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The STANDARD will be delivered to subscribers in the District at TEN cents per week, payable to the carriers; or, when preferable, they can pay at the office for a longer period. Subscribers will be furnished, by mail, *ten weeks* for ONE DOLLAR; and in no case will the paper be continued beyond the time paid for. Single copies TWO cents.

PROSPECTUS.

THE undersigned, believing that a cheap daily Whig newspaper at the seat of Government would prove a valuable auxiliary to the Whig cause during the approaching Presidential contest, will publish, *on the first Monday in November next*, a thorough and decided Whig paper, entitled,

THE WHIG STANDARD,

devoted to the principles and policy of that party, as laid down in the following declarations by HENRY CLAY:

1. "A sound National Currency, regulated by the will and authority of the Nation;
2. "An adequate revenue, with fair protection to American industry;
3. "Just restraints on the Executive Power, embracing further restrictions on the exercise of the Veto;
4. "A faithful administration of the Public Domain, with an equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of it among the States;
5. "An honest and economical administration of the General Government, leaving public officers perfect freedom of thought, and of the right of suffrage, but with suitable restraints against improper interference in elections;
6. "An amendment of the Constitution limiting the incumbent of the Presidential office to a single term."

To this annunciation we believe every true and ardent Whig will favorably respond. The hearts of the Whig army, whose ranks were unbroken, and whose banners floated unstricken during the campaign of '40, must, everywhere, swell with glorious pride at the memory of the past, and their hopes encouraged by their joyous anticipations of the future. It is true a nightmare of treachery now rests upon the energies of the party; but shall we not arouse to the importance of the political conflict which is about to ensue? There are at this time *five* opposition papers at the Seat of Government, each, in its way, endeavoring to sap the foundations of the Whig party, and blasting the prosperity of the country by the measures they propose. Shall we not rally against the foes excited by these emissaries, whose corrupt and atrocious motives are manifest by their early wrangling for spoils which they never can win? We know the response of millions of freemen will be "AY, RALLY!" Already the "hum of either army stilly sounds;" already the general furbishing of arms "gives dreadful note of preparation;" then let ours be a bright and death-dealing sword in the conflict. Let us rally under a leader upon whose standard is inscribed "*Liberty, Order, the Constitution;*" whose great political and personal virtues endear him to every generous heart, and whose patriotism has never been excelled—let us rally for HENRY CLAY, the Statesman and Sage, the friend of the workingman, the idol of his country, which, for forty years, next to his God, has had his chief care.

In addition to the thorough Whig course which this paper will pursue, its readers will be furnished with the *earliest* local intelligence of the city and District, and the general news of the day.

The daily hour of publication will be 6 o'clock in the morning; and during the session of Congress a synopsis of its proceedings will be given up to adjournment, by able reporters; enabling us thus to transmit abroad, through its columns, whatever of interest may transpire, at the earliest hour.

THE WHIG STANDARD will be published, daily, at 10 cents per week, payable to the carriers.

The paper will be mailed to subscribers out of the District, at $5 per annum, payable *invariably* in advance, or for a shorter period at the above rate.

As soon as the Presidential campaign shall be fairly opened, a weekly paper, at *one dollar for the campaign*, will be published for country circulation.

P. S. All communications by mail *must* be post paid, or they will remain in the post office.

JOHN T. TOWERS.

EDWARD WARNER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
OFFICE NO. 33, EAST WING CITY HALL.
nov 10

CHARLES S. WALLACH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,
NO. 6, WEST WING, CITY HALL.
nov 6—1y

T. S. DONOHO,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE CITY HALL, EAST WING, No. 31
nov 6

JAMES J. DICKINS, *Attorney and Counsellor at Law*, practices in the Supreme Court of the United States, the several courts of the District of Columbia, prosecutes claims before Congress, and the several Departments of the General Government; and in general does all business requiring an Agent or Attorney. Office No. 4, west wing of the City Hall.
nov 27—1y

ROBERT P. ANDERSON, Bookbinder and Paper Ruler, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street. Binding and Machine Ruling, of any kind or pattern, neatly and promptly executed, and on as ood terms as any other establishment in the District. nov 6

THE undersigned respectfully inform merchants and the citizens of the District generally, that they have established an office in Washington city for the receiving and forwarding East, West, and South of valuable *Packages, Parcels, Samples, Bundles, &c.*; which they are fully prepared to transport by mail speed.

As they are the only persons who have a contract with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for that purpose, they are enabled to receive and forward goods, &c. in advance of any other line.

Merchants and others who wish to avail themselves of our line, and who order goods, &c. from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, will find it to their advantage to direct in care of the following:

Per Adams & Co's Express from Boston and New York.

Per Shoemaker & Sanford's Express from Philadelphia.

Per Rogers & Co's Express from Baltimore.

We receive Packages, Parcels, &c., for the East, West, and South at all hours during the day, and deliver them to the consignee soon as received. We will also receive and forward from Baltimore and Washington goods and articles of every description, by the first regular trains.

ROGERS & CO.

Office at Brooke's Periodical Depot, adjoining Beers' Temperance Hotel, Penn. av., Washington city.

Office adjoining Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Depot, Pratt street, Baltimore.
nov 7—1m.

FANCY NOTE PAPERS, ENVELOPES, &c., &c.—A splendid assortment of note papers, plain, gilt embossed, and lace bordered; do. do. envelopes of numerous sizes and patterns; pearl and ivory carved folders of richest patterns; seals of pearl, ivory, and glass, plain and with mottoes of best impressions; ladies' work boxes; fancy sealing wax; motto wafers in boxes; assorted mottoes; card cases of carved ivory and pearl, of the the richest style of patterns; cards for baskets; perforated and Bristol boards, and plain and embossed visiting cards; for sale by WM. F. BAYLY,
Agent for Herrick & Blunt.
nov 6—6m Penn. av. between 11th and 12th ts

RULED CAP AND LETTER FOR $1 50 PER REAM.—For sale, ruled cap and letter paper at $1 50 per ream; cheap blank and memorandum books; Russia quills; copy books; and cheap school stationery; for sale by WM. F. BAYLY,
Agent for Herrick & Blunt.
nov 6—6m Penn. av. between 11th and 12th sts.

THE GOVERNMENTAL REGISTER, AND WASHINGTON DIRECTORY, by A. REINTZEL. This compilation contains every thing of essential utility that is comprehended in the "Blue Book;" including the names of all housekeepers in the city of Washington, and an original Official Directory, &c.

The trade abroad, or others, may be supplied by communicating with the compiler, or JNO. T. TOWERS, publisher, at the office of the Whig Standard.
nov 6—tf

THE WONDERFUL CURES

Performed by Dr. SWAYNE'S Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, in Pulmonary CONSUMPTION, have excited the astonishment of all who have witnessed its marvellous effects; there is no account of a medicine, from the earliest ages furnishing a parallel; the almost miraculous cures effected by this extraordinary medicine, are unprecedented. One among the many certificates may be seen below.

CINCINNATI, *Feb.* 15, 1840.

Dr. SWAYNE—Dear Sir:

PERMIT me to take the liberty of writing to you at this time to express my approbation, and to recommend to the attention of heads of families and others your invaluable medicine—the Compound Syrup of Prunus Virginiana, or Wild Cherry Bark. In my travels of late, I have seen, in a great many instances, the wonderful effects of your medicine in relieving children of very obstinate complaints, such as Coughing, Wheezing, Choking of Phlegm, Asthmatic attacks, &c., &c. I should not have written this letter, however, at present, although I have felt it my duty to add my testimony to it for some time, had it not been for a late instance where the medicine above alluded to was instrumental in restoring to perfect health an "only child," whose case was almost hopeless, in a family of my acquaintance. "I thank Heaven," said the doating mother, "my child is saved from the jaws of death!" and I now say and believe that, beyond all doubt, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry is the most valuable medicine in this or any other country. I am certain I have witnessed more than one hundred cases where it has been attended with complete success. I am using it myself in an obstinate attack of *Bronchitis*, in which it proved effectual in an exceedingly short time, considering the severity of the case. I can recommend it in the fullest confidence of its superior virtues; I would advise that no family should be without it; it is very pleasant and always beneficial—worth double, and often ten times its price. The public are assured there is no quackery about it.

R. JACKSON, D.D.
Formerly Pastor
of the First Presbyterian Church, N.Y.

In districts where Calomel and Quinine have been too freely made use of in bilious complaints, &c., Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, will prevent their evil effects on the system, and act as a strengthening alterative and improve the Bilious functions.

CAUTION.—All preparations from this valuable tree, except the original *Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry*, are *fictitious* and *counterfeit*. Prepared only by *Dr. Swayne*, whose office is now removed to *N. W. corner of Eighth and Race streets*, Philadelphia.

Sold by Wm. Stabler & Co., in Alexandria; G. M. Sothoron, in Georgetown; John Hann, Point of Rocks, Md.; the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, No. 52, Baltimore st., and J. W. & R. W. Davis, Baltimore, Md; E. J. Stansbury, Annapolis, Md.; and by
nov 24—6m R. FARNHAM, Washington.

FAMILY GROCERIES.—S. HOLMES has now received his full supply of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising a complete assortment. His stock of fresh teas, sugars, spices, fruits, coffee, butter, cheese, cranberries, apples, buckwheat, and family flour, mackerel, salmon, smoked and pickled, &c., &c., is worthy of attention, which he respectfully invites. Seventh street, nearly opposite the Patriotic Bank. dec 9

SPERM AND MOULD CANDLES.—The subscriber has on hand a fine lot of sperm, mould, adamantine, and the patent sperm candle; also, a superior article of lamp oil.
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

A CHOICE LOT OF SWEETMEATS.—Peach, pine apple, citron, lime, preserves, raspberry jelly, and currant jelly, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

FRESH LOBSTERS.—A small lot prepared for the table, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c—
60 doz Appleby's fine cut tobacco
40 doz Pomeroy, Holmes, and Kingsland do
A great variety of plug do
9,000 doz Havana segars, which will be sold at wholesale or retail, by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

SOAP.—30 boxes chemical soap
6 boxes fancy, palm, and other kinds
Also, the bar soap in common use, for sale by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

MACKEREL.—No. 1, 2, and 3, for sale at retail or by the barrel, by
dec 9 S. HOLMES, 7th street.

HONEY! HONEY!!—The subscriber has just received by railroad and steamboat from New York—
15 choice Boxes of Honey in the comb
1 Barrel Cuba Honey
30 additional Boxes fine Cheese
And a good assortment of Door Mats, manufactured by the Shakers. S. HOLMES,
dec 16— 7th street.

FRESH RICE, PEARL BARLEY, VERMICELLA, RICE FLOUR, TAMARINDS, &c.—For sale by S. HOLMES,
dec 16— 7th street.

STONE WARE—Bath Brick, Paste and Liquid Blacking. For sale by S. HOLMES,
dec 16— 7th street.

HOARHOUND CANDY.—The subscriber has recently been appointed agent for the sale of Pease's *Hoarhound Candy*. He could speak from personal knowledge of its beneficial effects in cases of severe cold, coughs, &c., but, lest he may be deemed an interested witness, he adduces the following, among numerous other testimonies, to the same import:

Hermitage, April 17, 1843.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge your kind favor of the 1st ultimo, by the hand of my friend, Mr. J. Armstrong, and with it your most esteemed present, a package of your Hoarhound Candy, for which receive my sincere thanks. I can only add, that may thousands receive from its use as much benefit as I have done, then will its inventor go down to posterity as one of its benefactors.

I am gentlemen, very respectfully,
Your friend and obd't serv't,
ANDREW JACKSON.

Messrs. Pease & Sons.

Washington, April 6, 1843.

The President desires me to return Messrs. Pease & Sons his acknowledgments and very sincere thanks for the box of Candy received at their hands. He has used it with much benefit to himself, as a remedy for cold and cough. I am, with very much respect,
JOHN TYLER, jr., Private Secretary.

Albany, May 18, 1842.

Gentlemen: You will pardon me for the delay in replying to your letter of the 14th ultimo, and acknowledging the receipt of a box of your Clarified Essence of Hoarhound Candy.

Allow me to thank you for this kind respect, and to express the hope that you will be liberally patronized in your efforts for the public. The article is got up in beautiful style, and is highly commended by those who have had occasion to use it.

Your obd't serv't,
Messrs. Pease & Sons. WM. C. BOUCK.

City Hall, New York, June 27, 1843.

Messrs: I have repeatedly used your Candy for coughs and colds, and always found relief, but official duties prevented me from writing to you before. But as I have lately been cured of the influenza, I cannot withhold from recommending the same to the public.

I am yours, truly,
ROBT. H. MORRIS.

Messrs. Pease & Sons, 45 Division street.

Lindenwald, Oct. 14, 1843.

Gentlemen: I have to thank you for the box of your, I doubt not, justly celebrated Clarified Essense of Hoarhound Candy, and also for the very obliging terms in which you have been pleased to present it.

I have not, I am happy to inform you, as yet had occasion to use it, but will do so when necessary, with a confidence in its efficacy which is well warranted by the experience of others.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
M. VAN BUREN.

After all, the best recommendation of it is a personal application which he invites those afflicted with coughs and all public speakers to make. He will keep a constant supply at his Family Grocery Store, on 7th street, nearly opposite the Patriotic Bank.
dec 9 S. HOLMES.

PROUT AND MATHER'S PRINTING INK, book and news, always on hand, and sold at their prices. R. FARNHAM,
nov 7 corner 11th st. and Penn. av.

CAMPHINE OIL, GLASSES, AND WICKS.—I have this day received a fresh supply of the above.
dec 6 Z. D. GILMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Oh, mother, get my bonnet, do,
I want to go and play;
And hurry, mother, tie my shoe,
Or sis will run away.

Do, mother, do untie this string,
'Tis in a hateful knot;
Do you know where I put my sling?
I'm sure I have forgot.

Mother, see here, my dress is loose,
I wish you'd hook it up;
Oh, ma, I want to drink so bad,
Do get me down a cup.

Mother, I want a long, big string,
To make my kite fly high;
Help me to paste and fix it too,
And make it reach the sky,

Oh, mother, sew this button on
My pants, see how they look;
And, mother, wont you stitch these leaves
Again into my book?

Dear mother, wont you comb my hair,
And wash my face right clean?
We little girls are going to walk,
You know, upon the green.

Oh, come and help me build my house,
The blocks wont stand at all;
Don't mind his house, but, mother, come,
And help me hunt my ball.

Thus, day by day, hour after hour,
These little things intrude,
Till many an anxious mother's heart
Is wretched and subdued.

And to her ever weary ear
The sacred name of mother,
By being ever dwelt upon,
Sounds worse than any other.

But let that mother pause, and think
How much she has at stake;
Remembering it is little drops
That form the mighty lake.

Perchance that very noisy boy
A statesman bold may be,
With sturdy arm and voice, may win
A nation to be free.

With glowing words of eloquence
Sustain the cause of truth,
Till vice shall hide its head in shame,
And virtue bless the youth.

Or when her head is growing grey,
That daughter, kind and true,
With cheerful heart and willing mind,
Her "little things" will do.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE.

THE FRYING-PAN LAMP.—Joe Day was—or, we might say, is—somewhat of a famous fellow among the Shawnees. He owns one tolerably tight and comfortable log house, besides several large enclosed fields, doorless outbuildings, &c., and his dress at the *soiree* was altogether the most showy to be seen. He wore a feather head-dress of dazzling effect, little strings of bells around his wrists and ankles, a calico hunting-shirt fringed all over, and a vest neckcloth of some broad figure and fanciful material. He was the best dancer among all the sets that we saw, showing more whim and conceit in the style of his contortions than the rest—the whole affair with the men seeming to be an exhibition of extemporaneous extravagance.—Joe had an easy, self-confident, devil-may-care swagger, as he marched out for the dance, and looked round on the women, such as may often be seen worn by a German or Italian rustic when taking his partner round the waist for a waltz. He was, indeed, a tall, straight, good-looking man, for an Indian, with only a little more of the devil in his eye, or rather a different sort of devil, than was common among his neighbors.

A son of Tecumseh was present—a better looking man by far than Joe Day, though his superiority was, perhaps, not such as an Indian would allow, consisting more of the dress, air, and manner of the red warrior. Young Tecumseh wore a well-fitting and clean-looking frock-coat and pantaloons of blue cloth, a hat, a vest, and a black silk handkerchief around his neck. His hair was only long enough to curl gracefully under his hat and about his neck, and the only eccentricities he exhibited, that would arrest observation should he walk up Chartres street to-morrow, were a silken sash wrought with beads, which he wore round his waist, and a black ribbon four inches wide wound around and left flowing from his hat.

Learning that Joe Day could speak some English, we applied to him to furnish us with a supper and shelter for the night, which he agreed to do, and about ten o'clock in the evening we were summoned to the banquet. Several Indians bobbed out past us as we groped our way into Joe's dark and smoky domicil, and seven of us were soon seated on logs, benches, and old barrels around a three-legged affair of a table, that compelled the guest at the dangerous corner to eat with one hand and make a leg of his left arm. Coffee was served to us scalding hot, in a large bowl, a small bowl, a pewter mug and a broken tea-cup.

Two of us got the small bowl, three shared the contents of the large one, and the mug and tea-cup served the other two. O, Dickens! what a supper! and what a scene! We had no light save what glimmered through clouds of smoke that came puffing round the dingy apartment from a huge black fire-place. We had found out, by feeling with our fingers, that some ribs of some animals were on the table, but only one man had found a fork, and he could not carve, being the very man who was making a table leg of his arm. Neither would he give up the fork, unless somebody would give him a knife, as three had got hold of knives and he had none.

At length Joe Day was made to understand that we wanted light, and he soon partially relieved us from this difficulty in the following novel manner. Lard oil, spirit gas, and all the other inventions for illuminating the world, that have flashed and corruscated from Yankee ingenuity, must sink into insignificance, when compared with this idea of Joe. In a few minutes he appeared, holding a *frying-pan* over our heads, from which a stream of light went up, and a stream of grease came down, to the great consternation of us all! It was plain that our only chance to still our craving appetites was just to seize on what was before us, and perhaps to devour it in the dark might only save us from a knowledge of some other vexation, of which the palate would fail to take cognizance, unaided by the eye; so to it we fell, tearing away at ribs and rolls in a manner anything else than Chesterfieldian.

But, Joe Day, standing over us with the flaming frying-pan, is something that ought to live on canvass forever! The Indian was in his dancing dress, covered with feathers and fringe, and bells were rattling about him as he moved. His wild, mischievous eye was glaring upon us from under the frying-pan, and there was something in his face that made us fancy he was not over pleased with our presence. Endeavoring to grow sociable with him, one of us observed;

"Joe, you are a great man here."

"Yes, great man," said Joe, without changing any muscle of his countenance, to give indication of expression, but staring, or rather glaring, still under his strange chandelier, glittering with *dripping* gems!

"Old Parks told us of you."

"Teal'd Parks?" said Joe.

"We have quite taken possession here, Joe."

"Yes."

"Turned out of house and home."

"Yes."

We had every reason to believe that Joe understood very well what we said, so that his gruff and abrupt monosyllable seemed most suspiciously uncourteous.

During all this, our curiosity endeavored to pierce the smoky gloom around, to get some idea of the place we were in; but, positively, the only thing clearly discernible was old Joe's face under the frying-pan. Some low Indian muttering in a corner behind us gave us a notion of persons in bed; but we could see nothing around, above, or beneath, but thick volumes of smoke, that made us wink and weep all the time we were eating. Joe had some assistant in the fire-place, to whom he spoke now and then, and who replenished the lamp once when it went out. This was his wife, as we discovered when we all went out again to the dance. She was as jolly a sample of a woman as Mrs. Gov. Armijo, of Santa Fe, was in 1839, and *she* was as fair a picture of Falstaff in the feminine as can ever have been known in tale or history.

When we got seats again in the ball-room, an old chief, called Ki-aquah, was leading the dancers, and the sport was going on with increased excitement—for it was getting late, and it was evident that whiskey had been going round. Whiskey is forbidden among them, and a heavy fine is exacted by government from anybody caught selling it to them. A Shawnee caught drinking is also compelled to tell who sold him the liquor, or pay a penalty, so that they can only obtain drink clandestinely, as they do, however, continually, and make use of it in secret. We detected several stragglers from the dance stealing away in twos and threes, and pulling glass flasks out of their bosoms, behind the trees, with great caution.

Tired at length with the strange scene, and with the ceaseless din of the keg drum ringing in our ears, we got Joe to show us where to sleep, and we soon found ourselves in the other room of the Day mansion, where a sufficiency of old beds, blankets, and buffalo robes, lay scattered about to keep us warm. Certain *creeping* fears came over us as we lay down, too horrible to mention—but there was no help for our situation, and we resolutely addressed ourselves to sleep, despite the din of the drum, which continuing without, and the flickering of the frying-pan lamp, which Joe had left for us in the fire-place.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale the following valuable books:

One set of the Journals of Congress from the commencement to the present time
One set American State Papers, complete
One set Gales & Seaton's Debates, from commencement as far as printed.

The above books will be sold to any person wanting them at very low prices, for cash.

JOHN A. BLAKE, Bookbinder,
Penn av., opposite Fuller's City Hotel.
dec 23—

YEAST SUBSTITUTE, superior in every respect to the ordinary Yeast now in use, for making Rolls, Buckwheat Cakes, Loaf Bread, &c., for sale, with directions for use, at GILMAN'S
nov 27 Drug store.

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF HENRY CLAY, in two volumes, handsomely bound, and illustrated with a view of the statue on Cemberland road, and a fac-simile of a letter from Mr. Clay. For sale by
R. FARNHAM,
nov 6 corner 11th street and Penn. av.