HILLSDALE WHIG STANDARD.

CLARK & ROWLSON, Publishers & Proprietors.

THE DIFFUSION OF INFORMATION, AND ARRAIGNMENT OF ALL ABUSES AT THE BAR OF PUBLIC REASON.

$2,00 per Annum in Advance. $2,50 if not paid within 6 months.

VOLUME I. HILLSDALE, (MICH.,) TUESDAY, OCT. 13, 1846. NUMBER 16.

THE WHIG STANDARD.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
BY
S. D. CLARK & H. B. ROWLSON.

POSTAGE FREE WITHIN 30 MILES.

TERMS.

$2,00 per Annum, if paid in Advance; or, $2,50 if not paid within Six months.

Village subscribers who have their papers left at their door, $2,50.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Proprietors.

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The Place Where Flowers are Made.

BY BLANCHE.

Far away in an isle of a southern sea,
Where the wavelets play like childhood free;
Where the skies are bending, in laughter, o'er
The waving green of that happy shore;

Where the tiniest things in the world that be
Are flitting and swinging from spray to tree;
And music chiming, like silver bells,
In the dew-drop arch, of gladness tells;

There rises a palace, with glittering dome,
And its bright place is the fairies' home;
And there in my dreams one night I flew—
Oh! a brighter dream I never knew.

Aye fairer than flush of the morning sky,
When sun rays are lingering in beauty nigh,
Was the pearly hall of that blessed place,
And the gleam I caught of each happy face,

They were weaving flowers, in love and song;
For a weary world, a world of wrong;
Each sat at her loom, while a beut sunbeam,
For her shuttle, flew like a lightning gleam.

One wove the azure with yellow gold,
Round the violet's eye the robe to fold;
Then hung it with leaves of velvet green,
A drapery fit for a flower to ween.

One caught the fleece of a cloud of snow,
And spun its threads with the sunset glow;
Then roses were born the bright the faint,
The blush, the pure, without a taint.

One gathered the chains from the moon that fell,
And the silver star-beams they loved so well;
Then bevies of blossoms, in radiant white,
Sprang from the loom with love and light.

One stole the web of a shadow-lace,
Where the moon had hid her smiling face,
While her watching glance was peering thro',
As you've sometimes known a coquette to do.

Of this a saddened flower they made,
And it fell from the loom a pale night shade;
With a tho't for the gloomy, a tho't for the gay
Stamped on its leaves by a weeping fay.

One rent the veil the angels hold,
And caught a thread of "purple and gold,"
To weave with a skein of tangled light,
And that flower woof was passing bright,

One linked the dew from the fountain's lip
With the darkling shade where willows dip,
And tribes of flowers, that love the spray,
Were born at the touch of the bright-eyed fay.

But flowers must fade and so must dreams,
And mine had fled with the pale moonbeams;
Yet the memory o'er my heart is laid,
Of the fairy place where flowers are made.

A Portrait of a hard Case.

Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you burst upon the world's door and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect ro bestow upon your fellow men?—Some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! Those who look for anything good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps can be got "on tick," but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. O! you wasp-waisted, catfish mouthed, baboon-shouldered, calliper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, bewhiskered drone in the world's bee-hive! What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lisp by rote a line from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters and act the fool shamefully. I say does your mother know you're out! I am afraid you have no mother nor never had!

You are of no more use in this world than a time piece in a beaver dam, or a mattrass in a hog pen. You fill no larger space in this world's eye than the too nail of a musquito would in a market house, or a stump tailed dog, in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grand-mother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea-room as a tadpole in Lake Superior.

As for your ideas, you have but one, (and that is graven on your leaden skull an inch deep,) that *tailors* and females were made to be gulled by you, and that you think decent people envy your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm! You are decidedly a hard case!—*Dow Jr.*

"TO ARMS."—The Western Continent, Park Benjamin's paper, says. Our attention has been called to the fact, that marriage &given in marrsage has become unusually common of late. The papers contain a greater numberof marriage notices than usual. and we have heard of several long engagements that have suddealy been brought to that consummation so devoutly to be wished. We were at a loss to account for this favourable tendency of the matrimonial market, until we met the follawing quotation in a late number of the Savannah Republican:

.When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to WAR, neither shall he be charged with any business, but he shall cheer up the wife which he hath taken.—DEUTERONOMY. XXIV, 5.'

Thus we are enabled to understand why so many young men are fl ying to the ARMS of the fair. They prefer such ENGAGEMENTS and such ARMS to the arms of their country and engagements with the enemy.

Adventure of a Bashful "Lovyer."

"The N. Y. Spirit of the Times has *some* correspondents, so it has—humorous fellows who write for the fun of it and excite fun for others. And they succeed too, and with the aid of that *tallest* of editors, the real Porter, makes the Spirit the 'greatest paper out.'

'One of 'em' tells the adventures of a bashful 'lovyer' in a late number, as follows:

"His name was 'DANPHULD—we used to call him 'Jackass' for short. Heaven help me if he ever should see this story. I hope he don't take the 'Spirit.' Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk—in fact he was a young man of 'great actions.'—Jack one warm day, fell in love; he had just graduated at College, and began to think he must seek the ladies' society; he was getting to be a man, and it looked manfully to have a 'penchant.' So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, and most hoyendish girl in the square but how to tell his love! there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the 'language of the eyes,' and he accordingly tried that, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch their eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon 'going it alone' Long before the hour fixed upon by cusfor an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons—black cassimere pants, (said pants being a 'leetle' tighter than the skin)—and spotless vest, The Journals of the day states as an item of information that the thermometer ranged from 75 to 80 degrees.

Jack swears it was a hundred! As the hour drew gradually near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the mansion he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting an eye towards the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life there; he thought it probable that no one was 'at home,' and since he had proceeded so far he'd proceed farther, and———leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—the darned thing needn't make such a 'cussed' noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely asked him to walk in. 'Miss Emily was alone in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him!'

Oh Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl all alone!—It was too late to retreat, the girl had closed the front door and was pointing the way into the parlor where 'Miss Emily was sitting all alone." Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or rather sidled. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice 'bidding him welcome, and draw near.' To obey the order was but the work of a moment as he supposed—but he little dreampt of the obstacle Fate had thrown in his way. He knew full well the stream of Love had many ripples, but full-grown snags entered not into his calculation.—Judge therefore of his astonishment at being tripped up almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly in his road to happiness. Over he went, and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra extension of muscles and sinews, he not only 'procured' a tumble, but also a 'compound fracture' of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that *point* which comes in closest contact with a chair.—Having picked himself up 'as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not setting him forward any,' he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable expose, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on nettles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. And on this rock he split, for just at that moment she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. What *had* become of it! She was *sure* she had it when *he* came in! It must certainly be somewhere about! Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Danphule? Jack was sure that couldn't be so! but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must draw the coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing 'viper,' he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so the fracture opened, and behold there lay, as the lady supposed, her property. It was the work of an instant to seize the corner, and exclaim—'Here it is, sir,—you needn't trouble yourself.—Raise a little, it's under you!' at the same time giving it a long pull. Alas, the *tail* [illegible] now told—no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of good luck could save his shirt. But what should he do! Another and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost 'dry goods,' coupled with the request to 'Get up, sir—you're sitting on it,' determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast-disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents—'For pity's sake, Miss Emily, *leave my shirt collar!*'

Santa Fe Expedition.

Correspondence of the Missouri Republican.

ARMY OF THE WEST.—SANTA FE, New Mexico, Aug. 24, 1846.

From the heading of my letter, you will perceive that Santa Fe, and with it the province of New Mexico, is taken. Even now, the star spangled banner waves over the former place of Gen. ARMIJO; American sentincls guard the town; American soldiers parade on the public *plaza*. On the highlands South of the town, tent upon tent may be seen, and their inmates busily engaged in clearing their armor, drilling, and attending to their various military duties; the cannon of Major CLARK's battalion pointing significantly with their muzzles towards the town; all denoting that, unless simptoms belie me, the war East of the Rio del Norte is ended.

In one word, the expedition of Gen. S. W. KEARNEY, with the Army of the West, has, thus far, resulted in the most successful triumph which even the most sanguine could have imagined.

If I remember right, my last communication to you was addressed from Fort Bent. At that place our army remained but three days, camping nine miles East of the Fort, near the mouth of Piquetway. Some prisoners, whom we made there, and who, it was supposed, were spies of Gen. ARMIJO, spread various contradictory rumors among us, but Gen. KEARNEY, without paying the least regard to their hostile intentions, treated them remarkably friendly—sent them about the camp—showed them our entire forces, and especially our cannon—and then sent them home, with the request to tell Gen; ARMIJO what they had seen, and that in less than 20 days we should meet him—not on by-paths—not stealthily—but boldly, openly, on the highways of New Mexico, ready to remove any obstacle which might present itself in our way, but ready also, to treat all those who made no hostile demonstrations towards us, as fellow citizens of our Republic. On the 2d of August, our force left the camp, and at the Fort crossed the Arkansas, the inmates of the Fort saluting us by hoisting the American flag; and unless appearances deceive me much, I thought I recognized a singular resemblance between the large and beautiful flag that waved over the Fort, and the flag which, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," waved on the Polk stalk in St. Louis, over the devoted heads of the immaculate *hard* disciplines of the Democratic church. What strikes me as a singular coincidence, while I stood watching the folds of the beautiful banner opening themselves to the wafting winds, was, that I afterwards learned Mr. F. P. BLAIR, of your city, had been chiefly instrumental in doing our corps the honor of this salute; though aside from all invidious thoughts and allusions created by the spur of the moment the display of our nation's banner in this Western desert, called forth a sincere and enthusiastic responce from us as we passed cheerfully by, ready to die in defence of the flag that seemed to tell us glory must attend the expedition of so many gallant hearts, who fought for the triumph of those stars.

Our marches were extremely fatiguing after we left the Fort; and the sandy soil, the bad quality of the grass and the want of water, joined to an almost insupportable heat and the hot winds, blowing from the west, had the effect of dampening the spirits of the men considerably. To most of the ammunition wagons of artillery we had already been forced to put oxen; they also gave out soon, and it was with difficulty—such as is not easily imagined—that the artillery proceeded onward. Mr. Glasgow, Mr. Leitensdorfer, and other traders, joined our army at the Fort, and proceeded along with us in the rear. Capt. Cook, with several men, was sent ahead on a mission of peace to Gen. Armijo, and Messrs. Bent and Leitensdorfer followed him, exploring the country.

On the 8th, we reached the Rattoon mountains, and on the 10th, we encamped on the Canadian fork of the Colorado, having in two days gotten successfully through the most dangerous passes which can be imagined. After we had passed these mountains, I gave up all hopes of meeting with an enemy, inasmuch as a determined band of five hundred men might have at least delayed our passage through them for months, perhaps destroyed our entire forces, without any other arms & ammunition than the rocks on these impassible mountains.

On the Canadian Fork we had a rest day, and without any interruption arrived, on the 13th, at the lower Moro settlements, and encamped that night at the Sarpillo. The people were little disturbed at our approach, and rather hailed it as the delivery from their oppressors, and protection from the danger thr[illegible] them from the surrounding Indi[illegible] We learned here from Capt. Co[illegible] the news reaching us, that a for[illegible] twelve thousand Mexicans and Pueblos, with two thousand armed men among them, had encamped at and fortified the Canion passes, near Santa Fe, and made Gen. Kearney for a moment apprehend that danger had befallen him. On the next evening we reached the town of Los Vegos, a small place containing near a hundred buildings. A messenger from Armijo met General Kearney a few miles east of the place, giving assurances to our commander, that Capt. Cook had been in Santa Fe, and that his mission had been duly respected. Some other information, though of little importance, never became fully known to me, for which reason I shall not trouble you with the detail of the fragments, which I only learnt. The Alcade and some of the wealthier citizens waited on the General in the evening, and left him, it seemed, tranquil and assured of the friendly intentions of our Government towards them. During the night a messenger reached the camp, and stated that a large body of the enemy had arrived within two miles of the place, and were fortifying in a dangerous pass. None seemed more assured that a battle would ensue in the morning than our General, and every preparation was made, and every precaution taken, to meet the enemy.

Early in the morning, the troops marched towards the town, the flags of each troop displaying the stars and stripes; patrotic speeches were made to some of the volunteer companies; the slow matches were lit, and every heart beat with glowing anxiety for the moment of rencontre. Previously, however, formal possession was taken of the town; General Kearney nominated the Alcade and two civil officers of the place as Captains, who thereupon took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, swearing to discharge the duties of their offices faithfully, and to support and protect the cause of the Union against the opposers whomsoever. The ceremony ended, our force marched towards the encampment of the enemy; the signal for *trot* was given; three companies of infantry marched on the summit of the hills enclosing the pass—but, arrived at the pass; the enemy fled, and we had the gratification of learning nothing else than that the mail from the States had arrived, bringing among other news, that of the promotion of Col. Kearney to the rank of Brigadier General.

Towards the evening, we passed thro' Taculota; encamping at night at Santa Rita; passed on the following morning through St. Miguel; and encamped on the evening of the 16th at Susana. At most of these places the same ceremonies of taking possession were gone through as at Los Vegos. Capt. Cook had meanwhile arrived, and the supposition that Gen. Armijo would defend the Canion passes gained ground every minute.

On the morning of the 17th, the son of General Salazar was taken prisoner by some of the dragoons, and from him we learnt the following facts: Gen. Armijo and Salazar (the famous murderer of the Texans) had encamped at the Canion with near five thousand men, but owing to the jealousies of the two Generals and the apathy of the soldiers a mutiny had broken out in the army, the result of which was, that Armijo, with his guard, had fled towards the South, the Pueblos returned to their homes, and Salazar fled to his home. The young man pledged his life on the assertion that no enemy would meet us in the Canion passes, which indeed turned out to be the truth.

On the 17th, we encamped at old Pecos; and, on the 18th, in the evening, on the fifteenth day of our war expedition, after a most fatiguing march, in which several hundred horses and mules had to be left behind, unable longer to follow, we arrived at Santa Fe. The flag soon waved over the place, and in honor of it, the artillery fired thirteen guns from their encampment on the highland near the town.

On the next day, formal possession was taken of the town; Gen. Kearney addressed the citizens, and took the usual oath from the Prefect, and Alcade of the place. If I shall have any time left, I shall, on to-morrow, give you a report of the ceremonies which took place on the occasion. On the 21st, Capt Fisher, of the artillery, captured three of the enemy's cannon at Sallisteo, a small town; twenty-seven miles from Santa Fe, and there had the honor of gaining the only trophies won in the campaign.

The people are tranquil, and as peaceable as might be imagined; but few of the citizens had fled the town; & most of them are daily returning. Gen. Kearney is fast reaping for himself a crown of unfading laurels for his affable and kind treatment of the people, and the wise and statesmanlike policy which he pursues. He proclaimed himself Governor of the Territory of New Mexico on the day after his arrival, and all look upon him as the fittest man who could have been selected to reconcile this people thus successfully to the sudden and extraordinary change which their gove[illegible]ment and internal policy has undergo[illegible] On to-morrow a body of troops wi[illegible] march towards Albuquerke, to take possession of that district. It is supposed that a detachment of the army will also be sent to California. The artillery under Major Clark, is erecting fortifications in front of the town, and the two companies under his command, commanded by Capt. Fisher and Weightman, it is gen[illegible]ll be stationed here, [illegible] other forces—Major [illegible]ng the garrison.

[illegible] the current reports, gener[illegible] credited, [illegible]ough Gen. Kearney can hardly know [illegible] certain how the appearances of things may change, or what steps may become necessary to ensure permanent tranquility in the province.

In conclusion let me say, that we have not lost any man in the artillery, nor have we any sick at the present time; that we are all as contented as we can possibly be, and burning with impatience to hear from our friends in St. Louis and [illegible] brother soldiers in the South.

[illegible]fore in my next, which will be fol[illegible]d by the next mail.

Yours, &c. *bb.*

USE OF A NOSE.—A good story is told of Mozart at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. The tattor challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at first sight. Mozart accepted the banter and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Every thing being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music; and much to the surprise, of Haydn, handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play and I can—you are to give it the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him struck the keys of his instrument. Surprised at its simplicity he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once he exclaimed:

"How's this, Mozart! How's this! Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched! Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted struck the instrument with an air of such self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped.

Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which the teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, every body is aware, was favored, or endowed, with an extremely long nose—a prodigions nose, which, in modern dialect, 'stuck out about a feet.' Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched out both hands to the extreme ends of the piano and leaning forward bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!"

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

STRANGE BEDFELLOW.—At a ladies' temperance meeting, not long since, one of the members remarked that the temperance cause had been a blessing to her; "for," added she, "I slept with a barrel of rum for ten years; but now, she continued, her eyes brightening, "since my husband signed the pledge, I have a MAN to sleep with, thank God!" Then all the spinsters laid their hands on their hearts, and said—*Amen.*

Gen. Putnam asked Gen. Washington, once—'Which is worst, to swear, thinking no evil, or to pray, thinking no good?'

A gentleman lost an overcoat in New York, and was unable to describe it any farther than to say "it had a soda bottle in one of its pockets half full of brandy.

A QUEER CASE FOR THE DOCTOR.—As Dr. D——, of Paris, was returning home, on Tuesday se'n night, with his young and pretty wife upon his arm, he was met by a young man in a great perspiration, and apparently much agitated, who cried out so earnestly, "Doctor follow me; a man's life is in danger," that the doctor let go his wife's arm, saying that he would return as soon as possible. The young man proceeded towards the Boulevard so rapidly, that the doctor was obliged to call to him to moderate his pace. The young man, however, still kept on, and Dr. D——, soon lost sight of him. Not knowing what to do, the doctor waited awhile; but as no one came to intimate where the patient was to be found, he resolved to return home, very natually supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home, he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife, and after various inquiries amongst the lady's friends without effect, the doctor applied to the authorities. The investigation which was set on foot gives reason to believe that the lady left Paris the same evening, in company with a foreigner, in the train for Brussels or Ostend. Nothing, however, is yet known of this mysterious affair, with any degree of certainty.

HOW TO FIND A WIFE.—When a young woman, while in the act of sweeping, approaches you, with kind words and gracious looks, politely requests you to move, [illegible] she wants to sweep where you are [illegible], depend upon it she is the girl you want, so far certainly as temper is concerned; for never is woman so petulant, so domineering, as when she has a broom in her hand, except when she has a mop.

A DANDY asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey. "No, sir," answered the lad, "but if you will take a seat I'll try."