

The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

TERMS:

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POETRY.

STANZAS.

'Art thou beautiful?—Live, then, in accordance with the curious make and frame of thy creation, an let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness, the ornament of the beloved of God.'—Wm. Penn.

Rind up thy tresses, thou beautiful one,
Of Brown in the shadow and gold in the sun!
Free should their delicate lustre be thrown,
O'er a forehead more pure than the Parian stone—

Shaming the light of Orient pearls
Which bind o'er its whiteness thy soft
wreathing curls.

Smile—for thy glance on the mirror is
thrown,
And the face of an angel is meeting thine
own!

Beautiful creature,—I marvel not
That thy cheek a lovelier tint hath caught:
And the kindling light of thine eye hath told
Of a dearer wealth than the miser's gold.

Away, away—there is danger here—
A terrible phantom is bending near;
Ghastly and sunken, his rayless eyes
Glow on thy loveliness scornfully—
With no human look—with no human
breath,
He stands beside thee,—the haunter, DEATH!

Fly, but alas, he will follow thee still,
Like a moonlight shadow, beyond thy will:
In thy noon day walk—in thy mid-night
sleep—
Close at thy hovel that phantom will keep—
Still on thine ear shall his whisper be—
Wo that such phantom should follow thee.

In the bright hall where the light dances
go,
Like beautiful spirits to and fro;
When thy fair arms glance in their stain-
less white,
Like Ivory bathed in still moonlight,
And not one star in the holy sky
Hath a clearer light than thy own blue eye!

O then—even then—he will follow thee,
As the ripple follows the bark at sea;
In the soft light—in the turning dance—
He will fix on thine his dread cold glance—
The chill of his breath on thy cheek shall
linger,
And thy warm blood shrink from his icy
finger.

And yet there is hope. Embrace it now,
While thy soul is open with thy brow;
While thy heart is fresh and thy feelings
still

Gush clear as the unsoiled mountain rill;
And thy smiles are free as the air of spring,
Greeting and blessing each breathing thing.

When after cares of thy life shall come,
When the bud shall wither before his
bloom

When the soul is sick of emptiness
And changeful fashion of human bliss;
And the weary torpor of blighted feeling,
Over thy heart as ice is stealing.

Then, when thy spirit is turned above,
By the mild rebuke of the Christian's love,
When hope that joy in thy heart is stir'd,
Which eye hath not seen nor ear heard;
Then wilt that phantom of darkness be
Gladness and promise and bliss to thee.

GEN. SANTA ANNA & HIS AID-DE-CAMP.

From a late Foreign Journal.

In the beginning of April, 1833, Senor L., a wealthy Mexican merchant, was suddenly called to Europe by business of importance. As it was probable that his absence from his native country might be for a period of some duration, he determined on taking his lady and family with him. Previous to his departure from Vera Cruz, where he proposed to embark, he requested an interview with General Santa Anna, the President of the Mexican Republic. The request was readily granted; for Santa Anna was easily accessible to visitors. On being introduced to the President, Senor L. found himself in the presence of a thin, muscular man, of dark olive complexion, and a keen, penetrating eye—a man whose character was actually delineated in his features. Santa Anna's countenance expressed the cautious cunning of the Spaniard. First the soldier of Ferdinand VII, then a revolutionary leader—seeking power from vanity rather than from selfishness—alternately humane and cruel as the impulses of interest happen to prompt him. Such was the man whom he had met in the coup de main invested with Supreme power in Mexico, to wield sovereign sway over the conquests of Fernando Cortez and the inheritance of Philip II.

Santa Anna was alone with his Aid-de-camp, Colonel Yanez, a remarkably handsome young man. The Colonel was examining some despatches with profound attention, and was so earnestly occupied, that he seemed not even to notice the entrance of the Mexican merchant.

Senor L. explained to the General that the frequent robberies and assassinations which were committed on travelers, induced him to solicit an escort for his journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz.

'Really,' said Santa Anna, after a moment's reflection, 'if you intend taking with you property of considerable value, I would not recommend you to have an escort, for our military are frequently depredators instead of defenders. The best plan would be to get Vermont the French Saddle, in the Calle de Las Cadenas, to make a trunk with a double bottom, in which you may conceal your money, Madame L.'—'s diamonds, and any other objects of value. Should you be attacked, open the trunk with out hesitation, and resign all its visible contents, which, of course, will not be of any great value.'

This plan though somewhat hazardous appeared to Senor L.—the best he could adopt. He took leave of the General, and whilst he was moving to the door of the apartment, Colonel Yanez, who, during the conversation had appeared intently occupied in the perusal of his papers, turned his head almost unperceived, and cast a look at the merchant.

Senor L. immediately proceeded to the shop of Vermont, and gave the requisite orders for the trunk. Having packed in it his money and valuables, he left Mexico that same evening, himself on horseback, and his wife and children borne in a palanquin. The baggage was strapped on the backs of mules, which were ridden by *arrieros*.

The little caravan arrived safely at Puebla, where it halted to rest for two days.—On the third day, at sunset, the journey was resumed.

The travellers beheld in the distance the towering peak of Mount Orizaba, whilst they slowly traversed the plain of Acaxote, where Santa Anna so basely doomed his friend General Mejia, to be shot. They reached without disaster the gorge at the extremity of the plain. It is a narrow, gloomy ravine, terminating in several diverged paths. The drowsy *arrieros*, seated on their mules were singing *el Cabello*, a favorite song of the Spanish Muletters.—They were repeating the chorus,

'Mi majer y mi caballo,
Se murieron en un timpo.'

when, to their surprise, some unknown voices mingling with their own, took up the conclusion of the stanzas:

*My wife and my horse died both in one day.

'Que mujer. y que demonio
El caballo es lo que siento.'

Before they could recover from the amazement created by this mysterious incident, the caravan was surrounded by a party of about twenty Brigands, who started out as if by magic from the rocky recesses on either side of the ravine.

In spite of the shrieks of his wife and children Senor L.—was in no way disconcerted. He beheld without the least emotion the robbers laying hands on his baggage; and when they seized the trunk he coolly presented the key. But one of the robbers, with a significant gesture, drew out a long knife, and inserting it between the sides and the bottom of the trunk, he very dexterously detached the flat piece of wood which Vermont's ingenuity had devised for concealment. The merchant for a few moments stood motionless with astonishment, and then gave utterance to violent expressions of rage. The bandit held up the bright blade of his knife, and said in a calm and subdued tone—'Attempt no useless resistance, Senor, if you value your life!' Then turning to Madame L.—who, pale with terror, was sitting up in the palanquin holding her two children in her arms—'Be not alarmed, Senora,' said he, 'we are *caballeros* and know the respect which is due to ladies.'

Casting aside all objects of trivial worth, the robbers collected the money and Madame L.'s jewels; among the latter were some magnificent black pearls of California, of great value.

Senor L.—made the best of his way back to Mexico, and there deposited before the Fiscal the particulars of the extraordinary robbery of which he had been the victim. It was evident that the attack had been premeditated. There were only two persons besides Senor L.—who knew the existence of the double bottom to the trunk: these persons were General Santa Anna and Vermont, the saddle. The latter was consequently arrested, but on his examination gave so clear and satisfactory account of himself that all possibility of suspicion averted from him. He had long borne an excellent character, and testimony of his neighbors proved that he had not quitted Mexico either on the day of the robbery or on several days preceding it. In short, the innocence of Vermont was unquestionably established, and he was speedily liberated; but every effort to trace out the real criminals proved ineffectual.

The excitement occasioned by this event was scarcely beginning to subside in Mexico, when a report became current that a murder had been committed in open day in the house of the Swiss Consul, M. Maigret.—The Consul resided in the Calle San Cosme, not far from the residence of the former Viceroy, the Count de Galvez. At first the report gained little credit, for Calle San Cosme is one of the most frequented streets in Mexico, and is crossed by an aqueduct, which abuts on the delicious promenade, the Alameda.

Nevertheless, the story was but too true. The assassin having entered M. Maigret's house by the street door, attacked and murdered his Indian servant. Hearing a disturbance, M. Maigret rushed out to the corridor, and thus taken by surprise was overcome by his assailant. It appeared, however, that he had made a powerful resistance. A dreadful confusion was visible on his temples, one of his arms were broken, and there were two deep and fatal stabs on his left side. In the clenched hand of the murdered man, there was found a brass button with a fragment of blue cloth attached to it.

An active investigation was immediately set on foot, with the view of discovering the perpetrators of the crime. Suspicion lighted on a dragoon of the 4th regiment, who from a condition of poverty, that is to say, from subsistence on his pay, had suddenly acquired a abundance of money, which he scattered away in profligate extravagance; this man whose name was Antonio, could give no satisfactory account of the way in which this money was obtained. Search having been secretly made in his place of abode, suspicion was converted into certainty; by the discovery of a blue coat, from which a button had been torn, and, on comparison the buttons of this coat were found to correspond exactly

†What a wife! what a tergiversant! I mourn for my horse, and not for her

in size, pattern, and make with that found in the hand of the murdered Maigret. As it frequently happens in similar cases, the murderer had neglected to conceal or destroy the most positive proofs of his guilt.—A great mass of circumstantial evidence added weight to this proof so that no doubt remained of Antonio's participation in the crime. Still, however, all the efforts of the Fiscal to draw disclosures from him were ineffectual, and it was clear that the hope of evading punishment through some occult but powerful protection, made him obstinately refuse to avow his accomplices.

In Mexico, criminal justice is not marked by that slow and cautious progress which attends its course in the more civilized nations of Europe. The trial speedily terminated in the condemnation of the criminal, and on the following day, a gloomy procession entered one end of the Calle San Cosme, and halted before the house in which the murder was committed. The criminal, with his head shaved, his neck and feet bare; holding in his right hand a lighted taper, and attended by a Spanish Franciscan, was directed to fall on his knees at the threshold of the door and beg forgiveness.

The first act of expiation being performed, the procession again advanced amidst increasing crowds of spectators, who pressed forward through the gate of San Agostina, the Goldsmith's street, and the street of San Francisco, until they reached the Alameda. The criminal was then observed to gaze anxiously through the crowd, as if looking for some signal of intelligence, but he was evidently disappointed for his eye did not fall on the face of the man who had been his accomplice. The first act of expiation being performed, the procession again advanced amidst increasing crowds of spectators, who pressed forward through the gate of San Agostina, the Goldsmith's street, and the street of San Francisco, until they reached the Alameda. The criminal was then observed to gaze anxiously through the crowd, as if looking for some signal of intelligence, but he was evidently disappointed for his eye did not fall on the face of the man who had been his accomplice.

On reaching the scaffold, Antonio once more cast an eager look through the surrounding crowd; then shaking his head with the air of one who resigns his last scruple with his last hope, he turned to an Alguazil who stood near him, and in a distinctly audible voice said—

'Senor, my principle accomplice, the chief of the band of which I am one, is Col. Yanez, the aid-de-camp of his Excellency the President.'

The astounding disclosure excited a great surprise and distrust. Who could believe that the most brilliant officer of the Mexican army, the intimate friend of General Santa Anna (and, as the voice of scandal whispered, the paramour of his sister, Dona Dolores) was a highway robber, a sanguinary murderer! but improbable as all this might seem, further judicial inquiry was nevertheless deemed expedient. Accordingly the execution was suspended, and Antonio was conducted back to prison. Don Jose de la Cortina, then Governor of the city of Mexico, directed the military Fiscal, Captain Olozago, to make a visit to the residence of Colonel Yanez.

This visit led to some very important discoveries. The papers of Colonel Yanez were seized and among them was found a mysterious correspondence, consisting of letters written in cyphers. A vast number of valuable objects of every kind were found in the house, and many jewels were recognized as having been the property of Senor L.—who had been robbed about a month previously on the road from Mexico to Vera Cruz. Yanez was arrested as he was coming out of the Government Palace, and immediately incarcerated in prison.

Whilst the interest excited by these events was still at its height, a lady whose figure was concealed beneath the folds of a black silk mantilla, and whose face was covered with a thick veil, made a visit to the military Fiscal. All the resources of talent, eloquence, and tears were employed by this lady to move the Fiscal's sympathy in behalf of Yanez and to induce him to destroy the accursed documents which were to be produced on the trial. The lady even ventured to offer a bribe of 30,000 piasters but Capt Olozago indignantly rejected the offer, through in the melodious voice and fascinating grace of his veiled visit or he recognized the beautiful Senora Dona Dolores, the President's sister.

Scarcely had a week elapsed from the time of this interview, when Capt. Olozago was suddenly taken ill one morning after breakfast. He soon expired in violent pain and convulsion, and his medical attendants entertained no doubt that his death had been caused by poison.

Meanwhile, every secret intrigue that could tend to ensure the acquittal of Yanez was actively set on foot. Seduced by the offer of five hundred ounces of gold, the escribiente (clerk) of the unfortunate Fiscal consented to withdraw the documents which incriminated Yanez. But he had no sooner succeeded in effecting their abstraction, than a feeling of remorse took possession of him, and he made a disclosure of the whole affair to his confessor. The priest refused to grant him absolution unless he restored the papers to the place from whence he had removed them. He could not, however, restore the five hundred ounces of gold to the mysterious donor, of whose name and place of abode he was ignorant.

Colonel Don Jose Calvo, who succeeded Capt. Olozago in the Post of military Fiscal, was a man of high courage and integrity. He was by birth a Spaniard, and had served honorably in the wars of the Peninsula. He was not blind to the difficulties which attended an honorable discharge of his duty in the affair of Yanez. Though Santa Anna, with his habitual duplicity, affected an utter indifference to the result of the trial, yet Colonel Calvo well knew the feeling of close friendship which subsisted between the President & his Aid-de-camp. The fate of Olozago, who, there was little reason to doubt, had been poisoned by a cup of coffee, was certainly calculated to intimidate him. There was peril but he resolved to face it.

As to Yanez, he enjoyed in prison all the comforts which could have attended him in his own house. Secret friends were continually transmitting to him proofs of their sympathy and interest. One day his jailer delivered to him a little note, in which were written in female hand the words, *Amor, amor, esperanza!* and he learned through this secret channel that the accursed papers had been abstracted, and doubtless destroyed. In the absence of these proofs, there was nothing, to convict him, but the evidence of Antonio. Yanez doubted not that when brought face to face with him, on the day of trial, the dragoon would retract his statements. He certainly could have no wish that two victims should be sacrificed instead of one. Yanez was borne up by this confidence, and on the day when he was arraigned before his judges, he manifested in his whole bearing, and in his replies to the questions put to him, the utmost coolness and presence of mind.

No sooner was he conducted into court, than Antonio appeared, followed by four of his accomplices, who had been successively put under arrest. As if by an involuntary impulse, Yanez started back with seeming disgust, and fixed his eyes on Antonio with a look expressing more forcibly than words, his indignation and contempt of the culprit who had betrayed his accomplices. The bandit shrunk under the glance of his leader. He appeared stupefied, and could only stammer out a few indistinct answers to the questions addressed to him. Then turning pale and red by turns, he struck his hands violently on the bar, and said—'I can disclose nothing. I know nothing. I care not for my life! You may take it!'

Yanez thought he was saved. He little knew that the letters abstracted by the clerk had been replaced in the Fiscal's portfolio. He therefore confided himself with a scornful denial of the charges brought against him, and when Colonel Calvo dwelt on the enormity of the crime of devising plunder and murder, and tempting others to perpetrate the deeds, Yanez replied by a smile of cool indifference.

Don Jose Calvo then drew forth the criminality letters. This was a thunderbolt to all present. The transient doubt which had risen up in the minds of the judges now gave place to inquisitive conviction and after a pause of awful silence and suspense, sentence of death was pronounced on Yanez and his seven accomplices. A piercing female shriek rang through the court on the delivery of the sentence. Yanez, however, maintained his firmness.

'Man condemnas, and God absolve!' said he as he rose and bowed to the judges.

Three days after the termination of the trial, a vast crowd collected at early dawn on the plain which stretches out before the Cordal and the Paseo Naveo. On this plain several scaffolds were erected and on the right of the scaffolds there was an altar. In the streets leading to the place of execution the balconies were occupied by elegantly dressed ladies, and among them Dona Dolores was conspicuous, alike for her beauty and her death like paleness.

*Courage, love, hope

Soon there appeared in view a train of Alguazils, habited in black with large white neck ruffs, and armed with heavy blunderbuses. These were followed by the brotherhood of the Agonizantes. Next appeared a Capuchin bare footed and repeating in a low solemn voice, the prayers for the dead; then came Antonio and the other criminals, each carrying a crucifix. Yanez having swooned on being removed from prison, lay stretched at full length on the back of an ass, and was supported by one of the executioner's assistants.

As soon as the wandering eye of Dona Dolores caught the first glimpse of the awful procession, she convulsively ran her fingers over a rosary, and when Yanez approached her balcony, she stretched her head over the balustrade, gazed eagerly at her lover, and observing his fixed eyes and livid color, she exclaimed, drawing herself up in a transport of frantic triumph—'Yanez, I am satisfied! thou wilt not die by the hand of the executioner!' Then drawing a poniard from her girdle, she raised her hand as if to plunge it into her heart, when her husband, a grave looking Spaniard, who stood a few paces behind her, rushed forward, and wrested the weapon from her hand. 'Dolores!' said he 'you may live with honor when he is dead.'

Yanez had taken his death portion that morning in a glass of Xerez wine, in which had been poured a few drops of one of those subtle poisons known to the Indians, and which never fail to destroy life within certain intervals. This poison was the last proof of love which Yanez received from Dolores. His lifeless body, was carried to the scaffold and co signified the executioner, in the presence of Antonio, who met his with unshaken firmness.

By the payment of a considerable sum of money, Dona Dolores prevailed on the Archbishop of Mexico, to allow the remains of Yanez, to be interred in the garden of the monastery of San Fernando.

Of all things in the universe man has the greatest reason to sing his Maker's praise, and yet he is the least engaged in this do-
tiful service.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms, and loved counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength, but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self balanced power, happy he who seeks and gains the hope of immortality.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is imparted as we drink deeper, and the tregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

The humble are not always the harmless. If you tread upon a scorpion, you must expect he will use his sting.

By prudent deportment, pertinent expressions and commendable actions, riches and reputation are required, but contrary causes have contrary effects.

Of all things endeavor to settle peace in thy own breast. If thou canst not find tranquility within thyself, 'twill be to no purpose to seek it elsewhere.

A buxom lass in Michigan has bet herself that Lewis Cass will be the next President.—'The editor of 'Cincinnati Enquirer' says he would like to hold the stakes!

Books are faithful repositories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction; memory since interpreted, is not to be recalled.—Written learning is a fired lunary, which after the cloud that had hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is not a meteor, which if it once falls, cannot be rekindled.—Johnson.

A SCENE.

Morning after Election.—'Pa, does wine make a beast of a man?' 'Pshaw! child!—perhaps once in a while!' 'Is this the reason why Mr. Goggins, the tavern-keeper, has on his sign, 'Entertainment for man and beast?' 'Nonsense, child, what makes you ask?' 'Because ma says that last night you went to Goggins's, a man, and came home a beast; and that he entered you!' That's mother's nonsense, dear. Run out and play; papa's here!—'ches.'