

# Democratic Banner.

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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## POETRY.

### THE COQUETTE.

BY HILDS GERALD KEON.

One spring morning, in her old age, she sat down alone at the easement. The morning of the day, and of the year, put her in mind of the morning of her time, and she sang with tears:

My heart is sinking,  
With ever thinking  
Of him who would me in early life,  
He had such a rental,  
But his look was gentle,  
As, whispering, he prayed me to be his wife.  
"I cannot proffer  
A wealthy coffer,"  
So ran his words in the days of youth—  
"But your husband's glory  
May be named in story,  
And you shall engross a heart of truth."  
No ray aorning  
Some vernal morning,  
Her broke more sweet o'er an eastern isle,  
"They are begun beginning"  
On his lip so winning,  
To diffuse the light of hope's youthful smile  
But answered slightly,  
Laughing so lightly,  
"That my love was love of the rich and high,  
"And that I cared not,  
"Indeed I cared not!"  
And thus I rebuked him, I know not why.  
He bowed, and departed,  
Quite broken-hearted.  
And long I thought he might come once more,  
But, O my life's morning!  
One pretence of weeping,  
Clouded the light which your moments bore  
This my heart is sinking,  
As I still sit thinking,  
How he prayed me softly to be his wife:  
"Though small was the rental,  
The look was still gentle,  
Of him who would me in early life."

### OH! HADST THOU NEVER SHARED MY FATE.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove;  
My heart would not so truly justify  
Without thy smiling love!  
But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
While thus I stand in pride,  
Like tearful lips that strive to take  
The poison from the wound.  
My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been,  
If we had never met.  
And has that thought been shared by thee?  
Ah! no, the smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me,  
Than labored words can speak.

### Life of Manuel Armijo, Governor of Santa Fe.

We take the following graphic sketch of this worthy, from KENDALL'S Santa Fe expedition:

MANUEL ARMILLO, the subject of the present memoir, as the story-books commence, was born of low and disreputable parents at or near Albuquerque, a town of no inconsiderable importance, some six miles south of Santa Fe. From his earliest childhood his habits were bad. He commenced his career by petty pilfering, and as he advanced in years extended his operations until they grew into important larcenies. While yet a youth, he carried on an extensive business in sheep-stealing, admitted, I believe, to be the lowest species of robbery; yet so lucrative did young Armijo find the business, that in his own neighborhood he gave it a tone of respectability. A wealthy hacendado, or large plantation owner, in the vicinity of Albuquerque, named Francisco Chavez, suffered not a little from the exceedingly liberal system of helping himself adopted by the embryo Governor. Chavez possessed his thousands and tens of thousands of sheep, large numbers of which he yearly drove to the southern cities of Mexico, and there disposed of for ready cash. At home, his business was to purchase at reduced prices all the sheep offered by his poorer neighbors, and so numerous were his flocks that he could not mark, much less recognize, one tenth of what he possessed. Yet he always employed shepherds to watch his flocks, and used every precaution in his power, to prevent his sheep from straying or being stolen.

But to guard against a person of young Armijo's tact and perseverance was impossible. The escape-grace would enter his flocks while the shepherds were asleep, or asleep when they awoke, and by much shrewd artifice contrived to lay a continual and profitable tax upon the substance of the elderly hacendado. The animals thus stolen, in good time would be sold for cash to their rightful but unsuspecting owner, and thus it would sometimes happen that Armijo would re-steal and resell, time after time, the same identical sheep. Up to this day, when among his intimate friends, General Manuel Armijo boastfully relates the exploit of having sold to "Old Chavez" the same ewe fourteen different times, and of having stolen her from him even in the first instance. By this means, and by having what is termed a good ran of lack at dealing monte, he amassed no inconsiderable fortune, and as his ambition now led him to learn to read and write, the foundation of his future influence and greatness among his timid and ignorant countrymen was substantially laid.

As it would fill a volume to trace all Armijo's steps, I will at once jump from the sheep folds of Chavez and the monte

table, and take him up again after he had been appointed *Administrador de Rentas*, or principal custom-house officer at Santa Fe, in the year 1837. It is proper to mention that, during this hiatus, somewhere between the years 1825 and 1830, he had been, by a federal appointment under the old territorial laws, clothed with the executive authority in New Mexico, and that his short administration was signalized by acts of cruelty and reckless injustice. In consequence of some misdemeanor, he was soon deposed from his place at the head of the customs by the then governor, Don Albino Perez, and another person was appointed in his stead.

The effects of the central form of government were now just beginning to be felt in this isolated department of Mexico, and the people were beginning to manifest no inconsiderable discontent at the new order of things. Armijo, perceiving that there was now a chance, not only to signalize himself, but to reap a rich harvest of revenge against his enemies then in power, took advantage of this feeling by secretly fomenting a conspiracy. An insurrection was soon in agitation, and early in August, 1837, a heterogeneous force, numbering more than one thousand men, among which were a large number of *pueblos*, or town Indians, assembled at La Canada, a village about twenty five miles north of the capital. Governor Perez conducted a force against the insurgents, but a majority of his men went over at the outset, leaving him with only twenty-five personal friends to contend with odds the most fearful. A slight skirmish told the story: one of his men was killed, two were wounded, while the rest fled precipitately towards Santa Fe. The insurgents pursued them to the city, from which they were obliged to flee; but they were captured the next day, and fourteen of them, including all the officers of state, were most ignominiously put to death. Among the slain were three brothers named Albreu; Gov. Perez was also butchered in the suburbs of Santa Fe, his head cut off and kicked about the streets by the populace. His body remained where it had fallen, a prey to the vultures and wolves, no friend daring to offer it sepulture!

Shrewdly conjecturing, now that he had raised a whirlwind, that he might easily direct the storm to his own personal advancement, Armijo, after the manner of his great prototype, Santa Anna, suddenly left his hacienda and made his appearance at Santa Fe. There he found every thing in a state of frightful anarchy—the place in the hands of an ignorant mob, and the American and other foreign merchants in hourly expectation that their houses and stores would be sacked, and even their lives taken. The rabble dispersed, however, committing no other outrage than electing one of their leaders, an ignorant and unlettered fellow named Jose Gonzalez, Governor of New Mexico. They paid no attention to the claim set up by Armijo, the fonder, as he had been exposed in no way to the anticipated hardships and knocks which had given them the ascendancy.

Foiled in his ambition, Armijo once more retired to his hacienda, a fine estate he had purchased at Albuquerque with the proceeds of his cheating, stealing and gambling transactions. But an active and ambitious mind like his could not long remain inert. Through secret intrigues, he managed after the lapse of three or four months, to organize a counter revolution, and collecting a numerous force, he declared in favor of Federalism, and marched towards Santa Fe. He took quiet possession of this place, as Governor Gonzalez, finding himself without an army, had fled to the north. The latter was soon enabled however, to rally around him no inconsiderable mob; but Armijo, in the mean time, had received heavy reinforcements from the south, and succeeded in routing Gonzalez without loss, taking him and many of his men prisoners. The unfortunate governor was immediately shot, and four of his officers met with the same fate by order of Armijo. The latter were put out of the way, more, it is said, to prevent disclosures than for any crime they had committed; for they had been Armijo's confidential emissaries in the formation of his original plot.

The ambitious tyrant, now that his enemies were either murdered or dispersed, reigned supreme in New Mexico. One of his first steps was to bring the army to proclaim him governor and commander-in-chief; his next to send off a highly-colored account of his own exploits in favor of Federalism to the city of Mexico, and no officer can more adroitly adopt the high-sounding fanfarona style in wording a despatch or an address than Manuel Armijo. Such disinterested patriotism, such love of the confederacy, and such daring bravery as he had manifested could not go unrewarded, and a return of post from Mexico brought documents confirming him in his situation of governor, with an additional title of colonel of cavalry. The sheep thief is rising in the world!

The year 1838 passed off without any event of great importance—Armijo still governor, and ruling his vassals with a rod of iron. In the early part of 1839, however, a shadow of law or authority, he deposed all the custom-house officers and appointed his own brother and his other crea-

tures in their stead, in order that he might have exclusive control and management of the customs in his own hands. He next, without regard to the federal tariff, established an arbitrary duty upon all merchandise entering from the United States—\$500 upon each wagon-load without reference to the quality of the goods it might contain, or their value. To some of the traders, whose wagoons happen to be heavily laden with the finer kinds of merchandise, this singular imposition is exceedingly favorable; while to others, with light or not valuable loading, it is equally oppressive.

From the material which I have at hand, I could give a connected detail of weekly acts of cruel injustice and most glaring partiality. Fenelon's graphic picture of a bad ruler has a living and faithful counterpart in the present Governor of New Mexico. Foreigners are the especial objects of his hatred; and acts and decisions affecting the well-being of his whole province are as often founded upon a feeling of hatred towards a small class, or, perhaps, some luckless individual who has excited his jealousy or fallen under the ban of his unaccountable caprice, as upon a sentiment of justice and necessity. Still oftener to his acts of public administration have their source in some private advantage to which he has a single eye—it may be in the furthering of some libertine and lustful scheme that would disgrace the veriest rascal in Christendom. Still, there is not that overt demonstration of malice towards foreigners that he daily makes toward his own cringing and servile countrymen. He is afraid of Anglo-Saxon blood, and he seeks to spill it by protecting the knife of the secret assassin, or by influencing, to most outrageous decisions, his farcical courts of law. Not infrequently do his own lusty sinews find congenial employment, in the open streets of Santa Fe in-wielding the cane and cudgel about the ears of his native subjects, and never yet has one been found bold enough to strike back. He raps them over the sconce with more impunity, because with vastly less sentiment, than did Hamlet the grinning skull of "poor Yorick."

Out of a multiplicity, I will record two anecdotes in order to illustrate his system of righting wrongs. The first came near resulting in a private quarrel between the American residents and the governor, and the difficulty was only avoided by the latter abandoning his objectionable ground. An American named Daley was wantonly murdered at the gold mines near Santa Fe by two ruffians engaged in robbing a store which he was keeping at that place. The murderers, through the energy of foreigners, were soon apprehended, and fully convicted of the crime; but, as they were Mexicans, and had only shed the blood of a heretic, they were permitted to go unwhipped of justice. In July, 1839, these murderers were again arrested through the intervention of the Americans, and a second time brought to Santa Fe for trial. The friends of the murdered man now drew up a petition to the governor, in the most decorous language, praying him to mete out full justice to the assassins. Armijo, though he knew full well the justice of their prayer, affected to believe it a threat against his authority and government—a conspiracy! Upon this pretence he immediately collected all the militia he could raise, and made preparations for one of his bravo demonstrations. The Americans, fully convinced that no justice could be expected from a tyrant so unprincipled, and fully understanding the "bluffing game" he had resorted to, at once, with characteristic spirit, prepared to defend themselves. Their firmness and cool determination frightened the cowardly governor, and induced him to send them an apologetical communication, in which he protested that he had entirely misconstrued the petition, and that their just request should have due attention.

In the year 1840, I think on the first day of January, two most respectable foreigners had the misfortune to kill a Mexican lad by the accidental discharge of one of their guns. They were returning to Santa Fe from the gold mines when the unfortunate accident occurred, and bro't the body of the boy into town, and at once reported the circumstance to the authorities. The principal alcalde consulted with Armijo as to the steps he should take, and the decision was, without form of trial, that the unfortunate foreigners should be put in prison and held responsible for murder, unless they could prove themselves innocent! This is a very common instance of the manner in which the potentate administrators justice. But there was something in this so palpably unjust, in the eyes of those who knew the men and the facts, as once more to call out such manifestations of public disapprobation induced him to retract so outrageous a sentence.

In the early part of February, 1840, a concurrence of two of three acts of most wanton injustice, conceived in cupidity and lust, came near resulting in a revolution. Armijo is an extensive merchant, and it becomes a part of his policy to pay off the public dues in his own merchandise at enormous profit. When it is remembered that he is at once governor, commander-in-chief, legislator, custom-house officer, auditor, treasurer, and judge, the practicability of this policy becomes apparent. Pub-

lic creditors can get no money from the treasury, because it is always bankrupt, or at least so represented, notwithstanding the custom-house receipts on importations are more than enough to pay the army, to which purpose they are especially set apart. On the occasion alluded to, some twenty regular soldiers stationed at Santa Fe, were thrown into prison and loaded with irons, as malcontents, for refusing to receive their wages in corn from Armijo's granary, at four dollars a *fanega*—a measure containing about two bushels—when they could purchase in market for cash at one-third of the price. This outrageous act of tyranny created an unwonted excitement against its author, so much so, that he found it necessary to resort to a specious kind of trickery, a display of disinterestedness, to allay the popular clamor. He advertised a contract to the lowest bidder, to furnish the soldiers with corn. But this Mexican display of honesty neither deceived nor satisfied even his stupid countrymen, for they at once declared that no one but Armijo could take the contract at any price, as the insolvent government never paid any creditor but him. Thus the matter remained just as it begun, and just as this most patriotic governor intended it should, with this exception: the manifestations of discontent became more open and threatening.

It is strange how this man has been able to maintain his despotic and arbitrary sway among a people acknowledging no law but that of force. The inhabitants are far more dissatisfied with his administration than they were with that of Perez and his cabinet of Abreus; yet so far they have dared to do no more than plot revolutions against their oppressor. He continues to hold sway in a country where he has not a real friend upon whom he can depend; even his sycophantic favorites would prove his bitterest enemies were he once in adversity. Could the Texans have entered New Mexico in a body with plenty of provisions, Armijo would have fled with his ill-gotten wealth, and the new comers would have been hailed by all parties as saviors.

I might diversify this hasty biography of Don Manuel Armijo, from the abundant material I have yet by me unused, with stories of his atrocious acts that would bring a blush upon the brow of tyranny. I might detail many horrible murders which he has committed. I could relate many a thrilling story of his abuse of the rights of women, that would make Saxon hearts burn with indignant fire; for Saxon hearts enshrine the memory of men as objects sacred and apart. I might speak of his conniving with the Apache Indians in their robberies of the neighbors of the State of Chihuahua, by furnishing this hardy mountain tribe with powder and balls and guns, knowing that with them they would fall like the eagle from their fastnesses, upon his own countrymen. I could give a catalogue of men's names whom he has banished from their own families and homes for no other reason but because they were in his way. Assassinations, robberies, violent debauchery, extortions, and innumerable acts of broken faith, are themes upon which I am armed with abundant and veritable detail; but my readers would sicken, and my narrative leads me another way. A few remarks and I have done with him.

The men and deportment of Armijo are not ill-calculated to strike a timorous people with awe; for as I have before remarked, he is a large, portly man, of stern countenance and blustering manner. Not one jot or tittle of personal bravery does he possess, but is known to be a most arrant coward. In all the revolutions that has taken place since he first courted power, his own person has never been exposed, if we except one instance. In a skirmish with some Indians he received a wound in the hip, from which he still limps; but the action was not of his own seeking, and his conduct on this occasion was that of a man engaged in a business anything but to his liking. He has made great capital, however of his crippled leg, and, like his great exemplar, Santa Anna, is determined that his subjects shall never forget that he received it while encountering their enemy. But the master-stroke of this great man was capturing the Texan Santa Fe Expedition. These small squads of tattered soldiers, taken piecemeal, in his grandiloquent bulletin he multiplied into a legion of Buckramites—for which act of most heroic daring he was in good time knighted by Santa Anna. He knows his people thoroughly, having studied their character with a most acute discernment. A common remark of his is, "Val mas estar tomado por valiente que serlo"—it is better to be thought brave than really to be so—and thus, by blustering and swaggering, he keeps the timid natives in subjection.

It may be thought singular that no attention is paid to Armijo's tyranny by the general government; but its policy is only part of that which has obtained in many of the departments.

In our own confederacy, we regard intelligence as the great bond of union; the reverse is the case in Mexico—a sufficient test to prove that the so called Republic is no Republic at all. To General Manuel Armijo I will now bid adieu, but I cannot do it without again saying, that however much he may be astonished at seeing his

portrait thus taken, he cannot urge a single syllable against its fidelity."

Michigan Mines.—We have hitherto abstained from noticing the ado that has been made about the mines in the northern portions of this State, because we have uniformly regarded the matter as chimerical. But our scepticism has been fairly staggered, and we give it up. That there are mines of silver and copper within the territory of this State of unsurpassed richness, we can no longer doubt. Dr. Beckwith, the agent of the "Grand River Hill Lake Superior Mining Company," has just returned from an exploring expedition upon the extreme northern portion of the Lower Peninsula, bringing with him specimens of silver and copper ore in abundance from a mine which he has discovered there. Some of the larger of near a pound weight, were so nearly pure that we could easily beat it into any shape with a hammer. The land upon which this mine was found is subject to sale by private entry at the land office, and therefore not liable to the vexations of leasing. The company has also a location on Lake Superior which is said to be very favorable. They are preparing for active operative operations with the fullest confidence of success. They are able and enterprising, and their efforts may open still wider fields of discovery.—*Tonia Journal*.

Curious.—Two cats were observed near each other in a garden in this town the morning last week, evidently to the great annoyance of a bird, (a swallow, we believe,) which resorted to the following curious expedient to get rid of her unwelcome company. A bed of pebbles being near by, she commenced diving to the ground and seizing a pebble with her claws as large as she could rise with, would ascend deliberately over the spot occupied by the cats, and let it drop. So rapidly was this performance repeated, and so well directed were some of the pebbles used by the sagacious little creature, that the cats soon became alarmed at what no doubt appeared to pussy's brains, a strange phenomenon, and decamped.

### Wisconsin Argus.

The Boston Journal says that there is an unusual amount of sickness in that city at the present time, particularly among children. The number of deaths there during the week ending on the 8th inst., was 92, of which 65 were under five years of age.

A horrid murder was committed in St. Louis county, Missouri, says the Republican of the 4th, a few days before, on the person of Mr. Harper, a young brother of Capt. Andrew Harper, of St. Ferdinand township. It seems that on Monday morning at the election ground in Central township, some altercation arose between Mr. Harper and a man named Ketterer. It was, however, soon adjusted, and they made friends. The day passed, and Mr. Harper ordered his horse, to go home.—Ketterer proposed upon some frivolous pretence to ride home with him, but Mr. Harper demurred. At last he assented. Ketterer then asked Harper to loan him half a dollar to pay for the keeping of his horse. This he did, and they mounted.—Ketterer behind Harper. The horse returned to the election ground, without riders, bloody, and reins loose. The assassin stabbed Mr. Harper on the right side, to the heart, jumped from the horse, and left him in that condition.

It is very cruel in the *New Haven Register*, in the very heart of the manufacturing region, too, to break up the beautiful theories of the Whig "panics" politicians. They say that the country is to be ruined. This hard-hearted editor, on the contrary, has the impudence to say that it is "going ahead." Hear his facts, so unpalatable to the panic-makers:

### Pennsylvania.

"GOING AHEAD.—A large manufacturer in this city told us, on Saturday, that the prospect for a good fall business was never better than it is now, and that far from discharging his hands, he could not get as many as he wanted. He is a Whig, but is not to be panicked, to help out political demagogues.

"A new Factory has been started in Wallington, we understand, since the passage of the new Tariff law, with every prospect of doing a good business, and we hear of others in different parts of the State.

"A new Cotton Factory is about going into operation in Handen, near this city. In fact, the evidences of prosperity are all about us; and the confidence of sensible business men is too strong to be shaken by the efforts of the panic-makers. The Whig press may succeed in injuring the credit of some of its friends—but that is an account they must settle between them."

Godfrey Pope, Captain of one of the Kentucky companies of volunteers stationed near Matamoras, was lately killed by a sentinel. He refused to answer when challenged, but continued to advance and was shot dead. The affair was investigated and the sentinel acquitted.

### N. O. Jeffersonian.

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