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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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ODE TO JAVA COFFEE.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Of all the Isles that gem the Indian seas,
Fair Java smiles the enviable queen;
There Flora's train, kissed by the tropic breeze,
Give vernal life and beauty to the scene;
And one of modest mien, yet matchless grace,
Madonna of the fragrance-breathing grove,
Whose virtues all of excellence embrace,
May claim this humble meed, a tribute song.

Bards of the blood-shot eye and reeling brain
May give libations rich of reeking wine;
To blunted Bacchus swell the foaming strain,
And fancied merits of the vine rehearse;
To Java's peerless plant my lay I pour,
Whose juice no gods defile with lecherous lips;
Give me my cup of Coffee brimming o'er,
And Jove unenvied may his nectar sip.

No head-achey luddle there like lurking fogs,
No serpent-passions coil around the brain;
Beneath its power the steam of feeling flows,
More soft and gentle than a Niada's hymn,
And milder thought in river's crystal clear,
Sparkles with truth and foams with eloquence,
And far from bluffs of Bombast, bleak and drear,
Meanders through the verdant vales of Sense.

Come, then, sweet Flora! at thy incense shrine
Call for thy blooming daughters, angel bright;
Bid them unveil their beauties all divine,
To fill the gaze's eye with new delight,
And while they bow in reverence round thy throne,
And breathe from honeyed lips an odor show,
Bid them the worth supreme and beauty own
Of Java's glorious and immortal flower!

SCENES FROM MEXICAN LIFE.

Translated from the *Francis Americana* for the Albany Argus, by W. G. B.

PERICO EL ZARZAGATE.

PART I.

The Jamaica and Mount Parnassus.

Of all the cities planted by the Spaniards in the new world, Mexico is certainly the most beautiful, and Europe herself would have reason to be proud in counting it among the number of her own. He who would contemplate in all its splendor, the strange and magnificent panorama of the capital and vicinity of Mexico, should ascend, just before sunset, to the top of one of the towers of the noble cathedral. At sixty leagues distant, bounding and circling the horizon on every side, he perceives the gigantic peaks of the Cordilleras. To the south, two volcanoes tower majestically above the Sierra, their summits covered with eternal snows, and tinted by the rays of the setting sun, with a hue of rich, rosy purple. One of them, *Popocatepetl* (the smoking mountain) is shaped like a cone, piercing the azure heaven with its sharp apex; the other, *Itzacuabal* (the white woman) takes the form of a coqueting nymph, lifting her shoulders of ice to the last gasps of the departing day. At the foot of these volcanoes are three beautiful sparkling lakes—from the mirror-like surface of which the clouds are reflected, and on whose bosom the cygnets are wont to disport themselves. To the west, the palace of Chapultepec, once the seat of pleasure of the Aztec Emperors, and after of the Spanish Vice-roys, displays its imposing proportions. Covering the mountain upon which it is built, in undulations like billows of verdure, are forest of cedar, of the growth of centuries. From the summit of this same mountain, there gushes forth a stream, flowing to the plain over the hundred arches of an aqueduct, which conveys it and distributes it to the populous city. To the right, to the left, on every side, are villages, steeples, and cupolas, dotting the surface of the smiling valley. Dusty roads intersect each other in every direction, in appearance like ribbons of gold carved, out on the verdure, or further in the distance, like streams of water. There, too, the weeping willow bends its disheveled branches before the breeze, and there a palm tree rears its isolated trunk, above the masses of odoriferous foliage, that meets the eye at every point.

But now turn your gaze from the distant plains and the grander features of the tableau, and fix your attention upon the city itself, or rather upon what is at your feet. Mingled and scattered over the checker-board-like appearance of the houses, and the terraces ornamented with flowers, rise the turrets of the churches, and their domes of yellow and blue porcelain, like an immense bouquet. The houses with their gay painted walls and balconies covered with fancy patterned chintzes, have ever a sort of festive, holiday air. The Cathedral occupies one side of the Plaza Mayor, towering above the residence of the local authorities, in which is located also, a prison, a botanic garden, barracks for troops, and the two Chambers. The Ayuntamiento (city hall) forms with the palace a right angle, extending to the portal of the *Floriana* and the *Parian*, two vast commercial depots. Here grouped beneath the shadow of the Church, are assembled the Legislative and Executive power, the city government, the commerce, in fact all of Mexico, almost, that constitutes the organization of a nation. From the streets of San Domingo, San Francisco, Tacuba, de la Monnaie, de la Montaña, the populace in one restless, ever-changing and ever-renewing stream, pour forth upon the Plaza. Mixing in that multitude, the traveler will have an opportunity of scanning Mexican society in all its strange contrasts of vice and virtue, splendor and misery. Just before the *Angelus*, all Mexico, horsemen, pedestrians and carriages, throng upon the Plaza Mayor—a busy parti-colored multitude, where silks and gold, and rags, are mingled together in the oddest possible manner. At that hour, the Indians are returning to the neighboring villages, the populace are finding their way to the suburbs, the *Rancho* has ceased to prance and parade his horse on the promenade, and is slowly departing, the *Aguador* (water-carrier) has ended his labor and tramps lightly on under the burden of his large jar, the officer turns towards the *Cafe* or the gambling house

where he passes his evenings; the red petticoat of the woman of the lower order, jingles and brushes the *Saya*, and the black mantilla of the wealthy *dama*, who is screening herself behind her fan from the last rays of the setting sun. Mingled with, and dividing the crowd on every side are the monks. Here is the *padre* with his great chapeau, elbowing the Franciscan in his blue frock circled round his waist with a silken cord and his great felt hat; there passes the Dominican in his lugubrious white and black costumes, reminding us of the days of Torquemada and the holy Inquisition, and last, the brown frock of the Capuchin, contrasts with the white draperies and flounces of the Brother of Mercy. These are scene, and incidents to be observed continually among that mottled multitude. Presently the roll of the drum is heard from the barracks, the doors of the *Sanctuari* are thrown open, and forth comes a hoarse sparkling with gilt. Then the sound of a bell mingled with the roll of the drum, and that immense crowd uncover themselves, and kneeling, bow their heads before the Host, which is being borne to some dying person.

This, before the *Oracion*, is the general aspect of the Plaza Mayor—that great forum in which the people of Mexico—the sovereign people—(for so their flatterers style them,) in all their rags and tinsel, seek for and settle upon a new master for the morrow, after determining upon the sacrifice of the one of the day previous. Ignorant, or indifferent to any thing like settled principles in politics, and mistaking unbridled disorder for liberty, they seem not even to imagine that those repeated attacks of anarchy will soon destroy the worm-eaten body of their strange republic which after but twenty-five years of existence has already gone to decay.

Every night, at the first tinkling of the *Angelus*, and as if by enchantment, all noises are hushed on the Plaza, and the crowd become motionless as statues. But when the last sounds of the bells have ceased to vibrate in the air, the busy movement is renewed, and the mob becomes one, in every sense. The carriages drive off, the cavaliers gallop away, the pedestrians separate, some faster than others, but all with sufficient celerity to escape the sword of the *lazo*, and the bold thieves who rob and assassinate their victims often in the open day, and in sight of all. By night the square is deserted: a few perhaps in the light of the moon promenade the pavement before the church, while some others are carelessly balancing themselves upon the iron chains which are swung between the granite pillars of the *Sanctuari*. The day having ended, the scenes of night begin, and the *leperos* become for a while sole masters of the city. The *lepero* is one of the strangest peculiarities of Mexican society. And those who would see the city of Mexico as it is, should not see it only as it appears, when enlivened by the gay crowd which promenade the Plaza. It is when plunged in the sinister silence of night, that an estimate can best be formed of the strange and repulsive character of the Mexican *lazaros*. The *lepero* combines at once the characteristics of a brave man and of a poltroon—is at once calm and violent—fanatic and incredulous—never thinking of God as the just, but ever evincing a salutary terror of the Devil. He is an eternal gambler, a brawler from association, a thief by instinct, is at times sober and at others imtemperate, and most inveterately lazy and indolent, is careless alike whether of good or bad fortune. At times a porter, a mason, a coachman, a street paver, or a trader, you meet with the *lepero* every where. You will find him in all places, pursuing the vocation which he may prefer—at the churches, professions or the public shows—and always to the detriment of his assistants. Prodigious when he has money, the *lepero* is none the less resigned to his poverty. If he finds himself in the morning possessing sufficient to serve him for the day, he devotes it to idleness. Careless of the morrow, the precariousness of his resources often bring him to a state of actual want. Perfectly devoid of care, and aware that he has nothing to fear from thieves, enveloping himself in his ragged mantle, he throws himself down in an attitude half lying and half sitting upon the pavement or upon some doorstep. There, touching languidly his *jarana* (a sort of guitar) he contemplates with half closed, drowsy eyes, the *pulgueria* (or drinking shop) where his credit is despised, or lends a careless ear to the hissing and sputtering of the neighboring frying-pan. By and by, he glides around him more closely the cord which forms his girdle, breakfasts in the sunlight, and then lazily puffing his cigar, falls asleep.

I have my foibles, I confess. In contemplating the idle and busy crowd who are nightly attracted to the Plaza Mayor, my attention neglecting the more *elite* of the promenaders, had for some time been attracted to a ragged group, who presented in themselves, one of the most melancholy, and at the same time, truest types of Mexican society. I have never for instance met with a *lepero* in all the picturesque dilapidation of his costume, without feeling a desire for a closer acquaintance with this class of gipsies, reminding me, as they do, of the wildest heroes of the robber romances. I have always felt a curiosity to compare these outcast children of the great cities with the savage adventurers that I have encountered in the woods and the savannahs. During the first period of my residence in Mexico, I had succeeded, through the medium of a friend of mine, a Franciscan monk, in getting admitted to an honorable intimacy with a *lepero* of the first order, who was known as *Perico El Zarzagate*. Unfortunately our acquaintance had scarcely commenced, before *Perico* has ceased to prance and parade his horse on the promenade, and is slowly departing, the *Aguador* (water-carrier) has ended his labor and tramps lightly on under the burden of his large jar, the officer turns towards the *Cafe* or the gambling house

drawing from him, of the social condition of him and his class, were of the most unsatisfactory and insignificant character, while the amount of dollars that *Perico* had succeeded in drawing from me, was sufficiently considerable to induce me to pause and reflect. One day, therefore, I had resolutely determined to discontinue this expensive amusement, when who should enter my house but the *Prior Serapio*, the kind Franciscan, to whom I was indebted for my acquaintance with *Perico*.

"I came to speak to you," said he, "and to carry you to the bull-fight at the *place de Nececitlan*. There is to be a *Jamaica* and a *Mount Parnassus*," which will render the excursion the most piquant in the world."

"What is a *Jamaica* and a *Mount Parnassus*?" I enquired.

"You will know in good time," said he—"Come, if we start now, we shall hardly be in season to secure a good seat."

I never could resist the attractions of a bull-fight, and besides, I was aware that in the company of the *Prior Serapio*, I could traverse the faubourgs which girdle the city in perfect security. Above all, the neighborhood of *Nececitlan* is the most dangerous for a person in the European dress, and it was never without a great deal of fear, that I had traversed it alone. The cloak of the monk however, was to serve as a protection for the Parisian coat. I readily accepted the offer of the *Prior*, and off we started. For the first time it was in my power to contemplate without dread, these filthy streets, without either sidewalks or pavements, these black and dilapidated houses, the cradle and the shelter of the bandits who infest the roads, and frequently even pillage the habitations in the city itself. As we passed along, multitudes of *leperos* were to be seen, clad in their disgusting filthy dresses of cotton cloth, or in their *zarcas*, (a sort of woollen covering,) some blind, and others scarred and revoltingly disfigured by the knife. Many were in the taverns; drinking, whistling, yelling and making other hideous noises. Their women too, in their frightfully ragged dresses, were to be seen sitting at their door-ways, and often near their infants rolling in the mud, and making the air vocal with their crying and squalling. In traversing these horrid retreats the dread of the police, the criminal judge, mutters a prayer, the alcalde crosses himself, the constable feels powerless, and the honest man shudders, but as for the monk, with his frame-froct, and a smile on his lips, the very soles of his sandals call forth more respect than the clang of the soldier's sabre. Often, too, like the tiger recognizing his master, these bandits would uncover as he passed them, and come forward to kiss his hand.

On reaching the *Place de Nececitlan*, a strange and, to me, most novel spectacle was presented. On one side, the sun poured down in almost insupportable brightness upon the *Palos de Sol* (the boxes of that part of the circus exposed to the sun) and here and behind them the populace, piled in pyramids upon the scaffolding, kept up an abominable concert of cries and cat-calls. On the opposite side, sheltered by the *rebocos* that were extended, might be seen the gay plumes of the officers, and silk dresses, forming a *coup d'oeil*, which compensated in some degree for the melancholy array of misery and nakedness in the boxes exposed to the sun. I have seen, on five different occasions, the spectacle of a bull-fight; I have seen these crowds, fatigued but not satiated with carnage, and when towards night, at the end of the fights, their exhausted wind-pipes could no longer give vent to their hoarse exclamations, and when the scent of blood had attracted to the top of the amphitheatrical flocks of the voracious vulture, but I have never seen the arena itself transformed as it was on this day. *Numerous* wooden posts were set about the enclosure usually appropriated to the combats, and they, decked with branches, fragrant flowers and herbs, gave the scaffolding the appearance of a vast saloon of verdure, or of a blossoming grove, with its secluded avenues and sequestered lanes for quiet sauntering. Little cottages, arranged along these groves, displayed kitchens, in which were put in requisition all the *coquilles* of Mexican gastronomy. In these they had, as usual, the extravagant luxury of those *ragouts* without name, the foundation of which are the hot peppers and greasy pots. These were intermingled with beautiful pots of flowers, and gigantic glasses, filled with red, green, yellow and blue liquors. The populace of the *palcos de sol* were forced to be content with the nauseous (but to them bewitching) odor of the greasy pork, while the others were happier in taking a more active part in this sort of improvisatore ecstasies, and feasted under their impromptu trees, with the appetite of the most savage dog.

"Look," said the Franciscan, pointing to a number of revellers sitting at a table in the arena, "look; that is what they call a *Jamaica*."

"And what do you call this?" said I to my companion, pointing to an artificial tree of some twelve or fifteen feet, standing in the centre of the arena, from the branches of which were floating many colored handkerchiefs.

"That is *Mount Parnassus*," replied the Franciscan.

"We may expect then an ascension of the poets, I suppose," said I.

"No, but of the *leperos* and unlettered, which will be still more diverting."

As the monk made to me this but half intelligible reply, the shout of "the bull, the bull," vociferated from the noisy gallery, became more and more boisterous, and the kitchens and other retreats were deserted in the twinkling of an eye. The repairs were most unexpectedly interrupted, and the pretty rustic cottages scattered in wrecks about the arena under the impetuous onset of a band of *leperos*, who had stealthily climbed to the most elevated boxes in the enclosure. Among these

furies, who were yelling, jumping and aiding in the work of destruction, I was not surprised to recognize my old friend *Perico*. Without him the *fete* would not have been complete. "Mount Parnassus" with its gay cotton flags, alone remained amid the wreck of everything, branches and leaves, which encumbered the arena, and it soon became the only object of the attention of the populace. Many were endeavoring to climb to its top, in order to secure the prizes—the cotton flags which decked it, but as is often the case, the crowd were in each other's way, until the greater part, wearied and unsuccessful, few were left engaged in the effort. At this moment, the trumpet sounded from the box of the Alcalde, the door of the *fortil* (where the bull is confined) opened, and out rushed one of the most magnificent bulls that the neighboring haciendas could furnish. Unfortunately however for the assistants, whose object it was to exhibit to the *leperos* a fight with one of the most redoubtable of his species, the bull proved to be an *embolado*—(a bull who has a nub or ball at the end of each of his horns.—Such a one is always devoted to the populace.) The laurels of *Mount Parnassus*, however, manifested a little hesitation at his approach, and gazed upon him with little of alarm. The bull, after gazing for a moment around the arena, rushed towards the tree around which these people were gathered. Some of the *leperos* escaped, from the circle, while others sought refuge by climbing into the branches of "Mount Parnassus." A catastrophe was imminent—the bull on reaching the foot of the tree, dealt upon its trunk repeated and heavy blows, and this and the weight with which it was charged, caused the tree to begin to lean. At last, just as *Perico* had gathered an ample harvest of the cotton flags, it slowly began to fall, dragging with it in its overthrow, the bodies with which it was overburdened. Shouts of laughter, and the most uproarious demonstrations of delight, arose from the ten thousand spectators who filled the boxes and the benches, at the sight of these unfortunates, who half dead, and lamed, were endeavoring to disengage themselves from the tangled branches. To increase the confusion, the bull attacked them in the most ferocious manner, and I had the pain of seeing the unfortunate *Perico* tossed some six feet in the air, and fall to the ground in such a state of insensibility, as to destroy in me all hope of ever being able to prosecute, under a master so able, my yet incomplete study of Mexican life and character.

Perico, who was borne in great pain out of the enclosure, and a hundred voices from the populace called for a priest. *Prior Serapio*, at this, crunched himself in a corner of the box, but without avail, for it was useless for him to seek to avoid the duty, thus imposed upon him by the will of the people.

Raising with a gravity and an air which concealed his chagrin to the public eye, he said to me in an under tone, "Follow me, you shall pass for a doctor."

"You joke," said I.

"No indeed, if the man is not dead, a physician will be of quite as much benefit to him as a confessor."

I accompanied the monk with a gravity at least equal to his. We had scarce descended the steps of the circus, when the shouts of laughter and the cheers of the multitude evinced to us that the public of the *shadow* as well as that of the *sun* had already forgotten so very ordinary an incident. They conducted us to a dark place in the middle of the passage to the ground floor, in a corner of which had deposited the unfortunate *Perico*, first however, disembarassing him of his cotton flags. Then, partly out of respect for the church and the faculty, so dignifiedly represented in our persons, but more perhaps from a desire not to lose the spectacle of the arena, the assassins left us alone. The *lepero* was in a recumbent position, his head leaning against the partition, and he evinced no signs of life. At my rate his dropping arms, and death-like paleness, indicated that if the spark of life had not wholly departed from his body, it had but a very feeble and slight resting place there. We regarded him somewhat embarrassed as to what we should do. "I believe," at last said I to the monk, "that you at least have the power to administer absolution to him."

"Absolve to," exclaimed *Prior Serapio*, roughly pushing the feet of the *lepero*. He appeared at any rate sensible to this mark of interest, and half opening his eyes, murmured, "I believe in God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.—Ah, the rascals, they have robbed me of my flags.—*Senor Padre*, I am a dead man."

"Not yet, my son," replied the monk—"but there may be, however, short time for you to confess your sins, and I am in a hurry."

"The fight is not finished," said *Perico*, very naively—"But, I believe, notwithstanding what has happened, that I am not quite so bad as you suppose."

Perico, now perceiving me, closed his eyes as if about to faint, and continued in a feeble tone of voice.

"You are right, I feel very bad, and therefore I will begin my confession, I shall soon finish."

"Commence then, my son," said the monk, coaching beside the sick man, who really showed no signs of any exterior wound. *Perico*, removing his great gray hat, inclined himself to the ear of the monk, and I retiring a little so as not to interrupt the *lepero*, he commenced, as follows:

"First then, my father, I accuse myself of having responded to the kind attentions of that cavalier here, with the most black ingratitude, in the frequent contributions that I have drawn from him. However, that for which I pray not to lose my reason lies deeper than that—for I am tenderly attached to him."

I bowed my head in token of acknowledgment.

ken the gold watch of the criminal judge *Sayosa*, the last time I was brought before him."

"How was that, my son?"

"The *Senor Sayosa* had the impudence to desire to know the hour in my presence, when seeking for his watch, he was surprised to find he had left it at home. I saw at once that if I was not under arrest, I should have a good fit to make. Ignorant, however, of the fate which was in reserve for me, I gave the word of command to a friend who was just at that moment set at liberty. You must know that the judge is very fond of turkeys."

"I do not understand you, my son."

"You will understand me. My comrade departed, and purchasing a superb turkey, took it and presented it to the wife of the *Senor Sayosa*, telling her that her husband had directed him to deliver to her the beautiful bird, and also that he begged of her at the same time to send by the bearer his gold watch and chain which he had left at home. Thus it was that I got the judge's watch."

"That was bad, my son."

"I have done worse still, my father. The next day, I stole from the judge's wife, while her husband was in attendance at court."

"What? my son?"

"The turkey, my father. You understand we like not to lose," murmured *Perico* in a doleful voice. The monk had great difficulty in restraining himself from a burst of laughter, at the revelations of the *lepero*.

"And upon what charge, my son," replied he in a voice trembling from his efforts, "were you brought before the criminal judge *Sayosa*?"

"A mere bagatelle. I had engaged for some crowns, to serve the vengeance of an inhabitant of this city. [The name is nothing to the story.] The man I was to strike was pointed out to me. He was a young and beautiful cavalier, easily recognized by a slight scar above his right eye-brow. I was to hide myself in the doorway of a certain house, where this man was in the habit of going every night, after the *Oracion*. Night came, and I attended. Two hours had passed, and there was no more people in the streets—all was silent. I peered into an apartment on the ground floor, through the bars of a window which undoubtedly had been left open on account of the extreme heat."

Perico, now, either from weakness or some other cause, appeared in continuing his confounding his confession, to yield with some repugnance to the ascendancy exercised over him by the *Prior Serapio*. Observing this I looked at the monk, as if to ask whether I should retire, but he motioned me in the same manner to retain my position.

"Under an image of the Holy Ghost," continued *Perico*, "in one corner of this apartment, an old woman enveloped up to her eyes in her rebozo was sleeping. The handsome cavalier of whom I have spoken was in another part of the room, reclining upon a sofa, and kneeling by him, her head resting on his knee was a young and apparently beautiful woman her eyes filled with love raised to his. The young man was stripping the leaves from a red rose, which unfolded itself in a sort of transparent cone—adjusted in the shell cone which retained the flowing tresses upon the beautiful head that was inclined before him. I understood then, why it was that I had been employed to cut short his time. Perhaps, the sensation of compassion which I felt within me, may count for something, for I certainly did feel remorse at having cut the thread of so happy a story."

"Did you kill him? wretched man?" cried the monk.

"I concealed myself in front of the house under its shadow on the pavement. I grew agitated and faint-hearted, so much so as to fall asleep at my post. The noise occasioned by the opening of a door aroused me from my soporific. I had given my word, which heretofore had been sacred, and this was not the moment to indulge in my natural sensibility. A man came forth, and a second after, I was close upon his heels. I heard at the same time, the sounds of a piano, behind the closed window. It seemed as if joy had redoubled the agility of the fingers which touched the keys. Poor girl, thought I, your lover goes forth to die, and yet you sing—I struck—the man fell. The feeling *Perico* here gave a sigh."

He resumed after a short pause: "A ray of the moon, at this moment, revealed the features of the man I had just struck. It was not my man! However, I felt content—I had been paid to kill—I had killed, and my conscience was tranquilized at this thought. I proceeded to cut off a lock of the hair of the unknown, in order to present to my employer the evidence to satisfy him of the accomplishment of my mission. All hair is alike said I to myself; but I was deceived again. The man I had killed was an Englishman, and his hair was as red as a ruffian's mane! The handsome cavalier, too, still lived! Then in my disappointment, I blasphemed the holy name of God and it is that of which I accuse myself, holy father!"

Perico beat his breast while the Franciscan represented to him the deep blackness of the lot of the last crime, at the same time passing very lightly over the first. For the life of a man, of an English heretic above all, is a crime of very little heinousness in the eyes of the less enlightened classes of the Mexican nation, of which the monk and the *lepero* represented two distinct types. *Prior Serapio* terminated his homily, and hastily administering to *Perico* an absolution in Latin, of the style of Moliers's comedies, he resumed in good Spanish—

"Perhaps you will rest better, when you have asked pardon of this cavalier for having put him so frequently under contribution."

"The *lepero* turned towards me, and in the most melancholy air possible, said—

"I am a great rascal, but I shall think myself the more absolved if you will pardon all the deceits I have practiced upon you. I am

dying *Senor Cavalier*, and have not to bury me. My wife will soon be informed of this affair, and it will be a great relief to her, should she find in my pockets a few dollars to pay for my winding sheet. God will return them to you, *Senor Prelmon*."

"It is right," said the monk. "You will not refuse this favor to the poor devil, and they are the last dollars he will ever see."

"God willing," said I, hardly thinking that I was making almost a homicidal wish, and I emptied my purse into the pockets of *Perico*, who, closed his eyes, dropped back his head and spoke no more.

"*Requiescat in pace*," said *Prior Serapio*—"the fight has far advanced, and I have nothing more to do here."

We departed. After all, thought I, as we again entered the circus, I have obtained from the *Zaragate* many very curious particulars. One such confession amply repaid me for the mischances which had attended my first relations with this singular personage. Remembering too that this was the last lesson that could be given me by the *lepero*, it was not in my power to withhold a little pity from him. I was wrong however, as we shall see, to believe that my accounts were settled with *Master Perico*. [END OF PART I.]

FEMALE APPEALS.—We commend the following to the notice of all our female readers, married and unmarried—more especially to the matrons. It points to a very truthful moral—too truthful, as a general thing, to be agreeable.

"I see friendship, love, common sense and common honesty, sacrificed every hour to what is called politeness. I see women every day, out of respect, as they say, to their husbands, fixed out with better dress, with better looks, and with better humors, to receive a stranger than