

NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOL. IV.

MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1847.

NO. 37.

The Democrat
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY FULLER & HEMPHREY.

TERMS.
\$1.50 a year, if paid in advance, or \$2.00 if paid at the
close of the year.
25 cts. charged for postage if carried at the publisher's ex-
pense.
Discontinuance optional, except when arrangements are made.
Advertisements one dollar per square of twelve lines, or
less, for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for
every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to
those who advertise by the year.
Business letters and communications for the paper must
be sent to the publisher.

POETRY.

MARGARETTA.

When I was in my teens,
I loved dear Margareta,
I know not what it means—
I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past,
My head is ever crazing—
Yet when I saw her last,
I could not speak for gazing.
Oh, lingering rose of May!
Dear as when I first met her:
Life-cherished Margareta!
We parted near the stile,
As morn'g was faintly breaking;
For many a weary mile,
Oh, how my heart was aching!
But distance, time and change
Have lost me Margareta—
And yet 'tis sadly strange!
That I cannot forget her!
Oh, dear-eyed Margareta—
Dear dove-eyed Margareta—
The heart the mind upbraids
That struggles to forget her.
My love, I know, will seem
A wayward, boyish folly;
But, ah, it was a dream—
Most sweet—most melancholy.
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margareta.
Oh! memory of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love is my last,
For that is Margareta.

EXCLUSIVE LOVE.

Go—court the glance of every eye,
Invite the touch of every lip,
Be free to all who flutter by—
I sip not where the many sip;
The blossom of my heart must be
A flower that blooms for me alone,
Divided charms are not for me—
No, ALL its sweets must be my own.
Go—spread thy charms to every sight,
Impart to all thy favors sweet;
I am not like the bee, to light
On flowers where all a welcome meet!
The blossoms of my heart must be
A flower that blooms for me alone,
Divided charms are not for me—
No, ALL its sweets must be my own.

MISCELLANY.

THE BITERS BIT.

Some days ago a story went the rounds touching a man, who, having presented himself in his shirt-sleeves at the American Museum, N. York, received the loan of a coat from Mr. Barnum, and after viewing the curiosities, sloped with the garment, thus obtaining a sight of the elephant and a splendid swallow-tail for twenty-five cents. This reminds us of an affair that occurred in 1840, on board the old Columbia, when she lay at Charleston Navy Yard. One day, a long green Vermont stranger, who had been on board the frigate, and examined every thing on deck with curious eyes. The officer of the watch, from his bearing and the neatness of his uniform, attracted the Yankee's notice.
"Got a pretty good place here—hey?" he inquired.
The officer assented.
"What wages do you get?"
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, sir."
"One hundred and twenty-five dollars! All for yourself? Ship!"
"Fact, sir."
"Well, I wonder if I couldn't get something to do here, myself?"
"Oh, yes; you'd make a pretty good midshipman."
"Well, what's midshipman's wages for a green hand?"
"Forty dollars a month, only."
"Only forty dollars! Jerusalem! Why I was going to hire out for ten. But where can I be made a midshipman on—say, quick."
"Down below, sir, in the steerage. As soon as I'm relieved, I'll see to it."
Down went the quizzier and the quizzed. A bery of young midshipmen required no prompting to perpetrate a piece of mischief. A spurious warrant was soon made out, and the greenhorn, equipped in a splendid uniform, including an elegant chapeau and costly sword, by a joint contribution of the mess. Thus furnished, he was directed to present himself to Commodore S. in the cabin, and report ready for duty. He was told that the Commodore might be pretty stiff—it was a way he had—but not to mind it. The steerage being full, the new midshipman was to demand quarters in the Commodore's cabin; in fact, he was ordered to take possession of a certain state-room. The Commodore's black looks and angry words were to be regarded as nothing—he had no right to use either. Thus posted up, the victim presented himself to the commodore with:
"Old boss—how are you?"
S. stared—he had come across a *rara avis*.
"Take a seat, sir."
"I kin help myself, old feller—I generally

do, was the reply of the Vermont, as he flung himself into one seat, and crossed his legs upon another.
"You are one of the new midshipmen, I suppose?" remarked the Commodore, who, from the first, suspected something.
"I ain't nothin' else."
"Shall I trouble you for your warrant?"
"Catch hold, old boy."
The Commodore looked at the document, then at his visitor.
"Who gave you this?"
"The fellers down stairs; and I'm ready for duty."
"That's enough. Now you can go."
"Not as you knows on, squire. The cellar's chock full, and I ain't a goin' out of this ere in a hurry—I tell you, now. Oh, you needn't rere up old feller. I see what's the matter—you're a little cracked up here!" and the brilliant youth touched his forehead with his forefinger. "I'm going into this ere chamber, to take a right good snooze—boots and all, by gravity."
And he was proceeding to execute this menace, the commodore took him by the arm and led him to the gangway. Pointing to the sentinel, he remarked, mildly:
"You see that man with a musket—now, if you don't clear out directly, and leave the ship and port, never to show your face here again, I'll order him to shoot you!"
The Yankee broke—and in two seconds his blue jacket tail was seen floating in his rear, as he dashed out of the yard with the speed of a flying jackass.
In a minute afterwards, half a dozen terrified midshipmen rushed on deck, and asked for liberty to go on shore.
"Young gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I grant no liberty to-day."
Six faces fell a feet, and six young jokers returned to their mess-room as melancholy as mutes at an alderman's funeral. They never saw or heard anything of the Yankee afterward—not the uniform either.

THE OLD 'UN.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[From Sherrin's Magazine.]
The old lady who related the outline of the following singular story, heard it told, in her youth, by no means as fiction, but as a real occurrence. She cretence knew the name of the old northern family concerned in it, but that with the exact date, she has now forgotten; it she ever knew the latter; and having never written down the story, she has no means of recovering them. However, from her expression of a tight wig worn by the benevolent old hero of the tale, we have fixed the strange occurrence not earlier than the last century.
Towards the end of a gusty October day, about the year 1730, a barrister of the temple was sitting reading, when the opening of a door, and the servant's announcement of a gentleman, interrupted him. He rose to receive his visitor, who proved to be a perfect stranger, a person of very gentlemanly, but extremely old-fashioned appearance. He was dressed in a grave-colored suit, of an antique cut; a neat, tight gray wig surrounded his serious, and even solemn, physiognomy; silk stockings, rolled at the knee; enormous shoe buckles of gold; a cane, headed with the same metal, and a broad-brimmed and uncocked hat, completed his equipment; which was in the fashion of the last year of William the Third, or the first of his success. Having stilly bowed, in the exact way prescribed by the etiquette of the era to which he seemed to belong, he took possession of the chair offered him by his host; and after a preparatory *adem*, thus began, in a slow and serious manner:
"I think, sir, you are the lawyer employed by Yorkshire you are, therefore, aware is about to be sold."
"I have sir," answered the barrister, "full instructions and powers to complete the disposal of it, which, though a painful duty to me, must be performed."
"It is a duty you may dispense with," said the visitor, waving his hand, "the property need not be sold."
"May I presume to ask, sir, whether you are any relation of the family? If so, you must be acquainted with the absolute necessity of selling it, in consequence of the claim of another branch of the family, just returned from beyond sea, who, as heir-at-law, is naturally possessor of the estate, in default of a will to the contrary; and who desires its value in money, instead of the land. The present possessor is unable to buy it, and must therefore depart."
"You are mistaken," replied the old gentleman, rather testily, "you seem not to know of the will of Mr. S.—'s great-grandfather, by which he not only left that his estate, to his favorite grandson, this gentleman's father, but he even entailed it on his great-grandson."
"Such a will, sir," said the barrister, "was, indeed, supposed, for many years to exist; and, in virtue of it, Mr. S.— has, until now, peacefully enjoyed the property, but, on the claimant's application, a renewed search having been made for it, either the belief proved wholly unfounded, or it has been lost or destroyed. Cabinets, chests, every room, inhabited and uninhabited, have been ransacked in vain. Mr. S.— has now given up all hope of finding it; the sale is to be completed in course of next week; and the fine old place must pass into the hands of strangers."
"You are mistaken once again, young man," said the stranger, striking his cane on the floor; "I say, sir, the will exists. Go, immediately, continued he, in an authoritative tone, "travel night and day. You may save an old family from disgrace and ruin. In the end, room of the left wing, now uninhabited, is a closet in the wall."
"We have looked there," interrupted the barrister.
"Silence, sir; there is a closet, I say. In that closet is a large chest; that chest has a false bottom, and underneath that is the deed."
"I am certain of what I say. I saw the paper

deposited there, no matter when, or by whom. Go: you will find it worth your trouble. My name, sir, is Hugh S.—, I am not now personally known to the proprietor of S.— Hall; but I am his relation and have his welfare at heart. Neglect not to follow my advice."
So saying, the old gentleman arose, again bowed, and at the door put on his hat, in a fashion which would have enchanted an elegant of Queen Ann's day; and sliding the silken string of his cane on the little finger of his right hand, on which the lawyer had remarked a very fine brilliant ring, he descended the stairs and departed, leaving the barrister in the utmost astonishment. At first he felt half inclined to consider the whole as a hoax, then again, when he thought of the old gentleman's grave manner, and the intimate knowledge he must have possessed of the house, to be able to describe the room so exactly in which the chest was hidden, he began to believe him to be sincere.
At length, after much deliberation, he decided upon immediate departure; and arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at S.— Hall. The sale had been the only theme of conversation at every place he had passed through within twenty miles of his destination; and much and loudly was it lamented, that the squire should be leaving his house forever, and that poor Mr. John would never enjoy his rights as they persisted in calling the possession of the estate. On his entrance into the mansion, signs of approaching removal every where met his eye. Packages filled the hall; servants, with sorrowful countenances, were hurrying about; and the family were lingering sadly over the last dinner they were ever to partake of in their regretted home.
Mr. S.— greeted his friend with a surprise, which changed to incredulity when the barrister, requesting his private ear, declared the reason of his appearance.
"It cannot be," said he. "It is likely that no one should ever hear of the hiding of the deed but the old gentleman you mention. Depend upon it, you have been deceived, my dear friend; I am sorry you should have taken so much trouble, to so little purpose."
The barrister mentioned the name of his visitor.
"Hugh S.—" exclaimed the gentleman, laughing. "I have not a relation in the world of that name."
"It is worth the trying, however," said the lawyer; "and since I have come so far, I will finish the adventure."
Mr. S.— seeing his friend so determined, at length consented to satisfy him, and accompanied him towards the apartment he specified. As they passed one of the rooms in their way, he suddenly stopped before a large full-length picture. "For heaven's sake," cried he, "who is this?"
"My grand uncle," returned Mr. S.— "A good fellow as ever lived. I wish, with all my heart, he were alive now; but he has been dead these thirty years."
"What was his name?"
"Hugh S.—. The only one of our family of that name."
"That is the man who called upon me. His dress, his hat, his very ring are there."
They proceeded to the closet, lifted the false bottom of the trunk, and found the deed.
The kind old uncle was never seen again.

Looking for a Place.

"Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?"
"Nothing good to-day, mother. I have been all over town almost, and no one would take me. The bookstores and dry goods stores and groceries have plenty of boys already—but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance."
"Oh, you look so thin and pale, mother—something you have felt sorry, and so taken me—but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you."
A tear stole down the cheek of the little boy, as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged, and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down hers also.
"It was a cold bleak night, and Johnny had been out all day looking for a place." He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking that his mother must be tired waiting for him.
His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by needle work till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more.
She held her little son to sit down by the fire, while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty, but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother as sit at the head of the table with any body else, who did not love him as she did and whom he did not love as he did her.
After a few moments of silence, the boy, looking up into his mother's face with more than usual earnestness, said:
"Mother, said he, 'do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday-school teacher about it on a Sabbath?'"
"No, my son, not if you have no other opportunity; and I think he would be a very suitable person too; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place."
"Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe, I will ask him."
After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew that God cared for the poor. They knew also that God would do what was best for them. Oh, it's a sweet thing to the soul, to be able to say, sincerely, "Thy will be done."
"I feel happier, now," said John, "I was so sad when I came in, that I felt quite cross. I know, did I look so, mother?"
"The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words.

Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was more scanty than ever, but he said not a word about that, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it. But one or two sticks of wood were left outside the door where it was kept—and he knew that both food and fire might all be gone before night. They had had no money to buy any with for several days.
The Sabbath bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceeding cold. The child had no overcoat and was still wearing a part of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and his teacher entered.
"Who is that little pale faced boy in your class?" asked the superintendent of the teacher.
"His name is Jones—he lives in Stone street, and I must visit him this very week. He is a well-behaved boy."
"I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school."
The superintendent did not forget him, and when the class broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up and took him by the hand kindly.
"You have been here to school several Sabbath, have you not, my boy?"
"Yes, sir, I came just a month ago, to-day."
"Had you ever been to school before that time?"
"Yes, sir, before mother was taken sick, I used to go to — street school, but that was a great way off, and when mother got better and you opened this new school, she advised me to come here, as it is so much nearer."
"Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place on Water street?"
"I was down there, sir, looking for a place."
"Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large grocery store?"
"Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the sidewalk?"
"Yes."
"Oh, sir, I didn't know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of a store it was, I was afraid."
"Have you a father?"
"No, sir; father is dead," said the little boy, hanging down his head.
"What did your father do, my son—what was his business?"
"Sir, he once kept a large store like that, and the child shouldered when he answered.
"Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?"
"Because it was not mine, and I thought that gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should."
"He did, my boy—it was my money. Did you not get a place yesterday?"
"No, sir, all the places were full, and nobody knew me."
"Well, my boy, you may go now and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning—your teacher will tell you where I live."
Johnny went home with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the streets or anything else as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much, and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.
Surely this story carries its own moral.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The presence of the American army in the Mexican capital revives all that we have ever read on that interesting subject. As by far the most graphic, original and edifying description of the city of Mexico, we have read anywhere, we copy the following from Brantz Meyer's fine book on "Mexico as it was and as it is." Long as it is, it will be found singularly well written. Our soldiers are now, beyond doubt, quartered in one of the loveliest cities in the world.—*Albany Atlas.*
It was the middle of November, but there was a May midness in the atmosphere. The sky was of that deep ultra-marine blue peculiar to elevated regions. As I ranged my eye down the street from my balcony, the town was alive with a teeming population; the windows of the houses stood open; fair women strolled homeward from mass; old monks shuffled along in their cowled robes; the butcher urged along his ass with its peripatetic stall hung around with various meats; freshly-leaved flowers and trees in the court-yards, of which I caught glimpses through the open portals; and in the balconies loomed the early risers, enjoying a cigar after their cup of chocolate. It was lively and beautiful scene, worthy of the pencil of that master-painter of cities, Canaletto, who would have delighted in the remarkable transparency and purity of the atmosphere through which the distant hills, some twenty miles off, seemed but a barrier at the end of the street.
The plan of the city of Mexico, is precisely that of a chequer-board, with a greater variety of squares. Straight streets cross each other at right angles, and at regular intervals. The houses are painted with gay colors—light blue, fawn and green, interspersed with a pure white, that remains long unstained in the dry atmosphere.
The view of all these from the elevated tower of the cathedral, (to which I soon repaired after my arrival in the capital,) presents a mass of domes, steeples, and flat-roofed dwellings, frequently covered like hanging gardens, with flowers and foliage. Beyond the gates (which you would scarcely think bounded a population of 200,000,) the vast plain stretches out on every side to the mountains, traversed in some places by long lines of aqueducts—sweeping to the city from the hills, and in others with lakes, cultivation, and beautiful groves, until the distant view is closed by the volcanoes, whose snows rest against the blue sky, unobscured at this season by a single cloud.
Below is the great square of the Plaza, a large paved area, fronted on the north by the cathedral, on the east by the National Palace, (the residence of the President,) to the south

of which, again, is the museum, and a stone edifice recently built in tasteful style for a market. The corner of this was laid after I arrived in Mexico, and before I left the building was nearly completed. Until that time, the fruits, flowers, and vegetables, and most of the necessities of the table, had been sold of that spot in shambles and booths built of bamboos and reeds, sheltered from the rain and sun by thatched roofs.
In the southwestern corner of the square, the Parian, an unsightly building, (erected, I believe, since the revolution,) greatly mars the effect of the Plaza. It is a useful establishment, however, as it affords a large revenue to the municipality, and is the great bazaar where every article requisite for the dress of Mexicans, male or female, may be purchased at reasonable prices. On the pavement which runs round it, sit numbers of coachmen, whose stands are in the neighborhood, and crowds of women with ready-made shoes.
Not the least curious, however, among the multitude with which the side-walks are generally thronged are about a dozen "evangelists," or "letter writers," whose post is always on the curbstones of the eastern front of the Parian. A huge jug of ink is placed beside them, a board rests across their knees, a pile of different-colored paper, (most of which is either cut Valentinian fashion, or flourished over and adorned with pen-and-ink ornaments,) is placed on it, and on a stool before him sits some disconsolate-looking dandy or heart-broken lover, pouring out a passion which the scribe puts in becoming phraseology. It is an important trade, and more money is made in Mexico by this proxy making love, than perhaps anywhere else. You can have a "declaration" for one rial; a scolding letter for a medio; and an upbraiding epistle, full of daggers, jealousy, love, and tenderness, (leaving the unfortunate recipient in a very distracted state of mind,) done upon tuxture paper, sprinkled with beads and doves for the ridiculous price of 25 cents!
West of the Parian, and all around the southern and western sides of the Plaza, or those portions of it which are not directly occupied by the cathedral and National Palace, run the arched portals, similar to the arcades of Bologna. These are filled with gay shops, peddlars, cafes, old clothes, toys, flower vendors, sweetmeats, book-stalls, cutlers, curiosities, hatters, antiquities, (veritable and doubtful,) and the usual crowd of loungers and quidnuncs. Here the 1st revolution, or the probability of a new one, is in continual discussion by knots of idlers. Above stairs, in some of the dwellings, are gambling-houses, as formerly in the Palais Royal, with which the scene here presented does not, of course, vie in taste or splendor.
Opposite to the southern and the Parian is the Casa Municipal, or Town Hall, in the lower story of which is the Lonja, (the Exchange) of the merchants of Mexico, a noble room, filled with all the gazettes of the republic of Europe, and of the United States, and adjoining by an apartment in which readers may occasionally amuse themselves with a game of billiards.
Descending from the tower of the cathedral, let us enter the doors of the sacred edifice. Its floor is of loose, disjointed boards, filled with dirt and filth—the covering of the many dead who lie mouldering beneath. But with this, all meanness ends; and whether we contemplate the dimensions of the edifice, or the millions that have been spent upon its decoration, the mind is lost in wonder. It is impossible for me to describe the whole of this building to you—a book would not suffice for the immense and minute detail with which its walls and altars are embellished.
In order to afford you some idea of the wealth of the church generally—and passing over plate glass and crystal, silver frames, lamps, carving and gilding enough to make an ordinary metropolitan church blaze with splendor—I will only mention one object in the body of the building—the altar and its accessories.
The cathedral occupies a space of 500 feet by 420 front. The main altar is not erected against the wall, but near the centre of the edifice, beneath the dome. From this, extending around the choir probably 200 feet, there is a rail between four and five feet high, and of proportionable thickness, composed of gold, silver, and a small alloy of brass. This is surmounted with silver statues for candles. In front of the altar is the choir, itself a church, built of dark wood, of the rarest antique carving. The altar (placed upon a marble platform, elevated it from the floor of the building, and covered with gold and silver ornaments, candlesticks, and crosses) is of wrought and polished silver; and the whole is surmounted by a small temple, in which rests the figure of the Virgin of Remedios, who enjoys the exclusive right of three petitions—one embroidered with pearls, another with emeralds, and a third with diamonds—the value of which, I am credibly informed, is not less than three millions of dollars! This, you will recollect, is only one part of one church in Mexico, and that one said not to be the richest!

Passing from the cathedral door to the southeastern portion of the city, you reach the "out skirts, crossing in your way the canal from the lake. I have rarely seen such miserable suburbs: they are filled with hovels built with sun-dried bricks, often worn with the weather to the shape of holes in the mud, while on their earthen floors crawl, cook, live, and multiply, the wretched looking population of lepers.
This word, I believe, is not pure Spanish, but is derived originally, it is said, from the Castilian *lepra*, or leprosy; & although they do not suffer from that loathsome malady, they are quite as disgusting.
Blacken a man in the sun, let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin, let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush or towel, or water even, except in storms; let

him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablation; and, over all, place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations, let him have wild eyes and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine into sharpness; breasts bare, and browned, and (if females) with two or three miniatures of the same species tottering after her, and another certainly strapped to her back;—combine all these in your imagination, and you have a receipt for a Mexican leper.
There on the canals, around the markets and juke shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long; feeding on fragments, quarrelling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs, and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their huts, to sleep of the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class, (hopeless in the present and future,) that there are no murderers and robbers?

In the Indian population which pours into the capital from the lakes, I must say that there is apparently more worth and character. You see them looting about in their boats on the canals, and passing and repassing in their canoes, plying between the city and Chalco and Tezococo. It is a beautiful sight to behold these tiny vessels, skim like floating gardens to the quays in the morning, laden to the water's edge with the fruits, flowers, and vegetables, that hide the skiff that bears them.
The old houses in this neighborhood, rising out of the canals, the sluggish waters, and the dark multitude of the better classes in fanciful dresses, remind one strongly of Venice.
Skirting the canal, and leading to the plain which adjoins the Chenampas, or former floating gardens, is the Paseo de la Vaga, a public drive frequented by the *beau monde*, both in coach and on horseback, during the season of Lent. Scarcely an afternoon passes, at that period of the year, that the observer will not find the canal covered with gay boat-loads of Indians, passing homeward from market, dancing, singing, laughing, strumming the guitar, crowned with wreaths of poppies. I do not know the origin of the custom of wearing the forgetful flower, but it is both a healthier, and more poetic oblivion than that resorted to by many folks in other lands, after a day of toil.
Turning once more westward, we again reach the great square.
The departure of the President from the palace has attracted a crowd. The adjoining market, ever filled with people, pours forth its multitudes in the square.
First, there is the aquator, or water carrier, with his two earthen jars—one suspended by a leather belt thrown around his forehead and resting on his back, and the other suspended from the back of his head in front of him, preserving the equilibrium.
Next there is the Indian with a huge coop of chickens and turkeys, or a crate of earthenware, or a panier of oranges, borne on his back like the aquator's jar. Then a human, with pens, or ducks, or fish from the lakes; a poor stunted ass, laden with radishes and onions; and all the members of this motley crowd are crying their wares and merchandise at the top of their voices. It is a babel.
Amid the throng trends onward, with step majestic, the queenly Spanish woman; by her side is a friar, and hard by a couple of priests, in their grave black cloaks and shagreened hats.
In the shadow of a pillar of the portals sneaks a miserable-looking wretch, wrapped in his tattered blanket—a lepro, porter, beggar, thief, as the occasion offers; and he takes advantage of the latter employment in this moment of excitement, to ease an unsuspecting stranger of his handkerchief!
A tinkle of a bell at the door of the cathedral sacristy, and a roll of drums calling out the guard of honor at the palace gate, give warning of a change of scene.
Slowly issues a grey-painted coach, with glass windows on all sides, drawn by spotted mules; a priest in his vestments sits within, a pair of boys walked on each side, examining a hymn; and in a moment, a deathlike stillness pervades the whole square. From the tradesman, selling his tapes under the portico to the thief, who has barely time to conceal the handkerchief in his dirty blanket, the whole crowd is uncovered and kneeling; the last passing to the house of some dying Catholic leper.
The carriage turns a corner, and the square is alive again; the tradesman to sell the lepro to steal, and the lesson of death is forgotten forever!
Turning westward from the square, we reached the Alameda, a very short walk through the Calle Plateros, a street filled with the shops of goldsmiths, watch-makers, French hair-dressers, French cooks, French milliners, French carvers and gilders, and French print-sellers; and we pass on our way the rich convent of the Professo, or ex-Jesuits, and the more splendid one of the blue-robed monks of St. Francis.—The Alameda is a beautiful grove of forest trees, planted on about ten acres of soft and luxuriant soil. The wood, which is walled and protected by gates closed every evening as the bells toll for *oracion*, is intersected with walks and surrounded by a carriage road. Fountains fling up their waters where the paths cross each other, and the ground beneath the full-grown trees is filled with flowers and shrubbery. The great central fountain is surrounded by a gilded figure of Liberty, and gilded lions support the water at its feet. This, and the other smaller jets, in pleasanter and more beautiful fountains, are circled here in carriages and on horseback every evening, (except during Lent,) and to drive round and round the colonnades on the soft roads in the dense shade, until the vesper bell—or to draw up in a line on the side of one of the highways, while the cavaliers pass up and down in review, or prattle away half an