

# The Mexican Times

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No. 1.

## PROSPECTUS.

We propose to publish in the City of Mexico, a first-class weekly news-paper, in the English language, to be called THE MEXICAN TIMES. It will be neatly printed and in convenient form for binding and preservation.

The English is the language which expresses the ideas and directs the genius, labor and capital of a very large portion of the civilized world. London and New York exercise a controlling influence over two continents. There being no English journal in the Mexican Empire, it is believed that one properly edited and conducted in this Capital, at this time, will contribute much to developing the great and comparatively unknown resources of Mexico.

"THE TIMES" will advocate:

FIRST:—Immigration and progress,—giving full and accurate descriptions of the rich lands and their products—the valuable mines and minerals and the various climates of Mexico.

SECOND:—Rail-roads and manufactories, and internal improvements of every kind.

THIRD:—Special attention will be given to the arts and sciences, to polite literature, and to the general news of the day,—foreign and domestic.

Our agents and friends will please transmit to us, as soon as possible, the names and amounts of all subscribers and such advertisements as may be obtained for our columns.

TERMS:—One dollar per month, payable in advance.

All communications intended for this paper, must be post-paid and addressed to the Editor of "THE MEXICAN TIMES."

## DIRECTORY.

For information to our readers we give below the names of the ministers and other high dignitaries of the Imperial Government, with the places of their residence. This list is accurate.

### MINISTROS.

Excmo Sr Dn Juan N Almonte, General de Division, Gran Mariscal de la Corte, Ministro de la Casa Imperial y Gran Canciller de las Ordenes del Imperio. Calle de Chavarria, 31.

Excmo Sr Dn Joaquin Velasquez de Leon, Ministro de Estado. En Europa.

Excmo Sr Dn José Fernando Ramirez, Ministro de Negocios Estrangeros. Calle de la Acequia, 7.

Excmo Sr Dn José M Esteva, Ministro de Gobernacion. Callejon de Bolcemitas, 14.

Excmo Sr Dn Pedro Esudero y Echanove, Ministro de Justicia. Calle de Medicina, 5.

Excmo Sr Dn Manuel Sili, Ministro de Instruccion publica y Cultos. Calle de Sn José de la Real, 6.

Excmo Sr Dn Luis Robles, Ministro de Fomento. Calle de las Escalerillas, 12.

Excmo Sr Dn Juan de la Peza, Ministro de la Guerra. Aduana.

Excmo Sr Dn ... Ministro de Hacienda.

### CONSEJO DE ESTADO.

Excmo Sr Dn Jose Ma Lacunza, Presidente del Consejo de Estado. Calle del Arquillo de la Alcalderia, 7.

### CONSEJEROS.

Sn Dn Hilario Elguero. Calle de Donceles, 8.

do Urbano Fonseca. Callejon de la Olla, 4.

do Teodosio Lares. Calle de Cocheros, 19.

Sr General de Division, D José Lopez Uruga. Calle 3a del Relox, 4.

Sr Dn Manuel Silico. Calle de San José el Real, 6.

Sr Dn José Lopez Portillo. Calle de la Acequia, 25.

Ilmo Sr Obispo Fr Francisco Ramirez. En Europa.

Sr Dn Vicente Ortigosa. Calle 1a del Indio triste, 7.

Sr Dn Sr Dn Santiago Vidaurri. Calle de la Alcalderia, 17.

Sr Dn Pascual Almazan. Calle del Puente de Mariscala, 3.

Sr Dn José Linares. Calle de Fausta, 1.

Sr Dn Napoleon Saborio. Calle Santa Teresa, 10.

Sr Dn Manuel Cordero. Calle de Santa Ines, 2.

Sr Dn Tomás Murphi. En Europa.

Sr Dn Jose Ma Cortez y Esparza. Calle 3a del Relox, 9.

### CONSEJEROS HONORARIOS.

Sr Dn Tebas Scherzenlechner. En Europa.

Sr Dn Felix Eloin. Calle 1a del Indio triste, 11.

Sr Dn Luis G Cuevas. Calle de Montelegre, 5.

Sr Dn Ignacio Pavon. Calle del Empedradillo, 5.

Sr Dn Antonio F. Monjardin. Calle 3a del Relox, 1.

Sr Dn Bonifacio Gutierrez. Esquina de Santa Clara, 10.

Sr Dn Joaquin Castillo y Lanzas. Calle de la Plaza de la Santisima, 5.

Ilmo Sr Obispo Don Agustin Carpenn. Calle 5a del Relox.

Sr Dn Tomás Moran y Crevelli. Montepio.

Sr Dn Miguel Ma. Azarate. Calle 1a de San Lorenzo, 12.

Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote:

"When at dinner in St. Louis, (U. S.) one day, I heard one waiter say to another, 'do you know who that is—that is

the celebrated *Mr. Thackeray*? 'what's he done?' 'Blessed if I know,' was the reply."—*Public Opinion, (English Paper.)*

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

For the benefit of some of our readers, who may be absent from their homes, we give to-day, in our Poet's Corner, this sweet ballad. It was written by a citizen of the United States, whose name is known to fame.

This simple little household song, without any pretensions whatever, goes straight to the hearts of all. It is sung in every part of the world where the English language is spoken. We have heard it in the palace of the rich, and in "the lowly thatched cottage" of the poor; in the great city of London, in the highlands of Scotland, and on the prairies of the Missouri. The joyous and gifted Jenny Lind sang it so sweetly that she melted all to tears. To the weary traveler, far away on business or pleasure; to the exile in foreign lands; to him who "languishes in the captive's lowly cell," this little song has a melancholy interest. Often have we seen the strong man, who had faced death in a score of battles, weep over the mournful sweetness of "Home, Sweet Home."

Mild pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I trace the dear wild,  
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;  
She looks on that moon from her own cottage door,  
Through woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;  
The birds sing merrily that came at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
There's no place like home.

## MEXICO IN 1789-1794.

### THE COUNT DE REVILLA GIGEDO

VICEROY OF NEW SPAIN.

BY BRANTZ MATER.

We have, thus endeavored to describe rather than to narrate historically, the principal events that occurred in the reign of the second Count Revilla-Gigedo, all of which have characterized him as a just, liberal and far-seeing ruler. In the account of his father's reign, we have already noticed some of this viceroy's meritorious qualities; but we shall now break the ordinary tenor of these brief annals by inserting a few anecdotes which are still traditionally current in the country whose administration, he so honestly conducted.

The Count was accustomed to make nightly rounds in the city, in order to assure himself that its regulations for quiet and security were carried into effect. On one occasion, it is related, that in passing through a street which he had ordered to be paved, he suddenly stopped and despatched a messenger to the director of the work, requiring his instant presence. The usual phrase with which he wound up such commands was "lo espero aqui,"—"I await him here."—which had the effect of producing an extraordinary degree of celerity in those who received the command. On this occasion the officer, who was enjoying his midnight repose, sprang from his bed on receiving the startling summons, and rushed, half dressed, to learn the purport of what he presumed to be an important business. He found the viceroy standing stiff and composed on the side walk. When the panting officer had paid his obeisance to his master:—"I regret to have disturbed you, Señor," said the latter, "in order to call your attention to the state of your pavement. You will observe that this flag stone is not perfectly even," touching with his toe one which rose about half an inch above the rest of the side walk

"I had the misfortune to strike my foot against it this evening, and I fear that some others may be as unlucky as myself, unless the fault be immediately remedied. You will attend to it, sir, and report to me to-morrow morning." With these words he continued his round, leaving the officer in a state of stupefaction; but it is asserted that the pavements of Mexico for the rest of his excellency's government were unexceptionable.

Another anecdote, of this kind, places his peculiarity of temper in a still stronger light. In perambulating the city, one pleasant evening about sunset, he found that the street in which he was walking terminated abruptly against a mass of wretched tenements, apparently the lurking places of vice and beggary. He inquired how it happened that the highway was carried no further, or why these hovels were allowed to exist; but the only information he could gain was that such had always been the case, and that none of the authorities considered themselves bound to remedy the evil.—Revilla-Gigedo sent immediately to the *corregidor*:—"tell him that I await him here," he concluded, in a tone that had the effect of bringing that functionary at once to the spot, and he received orders to open, without delay, a broad and straight avenue through the quarter as far as the barrier of the city. It must be finished—was the imperious command—that very night, so as to allow the viceroy to drive through it on his way to mass the next morning. With this the count turned on his heel, and the *corregidor* was left to reflect upon his disagreeable predicament.

The fear of losing his office, or, perhaps, worse consequences, stimulated his energy. No time was to be wasted. All his subordinate officers were instantly summoned and laborers collected from all parts of the city. The very buildings that were to be removed sent forth crowds of *leperos* willing for a few reales to aid in destroying the walls that had once harbored them. A hundred torches shed their radiance over the romantic scene. All night long the shouts of the workmen, the noise of pick-axe and crowbar, the crash of falling roofs, and the rumbling of carts, kept the city in a fever of excitement. Precisely at sunrise the state carriage, with the viceroy, his family and suite, left the palace, and rattled over the pavements in the direction from which the noise had proceeded. At length the new street opened before them. A thousand workmen, in double file, fell back on either side and made the air resound with *vivas* as they passed. Through clouds of dust and dirt—over the unpaved earth, strewn with fragments of stone and plaster—the coach and train swept onward, till, at the junction of the new street with the road leading to the suburbs, the *corregidor*, hat in hand, with a smile of conscious desert, stepped forward to receive his excellency, and to listen to the commendation bestowed on the prompt and skilful execution of his commands.

Should any one doubt the truth of this story, let him be aware that the Calle de Revilla-Gigedo still remains in Mexico to attest its verity.

These anecdotes impart some idea of the authority exercised by the viceroys, which was certainly far more arbitrary and personal than that of their sovereign in his Spanish dominions.

There is another adventure told to display the excellence of Revilla-Gigedo's police, in which the count figures rather melodramatically. It seems that among the creole nobles, who, with the high officers of government, made up the viceroy's court, there was a certain marquis, whose fortune had "endowed with great estates, and two remarkably pretty daughters, and it was doubted by some whether the care of his cash or his heiresses gave him most anxiety. The eldest, who bore her father's title, was celebrated for beauty of an uncommon kind in those regions. She had blue eyes, brilliant complexion, and golden hair, and was everywhere celebrated as the fair haired marquisa. Her sister, who, on the contrary, was very dark, with eyes like the gazelle and raven hair was called the pretty brunette. But, different as they were in looks and perhaps in character, there was one trait in which they perfectly agreed, for they were remarkable coquettes. It is unknown how many offers of the wealthiest grandees and most gallant cavaliers

about court they had refused; and the poor marquis, who was by no means a domestic tyrant, and desired to govern his family only by kindness, was quite worn out in persuading them to know their own minds. One night he was roused from his sleep by a message from the viceroy, who awaited him in the palace. Not for his best estate would the loyal marquis have kept the representative of his sovereign waiting a moment longer than necessary. Pondering what reason of state could require his presence at that unusual hour, he dressed himself hastily and hurried to the palace. The viceroy was in his cabinet, surrounded by several of his household, and all in a state of painful curiosity. "Marques," said the viceroy, as the nobleman entered, "my lieutenant of police here, complains that you did not take proper care to secure the doors of your mansion last evening." "I assure your highness," replied the marquis in great surprise, "that my steward locked both the great gate and the outer door, according to the invariable custom of my mansion, before retiring for the night." "But have you not a postern opening in the next street?" returned the count, "and are you equally heedful in regard to it? But in short," he continued, "you must know that this watchful lieutenant of mine has saved you to-night from robbery." "Robbery! your excellency, is it possible?" ejaculated the marquis, startled for a moment out of his habitual composure.

"Yes, and of the worst kind," replied the viceroy, "the felons were in the act of carrying off your most exquisite treasures which are now restored to you."—At these words, a door at the side of the cabinet flew open, and the astonished marquis beheld his two daughters, dressed for traveling, and locked in each other's arms. They seemed overwhelmed with confusion: the fair hair all dishevelled and the black eyes moist in tears. "And these are the robbers," added the viceroy pointing to a door on the opposite side, which also flew open. The marquis turned mechanically, and saw two of the gayest, handsomest, and most dissipated youths of the court, whom he recollected as occasional visitors at his house. They appeared no less confused, and, with their embarrassment, there was an evident mixture of alarm. The truth now began to break on the mind of the nobleman. "You see, marques," said the count, "that but for the vigilance of my police, you would have had the honor of being father-in-law to two of the greatest scamps in my vicerealty." See what a dilemma your carelessness has brought me into, my dear sir. I am obliged to wound the feelings of two of the most lovely ladies in my court, to save them from the machinations of scoundrels unworthy of their charms, and I fear they will never forgive me. Farewell, señor marquis; take my advice, and brick up your postern. Calderon was a wise man, and he tells us that a house with two doors is hard to keep. As for these young scapegraces, they sail in the next galleon for Manila, where they can exercise their fascinating powers on the *chinas* and *militatas* of the Philippines."

In the early settlement of Virginia, Tobacco was the principal article of culture and of commerce. In fact, it was to the Virginians what chocolate was to the Aztecs, a species of currency for the country. When a Virginian wanted a wife, all he had to do was to wait for a ship from the mother country, and on her arrival go on board with his tobacco. Young ladies, fresh from England, were offered in the market, to the highest bidder, for tobacco. The following anecdote will be found in the works of Benjamin Franklin, the great American patriot and philosopher:

"The Colonists, wishing to build a church, sent their pastor, a pious, good man of the church of England, over to the mother country, in order to solicit aid from the government. Upon his arrival in London, the pastor called on the minister for the colonies, and laid before him the long address of his parishioners. The minister, a bluff John Bull, cut short the good pastor by saying: 'Well, sir, you come for money—you want money, sir—what did you say you wanted with it?' 'To build a church, my lord.' 'To build a church!' thundered the minister, 'What do you want with a church in Virginia?' 'My lord, to preach the gospel to the people, to redeem them, to save their souls.' 'D—n a their souls!' shouted the minister, 'let them make tobacco!'

The love of money is the root of all evil."

Register of the names of Emigrants from the United States of America, and of Strangers Visiting Mexico.

With this number we begin a Register of all strangers arriving in Mexico, who may desire to have their names published for the benefit of their friends and relatives in other lands. The Register will be found in our office, No. 17, Hotel de San Carlos, where all who desire to do so, can record their names.

NAMES.	RESIDENCE.	WHEN ARRIVED.
Sterling Price, Mo.,		Aug., 9th, 1865.
J B Magruder, Va.,		" 5th, "
Isham G Harris, Tenn.,		" 9th, "
E Clark, Texas,		Sept., 3rd, "
Trusten Polk, Mo.,		Aug., 9th, "
Jo O Shelby, "		Sept., 3rd, "
H W Allen, La.,		July 28th, "
H Denis, "		Feb., 30th, "
W A Broadwell, "		Sept., 7th, "
M F Maury, Va.,		June 1st, 1865.
J Perkins, La.,		Aug., 9th, "
Heber Price, Mo.,		" " " "
H M Duncan, "		" " " "
J P Tucker, "		" " " "
W P Hardeman, Tex.,		" 20th, "
H P Bee, "		" " " "
M W Sims, "		July 22nd, "
Geo Young, Mo.,		Aug. 20th, "
R J Laurence, "		" 29th, "
C G Jones, "		" " " "
J N Edwards, "		" " " "
D C Cage, La.,		" 9th, "
W Yowell, Mo.,		Sept. 3rd, "
Geo Hall, "		" " " "
F M Kephart, "		" " " "
R A Collins, "		" " " "
Y H Blackwell, "		" " " "
J Terry, "		" " " "
J Moreland, "		" " " "
T Boswell, "		" " " "
W J McArthur, "		Aug., 20th, "
J C Wood, "		" " " "
E Wood, "		" 23th, "
M M Langhorne, "		" " " "
F T Mitchell and family, Mo.,		July 18-65, now in San Luis Potosi.
Mr Wood and wife, Mo.,		July 1865, now in San Luis Potosi.
D W Bouldin, Mo.,		Aug., 20th, '65.
S Hunkel, "		" 9th, "
J Beard, "		" " " "
W Skidmore, "		" " " "
H Thomas, "		" " " "
C M Wilcox, Tenn.,		July 16th, "
R Joseph, Mo.,		Sept., 3d, "
T Weston, La.,		" 12th, "
H B Acton, Mo.,		" 3d, "
J Donahoe, Cal.,		" " " "
I Reed, Va.,		now in San Luis Potosi.
T J Divine, Texas,		now in Monterey.
J Brown, N. C.,		Sept., 3d, "
Señor Conrow, Mo.,		now in Monterey.
Señor O'Bannon, S. C.,		in San Luis Potosi.
Señor Kimmel, Mo.,		Aug., 9th 1865.
D Leadbetter, Ala.,		" " " "
Señor Jones, La.,		" " " "
Señor Gregory, Tex.,		" " " "
Señor Thompson, "		" " " "
H T Chiles and family, Jackson county Missouri,		Sept., 11th, 1865.
M L Kritzer, Mo.,		Sept., 11th, 1865.
J S Kritzer, "		" " " "
T Whalen, Cal.,		" " " "
J M Meador, Mo.,		" " " "
T Collins, "		" " " "
W Fell, "		" " " "
B F Jones, "		" " " "
J B Kirtley, "		Sept. 3rd, "
J B Conner, "		" " " "
G M Winship, "		" " " "
J Ward, "		" " " "
E Lilly, Tex.,		" " " "
N T Fincher, "		" 11th, "
H McNamee, Cal.,		" 3d, "
R J Flynn, La.,		" " " "
R H S Thompson, "		Aug., 6th, "
Señor Bartlett, Miss.,		" " " "
G Mitchell, Mo.,		Aug., 9th, "
J N Lane, "		" " " "
B H Lyon, Ky.,		" 20th, "
J J Gaenslen, Ark.,		" " " "
T O Hindman, Ark.,		Sept., 10th, "
J H Brown and family, Tex.,		Sept., 12th, "
J Brown, Tex.,		Sept., 12th, "
P M Brown, "		" " " "
H C Cook, "		" " " "
Richard Taylor, Ky.,		Aug., 25th, "
O M Watkins, La.,		" 8th, "
T O Reynolds, Mo.,		" " " "
A Ridley, Cal.,		" " " "
E Kirby Smith, Pa.,		July 17th, in Cuba.
J N Martin, Mo.,		July 25th, "
E G Walker, "		" " " "
T O Moore, La.,		July 25th, in Havana.
W Preston, Ky.,		July 25th, in Canada.
Señor Roberts, Tex.,		Aug., 25th, '65.
Alfred Mordecai, N. C.,		July 18th, '65.