

all; measure me for that.—How will you have the vest?—Very much open, with about three buttons.—With or without a collar?—With a collar.—That will do, sir. Will you please step this way and choose the patterns for the office suit and the second one for which I measured you.—For the office suit I think I should like something gray; it does not show the dirt.—If you turn to page 15 in the book, I think you will find something you will like.—Yes, make the suit of this pattern.—I am sure it will wear well. Should you like the coat and vest of the same pattern, and the trousers a little different?—That kind of dress suits some people, but I prefer the coat, vest and trousers all alike.—Very well, sir, as you please; but I was going to suggest that you should have the coat and vest of this dark pattern and the trousers a little lighter.—Well, I think you are right; make them so. Have you a good blue cloth for the other suit? I must have something that will keep its color; blue fades if the cloth is not of a very good quality and well dyed.—You are right, sir; Will you please turn to page 13 in the book; you will see some very fine specimens there; I can warrant them all fast colors; they are French goods, and you know the French excel in the art of dyeing.—Yes, that is so; I like that marked "b;" What would a suit cost, made from that cloth?—It

would cost \$55. I can show you the pattern in the piece; you will be able to judge better how it will look when made up.—I should not have thought you could afford to make it for that price.—Under ordinary circumstances, I could not; but, *as it happens*,^[2] I bought this roll of cloth very cheap; and, as you are having three suits, I will give you the benefit of it.—Thank you. I should like to see the cloth from which you are going to make the dress suit.—I have a very fine piece of material; I am sure you will like it when you see it; here it is; what do you think of it?—It looks like West of England cloth, if I am not mistaken.—You are quite right, sir, it is: I imported it three or four weeks ago direct from the mill. I have already made five suits from it, and they have given the most unqualified satisfaction.—Yes, it certainly is a beautiful piece of stuff. I did not ask you the price of the first suit.—The office suit will be \$40, sir.—And the Dress suit?—\$75.—When shall I come to *try them on*?^[3]—Next Wednesday at 11 o'clock.—That is rather an inconvenient hour for me, can you make it half-past two?—Yes, sir, that will suit me just as well. I shall bring a friend, who will most likely give you an order.—Thank you very much, sir. Good day. Good day.

(2) Casualmente.

(3) Probar la ropa.

A chat with the Doctor.

Good morning, Doctor, I am delighted to see you.—I can assure you, the feeling is mutual; how are your wife and children?—My wife is very well, thank you; she enjoys the best of health; but I cannot say the same of the children: my eldest boy has been in the house for the last three days, with a severe cold that he caught on the foot-ball ground; and the youngest is not very well.—I am sorry to hear that; why did you not let me know?—Oh, they are trifling ailments, after all; so I thought it was *not worth while*.^[1] my wife is very good, too, in doctoring children's complaints. — Well, I am glad you think it is nothing serious. — What a blessing good health is!—Yes, a sound constitution is a priceless treasure. I often think of what a friend once said to me, apropos of this subject: he said "many people spend health to gain wealth, and then have to spend wealth to gain health;" don't you think that rather a clever remark?—Yes, and a very true one. — You have had a pretty long experience, Doctor, haven't you?—Yes, about twenty years' practice.—I think you once told me you were not born in Mexico, is

[1] No vale la pena.

that so?—No, I was born in Morelia, the capital of Michoacan.—Is it a large town?—No, only about 30,000 inhabitants. It is interesting from its associations with that fine fellow Morelos.—I am told that the course required of a medical student in this country is a very severe one; is that true?—Yes, it *covers about seven years*.^[2] — In the United States, things are far different; to become a doctor there, a four years' course, at most, is all that is required, and to become an optician, six months. — Well, I am surprised; such training as a man would get in that short time would certainly not fit him for the important work we have to perform. Our course is a most thorough one, and our examinations very severe.—So they ought to be; when one considers that the decision of a doctor is so often a matter of "life or death," I think no one should be admitted to the ranks of the profession unless he is thoroughly qualified.—At which hospital did you practise?—At San Andre's. There I saw some of the most interesting work that it is possible for a student to see. Operations were very numerous, and very cleverly performed.—How did you *stand*^[3] your first operation?—Very well: I always had plenty of self-control.—I have heard of students fainting at the first sight of

[2] Dura siete años.

[3] Aguantar.

the drawing of blood.—Yes, some of ours did. One must have a pretty strong nerve for our work.—Yes, indeed.—It was astonishing to see how brave some of the young fellows were at the operations: they never winced.—Did you really like your work, doctor?—Yes, I was a perfect enthusiast, and got through all my examinations with great credit. Have you made a speciality of anything?—I don't claim to be a specialist, in the strict sense of the word: but I have made a careful study of the skin, and of the diseases of children.—Have you a very large practice? Yes, quite as much as I can well *overtake* ⁽⁴⁾—And you really love your profession.—I do: what can give greater pleasure than ministering to human suffering! I think a man who is engaged in any occupation into which he cannot throw his "whole heart and soul," as we say, is a most pitiable object. What satisfaction is there in receiving a large income, if it is a remuneration for mere drudgery. And a man's happiness and social standing are often estimated by outsiders at a money value. "My friend, Mr. So-and-so is earning a thousand dollars a month, he ought to be a happy man," is a common remark. I believe there are thousands *in every walk of life* ⁽⁵⁾ whose daily labour is a misery, in spite of their

(4) Hacer.

(5) Todas las sendas de la vida

comfortable incomes.—True, doctor.—But, to change the subject: I have a theory, and it may be new to you. I studied Physiology in London, under a man high in the profession, a Dr. Pritchard, of King's College. He afterwards made a name in the world by his researches in the subject of the localization of the faculties in reference to the brain. Well, as I said, I have a theory. It is in connection with the ear: and it is this:—that people who have no ear for music, suffer from some defect or irregularity the "fibres of Corti;"—*How does it strike you?* ⁽⁶⁾ Mind, I speak as a layman, not from a professional point of view. It always occurred to me that these fibres correspond somewhat to the wires of a piano, and we know they vibrate in response to the vibrations of the tympanum.—Well I must confess I never gave the subject a thought, from that point of view: I see nothing unreasonable or impossible in what you say. I will certainly look into the matter.—I found the ear a most fascinating study; the eye also: in fact, there is no part of this beautiful machine of ours that is not of interest. I have often dissected a bullock's eye in my lessons on physiology to school children; and they have been highly delighted. I maintain that physiology should be made a compulsory subject

(6) Qué le parece á Ud.

of instruction in all schools, both primary and secondary. The apparatus for illustration is always at hand, and the laws of health can be taught so easily in conjunction with the subject.—You are quite right, my friend. In the course of my experience, I have been astonished and disgusted with the lamentable ignorance that exists, even among the so-called educated classes, of the simplest laws that govern the health of our bodies. *What strikes me most* ⁽⁷⁾ is the aversion so many people have to the free circulation of fresh air through their houses, especially their bedrooms. In this lovely climate of ours it is quite possible to sleep with a window open all the year round, with the utmost impunity, and yet, I go into sick rooms, where patients are complaining of head-aches, but where the atmosphere is so foul, that the only wonder is that they can breathe it without having a head-ache. Then, again, people do not appreciate sufficiently, the value of soap and water, but are content with a bath once a week, and sometimes not that. I do not think I could exist for a month without my morning tub as it is so often called,—Ah, doctor, there *I am at one with you.* ⁽⁸⁾ I have enjoyed that luxury, ever since I can remember anything: and I attribute my excellent health to its

(7) Lo que más me llama la atención.

(8) Estoy enteramente de su opinión.

invigorating effects. If people only possessed the most elementary knowledge of the structure of the skin, they would appreciate the value of the bath much more than they do at present. I suppose you know the story—I believe a true one,—of the poor little boy, who was made to represent a golden cherub if there is such a creature—at one of the Roman festivals: his naked body was covered over with something in the nature of gold leaf, which was attached to his skin by a kind of glue; the result being that the pores of the skin were completely closed. Of course the poisonous perspiration was unable to escape and the poor little fellow died.

But, I had no idea it was so late; I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed your conversation, and only wish I could prolong my visit: but I have an appointment at half-past two, so I must say good-bye.

A Dialogue on Music.

How did you like the Concert at the Conservatory last night? I enjoyed it immensely.—I thought the rendering of the Cavatina from the "Barber of Seville" was charming, when it is remembered that the lady is not a professional.

The pupils are exceedingly well taught at this School. — Yes, indeed; such a fine institution is a credit to the country. — You play the violin, don't you?—Yes, in an amateur way.—Well, why not! we cannot all be professionals, and if we can do enough to amuse ourselves and our friends in a social way, that is better than doing nothing at all. You know what Shakespeare says about the man that has no music in him;—and he knew. No, I do not remember the lines just now, do you know them?—Yes. I cannot forget them; they are:—

*The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
Let no such man be trusted.*

The lines are from "The Merchant of Venice." I suppose you know the play?—Yes. I have seen Irving in it.—But, to return to the violin; you have no idea how a man grows to "love" his instrument; if, as it sometimes happens, a poor fellow is compelled to dispose of it, from force of circumstances, it is like parting with his very life-blood; of course I mean, if it is a valuable instrument, by one of the really good makers. With a common instrument, the case is different; one is only too glad to get rid of it, and buy a better one.—Is yours a particularly good violin?—Yes, I bought it cheap; it was a bargain.—It

has a very sweet tone, and is responsive to the touch: it is not very old; perhaps twenty or thirty years. I once had what I believed to be a real Gagliano: it cost me \$100.00 gold; but I was a little doubtful of its genuineness, and a friend took a fancy to it; so I let him have it for what it cost me.—I suppose it is a fact that violins improve with age.—Undoubtedly: but not all violins; they must be good instruments at the outset. A common violin will always be a common violin.—I forget the names of those old makers.—Of course, you know of the "Strads," as they are called — Yes, when did that man live?—His full name is Stradivarius; the spelling differs a little; he lived 1644-1737 but before him was Amati 1565-1620: Then we have Guarnerius, Gagliano: (there were two of that name,) and the German, Steiner.—I suppose there are very few genuine instruments in existence, made by these great men.—Very few; and when a connoisseur gets hold of one, he rarely parts with it.—What is the meaning of those labels that I see in the violins? I sometimes read the name of Straduarus, and of others you have mentioned.—Don't take any notice of them; they are not genuine. Those old makers were wonderfully painstaking: they would spend months in making an instrument. I once read that they were extremely careful in the selection of the wood:

it was cut from the tree at a certain time of the year, a certain height from the ground, and at the side of the tree on which the sun shone brightest. Princes and great men gave them their orders; and sometimes had to wait months for the instruments, owing to the great care the makers took in the workmanship. If there was the slightest flaw or fault in the instrument, it was broken to pieces, and a new one was put in hand. — Have you ever had a “Strad” in your hands?—Yes, once only: a lady was travelling round the world on a musical tour; and she possessed one of these rarities; I was behind the scenes of the theatre in which she played: and, as a favor, I asked her to let me try her violin. I cannot tell you what a wonderful sensation it produced. The peculiar quality of its tone was something one cannot describe. I suppose you have heard Patti sing.—Yes, often.—Well, you have heard her sing “Home, sweet home,” of course: you remember the sensation it produced, that is, if you have any soul at all, and I am sure you have. Well, you never heard or ever will hear, anyone sing that song as she sang it. The feeling, when playing a Strad violin is something akin to that feeling. — How do you like the Viola?—Much, very much: it is an instrument with a “soul” with its grand, deep contralto notes. You cannot compare it with the

violin, though it is one of the family of four;—the Double Bass, the Violoncello, the Viola and the Violin. The viola is the instrument on which Mozart delighted to play. It is difficult to get a viola with a good C string, one that is not rough and harsh. I happened to find one a few days ago in a second-hand shop, and secured it. Then, there is the ‘Cello.—Ah! now you have an instrument that speaks a wonderful language, a language of its own. In the hands of an expert, a ‘cello can be made to express all the feelings of the human heart,—sorrow, joy, fear, hope—anything, and everything. It is a combination of instruments. Shut your eyes—forget that it is a ‘cello, and a skilful player will give you the usicm of the flute;—in a few more bars you have the violin;—then the clarinèt;—then the double bass. Wonderful effects are produced with the harmonics, on this wonderful instrument.—Lastly we come to the Double bass, the grandfather of them all; a mighty instrument truly, with its deep-toned notes low down in the depths of the bass clef; the fundamental of the orchestra; the time-keeper; at one with the conductor on the down beat; in dance music, that on which the other players depend for the pace of the “two-step,” and the waltz.

PART II

To return to the violin: I think you said you played.—Yes, I began too late in life to make a brilliant player: but I have had a great deal of enjoyment out of the instrument, I can take my place in an amateur orchestra, and have played at concerts and in churches. I have also had some very pleasant experience in teaching the violin. I can teach better than I can play.—That is strange.—Not at all: have you not noticed that the best performers on an instrument, on all instruments, in fact, are not necessarily the best teachers. I think you will find that the case, not only with Music, but with all other subjects. Teaching is an art, and must be acquired by long practice. In my own case, I know, by experience, that I am a better teacher than player. I have a great deal of patience, especially with children; I have had many young pupils, and their progress has always been very satisfactory; and when they have gone to other teachers, they have received great praise for the manner in which they have mastered the rudiments.—Well, that certainly is an important matter: a badly taught pupil has a great deal to unlearn.—That was never the case with those I taught, I can conscientiously say. Pray do not think I am egotistic in this matter: I am merely stating facts.—No, certainly not. I think they are very impor-

tant facts, and you, as a teacher of long experience, ought to know what you are talking about.—Yes, I once had no less than twelve pupils, all under fifteen years of age. But to make a good player, a child should begin to learn as soon as it can hold the instrument, about the age of seven: it is perfectly astonishing to see how readily young people learn. Of course, much depends upon the natural ability and aptitude of the pupil; but I am speaking now of a child of ordinary intelligence. You have heard, no doubt of the famous Paganini.—Yes, who has not?—Well, he was compelled by his father to practise seven or eight hours a day, from the age of six; I think. Poor little fellow: his life was a misery; but he became a *star of the first magnitude*:⁽¹⁾ I suppose we shall never have another Paganini.—When did he live?—From 1784 to 1840. There are all manner of peculiar stories told of him. It was said he could play on a violin with only one string.—Well, there is nothing wonderful in that.—No, certainly not: but, it was afterwards reported—of course as a joke—that he could play on an instrument with no strings at all.—Then he must have been a wonder.—He played on a Guanarius violin. The very instrument he used is still in possession of the city of Genoa, his birth-place, and

[1] Estrellà de primera magnitud. Hombre importante.

is carefully preserved in a strong room under lock and key. Paganini never played anything in public but his own compositions. His "Perpetual motion" is a marvellous composition.—He produced wonderful effects on the G string.—Well, we have had a long chat about stringed instruments: do you know anything of the others?—Yes, I know something of the clarinet.—I am glad to hear you say so: that is an instrument I love.—You cannot love it more than I do; with its rich lower notes down below the treble stave, its reedy tones in the middle register, and its lovely flute-like notes high up among the ledger lines of the treble stave. What a range: nearly five octaves!—I love the low notes of a clarinet, they are so rich and full. Did you ever hear Lazarus, the great English player?—No, never.—It was my pleasure to hear him very often in London: and I have a very old clarinet by Albert on which is stamped "approved by Mr. Lazarus." It is a fine instrument with a rich tone.—That is a curiosity, certainly.—Yes, I *should not care to part with it.*⁽²⁾ Are you acquainted with the Oboe?—Not at all, except from its sound: it is a sweet-toned little thing, and very effective in certain kinds of music, pastoral music, for instance. Two years ago, we sang a beautiful Christmas anthem. "There were shepherds abiding in the fields,"—with an oboe accom-

(2) No quiere deshacerse.

paniment. I shall never forget the effect. In San Francisco, a city of something like like four hundred thousand inhabitants, there are only two or three oboe players; but, in our beautiful Mexico, I notice four or five in every one of the bands; it is very gratifying: the oboe gives a mellowness to everything, and is an instrument that certainly ought not to be neglected or ignored.—How do you like our Mexican bands?—I wish I could find language to express the delight I feel in listening to them. I think they are perfection: and the class of music they play does infinite credit to those who have the selection of it. There is a remarkable absence of the *non-comm* *place* in all their performances, and it is a pleasure to witness the delight with which the people listen to these bands. A visit to the Zocalo or the Alameda, when the bands are playing is most enjoyable.—You seem very enthusiastic in your remarks about Mexico and all its institutions.—Who could not be, if he had any sense of the sublime or beautiful in his composition! You, as a native, see nothing striking in your daily surroundings; but, to a recent arrival like myself, everything has a meaning and an interest. Truly, Mexico is one of the most wonderful cities in the world.—Nonsense.—You may say, Nonsense if you like: but that will not alter the fact; and, you know we say "facts are stubborn

things," so they are.—But, to go back to Music: I have been sadly disappointed with the music in your Churches here. I expected to hear the beautiful Masses of the best composers with full orchestral accompaniment, every Sunday in the year: but, I hear nothing but a quartet of men's voices: sometimes not that.—No, there seems to be great apathy in that direction, I cannot account for it.—The organs, too, in the churches appear to be very antiquated instruments, and mostly without pedals. I was in the Cathedral on Palm Sunday, one of the great festivals of the Church. There was no organ—only a piano. There seems to be only one good organ in the city, that in the church of San Felipe, in San Francisco Street. I was introduced to it a few weeks ago by the organist, one of the priests: he is a very good player: but in spite of that, the music at the church is *nothing to boast of*.⁽³⁾ In my opinion the organ is the "King of instruments." An organist has an orchestra at his fingers' ends. Some ten years ago, I played the organ in a church in New Zealand for a period of six months, and enjoyed it very much. I am terribly out of practice now: but with a little labour, I think I could *pick it up again*.⁽⁴⁾ Well, Good bye: here we are at my house.

(3) No es nada para hacer alarde.

(4) Pronto lo volveré á saber.

On Household matters.

Mistress. Charlotte, *are you up yet?*⁽¹⁾ The servant. Yes, Ma'am.—Call the children, and, when they are dressed, be sure you open all the bed-room windows, and draw the bed-clothes back, to air the beds. Before breakfast, I want you to sweep the patio and the corridors.—Shall I clean the dining-room windows ma'am? You said yesterday that they were to be done.—Yes, inside and out. When you have *laid the breakfast table*,⁽²⁾ *let me know*.—⁽³⁾ Here is the man with the bread, ma'am.—Tell him to wait a moment.—You have laid the breakfast things, I suppose, by this time.—Yes, ma'am.—Now go to the grocer's and get me these things; this is a list of them; they will come to \$3. 50: here is a five-dollar bill: be sure that you bring back the proper change: and sound every dollar on the counter: you know the sound of a good one I suppose.—Yes, ma'am.—There are a great many bad dollars in circulation, so, whenever you take any change, be sure to sound each coin in presence of the shopman.—As I was coming upstairs, ma'am, the man from the laundry asked me

(1) Ya se levantó Vd?

(2) Poner la mesa para el desayuno.

(3) Informeme Vd.

whether you were at home: I told him you were.—Ask him to come up.—I have all the clothes ready for him, ma'am.—I want to go over them with you first: come with me: is this the list?—Yes, ma'am.—You have only six sheets, did you not change the bed-clothes in the small room?—No, not this week.—Why not?—It was occupied only three nights.—Yes, so it was. How many table-cloths did we send last week?—Four, ma'am.—I see you have four more; how is that?—You remember, ma'am, that some wine was spilt on one of them last Thursday by Mr. Carter.—O yes, that is right.—Well, now I think everything is ready; you may ask the man to come up and take them.—To the man. My washing last week was not at all satisfactory: several of the pocket-handkerchiefs were yellow, not white: how do you account for it?—We had a terrible accident at the laundry, ma'am: a steam pipe burst, and completely spoiled a large number of the clothes; so that we had to wash them all over again.—Well, I am sorry for that: I thought there must have been something wrong, as my washing is generally very well done.—Charlotte, go with the man to the laundry; there is a small parcel for me that you can bring back: and, at the same time you can call at the chemist's for another small packet; it was to be ready at half-past eight this morning.—(Servant

returns) Here are the two parcels, ma'am.—Thank you, now *clear away* ⁽⁴⁾ the breakfast things, and come upstairs with me. I want you to take everything out of this wardrobe, and lay the articles side by side on the bed. Now come into the next room. Look at the cobwebs in that corner: take your broom at once, and sweep them down. I notice a great deal of dust on the tables and on the looking-glasses: Are you sure you dusted everything yesterday?—Yes, ma'am.—Do you use a damp duster?—No, ma'am, a feather brush.—A feather brush, my girl; why; what are you thinking about? a feather brush only removes the dust from one part of the room to another. You want to *get rid of* ⁽⁵⁾ the dust, don't you? Well then, always have your duster slightly damp, but be careful not to have it too damp, or you will leave smeary marks wherever you go. I never heard that before, ma'am.—Well, I am surprised. I thought everybody knew that. You know it now, and be sure you always attend to it. Let me see; what time is it? Half-past nine, and the children got up at seven. The beds are well aired by this time; so you may make them. When you have done that, fill all the jugs with water; leave all the windows open about six inches, and then come down to

(4) Quitar la mesa.

(5) Deshacerse.