

me in the kitchen. (In the kitchen) I notice you have not washed the tea-things from the breakfast table yet.—No, ma'am, the water was not hot enough when you called me upstairs.—Very well, wash them at once.—You told me to remind you about the coffee-pot that wanted repairing: there is a man passing the door: he does that work.—Call him.—I want you to repair this coffee-pot for me.—It requires a new bottom, ma'am.—So I thought, can you let me have it by two o'clock this afternoon?—Yes, ma'am.—What will it cost?—Fifty cents.—Very well, repair it.—Now Charlotte, about the dinner—I expect a friend to-day, and want you to have everything very nice.—What shall I do with the meat that was not used yesterday?—It is quite fresh; it has been in the ice chest all night; so you may cook it. Can you make me a very nice apple pie?—Yes, ma'am.—The tortillas yesterday were not very good. No, ma'am, there was something wrong with the dough: but I will see that they are better to-day.—The gentleman who is coming is a great coffee drinker. I want you to be particularly careful in making it. He has lived in France, where they make such delicious coffee; and I want to show him that we in Mexico can do things as well as they do in France.—I learned to make coffee at a French restaurant, ma'am; but I have never

made it as we used to do it there.—Why not, Charlotte?—Well, ma'am, it is prepared in a peculiar way, and I was not sure that you would like it.—Make it this evening for dinner, and if the gentleman likes it, well and good: you shall always make it in the French style. We will have a light lunch to-day, and dinner at half-past six. Was the drawing-room dusted yesterday?—No, ma'am.—Then dust it well this afternoon, and be sure you do not make the duster too damp. Is there anything you want? I am going to town.—Yes, we want some flowers for the table; those we had two days ago are dying.—Very well, I will bring some home with me. If anyone calls, say I shall be back about half-past three. Are you sure you have everything you require for the dinner?—Yes, ma'am.

A Walk through the City of Mexico

Mr. A. arrives at the "National" Railway Station from Toluca.—Mr. B. Good morning, my friend, your train is particularly punctual; I am very glad to see you: this is your first visit to our city, I believe.—Yes, I have been longing to come here for the last six months, but something has always prevented me.—Well, suppose we

stroll leisurely along the Reforma; it is within two minutes' walk of the station.—I have heard so much of your Reforma, that I am very anxious to see it.—Here it is then.—I suppose you know it was planned by Maximilian—Yes, what a beautiful place, to be sure!—*You may well say that*⁽¹⁾. It is three miles long. The first object to which I want to call your attention is this statue of that noble fellow, Cuauhtemoc. Let us go round to the other side and see the representation of the poor fellow's torture. There he is, tied in a chair with his feet over the fire: such barbarous cruelty *makes one's heart bleed*⁽²⁾.—What a fine piece of work!—Yes, we have several statues in the city and, *to my mind*,⁽³⁾ this is the finest. Of course, you know the story of Cuauhtemoc?—Yes, well.—There is a band stand just over there, where we have fine music every Thursday afternoon. You will be surprised, I think, when you hear our bands; they give us music of the highest order, and the men play beautifully. We will now walk on toward the city. Notice the statues on each side of the avenue, figures of some of Mexico's great men. These fine houses are the residences of some of the wealthiest men in Mexico. This

(1) Decir con razón.

(2) Hacer sangrar á uno el corazón.

(3) A mi pienso.

is where General Reyes lived. He was the Minister of war. This is the house of Braniff; Bolnes lives there; Garamenti there, and Solorzano in that house.

What is that statue?—It is one of Columbus.—It is very fine. What recollections it *calls up*⁽⁴⁾ in one's mind; Poor Columbus!—A little further on we have what is considered a masterpiece in the art of casting. It is an equestrian statue of Charles the Fourth, by Tolsa; it was cast in this city, as you will see by the inscription.—Well, that is indeed magnificent. The attitude of the animal is true to life. Mexico ought to be proud of such a monument.—So she is. This statue formerly stood in the Zócalo.—This is a very pretty spot.—Yes, look round, north, south, east and west, and you will see mountains on every side of us; you will realise that we are truly in a valley, in a kind of cup. Let us follow the road in a straight line. We are travelling east; the city faces the four points. You see the "West End" is the fashionable quarter, as it is in London. This is Avenida Juarez. Here in the Spanish Legation, and little further on is the office of the American Consul. Do you see that large building on the right? it is called the Hospicio de Pobres. It is a home for poor children. It was founded by a

(4) Llamar recuerdos

very good viceroy, Bucareli, who governed from 1771 to 1779. Not far from the aslyum, off to the right is the beautiful Avenue de Bucareli, named after this good man. We shall see the Monte de Piedad as we pass along. That was founded in his time, so was the School of Mines, and the Foundling Hospital in Puente de la Merced. Bucareli died in 1779, and was buried in the Church of Guadalupe, to which he had given silver ornaments to the value of one million dollars. When you visit that church, look for his grave in the west aisle, you will see a bronze slab recording his many virtues. He was the best of the viceroys. On our left is the Alameda, a pretty park covering forty acres. Shall we sit down and rest in it a little while and watch the people?—Yes, I feel rather tired.—This is truly delightful. What are those men selling?—They are Lottery tickets. These vendors meet you at every turn. The lotteries take place every few days.—I have heard a great deal about them; do you think they are conducted fairly?—I have no reason to doubt it.—Do you know anyone who has ever gained a prize?—Yes, two or three; in fact, I once drew a lucky number myself, and got five hundred dollars.—In most countries such things are prohibited by law; is not that so?—Yes, but not here.—What is the Moorish-looking building yonder?—That is where the drawings take place;

It was brought from the World's Fair at New Orleans; it is open to the public: let us go and find out when the next lottery is drawn. There is one the day after to-morrow; we will come and see it. I suppose you are staying for a few days.—Yes, till next Friday week. That large house over there is the residence of Mr. Limantour. He is now in Europe discussing the money question.—Well, shall we go?—Yes.—I think we will keep our straight-line walk; it will take us into San Francisco Street, the *Regent Street* ⁽⁵⁾ of Mexico. Here we are; what do you think of it?—It is very narrow, *to begin with* ⁽⁶⁾.—Yes, so is Broadway, in New York. But you will be surprised when I tell you that shops in this street let for enormous rents. You cannot get anything under two hundred dollars a month—and only a small shop at that.—You astonish me.—It is true, I assure you.—What is that peculiar-looking building on the left of us?—It is the Jockey club; but the term is very misleading. Its members do not belong to the turf, but are the very *élite* of Mexican society. It is similar to one of our West-end Clubs in London. Notice the beautiful tessellated work all over the front and sides. Those tiles came from China, and were worth their weight in silver. The

(5) Una de las calles principales de Londres.

(6) En primer lugar

building was erected in the eighteenth century by the Count del Valle, and used by him as his residence. Under the lamp that hung in the hall there, the Count met his death by the hands of an assassin. The present club was organised in 1881.

Opposite the Club we have the very historical old Church of San Francisco, from which the street is named. The body of Cortés rested here for some years. Do you like old churches?—I do—So do I, very much. Look at the beautiful carving on the doorway.—What is the church next to this?—It is San Felipe, quite a contrast to its neighbour; it is a new building; we will go in, if you like.—This is really very beautiful; those frescoes on the walls are exquisitely done.—The altar, too is very fine. I wish you could hear the organ; it is without exception the best in the city. There it is over the altar. It was built by our Wagner and Levien; we shall pass their place as we go up the street.—Well, that certainly is a lovely church.—I happen to know the organist; he is a priest, and a very good player; I would have introduced you to him, but I know it is not a convenient time of the day for him to receive visitors.—Thanks, never mind.—We will continue our walk.

This is Gante, a fine thoroughfare, named after Father Gante, a good old San Franciscan friar, who came here in 1525, and was beloved and

honored for his self-denying labours in the cause of his religion. There are several Curiosity shops in this street. They are much frequented by visitors and tourists. Now we are in the best part of San Francisco Street. Notice the beautiful shops, and the taste with which the windows are dressed; they are equal to some of the finest in the States, and in England too. Yes, they are certainly a credit to Mexico.

A walk through the City of Mexico.

PART II.

What you do think of this beautiful Drug-store, or Chemist's Shop, as we call it in England?—It is very fine, and they seem to keep a good stock of everything. Do you notice the large number of employés?—Yes, indeed, and the business seems enormous.—This is Pelandini's, the famous Art store. They have some very choice pictures, and keep everything that an artist requires in the shape of colors, brushes, palettes &c. both English and continental.—What is that large church at the next corner?—That is the famous church of the Profesa, con-

secrated in 1720, one of the finest in the city; let us go in. Isn't that magnificent?—It is grand, and how beautifully proportioned! There is something very awe-inspiring about a church like this.—Here we are in Plateros, the head quarters of the jewelry business; hence its name.—What fine shops to be sure! There must be a mint of wealth in this street.—Yes, and you notice everything is of the best.—*It strikes me* ⁽¹⁾ that the jewelry here is very cheap.—Yes, that is so. You can buy a watch for three dollars, and you can go as high as one hundred and fifty.—There seems to be everything one can mention in the jewelry line.—We have just passed one of the largest and best shops. I meant to call your attention to it, but forgot. Let us turn back a little way. This is it, the Esmeralda. Well, this is enough to take one's breath away! What magnificent things! Look at those show cases! One could spend a small fortune here. Now we are in the shop, I want to make a few purchases.—Do so, *by all means*; ⁽²⁾ you will go farther, and fare worse, I am sure.—I promised my wife a bracelet; and I see one in that show case that I know she would like. I will ask the price of it. It is sixty-five dollars. I will take it. In the other case I see a silver statu-

(1) Me parece,

(2) De todos modos.

ette, marked thirty-two dollars; what do you think of it?—Have it.—Then I will take that necklace too, at forty-two dollars. I cannot resist the temptation to buy that pretty breast-pin for seventeen dollars.—Now, let us stroll round the shop, and look at the pretty things; you know the saying "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."—I don't think I ever saw such a fine collection; they must have very expert buyers.—Well, shall we go?—I should like to stay here for another hour, if time permitted; but we will go, if you like.—Here we are at the Zócalo, or Plaza. Its real name officially is Plaza de la Constitución; the word Zócalo meaning "foundation." It retains this name from the fact of a foundation having been made for a statue of Liberty, on the spot where the band stand now is. The statue was never erected. Yes, we are on historic ground. This spot is connected with all the events in the history of the country, from the time of Cortés to the ringing of the Liberty Bell on the sixteenth of last September. We are indebted to Count Revillagigedo for the splendour of the present Plaza. In 1789 he ordered all the peddlers and hucksters to be driven away, and beautified the place.—What a sight!—Yes, there is the Cathedral on one side, the Palace on another, and those beautiful piazzas on the

other two. Then, look at the pretty park in the middle, with the band stand, and the seats under the trees, where I hope you will spend many a pleasant hour before you go back to Toluca. This Zócalo on an afternoon when the band is playing is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The place is crowded with people, young and old, a large proportion of them being the poor class of peons; and you will be surprised to see how they enjoy the music, and the attention with which they listen to it. —I shall look forward to that pleasure; when do they play?—On a Thursday. Let us stroll round the piazza, and look at the pretty stalls; do you notice the sweets (dulces, as we call them) Do they not *make your mouth water?* [3] I think the sweets made here in Mexico are among best in the world. Look at those pieces that they sell for one cent each; try one. See how beautifully clean everything is. Then notice, too, the cakes; just as tempting as their sweets. —What a variety of stalls, with toys, books, trinkets, cheap jewelry, spectacles, and other things, too numerous to mention!—Look at the iced drinks, they sell; try one of them, and you will want another. Do you see those men printing cards? They will print you a dozen, or half

[3] Hacer agua la boca.

a dozen, if you wish it, and, how cheap! 25 c. for twelve. These drapers' shops, too, are very fine, and, I am sure you will say their goods are not dear. Yes, you can have anything you want, at your own price. There are two or three hatters' shops; Zolly's is one of the best; it was established as far back as 1840. How the Mexican loves a good hat!—Yes, a boy, whose father is in that business, once told me that he has hats as high in price as one hundred and fifty dollars.—Shall we go or over to the Cathedral?—Notice the front with the date 1627 on it. Here is the entrance to the tower; let us go up; we pay twelve cents. Is not this one of the finest panoramas in the world? Now you realise that we are in a valley; the famous valley, so poetically described by Prescott. Look at Popocateptl and the "White woman," Ixtaccihuatl. We could linger here for an hour if we had time. Let us go into the church. What do you think of it?—It is beyond description.—It is beautifully proportioned; about four hundred feet long, and one hundred and eighty wide. See those side chapels; there are seven on each side, dedicated to various saints. There is a fine monument to Hidalgo in that chapel. He is buried there. In this chapel, San Felipe, are the remains of the Emperor Iturbide, and in that urn is the heart of General Bustamante. This Altar of the Kings is

very fine. This is the Sacristy. Look at those magnificent old oil paintings.—It is a great pity that they do not publish a good cheap guide book to the Cathedral. I am sure one in three different languages would sell well. You know we have them in London, at Westminster Abbey and Saint Paul's Cathedral.—Well, I am getting tired; shall we go home?—*Yes, if you like.* ⁽⁴⁾

A walk through the city of Mexico

PART III

Where shall we go this morning?—I think we will start from the Post Office, and go east. On our way we can take the Museum.—Very well.—This is the Post Office; nothing very striking about it, you will say. A new one is being built, which I will show you as we go back. We are now in Calle Moneda. Do you see that new building in the small street on the left of us? That is the Normal School for men. There is another for women some little distance from here. Let us go into the Museum.—What a wonderful collection! These

(4) Si le gusta Vd.

Aztecs must have had a civilization, or whatever you may be pleased to call it, in very remote ages. Yes; look at their carving. Does not this place remind you of some of the Courts of the British Museum?—Yes, very forcibly.—I suppose you know that Mexico has been called "The Egypt of America." This is the famous Calendar stone; and here we have the Sacrificial stone, on which many a poor human victim has been offered. Of course you know what happened in connection with it in the time of Cortés. These remains that you see in the middle of the room are quite recent discoveries. They were found, only a short distance from here, while the excavations were being made for the new drainage. Do you see those beautiful photographs of the ruins of Mitla?—What fine temples these people built!—This is the Ethnological Department, and, farther on we have the Natural History Collection, both very fine. Let us go now to the more modern part. Here is the carriage of the unfortunate Maximilian; it is said to have cost \$ 60,000; and this one belonged to the famous Juárez.—Poor Maximilian! He was what one might call "a round man in a square hole."—Well, what do you think of our Museum?—I think it is unique. I have seen many, in different parts of the world, in Rome, Naples, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and a very curious one in a place where you would scarcely expect to find a Museum at all; I mean, in Hon-

olulu, in the Hawaiian Islands; and I think I can class it with this as being unique of its kind. It is most elaborately fitted, and the objects are so systematically arranged, that it would be hard to find its equal from that point of view. They include all manner of curiosities from the South Sea Islands. You would be surprised to see the skill the natives display. But this is a digression; where shall we go next?—I want to take you a little way along, about as far as you can see, to show you some beautiful old carving on a church front. Here it is. Now, what do you think of that?—Well, that is a gem. What pride they must have taken in this work!—Yes, and do so at the present time. These common-looking fellows are fine carvers. A friend of mine, an architect, told me that you have only to give them a rough outline in pencil and paper, and they will carry out the design most faithfully. If we have time we will go and see the new Spanish Casino they are building; the carving on its front will astonish you. So will that on the National Library. Here we are near the San Carlos Academy, the National Picture Gallery of Mexico; we will go in.—These pictures are very beautiful indeed.—Here is the original of which you have seen so many copies, of the torture of Cuauhtemoc, by Leandro Yzaguirre.—I see a large number of pictures on sacred

subjects and the lives of the saints, and Church history.—Yes, many of these were originally in the churches, but, when Juarez nationalized the Church property in 1859, these beautiful works of art were removed to this building. We will now go west. This is the very street along which Cortés escaped on the “Noche Triste.” That church on the left—Santa Clara—contains the holy oil, said to possess wonderful healing properties. Here is the new Post Office. What do you think of it? Here is a picture of what it will be when it is finished.—Well, I cannot say I *am particularly struck* ⁽¹⁾ with it. I do not like the small windows; but I suppose they are *in keeping* ⁽²⁾ with the rest of the building.—On the opposite corner, where you see that wall the new Opera House is to be built. It is to cost more than a million dollars and will be national property, and a regular training school for the profession. It will also contain the Academy of Music. This is one of the finest streets in Mexico, from the Mariscala onwards. You see the double line of street cars that run along it. We will walk on from here; on the left is the Alameda, where we sat the day you arrived. I want to show you something very interesting just by that church you see yonder,

(1) Me llama la atención.

(2) Está en armonía con el resto.

San Hipólito. Here it is. Do you see that stone tablet? It has an inscription to the effect that on this spot, Cortés was defeated by the Aztecs on his flight from Mexico July 1. 1520, the Noche Triste.

—That is certainly interesting. What a history this old city has!—But, there is so much to show you, that it is difficult to know where to go. Suppose we go to some of the back streets. We will take a Colonia car at that corner, and get out near the National Library. Here it is. You see it is one of the old churches, adapted. There is the carving I spoke of. Is it not beautiful?—It seems to me to be quite equal to the old work I see on the other parts.—Let us turn into Cadena Street. Here the President lives at No. 8, just like an ordinary citizen. You would never think the head of this great Republic lived so quietly, would you? We will stroll along these streets. Every now and then we shall see some fine Spanish houses, two or three hundred years old. Here is one. Look at the fine patio, and the perfectly shaped arches. Then too, see the old gurgoyles for carrying the water off the roofs. Wherever you see those, you may know that the house is an old one; and if its walls could speak, what interesting stories they would tell. But I quite forgot, when we were in San Francisco Street, to show you the patio of the Hotel

Iturbide. It is one of the "sights" of Mexico. We will walk along to it, looking into the church of the Lourdes on our way. Here we pass the Principal Theatre. Now, this is the patio I spoke of. How do you like it?—PERFECT is the only word.—You know the well-known firm of Wells Fargo. We must come and see their place; it must have been the residence of some one of importance in the olden times.—Look at the fine carving.—What a number of pulque shops you seem to have.—Yes, they are the curse of the city. I suppose, the day will come, when there will be a crusade against them; but at present they abound and flourish.—Look at that one; it is literally full of the pelados; and what a quantity they can drink!—Yes, it is astonishing.—Pulque, in a pure state is a wholesome beverage, I believe; but in these shops I am told it is very much adulterated. Those who grow the maguey from which it is made, become enormously rich. Do you know pulque was discovered by a woman in the eleventh century?—You seem to have a great many Cantinas, too.—Yes, that is an American introduction. They resemble the same kind of shops in the States, the Grocery bars.

How do you account for the peculiar numbering of the houses here?—That is a question which it is impossible to answer. I never saw anything

so bewildering in my life. It would seem that somebody had taken the numbers up in a balloon, dropped them from a height, and allowed them to fall where they would, all over the city. I know one street where number 2043 is next to number 62 and you find similar inconsistencies everywhere. Number 1 is often found in the middle of a block; and we have two or three of the same number in the same street. Then again, the figures are generally placed high up over the entrance archway of a house, so that it is perfect torture to try to find a house after dark. Certainly, a radical reform is needed in this matter.

But, it is getting late; had not we better go home?—Yes I suppose we must; but, dear me; I could spend a month showing you curious things in this curious old city; I love it for its antiquity, in spite of its dirty *slums*⁽³⁾ and its many other objectionable features.—I think I should be the same if I were here long.

At the Puerto de Vera-Cruz

Lady to shopman. I want to look at some flannel, please.—Yes, madam, kindly step this

(3) Barrios.

way. We have the Mexican article, very good; but, perhaps you prefer something American or English.—No, indeed, I do not; why should I buy foreign goods, when I can get those which are made in our own country?—Very few of our customers think as you do, ma'am? I am delighted to hear you talk so. Here is a piece which I do not think can be equalled for the money; it is thirty-five cents a metro.—Cut me off six metros of it.—What will be the next article, ma'am?—Have you any good-really good-calico made in Mexico?—Yes, ma'am it is made at the Fabrica de Hilados at San Antonio Abad.—Well, then it must be good. I know the manager of that institution, and some of the officers in charge; so under those circumstances, I will take some; let me look at it. It is very good; quite equal to your foreign material. I will take nine metros. Now show me some cloth; I want it to make my two little boys some clothes for school wear.—Do you prefer the Mexican article in this case?—Certainly, why not?—Because we have some very good Scotch material suitable for that purpose.—Well, there is no harm in my looking at it.—This is it.—And what do you charge a metro for that?—That is five dollars, ma'am.—And the Mexican?—Three dollars and a half.—Well now, honestly, do you not think the native article is every bit as good as the imported one?—To

say the truth, I do ma'am; but you would be astonished at the preference that is shown for foreign goods—Yes, I know; and I am told that many articles made in Mexico are sold under the name of foreign goods, because people are so prejudiced against the things that are made in this country, especially in the furniture line. Well, give me five metros of that Mexican cloth. What are those hats that I see ever there? Were they made in this country? I mean those children's hats.—Yes, ma'am.—I want one for a little girl of ten, let me see them; What do they cost?—They are only five dollars apiece.—Well, you astonish me.—I will bring both my children down to-morrow, and fit them with one each. Have you much sale for Mexican shoes?—No, ma'am they are not much in demand; people prefer the American article.—Well, for that reason I will take a pair of the Mexican ones.—What is your size, ma'am?—I take a six.—What style of boot should you like?—I think a pair of those hanging from that shelf.—How do they feel on your feet, ma'am?—Very comfortable; nothing could be better. What is the price?—Five dollars and fifty cents.—What would a pair of American shoes of this quality cost?—They would cost you nine dollars, ma'am.—Very well. Then I will save the difference by taking the Mexican ones. Have you any Mexican silk?—Yes, ma'am, from the factory of Mr. Cham-

bon of Santa Maria.—Mr. Chambon is a particular friend of mine, so I will certainly patronise his goods. I had the pleasure of visiting his place a few days ago, and was shown all over the works I *was much struck* ⁽¹⁾ with the excellent management, and with the cleanliness of everything. Show me some of his rebosas. I watched one being made. What does this one cost?—That is ten dollars ma'am.—Have you anything better?—Yes, ma'am, here is one at twenty dollars, a very fine one, you will say.—I will take it. Have you any ribbons made at this factory?—Here is a large assortment; what colour do you require?—I want a nice blue.—Here are different shades.—What do they cost?—These are fifty cents a metro, and these are thirty-five.—I will take seven metros of this and two of that at thirty-five cents.—Thank you ma'am. What else can I show you?—You may let me see some very fine Mexican muslin; if you have any made at San Antonio Abad so much the better. I am sure, ma'am, we have just the thing you want; how do you like that at forty cents a metro?—Very much, cut me off five and a half metros. Now I should like you to show me some dress material, something dark and warm for the winter.—Here is a piece we had in only a few days ago; it is a thin woollen, and will *make up* ⁽²⁾ well.

(1) Llama la atención

(2) Hacer su vestido.