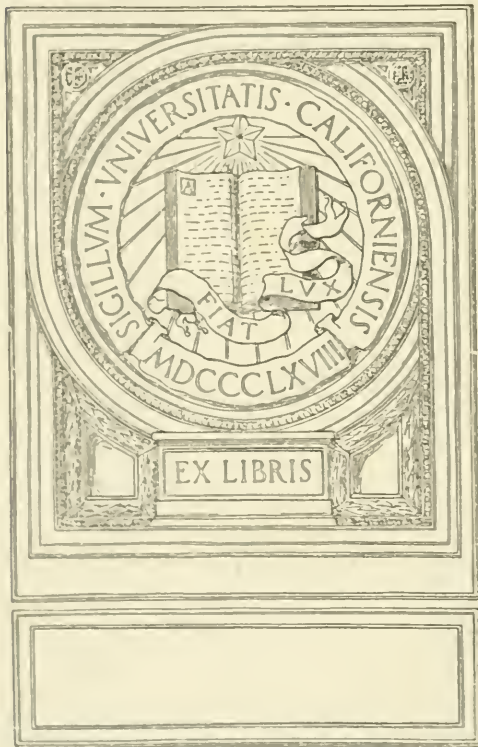




UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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READINGS
FROM
MODERN MEXICAN AUTHORS

BY
FREDERICK STARR

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1904

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THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED
TO
SEÑOR DON VICTORIANO AGÜEROS,
AUTHOR OF *Escritores Mexicanos Contemporaneos*,
EDITOR OF *El Tiempo*,
PUBLISHER OF *La Biblioteca de Autores Mexicanos*,
FAITHFUL FRIEND, VALUED HELPER.

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7 BOOKHUNTERS

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P R E F A C E .

When I began visiting Mexico, in 1894, my knowledge of Mexican authors was limited to those who had written upon its archæology and ethnography. Even the names of its purely literary writers were unknown to me. My first acquaintance with these came from reading some of the writings of Icazbalceta, a critical historian of whom any nation might well be proud, and a man of literary ability. I then sought the books of other Mexican authors and have been accustomed, when in Mexico, to read only those, in such hours of leisure as travel and work have left me. This reading has led me to prepare this little book, in the hope that it may introduce, to some of my countrymen, the literary men of the neighboring Republic.

I call the book Readings from *Modern Mexican Authors*; I might almost have said *Living Mexican Authors*, for my intention has been to include only such. I have, for personal reasons, made two exceptions — including Icazbalceta and Altamirano. This I have done because I owe much to their writings and because both were living, when I first visited Mexico.

Mexican authors write, to a notable degree, for periodical publications. Many Mexican newspapers devote space to literary matter and many extensive works in fiction, in history, in social science and political economy have appeared as brief chapters in newspapers and have never been reprinted. Mexico is remarkably fond, also, of literary journals, most of which have a brief existence. Many of the writings of famous Mexican writers exist only in one or other of these forms of fugitive publication, and are almost inaccessible. The tendency to republish in book form grows, however, and Señor Agüeros is doing an excellent work, with his *Biblioteca de Autores Mexicanos* (Library of Mexican Authors), now carried to more than fifty volumes, in which the collected works of good authors, past and present, are being printed.

Of course, many authors have been omitted from my list, some of whom may have well deserved inclusion; I have omitted none for personal reasons. Specialists, unless they have written literary works outside of their especial field of study, have been intentionally omitted. Men like Nicolás León, Herréra, Orvañanos, Belmar, Batres, could not be left out in a history of Mexican literature, but their writings do not lend themselves to translation of brief passages to represent the literary spirit of the country.

It has not been easy to devise a definite plan of

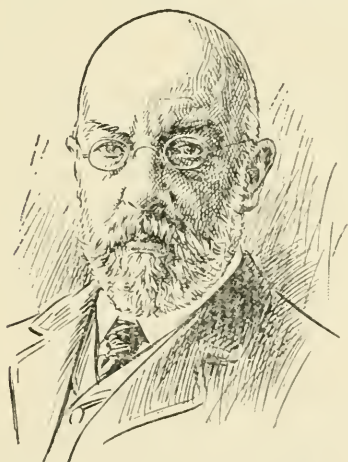
arrangement for my selections, but the matter is roughly grouped in the following order — Geography, History, Biography, Public Questions, Literature, Drama, Narrative, Fiction. One demand, made of all the material, is that it shall show Mexico, Mexican life, Mexican thought. Every selection is Mexican in topic and in color; together the selections form a series of Mexican pictures painted by Mexican hands.

I hesitate at my final remark, because it will sound like a lame excuse for failure. It is not such. In these translations I have not aimed at a finished English form. I have, intentionally, made them extremely literal; I have sometimes selected an uncouth English word if it exactly translates the author, have frequently followed the Mexican form and order of words, and have even allowed my punctuation to be affected by the original. To the English critic the result will be displeasing, but to those who wish to know Mexico and Mexican thought, it will be a gain. And it is for these that my little book is written.

The sections dealing with Icazbalceta, López-Portillo, Altamirano, Agüeros, Roa Bárcena, Obregón and Chavero, were originally published in *Unity*. Part of the matter relative to Guerrero, has been printed in the *American Journal of Sociology*.

READINGS FROM MODERN MEX-
ICAN AUTHORS.

EDUARDO NORIEGA.



Eduardo Noriega was born in the city of Mexico on October 4, 1853. He came of a notable family of Liberals, his father being General Domingo Noriega, and his brother Carlos, being, at the time of his death, adjutant-colonel to President Juarez. Eduardo was educated in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School), where he spent five years and received his

bachelor's degree. Since that time he has dedicated himself to literary work and to teaching.

He has written both prose and poetry. Besides two volumes of verse, he has printed a number of monologues — among them *Primeros nubes* (First clouds), *El mejor Diamante* (The better diamond) and *La hija de la caridad* (The daughter of charity). He has translated dramatic writings and has himself written two plays. From the age of forty years he has confined his teaching and writing to scientific subjects. He holds the chair of History and Geography in the *Escuela de Comercio y Administracion* (School of Commerce and Administration). He is author of a *Geografía general* (General geography), which has gone through two editions, of a capital *Geografía de Mexico*, and of a handy *Atlas de Mexico miniatura* (Miniature atlas of Mexico) which is in its third edition.

Eduardo Noriega is a directing member of the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística* (Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics) and many valuable papers read by him before that body are printed in its Bulletin.

Our selections are taken from his *Geografía de Mexico*. A school text-book of geography is hardly a promising place in which to seek examples of literary value, but in his descriptions Noriega often shows facility in expression and felicity in statement.

CLIMATIC ZONES OF MEXICO.

The climatic contrasts occasioned by the mountainous relief, are sharply produced only in the middle portion of the Republic, that is to say, in the central *mesa* and upon the slopes of the *cordillera*. The section from one coast to the other, from Vera Cruz to Acapulco, for example, is the line best situated for observing well-marked climatic changes.

The low zone of the seaboard contains, at once, the marshes and the barren sands of the coast, the well-watered open plains, and the lower slopes, where the luxuriant branchings of a thousand differing trees mingle and crowd, closely bound together by festoons of trailing and pendent vines, forming lovely masses of verdure, sprinkled through with fruits of many and brilliant colors, which stand out conspicuously from the magnificent, chlorophyll-laden foliage, and above all of which tower the graceful forms of palm trees. To such a charming tropical combination is given the name — *tierra caliente* (hot land).

Within this range, where the temperature passes 23° C., there are places which must be included among the hottest on the globe; such, for example, is the port of La Paz, in Lower California. The high temperature of this region, gave to it the name, derived from the words *calida fornax*, which signify *hot oven*.

Above the two seaboard zones, one sloping toward the Gulf, the other toward the Pacific, rises the *tierra templada* (temperate land), at an altitude of from 1000 m. to 2000 m., but higher in the south than in the north. This region corresponds to the southwest of Europe, not so much in climate — for it has no winter — as in mean temperature, productivity and salubrity.

Lastly, the central tableland, the part of the territory where the maguey is cultivated with notable profit and every class of cereals is produced, constitutes the *tierra fria* (cold land). It is the most populous part of the Republic.

In the high valleys, as those of Toluca and Mexico, the descent of the mercurial column often shows considerable falls of temperature; in winter the column reaches 8° or 10° below 0 C. and frosts are frequent. In general, however, the winters are mild. The mean temperature is from 13° to 14° C.

In many places exceptional conditions have brought the vegetable areas into abrupt juxtaposition; thus, while upon the summit of some ridge, only plants of European character may live and flourish, in the plains surrounding it are seen palms and bananas. From the summit of the great volcanoes, the three superposed zones may be clearly seen, at once.

The rapid communication, which today happily exists, presents to the traveler the marvelous op-

portunity of passing, in a few hours, through the three distinct regions of which we speak, which in other parts of the globe are separated by thousands of kilometres.

In some places these zones remain clearly distinguished from one another, but this is exceptional, since commonly they crowd upon each other, mingling one with another by imperceptible transitions. It is common to mention some certain place as belonging to one and the other zone, because the line of separation for both runs irregularly in mountainous regions. A zone of reciprocal penetration has been formed, on account of the multiple phenomena of temperature, of winds and of plant groupings. So, too, cañons and slopes are met with, which, by their vegetation, may be considered foci of *tierra caliente*, included within the fully developed *tierra templada*.

POPOCATEPETL.

The valley of Mexico lies, then, surrounded by various chains, which are: to the north the Sierra de Pitos and its branches, of which one is the Sierra de Guadalupe; to the east the Sierra de Zinguilacan, which ends in an extensive ridge, channeled by deep furrows, which connect the Sierra mentioned with the Sierra Nevada. By means of mountains and ridges forming the Sierra de Xuchitepec, to the southeast of the valley, the Sierra Nevada

is connected with that of Ajusco, which is connected to the southwest with that of Las Cruces, which, extending to the northwest, forms the Cordillera de Monte Alto, which is connected, as already stated, with the western arm of the Sierra de los Pitos.

In all these chains there are heights of importance such as; in the Sierra Nevada, Popocatepetl, lovely volcano, and Ixtaccihuatl, merely a snowcap. . . . Popocatepetl — smoking mountain — is the highest mountain in Mexican territory and measures 5452 m. above sea-level. The ascent of this colossus is full of discomforts, but when these have been endured, the result is surprising.

The most suitable road for the ascent is the one which goes from Amecameca to the ranch of Tlamacas, which is situated at 3897 m. altitude and almost at the limit of tree growth; the trees there met with are stunted; the day temperature is 8°, and at night 0 C., in summer. In winter these temperatures are more extreme.

Until one thousand metres beyond the ranch some firs are seen, which are the last; to these follows a soil covered with a dark sand, very fine and slippery, over which the horses can scarcely make their way. Here and there upon this sandy zone are tufts of dry grass. These gradually disappear, until, finally, there remains no sign of vegetation. A little later snow begins, at a place called La

Cruz, to which a great wooden cross, reared upon a heap of rocks, gives name. At this point, the line of perpetual snow is found, at 4300 m., little more or less, above sea-level.

From here the ascent is made on foot, and ever over the snow. The trail zigzags, because the slope is 24° or 25° , becoming more abrupt, until reaching 30° and 34° , at times. The walking is, naturally, very difficult.

When some hundred metres have been traversed, great difficulty in breathing begins to be experienced, the lungs feel oppressed, and every step, every movement of the body, causes great fatigue and compels the stopping to take breath. Feeble constitutions cannot endure the weariness and illness which are experienced. The reflection of the sun upon the snow is intense, for which reason the wearing of dark glasses is necessary. The face should also be veiled, to prevent the vertigo, which the white sheet surrounding the traveler produces toward the middle of the journey; when the day is fine and the atmosphere clear, the panorama is incomparably beautiful. The city of Puebla is clearly seen, and, at a greater distance the peak of Orizaba and the Cofre of Perote. There may also be seen, with all clearness, the summit of Ixtaccihuatl, totally without a crater. After some four hours of travel, the end of the journey, the summit of the volcano is reached; the last steps are particularly difficult, because the slope is now

40° and the rarity of the air is greater; progress is difficult.

From the point where the crater is reached it is not easy to take full cognizance of its depth, though the general form may be appreciated. This is elliptical; the major diameter measures some fifty metres more than the other. A crest of rock, of varying elevation, forms the edge, which makes it very irregular; it is very narrow; a simple step leads from the outer, to the inner, slope. This edge presents two heights — one is the *Espinazo del Diablo* (Devil's Backbone), the other is the *Pico Mayor* (Greater peak), which is, as its name indicates, the highest point of the volcano, being 150 m. higher than the *Espinazo*. The *Pico Mayor* is almost inaccessible, but its summit may, with difficulty, be reached.

The major diameter of the crater corresponds to the two summits named, has some 850 m. length, and its direction is from south 20° west to north 20° east. The transverse diameter may be estimated at 750 m., which would give the crater a circumference of 2,500 m. In descending from the border, the crater presents three distinct parts; a slope of 65°, a vertical wall seventy metres in height, and another slope, which extends to the bottom. In total, the mean depth of this imposing abyss will reach 250 m. to 300 m.

At the place, where the vertical wall begins and the first slope ends, there has been set up a sort of a

windlass, below which an enormous beam slopes downward toward the abyss; by this beam, and lowered by a cord, the workmen who extract sulphur descend.

In the bottom of the crater are four fumaroles, whence vapors escape, which in issuing produce slight hissing sounds. Abundant deposits of sulphur exist near these. Besides the fumaroles mentioned, there are seven points at the borders of the crater, where gases escape, though in less abundance; six of these points lie to the east of the major diameter, and the seventh on the opposite side. All are inaccessible.

The interior of the crater is formed by sheets, which form a regular wall with vertical sides. In some places these layers are profoundly shattered and there various species of rocks, of notably different natures are seen; first, below, are sheets of trachyte, very compact and rich in crystals of striated feldspar and partly decomposed amphibole; above these more or less regular trachytic layers are beds of well-characterized basalt — also very compact and rich in peridote; lastly, above these layers are porous scoriæ, of dark purple color, which indicates the presence of a considerable quantity of iron oxide. These scoriæ must have originated from the fusion of the porphyritic rocks.

Every little while, at the summit, rage violent storms of snow, which falls in thick sheets; at such times the atmospheric clouds do not permit objects

to be seen at a metre's distance and the temperature falls to 20° and 22° below 0° C.

The exploitation of the sulphur is insignificant since only some forty-eight or fifty tons are taken out, in a year; this sulphur is distilled at the ranch of Tlamacas; it is sold in Mexico and Puebla at the same price as that of Sicily — that of Popocatepetl being superior in quality. The snow, too, on the side of Ozumba, is exploited, but this exploitation is on the smallest scale.

Various expeditions have been organized for the ascent of Popocatepetl, some scientific in nature, others for amusement. The first was made in 1519 by Diego de Ordaz, one of the soldiers of Cortes; others followed. In our own day, such expeditions are frequent and their results happily verify each other.

Ixtacchiuatl,—“white woman”—connected to Popocatepetl by a ridge of graceful outline, rises to 5,288 m. altitude above sea-level. Down the slopes of this mountain, several torrents, derived from the melting snows, pour and form cascades and falls up to forty-five metres in height. These same slopes, covered by a sheet of astonishingly rich and luxuriant vegetation are gashed by deep crevices, in which are enormous masses of porphyritic and basaltic rocks. Conifers form dense forests up to 3,000 m. altitude; from there the vigor of arborescent vegetation diminishes and at 4,000 m. it completely ceases; from that point on there

are only stretches of brambles, which completely disappear at about 4,200 m.; then follow the sands, and, lastly, the perpetual snows, which begin at 4,300 m.

The crest, which is very grand and beautiful, resembles in the arrangement of its rock masses, the form of a woman's body, stretched at length upon its back, and covered by a white winding sheet. From this, the name of white woman,—*izta*, white; *cihuatl*, woman — with which this lovely mountain was baptized by the dreamy imagination of the Aztecs.

THE CAVERN OF CACAHUAMILPA.

In the limestone mountains of Cacahuamilpa, thirty kilometres north from Tasco, in a ravine, lies the village of the same name, near which is situated the famous cavern, one of the most beautiful in the world, commonly designated by the name of the *gruta de Cacahuamilpa* (grotto of Cacahuamilpa). . . . Dominating the eminence formed in the cordillera running eastward and which has already been mentioned, is perceived the great mouth of the cavern, with the green festoons of foliage which adorn it and some stalactitic formations which seem to announce the marvels of the interior. Access to this entrance is gained by a short and narrow path.

The mouth measures five metres in its greatest

height and thirty-six metres from side to side; after it has been traversed, there begins a plane sloping toward the interior; the soil is sandy; shortly one arrives at the first gallery, which is lighted by the sunlight.

This gallery is very large; its walls are formed of enormous masses of tilted rocks, which look as if about to fall; the spacious and lofty vault is furrowed by broad and deep crevices and from it hang many stalactites in the form of columns, or colossal pear-shaped masses of marble. Crossing the broad space of this gallery, a second is reached, where the darkness is dense and appalling, the torches scarcely dispel the gloom, and the spirit is oppressed.

In the first gallery the most notable concretions are "the enchanted goat" and "the columns." The former has lost much of its resemblance, as the head of the goat has fallen, but the second is wonderfully beautiful, because of its astonishing originality; its form is that of a column adorned with a capital, in the form of a tuft of plumes, which supports the base of a natural arch.

The third gallery, called "the pulpit" on account of the shape of its principal concretion is no less beautiful, grand, and imposing, than the preceding. Here the darkness is absolute.

Beyond this third gallery there are twelve more, very imperfectly known; they are called—the cauliflower, the shell, the candelabrum, the gothic

tower, the palm tree, the pineapple, the labyrinth, the fountain, and the organ-pipes. The rest have no special names. All of these galleries are marvelously beautiful; all are extensive and have lofty vaultings.

The total extent of the cavern is unknown; though the guides assert that it ends in the gallery of the organ-pipes, there are indications that the statement is false. These indications are: the air, which, even at such profound depths, is perfectly respirable; the lack of exploration; the superstitious fears of the guides to go further; and, some traditions, which declare that new galleries exist and have been explored by persons, who report a rushing torrent producing a terrible noise, for which reason no one cares to penetrate further. But, although the extent of the cavern is unknown and the gallery of the organ-pipes may not be the last, we ought not to believe the reports, which give the cavern immense extension. For example, some say that the galleries and ramifications extend to the mountains of Tasco, and there is one tradition, which affirms that the cavern prolongs itself, through the interior of the mountains which limit the Valley of Mexico on the south, until it unites with the cavern of Teutli, near Milpa Alta.

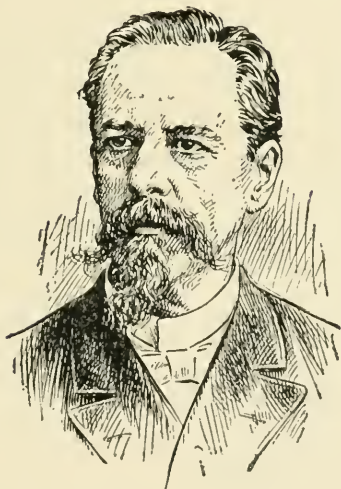
This tradition, although improbable, is curious; it states that some families hid their treasure in the cave which occurs in the mountain of Teutli; this has a very narrow entrance at first, but after some

twelve or fifteen metres broadens, forming a most beautiful cavern; this cavern has a series of chambers, of greater or lesser size, which finally communicate with the cave of Cacahuamilpa, more than one hundred kilometres distant.

The tradition cited adds that but few persons have dared to penetrate the cave of Teutli, and on but one occasion, a herd of sheep having entered it, some peons followed to collect and bring them out — a thing they could not do because the animals penetrated far into the cave; those who went in pursuit of them returned after two days of journeying through these rough passages.

In conclusion, it only remains to state, that the existence of the cavern of Cacahuamilpa remained unknown to everyone, until the year 1833. Before that year, not even the Indians had entered it, because they believed that the stalagmite in the form of a goat was a bad spirit, that guarded the mysteries, which the cavern enclosed; but a criminal who took refuge in it and was there during the period of his pursuit, after which he returned to his home, astonished the inhabitants of Tetecala by his fantastic reports; they made the first exploration and announced their expedition, describing the wonderful cavern. Since then, until now, expeditions have not lacked; unhappily, none of them has been scientific.

ANTONIO GARCÍA CUBAS.



Antonio García Cubas was born July 24, 1832, in the City of Mexico. He began study looking toward engineering in the year 1845, although not actually taking the degree of engineer until 1865. His technical studies were pursued in the *Colegio de San Gregorio*, the *Minería* (School of Mines), and the *Academia de San Carlos*. His studies were repeatedly interrupted by appointments of importance and by public commissions. Thus, in

1853 he published a general map of the Mexican Republic. Since that date he has done much geographical and engineering work of importance. In 1865, he served on the Scientific Commission of Pachuca. In 1866 he did the leveling for the Mexican Railway to Tulancingo. He published his first Atlas in 1857; in 1863, his *Carta general* (General map), in 1876 his *Carta administrativa* (Administrative map), in 1878, his *Carta orohydrographica* (Orographic-hydrographic map), still perhaps the best maps of Mexico, of their kind. In 1882, his great *Atlas, geografico, estadistico, y pintoresco de la Republica Mexicana* (Geographical, Statistical, and Picturesque Atlas of the Mexican Republic) was published. In addition to these and other equally important scientific works, Señor García Cubas has written various school books in geography, history, etc. Our selections are taken from a little volume, *Escritos diversos* (Miscellaneous Writings).

The work of Señor García Cubas has received wide and well-deserved recognition. He is a member of the Geographical Societies of Paris, Lisbon, Madrid and Rome; he has received scores of medals and diplomas; he holds the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In his own country he is a member of all the scientific societies but has naturally been most interested in the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística* (The Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics). He has

ever been active in movements for public advancement and among many results of his interest we may mention the Conservatory of Music.

THE INDIANS OF MEXICO.

The statistical data, imperfect though they have been, have given force and value to the opinion, which for me is a fact, that the indigenous race becomes debilitated and decreases in proportion as the white race becomes strong and advances. This fact is in complete accord with the laws of nature; the disadvantage of the indigenous race consists, for its decrease, in its customs and in the hygienic conditions of its mode of life. A miserable hut serves as a habitation for a numerous family and in it, the inmates actually packed together, cannot but breathe a polluted air; food is scanty and innutritious, while the daily occupations are heavy and hard. Sad indeed is the sight of these unhappy indigenes who without distinction of sex and age are encountered in our city streets and who, exhausted under the weight of enormous burdens, return to their villages with the miserable pittance gained from their trading.

If we consider the Indian from the time of his birth, or even from before his birth, we see his life to be but a series of miseries and abjections. The Indian women, even at the time of travail, do not cease from their wearisome tasks and, without

thought for the being who stirs within them, occupy themselves in grinding maize and making tortillas, labors which cannot but prove hurtful to the act of giving birth. While the period of suckling has not passed, the child is fed with tortillas and fruits and other foods unsuited to its digestive powers, causing by such imprudence diarrhœas and other diseases, which carry the children to the grave or, as they grow, leaves them infirm and feeble. Smallpox, in consequence of the neglect of the parents and their indifference to vaccination, causes frightful ravages — the disease being most pernicious in the indigenous race.

Such statistics as I possess of the movement of population in the pueblo of Ixtacalco, while they indicate that the Civil Registry has not yet extended its dominion to that pueblo, corroborate the opinion that the decrease of the race is mainly due to infant mortality.

In 1868 there were born.....	165
There died	190
Loss.....	25

In this mortality there were one hundred and forty children. In the year 1869, although the data show an augmentation of fifty-nine persons in the population, the infant deaths number sixty-five, to thirty-four of adults.

One fact ought to particularly call our attention because it proves that the degradation of the race

is not in its constitution but in the customs of its members. The Indian women of the villages near the Capital, hiring themselves out as nurses in private homes, rear healthful and robust children, because in their new employment they improve their condition, by enforced cleanliness, by good food, and by the total change in their hygienic conditions. But this very circumstance is a serious misfortune for the race, the women impelled by the desire to gain better wages, abandoning their own children to the mercenary cares of other women, as if the lack of a mother's love and care could be made good!

Another of the reasons which, in my opinion, cause the degeneration of the indigenous race, is that marriage takes place unwisely and prematurely. According to medical opinion, the nubile age of woman in our country is eighteen years, in the hot lands fourteen; between medical theory and actual practice there is an enormous difference. As regards the Indians, frequently union occurs between a woman scarcely arrived at the term of her development and a man of forty years or more, entirely developed and robust; as a consequence, the woman becomes debilitated and infirm and her children are weak and degenerate.

If to these causes, which operate so powerfully toward the decrease of the indigenous race, is added the sensible diminution it has suffered in our civil wars,—since the indigenous race supplies far

the larger part of the army — the truth of my assertion seems fully corroborated.

THE SEASONS IN THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

Few must be the places in the world which, from the picturesque and poetical point of view, surpass in beauty the Valley of Mexico. The varied phenomena, which the seasons of the year there present, powerfully contribute to this.

Some European savants assert that the seasons of the year are, in the intertropical regions, reduced to two, the dry and rainy seasons. In our country this assertion is without foundation. The truth is, that, in those regions, weather variations less sharply determine seasonal changes than in the temperate zones; but, in the Valley of Mexico seasonal changes really take place as shown by the beautiful fresh mornings of its Spring, prodigal in exquisite and varied flowers; the hot days of its rainy Summer, rich in delicious fruits; the warm afternoons of Autumn with its wondrously beautiful drifting clouds, and the cold nights of Winter, with its clear and starry sky.

As the last hours of night shorten in the lovely season of Spring, the deep darkness which envelops the earth's surface dissipates little by little and objects become visible as the delicate light of dawn gradually invades the east. The sun's rays, propagating themselves with a constant undulatory

movement, cause successive reflections and refractions, in the atmosphere and clouds, scattering the light in every direction and permitting the distinguishing of objects not yet directly illuminated by that body. If this light, known by the name of diffused or scattered light, did not exist, the shadow cast by a cloud, or by any object whatever, would produce the darkness of night, and — there being no twilight — the sun would appear on the horizon suddenly and in full splendor.

The sweet trills of the goldfinch, the warbling of other birds, the harmonious sound of bells, which announce in the towns the hour of dawn, and the laborer, who betakes himself to the field, with his oxen, to begin his daily labors, mark the moments in which the splendid rays of the sun, which precede the rising of the luminary, diffuse themselves through the transparent fluid of the atmosphere. Before the sun mounts above the horizon the eastern heavens are successively colored with the brilliant tints of red, orange, yellow, green, and purple; the limit of the white light of dawn, extending in the form of an arch through space, rapidly advances toward the zenith, while, at the same time, the upper heavens about that point, gradually acquire the most intense hue of azure.

The crest of the eastern cordillera sharpens and defines itself against a background of rose and gold; the majestic snow caps of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, which rise as two colossi in order to

display the beauties of the sunrise, feebly illuminated on their western flanks by the diffused light, appear as if made of Bohemian crystal. At times a dense column of smoke, rendered visible by the whiteness of dawn, issues from the crater of Popocatepetl, demonstrating the constant activity of this volcano, which retains evidences of tremendous activity.

When the sun, rising above the horizon, pursues its upward march, it presents a beautiful spectacle, difficult of description. Its disc, red and apparently increased in size, on account of atmospheric refraction, presents itself surrounded by a luminous aureole, and gradually diminishes in diameter as it mounts higher. The antecrepuscular curve submerged in the horizon, the west acquires the same succession of tints and the upper part of the sky is colored with a brilliant, most vivid blue.

From that moment the surroundings of the Capital city are most charming. Chapultepec, with its many and limpid springs, its picturesque rock mass, its poetic palace and its dense grove of ancient cypresses, from the branches of which depend masses of gray moss — the honored locks of their hoary age; Tacubaya with its palaces, its parks, and gardens; Mixcoac with its pleasing environs and its lanes of fruit trees; San Angel, Coyoacan, and Tlalpam, with their clear brooks, their gardens, their fields, and their pretty glades, covered with plants, trees, and interlacing climbers.

In all these places one enjoys the intoxicating freshness of the morning, the attractiveness of the fields, the breathing of the fresh air loaded with the perfume of flowers. There swarms of butterflies, with gleaming and brilliant wings, display their beauties and humming-birds, those precious winged gems which, endowed with an extraordinary flight, cleave the air like an exhalation, or, sucking honey from some flower, suspended in space, incessantly beat their wings and expose the green and pearly lustre of their plumage to the reflections of the sun.

South of the capital, the soil differs from that of the places mentioned. There the camelia, the lily, the Bengal-rose, and the other exquisite flowers of careful cultivation are not met; but there, in the *chinampas*, those artificial islands which have converted swamps into lovely gardens, grow the luxuriant poppy, the purple pink, the elegant dahlia, the perfumed violet, and the fragrant rose of Castile.

The canal which unites the lakes of Texcoco and Xochimilco in the days of Spring is to be seen covered with canoes loaded with flowers and vegetables bound for the city markets; and everyone, who has participated in the Lenten festivities of the *Viga*, will ever remember, with delight, the animation that constantly reigns in that place, where the common people finds its greatest joy. It may be

said that there is the place of the festival of Spring and flowers.

* * * *

Summer, in the Valley, as the other seasons of the year, has its especial attractiveness.

The atmospheric strata being unequally expanded by the fierce heat from the earth's surface, the order or arrangement of the layers in contact with the soil is, so to say, inverted. It is well known that the lower layers of air have the greater density, from the fact that the upper layers weigh down upon them; from the earth's surface upward there is a gradual decrease in density until the last, the lightest and most subtle, which is called ether. This general law being interfered with by the expansion of the lower layers, refraction of the light rays,—or the deviation which they suffer in passing from one medium into another of differing density — takes place in a manner contrary to that when the atmospheric layers are normally superposed, and the mirage* is produced, an optical illusion, which causes us to see objects, below the horizon or in the air, inverted.

In the dry and level stretches in the north of the Valley, one frequently sees the thick vapor stretch itself out over the surface of the ground, and upon it, inverted, are portrayed the mountains with all

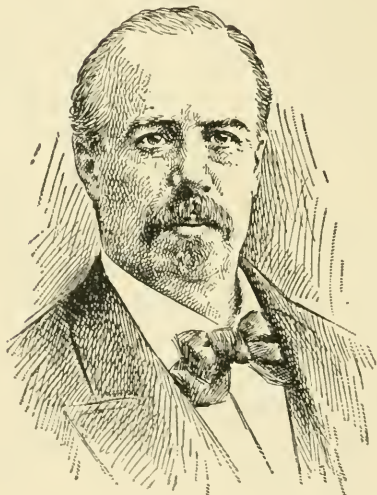
* The word used is *espejismo*, literally, mirroring.

their irregularities and details, as if reproduced in a limpid mirror of waters.

The mirage is yet more interesting, more wonderful, in the Lake of Texcoco, though the phenomenon is there less frequent. On clear days, from the shore, one sees the full extent of the lake and the tranquillity of its water. Miserable, frail, canoes, the form of which has not varied since the days of the conquest, are seen crossing the lake, loaded with grains and vegetables for the Mexican markets. The unsteady and narrow *chalupas* of the fishermen and flower-dealers rapidly cleave the watery surface and only the creaking of the oars, or the notes of the monotonous songs of the boatmen break the silence of the solitude.

When the temperature of the water of the lake is less than that of the air with which it is in contact, those little crafts suddenly disappear from the surface of the water and are seen, inverted, floating in the air, coursing to the stroke of the oars, through a shifting sea of clouds.

JOAQUÍN GARCÍA ICAZBALCETA.



No name better deserves to be first mentioned in the list of modern Mexican writers than that of Joaquín García Icazbalceta. He was born in the City of Mexico Aug. 25, 1825. His father was a Spaniard, his mother a Mexican. On account of the disorders connected with the Revolution, his parents left Mexico, going first to the United States and later to Spain, where they remained until 1836. In that year they returned to Mexico.

The boy showed early earnestness in study and was well instructed by private tutors. He was acquainted with and encouraged by the great historian, Lucas Alaman, who no doubt had much to do with his decision, about 1846, to devote himself to historical study.

The list of his works is a long one. He translated Prescott's *Conquest of Peru* into Spanish and enriched it with valuable notes. To the well known *Diccionario Universal de Historia y Geografía* (Universal Dictionary of History and Geography) he contributed the biographical sketches of many personages of the sixteenth century. In 1858 he began publishing the *Coleccion de Documentos para la Historia de México* (Collection of Documents for the History of Mexico), two volumes of ancient, and for the most part unknown, matter of the highest value. This was continued by the publication in 1870 of Mendieta's *Historia Ecclesiastica Indiana* (Ecclesiastical History of the Indians). Still later in 1886-1892 these volumes were followed by four similar volumes under the name *Nueva Coleccion de Documentos para la Historia de México* (New Collection of Documents for the History of Mexico). These papers were all original works, many of them from the sixteenth century, of the greatest importance and interest, and most, if not all, of them would have been lost or never known but for Icazbalceta's care. In publishing this matter our author always

added notes and explanations, characterized by lucidity, interest, and learning. Two important works were published in 1875 and 1877 — *México en 1554* (Mexico in 1554) and *Coloquios espirituales y sacramentales y Poesias sagradas* (Spiritual and Sacramental Colloquies and Sacred Poems). The former was a reprint of three interesting dialogues in Latin by Francisco Cervantes Salazar; the book is most rare; Icazbalceta printed the original Latin text with a Spanish translation and added his usual valuable notes. The other book, chiefly composed of religious dramas for popular representation, was by Fernan Gonzales de Eslava, who was by no means a mean poet. In reprinting this curious sixteenth century book Icazbalceta practically traced the whole history of the religious play in Mexico of the past. No Mexican bibliographer has done more important work than Icazbalceta. Two works in this line need special mention. His *Apuntes para un Catalogo de Escritores en lenguas indigenas de America* (Notes for a Catalogue of Writers in the Native Languages of America) is not only interesting in itself, but has been the necessary foundation for everything since written regarding Mexican languages. As for his *Bibliografía Mexicana del siglo xvi.* (Mexican Bibliography of the Sixteenth Century), it is a wonderful work, representing forty years of labor. "It is a systematic catalogue of books printed in Mexico in the years between 1539 and

1600, with biographies of authors and various illustrations, facsimiles of ancient title pages, extracts from rare books, bibliographic notes, etc., etc." It is far more — it is really a restoration of the life of that wonderful age in American letters. In biography our author is eminently happy; he usually loves and reverences his subject. In 1881 he published his *Don Fray Juan de Zumárraga, Primer Obispo y Arzobispo de México* (Friar Juan de Zumarraga, first bishop and archbishop of Mexico). It is a magnificent example of such work. Another subject of his love was Alegre, and besides a biography of him he wrote — 1889 — *Opusculos ineditos Latinos y Castellanos de Francisco Javier Alegre* (The Unpublished Works, Latin and Spanish, of Francisco Javier Alegre). Icazbalceta's last great work was *Diccionario de Provincialismos Mexicanos* (Dictionary of Mexican Provincialisms). This was passing through the press at the time of his death, November 26, 1894.

Many of Icazbalceta's choicest writings were monographs of no great length prepared for reading before the Mexican Academy or other organizations of which he was a member. These always show the same careful gathering of facts, the same just criticism, and the same literary character as his greater works. Our selections — all but one — are from such a discourse read before the academy in June and July, 1882, entitled, *El instruccion*

publica en México durante el siglo xvi. (Public Instruction in Mexico during the Sixteenth Century). The other is from a paper — *Los Médicos de México en el siglo xvi.* (The Physicians of Mexico in the Sixteenth Century). These passages will no doubt surprise many readers, who have been pleased to believe that Spain's policy was to hold its conquered territories in deep ignorance.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES.

When the first Spanish missionaries arrived, they faced that great mass of uncivilized folk, which it was necessary to convert and civilize in a single day. Today there exist an enormous number of establishments and private teachers for educating youth in classes, graded with relation to ages; there were then twelve men for millions of children and adults, who begged, in concert, for light, and light which it was impossible to deny them, because it was not merely a matter of human culture, which most important as it is, did not then occupy the first place; but of opening the eyes to blind heathen and of making them take the straight road for attaining the salvation of their souls. The matter then seemed serious; it was really still more so, because the new teachers had never heard the language of their pupils. But what may not devotion accomplish? Those venerable men quickly mastered the unknown language and then

others and others as they met them; they understood, or rather they divined, the peculiar character of the population, and at once converted, instructed, and protected it. The first missionaries and those who followed after them, were certainly no common men; almost all were educated; many like Fathers Tecto, Gaona, Focher, Vera Cruz, and others had shone in professorships and prelacies; they were of noble birth, and three of them, Fathers Gante, Witte, and Daciano, felt royal blood coursing through their veins. All renounced the advantages promised by a brilliant career; all forgot their hard gained learning to devote themselves to the primary instruction of the poor and unprotected Indians. What inflated doctor, what betitled professor today would accept a primary school in an obscure village?

The Franciscans went everywhere rearing temples to the true God, and with them schools for children. They gave to their principal convents a special plan; the church set from east to west and the school, with its dormitories and chapel at right angles to it, stretching to the north. The square of buildings was completed by the ample court, which served for teaching the Christian doctrine to adults, in the morning before work, and also for the sons of the *macehuales* or plebeians who came to receive religious instruction; the school building was reserved for the sons of nobles and lords; although this distinction was not rigidly observed.

At first the friars found great difficulty in gathering together boys to fill these schools, because the Indians were not yet capable of understanding the importance of the new discipline and refused to give their boys to the monasteries. They had to appeal to the government that it should compel the lords and principal men to send their sons to the schools; first experiment in compulsory education. Many of the lords, not caring to give up their children, but not daring to disobey, adopted the expedient of sending, in place of their own sons, and as if they were these, other boys, sons of their servants or vassals. But in time, perceiving the advantage these plebeian boys, by education, were gaining over their masters, they sent their sons to the monasteries, and even insisted on their being admitted. The boys dwelt in the lodgings built for the purpose in connection with the schools, some so spacious as to suffice for eight hundred or a thousand. The friars devoted themselves by preference to the children, as being — from their youth — more docile and apt to learn, and found in them most useful helpers. Soon they employed them as teachers. The adults brought from their wards by their leaders, came to the patios and remained there during the hours set for instruction, after which they were free for their ordinary occupations. Divided into groups, one of the best instructed boys taught to each group the lesson learned from the missionary.

PEDRO DE GANTE'S WORK.

Although you know the fact well, gentlemen, you would not forgive me should I omit mentioning the work which the noted lay brother, Pedro de Gante, blood relative of the Emperor Charles V., did in the direction of instructing the Indians. He was not the founder of the College of San Juan de Letran, as is generally stated, but of the great school of San Francisco, in Mexico, which he directed during a half century. This was constructed, as was customary, behind the convent church, extending toward the north, and contiguous to the famous chapel of San José de Belem de Naturales — the first church of Mexico, the old cathedral included. There our lay brother brought together fully a thousand boys, to whom he imparted religious and civil instruction. Later he added the study of Latin, of music, and of singing, by which means he did a great service to the clergy, because from there went forth musicians and singers for all the churches. Not satisfied with this achievement, he brought together also adults, with whom he established an industrial school. He provided the churches with painted or sculptured figures; with embroidered ornaments, sometimes with designs interspersed of the feather work, in which the Indians were so distinguished; with crosses, with candlestick standards, and many other objects necessary for church service, no less than

with workmen for the construction of the churches themselves, for he had in that school painters, sculptors, engravers, stonecutters, carpenters, embroiderers, tailors, shoemakers, and other trades workers. He attended to all and was master of all. The gigantic efforts of that immortal lay brother cause genuine admiration — who without other resources than his indomitable energy, born of his warm charity, reared from the foundations and sustained for so many years a magnificent church, a hospital and a great establishment, which was at once a primary school, a college of higher instruction and religious teaching, an academy of the fine arts, and a trades school, in fine a center of civilization.

INSTRUCTION BY HIEROGLYPHS.

Industrial schools, compulsory education, these seem to us usually modern ideas; but these old teachers knew something of object teaching, of adapting methods to varying conditions. Thus:

They completed the instruction by the use of signs, and it may be imagined that the result was little or nothing. Desirous of hastening the instruction and realizing that what enters by the eye engraves itself more easily upon the mind, they devised the idea of painting the mysteries of religion upon a canvas. Friar Jacob de Tastera, a Frenchman, was the first, it seems, who tested this method. He did not know the language, but he

showed the Indians the chart and caused one of the brighter among them, who knew something of Spanish, to explain the meaning of the figures to the others. The other friars followed his example and the system continued in use much time. They were also accustomed to hang the necessary charts upon the wall, and the missionary, as he made the doctrinal explanations, indicated with a pointer the corresponding chart. The Indians accustomed to painting heiroglyphs adopted them for writing catechisms and prayerbooks for their own use, but varying the old form and interspersing here and there words written with European letters, from which there resulted a new species of mixed writing, of which curious examples are preserved, some of which are in my possession. They made use of the same method of jotting down a record of their sins that they might not forget them at the time of going to the confessional. The use of the pictures was so pleasing to the Indians that it lasted all that century and a part of the following. In 1575 Archbishop Moya de Contreras substituted with announcements in pictures, papal bulls which failed to come from Spain; and the well known French writer, Friar Juan Bautista, caused figures to be engraved — after the seventeenth century had begun — for use in teaching the Indians of that time the doctrine.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MEXICO.

The famous University of Mexico was opened in 1553, almost seventy years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Literary contests of a public character were not infrequent:

The doors of the university opened, there entered by them a great number of youth, who waited with impatience the moment of commencing or prosecuting their studies. So Cervantes Salazer testifies in the description which he wrote of the institution, the year following its establishment. Soon the literary exercises began and notable was the ardor with which the students engaged in scholastic disputations, to which, as Cervantes says, night alone put an end. The learned men who were already in Mexico hastened to connect themselves with the university, among them Archbishop Montufar. Nothing was omitted to add to the luster of the new school, since there were given to it the privileges of the University of Salamanca and the title Royal and Pontifical. From it sallied many alumni as teachers, or to occupy high positions in church and state. It was really, as its founders had planned, a source of supply (nursery) of educated men, which in large measure obviated the necessity of bringing such from Europe, and there were even some who *there* brilliantly displayed the education which they had received in the schools of Mexico.

A LITERARY FESTIVAL.

In the year 1578, on the occasion of the arrival at Mexico of a great quantity of sacred relics, presented by Pope Gregory XIII. to the Jesuits, it was decided to celebrate a brilliant festival. Upon the announcement of this, many distinguished persons and a multitude of others betook themselves to Mexico. An official proclamation, given forth beforehand with much ceremony, announced a program of seven literary controversies. The procession with the sacred relics sallied from the cathedral, and on the way to the Church of the Jesuits, where they were to be deposited, there were reared five magnificent triumphal arches 'at least fifty feet high.' Besides these more important ones, the Indians constructed more than fifty, made of boughs and flowers according to their custom. All the doors and windows of the houses were adorned with rich tapestries, Flemish stuffs embroidered with gold and silk. In the arches, as at the corners, and in the little ornamental shrines which decorated the line of march, there were displayed placards and shields with inscriptions, sentences, and poetical verses in Latin, Spanish, and even in Greek and Hebrew. At each arch the procession paused to see and hear dances, sports, music, and poems. During the space of eight days, in the afternoons, upon platforms erected for the purpose, the students of the different schools in turn

represented religious plays. One of these was the tragedy of the persecution of the church under Diocletian and the prosperity which followed, with the reign of Constantine. This drama, which still exists in printed form, was undoubtedly a work of the Jesuit professors. Delighted with its rendition the populace demanded its repetition, which took place the following Sunday.

INDIAN LANGUAGES.

An immense field is opened before my view, in the linguistic and historic works, which we owe to the sixteenth century. On their arrival the missionaries found themselves face to face with a language entirely unknown to the inhabitants of the Old World; and as they progressed with their apostolic labors they discovered with pain that this land, where the curse of Babel seems to have fallen with especial weight, was full of different languages, of all forms and structures, some polished, others barbarous, for which they had neither interpreters, nor teachers, nor books, and for the most part not even a people of culture who spoke them. That difficulty in itself would suffice to discourage the most intrepid mind; but there did not in the world exist anything which could quench the fire of charity with which the missionaries were aglow. They undertook the contest with the hundred-headed monster and vanquished him. Today the

study of a group of languages, or even of one tongue, raises the fame of the philologist to the clouds, although he usually finds the way pathed out for him by previous labors; but the missionaries learned, or rather divined all, from the first beginnings; a single man at times attacked five or six of these languages without analogy, without a common filiation, without known alphabet, with nothing that might facilitate the task. Today such investigations are made, for the most part, in the tranquillity and shelter of the study; then, in the fields, the groves, upon the roads, under the open sky, in the midst of fatigues of the mission journey, of hunger, of lack of clothing, of sleeplessness.

The missionaries did not undertake such heavy tasks to attain fame; they did not compare the languages, nor treat them in a scientific way; they tried to reduce them all to the plan of Latin; but they went straight to the practical end of making themselves comprehensible to the natives, and laid firm foundations, upon which might be reared a magnificent structure. The linguistic section of our literature is one of those which most highly honor it, and this, although we know but a portion of it. Countless are the writings which have remained unpublished, either for lack of patronage to supply the cost of printing or because they were translations of sacred texts which it was not permitted to place in vulgar hands. Father Olmos is a notable example of the sad fate which befell

many of these writers. It is believed that he knew various Chichimecan dialects, because he was a long time among them, and it is certain that he wrote without counting other books, grammars, and vocabularies of the Aztec, Huastec, and Totonac languages. Of such great works only his Aztec grammar has survived, which, after circulating during more than three centuries through public and private libraries, has finally been saved, thanks to the beautiful edition of it which was published, not in Mexico, but in Paris in 1875. In a history of Mexican literature, notices and analysis of the books on the native languages — today so much esteemed and studied in foreign lands — claim a place of honor.

FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ.

That same year, about the month of September, the famous Dr. Francisco Hernandez, court physician of Philip II., arrived in Mexico. He was a native of Toledo and was born about 1517 or 1518. Nothing is known of his life previous to his journey to New Spain, whither he came by royal commission, to write the natural history of the country, with reference to medicine. He consumed seven years in the discharge of his commission, making continual journeys, meeting obstacles and suffering diseases which brought him to the edge of the grave. It has been generally said that

Philip II. supplied the expenses of this expedition with regal munificence and that it cost him 20,000 ducats; but documents published in our days, clearly show that Hernandez was given but a modest salary, although we do not know exactly the amount, with no assistance whatever for his extraordinary expenses, not even for those occasioned by his frequent journeys. Nor was he supplied the assistance usual in such cases, and he had no other helper than his own son. In spite of all this he was never discouraged in that great enterprise. In order to devote himself entirely to it, he refused to practice medicine in Mexico, 'throwing away the opportunity of gaining more than 20,000 pesos by the practice of the healing art, and much more by occupations pursued in this country, on account of employing myself in the service of your majesty and in the consummation of the work' — as he himself says in a letter to the king. Not content with describing and making drawings of the plants and animals of New Spain he caused the efficacy of the medicines to be practically tested in the hospitals, and availing himself of his title of *proto-medico*, convoked the practitioners then in the city and urged them to make similar tests and to communicate the results to him. Finally he carried to Spain, 1577, seventeen volumes of text and illustrations, in which was the natural history; and an additional volume containing various writings upon the customs and antiquities of the Indians. Copies

of all were left in Mexico, which have disappeared. He wrote the work in Latin; he translated a part of it into Spanish, and the Indians, under his direction, commenced a translation into Aztec.

Arrived in Spain, Hernandez suffered the severest blow possible for an author — instead of his great work being put promptly to press, as he had expected, it was buried in the shelves of the library of the Escorial; to be sure with all honor, for the volumes were ‘beautifully bound in blue leather and gilded and supplied with silver clasps and corners, heavy and excellently worked.’ However, this magnificent dress did not serve to protect the work, which finally perished, almost a century later, in the great conflagration of the Escorial, which took place the 7th and 8th of June, 1671, nothing being saved except a few drawings, just enough to augment our appreciation of the loss. Dr. Hernandez survived his return little more than nine years, since he died February 28, 1587.

AGUSTIN RIVERA.



Agustin Rivera was born at Lagos (Jalisco) on February 28, 1824. For a time he studied at and famous *Colegio de San Nicolas*, at Morelia, and, later, at the *Seminario* in Guadalajara. In 1848 he was licensed to practice law and in the same year took holy orders. He taught for some time at Guadalajara, and was, for nine years, the attorney of the Ecclesiastical Curia. He finally removed to Lagos, the city of his birth, where he still lives, and where his writings have been pub-

lished. In 1867, he made a journey to Europe, visiting England, France, Italy, and Russia. His writings have been many, varied, and extensive; the complete list of his books and pamphlets, includes ninety-four titles. Among the best known and most widely mentioned are his *Compendio de la Historia antigua de Mexico* (Compend of the Ancient History of Mexico), *Principios criticos sobre el vireinato de la Nueva España* (Critical Observations upon the Vice-Royalty of New Spain), and *La Filosofía en Nueva España* (Philosophy in New Spain). Two pamphlets, *Viaje á las Ruinas de Chicomoztoc* (Journey to the Ruins of Chicomoztoc) and *Viaje á las Ruinas del Fuerte del Sombrero* (Journey to the Ruins of the Fort of Sombrero), have been widely read and are often mentioned.

Our author is vigorous and clear in thought and expression. Extremely liberal in his views, much of his writing has been polemic. In argument he is shrewd and incisive; in criticism, candid but unsparing. His *Principios criticos* is a scathing arraignment of the government of New Spain under the viceroys. His *Filosofía* is a part of the same discussion. It forms a large octavo volume. It begins with presenting two Latin documents of the eighteenth century, programs of public *actos*, given at the *Seminario* and the *Colegio de Santo Tomás* in Guadalajara. These serve as the basis for a severe criticism of the philosophical thought

and teaching in Spain and New Spain during the vice-regal period. Testimonies are cited from many authors and Rivera's comments upon and inferences from these are strong and original. In the course of the book he summarizes the scientific work really done — and there was some — in Mexico during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He sums up his argument in eleven corollaries. Our selections are taken from the *Filosofía en Nueva España* and from a curious dialogue regarding the teaching of Indian languages.

On February 28, 1902, after many years of absence, Agustin Rivera was in Guadalajara; his completion of seventy-eight years of life was there celebrated by a large circle of his friends, old students, admirers, and readers, most brilliantly. In October, 1901, a proposition, that the national government should pension the faithful and fearless old man, was unanimously carried by the one hundred and twenty-five votes in the House of Deputies in the City of Mexico. It is pleasant to see these acts of public recognition of the value of a long life usefully spent.

BACKWARDNESS OF MEXICO IN VICEROYAL TIMES.

My lack of pecuniary resources does not allow me to give greater bulk to this book by translating Document I. from Latin into Spanish; but those who know the Latin language and philosophy

will observe that in the Department of Physics in the College of Santo Tomás in Guadalajara were taught *the first cause, the properties of secondary causes*, supernatural operations, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, eternity — everything, in fact, save physics. Neither the word *heat*, nor the word *light*, is met with once in the program. The program cited, further accentuates ignorance of modern logic and modern metaphysics. Such was the teaching of philosophy by the Jesuits in the schools of New Spain, until the end of their instruction and existence in this country, since the public *acto*, in the College of Santo Tomás, took place in 1764, and three years later they were expelled (June 25, 1767). History proves that the Jesuits were at the front in teaching in the colleges of New Spain, and if *they* taught such things, what could those teach who were in the rear?

Lucas Alaman, Adolfo Llanos, Niceto de Zamacois, Ignacio Aguilar y Marocho, and other writers, open partisans of the colonial government (few indeed in this nineteenth century) to such documents as form the matter of this Dissertation reply: "It was the logic, the metaphysics and the physics of that epoch." The statement is false and one might say that the writers mentioned were ignorant of history, or that, knowing it, they made sport of the credulity and good faith of their readers, were it not that the intelligence and honesty of the four writers — and of others — is well established, and

did not logic teach us that there are other sources of error in judgment besides ignorance and bad faith; that a great source of errors is *preoccupation*, as that of Alaman and Aguilar Marocho — for all that concerns the monarchy and viceroyalty; and a great source of errors is *passion*, vehement and uncontrolled, as the love of country which sways Zamacois, Llanos, and other Spanish writers. . . . The statement is false, I repeat, and, in consequence, the conclusion is nul: *nulla solutio*. I shall prove it.

The discovery of the New World, the origin of the Americans and their magnificent ruins and antiquities, scattered over the whole country; the Aztec civilization, grand in a material way; their human sacrifices, which in fundamental meaning involved a great genesiac thought and in application were a horrible fanaticism; the Conquest of Mexico, in which present themselves: — Hernan Cortes, the first warrior of modern times, though with indelible stains; Pedro de Alvarado, Gonzalo de Sandoval, Cristobal de Olid, and Diego de Ordaz, with their feats of heroism and their crimes; Cuauhtemotzin, Xicotencatl, Cacamotzin, and the other Indian warriors with their immortal patriotism; the interesting figure of Marina; Bartolomé de Olmedo, Pedro de Gante, Bartolomé de las Casas, Juan de Zumárraga, Toribio de Motolinia, Bernardino de Sahagun, and the other missionaries surrounded by an aureole of light which

brings posterity to its knees; all the conjunct of the Conquest, as the finest subject for an epic poem; "the Laws of the Indies," the *encomiendas*, the Inquisition; Antonio Mendoza, the venerable Palafox, Fray Payo Enriquez de Rivera, the Duke of Linares, Revilla Gigedo the second, and other excellent viceroys; the fecund events of 1808; the Revolution of the Independence, the first and second empires, and many other events in the history of Mexico during its five epochs, have already been treated and ventilated in many books, pamphlets and journals — some sufficiently, others overmuch. Poetry in New Spain has been magnificently treated by my respected friend, the learned Francisco Pimentel, in Volume I. of his *Historia de la Literatura y de las Ciencias en Mexico*. But *Philosophy in New Spain* is a subject that has not been specifically treated by any one. This work has, perhaps, no other merit than novelty, which would be worth nothing without truth, supported by good testimonies. As regards Spain I shall take my testimonies from no foreign authors — lest the bourbonist writers might reject them as disaffected and prejudiced, and so shield themselves — but from Spanish writers; with the exception of one and another Mexican, accepted by all Spaniards as trustworthy, such as Alzate and Beristain. . . . And among Spaniards I will refrain from citing Emilio Castelar and others of the extreme left.

DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICES IN NEW SPAIN.

With regard to the public offices in New Spain, of consequence for the honor connected with them, or because of the fat salary, Señor Zamacois says :

“ It has been said, in regard to official positions, that the Mexicans filled only the less important; in this, another error has been committed. The monarchs of Castille considered those born in the American colonies as Spaniards, and made *no distinction* between them and Peninsulars; all had equal rights and, therefore, in making an appointment, there was no question whether the person named came from the provinces of America or those of the Peninsula. . . . The offices and appointments were conferred in equal numbers on the sons of America and Peninsulars.”

By way of digression, I may present a few pen-strokes, but they will be sufficient for any intelligent man. Padre Mariana, high authority in history, states this maxim: *History takes no sides until shown a clean record.* Señor Zamacois shows no clean record for his assertions. I will present mine. There were sixty-two Viceroys of Mexico, and of these fifty-nine were Spaniards of the Peninsula and three were creoles — Luiz de Velasco, native of the City of Mexico, Juan de Acuña, native of Lima, and Revilla Gigedo the second, native of Havana; in consequence, only one was

Mexican. There were thirty-three Bishops of Guadalajara and of these twenty-six were Spanish Peninsulars and seven were creoles; these were . . . ; that is to say, only five were Mexicans. I confess my ignorance; I do not understand Señor Zamacois's arithmetic — the equality between 26 and 7. There were thirty-four Bishops of Michoacan, and of these there were thirty Spanish Peninsulars and four creoles; these were . . . ; that is to say, only two were Mexicans. Thirty equals four? Please, Señor Zamacois. There were thirty-one Archbishops of Mexico, of whom twenty-nine were Spanish Peninsulars and two creoles; these were . . . ; that is to say, only one was Mexican. Twenty-nine Spaniards and two creoles are equal.

* * * *

Adolfo Llanos, in treating this matter, goes (as is his custom farther than Zamacois, saying that the ecclesiastical offices of importance were obtained by the creoles, not equally with the Spaniards, but preponderantly over them. He says:

“Americans were preferred by the Spanish Kings over Europeans, in the assignment of high ecclesiastical dignities.”

Let us leave Llanos and the other blind defenders of the vice-regal government.

SCIENCE VERSUS SCHOLASTICISM.

Modern philosophers, notable in European lands (outside of Spain) were numbered by hundreds, and the young Gamarra did nought but glean in so abundant a field. Galileo and Harvey! What brilliant and suitable examples men of great talent furnish! Harvey, in his study, with a frog in his hand. As parallels and comparisons are most useful in understanding a subject, as a recognized rule of law says that placing two opposing views face to face both are more clearly known, I venture to add — after Gamarra's fashion — a parallel between Harvey and Domingo Soto. *A frog!* here I have a thing apparently vile and despicable; the Epistles of Saint Paul, here I have a thing infinitely sublime. A film to which the intestines of a frog are attached; what thing meaner? The science of theology; what thing so grand? To soil one's hands with the blood and secretions of an animal; occupation, to all appearance, vile; to take the pen for explaining the Holy Scriptures; occupation, sacred and sublime. And yet, Domingo Soto with his scholastic commentaries on the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Romans was of no use to humanity; and Harvey, presenting himself in the great theater of the scientific world, with a frog in his hand, discovering the circulation of the blood, rendered an immense service to mankind. Domingo Soto was a Catholic, and one of the Fathers of the Council

of Trent, and Harvey was a Protestant — and yet, without doubt, the Catholic Church does not esteem the commentaries of its son Soto, and, in the Vatican's council, has sounded the praises of the discovery of the Protestant Harvey.

PHILOSOPHY IN NEW SPAIN.

COROLLARIES.

1. Studies never flourished under the Colonial regime.

2. Spain in the seventeenth century and in the first and second thirds of the eighteenth century was poor and backward in philosophy, and New Spain during the same period was in the same predicament.

3. That New Spain was backward in philosophy at that time because such was the philosophy of the epoch, is false.

4. The ideas and impulse in the modern philosophical sciences, which New Spain received during the last years of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, did not come mainly from Spain, but from the other principal nations of Europe.

5. It follows, from Spain and New Spain having been backward in philosophy, that they were also backward in theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and in all the sciences, because philosophy is the basis of all.

6. The expression, "Spain taught us what she herself knew," is not a good excuse or exoneration.

7. The scholastic philosophy is useful; the pseudo-scholastic is prejudicial.

8. The history of the vicerojal government is most useful.

9. This dissertation is a new book.

10. "Not as a spider, nor as an ant, but as a bee."

11. The union between Spaniards and Mexicans is very useful; but history cannot be silenced by the claim that it is a social union.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AGUSTIN RIVERA AND FLORENCITO LEVILON.

"How are you, sir?"

"How are you, Florencito? When did you arrive?"

"Yesterday."

"I am greatly pleased that you have called to see me. What have you studied this year?"

"The Aztec language; here is the invitation to my public examination. The program was as fine as usual, since my teacher, Señor Don Agustin de la Rosa, spoke splendidly, as every year, of the philosophy and richness of the Aztec tongue."

"Thank you. And how many students were there in the subject?"

"This year we were so many, last year there

were so many, the year before so many, and the same, more or less, so I have heard, in years gone by."

"What a pity! They are few, almost nothing in comparison with the necessity that exists in our Republic for men who study the native tongues. But these few, at least, attend the exercises every school day?"

"No, sir; far from it! Some attend, and others not, just as they please."

"And, the days they do attend, they study the Aztec grammar and hear it explained?"

"No, sir; by no means. Many days the teacher and we occupy ourselves in the *Levilon*."

"And what is that?"

"*Levilon, levilon, ton, ton.*"

"I understand you, even less."

"It is a sort of a marsellaise against cleanness and neatness of person and dress; that is to say, against politeness"*

"But, man, in a college for the instruction of youth — however, let us return to our subject. In the three years you have studied Aztec, have you learned to speak it?"

"No, sir; by no means."

"Then, what have you learned?"

"The philosophy and richness of the Aztec tongue."

* There is a hard drive here upon the old teacher, which will be understood only by those who have seen him.

“ But you must have studied the four divisions of Aztec grammar — analogy, syntax, prosody, and orthography — and by this complete study arrived at an understanding of the philosophy and richness of the language.”

“ No, sir.”

“ But have you not had a public examination? ”

“ Yes, sir; but those who were publicly examined in past years, have as little, made a complete study of the grammar, but have also learned the philosophy and richness of the Mexican tongue.”

“ Come! let us see. How many years has the chair of the Aztec language been established in the Seminario at Guadalajara? ”

“ About thirty.”

“ And during about thirty years has some priest gone forth from the institution to preach to the Indians in their native language? ”

“ Why, no sir! During the thirty years what has been, and is, learned is the philosophy and richness of the Aztec language. You must have seen the precious little work, by my professor, upon the beauty and richness of the Aztec language, elegantly bound, which was sent to the Paris Exposition.”

“ But man — Florencito,” (rising, pacing, and puffing at my cigar) “ really, all this and nothing are much the same. These programs, in which one speaks eloquently of the beauty and richness of the Aztec language are no more than pretty the-

ories. This book upon the richness and beauty of the Aztec language, with all its elegant binding, is but a pretty theory. *The practical! The practical!* Let me give you my opinion in the matter briefly, and in four propositions: *First*, the ecclesiastical government and the civil government have the obligation and the mission of civilizing the Indians; *second*, for this, in each bishopric and in each State there ought to be chairs of the Indian languages spoken in the territory — for example, in the Seminary and in one of the State Colleges of Mexico, there ought to be a chair of the Aztec language; in the Seminary and State College of Queretaro, there ought to be a chair of Otomi; in the Seminary and in the State College of Morelia, there ought to be chairs of Tarascan and Matlazinca; in the Seminary and in the State College of Guadalajara, there ought to be a chair of the Cora language; in the Seminary and State College of San Luis Potosi, there ought to be a chair of the Huastec; in the Seminary and the State College of Puebla, there ought to be a chair of Aztec; in the Seminary and the State College of Jalapa there ought to be a chair of Totonaco; in the Seminary and in the State College of Oaxaca there ought to be chairs of the different indigenous languages spoken in the territory — chiefly the Mixtec and Zapotec, etc.; *third*, it ought to be, that from the seminaries there shall go forth priests to be *curas* in the Indian towns of the bishopric, who shall

preach to the Indians and catechize them in their own language; *fourth*, it ought to be, that from the State Colleges, primary teachers shall go forth to teach the elementary branches to the Indians of the State, in their own idiom — and shall go forth *jefes politicos*, who shall be able to treat with the Indians, talking to them in their own languages.”

“ Sir, these things appear to me impossible.”

“ Yes, I know that there can be given but two answers to my proposition and my arguments. The first is the ‘*non possumus*,’ ‘we cannot.’ * One can preach in cathedrals and other magnificent temples, to an elegant gathering, afterward print the sermon and distribute copies liberally to select society; but to subject one’s self to the task of learning an indigenous tongue, and to go to preach to the Indians — *that*, one cannot do. One can be a *jefe politico* in a city, where comforts abound, and draw a fat salary; but the abnegation and patriotism of exercising the administrative power in an Indian town — a despicable thing! Sad reply. Unhappy Mexican nation during the colonial epoch! and, unhappy Mexican nation, still, in 1891, because you yet preserve many — even very many — remnants of the colonial education, and this is the *principal* hindrance to your progress and well-being. We Mexicans, because of the education which we received from the Spanish, are much

* The second is, it will be costly.

given to scholastic disputes, to beautiful discourses, pretty poems, enthusiastic toasts, quixotic proclamations, projects, laws, decrees, programs of scientific education, plans of public amelioration, in Andalusian style and well-rounded periods; but, as for the practical — the Spanish sloth, the Spanish fanaticism for the *statu quo*, the Indian idleness and cowardice, do but little. In theories we have the boldness of Don Quixote, and in practice we have the pusillanimity, the inability to conquer obstacles, and the phlegm of Sancho Panza.”

“My teacher, Don Agustin,” said Florencito, “has told us that Padre Sahagun and many other missionaries of the sixteenth century dedicated themselves to the study of the native tongues because they found them highly philosophical and adapted to express even metaphysical ideas.”

“That is true,” I replied, “but the Padre Sahagun and the other missionary philologists of the sixteenth century dedicated themselves to the study of the Indian languages of the country, not to detain themselves . . . (in) the philosophy and richness of the Aztec language, without moving a peg to go and teach some Indian; but in order that they might use them as means for the *practical* — to wit, to preach, to catechize, and to teach the Indians the civilizing truths of Christianity.”

ALFREDO CHAVERO.



Few men are better known throughout Mexico today than Alfredo Chavero. As a lawyer, a politician, a man of affairs and a writer, he has been eminently successful. He was born in the City of Mexico, February 1, 1841. He studied law, and began the practice of the profession at the age of twenty years. In 1862 he was elected Deputy to Congress. A Liberal in politics, he was associated with Juarez throughout the period of the French intervention. After the downfall of the Empire in 1867, he entered journalism and began his career

in letters. During the administration of Lerdo de Tejada he was in Europe, but when that government fell, he returned to Mexico and was appointed to the second position in the department of foreign affairs. He has occupied other important government positions, among them that of City Treasurer and Governor of the Federal District and has for many years been a member of the House of Deputies, of which he has at times been the presiding officer.

Señor Chavero is, probably, the foremost living Mexican authority upon the antiquities of that country. He is also an eminent historian. In both archæology and history he has written important works. At the quadricentennial celebration of the discovery of America, he was the chief member of a commission, which among other things published a great work — *Antigüedades Mexicanas* — which was largely devoted to facsimile reproduction of ancient Mexican picture manuscripts, before unpublished; the accompanying explanatory text was written by Chavero himself. Among other archæological works he has written *Los dioses astronomicos de los antiguos Mexicanos* (the Astronomical Gods of the Ancient Mexicans) — and studies upon the *stone of the sun*, and the *stone of hunger*. He has lately published the *Wheel of Years*, and *Hieroglyphic Paintings*. He was the author of the first volume of the great work *México á traves de los Siglos*,

(Mexico, Through the Centuries), a history of Mexico in five large quarto volumes. Each of these volumes dealt with a distinct epoch of Mexican history and was written by a specialist. Chavero's volume treated Prehistoric Mexico in a masterly fashion. In biography Chavero's lives of *Sahagun*, *Siguenza*, and *Boturini* deal with Spanish-Mexicans, his *Itzcoatl* and *Montezuma* with natives. He has edited, with scholarly annotation, the works of *Ixtlilxochitl* and Muñoz Camargo's *Historia de Tlaxcala*.

But Alfredo Chavero has also written in the field of dramatic literature, some of his plays having been well received. *Xochitl*, *Quetzalcoatl* and *Los Amores de Alarcon* (The Loves of Alarcon) are among the best known. In *Xochitl* and *Quetzalcoatl*, the romantic events of the days of the Conquest and the life of the Indians, furnish his material. In all his writing, Chavero is simple, direct, and strong; his style is graceful and his treatment interesting.

Our quotations are drawn from *México á traves de los Siglos* and *Xochitl*.

THE CHRONICLERS.

Still, among the first writers of the colonial epoch we shall encounter some authentic material regarding the ancient Indians. Some chroniclers based their narratives upon hieroglyphs, which they

did not limit themselves to interpreting, but which also served them as a foundation for more extended records; contemporaries of the Conquest, they had heard from the conquered themselves, their traditional history. Others, without availing themselves of the assistance of the paintings, simply recorded the traditions in their works — and we must remember that, on account of the inadequacy of their hieroglyphic writing, the Mexicans were ever accustomed to carry the glorious deeds of their race in memory, which they taught their children, in song and story, that they might not be forgotten. Without doubt, the first works of the chroniclers suffered from the natural vagueness which is felt in expressing new ideas. They are not, and could not be, complete treatises because each wrote merely what he himself could gather. The most important personages of the vanquished people dead, in fighting for their country, few remained who knew the secrets of their history, and the greater number of these did not lend themselves to their revelation. The chroniclers, themselves, concealed something of what they learned, especially if it related to the gods and the religious calendar, for fear of reawakening the barely dormant idolatry. Also from the very first, the desire to harmonize the beliefs of the Indians, and their traditions, with the Biblical narrative, was, in part, responsible for the confusion in their writings; a desire very natural in that epoch, and which must

be taken into account in reading the chronicles, in order to get rid of false judgments born from it. But whatever may be their defects, it cannot be denied that they constitute a most precious material, in which, seeking discreetly and logically, abundant historic treasures are encountered. We present, therefore, some discussion of the principal chroniclers and their relative importance and examine impartially the works of our historians.

THE SURRENDER OF CUAUHTEMOC.

At dawn Sandoval proceeded, with the brigantines to take possession of the lakelet; Alavardo was to advance from the market, and Cortes sallied from his camp, with the three iron cannon, certain that their balls would compel the besieged to surrender and would do them less damage than the fury of the allies. In his march he met many men almost dead, weakened women, and emaciated children, on their way to the Spanish camp. Some miserable beings, in order to escape from their last hold, had thrown themselves into the canals, or had fallen into them, pushed from behind by others, and were drowned. Cortes issued orders that no harm should be done them, but the allies robbed them and killed more than fifteen thousand persons. The priests and warriors, thin with hunger and worn with labor, armed with their weapons and bearing their standards, passively

awaited the attack, on top of the temple, on house roofs, or standing in their canoes. Cortes ascended also to the roof of a house near the lake, that he might oversee the operations. He again offered peace to those who were in the canoes, and insisted that some one should go to speak with Cuauhtemoc. Two *principales* agreed to go and, after a long time the *Cihuacoatl* returned with them to say that his king did not care to speak of peace. Some five hours having passed in these transactions, Cortes commanded to open fire with the cannons. It was three in the afternoon, when Cuauhtemoc's shell-horn was heard for the last time; the Mexicans on the east and south precipitated themselves upon their opponents and the canoes attacked the brigantines.

Cuauhtemoc, when it was no longer in human power to resist, preferred flight to surrender, and in order to succeed, distracted the attention of his opponents. While these, battling and routing the Mexicans, penetrated into their last refuge from the south and east, and while Sandoval was destroying the fleet of canoes, Cuauhtemoc, with Tecuichpoch and the chief dignitaries, sallied in canoes from Tlacoachcalco — gained the western canal, whence, by great labor, he reached the lake. He directed himself toward the opposite shore, to seek refuge in Cuauhtlalpan.

But Garcia Holguin saw the canoes of the fugitives and setting the sails of his brigantine,

gave chase; already he had them within range and the gunners were in the prow, ready to shoot, when Cuauhtemoc rose and said — ‘Do not shoot; I am the king of Mexico; take me and lead me to Malintzin, but let no one harm the queen.’ With Cuauhtemoc were . . . , the only dignitaries, high-priests, and *principales*, who had survived. All were transferred to the brigantine. . . . Cortes, as we have said, was upon the roof of a house in the quarter of Amaxac, a house belonging to a *principal*, named Aztacoatzin. He caused it to be decorated with rich mantles and brightly colored mattings, for the reception of the imperial captive. By his side were Marina and Aguilar, Pedro de Alavardo and Cristobal de Olid. The prisoners arrived led by Sandoval and Holguin. Cortes rose and, with the noble respect of a conqueror for the unfortunate hero, embraced Cuauhtemoc tenderly. Tears came to the eyes of the captive and, placing his hand upon the hilt of the conqueror’s poignard, said to him the following words with which at once succumbed a king, his race, his native land, and his gods — ‘Malintzin, after having done what I could in defense of my city and my nation, I come, perforce and a prisoner, before thy person and thy power; take, now, this dagger and kill me.’

* * * *

Xochitl is a fair example of Chavero’s dramas. It comprises three acts and is in verse. There are

but five actors — Cortes, Marina (his Indian interpreter and mistress), Xochitl (a beautiful Indian girl, supposed to be Marina's sister), Bernal Diaz del Castillo (faithful soldier of Cortes and best chronicler of the Conquest), and Gonzalo Alaminos (brought, though a mere youth, from Spain, by Cortes, as a page). Xochitl is, really, an Aztec maiden who, when the Spaniards first appeared, was serving in the temple; Gonzalo, wounded, was brought a prisoner to the temple, where he is nursed by Xochitl, between whom and himself ardent love arises. After the capture of the city, they are separated and Xochitl is sent, as a slave to Tabasco, a present to Marina's unknown sister. Marina summons her sister to Mexico; she starts but dies upon the journey and Xochitl, substituted for her, reaches the city and is taken at once into Cortes' house, by her supposed sister. Cortes, having tired of Marina, falls in love with Xochitl; his affection is not reciprocated. Marina, knowing that the love of Cortes has cooled, though she does not know the new object of his love, remorseful for her treachery to her own people and smarting under the contempt of Indian and Spaniard both, is ever complaining and querulous. Xochitl, terrified at Cortes' love, consults Bernal and makes known the facts to Gonzalo. They plan to flee and set an hour for meeting. Cortes, anxious to rid himself of Marina, determines to send her to Orizaba, to wed Jaramillo; sending for Gonzalo

he orders him to accompany her and arranges the departure at the very time set for elopement, by the lovers. The moment is one of public tumult. Gonzalo keeps his appointment but, at the critical moment, Xochitl's courage fails. Marina appears and Gonzalo abruptly leaves; he is shot in the tumult. Meantime the two women converse; Xochitl narrates the story of her life, her substitution for Marina's sister, her love for Gonzalo and Cortes' love for her. They separate in anger. Cortes entering, announces Gonzalo's death, and mourns him, confessing him to be his natural son. Xochitl, in her agony, tells Cortes of the love there had been between Gonzalo and herself; Marina, appearing at this moment, hands the unhappy girl the weapon with which she kills herself. As she dies, she reveals her complete identity, she is the last survivor of the royal house, the sister of Cuauhtemoc. Cortes overwhelmed by grief for Gonzalo, loss of Xochitl, and weariness of Marina, sends the latter at once to Orizaba, in Bernal's care.

PASSAGES FROM XOCHITL.

Bernal and Gonzalo, meeting, discuss the recent conquest of Nueva Galicia by the infamous Nuño de Guzman.

Gonzalo. " If to lay waste fields and towns,

If to assassinate war captives,

If to violate pledged faith,

Is to be Christian, I admit
 That Don Nuño de Guzman
 Is of Christians, the very type.
 The Tlaxcallans complain,
 Who have been our faithful allies,
 That, like beasts of burden,
 He has led them over
 Hard roads, not fighting —
 As they were led to expect —
 But, bearing on their shoulders
 Great, heavy burdens;
 And that those, who, from fatigue,
 Bernal, could go no further,
 Were instanter thrown to the dogs,
 Or left, without assistance,
 In the forests. Their shoulders
 Covered with wounds, I have seen;
 Upon frightful chafed spots,
 The memory of which appals me,
 They carried our provisions;
 Meantime, Don Nuño, tranquil,
 Sought renown in war,
 Or enriched himself,
 By plundering defenseless villages.
 Imagine, friend Bernal,
 If he mistreats our allies,
 What he would do to enemies."

* * * *

Xochitl confers with Bernal as to what she ought to do:

Bernal. " But, tell me. Before today
Has Cortes told you of his love?

Xochitl. Until today, I have not seen him at my
feet.

His consuming passion,
Through his betraying glance
I have, for some time, realized.
For this reason, Bernal, I avoid
Finding myself alone with him.

Bernal. You ought to flee.

Xochitl. I fear to find myself
Alone in the great world.

Bernal. But, when the hawk
Sees a lonely dove,
He seizes it, within his talons;
When the volcano bursts forth
It destroys in its terrific energy
The palm, which grows at its base.
When the wave is lashed to fury,
The bark sinks in the sea;
And, at the blast of adversity,
Happiness vanishes.

(Pause.)

Xochitl. Do you think Cortes ever——?

Bernal. If he loves thee, good God——!

Xochitl. Then, both of us must leave.

Bernal. You will leave, with Gonzalo?

Do you know to what you expose your-
self?

Do you know that, Hernando Cortes,

If he sees himself mocked, is
 Than the panther fiercer,
 And that his rage would
 Dash you to pieces at his feet?

Xochitl. And what signifies life to *me*?

Bernal. But Gonzalo, also, he ——

Xochitl. Hold! for God's sake, do not speak
 That murderous word.

Departure makes me tremble,
 And I tremble if I remain;

Bernal! everything causes me terror;

My uncertainty is frightful ——

To remain is impossible ——

Without Gonzalo, go, I cannot."

(She departs.)

* * * *

Cortes communicates his plans for Marina ——
 first to Gonzalo, then to Marina, herself.

(Pause.)

Cortes. "We are likely to have an uprising,
 And I do not wish you to be
 Involved in it; how good it is to die
 In actual battle
 And not fighting the vile rabble.
 For this reason you are, with Marina,
 To leave for Orizaba
 At dawn.

Gonzalo. (Aside). And *she* will remain here,
 without me!

Cortes. I expect you at dawn, Gonzalo,

A passport, for leaving the city,
 With a veiled lady,
 I shall give you.

Gonzalo. Veiled?

Cortes. So

Will the passport read: I do not wish
 Them to know who it is. You ought
 To leave at dawn. Go
 To rest yourself.

Gonzalo. May happy
 Dreams be yours. (Aside.) At dawn!
 Xochitl . . . soon I'll return for thee."

* * * *

Cortes. "To counteract the plotting
 Of so many enemies, I go to Spain.
 In thinking of your happiness ——

Marina. You think of *my* happiness, Don Her-
 nando?

Cortes. — Considering that your nobility
 Deserves a name, a grandeur,
 Worthy of you, Marina, ——

Marina. I know not what vile treason my soul
 divines.

Cortes. — Wealth, and state,
 And a husband — Don Juan de Jara-
 millo ——

Marina. Cease! Hernando, cease!

Cortes. You leave, tomorrow, for Orizaba.

Marina. And, thus, you abandon me?
 And thus you crown my loyalty and
 love?

Oh monster! Impious father!
 And thy son, Cortes? My son?
 No, the very panther
 Does not abandon its little ones: that
 beast,
 More human heart
 Has, than the grand Christian con-
 queror.

Cortes. We must needs separate.
 And no power, you know it well,
 Can bend my fixed purpose."

In 1882, General Riva Palacio, author and statesman, published a little book *Los Ceros* (The Zeros), under the *nom-de-plume* of Cero. It was a good natured criticism of contemporary authors, written in a satirical vein. We will close with some quotations from it regarding Chavero.

"Well, then, let us study Chavero upon his two weak sides, that is to say upon his strong sides, because, it is a curious thing, that we always say — 'this is my forte,' when we are speaking of some *penchant*, while common opinion at once translates, 'this is his weakness'; strength is the impregnable side, but we call the more vulnerable, the strong side.

"Archæology and the drama! Does it seem to you the title of a comedy? But no, dear sir, these are the passions of our friend, Alfredo Chavero.

“ True, archæologists and dramatists are lacking in this land so full of antiques and comicalities; but theatrical management is difficult and the way is sown — worse than with thorns — almost with bayonets.

“ Alfredo has produced good dramas, but nobly dominated by the patriotic spirit, he has wished to place upon the boards, such personages as the Queen Xochitl, and Meconetzin, and with these personages no one gains a reputation here in Mexico. . . . Our society, our nation, has no love for its traditions. Perhaps those writers are to blame for this, who ever seek for the actors in their story, personages of the middle ages, who love and fight in fantastic castles on the banks of the Rhine, or ladies and knights of the times of Orgaz and Villamediana; those novelists, who disdain the slightest reference in their works, to the banquets, dress, and customs of our own society; who long to give aristocratic flavor to their novels, by picturing Parisian scenes in Mexico and sketching social classes, which they have seen through the pages of Arrsenne Houssaye, Emile Zola, Henri Bourger, or Paison de Terrail; and our poets, who ever speak of nightingales and larks, gazelles and jacinths, without ever venturing to give place, in their doleful ditties, to the *cuilacoche*, nor the *zentzontl*, nor the *cocomitl*, nor the *yoloxochitl*.”

“As the Arabs have their Hegira, the Christians their era, and the Russians their calendar without the Gregorian correction, so Chaverito* has his personal era and chronology. The colithic or neolithic ages signify nought to him, nor the jurassic nor the cretaceous periods; he counts and divides his periods in a manner peculiar to himself and comprehensible to us, the ignoramuses in geology, archæology, and palæontology.

“Thus, for example, treating of archæology he says: ‘in Manuel Payno’s boyhood’—when he refers to preadamite man; of men like Guillermo Prieto, he says ‘they are of the geological horizon of Guillermo Valle’; soldiers, like Corona, he calls ‘volcanic formations’; the customs’ house receipts he names ‘marine sediments’; ‘the stone age,’ in his nomenclature, signifies the time before he was elected Deputy;—when he says ‘before the creation,’ it is understood that he refers to days when he had not yet been Governor of the Federal District; and if he says ‘after Christ,’ he must be supposed to speak of an epoch posterior to his connection with the State Department; and it is claimed, that he is so skilled in understanding hieroglyphs, that he has deciphered the whole history of Xochimilco, in the pittings left by small-pox, on the face of a son of that pueblo.”

“Suppose, dear reader, you encounter one of those stones, so often found in excavating in Mex-

* Little Chavero: half-affectionate, half-jocular diminutive of Chavero.

ico, a fragment on which are to be seen, coarsely cut, some engravings, or horrible reliefs, or shapeless figures — have it washed, and present it to Chavero.

“ Alfredo will wrinkle his forehead, take a pinch of snuff, join his hands behind him, and displaying so much of his paunch as possible, will spit out for your benefit, a veritable discourse :

“ ‘ The passage which this stone represents is well known; it figures in an episode in the great war between the Atepecates,* warlike population of southern Anahuac, and the Escuimiles, their rivals, in which the latter were finally conquered. The person standing is Chilpocle XI, of the dynasty of the Chacualoles, who, by the death of his father Chichicuilotte III, inherited the throne, being in his infancy, and his mother, the famous Queen Apipisca II, the Semiramis of Tepachichilco, was regent during his youth. The person kneeling is Chayote V, unfortunate monarch of the vanquished, who owed the loss of his kingdom to the treachery of his councillor, Chincual, who is behind him. The two persons near the victor are his son, who was afterward the celebrated conqueror Cacahuatl II, and his councillor, the illustrious historian and philosopher Guajalote, nicknamed Chicuase, for the reason that he had six fingers on his left hand, and who was the chronicler of the revolt and destruction of the tribes of

*This and the following Aztec terms are either actually fictitious or have meanings which are ridiculous in the connections given,

the Mestlapiques. The two-pointed star-symbols, which are seen above, are the arms of the founder of the dynasty, Chahiustl the Great, and this stone was sculptured during the golden age of the arts of the Atepotecas, when, among their sculptors figured the noted Ajoloth, among their painters the most famous Tlacuil, and among their architects the celebrated Huasontl.' ”

JULIO ZÁRATE.



Julio Zárate was born April 12, 1844, at Jalapa, in the State of Vera Cruz, where he received his education. Since he was twenty-three years of age he has been continuously in public life. In 1867 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, of which he remained a member for twenty-five years, being, at times, president, vice-president, or secretary of the body. In 1879 and 1880 he was

the Assistant Secretary of Foreign Affairs for the Republic, in 1884 to 1886 Secretary of State of the State of Vera Cruz, and from 1896 to the present time he has been a Justice of the Supreme Court of Mexico.

Through all this long period of active public service, he has found time for literary work. From 1870 to 1875 he was an editor of *El Siglo XIX* (The Nineteenth Century), in its time one of the most important journals of the Mexican capital. He wrote the third volume of the great work on national history — *México á traves de los Siglos* (Mexico Through the Centuries), treating of the War of Independence. For twenty years past, from 1883, he has been Professor of General History in the National Normal School. He has written two text-books, one a compend of general history, the other of the history of Mexico. He has also been a contributor to various literary journals. While in the Chamber of Deputies he was known for his oratorical ability and his speeches were often notable for form and thought. He is a member of many learned societies at home and abroad — a *miembro de numero* of the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística* (Mexican Society of Geography and Statistics).

Our selections are from *México á traves de los Siglos*.

THE DEATH OF HIDALGO.

Supporting himself on the opinion of the Assessor Bracho, the Commandant General, Don Nicolás Salcedo had already, since the 26th, ordered the execution. After the degradation (from the priestly office) had been concluded, the sentence of death and confiscation of his goods was made known to Hidalgo on the same day — the 29th — and he was told to select a confessor to impart to him the last religious consolations. The illustrious promulgator of independence selected Friar José María Rojas, who had been notary of the ecclesiastical process instituted by the Bishop of Durango. In his prison, which was the room under the tower of the chapel of the Royal Hospital, he received kind and compassionate treatment from his two guards, Ortega and Guaspe (a Spaniard), alcaldes of that prison, to whom he showed his gratitude in two ten-line poems written by himself with a piece of coal upon the wall, the evening of his death.

The 30th of July, the last day of his life, dawned and in his last hours he showed the greatest calmness. "He noticed," says Bustamente, "that at breakfast they had given him less milk than usual, and asked for more, saying that it ought not to be *less*, just because it was *last*. . . . At the moment of marching to the place of execution, he remembered that he had left some sweets under his pillow; he returned for them and divided

them among the soldiers, who were to shoot him." At seven in the morning he was taken to a place behind the hospital, where the sentence was executed; he did not die at the first discharge, but after falling to the ground received numerous bullets. His body found sepulchre in the Chapel of San Antonio of the Convent of San Francisco, and his head and those of Allende, Aldama and Jiménez were carried to Guanajuato and placed in cages of iron at each one of the corners of the Alhondiga* of Granaditas, where they remained until 1821, when they were taken to the Ermita de San Sebastian. On the door of the Alhondiga, by order of the Intendant, Fernando Pérez Marañón, the following inscription was placed:

"The heads of Miguel Hidalgo, Ignacio Allende, Juan Aldama, and Mariano Jiménez, notorious deceivers and leaders of the revolution; they sacked and stole the treasures of God's worship and of the royal treasury; they shed, with the greatest atrocity, the blood of faithful priests and just magistrates; and, they were the cause of all the disasters, misfortunes, and calamities which we here experience and which afflict, and are deplored by, all the inhabitants of this, so integral, part of the Spanish nation.

"Placed here by order of the Señor Brigadier, Felix María Calleja del Rey, illustrious conqueror of Aculco, Guanajuato and Calderon, and Restorer

* Public granary.

of the Peace in this America. Guanajuato, 14 of October, 1811."

But, the hour of reparation, though tardy, arrived; one of the first acts of the independent and liberated nation was to consecrate the memory of its martyrs and to reward the efforts of its loyal sons, and on the thirteenth anniversary of the glorious *Grito de Dolores* (The Cry of Dolores, i. e., the motto of independence) the heads of Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jiménez, slowly become fleshless in the cages of Granaditas, and their other remains buried in the humble cemetery of Chihuahua, were received with solemn pomp at the Capital city and a grateful people bore them to rest forever in the magnificent sepulchre, before destined for the Spanish viceroys; the names of those heroes and of other eminent leaders, were inscribed in letters of gold in the Hall of Congress, and those of all will remain in indestructible characters in Mexican hearts.

GENERAL NICOLÁS BRAVO.

Still fresh the laurels just gained in San Agustin, the valiant youth proceeded to the province which had been assigned to him as the seat of his campaign, and early in September advanced with three thousand men to Medellin, after attacking a Royalist convoy at the Puente del Rey and taking ninety prisoners of the troops that guarded it.

There Bravo was to cover himself with an immortal glory, without counterpart in history.

His father, General Leonardo Bravo, since the month of May prisoner of the Royalists, had been condemned to death in Mexico — and to the same fate were destined José María Piedras and Luciano Pérez, apprehended at the same time, after the sally from Cuautla. The viceroy had suspended the execution of the sentence, in the hope that the prisoner might influence his sons, Nicolás and his brothers, to desert the files of the Independents and to ask for pardon, under which condition he offered him his life. But the youthful leader, although authorized by Morelos to save his father by accepting the pardon offered by the viceroyal government, believed he ought not to trust in the pledges given, since he remembered that some time before, the brothers Orduñas were victims of the Royalist Colonel José Antonio Andrade, who had promised them pardon but, when he had them in his power, commanded their execution.

Morelos then wrote to the viceroy, Vanegas, offering the surrender of eight hundred prisoners, mostly Spanish, as the price of Leonardo Bravo's life. The viceroyal government, in turn, refused this proposition and on September 13, 1812, General Bravo and his fellow prisoners, Piedras and Pérez, suffered, in Mexico, the penalty of the garrote, the former displaying, in his last moments, that calm and valor, of which he had given so

many proofs in battle. In communicating this sad news to Nicolás Bravo, Morelos ordered him to put all the Spanish prisoners he held — some three hundred in number — to the knife. Let us hear the hero himself narrate his noble action, with the simplicity of one of Plutarch's characters:

“ In effect, he said to me in the proposition made to me in Cuernavaca, that the Viceroy Vanegas offered me amnesty and the life of my father, if I would yield myself. . . . When Morelos was in Tehuacan he appointed me General-in-chief of the forces, which were operating in the province of Vera Cruz. . . . I commenced to fight him (Labaqui) and, after an action lasting forty-eight hours, gained a complete victory, making two hundred prisoners, whom I sent under escort to the province of Vera Cruz, and returned with all my wounded to Tehuacan to give account of the action of arms confided to me. In the interview which I had with Morelos, he told me that he was about to send a communication to the viceroy, Vanegas, offering him, for my father's life, eight hundred Spanish prisoners, and that he would inform me of the result. I immediately returned to the Province of Vera Cruz, where, five days after leaving Tehuacan, I had another favorable action near Puente Nacional, attacking a convoy, which was proceeding to Jalapa with supplies; I took ninety prisoners and betook myself to Medellin, where I established my headquarters and from

where I threatened the city of Vera Cruz, with the three thousand men who were under my command. After a few days Morelos notified me that the proposition which he had made to the viceroy had not been accepted and that he (the viceroy) had, on the contrary, commanded that my father be put to the garrote and that he was already dead; he commanded me at the same time to order that all the Spanish prisoners in my power be put to the knife, and informed me that he had ordered the same to be done with the four hundred, who were in Zacatula and other points; I received this notice at four in the afternoon and it moved me so much that I commanded the nearly three hundred that I had at Medellin to prepare for death and ordered the chaplain (a monk named Sotomayor) to aid them; but during the night, not being able to sleep, I reflected, that the reprisals I was about to practice would greatly diminish the credit of the cause which I defended, and that by adopting a conduct contrary to the viceroy's I would secure better results, an idea which pleased me far more than my first resolution; then there presented itself the difficulty of palliating my disobedience to the order I had received, if I carried my resolve into effect; with these thoughts, I occupied myself the whole night until four o'clock in the morning, when I resolved to pardon them in a public manner, which should produce the desired effects in favor of the cause of independence; with this end in view, I

withheld my decision until eight in the morning, when I ordered my troops to draw up in the form usual in cases of execution; the prisoners were brought out and placed in the centre, where I informed them that the viceroy, Vanegas, had exposed them to death that day, in not having accepted the proposition made in their favor for the life of my father, whom he had given to the garrote in the Capital; that I, not caring to parallel such conduct, had determined, not only to spare their lives for the moment, but to give them entire freedom to go where they pleased. To this, filled with joy they replied, that no one desired to leave, that all remained at the service of my division, which they did, with the exception of five merchants of Vera Cruz, who on account of business interests were given passports for that city; among these was a Senor Madariaga who, afterward, in union with his companions, sent me, in appreciation, the gift of sufficient cloth to make clothing for a full battalion."

Never, in past times nor in modern ages, could history record in its pages so noble an action; and never has human magnanimity expressed its lofty deeds with more sublime simplicity than that of the Mexican hero in the document, which we have just copied. In the midst of that war of extermination, Bravo displays the noble sentiment of forgiveness as a supreme protest of humanity whose laws were being disregarded and trampled under foot; he condemns the barbarous system of reprisals; he

teaches the conquerors, who immolated without exception so many prisoners as fell into their hands, to respect the life of the conquered; in contrast to Venegas, Calleja, Cruz (Alaman's hero), Trujillo, Llano, Porlier, Castillo Bustamente, and so many others, stained with Mexican blood and thirsting for vengeance, he presents the spotless figure of the patriot giving life and liberty to the prisoners in his power; and, he does this when he knows that his noble father, after a prolonged captivity, has succumbed under a punishment reserved for thieves and assassins; and he forgives, when his feared and respected leader orders him to punish. He restrains his great grief and in the reflections to which he yields himself, on the receipt of that order, he does not think of the blood of his father, yet warm; he thinks only of his country's interests, *he believes that the reprisals which he is ordered to practice will greatly diminish the credit of the cause of independence and that, by observing a conduct contrary to that of the viceroy, he would secure better results*; he encounters but the one difficulty *that he cannot palliate his responsibility in disobeying the order which he has received*; and, after meditating all night, he resolves to pardon the prisoners *in a public manner, in order that the pardon may secure all the good results desirable in favor of the cause of independence*. Bravo, on that day, conquered, for his country, titles of universal respect and rehabilitated human dignity in that period of unbridled cruelty.

JOSÉ MARÍA VIGIL.



José María Vigil was born October 11, 1829, at Guadalajara. Early left an orphan, during the period of his education he was in straitened circumstances. He attended the seminario in Guadalajara and studied law in the university of that city, but failed to secure his degree, on account of his Liberal views. He began literary work in 1849, and in 1851 his drama, *Dolores ó una pasion* (Dolores, or a passion), was well received

at the *Teatro Principal*, at Guadalajara. In 1857 he published a collection of his poems, under the title *Realidades y Quimeras* (Realities and Chimeras). In 1866 he published two volumes of verse and drama — *Flores de Anahuac* (Flowers of Anahuac). These writings were varied in style, and included original compositions and translations from Latin, French, English, Portuguese, Italian, and German. Through this period, Vigil also edited literary periodicals — *La Aurora Poetica* (The Poetic Dawn), and *La Mariposa* (The Butterfly).

Señor Vigil's political career began in 1855, when Comonfort occupied the Plaza of Guadalajara. With other youths, Vigil then began the publication of *La Revolucion* (The Revolution), in which were expounded the ideas of the later Constitution of the Reform. From then, on through the period of the Intervention, he led an active public life, writing and editing, and in other ways of fearlessly working for democratic principles. On December 31, 1863, he retired as the French entered Guadalajara, and sought a refuge in San Francisco, California, where he edited *El Nuevo Mundo* (The New World), devoted to the cause he loved. In 1865 poverty compelled him to return to Guadalajara. There he might have received desirable public appointments, had he been willing to receive aught from the Imperial government. He conducted an opposition and

patriotic publication, which was more than once suppressed.

Since the Restoration, Vigil has filled many and important public posts. Passing to the City of Mexico, about 1870, he has been, repeatedly, a member of the House of Deputies, always standing for radical democratic ideas. He has done much journalistic work; has pronounced discourses, served in judicial capacities, has edited important works, and has served many years as an educator. He founded *La Biblioteca Mexicana* (The Mexican Library) in which appear the important works of Las Casas, and Tezozomoc, and the Codice Ramirez. He has been Professor of Logic in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria*. For many years past, and at present, he is the Librarian of the National Library of Mexico. He is a member of all the important literary and scientific societies, among them the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística* and the *Liceo Hidalgo*. When, in 1881, the Mexican Academy increased its membership to fifteen, by the addition of one new chair, Señor Vigil was the unanimous choice of the academicians. He is now the secretary of that organization.

Señor Vigil is the author of volume five of the great historical work, *México á través de los Siglos* (Mexico through the Centuries), treating of the period of *La Reforma* (The Reform). Our selection is taken from this work.

THE DEATH OF MAXIMILIAN.

Meantime the trial of the prisoners followed its course in Queretaro and, on the 13th, at eight in the morning, the council of war met in the theatre of Iturbide, under the presidency of Lieutenant-Colonel Platón Sánchez, the judges being Commandant-Captain José Vicente Ramirez, Commandant-Captain Emilio Lojero, Captain Ignacio Jurado, Captain Juan Rueda y Auza, Captain José Verástegui and Captain Lucas Villagrán. Maximilian excused himself from attendance on account of illness; the whole of the defense was read and, at eight o'clock at night, the council adjourned to meet again the next day. On the 14th, at half-past-twelve the trial ended after the prosecutor had presented the rebuttal, in which death was demanded, and the defenders had replied. It was easy to guess what the sentence would be and the associate defenders, who were in San Luis Potosí, hastened to direct to the President a second statement begging the pardon, a petition which was repeated on the 16th, on learning that the sentence had been confirmed by the General-in-Chief. The following reply of the President, communicated through the Minister of War, took the last hope from the defenders: "Having examined this appeal for pardon and the others of a similar kind which have been presented to him with all the care which the gravity of the case demands, the Presi-

dent of the Republic has decided that he cannot accede to them, since the gravest considerations of justice and the necessity of safeguarding the peace of the nation oppose themselves to this act of clemency." At the same time the Minister sent a telegram to General Escobedo, in which he told him that it had been decided that the execution should not take place until the morning of the 19th, in order that the sentenced might have time for the arrangement of their affairs. General Miramon's wife arrived at San Luis, in these moments, to see if she could save the life of her husband; but Juárez refused to see her, saying to the lawyers of the defense: "Spare me this painful interview, which, considering the irrevocable nature of the decision, would but cause the lady much suffering." Finally, when Señores Riva Palacios and Martínez de la Torre were parting from the President of the Republic, he said to them: "In fulfilling your duty as defenders, you have suffered much by the inflexibility of the government. Today you cannot understand the necessity of this nor the justice which supports it. The appreciation of this is reserved to the future. The law and the sentence are, at this time, inexorable, because the public welfare demands it. It also may counsel us to the least bloodshed, and this will be the greatest pleasure of my life."

The legal resources exhausted, the plan of escape, devised by the Princess Salm-Salm, in col-

lusion with the Ministers of Austria, Belgium, and Italy and the French Consul, frustrated; the prisoners waited, with resignation, until the terrible moment should arrive in which the sentence was to be executed. The last letters and dispositions written by Maximilian and Miramon show that their natural valor did not abandon them in those supreme moments. Mejia wrote nothing; but in the mental depression in which the disease from which he was suffering submerged him, he maintained that tranquil stoicism, which marked his temperament.

On the 19th, at six in the morning, a division of four thousand men under command of General Jesús Diaz de León formed at the foot of the Cerro de las Campanas, on the northeast slope. Maximilian, Miramon, and Mejia arrived at about a quarter past seven, brought in carriages, and each one accompanied by a priest. Maximilian descended first and said courteously to his companions in misfortune: "Let us go, gentlemen," and the three directed themselves with firm step to the place of execution, where they gave each other a farewell embrace. Maximilian then advanced and distributed twenty-peso gold pieces among the soldiers, who were to shoot him, and then, raising his voice, said: "I am about to die for a just cause, the liberty and independence of Mexico. May my blood seal the unhappiness of my new country. Viva Mexico!" Miramon read the following in

a loud voice: "Mexicans! in the council of war, my defenders attempted to save my life; here, soon to lose it, and about to appear before God, I protest against the stigma of traitor which they have tried to put upon me to palliate my sacrifice. I die innocent of that crime, and I forgive its authors, hoping that God may pardon me and that my compatriots will remove so foul a stigma from my sons, doing me justice. Viva Mexico!" Placing himself on the spot indicated, Maximilian, who had asked that his face might not be disfigured, separated his beard with his hands, to one side and the other, exposing his chest; Miramon said, "here," indicating his heart and raising his head; and Mejia, who had given the soldiers charged with his execution an ounce of gold to divide between them, said never a word but merely laid by the crucifix, which he held in his hand, on seeing that they were aiming at him. The signal to fire was given and a discharge put an end to the bloody drama of the Empire in Mexico, which was so fatal for its authors and for its partisans.

PRIMO FELICIANO VELÁSQUEZ.



Primo Feliciano Velásquez was born at Santa María del Rio in the state of San Luis Potosí, June 6, 1860. Before he was nine years of age, on account of promise shown in the school-room, he was taken in hand by the village priest, who taught him Latin and later secured for him admittance to the *Seminario Conciliar* at the capital city of San Luis Potosí. He was a diligent student and completed his study of law on October 23, 1880. Although his legal career opened auspiciously, he

preferred to devote himself to journalism. In 1883 he founded, at San Luis Potosí, a publication intended to promote the celebration of the Iturbide centennial, through which he established a standing among the eminent literary men of Mexico. In 1885, in company with several others, he established *El Estandarte* (The Standard), a periodical bitterly opposed to the State Government, which caused him many vexations and penalties. Velásquez has made a special study of local history and archæology. His *Descubrimiento y Conquista de San Luis Potosí* (Discovery and Conquest of San Luis Potosí), received recognition from the Royal Spanish Academy. His *Instrucción pública en San Luis Potosí durante la Dominación española* (Public Instruction in San Luis Potosí during the Spanish Domination) was published in the memoirs of the Mexican Academy, of which he has been a correspondent since 1886. His *Colección de Documentos para la historia de San Luis Potosí* (Collection of documents for the History of San Luis Potosí) in four volumes, was published between 1897 and 1899. Senor Velásquez has during recent years returned to the practice of law.

THE TLAXCALAN SETTLEMENTS.

In this year of 1589, in which peace was arranged, Santa María del Rio was founded by

Guachichiles and Otomis on lands of the Hacienda of Villela and at a place called San Diego de Atonilco. Of the villages of our State, this one and Tierra Nueva count among their founders individuals of Otomi stock. The other colonies established were formed with Indians brought from Tlaxcala, either because that city was populous, or because of its relative culture, or — what is more probable — because of its unshakeable loyalty to the Spaniards. It is asserted that four hundred families set out from the ancient republic for these parts, by order of the Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco II (1591), and with the aid of Friar Jerónimo Mendieta. Friars Ignacio de Cardenas and Jeronimo de Zárate brought them and distributed them in Tlaxcalilla — on the outskirts of this city of San Luis, close by the congregation of Santiago, which was of Guachichiles — in San Miguel, Mexquitic, Venado, San Andrés, Colotlan, and Saltillo. It can easily be believed that these colonists would not readily consent to abandon their soil and come to such a distance to serve as a protection against barbarians and as a guarantee of their obedience. Far from it; they stipulated that they should enjoy the same privileges as if they were noble-born Castellians; that they should go on horse and bear arms; and that their towns, in which no Spaniards were to live, should measure three leagues on each side.

ANDRES DE OLMOS.

God, who holds aloft with his right hand a torch to light the way of his creatures and to fructify, in the very field of death, the germs of life; behind the bearded divinities with dress of steel and armed with thunderbolts; from the region of light, the east, that they might anoint with the oil of charity, the victims of greed, and resuscitate for Heaven those dead for the world, sent the friars, shorn and shaven, unshod, clad in sackcloth, with no shield but their faith, with no weapon but the Gospel. Among these was that notable man, who wandered through the whole Huasteca, while the Guachichiles still obstinately fought their fierce battles; so wise was he that, besides his miracle-play of *The Last Judgment* and Conversations, Sermons, and Tractates, all written in Aztec, he left grammars and vocabularies of that language and of the Totonaco and Huastec, as well as many other books for the instruction and admiration of missionaries, philologists and historians; so poor, that, when he died, there was nought but a rosary, some beads, a *disciplina* * and a *cilicio*,† left to his hosts in token of gratitude; so temperate, that he did not in the least seek those things which the appetite naturally desires, nor took pleasure in them, but ate whatever was placed before him,

* A scourge.

† A band or strip of wire netting with sharp points, to be bound upon the body for self-torture.

although bad in savor and smell; so strong that, after bearing a heavy weight of years, going on foot through wastes and wilds, in a trying climate, without any kind of comfort,—not only did he not choose to accept the rest and shelter which his brethren urged upon him, when they saw him old, asthmatic, insect-bitten to the degree that he looked like a leper, but, glorying in his natural strong constitution, again betook himself to the mountains where the warlike Chichimecs had their strongholds, to preach to them for the last time, in the name of the Crucified, a gospel of obedience and peace.

Already you know, gentlemen, that I speak of the friar, Andres de Olmos, companion of the venerable Zumárraga.

MARTYRS TO THE FAITH.

In the New, as in the Old, World, in the deserts as in the cities, in the mountains as in the plains, the Gospel,—light and truth, refreshment, hope and delight at once,—has to subjugate all peoples, to soften the fierce and uncultured and to reduce to peace, order, and progress, whatever may be the language in which it be announced. By divine arrangement the doorposts must be marked with blood, with blood of innocent victims, gentle and pure, that the avenging angel may pass by and not wet his sword with the blood of the first-born.

Thus, in the northeast, four leagues from Zacatecas, a little after the year 1556, kneeling and with the crucifix in his hand, Friar Juan de Tapia yielded his blood to the sharp arrows of the Guachichiles; thus, Friar Juan Cerrato shed his blood at the hands of the pagans, to whom he came from Jalisco, that he might raise them from their rude condition and bring them to a knowledge of their Creator and to the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church; thus, the friars, Francisco Doncel and Pedro de Burgos inundated with their red life-fluid the deep gorge of Chamacuero, where, fierce as tigers, the Chichimecs hurled themselves upon them.

Father Doncel was returning from Patzcuaro with Friar Pedro, carrying a crucifix which he had ordered made for the Villa of San Felipe, of the convent of which he was guardian. Looking to the security of the image, they came accompanied by soldiers; but, as these fled at the moment of attack by the Indians, they left the holy monks abandoned and helpless. As was his duty in such a crisis, Father Doncel knelt and, raising the crucifix aloft, lifted up his voice in prayer. Devoted to their sublime mission, both the friars suffered death from the furious rage of the savages, which, not content with blood and with stripping off the garments to deck itself in them, and to run races thus garbed, uttering beast cries, sawed off the heads, tore off the skull caps, and wore them, to

make display of its triumph. That image of Jesus is still venerated in San Felipe, under the name of the *Señor de la Conquista*; and that gorge in which these monks perished is still called the *Arroyo de los Martires* (Gorge of the Martyrs).

Near by, at four leagues distance from Colotlan, is the spot where Friar Luis de Villalobos sealed by a glorious death, in 1582, the doctrine which he taught the heathen; not far distant is where Friar Andrés de la Puebla was cruelly beaten, in 1586, and the skin was torn off his head, from the eyebrows upward, while he was denouncing idolatry and intoning the divine praises. Ours, is that land of Charcas, where also suffered martyrdom, the friar, Juan del Rio, brother of the general of that name, who made the final campaign against the Chichimecs. One day in 1586, when the Spaniards had sallied from the town, a body of Indians attacked it and stole the cattle. The only two soldiers, whom they had left on guard, started in pursuit; shortly after, the friar followed them on horse, believing the robbers would respect his presence. When he arrived where they were he saw that one soldier was dead and that the other was in imminent peril. He besought his enemies to calm themselves and hear him, and did not cease to speak even when a rain of arrows fell upon him, striking him in every part of the body. Reason enough was there for the astonishment of the assassins, for the arrows,

though many and well directed, made no impression — he held himself well on his horse and continued speaking. The Indians then aimed at his head and, with three or four shots, brought him to the ground. What think you was the cause of his apparent invulnerability? To find out, the barbarians, running up to examine the body, despoiled it of clothing and found an immense *cilicio*, an iron network supplied with iron points inside, which constantly tore the flesh of the penitent friar.

DIEGO ORDOÑEZ.

What do you admire in the great navigator, whose fortunate discovery two hemispheres are now preparing to celebrate? His wisdom? his valor? his boldness? While he possessed all these in heroic grade, it is surely not these which, in him, captivate us, but his faith, his marvelous faith, which sustained him erect and firm in the midst of innumerable obstacles, betrayed by treachery, mocked and harassed by adverse fortune, and he held it against machinations and dangers, until he planted it securely in the land of his dreams. Well, of this same faith, which caused the inspired mariner to triumph over enemies and obstacles and the mysterious dangers of the sea, there are also found examples in these, our regions, which ought not to be held unworthy of esteem because they are buried in the humble chronicles of a Province;

for even thus, in solitude, a diamond gleams more brightly. When the immortal Genoese entered the service of Spain, there had just (1483) taken the Franciscan habit in Salamanca, a youth of such precocity that, at thirteen years, he had already graduated in philosophy. At sixteen, dedicated to the study of theology, he made such progress in this science and in Greek and Hebrew, that, with no little credit to his order, he occupied — through many years — the professorship in his convent, where, as is well known, Columbus found a more friendly reception than among the proud professors of the famous university. From Guatemala, whither the learned teacher went in 1539 to occupy himself with the instruction of the wild Indians, he passed to Mexico, called to serve as *Consultor* to the Holy Office. The snows of a hundred winters already whitened his head, but as the volcanoes which display a snowy crown to conceal the forge where are smithed their glowing thunderbolts, so the venerable centennarian priest. He scarcely tarried at the vice-regal court; like a flaming arrow he went to Michoacan, Zacatecas, and Durango, whose inhabitants enjoyed the last ministrations of the philosopher, theologian, humanist, and eminent preacher, whose name was Diego Ordoñez, and who, at one hundred and seventeen years of age, seated in a chair because he could not stand, died in Sombrerete, preaching to the Indians — he who had been the

pride of the convent at Salamanca and the venerated oracle of theologians and inquisitors.

ANTONIO DE ROA.

Two methods were employed by him, or rather one only, in converting so untamed and rude a people. No one is ignorant, that in New Spain the worship of the Holy Cross has ever been general. Be the mountain beautiful or barren, lofty or low, the natives were accustomed to rear a cross upon it. Where roads forked they set it up, and also in the streets and plazas, that they might venerate it at every step and bow before it. With greater reason, therefore, believed Father Roa, ought the sacred emblem to be multiplied upon the rugged mountain trails, which, at first glance, had so much discouraged him.

But, not consenting to erect it in spots, where, before, the Indians had adored their idols, he taught them to honor it with great love and unheard-of penances. When he went forth from his convent, he had them throw about his neck a halter, dragged by two Indians; thus, with quick step, downcast eyes, in tears, with ardent groaning, he went, meditating on the passion of the Redeemer, until he reached the spot where stood a cross. Scarcely knelt before it, the Indians, who accompanied him and knew his orders, buffeted him, spat upon him, and cruelly beat him. This was re-

peated as many times as there were crosses on the way — and there were many.

When it is stated that this practice was constant and but the beginning of each day, one begins to have an idea of the examples, which he set to the new followers of Christ. One is stupefied to read that, arrived at the village he preached and administered the sacraments, then waited until night to make a general flagellation, which, finished, he sallied from the church, naked from the waist up and barefoot, with a halter around his neck, in order to walk around the churchyard, which was strewn with glowing brands. One can hardly believe that his strength allowed him to preach, on returning into the church, a sermon upon the torments of hell and, further, that after all this he endured the torture of boiling water, which his rough followers threw over his lacerated body.

Still the idea of the sufferings, which he added to those, today, as then, inseparable from a region so wild and remote, is not complete until we know that, in Lent, he was accustomed, thrice weekly, to bathe the Hermita of Molango with his blood. In his oratory he had painted the Prayer in the Garden; and there, after his long prayers, the Indians came to beat him, while they overwhelmed him with insults. They stripped him from the waist up and violently tore away the coarse and rasping cloth which was bound closely to his flesh; they threw a halter about his neck and, in this

guise, dragged him to a second oratory where was painted a Magdalene anointing the Lord's feet. Placing him there before an Indian who, seated in his tribunal, represented Divine Justice, they accused him of being a wicked man, an ingrate, proud, perverter, and false. He replied nothing on the matter to the questions of the judge, but, after a little time, confessed his sins, ingratitude, and faults, in a loud voice. He replied as little to a new accusation, made against him with false witnesses, of the truth of which the judge declared himself convinced, and ordered that they should beat him naked, which they did, thoroughly, until the blood ran down upon the ground from his raw and quivering body. Afterward they kindled splinters of fat pine, with the sizzling resin of which they scorched him from the shoulders to the soles of his feet, and lastly they laid upon him a heavy cross, which he bore in a procession around the enclosure over a bed of glowing coals.

JUAN F. MOLINA SOLIS.



Juan F. Molina Solis, representative of one of the oldest and most respected families of Yucatan, was born June 11, 1850, in the village of Hecelchacan. His father was Juan F. Molina Esquivel, his mother Cecilia Solis de Molina. In 1857, the family removed to Merida, where the boy's education was carried on. He received the degree of Master of Arts from the *Seminario conciliar de San Ildefonso*, after which he studied law, graduating in 1874. He has ever occupied a prominent

position in Merida as a successful lawyer, as teacher in the Seminario, as professor in the Law School, as journalist, and as author. In literature he has largely confined himself to history — especially the history of Yucatan. His *Historia del Descubrimiento y Conquista de Yucatan con una reseña de la Historia antigua de esta Peninsula* (History of the Discovery and Conquest of Yucatan with a Summary of the Ancient History of this Peninsula) is a standard authority. It is admirably written and is marked by a sober criticism and constant reference to original sources. Besides this, the largest and most important work that he has written, we may mention a collection of polemical historical articles and of miscellaneous editorials presented under the general title *El Primer Obispado de la Nacion Mejicana* (The First Bishopric of the Mexican Nation) and an interesting historical sketch, *El Conde de Peñalva* (The Count of Peñalva). In his editorials Señor Molina often discusses matters of transcendent importance to the nation. While extremely conservative, and hence often in the opposition, his writings on such themes are thoughtful, candid, just, and patriotic. Among such articles are some treating of Representative Government, The Election of Deputies and Senators to the Federal Congress, The Commercial Treaty Between Mexico and the United States, etc. The passage presented here, in translation, is a chapter from *El Conde de Peñalva*.

THE HORRORS OF 1648 IN YUCATAN.

The Count could not arrive at a more unfortunate moment nor amid conditions sadder than those among which fate decreed his coming to these shores. The situation of the Peninsula could not be more sorrowful or calamitous. An epidemic disease, whether cholera, or yellow fever, or the black plague, is uncertain, was just ceasing to devastate the community, and the misfortunes and ruin which it caused had not yet ended. That pest began in the year 1648, year unlucky for Yucatan. After the season of northers in February of that year, a drought set in, so rigorous as to sterilize the soil and to produce intense heat, which was increased by burning over the fields in preparation for the year's sowing. This drought, these heats, the Peninsula suffers ordinarily, but for a short time only, from the month of March until the rains fall in May — and, it even happens often that, before the rains, showers refresh the air and moisten and fertilize the earth. The year 1648 was not, however, such; the heats, initiated in the month of February, augmented, more and more, until they reached the extreme degree which human nature can endure; the inhabitants of the country anxiously begged for rain to diminish the heat, in which they were burning; but heaven, deaf to their clamors, refused to open its stores, and time passed without a single drop of rain coming to

refresh the thirsty earth. Sometimes, the rains delay until the end of June, but what was seen in 1648 has never been since repeated; June passed, July passed, August began, and the land was as dry as a fleshless skeleton, exposed to the quivering rays of a dog-days' sun. The dust, fine and penetrating, was constantly raised in clouds, from March on, at the blast of the southeast wind, and shut out from view the barren fields which, when visible offered to the eye nothing but leafless trees and ground overgrown with briars and brambles without greenness. Nor was the afternoon breeze any relief from the extraordinary heat and drought, because that little current of air, blowing so softly and agreeably on summer afternoons, at that time came impregnated with an odor strong and pestiferous as if the whole Peninsula had been encircled by filthy and stinking cesspools. And this was because that period of drought coincided with an extraordinary infection of the fishes of the sea, which died in infinite numbers, and their bodies, tossed up by the sea onto the shores, formed gigantic heaps of putrefaction, which poisoned the air. How great must have been the number of those dead fish, since it is stated that the vessels that were navigating near our coasts were checked in their courses and journeyed slowly, as if they were running in the belt of calms or through spaces filled with drifting ice! In vain our police force, then in embryo, sent out daily,

from all the towns near the coast, files of Indians led by a Spaniard, for the purpose of burning the dead fish. The very stench of the burning came to be unbearable, so that finally the expedient was abandoned, as harmful.

Suffering under these tribulations, the people intensified their affliction, by dire forebodings, which existed more in their imagination than in reality. As always happens, in time of social calamity, aged persons spoke of similar times, in remote epochs, which had preceded horrible disasters. The air appearing thick and heavy, they imagined that the sun did not shine as it was accustomed to do, but was as if eclipsed; and, in fine, the inner sadness of minds was reflected in external things, conspiring to exalt the fancy with dread of vague misfortunes, of coming and fatal ills.

And the fear became reality, since in the month of June a terrible and contagious disease made its frightful appearance in Campeche. Whether it was the Levantine plague, which a little before had ravaged Europe and was brought by some vessel to the port, whether it was occasioned by the putrefaction of the dead fishes, whether it was the cholera which visited us for the first time, or whether it was the yellow fever scourging with an iron hand, we cannot say. It is enough to know that it was a terrible disease, which converted Yucatan into an immense cemetery. Sometimes, without any warning, it

showed itself in intense pains in the bones, accompanied by excessive fever and delirium; at other times with the fever was united vomiting of putrid blood; now it presented the diarrhœa of the cholera patient; now the putrid dysentery of pernicious fever. Some died in eight or ten hours; others lasted through three, four, or even seven days. Men more than women, and the youth, lively and vigorous, more than the feeble and infirm, were the field preferred by the epidemic. No one escaped its deleterious influence, and the Spaniard and Indian, the negro, the mulatto, and the mestizo all paid their tribute to the contagion, which showed no respect in its depredations. In its course, it sometimes skipped populations; and while it swooped pitilessly down upon some obscure and distant village, it neglected some town close by and exposed to its attack. Sometimes it seemed to spare the Indians, only to return later and make a clean sweep of them.

There were great sadness and horror in Merida when notice was brought of the rapid, frequent, and painful deaths, which were taking place in Campeche, and which suggested the existence of the plague; the more so as an effort was made to minimize the reports of conditions. The pest, the sombre and frightful pest, which brings death as a daily thought to the minds of all; and not sweet and peaceful death, but the most distressing of all, death in solitude and abandonment! The stupor,

caused by the news, did not prevent some measures of sanitation to prevent the invasion of the contagion, the principal of which was isolation. The city completely separated itself, closed the highways, set numerous guards in the roads, and all the inhabitants turned their eyes to God, imploring pity; the temples were thronged and deeds of mercy were more frequent and general.

Nothing, however, sufficed to stay the advance of the disease; in turn, it attacked Merida, leaping over all the populations in the line of progress, and appearing in the city at the end of July. At first it attacked but few, here and there a person; although the number stricken did not cause a panic, the promptness with which they died struck terror. This, however, was but the beginning of the affliction; because, afterward, in the first days of August the disease increased above measure, and by the middle of the month almost all the inhabitants of the city were stretched upon the bed of pain by the contagion. Whole families were stricken and died in isolation, with no one to care for them or even to call a nurse, a physician, or a priest to give some aid. In the sad and deserted streets were only to be seen, passing like fugitive spectres, the secular clergy, the Jesuits, and the Franciscans in their long gowns, rapidly crossing from house to house to administer consolation to those dying who had the happiness to receive them; because, not infrequently, when the priests crossed

the threshold of the house of death, they only encountered sepulchral stillness and corpses; at other times it happened that the priest, who bore the *viaticum*, was himself suddenly stricken with the disease and was obliged to lay himself down to die in the first doorway, while another priest came to take the holy elements from his hands, to continue the sacred task of abnegation and sacrifice. In the cathedral, in Santa Lucia, in San Cristobal, in Santiago, in San Sebastian, in Santa Catalina, the corpses were buried in the burying grounds near the churches; but so great was the crowd of the dead that the town government commanded new cemeteries to be opened and blessed in the fields; and, in order not to increase the panic, it ordered that the bodies should be carried to all these cemeteries at dawn, where a priest received them and repeated a prayer over them, and they were thrown into the common trench. That was a mournful spectacle, which those fields of death presented at that hour, with long files of corpses, badly clad or wrapped in serapes or in henequin mattings, laid out on boards, or stretchers.

The Governor, Don Esteban de Ascárraga did not escape the pest; he died August 8 and was buried quietly, not to augment the consternation of the city. A Franciscan friar, José de Orosco, mounted, hale and hearty, the pulpit in the church of San Francisco, to preach the sermon, and descended ill, and died. The regidores, in the town

government, died; of eight Jesuits, who lived in the Colleges of San Javier and San Pedro, six sacrificed their lives on the altar of charity, succoring the sufferers day and night; twenty Franciscans perished in the same labors; clergy, seculars, canonigos, pensioners, royal employes, in short, the principal and choicest of the city went down to the tomb in the month of August, 1648.

Public consternation had reached its height; the city was completely overwhelmed. Without physicians, without adequate supplies of medicines, with no hospital except that of Nuestra Señora del Rosario, later known by the name San Juan de Dios, from the fact that it was in other times served by the mendicant friars; sustained with difficulty, without sanitary police, without hygienic arrangements, with the deaths increasing, the public spirit crushed. It was then, when deprived of every human succor, the inhabitants of Merida redoubled their appeals to heaven, and, recalling the great devotion of the Province to the Most Holy Virgin Mary, resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Izamal and to bring the sacred image, there venerated, in public procession in order to attribute to it special worship during nine consecutive days. The Licenciate, Don Juan de Aguilera, Vice-Governor, was appointed by the city to represent it and bring the sacred image to Merida. In so great faith and mortal terror were all the people that the Licenciate Aguilera, himself

ill with the pest, did not hesitate a moment to receive the commission, and without discussion started for Izamal. Whether for the faith with which he undertook the journey, the change of temperature, or some other reason, the fact is that the licenciate was cured before he reached Izamal. As soon as the Indians learned the object of his journey, they tenaciously opposed the removal of the sacred statue, fearing that it would not be returned to its traditional sanctuary. The persuasions, threats, and exhortations of the authorities availed nothing, nor did those of the friars themselves; the Indians distrusted all, and did not willingly lend themselves to permit the departure of the sacred image until the Provincial of the Franciscans agreed to remain in Izamal, as a hostage, until the venerated figure should be restored to its temple. And so seriously did the Indians take his proposal that they placed guards upon all the roads out from the town to prevent his escape.

These measures having been taken by the Indians, the holy image started from Izamal for Merida. It was not a procession; it was a grand popular festival; it was a triumphal march, with an enormous accompaniment of people, who poured forth from their homes, to see pass by on the highway, the statue of the venerated Patroness of Yucatan, whose aid was besought. Those who know the faith, the ardor, the effusion of soul with which

the humble and common people devote themselves to religious practices, can imagine the enthusiasm, bordering on delirium, with which the inhabitants of the surrounding towns flocked together, anxious to render their homage of love to the Virgin Mary. Long and closely packed files of devotees, with lighted torches, formed the accompaniment, which stretched, as a broad, blazing strip, through the dry and arid wastes bordering the road. All on foot, all praying, all filled with remorse, and penitent, they arrived at the outskirts of Merida, where a numerous and select concourse awaited the procession. The Regidors, the Canonigos, the principal ladies, had gone, barefoot in sign of penitence, and, when the procession passed through the streets of the city, from the Cruz de la Villa to the Plaza Mayor, the sick had themselves brought to the doors and windows of their houses, to implore health. After a brief rest at the Cathedral, the procession went to the Church of San Francisco, where for nine days constantly the most solemn worship* was attributed to the Most Holy Virgin.

The nine days having passed, on the 23d of August, 1648, the Alcalde Governor, Don Juan de Salazar y Montejo, returned the sacred image to the Sanctuary of Izamal, with the same splendor, pomp, and accompaniment. The pest mitigated, in fact, in Merida at the end of August, and had almost disappeared before the middle of

* Mas solemne culto.

September, although merely changing the scene of its ravages.

As happens always, the gathering of people, the numerous concourse of inhabitants from other towns, scattered the seed of the contagion, which spread its devastation throughout the whole country. The first to be attacked were the Indians of Izamal, who, faithful and devoted, did not abandon the sacred image for a moment on its journey from its natal city to Merida. From Izamal the pest extended slowly to the east and south. The great procession took place in August, and already in September the District of Izamal was smitten; in October the epidemic had propagated itself to Ticul, Chapab, Bolonchen, Mani, Bolonchenticul; in December it had spread throughout the whole coast, and, thus, spreading from town to town, it fiercely struck its claws into the whole Peninsula during two long and weary years.

LUIS GONZALES OBREGÓN.



Luis Gonzales Obregón, one of the best known of living Mexican writers, was born in Guanajuato, August 25, 1865. After studying under private teachers at his home, he went to Mexico, where he completed his preparatory studies in the *Seminario* and in the *Colegio de San Ildefonso*. Ill health interfered with his further education, but he had already developed a strong affection for literary, and particularly for historical, pursuits, which has motived his whole life work. He is a devoted

student of the national history of his country and particularly delights in the investigation of obscure and curious incidents. So far as a feeble physical constitution has allowed, he has given himself up to such researches and to writing. In 1889 he published a useful little volume, entitled *Novelistas Mexicanos en el Siglo XIX* (Mexican Novelists in the Nineteenth Century). In an introductory section he briefly characterizes the Mexican novel; he then presents a complete list of the novelists of the century, to the time of his writing, with the names of their novels and a few discriminating words regarding their place in the national literature. Our author's best known work is certainly *México Viejo* (Old Mexico), of which a "first series" was printed in 1891 and a "second series" in 1895. These have recently been republished, in a single volume, in Paris. The work consists of essays, each dealing with some special event in Mexican history, or sketching the life of some eminent person, or depicting some old custom or popular practice. Usually they contain information derived from unpublished manuscripts or rare and ancient works. Among the many other writings of our author, two biographical sketches demand particular mention, on account of the interest and prominence of the men who form the subjects. These are *Don José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi* (famous

as a writer, early in the last century, under the *nom-de-plume* of *El Pensador Mexicano* (the Mexican thinker), and *Vida y Obras de Don José Fernando Ramirez* (Life and Works of José Fernando Ramirez), the eminent literary man, historian, and statesman. The selections, which we here present, are from *México Viejo*. They do not as satisfactorily represent Señor Obregón's style as longer passages would, as he is at his best when he narrates some ancient legend or describes some popular festival.

CHANGES IN MEXICO.

For some years past Mexico has been undergoing a slow, but evident, transformation. Everywhere the modern spirit modifies what is old. Customs, types, dress, monuments, and buildings are completely losing the long-fixed physiognomy of the colonial days.

The customs of our ancestors, half Spanish, half indigenous, are disappearing, replaced by a mixture of European practices, and now, in the same house, one prays in the old fashion, clothes one's self after the French style, and eats after the Italian manner; one mounts his horse or enters his coach *a la* English, and conducts his business *a la* Yankee, in order to lose no time.

The fountains, those ancient fountains of the colonial epoch, have been replaced by hydrants

and troughs at every corner, and the traditional type of the *aguador* (water-carrier) is eclipsed and forced to betake himself to those sections where the deep shadows of the electric lights fall, and where the precious fluid does not flow of itself, except when it pleases heaven to inundate the streets and alleys.

The *china* * has died, to live only in the beautiful romances of the popular Fidel; the *chiera* † yields her gay and picturesque *puesto* of refreshing waters, to the experienced *señorita*, who in high-heeled shoes and tightly-laced bodice serves us iced drink in vessels of fine crystal; the *sereno*, ‡ with his shining, varnished hat, his ladder on his shoulder and his lantern in his right hand, withdraws shame-faced before the *gendarme*, § and thus with other types, whom the curious investigator now encounters only in the pictures of forgotten books.

Who now remembers the habits of the humble friars, who once traveled through the streets amid the respectful salutations of the faithful?

The coaches slung on straps, the gigs, the omnibuses — are all passing away, all are forgotten in the noisy whirl of English and American carriages and the confusion of the *tranvias*, §§ which rapidly slip over their steel rails.

* A pretty mestizo girl, of the common people.

† Seller of fruit waters, including one made with *chia*.

‡ Night watchman.

§ Soldier police.

§§ Street cars.

Mexico changes, principally, in its material part. The old houses fall daily, façades change, the ancient wooden roofs give way to iron sheeting.

The streets are being lengthened, their names are expressed in cabalistic signs, and their historic and traditional associations are relegated to the verses of our poets.

The city, born amid the rubbish of the heroic Tenochtitlan, the capital city of the viceroyalty of New Spain, which had on every corner a chapel or temple — or, at least, a picture of a saint — pious evidences of the religion of the populace, now rejuvenates itself, appropriating those old buildings, consecrated to some special purpose, to some use far different, since the epoch of the Reform.

What was then a church is now a library; what was a convent, a barrack; what was a customs house, a departmental office; a corridor becomes a gallery; a *patio*, a warehouse; a refectory, a stable.

Before the special physiognomy of those times completely disappears, before the crowbar demolishes the last façades, before the scaffolding is raised against the bulging wall, before — finally — we hear the song or whistle of the indifferent stonecutter, as he mercilessly chisels the stone which will completely change the aspect of those things upon which our forebears gazed, we propose to conjure up the incidents, the times, and

customs which have gone that future generations need not vainly excavate among forgotten ruins.

LUISA MARTINEZ.

The war of independence in Mexico had, also, its martyr heroines. The insurgents never executed a woman of the royalists; but that party stained its arms with the blood of the fair sex.

* * * *

There was another heroine of humble origin whom we ought not to omit, because she, also, was a martyr of the independence. She was named Luisa Martínez, wife of Steven García Martínez (nicknamed 'the reveler'), who kept a little shop in the pueblo of Erongaricuaro, about the years 1815 and 1816. In that pueblo all were *chaquetas*, that is to say, partisans of the royalists. She, however, was devoted to the other flag. She courageously aided the insurgent warriors, she gave them timely information, victuals, resources, and communicated to them messages from their superior officers, with whom she kept in constant touch. One day her messenger, bearing letters directed to the insurgent leader, Tomás Pacheco, was surprised by Pedro Celestino Negrete. Luisa Martínez fled; but, pursued, captured, and tried, she was compelled to pay two thousand pesos and to promise to communicate no farther with the

patriots, in order to regain her liberty. But she was not warned by her experience. Thrice again was she pursued, imprisoned, and fined, until, at last, she could not pay the sum, four thousand pesos, which Negrete demanded, and was shot by his order in the year 1817, in a corner of the cemetery of the parish church at Erongaricuaró.

Just before her execution, turning to Negrete, she said to him:

“Why such persistent persecution of me? I have the right to do what I can to help my country, because I am a Mexican. I do not believe that I have committed any crime, but simply have fulfilled my duty.”

Negrete remained inflexible, and Luisa Martínez fell, pierced by royalist bullets.

SOR JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ.

If there is one literary glory among us, universally recognized and applauded, it is Sister Juana Inez de la Cruz, most virtuous nun, inspired poet, and pre-eminently admirable for her prodigious learning.

Sister Juana was a privileged being; her beauty captivated all hearts; her intellect astonished her contemporaries.

The life of that surprising woman is almost a fairy tale.

She was born near the slopes of those giants,

Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, in a country place called San Miguel Nepantla, in a humble inn known by the name of *la celda*, at eleven o'clock in the night of Thursday, November 12, 1651. At three years of age she had coaxed the teacher of her sister to teach her to read; she was not yet seven, when she had written verses and addresses to the Santísimo Sacramento, in order to win a book which had been offered as a prize; she came to Mexico, where she devoured the few books which her grandfather owned; in twenty lessons with her teacher, Martin de Olivas, she learned the Latin language; she begged her mother to dress her as a man, that she might study at the University; later, young and beautiful, as lady-in-waiting of Doña Leonora María de Carreto, then the vice-reina of New Spain, Juana de Asbaje charmed the gallants with her witcheries and astounded the learned with her knowledge.

One time, the Viceroy Antonio Sebastián de Toledo, Marquis of Mancera, desired to convince himself whether the learning of that lady was real or apparent. He collected at his palace all the notable men, reputed learned, in the city. What with theologians, philosophers, mathematicians, historians, poets, humanitarians, 'and not a few of those whom in sport we call *tertulios*'* (says Padre Calleja), forty were present. Juana de Asbaje appeared before that severe tribunal for

* Regular frequenters of *tertulias* — i. e., social, literary gatherings.

examination. She astounded all by her responses. The viceroy himself, years later, admiringly recounted the impressions of that day to Padre Calleja, and added 'As a royal galleon would defend itself against a few fishing-smacks which might assail it, so did Juana Inez easily disentangle herself from the questions, arguments, and objections which they all, each in his own way, put to her.'

But she did not long shine in worldly life; mysterious reasons — disappointments or impossible affections, or, more likely, the repeated entreaties of her confessor — decided her to enter a convent. She first chose that of San José, of the order of the bare-foot Carmelites, today Santa Teresa de Antigua; but the rigors of that order so enfeebled her that she abandoned the novitiate at the end of three months, by order of physicians. Soon, however, she entered another nunnery, that of San Gerónimo, never again to depart. There she publicly made her vows, on the 24th of February, 1669. Pedro Velásquez de la Cadena, a wealthy man of distinguished family, endowed her and her confessor, Padre Antonio Nuñez de Miranda, bore the expenses of the occasion, and was so delighted with her profession that he himself lighted the evening candles and invited the leading representatives of the civil and ecclesiastical governments, the religious notables, and the nobility of Mexico to be present.

Time passed. Sister Juana, in the silence of

her cell, without a sign of pride, with spirit ever thirsting for knowledge, studied incessantly, and with modesty received the praises, which from all parts were bestowed upon her; but, suddenly, a religious fervor, offspring of her faith and the counsels of her spiritual director (who urged her to abandon all dealings with the world) drove her to dispose of her books; she divided the sum realized among the needy; she left her lyre to gather dust, flung her pen far from her, and, grasping her *disciplina*, scourged herself; she weakened herself by fasts, opened her veins, signed new vows with her own blood, until, finally, a pestilence, which had invaded the convent, stretched her upon her couch, after she had exercised her Christian charity in ministering to her sisters. She never rose again. Science, in vain, eagerly attempted to help her. Vain were also the clamors for her health which the convent bells clanged forth. Tranquil as a saint, she received her last communion on earth and calmly closed her eyes to open them in heaven.

Sister Juana died aged forty-three years, five months, five days, and five hours, at four in the morning of April 17, 1695.

The funeral was imposing. The Canon Francisco Aguilar conducted the ceremony. The most notable men, the most distinguished ladies, and the government officials were in attendance. 'The populace,' says one biographer, 'crowded about

the doors of the church of San Gerónimo. All mourned that loss for letters. Poets sung her praises and Carlos de Sigüenza y Gongora pronounced the eulogy.'

THE INQUISITION.

Thus was installed, November 4, 1571, the tribunal of the Inquisition in the very loyal and very noble City of Mexico.

From that day terror began among its good inhabitants! Woe to heretics, blasphemers, and Jews! Woe to sharpers, witches and sorcerers!

Fear swept over all, and that frightful secrecy with which the tribunal surrounded itself contributed greatly to increase the terror; that mystery with which it proceeded; that impressive pomp which it displayed in its public sentences — which in time were the favorite diversion of the mob and even of the middle and comfortable class.

No one lived at ease; unknown and secret denunciation threatened everyone; unfortunate was he who gave ground for the least suspicion and unhappy was he who merely failed to wear a rosary.

It is necessary to transport one's self to those times, to read what history records of that dread tribunal, in order to picture, adequately, to one's self the terror which must have overwhelmed those who appeared before the Holy Office in the old Cathedral of Mexico.

With time respect diminished, and that which before caused terror now aroused derision.

Some of the sentences were ridiculous — mere travesties. For instance, that celebrated in Santo Domingo on December 7, 1664, and in which conjugal infelicities between the viceroy, Mancera, and his lady secretly had their influence. Guido says: "There were ten condemned and among them one who, according to his sentence, was taken to the patio of the convent and stripped; two Indians smeared him with honey and covered him with feathers; there he was left exposed four hours."

Such spectacles must have caused at first indignation, then contempt.

No less insulting than such punishments were the penitential garments of those condemned by the Holy Office, called *san-benitos*. These were a kind of scapulary of linen or other cloth, yellow or flesh-red in color. There were three kinds, known respectively by the names *samarra*, *fuego revolto* and *san-benito* — the latter being also a name common to all.

The *samarra* was worn by the *relajados*, or those handed over to the secular arm to be garroted or burned alive. It bore, painted upon it, dragons, devils, and flames, amid which the criminal was represented as burning.

The garment known as *fuego revolto* was that of those who had abjured, and for this reason the flames were painted upside down, as if to signify

that the wearers had escaped from death in the fiery embrace.

Finally, the *san-benito*, which ordinary prisoners wore, was a flesh-colored sack bearing a Saint Andrew's cross.

The kind of mitre which the condemned wore upon the head was called *coroza*, and was a cap of paper, more than a *vara* high, ending in a point like a fool's-cap, with flames, snakes or demons painted on it, according to the category of the criminal.

The condemned carried also rosaries, and yellow or green candles; those of the "reconciled" were lighted, those of the impenitent extinguished; when they were "blasphemers" they were gagged.

In time these insulting insignia were looked upon with indifference as any other dress, and gave occasion, in Mexico, to a curious story. It chanced that once a "reconciled" was walking through the streets wearing his *san-benito*; some Indians seeing him noticed that the dress was new and one thought it was the Spanish devotional dress for Lent; returning to his house he made some excellent *san-benitos*, well painted; he brought them to the city and offered them for sale to Spaniards, saying, in the Indian language, *Sic cohuas nequi a san-benito?* which means, Do you wish to buy a *san-benito*? The thing so amused everyone that the story even went to Spain, and in Mexico there is still a saying, "*ti que quis benito.*"

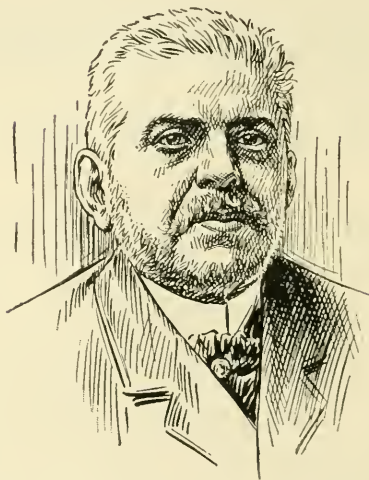
The common people ended by losing all fear of such scarecrows, and defied the Inquisition in this way:

Un Santo Cristo
dos Candeleros
Y tres majaderos.*

A merited jest for that which knew not how to respect worthy and valiant heroes, such as Hidalgo and Morelos.

* A holy Christ, two candle bearers, and three gawks.

FRANCISCO SOSA.



Francisco Sosa was born in Campeche, April 2, 1848. When he was still a child his parents removed to Meridá, where the boy received his education. His first poetical effort appeared in a local paper, when the writer was but fourteen years of age. At that time, he was editor — in union with Ovidio and Octavio Zorilla — of the paper, *La Esperanza* (Hope), in which it appeared. Four years later his *Manual de Biografía Yucateca* (Manual of Yucatecan Biography) was published,

showing his early devotion to the field in which he has chiefly figured, that of biography. With Ramón Aldana, he founded *La Revista de Merida* (The Merida Review), which is still published and is, unquestionably, the most influential paper in Yucatan. In 1868, when but twenty years old, he went, for the first time to the City of Mexico, where most of his life since has been spent. He had, however, already been a prisoner, for political reasons, in the famous and dreadful fortress of San Juan de Ulúa, at Vera Cruz. He became promptly associated with the literary men of Mexico and collaborated with them, upon a number of important periodical publications, literary and political. In 1873 he was associated with Gen. Riva Palacios in the editorship of *El Radical* (The Radical). Later as editor of the *Federalista* (Federalist), he gave to that paper a notable literary reputation and contributed to it, both prose and verse. He was one of the editors of *El Bien Publico* (The Public Good), a paper aimed to combat the administration of President Lerdo de Tejada; while thus connected, he went to Guanajuato to join the standard of Iglesias, returning, at the downfall of Lerdo de Tejada, to the City of Mexico. Since that time, he has edited various periodicals, including *El Siglo XIX* (The Nineteenth Century), *El Nacional* (The National), and *La Libertad* (Liberty).

Señor Sosa's books have been mainly in the line

of biography. Besides the volume on Yucatecans already mentioned, he has published *Don Wenceslao Alpuche, Biografías de Mexicanos Distinguidos* (Biographies of Distinguished Mexicans), *El Episcopado Mexicano* (The Mexican Episcopacy), *Efemérides Historicas y Biograficas* (Historical and Biographical Ephemerids), *Los Contemporaneos* (The Contemporaries), *Las Estatuas de la Reforma* (The Statues of "the Reforma") and *Conquistadores Antiguos y Modernos* (Ancient and Modern Conquerors). He has also written an appreciative work upon South-American writers — *Escritores y poetas Sud-Americanos*. Among his works in other fields are a volume of stories — *Doce Leyendas* (Twelve Stories), and a book of sonnets, *Recuerdos* (Recollections).

In his poetry Sosa is vigorous, chaste, and strong. In prose he is direct and simple, but careful in language.

Señor Sosa has ever been interested in every cause tending toward the advancement of Mexico and has actively participated in the organization and conduct of literary and learned societies. It is to his efforts that the interesting series of statues, that border the Paseo de la Reforma, is due.

Our selections are taken from his *Estatuas de la Reforma* and *Biografías de Mexicanos Distinguidos*.

THE STATUES OF THE REFORMA.

In 1887 Soso published an article in *El Partido Liberal* (The Liberal Party), which has produced a happy result. From it, we quote:

The inauguration of the magnificent monument with which the Federal Government has honored the memory of the illustrious Cuauhtemoc and that of the principal chieftains of the defense of the native land in 1521, has shown, not only that Mexico does not forget her heroes, but, also, that among her sons are artists capable of producing works creditable to any cultured nation.

This affirmation is not born from our enthusiasm for all that redounds to the glory of our native land. Foreign writers have not hesitated to say that the monument of Cuauhtemoc may be considered the finest in America, in its essentially American architecture and in being a work exclusively realized by Mexican artists.

It is well known that, in decreeing, in 1877, the erection of Guatematzin's monument, the government also decreed that in the following glorietas should be erected others to the heroes of the Independence and of the Reform; and, no one doubts that, the government persevering in its plan of embellishing the finest *paseo* in our metropolis, this *paseo* will come to be a most beautiful spot, consequently most visited by both citizens and foreigners. We believe that, to the laudable efforts of

the Federal Government, those of the Governors of the federative states should be united. We shall state, in what way.

In the great Paseo de la Reforma, there already exist pedestals, destined to support statues and other works of art, appropriate to a place of resort, where daily gather the most distinguished members of society; until the present, there has been no announcement regarding the statues and art works for which these pedestals are intended.

It is plain that, however great may be the willingness of the Federal Government, it will need to employ large sums and many years, in carrying out, unaided, the whole work of adornment, demanded by a *paseo* of the magnitude of that of the Reforma, since they must be in consonance with the artistic value of the monuments already erected and those in contemplation. What would be of slow and expensive realization for the Federal treasury, would be easy, prompt, and convenient, if each of the Mexican States should favor our plan.

However poor any one of the smallest fractions, into which the Republic is divided, may be, it is certain that it could, at no sacrifice at all, pay the cost of two life-size statues — such as these pedestals could support; and, however meagre may be the annals of some of these fractions, no one of them can have failed to produce two personages,

worthy of being honored with a monument, which, recalling his deeds, perpetuates them.

* * * *

. . . the three conditions, which ought to be demanded in accepting the sculptures:

1. That the honor should be decreed only to the notable dead.
2. That all the statues should be of life-size and of marble or bronze.
3. That the plans or models should be approved by a special jury, named by a cabinet officer, in order that only true works of art, worthy of figuring in a *paseo* in which exist monuments of the importance of those of Columbus and Cuauhtemoc, may be accepted.

Sosa's suggestion was well received and, up to the present, something like forty statues have been erected, forming a notable gallery in which the nation and the states may well take pride. The states have taken their turns and one, each year, presents two statues, on the anniversary of National Independence — September 16. On the whole the statues have met the three requirements and not only form a Mexican house of fame, but an artistic adornment to a beautiful driveway.

MALINTZIN.

According to the testimony of judicious investigators, this celebrated Indian woman was born in

the pueblo of Painala, in the Mexican province of Coatzacoalco (Vera Cruz). Her father had been a feudatory of the crown of Mexico and lord of many pueblos. Her mother, left a widow, contracted marriage with another noble, by whom she had a son, and "it seems," says an esteemed biographer, "that the love felt by the couple, for this fruit of their union, inspired them with the infamous plan of feigning the death of the first born, that all the inheritance might pass to the son, availing themselves of a stratagem to remove suspicion. A daughter of one of their slaves had died at that very time, and they made mourning as if the dead were their own daughter, secretly disposing of *her* to some merchants of Xicalanco, a town located on the border of Tabasco. Those of Xicalanco gave, or sold, her to their neighbors, the Tabasqueños, among whom Malintzin was, when on March 12, 1519, the Spanish armada, under orders of Hernán Cortes, arrived at the river of Tabasco, to which he gave the name Grijalva. It is well known that the Tabasqueños, at first, attempted to fight against the Spaniards in defense of their territory, but — before the unusual valor, before the fire-arms, before the battle horses of the Conqueror — a violent reaction took place, the combats ceased, and a peace, which could not last, was pretended.

Among the gifts with which the Tabasqueños desired to demonstrate their submission, were

twenty women, of whom one was notable for her extraordinary beauty. Malintzin, the girl who had been cruelly thrust out from the parental home, was this woman. They baptized her under the name of Marina, which the Aztecs pronounced Malintzin. "When the Conqueror received her as a gift from the lords of Tabasco, in company with the other women, he distributed to each captain his woman, giving Malintzin to the Cavalier Alonso Hernández Portocarrero, who was cousin of the Count of Medellín." So says the biographer to whom we have referred.

Continuing this imperfect narrative, we may say that Malintzin was useful to the conquerors from their arrival at Vera Cruz, since she knew the Aztec language,— although we cannot explain how she could, in a few days, learn the Spanish to discharge the rôle of interpreter so perfectly as historians declare. However that may be, this Indian woman appears as one of the most notable characters in the epic poem of the Conquest. To detail her doings in this biography, would be to reproduce the whole history of the Conquest of Mexico, and good books abound for furnishing the data, which anyone may especially desire. We limit ourselves to giving a few further notices regarding Malintzin and to saying some words in her defense.

As has been said Hernández Portocarrero was the fortunate Spaniard to whose lot the beautiful

Indian maiden of Painala fell. In spite of this, the chroniclers of the expedition state that Cortes had a son by Marina and there is no doubt that he maintained love relations with her until 1523. In that year, he married her definitely to Juan de Jaramillo, who, in spite of his noble rank, had no embarrassment in uniting himself to the woman whom Cortes abandoned.

He, passing to Coatzacoalco, called together the lords of the province, and among them Marina's mother and step-father, who immediately recognized her and plainly showed their fear that the young woman would avenge herself for the infamous act which had brought her into the position in which she found herself. Far from it; Marina gave them splendid gifts and treated her injurers well — not without making some parade of her bearing a son to Cortes. In this expedition, took place the infamous execution of Cuauhtemoczin and Marina figures as aiding him to a pious death.

The Conquest ended, nothing more is heard of Marina until 1550, when she still lived and complained to the viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza, that the Indians of Jilantongo did not pay the tribute nor yield the service, to which they were obligated.

The year and place of her death are not known. There is nothing more to state save that the son of Cortes by Marina was named Martin and that he figures badly in Mexican history.

The estimable writer, José Olmedo y Lama, in the biography of Marina, with which he opens the second volume of the interesting work "*Hombres ilustres Mexicanos*," biography which we have had at hand in making these jottings, says these cruel words: "Malintzin almost always appears repugnant, and we believe that, only by lending to her fantastic and imaginary attributes, that is to say, by falsifying history, can she be made great." It is strange, indeed, that one, who held such an opinion, should have cared to introduce the name of the *repugnant* Indian woman into a gallery of *ilustres*, not merely *celebres*, personages. Señor Olmedo reproaches Marina for her treason to her country, serving as interpreter to the Conquerors; he reproaches her, because, married with Hernández Portocarrero, she had amours, and even a son, with Cortes; he blames her, because she did not prevent the execution of Cuauhtemoc and because she boasted to her mother of having been the first Mexican woman to bear a son to the Conqueror, and because she betrayed the conspiracy, plotted by her people, for the destruction of the Spaniards. These faults, which we would not pretend to excuse today in a heroine, have, if not an excuse, at least some just defense, in transferring ourselves to the sixteenth century and in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the woman.

What sentiments had her parents aroused in her, by repudiating her and selling her to merchants?

What idea of fidelity, considering the customs of her country, could she have in finding herself in the arms of a man, to whom she had fallen by lot, like any object in a raffle, and what respect could a man inspire, who servilely lent himself to any arrangement rather than to cross his captain? Had she not seen that the Tabasqueños, in place of dying, battling in hand-to-hand combat for their native land, had made rich gifts to the Spaniards, even presenting them with women, of whom she was one? Ought we to demand from her greater ardor and patriotism than from the warriors? As for her not having prevented the execution of Cuauhtemoc, employing, for that end, her ascendancy over Cortes, it must be remembered that Malintzin, as a shrewd woman, could not conceal from herself, that in her wild lover, other passions than love dominated, and, therefore, every plea would be vain.

But, above all, Señor Olmedo, in hurling the darts of his censure upon the Indian woman, should remember that all those faults, which we today count as such, committed by her, are explained by saying, supported by the testimony of historians, that Malintzin loved Cortes blindly, from her first meeting him. Señor Olmedo is intelligent enough to know that love is the most enthralling of human passions. Malintzin loved the great Conqueror. What wonder, then, that for him she should forget her other duties? But, however that may be, the

beautiful interpreter of the Spaniards holds a most prominent place in the history of Mexico.

FRANCISCO EDUARDO TRES GUERRAS:

The illustrious architect Tres Guerras has left us, in the Carmen of Celaya, a work which is the monument of his fame and the proof that he was the most skilled architect that Mexico has yet produced.

Francisco Eduardo Tres Guerras was born in Celaya, May 13, 1745, and at fifteen years united great proficiency in drawing, to his early studies; soon after, he devoted himself to the fascinating art of painting, having received lessons, in Mexico, from the most accredited artists; but, he found no stimulus, since those paintings in which he gave full play to his natural tendencies and which were most conformed to the demands of art, were the least admired, while those trifles which he dashed off in order to secure resources for his daily needs were highly admired. Disgusted with these bitter disappointments, he desired to take the habit of a monk and had even made some steps in that direction, but the love of art rekindled itself in his heart with redoubled force, and he desisted from his intention. He then began to turn the pages of Vignola and dedicated himself to the study of architecture under intelligent masters.

· The Carmelites entrusted to him the work of

the church of Celaya and the good taste and elegance of proportion, united with solidity, caused its fame to be spread through the Republic and the monks were well pleased. During the construction of this temple, some ill-disposed persons tried to instigate the monks to deprive him of the direction of the work; among these were the architects Zápari, García, Ortiz, and Paz; but, to the constancy and persistency of these friars, we owe the conclusion of a work, which does honor to the Republic.

Tres Guerras has left many notable works in many cities of the interior of the Republic, such as the Theatre at San Luis Potosí, the Bridge at Celaya, and others, and in them all are noticed a perfect taste and observance of the rules of art.

He was Sindico, Regidor, and Alcalde of Celaya and was nominated a member of the provincial deputation of Guanajuato, when the Spanish Constitution was re-established in 1820. He died of cholera the third of August, 1833. Tres Guerras was not only an artist and a painter, but also a poet. His aptitude was great for all and he revealed genius in whatever he undertook. His love of national liberty was such that his demonstrations of delight on the consummation of independence were deemed delirious. . . . In closing, we will narrate an anecdote relative to the death of Tres Guerras:

The terrible epidemic of cholera was making

frightful ravages in our land. In the presence of the peril, the celebrated architect arranged all his affairs and, on August 2, sallied precipitately from his house to seek a confessor. A friend met him in the street and said:

“Where are you going in such haste, my friend?”

“Well asked”—calmly answered Tres Guerras—“Death pursues poor mortals with dreadful fury! As for me, but little time remains for me in this world.”

“But!” replied the friend, “you are still robust, healthy, and well. Tell me—where did you get such an idea?”

“My friend, I have no time to talk with you. Adieu.”

Tres Guerras departed, leaving the inquirer with the question on his lips. The following day, the octogenarian artist died. Fortunately his works survive and they perpetuate his memory.

COLONEL GREGORIO MÉNDEZ.

Born in Comalcalco and left an orphan at sixteen years of age, he succeeded, by activity and honorable dealing, in gaining a capital, if not large, at all events sufficient to render him comfortable. In 1859 he founded, at his own expense, a night school and, in the following year, another of music. Thus, doing good and devoted to his bus-

iness, he lived beloved in his village, without dreams of political ambition or military fame, when General Arévalo took possession of San Juan Bautista and unfurled the banner of the Intervention. The Governor, Victorio Dueñas, offered no resistance and on the thirtieth of June, 1863, was routed. The first step of the Conqueror, Arévalo, was to condemn to exile those citizens who were reputed liberals, among them Gregorio Méndez; but he, in place of bowing to the orders of the usurper, organized a revolutionary movement, which broke out at Comalcalco, on October 8th. In Jalpa, Méndez seized some muskets; at the same time another patriot, Andres Sánchez Magallanes, rose in arms in Cárdenas. The republican revolution thus initiated, the commandant, Vidaña, was designated to act as Chief of Brigade, and Colonel Pedro Méndez as Governor; but, as the latter was captured at the capital and Vidaña was wounded, the military leadership fell upon the subject of our study, with no arrangement made for the civil government.

Thus the war of the Restoration began in Tabasco. In a few days the forces of Méndez joined those of Sánchez Magallanes, and the two leaders undertook the campaign with ardor, seconded by a population, unsurpassed in patriotic spirit; most brilliant deeds of war followed one another from then on until the final triumph of the Republic; examples of valor and abnegation were multiplied;

patriotism inspired the noblest actions, forever placing the name of the State of Tabasco in the foremost line.

To follow Colonel Méndez in each and all of the events which took place in that memorable epoch; to relate his personal deeds and those of his brave companions, would be to transfer here the extended and detailed report rendered by him to the Minister of War, the seventeenth of October, 1867 — report which is a veritable history of the republican Restoration in Tabasco, which had a happy issue, the twenty-seventh of February, 1864, with the capture of San Juan Bautista. . . . This was not, indeed, the full extent of the fatigues of those patriots, since they maintained themselves in arms and fortified their towns to prevent fresh assaults, since in all parts — Vera Cruz, Campeche, Yucatan, Chiapas — combats were still taking place, and Colonel Méndez did not limit himself to securing the re-establishment of the republican regime in Tabasco, but placed the resources under his control at the service of the neighboring States and, in general, at that of the cause defended by him with such admirable vigor.

And, it must not be thought that the work of Colonel Méndez, in those difficult circumstances, was confined to fulfilling his duties as military chief. Far from it; all the branches of civil administration were carefully arranged, thanks to the fact that he was ever warmly seconded in his noble

efforts by all classes of the community, who never refused their adhesion or their resources — because he was not only respected for his patriotism, but admired for the stainless honor, which characterized him. If he numbered among his soldiery, those capable of using arms, and among them many who afterward figured in loftier posts than he himself, he also numbered in his civil helpers the most intelligent Tabasqueños, among them Manuel Sánchez Mármol, who contributed (equally with any) to the Restoration, by his intelligence and wisdom, discharging the secretaryship of the government of Méndez and other arduous duties, with the ardor natural to youth and with the heartfelt affection which he felt for the valiant leader, in whom he saw his democratic ideals embodied. From the lips of Colonel Méndez himself we have repeatedly heard, that to Señor Sánchez Mármol he owed, in that trying epoch, services he could never forget and which influenced, in a decisive way, in the triumph of the Republican cause, and in the public administration. ‘If, of these services,’ Colonel Méndez has said to us, ‘full mention is not made in my report to the Minister of War in 1867, it is because this report was edited by Señor Sánchez Mármol, and he did not care to make his own panegyric, although the document was not to bear his name.’

On the sixth of June, 1867, when, as he himself says in the before-mentioned report, order and

public repose were solidly re-established he had the satisfaction of resigning the government into the hands of Felipe J. Serra, named as his successor by the General Headquarters of the Army of the East.

JULIO GUERRERO.



Julio Guerrero was born on April 18, 1862, a day notable in Mexican history, in the City of Mexico. His parents were José María Guerrero and Luisa Grosso, both natives of Durango. His father, a lawyer of eminence, was for fifteen years a Judge of the Supreme Court; a pronounced Liberal in politics, he was a friend and trusted adviser of Benito Juárez. The young Julio was sent to Rhodes's English Boarding School, then to

the *Escuela Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School). He, later, studied in the *Escuela de Jurisprudencia*, receiving his title of Licenciado by acclamation, on October 4, 1889. In that same year, he was one of the founders of the *Revista de Jurisprudencia y Legislacion* (Review of Jurisprudence and Legislation), upon which he is still a collaborator and to which he has contributed many articles. His most important literary work is *El Genesis del Crimen en Mexico* (The Genesis of crime in Mexico). The title of the book scarcely accords with its content. It is really an analysis of the Mexican society and character. Rarely does any student see, so clearly as does Guerrero, the actual condition of his own society; still more rarely does one so clearly state it. In some of his conclusions and views Guerrero differs profoundly from us, but we are forced to admire his sincerity and earnestness. His book met a notable reception. Under the presidency of Porfirio Parra, a group of the leading members of the scientific societies of Mexico, devoted ten consecutive meetings to its consideration and discussion, the author himself being present. During the recent political agitation by the partisans of Limantour and Reyes, Guerrero established and edited a monthly journal, *La Republica*. It was ardently liberal and democratic in spirit and dealt vigorously with live questions. It was suppressed by the government, after fourteen issues. Guerrero has not abandoned his

propaganda and will shortly establish another journal for the propagation of his ideas. He has much matter ready for printing. Of this, undoubtedly the most important is his *Reformas proyectadas* (Proposed reforms), in which the question of the Presidential succession is discussed. Guerrero is a good thinker, intense in his convictions, vigorous in their expression. Our selections are from the *Genesis del crimen*. Guerrero's style is not always beyond reproach and his punctuation is absolutely his own. In translation, we have followed both with care.

THE MEXICAN ATMOSPHERE.

As a psychical phenomenon, natural to so pure an atmosphere, there have developed in Mexico those faculties, which require perfect eyesight. Mexican photographs have attracted notice in New York, and Mora conducts, in competition with the best photographers of that metropolis, a profitable business, being quite in vogue with the American aristocracy. The photographic views of the central plateau are distinguished by the sharpness of their outlines, shadows and details and are exported to Europe and the United States, constituting, in those regions, of less clear vision, an irrefutable proof of the perfection of our landscapes transferred to their canvases by Velasco and other painters of scenery; when he desired to exhibit his

paintings of the Valley, in the exposition of 1889, he found opposition on the part of Meissonier, who believed it impossible that there should be such sharp and vivid detail and coloring in a real landscape. Proofs of a different order, and entirely practical, of the sharpness of outline, are given by our professional hunters, who with a miserable musket, sally from their pueblos in the morning in search of game and invariably return with two animals. In the battalions, good shots form seventy-five per cent of the troop, with certainty of aim at five hundred to a thousand metres distance. The wild Indians of Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Nuevo Leon, shoot their arrows at a five-cent piece thrown into the air; and boys on the streets and in the villages strike the bulls-eye with their sling-stones at a distance only limited by their strength. In billiards and bowling, in the suburbs, with badly rounded balls and illy-leveled tables, they make shots as brilliant as if both balls and tables were all they should be.

The arts of drawing have developed as rapidly as the political and economical conditions permitted; and in all America, Mexico has been the only country which has produced a school, so numerous, distinguished, and original have been her painters. Their works have almost been exhausted, by exportation to Europe as paintings of Spanish artists of the great Seventeenth Century, but students still

come, from the republics to the south, sent to here study the masterpieces which we still retain, since the number of the national painters, of whom some work of merit remains, rises to one hundred and sixty-one. The art they practised was catholic and aristocratic, religious subjects and portraits; consequently it decayed with the colonial regime and fell with the decline of power of the clergy; but, in the lack of demand for such art, the national æsthetic spirit took refuge in popular modeling in clay, rags, or wax, and produced in the figurines of Guadalajara and Puebla an artistic school, only inferior in product and spontaneity to that of Tanagra in ancient Greece.

In the feather-mosaics of Michoacan, in its lacquer rivaling those of China; in the carving on the walking-sticks of Apizaco, atavic manifestation of the ancient Mexican wood-carving which found beautiful expression in the choir-stalls and benches of the churches; in the floral decorations of the Indians of Mixcoac and Coyoacan; in the sculptures of the façades of houses — which are at times caryatids worked, without a single false blow from the chisel, after the blocks have been set in the wall; in the gold and silver filagree, and even in the mural paintings of the pulquerias or in the realistic illustrations of the newspapers, there is revealed the artistic talent, though frequently without technique, of a nation, living in a medium propitious to vision; and in which the line, the

shadow, and the tints, are seen without blur or dimmed by haze, since there are, on the average, one hundred and five absolutely clear days in the year and among clouded days, those with mists are rare; and when these *do* occur they last but an hour or two in wintry mornings.

GOVERNMENTAL DIFFICULTIES.

This social phenomenon was aggravated by the distribution of *villas* within the territory of each of the provinces, later converted into states; since in many cases it happened that the *villas* were so much the nearer to their respective capitals, as these were nearer to the capital of the republic; and *vice-versa*, the *villas* were distant from their capitals in proportion as these were distant from the national centre; both consequences of the political division established by Galvez; since, as he based it upon the unequal distribution of population, the more remote provinces must have a more extended territory and more widely separated settlements; thus, the density of population decreased, from the centre outward, in every direction. And as the social development in a province, converted later into an autonomous state, depended on the frequency and importance of the relations between the capitals and their respective districts; it resulted that the culture influence of the capital, weakened by its remoteness from a state, was still

further weakened in the *villas*, by the great distances which separated them from their governmental centres. And this phenomenon was repeated in a third degree, in the interior of each political subdivision, in the operation of social and political influence of any *villa* upon the lesser settlements subordinated to it.

Ah well, as all the cities of the independent colony were at different distances from the capital, they were at different stages of national development; consequently all had different and often conflicting interests, necessities and aspirations. The political program, philosophical ideas, literature, ideals and models of art, social usages, moral principles, interpretations of law, cut of dress, and even the vocabulary and phrases of polite society, which — as useless, ugly, harmful, absurd, or disagreeable — had been banished from the capital were found in the provincial cities; and those, which were there proscribed, had taken refuge in the *villas* and secondary towns. In matter of government the same thing was repeated and those acts by which it displays itself — military equipment, judicial decision, tax levying, seizure of contraband, pursuit of bandits and savages, organization of authority, conspiracies, masonry, political intrigues,— in fact, every political phenomenon which, depended upon or originated in the capital, was repeated in the states, with an imperfectness, so much the greater as the distance separating

them from it was greater; and, as the conduct of government depended upon this phenomenon, it at last resulted that the co-ordination and harmony between the states and the centre depended on the time necessary for the communication of official orders. Accord between those who constituted the governing classes of all the cities, villas, and subordinate populations, was, consequently, not only difficult, but was often impossible, and, sometimes, useless. Thus, the country was geographically constructed and populated for an inevitable anarchy; an area within which every union of states, provinces, cities, religions, races, or political parties, had to be theoretical and unstable.

The most important corroboration of this law was the separation of Texas, political phenomenon, which, thanks to it, has an explanation actually mathematical. In fact, the settlers, who recognized San Antonio as their centre, did not amount to forty thousand inhabitants scattered over an area larger than that of the French Republic, and depended politically upon the State of Coahuila, of which the capital is Saltillo. The distance which separated, by the cart-roads of that time, these two points, was eight hundred and sixty-eight kilometres, which they traversed in sixteen days in the dry season and in thirty-two days in the period of rains, and the distance from Mexico to Saltillo was nine hundred and forty-seven kilometres — or say, twenty days in the dry and forty

days in the wet season. If instead of considering the local capitals, we consider the frontiers of the provinces, distances double and difficulties increase.

ATAVISMS.

This phenomenon, moreover, is but the anthropological expression of a more general biological law, in virtue of which human races, in order to adapt themselves to the medium in which they are developed, assume a uniform physical type and character, which persists, or repeats itself anatomically and psychically through the ages, in spite of the external forms of their civilization; in the same way as do other animals, and plants. Thus, for example, since the days of Trajan the bullocks of the Danube have had enormous and diverging horns; in China the cattle are hump-backed, despite cross-breeding with other strains; and, although the first offspring from crossing may be like the foreign parent, in the fifth or sixth generation there appears in the *creole* calf the hump of the original and native form. Among the ancient *castas* of the vice-reinal society the *negro* was seen to reappear in families of white, or even of red parentage, provided there had been blacks in the ancestry. In the waters of the Nile, the lotus yet floats its blue corolla, which the architects of Memphis copied in the capitals of their temples; and the Fellah of Pharaonic days reappears in families

crossed with the Macedonians of the Ptolemies; and, in the first centuries of the Arab domination, in spite of the torrents of foreign blood introduced by polygamy. Even today the type reasserts itself in the native regiments of the English army at Cairo — bronzed, titanic, full-chested, a living model, which is copied in the colossi of Isamboul and which is the ethnic brother type of the Rameses and Amenhotep.

In the central tableland of Mexico, arid, hot, and luminous, where the atmosphere keeps the nerves at high tension; where thoughts are clouded by the abuse of tobacco, of alcohol and of coffee; by the irritation of an eternal and fruitless battle for life; and, until lately, by the frightful impossibility, almost age-long, of forming a plexus of social solidarity; character, in the greater part of society has degenerated and the ferocious tendencies of the Aztecs have reappeared. After ten generations, there has returned, to beat within the breasts of some of our compatriots, the barbaric soul of the worshipers of Huitzilopochtli, of those of *the sacred springtimes* who went, to the lugubrious sounds of the *teponastli* to make razzias of prisoners in Tlaxcala and Huejotzinco, to open their breasts with obsidian knives, to tear out the heart and eat it in the holocaust of their gods. Three centuries of masses and of barracks have been too little for the complete evolution of character among the people; and if, on the Silesian

plain, the Sarmatian of Attila yet appears, so too in our political struggle there has re-appeared, with the indomitable warrior of Ahuizotl, the sanguinary priest of Huitzilopochtli.

There is, in fact, nothing in our independent history, more lugubrious; even the most illustrious leaders have stained their glory by the shedding, needlessly, of blood. The burning of villages and executions *en masse* present themselves at the turning of every page like the funeral refrain of an infernal poem; and, if it be true, that there are not lacking some superior souls — as Don Nicolás Bravo, who set at liberty three hundred Spanish prisoners, although he knew the Spanish leader had just shot his father — many other leaders, of that and later epochs, systematically executed all who fell into their hands. The system was converted into a custom and gave such an impress of barbarity to our political struggles as is not to be found even in negro Africa; since there war prisoners are held as captives, whose ransom is the motive of war; slavery redeems them from death.

In Mexico, on the contrary, frequently no account is made of prisoners but only of the killed and wounded; and the latter were shot or knifed in spite of the severity of their wounds. Hidalgo himself not only ordered that those taken in battle should be killed without fail; but in Guadalajara and Valladolid commanded the seizure of suspects and caused them to be stabbed at night, in remote

places, that they might not, by their cries, cause a disturbance. In this way six hundred innocent persons perished; and he advised the leader, Hermosillo, to do the same in El Rosario and Cosalá. Morelos, after the battles of Chilapa, Izucar, Oaxaca, etc., shot all his prisoners without mercy; and Osorio did the same in the valley of Mexico, García in Bajío, and all the other insurgent leaders, though usually in the way of reprisal.

In the first insurrection, military ferocity developed to a degree only seen in Asiatic and African wars, without the least regard for humanity and with systematic neglect of the rights of nations. The prisoners surrendered with Sarda in Soto la Marina, for example, were taken to San Juan de Ulúa, on foot, in pairs, shackled together, and in the fortress, were entombed in humid, dark, pestilential, dungeons, hot from the tropical sun of the coast lands. This constant corporal subjection, led to mutual hatreds among the unhappy beings, since the natural necessities of the two members of a couple were rarely simultaneous; and in order to satisfy thirst or any other need it was necessary to beg permission of one's companion; which led to constant bickerings between them and occasioned sport for the jailors. Orrantia personally struck General Mina, when he was taken prisoner, with the flat of his sword. To hasten the surrender of the Fort of Sombrero, the same leader left one hundred corpses, of those who had fallen in the

fruitless assaults, unburied, with the object of causing pestilence. The infirm and wounded of Los Remedios were burned in the building which served them as hospital, and those who attempted to escape were driven back at the point of the bayonet. Liñan forced two hundred prisoners to demolish the embankments of the fortress of their own party; and then tied them to tree trunks in the forest that they might be shot for target practice. Ordoñez in Jilotepec shot one hundred and twenty-three prisoners, including wounded and children, by thirties, at the edge of a ditch, in the Cerro del Calvario; first causing the wounded to be carried thither on the shoulders of the uninjured.

UNCERTAINTY AND GAMING.

This atmosphere, pure and luminous, full of slumberous breezes in the shade and of debilitating heat in the sunshine, capricious and treacherous, not only has an influence upon the physiology, pathology, and life of the Mexicans, but it gives to much of their labor an unstable character. In fact, as permanent rivers are few in those great plains, and as those which exist are due to rain, the sowings of the rainy season, which are the more important, and their fruition, where there are no rivers, demand rains. But since, on the other hand, deforestation, carried on since the vice-reinal days, has been destructive, not only are lacking

forests and groups of trees, which, as thermal centres uniformly distributed over the higher plateau, might give shelter to the sowings against the chill of night and early morning, or which, in the guise of fences of foliage, might intercept the cold blasts of northers; but also, through their lack, rains have become rare and irregular, there being regions where they have failed for six, seven, and eight consecutive years; as happened in the Mezquital of the state of Hidalgo, the llano district of Chihuahua, and the north of the state of Nuevo Leon in the years 1887 to 1895. In 1892 and 1893 the drought was general and desolated a great part of the Central Plateau.

When the season of rains arrives, the fields are transformed in a single week, and where was a barren and arid horizon, there extends itself a mantle of tender verdure with corn-fields and springing wheat, which from day to day develop, open their spikes to the sun, and seem to cast back to it its last rays, as golden oceans, ruffled by the evening breeze. The laborers busy themselves in guarding them; but an unseasonable hailstorm destroys them, or a blast, sudden and nocturnal, from the north freezes them in the very months of August and September; that is to say, when surrounded by summer haze, or under a cloud sprinkled with twinkling stars, the laborers believe their crops secure and slumber, lulled by the most pleasing anticipations. When they wake the corn is lost;

in twenty-four hours they pass from wealth to misery; the herd perishes; field labor stops; the laborers go forth to rob on the highways, to swell the ranks of the insurgents, or to beg on the street, according to the character of the government. Before the days of the railroads, droughts were the cause of local insurrections, which today are impossible, because grain may be transported from one district to another — or even to the whole country from a foreign land, as happened in 1894, when \$30,000,000 worth of American maize was imported. However, the evil is not easily remediable, and a general drought, or a series of local dry seasons, might, as Búlnes indicates, mortally wound our nascent nationality. Agriculture then, thanks to the droughts of the fields on the one hand, but to the abrupt atmospheric changes on the other, escapes calculation and prevision; and there are converted into an enterprise as insecure as mining, labors which have ever constituted the principal honest means of livelihood for Mexicans.

* * * *

In fine, and ever due, wholly or in part, to the atmosphere, the Mexican of the Central Plateau — and so much the less as the altitude of the region where he lives is greater — has never been able to count upon the future, either for his life, or for his health, or for his fields, or for his mines, or for his daily bread; and the apparent lack of

uniformity in the phenomena of nature, experienced through generations, has developed in him finally a standard of judgment, composed of simple coexistences, which, in turn, has forged the fixed belief that all in nature is uncertain and capricious. As a logical consequence, there has arisen an unconquerable tendency toward the only manner in his power for reproducing in the same unpredictable form the contingencies of fortune and misfortune of life, so far at least as concerns wealth and misery — that is, to gaming; and thus may be explained the extent of this vice in Mexico.

MEXICO'S LOWEST CLASS.

A, (*a*). Unfortunate men and women who have no normal or certain means of subsistence; they live in the streets and sleep in public sleeping-places, crouched in the *portales*, in the shelters of doorways, amid the rubbish of buildings in construction, in some *meson* if they can pay for the space three or four centavos a night, or stowed away in the house of some *compadre* or friend. They are beggars, gutter-snipes, paper-sellers, grease-buyers, rag-pickers, scrub-women, etc. With difficulty they earned twenty or thirty centavos daily; now they may receive more, but the general rise in prices leaves them in the same condition of misery. They are covered with rags, they scratch themselves constantly, in their tangled

hair they carry the dust and mud of every quarter of the city. They never bathe themselves save when the rain drenches them, and their bare feet are cracked and calloused, and assume the color of the ground. In general, they do not attain to an old age, but to a precocious decrepitude, worn out by syphilis, misery, and drink.

The men and women of this class have completely lost modesty; their language is that of the drinking-house; they live in sexual promiscuity, get drunk daily, frequent the lowest *pulquerias* of the meanest quarters; they quarrel and are the chief causes of disorders; they form the ancient class of Mexican *leperos*; from their bosom the ranks of petty thieves and pickpockets are recruited, and they are the industrious plotters of important crimes. They are insensible to moral suffering, and physical suffering pains them but little, and pleasures give them little joy. Venereal disease and abortion render the women of the group refractory to motherhood; paternity is impossible on account of the promiscuity in which they live; these two natural springs of altruism destroyed, they are indifferent to humane sentiments and egoistic in the animal fashion.

Everywhere they may be seen, the repulsive feature of our streets. In speaking they reveal a dwarfed intelligence, as sadly ruined by their life as is their body. Their ideas are rudimentary notions derived from the common talk of the

streets, comments on public events — the escape of one criminal, the sentence of another, the deportation of their companions, the capture of some “crook.” They are godless, with feeble superstition regarding the saints depicted on their scapulars or the medal of the rosary, which they wear beneath their filthy shirt. Their number is enormous; they constitute the dregs of the laboring classes, and their presence betrays the vortices of vice, where the outcasts of civilization are dragged down.

ALEJANDRO VILLASEÑOR Y VILLASEÑOR.



This well-known journalist was born in Mexico, July 15, 1864. His education was gained in the *Colegio de la Sociedad Católica* (School of the Catholic Society), the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (the National Preparatory School), and the *Escuela Nacional de Jurisprudencia* (National School of Jurisprudence). He received the title of Advocate, July 7, 1887. While still a student, in 1885 and 1886, he assisted upon the staff of

the *Boletín de la Juventud Católica* (Catholic Youths Bulletin). In March, 1889, he became associated with the editorial management of *El Tiempo* (The Time), with which he still continues. He has also written many articles for other leading periodicals. In October, 1895, he founded *La Tribuna* (The Tribune), which was not a financial success. An article in this was the cause of his imprisonment in the famous city prison of Belem.

Señor Villaseñor y Villaseñor is a member of various learned and literary societies and has participated, as a delegate, in several important congresses. Among the latter is the First Catholic Congress held in the city of Puebla, in February, 1903.

Señor Villaseñor y Villaseñor is an industrious writer. His contributions to *El Tiempo* alone number more than seven thousand. Of books, he has written *Asunto Poirier* (The Poirier Incident), *La cuestión de Belice* (The Belize Question), *Guillermo: memorias de un estudiante* (William: recollections of a student), *Estudios históricos* (Historical Studies), *Gobernantes de México* (Governors of Mexico), *Los Condes de Santiago* (The Counts of Santiago), *Reclamaciones á México por los fondos de California* (The California Funds Claims Against Mexico). This last is of high importance, being an exhaustive discussion of this international question — the first

to be submitted to The Hague tribunal for settlement. It is particularly in questions of public policy, in history, and in biography, that our author is at his happiest. Our selections are taken from *Estudios históricos*.

ANTÓN LIZARDO.

We have intentionally been brief in expressing our opinion regarding the attack at Antón Lizarido and have been full in the presentation of documentary evidence; in this manner remembering that these documents proceed from unimpeachable sources, a clear and full realization will result, that what took place at Antón Lizarido was not so simple a matter as the liberal party desires to make it appear.

In instigating foreign warships to seize vessels in Mexican waters, the government of Juarez permitted the national independence, sovereignty, and dignity to be outraged by the soldiers, officers, and warships of the United States; it betrayed its country, permitting an assault against its sovereignty and humiliated the nation by invoking foreign mercenaries to assist it and to treat Mexicans with profound contempt, and to shed Mexican blood, since those wounded on board the *Miramón* were compatriots; and those same strangers still preserve among their trophies taken from Mexico, the flags of that vessel.

We believe that, after the publication of this study, no one will venture to deny, as recently was done, that the Juarists took part in the Antón Lizardo incident; that Turner's intervention completely thwarted the plans of Miramon, as a work written by a well-known liberal confesses, and gave great courage to the Juarists; no one will again venture to say that Marin was a pirate and that the commander of the *Saratoga* did right; this assault was not merely a partisan measure, as those who are ignorant of historical facts or filled with bad faith pretend to believe, seeing in it an insignificant event without serious consequences.

It was not at Silao or Calpulálpam that the conservative party was defeated, but at Antón Lizardo; nor was it the soldiers of Gonzales Ortega and Zaragoza who routed them, but the marines under orders of Turner.

The Juarist party, beaten at all points by Miramon, Castillo, Márquez, Negrete, Robles, Chacon, etc., at the beginning of the year 1860 held no population of importance, and its directory was confined to the plaza of Vera Cruz with the immediately adjacent region, and it was recognized by the United States alone. On account of the MacLane-Ocampo Treaty, which was then awaiting ratification by the United States Senate and with which we shall occupy ourselves in the following pages, public opinion had declared itself, in the most uniform manner throughout the whole

country, against the liberal doctrines, which only produced as their bitter fruit the loss of our territory and almost that of our independence.

In order to end at once these parricidal tendencies and to bring to a conclusion the bloody civil war, which was destroying the nation, there was only necessary the effort, which the conservative government was making, to conduct the siege of Vera Cruz by land and sea. Under circumstances so serious for the constitutionalist party, the assault by Turner and the protection given by President Buchanan, gave new life to this party, and a series of disasters like that at Silao or of defections like that of the cavalry at Calpulálpam, opened to it the gates of the capital; but did not give it the final triumph, since the strife still continued.

And, looking a little deeper, it is seen that the events of Antón Lizardo had graver consequences than might be imagined; they brought on the European intervention. They emphasized the ideas expressed by Buchanan in his message to Congress of December 4, 1859, and the unconcealed tendencies of the democrats in the direction of a North American intervention were no longer mere theories, but began to translate themselves into facts. Antón Lizardo and the MacLane Treaty made Europe and the conservative lovers of their country see that Mexican independence was threatened and it was then that it was thought

that a radical remedy would save the imperilled nation, and certain combinations, already forgotten, were recalled.

The triumph of the party of demagoguery and the errors which it committed precipitated events and brought on the European intervention, which, when studied with care as to its causes, is clearly demonstrated to be due to the liberal party.

The name of Antón Lizardo will remain, indelible on the pages of our history, a stain of dishonor for that party, which nothing and no one can ever remove.

THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States have adopted a special policy with reference to Mexican affairs, a policy which may, in time, produce results unhappy for us.

During the time of the Three Years War, the democratic party, which brought so many misfortunes upon that country and America, was in power in the North American Union. After restless and ambitious presidents, like Jackson, Monroc, and Van Buren, who, if they had found their nation more powerful, would have embroiled it in long and bloody wars of conquest, came Polk, who brought the war with Mexico to an end and snatched from us more than one-half our territory; in vain honorable men, like Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and others, opposed that iniquitous war

which has been justly condemned by notable men in our sister nation.

Already owners of the "Far West" and of a great part of the coast of the great ocean, rich by the discovery of gold deposits in California, inflated with pride on account of the great extension already gained by their country, believing themselves the absolute arbiters of the destinies of the Americas, and viewing with disdain the old nations of Europe, to which they owe everything, from their population to their freedom, they seriously thought of putting into practice the theory of "manifest destiny" and of making the starry banner float from the Niagara and the Saint Lawrence to Panama.

The Mexican enterprise, which had resulted so favorably for them, was the school in which were educated many of the adventurers, who afterward gave themselves to filibustering, and the example which many others, who through more than a decade disturbed Latin-American countries, set before themselves for imitation. The government in Washington, which observed this tendency with singular pleasure, while publicly reprobating, in secret nourished and aided it.

During Polk's administration, the government itself had given an exhibition of the ends which it pursued, proposing to Spain to purchase the Island of Cuba at the price of one hundred million dollars, a proposition which that nation did not choose

to entertain. This was but the prelude to the aggressive policy which the people of the United States adopted in their relations with other nations, even attempting to mix themselves in European affairs.

The revolution of Hungary and the efforts of Louis Kossuth met an echo in the United States, and matters were carried even to the point of proposing to aid the Hungarian agitator and his partisans to liberate that country from Austrian domination; it was necessary for Francis Joseph's government to assume a vigorous attitude and for the nations of Europe to show dissatisfaction before these plans were abandoned, and Kossuth, instead of aid, received only a refuge in the United States.

The island of Cuba was, and yet is, too valuable a prize to escape the eyes of the rapacious Yankees; underhandedly they aided Narciso López to organize his expedition, and it was only when everything was practically arranged, that, for the sake of appearances, President Taylor issued a proclamation, on the 11th of August, 1850, forbidding the fitting out of expeditions to agitate that island and certain Mexican provinces.

Notwithstanding this proclamation, López kept on and completed his preparations and openly sailed from New Orleans, by daylight; defeated, after the attack of Cárdenas, he found a secure refuge for himself, his partisans, and his rich booty, on American soil, and it was only after his second

attempt that he fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities.

Gen. Quitman, one of the generals of the Mexican War, was accused of having taken part in an expedition; although the fact was notorious and the accused was arrested on February 3, 1851, the jury discharged him.

Fillmore's administration demanded the Island of Lobos from Peru; the annexation of the Hawaiian Archipelago was vigorously agitated; with Mexico the voided Garay Concession was disputed and no concealment was made of the intention to secure possession of a right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and as little concealment was made relative to the desire of right of way in Nicaragua and Honduras at points where inter-oceanic communication was believed to be easy; it was left to the Governor of Texas, Lane, to gain possession of the Mesilla Valley and to qualify as aggressive the conduct of General Santa Anna and of the Governor of Chihuahua, because they protested against such an invasion and made military preparations; Edward Everett, Secretary of State, refused to take part in the convention to which France and Great Britain invited the United States, to guarantee to Spain the control of the Island of Cuba and to prevent the island from passing to the power of any other nation; the notes of these nations relative to the convention were insolently answered; their conquests in the present century

were enumerated, and the advantages which the acquisition of Cuba had to the United States, it being asserted without concealment "that it was essential for her own security." When, at Ostende, the plenipotentiaries of the United States, accredited to the governments of Spain, France, and England, were treating of the purchase of the Antillean island, for the sum of twenty million dollars, the leaders of these plenipotentiaries, Mr. Soule, was profoundly irritated because negotiations in the matter were not actively undertaken.

So much in regard to the direct participation taken by the American government in these movements, tending solely to augment the territory and the power of the Yankees on sea and land; as regards the expeditions and agitations undertaken by private parties with the indirect support of that government, the list is as long as it is instructive.

Apart from the attempts of Narciso López and other filibusters against Cuba, Rousset Boulbon, although working on his own account, drew all his supplies for the invasion of Sonora from the United States; Crab came into that same district with the hope of conquering it and annexing it, if he had not been opportunely routed by Gabilondo in Caborca; Zerman had an identical purpose in reaching California; Walker proclaimed the Republic of Lower California, placing upon the flag of that newest nation a single star, which, if his adventure had proved successful, would have come

to be one more star in the North American flag; routed by General Blanco, he went to Central America, where his presence gave rise to a bloody war and innumerable disturbances.

We should never end if we were to enumerate, one by one, all the schemes which the brains beyond the Rio Grande engender for enlarging their territory and dismembering that of the American republics.

Mexico was compelled to spend great sums in combatting the filibusters who appeared and in shooting or severely punishing them; Spain was obliged to send numerous troops to Cuba and to constantly invoke the moral support of European cabinets; an energetic response had to be given to the proposition to buy Savannah harbor and a round denial to the claims for the island of St. Thomas and others belonging to Denmark and Holland; England was forced to establish long-drawn negotiations, resulting in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which in part assured the independence of Central America; necessarily this unchecked appetite for lands and islands exhibited by the United States caused alarm and apprehension throughout Europe. Finally, it was necessary that the great Secessionist War should come, through which this nation expiated a part of its great crimes, a war which brought it to the verge of ruin, but which taught it, in time, to check itself upon the perilous descent, upon which Polk, Tay-

lor, Fillmore, Pierce, and others had started it — men who, without having the qualities of great statesmen, contributed, by their policy and their counsels, to bring about this great crisis to which their unbounded ambition and the cancer infecting their institutions bore them.

It would seem that those men proceeded with the most refined malice, if they were not blind, when we consider that they said with the greatest calmness, as James Buchanan, in mounting to the Capitol on March 4, 1857, that the great territorial increase which the United States had achieved since its independence was due to pacific and legal measures; now by purchase, now voluntary — as with Texas in 1836 — adding: “Our past history prohibits the acquiring of territory in the future, unless the acquisition is sanctioned by the laws of justice and of honor.”

This is equivalent to justifying the conduct of Jackson in Florida, that of Fremont in California, of Austin in Texas, of Gaines in the Sabine district, the continued spoliations of the Indian tribes in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi and to the west of the Alleghanies, the scandalous invasion of California in 1842, the no less scandalous war against Mexico, and so many, many deeds which, to the shame of the United States, are recorded in her history.

Thus, as in the preceding chapter, we briefly made known the situation of Mexico in 1859, in

this one we have sketched in bold outlines, the neighboring nation, in its tendencies and aspirations, in order that our readers may the better appreciate the bearings of the events which we are about to narrate in the following chapters.

RAFAEL ÁNGEL DE LA PEÑA.



Rafael Ángel de la Peña was born in the City of Mexico, December 23, 1837. His early education was conducted by an older brother and his father. In 1852 he entered the *Seminario conciliar*, where he pursued the regular studies, including laws, making a brilliant record. From 1858 on, he devoted great attention to the exact sciences, particularly to the mathematics. For three years he taught Latin in the *Colegio de San Juan de Letran*; in 1862, he was Professor of Logic in the

Escuela Nacional Preparatoria (National Preparatory School), and was later Professor of Spanish Grammar, and, for many years past, Professor of Mathematics in the same institution. He is an excellent teacher, leaving a permanent impression upon students.

The writings of Rafael Ángel de la Peña are didactic, thoughtful, and chiefly in the fields of language and philosophy. "His diction is chaste and correct; his style careful, pure, and polished; his form elegant, terse, and limpid." Some of his addresses have attracted notable attention and are in print. Many of his most important studies were submitted to the Mexican Academy and are contained in its *Memorias* (memoirs). Rafael Ángel de la Peña was elected to membership in the Academy in 1875 and, since 1883, has been its Permanent Secretary. He is a correspondent of the Royal Spanish Academy and contributed upward of four hundred articles to the twelfth edition of its famous Dictionary. He is a member of the *Sociedad Humboldt*, the *Liceo Hidalgo*, the *Sociedad de Historia Natural*, and other Mexican societies, and an honorary member of the *Sociedad Mexicana de Geografía y Estadística*. Outside of his important contributions to the Academy and to the Dictionary, his most valuable work is *Gramática teórica y práctica de la Lengua castellana* (Theoretical and Practical Grammar of the Spanish Language), published in 1898, which has

called forth high praise from the most competent judges in Spain and in South America.

THE MEXICAN ACADEMY.

The Mexican Academy has thought well to begin the third volume of its memoirs with a brief summary of its literary labors and of the most notable events which have befallen it since the year 1880.

Perhaps someone may think such a sketch needless, since — the Academy living almost completely isolated, without holding public meetings or participating in those promoted by other literary or scientific societies, printing its productions very slowly, and avoiding publicity so far as it may,— it may be assumed that no one remembers it, or, if knowing that it exists, has an interest in how it discharges the aims for which it was established.

But, if such considerations inclined it to preserve silence regarding its internal life, it has nevertheless felt that it should make a report to the Royal Spanish Academy, as to how it has endeavored to respond to the high honor which that body extended to it, in inviting it to participate in the formation of the last Dictionary. It believed, as well, that it was under obligation to supply notice of its doings to its few devoted friends, who, far from relegating it to oblivion, do not lose sight

of it, but stimulate and nourish it by the favor with which they receive its publications.

Already, in an earlier sketch, it has been stated that the Academy has, by preference, from the days of its establishment, dedicated itself to the discussion of the additions and emendations which should be made to the Dictionary of the language. It persevered in this laborious task until the month of August, 1884, when it remitted to the Royal Academy the nineteenth and final list of items for the Dictionary. The definitions proposed by this Academy were twelve hundred and eighty-five in number; of these, six hundred and fifty-two were accepted by the Spanish Academy, some with slight modification, and six hundred and thirty-three were not admitted, the greater part of these being our provincialisms.

It is necessary to admit that the harvest gathered is not large; but, though so scanty, it gave occasion to mature studies, and long discussions, of all of which there remains no other vestige than the brief notice recorded in the proceedings of the meetings.

It can be readily understood that, as the Dictionary invades the domains of the sciences and of philosophy, of the arts and industries, we were forced often to discuss topics so heterogeneous that the only points they had in common were the initial letters of their names. Thus, from the word *Prostesis*, we passed to study the word *Positivismo*,

considered as the name of a school of philosophy. The mere exposition of this system and its definition occupied long and serious sessions. Equally long and exhaustive were the discussions of the definitions of one and another science, as that of Biology and that of Astronomy, or those fixing the acceptations of technical scientific and philosophic terms. Such discussions were often interrupted by dissertations and discourses upon points of Literature, Philology, and the History of our Literature. Some of these productions have been printed in two preceding volumes of the Memoirs.

The Academy has also undertaken to discover and bring together materials for forming the history of the national literature and an example of this activity is the article entitled *Francisco Terrazas and other poets of the Sixteenth Century*. Señor Don Francisco Pimentel, member *de numero* of this corporation has taken the lead in this and has, unaided, written that history and has begun to print it.

With the publication of the last Dictionary of the language, by the Royal Spanish Academy, the Mexican Academy considered the lexicographic work, which had been entrusted to it, as completed; not so with that which it had undertaken for forming a *Diccionario de Provincialismos* (Dictionary of Provincialisms), which should contain, in addition to those current throughout the Republic, those which have been limited to a certain State or

to a district of whatever extent and importance. In order not to delay the publication of this Lexicon, it was decided, as soon as items were secured under each letter of the alphabet, to give the list at once to the press; then to make as many more, with new alphabets, as might be necessary.

The Venezuelan Academy, Correspondent of the Royal Spanish Academy, notified us promptly of its inauguration on the 26th and 27th of July, 1883, the Director being His Excellency, Señor General Don Antonio Guzmán Blanco, then President of that Republic. The Mexican Academy was delighted with such agreeable news and gave a cordial welcome to the Venezuelan. Later that learned body proposed the establishment between the two Academies of an exchange of national printed works and manuscripts of value for literary merit. The Mexican Academy consented with pleasure and later sent such parts of its *Memorias* as were not exhausted to that of Venezuela, and also to those of Ecuador and Colombia.

The Spanish Academy has given ours constant tokens of esteem and kindness, now, by accepting our additions and emendations to the Dictionary; now, in sending its diplomas of foreign correspondents to those individuals, whom the Mexican Academy recommended; and, again, by naming members for newly-established seats or by filling the chairs left vacant by the death of some Academicians.

Unhappily, there has hardly been a year which has not been mournfully marked by the loss of one or more members of this body. . . .

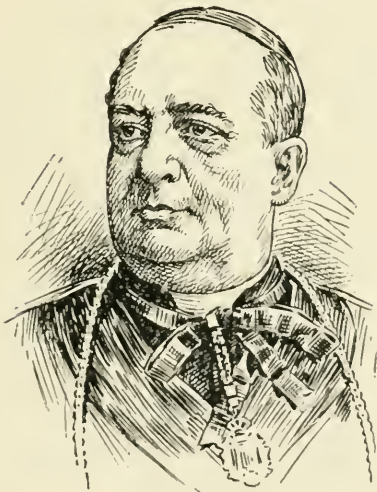
Being desirous of knowing those provincialisms of each State which combine the conditions necessary for inclusion in the *Diccionario*, which it is forming, the Academy has considered it necessary to name as Academic Correspondents persons resident outside of the Capital, who are notable for their love of the Castilian tongue and for the knowledge of it which they possess. In this capacity, the following gentlemen belong to it: Señor Melesio Vázquez, Archdeacon of the Church of Tulancingo, Señor José María Oliver y Casares, residing in Campeche, and Señor Audormaro Molina, who resides in Merida.

In truth, the Mexican Academy has been able to do but little in behalf of our language and literature, but it can present in excuse the complete lack of all those means without which it is impossible to achieve the ends for which it was established.

The indispensable funds are lacking to the body and the time necessary for long and serious studies is lacking to the members. Those who compose it do not live entirely by literary pursuits; some give their chief attention to their professional occupations, others to the direction of affairs — personal or other — others, finally, to the discharge of high offices in State or Church.

Academies are, usually, liberally subsidized by their governments; they count upon their own sources of support, and those who compose them are suitably remunerated. The Mexican Academy lacks everything; there only remains to it the will to do what its scanty resources permit. Neither the poverty in which it lives, nor the little time at its disposition of its members and correspondents for carrying out the labors already begun, discourages it. Constant in its purposes, it will continue its labors, slow, it is true, but never interrupted; it will continue, by preference, to collect materials for the *Diccionario de Provincialismos*, and in a day, perhaps not very distant, will thus make known how the Castilian language is spoken in Mexico.

IGNACIO MONTES DE OCA Y OBREGÓN.



Ignacio Montes de Oca y Obregón was born at Guanajuato, June 26, 1840, his father being Demetrio Montes de Oca, a well-known lawyer, and his mother being María de la Luz Obregón. When at the age of twelve years he was sent to England to study, returning to Mexico and entering the *Seminario conciliar* in 1856. He later went to Rome, where he received the degree of Doctor in Theology, in 1862. In 1863, he was

Presbitero at the Basilica of San Juan de Letran in Mexico, and in 1865 became Doctor in Laws. For a time, he served as parish priest at Ipswich, England, but was soon appointed to a similar position in his native city. He was Chaplain of Honor to Maximilian and Pius IX appointed him his Secret Chancellor. Having raised Tamaulipas from a *vicariato apostólico* into a diocese, Pius IX appointed Señor Montes de Oca y Obregón its first Bishop, in 1871. Without availing himself of the permitted delay of one hundred days, the new-appointed prelate at once took charge of his exceptionally hard field. He was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, making two pastoral journeys over his whole diocese, establishing a *Seminario* and founding a cathedral at the episcopal city, and restoring and enlarging churches throughout his domain. After this remarkable career in Tamaulipas, he was made Bishop of San Luis Potosí, where he has continued to display exceptional energy and wisdom.

Bishop Montes de Oca y Obregón writes both poetry and prose. In poetry he has published *Poetas bucolicos Griegos* (Greek Bucolic Poets), *Ocios poeticos* (Poetic Loiterings) and *Odas de Pindaro* (Pindar's Odes). Of all three, editions have been printed both in Madrid and Mexico. His translations from the Greek poets are close and beautiful. In prose, he has published six volumes of *Obras pastorales y oraciones* (Pastoral

Works and Orations) and a volume of *Oraciones funebres* (Funeral Orations). Señor Montes de Oca y Obregón especially shines in oratory. Of him Portilla says: "As a sacred orator, he possesses those endowments of spirit essential to oratory — most brilliant talent, vast and agreeable erudition, exquisite literary taste,—and to these spiritual endowments he joins in happy combination the physical qualities which serve for their realization — a fine presence, a noble bearing, a musical quality of voice — all that, in fine, which constitutes the irresistible enchantment of eloquence. All these qualities shine, in never-witnessed brilliancy, in his famous funeral oration on the Literary Dead, magnificent novelty which will make an epoch in the annals of sacred oratory in Mexico."

Bishop Montes de Oca y Obregón is a member of the famous Arcadian Academy of Rome, bearing in it the name Ipandro Acaico. He was a member of Maximilian's *Academia de Ciencias y Literatura* (Academy of Sciences and Literature). He is a Corresponding Member of the Mexican Academy. In 1899, he was Secretary of the Latin-American Council at Rome. In travels in Italy, France, and the United States, during the past three years, he has made several notable addresses.

JOAQUÍN GARCÍA ICAZBALCETA.

Great is my satisfaction at presiding over this meeting. It is more than two years that you have not gathered in general assembly; and on seeing three-months after three-months pass, without your coming to invite me to your regular meeting, I had come to ask myself the question: "Do the Conferences of San Vicente de Paul still exist in my diocese?" The President General of your pious brotherhood has, on various occasions in Mexico, directed to me the same question and with that zeal which distinguished him has asked me, with tears in his eyes: "Is it possible that charity is dead among the distinguished gentlemen of San Luis Potosí? Is it possible that there is no one who can arouse the members and revive the almost extinguished meetings?"

The sign of life, which you now give, coincides with the death of that illustrious President, and it is fitting that, in addressing you, I shall pay a tribute to the eminent *savant*, the fervent Christian, the exemplary member of your conferences, Don Joaquín García Icazbalceta.

Others have already pronounced his eulogy as a man of letters, as a historian, as the type of a man of wealth and of the flower of Mexican aristocracy. It falls to me to present him to you as a model member of the conferences and to briefly praise

before you his charity and his obedience and attachment to the Church.

His was a long life and he employed it all in distributing benefits. Rich from his cradle, he preserved and increased his capital, without ever extorting from the poor, without unduly taking advantage of their labors, without ever practicing usury, that plague of our society which seems to most tempt those who have most wealth, and which the Gospel so clearly anathematizes. In all his vast territorial possessions, that dissimulated slavery, so common in some parts of the country, which chains the peasant for his whole life to one master and to one piece of ground without hope of bettering his condition, was never known. Most exact in his payments, he had further a box of savings, as he called it, for each of his employees, from the humblest to the highest, which really consisted of systematic gifts which he made them on the more important occasions of their lives or of the lives of their wives and children. Were they marrying? He supplied the necessary expenses without making any charge against them. Were children born; did disease come to afflict them; did death arrive? He generously opened his chest and alleviated their pains and necessities.

The works of mercy which he did among his own, he also practiced with strangers. Through long years, the conferences of Mexico found him visiting the houses of the poor and liberally succor-

ing them; when he was their President, he exerted his influence inside and outside of the Capital, maintaining the fervor of the old members, and attracting new ones by his fine demeanor, his opportune appeals and his prudent persistency. How important is such tact in those who occupy the high posts in the conferences! The most ardent zeal, unless accompanied by prudence and judgment, far from attracting, repels, and instead of aiding, hinders good service of the poor and the prosperity of the association.

Great as were his material works of mercy, they are eclipsed when compared with the spiritual. It is, indeed, a meritorious work to teach the ignorant, to correct the erring, to pardon injuries, and all this Joaquín García Icazbalceta did in a high degree. Not only did the Lord give him great wealth, but also the inestimable gift of wisdom. The leisures, which his condition of comfort afforded him, were all employed in gathering an immense store of solid doctrine and in placing this at the service not only of the wise, but also of the humble and the ignorant. The devotional books compiled and *printed* by him have gained an enormous circulation among the faithful and have greatly fomented piety among Mexicans. *Printed* by him, I have said, and this is true in the full meaning of the word. Convinced that manual labor dishonors no one, he, personally, worked

at his printing, and, to his talent and assiduity, the typographic art owes much.

All these labors, all these studies, were placed at the service of the Church and of the public by Señor García Icazbalceta. How, except for him, would we know how much the early missionaries did for the civilization and the prosperity of the New World? Thanks to his researches, books, and manuscripts, long forgotten, were reborn, and, in circulating, decked in the typographic beauty of Señor García Icazbalceta's private press, and adorned with his commentaries and notes, they dissipated many prejudices and made those holy men, the apostles of New Spain, who were despised by the few who recalled them, known to the world.

Among them he presents Friar Juan de Zumárraga, how beautiful, how grand! Not without reason did the history of that life, so beautifully written, fly through the world, and, attracting the attention of the highest dignitaries of the Seraphic Order, to which the first Bishop of Mexico belonged, it was translated by one of them into the Tuscan and, in that idiom, circulated about the Vatican and throughout the whole Italian peninsula.

Such pious undertakings could not fail to arouse the envy of the world — and of hell. The demon, disguised as an angel of light, clothed in a religious garb, attacked him, as envy ever attacks,

with bitterness, with acrimony, with implacable cruelty. What he had published was malinterpreted and *what he had not written* was thrown into his face; his intentions were calumniated and productions foreign to his genius were attributed to him.

The fruitful writer replied never a word, nor even attempted to defend himself. At the suggestion of a prelate he cut out one chapter, an entire chapter, from his most cherished work; a chapter which cost him long years of study and diligent labors. Nor did his sacrifices end here. On seeing that those who were most embittered against him were ministers of that Church of which he was an obedient and submissive son and which he desired to defend, he broke, forever, his learned pen. Ah, beloved members of the conferences of San Vicente, how many injuries a misguided zeal inflicts! To the unjust and uncharitable attacks of which he was the victim, we owe it that most important works upon the Mexican Church remained unfinished, that documents of the highest interest lie mouldering in dust, that your learned President General dedicated the last years of his life only to the compilation of dictionaries and to grammatical studies, which could scare no one.

The Lord has already rewarded his ardent charity, his obedience to the prelates of the Church, his readiness to forgive even those injuries which most deeply wound one who is conscious of being

a fervent Catholic and a conscientious historian. Without the sufferings of illness, without the bitterness of the final agony, sudden death, though not unforeseen, which is accustomed to be the punishment of sinners and the recompense of the righteous, lately snatched him away. Although a layman, he exercised, upon the earth, an apostleship more fruitful than that of many who are called by God to the highest destinies; and on receiving him to his bosom, the Lord without doubt has given him that reward, which he offered to those, who, without occupying a high place in the Church, duly fulfil their mission, and, being the *last* in the hierarchic scale, come to be *first* in heaven.

That which he could not gain in this world by his persistent efforts and courteous appeals to men, he will gain, we trust, in the better land by his prayer to the Almighty — the regeneration of the conferences of San Luis Potosí. May heaven rekindle your fervor, reanimate your charity, and infuse that zeal, as ardent as prudent, and that respect to the ministers of the Church, which animated Don Joaquín García Icazbalceta through his mortal life. Pray for him, and try to imitate him.

MEXICO'S PROTOMARTYR.

Today, it is fifteen months since I terminated the longest pilgrimage of my life, arriving at the shores of that enchanted Japan, in which our

Mexican protomartyr was crucified. Terrible are, in all times, the seas of the Far East. The cyclones, which, in the century of Vasco de Gama and Francis Xavier, engulfed so many ships, have not lost their force; and the most that modern science can do is to predict them by a few hours, to indicate their probable course, and to teach mariners, if their vessels are capable of such speed, to fly before these messengers of death.

Just so, steaming at full speed before one of these tremendous hurricanes, our vessel was sailing the night before we reached the desired haven of Nagasaki. Although we were considerably in advance of it, our velocity was not so great but that the effects of what is called the anticyclone overtook us. The waves tossed, the wind whistled, and while, on the one hand, I promised Felipe de Jesús, if he saved me from peril, to honor him in an especial manner on the next centenary of his martyrdom, on the other hand, my thoughts transported me to that galleon of imperishable memory, which, through these same seas, bore the saint, three hundred years ago, to the very coasts whither we were bound. Before entering fully upon the brilliant epic, which through good fortune, it falls to me to narrate to you this happy day, I desire to carry you also on board of it.

Do not expect to see in it a rival of the colossal steamers which today plow the ocean. Although a marvel for that time, it is comparatively small

and shows not a few defects in construction, which render it unsafe in tempests. It is scarcely ninety feet in length and its highest mast is of equal measure. In spite of criticisms already beginning to be made among naval architects, the enormous castles of the poop and prow rise high above the rest of the ship; and, that slope, which has begun to be given to the hull of merchant vessels destined for the Indies, in order that the waves in striking may lose some of their force, is impossible here on account of the many heavy pieces of artillery which garrison it. Its hulk is broad and the means of controlling the rudder are crude.

It sailed from the port of Cavite, in the Philippine Islands, July 12, 1596, bound for Acapulco; and, though now it is September 8, far from being near the Mexican coast, it is at 33 degrees of latitude, and the hurricane is constantly driving it toward the northwest. Almost from the start storms have troubled it and contrary winds have driven it from its course; on this night the tempest has culminated, and the Commander, Matéas Landecho, though an expert mariner, despairs of its salvation. The sails have been torn to tatters, the yards float in the sea, it has been necessary to destroy the masts, and the pumps have been worked unceasingly, in vain. To cap all these misfortunes, a wave of irresistible force shattered the rudder, and one of those moments

has arrived, when even the most impious of sailors, the last hope gone, looks to God alone.

Officers, soldiers, crew, and passengers, all threw themselves upon the deck and cried with one voice, like Peter on the Lake of Tiberias, *Lord, save us, we perish.* Among these last were two Augustinian monks, one Dominican, and two Franciscan. Of these, the youngest remained on his knees, holding fast to one of the broken masts, his eyes fixed on heaven, and absorbed in profound prayer. By the gleam of the frequent lightnings, his manly face could be seen, upon which were visible traces, not only of recent privations, but also of long penances, and were observed that fineness of features, that ardent glance, that Roman nose, that sun-darkened skin, peculiar to the Spanish race as modified in the New World. His companion, older than himself, and named Friar Juan de Zamora, has often spoken of the austerity of that youth, during the five years which he had spent in Manila, in the Franciscan community. There he took the habit, May 20, 1591; there he made his vows, and not content with the penances prescribed by the rules, he had given himself up to greater austerities and was accustomed to make daily confession of his sins, before the Seraphic Family. Named *enfermero*, he had practiced such acts of charity and abnegation with the suffering and dying as are scarcely recorded of the

most famous saints, and this not occasionally, but through entire years.

On the other hand, during the first days of the voyage, when the sea, yet tranquil, left opportunity for jests and idle talk, the careless soldiers pointed at him with their fingers and told the story of the young Franciscan, to one another, in terms but little flattering. He is the son of Alonso de las Casas (they say), a rich Spaniard of the City of Mexico, and he has a very pious mother, who came from Ilescas to New Spain, where this young fellow was born. This is not the first time he wears the seraphic habit. Formerly he was a novice in Puebla de los Angeles; but, after a few months, he threw aside his gown and gave himself again to the libertinage, which had distinguished him. His parents sent him to China, for punishment, where not a few of us have seen him living the gay life of a merchant. They say that he goes, now to Mexico, to take sacred orders and console his pious mother. We shall see whether he now gives proof of greater constancy.

Thus passengers and sailors of the galleon *San Felipe*, painted the youth, Friar Felipe de las Casas, at whom, apparently absorbed in meditation, we look from the bridge. The sea has calmed somewhat and the thick cloud masses, separating a little, permit us to see the constellations of the two bears, and, particularly, the polestar, shining brighter than ever. The Franciscan has

his eyes fixed in that direction and after a half hour of silent prayer, he rises majestically and pointing southwest of the Great Bear exclaims with prophetic voice, "Look, look, our ship shall not perish! We shall soon arrive in safety on the coast of Japan."

"A miracle! a miracle!" exclaim the sailors in chorus, seeing for the first time the prodigy, which Friar Felipe had been watching for a half hour, and the meaning of which the Lord had made known to him by inspiration, as in another time, to the Magi, that of the mysterious star in the East. It is a cross, an immense cross, much larger than that constellation which we call the Southern Cross; a cross, whose pale and peaceful glow at first resembled that of Venus; but which afterward appeared red, the color of blood, (such as we saw the planet Mars in last December), surrounded by a refulgent aureole and afterward enwrapped in a black cloud. It is a cross, but not such as that of Jesus Christ, which we are accustomed to see. Besides the customary arms, it has another transverse piece near the feet and a little protuberance near the centre, all perfectly drawn against the blue of the clear sky.

Passengers and sailors rejoice at the celestial vision. A board is soon rigged out as rudder; those sails, which the wind has not completely destroyed are quickly repaired; the countless holes are covered up and the prow is turned, not toward

New Spain indeed, but, in the direction indicated by Providence. Yet there lack thirty-two days of stormy sailing, but they journey gaily in the midst of dangers, and on arriving at the port of Tosa, on October 20, they intone hymns of thanks to the Savior.

They journey gaily; yes, but beyond all Felipe de Jesús de las Casas, to whom God has revealed his high destinies. He knows that martyrdom upon a cross, such as he has seen in the sky, awaits him; martyrdom, the supreme recompense to which we, who run the race of life, aspire, but which the Lord grants to few; the martyrdom which Francis Xavier and his companions in religion and apostolic labors, sought with longing, but which God in His lofty purposes refused to them, to give it to Felipe de Jesús and to some companions, who arrived but yesterday, who did not seek it. *Omnes quidem currunt sed unus accipit bravium.*

To relate to you the details of that glorious martyrdom, is what I propose in this discourse, longer than usual. Do not refuse me your kind attention. The story is so interesting and so brilliant notwithstanding its dark passages, that the sublimity of the event will compensate for my deficiencies. Furthermore, as the Holy Virgin has never yet refused me her aid, she will surely assist me in this memorable centenary. Invoke her with me, saluting her with the sweet words of the angel — *Ave Maria.*

IGNACIO M. ALTAMIRANO.



Once and again in Mexico there arises, from the mass of the Indian population, a man who leads, not only his race, but his nation. Such a man was the great President Juarez, who established Mexico's present greatness; such in art were the artist Cabrera and the sculptor Instolinque; such in letters was Ignacio M. Altamirano.

No one who knows not the Mexican Indian village can appreciate the heroism of the man who,

born of Indian parents, in such surroundings, attains to eminence in the nation. It is true that the Aztec mind is keen, quick, receptive; true that the poorest Indian of that tribe delights in things of beauty; true that the proverb and pithy saying in their language show a philosophic perception. But after all this is admitted the horizon of the Indian village is narrow: there are few motives to inspiration; life is hard and monotonous. It must indeed be a divine spark that drives an Aztec village boy to rise above his surroundings, to gain wide outlook, to achieve notable things.

And when once started on his career, what an enormous gulf yawns *behind* him! How absolutely severed henceforth from his own. And what a gulf opens *before* him! He is absolutely alone. Poor, friendless, with race prejudice against him, obstacles undreamed of by the ordinary man of talent confront him. Only immense ambition, tenacious purpose, inflexible persistence, unconquerable will, can succeed.

Ignacio M. Altamirano, pure Aztec Indian, was born at Tixtla, State of Guerrero, December 12, 1834. The first fourteen years of his life were the same as those of every Indian boy in Mexico; he learned the Christian Doctrine and helped his parents in the field. Entering the village school he excelled and was sent, at public expense, in 1849, to Toluca to study at the *Instituto Literario*. From that time on his life was mainly

literary — devoted to learning, to instructing, and to writing. From Toluca he went to the City of Mexico, where he entered the *Colegio de San Juan Letran*. In 1854 he participated in the Revolution. From that date his political writings were important. Ever a Liberal of the Liberals, he figured in the stirring events of the War of the Reform, and in 1861 was in Congress. When aroused he was a speaker of power; his address against the Law of Amnesty was terrific. Partner with Juarez in the difficulties under Maximilian, he was also partner in the glory of the re-established Republic. From then as journalist, teacher, encourager of public education and man of letters his life passed usefully until 1889, when he was sent as Consul-General of the Republic to Spain. His health failing there, he was transferred to the corresponding appointment at Paris. He died February 13, 1893, at San Remo. His illness was chiefly *nostalgia*, longing for that Mexico he loved so much and served so well.

Altamirano was honored and loved by men of letters of both political parties. Although a pronounced Liberal, he numbered friends and admirers among the Conservatives. His honesty, independence, strength, and marvelous gentleness bound his friends firmly to him. He loved the young and ever encouraged those rising authors who form today the literary body of Mexico.

We may not even enumerate his writings. He

produced graceful poems, strong novels, realistic descriptions, delicate but trenchant criticism, strong discourses, truthful biographies. He ever urged the development of a national, a characteristic literature, and pleaded for the utilization of national material. Unfortunately, his writings are scattered through periodicals difficult of access. A collection of them is now being made. Our selections are taken from his *Revista Literaria* (Literary Review) of 1861, from a discussion of Poetry dated 1870, and from his well-known *Paisajes y Leyendas* (Landscapes and Legends) of 1884.

GENIUS AND OBSTACLES.

Rigorously speaking, it can not be said that popular neglect can be a chain which holds *genius* in the dust of impotence.

No: the genius, powerful and lofty eagle, knows how to break with his talons the vulgar bonds with which the pettiness of the world may attempt to shackle thought.

Thus Homer, aged beggar, to whose eyes the sun denied its light, but whose divine soul inspiration illuminated, was able to endow ungrateful Greece, in return for his miserable bread, with the majesty of Olympus, with the glory of the heroes and with the immortality of those eternal songs which survive the decay of the agonies and the ruin of empires.

Thus, Dante, proscribed by his countrymen, has been able to cause to spring from the depths of his hatred and his grief the omnipotent ray which was to illuminate the conscience of his time and to be the admiration of future ages.

Thus, that other blind man, who, as Byron says, made the name *Miltonic* synonym of *sublime* and who died as he had lived the sworn enemy of tyrants, in the cell to which ingratitude consigned him, improvised for himself a throne, and from its dominated creation saw prostrate themselves at his feet not only his country, but the world.

Thus Cervantes, the poor cripple, disdained by persons of distinction and persecuted by fortune created, in the midst of the agony of misery, the sole treasure which can not be wrested from old Spain, more precious truly than the ephemeral grandeur of kings and the imbecile pride of nobles.

Thus lastly, Camoens, soldier also like Cervantes, and like him unfortunate, left in his death-bed in a foreign hospital, as a great legacy to his country, his *Lusiadas*, the most beautiful monument of Portuguese glory.

Thus many others, dead through the hemlock of contemporary disdain, and compensated with tardy apotheosis, have not found obstacles in poverty, in envy and in defeat; and abandoning with thought the narrow spheres of the world, have

gone to grave their names upon the heaven of poetry.

But such is the privilege of genius and of genius only. The talents which cannot aspire to such height, nor feel themselves endowed with force divine, are eclipsed in the test, the same test which causes him, who is predestined for sublimity, to shine forth more resplendent and more grand.

And in Mexico the genius enwraps himself yet in the shades of the invisible, or does not belong to the new generation.

Those of us who penetrate, with timidity and difficulty, into the sacred enclosure of poetry and literature, belong to the crowd of mortals; and scarcely may we aspire to the character of second rate workers in the family of those who think.

Thus for us are heavy those chains which for geniuses would be but spider webs; discouragement crushes us at times — discouragement, that poisoned draught, whose vase of vile clay is shattered before the glance of genius, accustomed to sip the nectar of the immortals in the myrrhine cup of faith.

As for us, we need, not the applauses of the world, but the sympathy of our countrymen, the word of encouragement, the hand which saves us from the waves which threaten to submerge us in their bosom.

It is not the necessities of material life which hamper us. We may rise superior to those or may

supply them with the product of honorable labor, though outside of literature. As little do we seek the patronage of the mighty. The *gilded mean* of Horace were unbearable for us if we have to supply in exchange for it a *Hymn to Maecenas*; the palatial advantages of Virgil would cause us loathing if we had to purchase them by placing the sacred lyre of the aged singer of the Gods at the feet of Augustus.

PLEA FOR A MEXICAN SCHOOL OF WRITING.

We do not deny the great utility of studying all the literary schools of the civilized world; we would be incapable of such nonsense, we who adore the classical memories of Greece and of Rome, we who ponder long over the books of Dante and Shakespeare, who admire the German school and who should desire to be worthy to speak the language of Cervantes and of Fray Luis de Leon. No: on the contrary, we believe these studies indispensable: but we desire that there be created a literature absolutely our own, such as all nations possess, nations which also study the monuments of others, but do not take pride in servilely imitating them.

* * * *

Our last war has attracted to us the eyes of the civilized world. It desires to know this singular nation, which contains so many and such cov-

eted riches, which could not be reduced by European forces, which living in the midst of constant agitations has lost neither its vigor nor its faith. It desires to know our history, our public customs, our private lives, our virtues and our vices; and to that end it devours whatever ignorant and prejudiced foreigners relate in Europe, disguising their lies under the seductive dress of the legend and impressions of travel. We run the risk of being believed such as we are painted, unless we ourselves seize the brush and say to the world — *Thus are we in Mexico.*

Until now those nations have seen nothing more than the very antiquated pages of Thomas Gage or the studies of Baron Humboldt, very good, certainly but which could only be made upon a nation still enslaved. Further, the famous *savant* gave more attention to his scientific investigations than to his character portraits.

Since his day, almost all travelers have calumniated us, from Lovestern and Madam Calderon, to the writers — male and female — of the court of Maximilian, trading upon public curiosity, selling it their satires against us.

There is occasion, then, to make of fine letters an arm of defense. There is a field, there are niches, there is time, it is necessary that there shall be the will. There are talents in our land which can compete with those which shine in the old world.

THE PROCESSION OF THE CHRISTS.

If there is one thing characteristic in the Holy Week at Tixtla, it is this procession of the Christs, ancient, venerated, and difficult to abolish. It responds to a necessity of the organization of the Tixtla Indians, strongly fetichistic, perhaps because of their priestly origin. This propensity has caused the maintenance always in the pueblo of a large family of indigenous sculptors who live by the fabrication of images — poor things! — without having the least idea of drawing, nor of color, nor of proportion, nor of sentiment. For them sculpture is still the same rudimentary and ideographic art that existed before the conquest. Thus with a trunk of bamboo, with the pith of a *calchual*, or of any other soft and spongy tree, they improvise a body which resembles that of a man, give it a coat of water-glue and plaster and paint it afterwards in most vivid colors, literally bathing it in blood. *¡Mal cristo, mucho sangre* (bad Christ, much blood); such is the proverb which my artistic compatriots realize in an admirable fashion. After they varnish the image with a coat of oil of fir, they have it blessed by the priest and then adore it in the domestic *teocalli*, on whose altar it is set up among the other penates of similar fabrication.

The only day on which such Christs sally forth to public view is Holy Thursday and in

reality few family festivals assume a more intimate character than the especial festival with which each native family celebrates the sallying forth of its Christ. A *padrino* (godfather) is selected who shall take it out, that is to say who shall carry it in the procession, on a platform if it is large, in his hand if it is little. But every Christ has an attendance which bears candles and incense.

With such a cortege, the Christs gather in the portico of the church, awaiting the priest and the Christ who shall lead the procession, the one which is called the *Christ of the Indians*. When these issue from the church the procession is organized; the cross and the great candlesticks go before and then file by slowly and in good order some eight hundred or a thousand Christs with their retinues. Tixtla has some eight thousand inhabitants, hence there is a Christ to about each eight persons. This might well dismay an iconoclast.

The procession passes through the more important streets, in the midst of the crowd gathered at the corners, the doors, windows and public squares. What a variety of images! It should be stated that not all represent crucifixes; there are also Christs with the cross on their shoulders, some simply stands, others of 'Ecce-homos of the pillar,' but these are few; the crucifixes are in majority. The sole respect in which all are equal is in the rude sculptural execution. There are some in which the chest muscles rise an inch above the ribs,

others which have the neck of the size of the legs; some are the living portrait of *Gwinplaine* or of *Quasimodo*; they smile lugubriously or they wink the half closed eyes with a grimace calculated to produce epilepsy. All have natural hair arrangement, the hair arrangement of the Indians, disordered, blown by the wind, tangled like a mass of serpents around the bleeding body of the Christ.

As to size they vary from the colossal *Altepecristo*,* which the Indians hide in caverns, which is almost an idol of the old mythology, to the microscopic Christ which wee Indians of nine years carry with their thumb and forefinger, before which are burned tapers as slender as cigarettes. All the sizes, all the colors, all the meagerness of form, all the wounds, all the deformities, all the humped-backs, all the dislocations, all the absurdities which can be perpetrated in sculpture, are represented in this procession. When by the light of torches (for this procession ends at night), this immense line of suspended, behaired and bloody bodies is seen in movement, one might believe himself oppressed by a frightful nightmare or imagine himself traversing some forest of the middle ages in which a tribe of naked gypsies had been hung.

Callot in his wild imagination never saw a procession more fantastic, more original.

Yet this spectacle was the delight of my boyhood days!

* Village Christ.

Then the Christs withdrew with their *padrinos* and retinues to the houses whence they issued and there the family prepared a savory feast. The *atole* of cornmeal called *champol* and the sweet and delicate *totopos*.

Ah, General Riva Palacio, never in thy days of campaign in Michoacan, have you had a more sumptuous banquet than that which you have enjoyed in the land of your fathers, an evening of the Christs — and of *champol*!

VICTORIANO AGÜEROS.



Victoriano Agüeros was born September 4, 1854, in the pueblo of Tlalchapa, in the State of Guerrero. His father was a Spaniard, his mother a Mexican. Young Victoriano was given good opportunity for education, being sent, at twelve years of age, to the Capital city where he attended the *Ateneo Mexicano*. In 1870 he was qualified to teach in primary schools. In 1877 he entered the National School of Jurisprudence and was admitted to the practice of law December 19, 1881.

He commenced literary work when but sixteen or seventeen years of age, signing his productions with the name "José." Using this *nom-de-plume* he published his *Ensayos de José* (Essays of José) in 1877. This was followed by *Cartas Literarias* (Literary Letters) and *Dos Leyendas por José* (Two Legends by José). Shortly after he published a series of articles — *Escritores Mexicanos Contemporaneos* (Contemporary Mexican Authors) — in the literary journal, *La Ilustracion Espanola y Americana*, of Madrid. This was reprinted in book form and gave the author deserved credit. *Confidencias y Recuerdos* (Confidences and Recollections) completes the list of Agüeros's books.

Renouncing law for literature Señor Agüeros became editor of *El Imparcial* (The Impartial) but shortly after, on July 1, 1883, he founded and has ever since, conducted, *El Tiempo* (The Time), the most conservative of the periodicals published in the Mexican capital. During the twenty years and more that have passed since then his pen has been well employed. His editorials are always carefully written and — though ultra-conservative — are marked by thought and judgment. No modern Mexican writer uses Spanish in a more accurate and graceful way. As a literary critic he ranks high, though it is difficult for him to see aught of good in the radical and liberal movement of the day or in those who are its exponents.

Deploring the neglect of the national literature by Mexican readers Señor Agüeros is attempting to arouse new interest by publishing, in uniform style, the works of the best authors under the general title *Biblioteca de Autores Mexicanos* (Library of Mexican Authors). The series has passed its fiftieth volume, is being well received, and is serving a most useful purpose.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

• *Las ofrendas*; (the offerings) this is the custom which gives a special character to the Day of the Dead in my village. Those candles of whitest wax, those human-figure shaped loaves of bread, those crowns, those exquisite sweets which for six days have been offered for sale in the booths in the Plaza are to be deposited upon the graves in the cemetery — in such wise, that the rude bench covered with a cloth of the finest cotton, assumes the appearance of a carefully prepared table, fitted with the richest and most delicate dishes. There are placed earthen jars of syrup, dishes of wild honey in the comb, cakes made of young and tender corn — sweetened and spiced with cinnamon, preserves, vessels of holy water, and the best of whatever else the mother of the family can provide. It is the banquet which the living give to the dead . . .

From three in the afternoon, at which time

the bell of the parish-church begins to strike the doubles, sadly and slowly, as the doubles are always struck in the villages, families sally from their houses and direct their way to the cemetery or to the church porch, where there are also some graves. There they traverse the pathways between these and by examining the crosses (not the names nor epitaphs, for there are none) they recognize the place where relatives or friends rest. . . . They then place the objects which they bear as the *ofrenda*, light the candles, sprinkle the grave with some drops of holy water, and soon after there is heard in that enclosure of the dead, the murmur of the prayers they raise to Heaven. . . . Thus the afternoon passes: neither curiosity, nor the desire to see, nor other profane pastime, distract the attention of these simple villagers, who, absorbed in the sanctuary of their most intimate recollections, pray and sigh with tender and deep sadness.

When the evening shadows drive them thence, they bear the *ofrendas* to the interior of the houses. The lights are renewed, a sort of an altar is improvised upon which are placed the objects which before were on the graves, and other prayers and other mournings begin. It is not rare to see, high in some tree in the grove, or in some solitary and retired spot, a taper which gleams, in spite of the night breeze: it is the offering for the *ánima sola* (the lonely soul) — that is to say, of one who

has in the village neither a relative nor a friend who remembers it and decorates its grave. A bit of bread and a little taper, and a prayer repeated for it — this is what each family dedicates to the soul of that unknown one.

Thus do the poor people of my village honor the memory of the dead.

THE STUDENT AT HOME.

The student who returns to his village is generally reputed to be a man of learning, who knows everything. The most perplexing questions are submitted to him, though they may be remote from the studies which he has pursued. If the priest is preparing a Latin inscription, he consults about it with the student; if the townspeople desire to make a petition to the town government, the chief of the district, or the governor of the state, they request the student to compose the document to be presented; if it is planned to celebrate with a festival the anniversaries of some prominent personage of the place, they invite, first of all, the newly-returned collegian, to pronounce a discourse and enthuse all with his words; if some person is seriously ill, they call the student to examine the patient and hold his opinion decisive regarding the disease. That year he has studied civil procedure and international law in the Law School; but what of that? He has lived in Mexico, where there

are so many physicians and must know and understand something of medicine. The judge of the lower court is about to decide a case; ah, well, before doing so he strolls around to the house of the collegian, and after asking him a thousand things about Mexico, regarding politics, theaters, the promenades and driveways, etc., inquires his opinion concerning the matter with which he is occupied.

“You can enlighten me,” he says humbly. “Perhaps I have not sufficiently informed myself regarding the value and force of the evidence; I fear that I have badly interpreted such and such articles of the Code. Come, let us walk down to the courtroom and have the good will to show what is best.”

“But that will be useless, because I know nothing of this matter,” replies the collegian. “This year I have been studying mathematics in the School of Mines.”

“So much the better; thus you will have a clear head for this kind of questions; because it is plain, had you been studying law you might now have difficulty in co-ordinating your ideas. No excuses, no excuses; come to my house, I have great confidence in your knowledge and sound judgment.”

Such is the part which the student fills, in his village, during vacations. If he yields to all the requests made of him and speaks of matters which he does not understand, words cannot be found

sufficient for praising him. How wise! how humble and good he is! he refuses no one. If, on the contrary, the student is timid and only desires to speak of matters with which he is acquainted; if he refuses to decide a law-suit, to cure a sick man, to preach a sermon, then — who so ignorant as he, he knows nothing, he is good for nothing!

CRITICISM OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF MEXICAN
WRITERS.

Well, then, in my opinion the new literary generation has no importance; I discover no virtues in it, neither love for study, nor noble tendencies favoring the advancement of our literature. Who can endure this crowd of youth who write in the papers and who, in spite of their ignorance, give themselves the airs of learned men? With what eyes can we observe their affectations? They think they know all, but because they have learned jokes in the low plays, history in the novels and librettos of the opera, and gallantries in the almanacs and reviews of fashion. They believe themselves men of letters and poets, because they have published some article in the ——— and have, in the ——— given forth some verses in which they speak of their *disenchantments* and of their *ennui*, of their *doubts* and *hours of pain*. Although beardless youths, they are already miserable, very miserable, their complaints and laments for the

disillusions they have suffered have no bounds.— They speak everywhere of politics and literature; in the interludes at the theater they render judgment on the play in an epigram, and if some praise it they criticise it, or they celebrate its beauties when all find it defective. And thus they are in other things; because they believe that, in following public opinion, even though well founded, they fall into vulgarity, and to be singular is what they most desire.

Moreover, these youth, neither by the literary education they receive, nor by the system of studies pursued today in the schools, nor by their tastes and inclinations, nor finally by the models which they set before themselves for imitation in their writings, will ever succeed in giving days of glory to our literature. Profoundly inflated by the praises of their friends, without direction or desire to receive it, their self-esteem nourished by the very persons who ought to reprove and correct it, tainted with modern skepticism, rebellious, in a word, to the authority of rules and of good models, what hopes do they offer? What class of works are to sally from their hands? They do not study nor accumulate new information; they are not mindful of the literary movement of the epoch; still less do they attempt to correct their defects by following the teaching and example of the masters in the art. And if they do none of these things it is useless for them to write and publish verses, since the

progress of a literature has never yet consisted in the abundance of authors and of works. Love for study and for work, close thought, good selection of subjects and care in expression — these are the things necessary.

Criticism, further, is completely lacking among us; criticism, so necessary for correcting and instructing, so useful for preventing our lapses to bad taste and for forming good taste. Who has thought of it? Who has ventured to exercise it, here where all desire praises and where it is customary to lavish them? For my part, I hold, that if our literature has not progressed so much as it should, if there are ignorant, insolent writers, inflated with vanity and pride, it has been due not exactly to the lack of criticism but to the mutual flatteries which all have exchanged in the papers. Today, as a French writer says, one utters one compliment, to gain the right of demanding twenty. No one ventures to frankly express his opinion, since friendship, the hope of obtaining a favor, considerations of respect and other various circumstances, deprive the critic of his freedom; and although he ought to be severe, impartial and just, he becomes a benevolent dispenser of unmerited eulogies, an encourager of unpardonable defects and veritable literary heresies.

Criticism, to give efficacious results, should be severe always, above all here in Mexico where many believe themselves endowed with the talent

of Gustave Becquer, of Figaro, of Delgas or of Theophile Gauthier. It should eulogize with much moderation, and that to the humble, modest and timid, because these need kindly words for their encouragement.

PEON Y CONTRERAS AND HIS ROMANCES

DRAMATICOS.

These suggestions and many others which it would be impertinence to present in this article were suggested to me by the precious little volume which, with the title *Romances dramaticos*, our inspired poet José Peon y Contreras has just published; and in order to render a tribute to justice and merit, rather than to praise one who is sufficiently praised by his very work, I am about to say something about it.

Fourteen pieces form the collection, and although short they are choicest gems in which are brilliantly displayed the most exquisite and delicate beauties. In my opinion the first is a certain originality in the form, under which the poet encloses a veritable drama, a terrible and sad catastrophe, a poem in which the great passions of the soul are stirred and the tender breathing of the purest affections are felt. The form, I say, but I do not mean precisely the meter — since it is understood what that must be — but the unfolding of the romance, the design of the composition, the

manner employed by the author to present and develop his thought. In these lovely ballads (for such they appear) there are no details; the movement of the action, the rapid development of the plot, the violence and precision with which the figures appear upon the scene, demand few but energetic pencil strokes and do not permit digressions nor long and minute descriptions of places and persons; they are like those pretty miniatures whose merit consists in the exactness, the clearness, the grace, with which the scene or picture is reproduced in spite of the small space at the disposition of the artist. As little are there inopportune references to times preceding the drama which develops; nothing to distract the reader from the scenes which the poet places in view: all is *actual*, if I may so express myself, and only the final catastrophe is presented in which a passion or a misfortune culminates, at the conclusion of a series of unhappy incidents. For the rest, it is easy to divine what elements Peon y Contreras employs in his dramatic romances; love with all its tenderesses, jealousies with their terrible ravages, virtue with its power and its struggles against temptation and vice, the energy of a manly heart, the storms resulting from defiled honor, from violated faith, from lost hope . . . all that which the soul feels in its hours of joy or despair. And what pictures he can paint with a single stroke; how he transports us to those distant times of Castilian

honor, of solitary and retired castles, of somber and silent cities; what strength of coloring there is at times in the scenes he paints and at other times what enchanting ingenuity, what adorable simplicity, what innocence, what grace.

MANUEL GUSTAVO ANTONIO REVILLA



Manuel Gustavo Antonio Revilla was born in the City of Mexico, February 7, 1863. His father, Domingo Revilla, was a distinguished author and from him the son appears to have inherited his studious inclinations. Young Revilla studied law, completing his course in 1887, but the practice of that profession had little attraction for him, and he has devoted himself to teaching and writing. Having a strong taste for the fine arts, he developed sound art criticism, and in 1892 was appointed Professor of the History of Art in

the National School of Fine Arts. During the following year he wrote his *Arte en Mexico* (Art in Mexico), of which the Spanish art writer, Menéndez y Pelayo, said:—"I have read with much pleasure, and I believe with much profit, *Arte en Mexico*, learning from it new data regarding architects, sculptors, and painters, of the times of the Viceroy, who are almost unknown in Spain. As well from the novelty and interest of its subject, as for the good taste and sound art criticism with which it is treated, the book deserves every kind of praise, and will no doubt receive it, from all intelligent readers." After ten years of class instruction Professor Revilla was appointed Secretary of the same school, in February, 1903. At the same time he was appointed one of a committee of three to prepare a systematic catalogue of the works of art belonging to the institution.

Señor Revilla is a public speaker of power and some of his addresses have attracted notable attention. Among these may be mentioned the Independence Day oration of September 16, 1889, and that commemorating the forty-third anniversary of the Death of the Cadets of the Military School of Chapultepec. He has also been a prolific writer for periodicals. To *El Tiempo* (The Time), he has long been an editorial contributor, especially upon topics of public law, political economy, and social problems. Traveling in Guatemala, he was connected for a time with *El Bien Publico*

(The Public Weal), in which he published an article upon the Monroe Doctrine, which attracted considerable attention in Latin America. In his writings of every kind, Revilla shows the greatest care in the choice of words and use of language. In 1902 he was named a Correspondent of the Mexican Academy.

At present Señor Revilla is writing a series of critical biographies of Mexican artists. This is an absolutely new undertaking in Mexico and the work demands exceptional information and much research. Volumes have so far appeared regarding the sculptors Patiño, Ixtolinque, and Guerra, the architect Hidalgo, the painter Rebull, and the musicians Paniagua and Valle. This series is being published by Agüeros and will be extended. Revilla has also written a biography of Francisco Gonzales Bocanegro, author of the Mexican National Hymn.

Our selections are taken from *El Arte en Mexico*.

THE FINE ARTS IN MEXICO.

The three arts do not attain the same grade of development, nor prosper equally, at all times. At the beginning, that is, during the sixteenth century, their growth was slow, as was to be expected of all pertaining to a young community, and they were sustained, thanks to masters from the art centres of Spain. But, from the very beginning of

the seventeenth century, these are to be seen surrounded by disciples, many born in the colony, to whom they transmit their knowledge, and, owing to the increasing demand for works, which they receive, the production augments and a new artistic manifestation appears, which, although derived from the Spaniards, may be considered indigenous.

During the seventeenth century is when painting was practised with greatest brilliancy and the schools of Mexico and Puebla were formed, which, although decadent, were maintained in the following century.

On the contrary, this eighteenth century, is the period of greatest lustre for architecture; during it, ancient edifices, begun long before, were carried to completion, many others were rebuilt, and new ones were erected, and there appears in houses, palaces, and churches, a style in which symmetry is but laxly observed and ornamentation is profuse or lavish.

Sculpture, long confined to imperfect wooden statues and crude bas-reliefs in stone, acquires an actual existence only near the close of the past century, with the famous Valencian*, author of one of the most famous of equestrian statues; with him also architecture assumed correctness, simplicity and proportions in harmony with the classical canon.

* * * *

* Tolsa.

The fine arts in Mexico, without having arrived, in general, to the perfection to which the Spaniards carried them, . . . cannot, for that reason, be considered unworthy of esteem and study, since in them are found undeniable and many excellences. The defects met with in them are not sufficient to invalidate their merits. The literary works of that time are also open to criticism, but no one has denied the value of the literature of the vice-royal period, during which arts and letters attained equal prosperity. Echave, the elder, yields in nothing to Balbuena; José Juárez and Arteaga stand forth conspicuously as Sister Juana Inéz de la Cruz; Perusquía or Tres Guerras are comparable with Navarette; and, as famous as is Ruíz de Alarcón in his line, is Tolsa in his.

TRES GUERRAS AND TOLSA.

Independently, in a modest city, a creole artist, Eduardo Tres Guerras, followed the same impulse, with result and applause. Student of the Academy, he had been trained in painting; having attained no great result in which, he dedicated himself to architecture, which yielded him merited laurels for constructing — besides various beautiful private houses — the Church of the Carmen of Celaya and the Bridge of the Laja in the same city.

Tolsa and Tres Guerras have many points of

likeness; both, professing another art,—the one statuary, the other painting—dedicated themselves later to construction; both cultivated the same style, that of the Renaissance, and succeeded in imparting majesty to their buildings. Tolsa is more severe, elegant, and grand; Tres Guerras better knows how to express grace and is more audacious. This one sometimes lacks good taste, the other—rather frequently becomes heavy. Withal, both are notable architects; and, if one wins constant applause, the other gains an enduring fame.

Although it might be thought that Tres Guerras felt Tolsa's influence, nothing is further from the truth, since Tres Guerras had already constructed the Carmen and the Laja bridge, before Tolsa had reared his edifices.

With these two artists, the cycle of vice-royal architecture ended. Beginning rude and coarse it developed brilliant and overloaded, and ended simple and correct, ever showing itself strong and robust as the virile, conquering, race that produced it.

WOOD CARVING IN PUEBLA.

When these glaring offenses against art were not only condoned, but authorized by religion, it will be appreciated how great credit is due to a group of modest and industrious artists, who, in the

City of Puebla, about the second half of the past, and the beginning of the present, century, without good masters nor great models for imitation, cultivated the sculpture of images, forming their own canons. The Coras, with all their defects, play the rôle of restorers to respect of an art, which could not fall to a more lamentable extremity. There were three principal — though other artists of lesser value figure in turn — José Villegas de Cora, the master of all; Zacarias Cora, and José Villegas, who also took the surname Cora, as an honorific title.

José Villegas de Cora, called in his time the *Maestro Grande*, from having been the founder of the school, was the first to insist upon the observation of the natural, from which indeed he himself took but a general idea, leaving the arrangement of the details of the projected work to fancy; from this proceeds the arbitrary character, to be observed in the minutæ of almost all of his images. At the same time he sought naturalness in the arrangement of draperies; that for which he was most esteemed, was the grace and beauty of the faces, particularly those of his Virgins; which, like most of his other works, were made to be clothed.

Zacarias Cora made show of some knowledge of anatomy, accentuating the muscles and veins, which did not prevent his figures from frequently lacking proper proportions and appearing to have been supplied with them from sentiment rather

than accuracy. In expression, he competed with his master. His best work was the *San Cristóbal* with the infant Jesus, which is in the temple of that name in Puebla.

Unlike the preceding, most of the works of José Villegas were of full size; in them he handled the draperies well, though at times falling into mannerisms, as did Zacarias also, in exaggerating movements and delicacy in them. His faces are less pleasing. His *Santa Teresa*, larger than life, belonging to the church of that name in Puebla, offers a good example of draperies, and presents the feature,—common to all the works of the sculptors of this school, of a pursing of the lips, with the purpose of making the mouth appear smaller.

Each of the three artists named had some quality in which he was distinguished from the others; one in the attractiveness of the faces, another in the greater attention to the natural, the other in the regular proportions and in having preferred to make figures of life size. After them the school decayed and died.

THE WORKS OF TOLSA.

Tolsa did not make many statues, since another art robbed him of a great part of the time which he might have given to sculpture. The few, which remain, suffice to show his knowledge, his talent, his brilliancy and his power.

Besides the superb equestrian statue of Charles IV, legitimate pride of the City of Mexico, he made the principal statues of the *tabernaculo* of the Cathedral of Puebla, those of the clock of the Cathedral of Mexico and some pieces in wood. Only two of his sculptures were run in bronze, the *Charles IV*, and the *Conception*, of the *tabernaculo*, the others which adorn this, and which represent the four great doctors of the Latin Church, being of white stucco, imitating marble, and those of the façade of the Cathedral of Mexico, which represent the three virtues, being of stone. The size selected for all of these is the colossal, which so well lends itself to the grand. And this is Tolsa, beyond all, grand in proportions, in type conceptions, in postures, in gestures, in dress.

The horse of the statue of the Spanish monarch, treated after the classic, is of beautiful outline, natural movement, graceful and animated in the extreme; as for the figure of the king, although a little heavy, it is majestic, in movement well harmonized with that of the noble brute, and forms with it a beautiful combination of lines. There has been abundant reason for counting it one of the best equestrian statues.

The remaining sculptures of Tolsa, that is, the *Doctors*, the *Conception*, and the *Virtues*, are distinguished by the movement, which gives them an appearance full of grace and life. All reveal sufficient personality combined with conscientious study

of the antique. If one sought to find defects he might say that at times he is heavy, over-emphasizes and gives a berninesque execution to his draperies.

In wood, he has left two heads of the *Dolorosa* and a *Conception*, artistically colored.

BALTASAR DE ECHAVE.

We have the scantiest personal notices of Baltasar de Echave, commonly called Echave the elder, to distinguish him from the painter of the same name, his son, who is designated as Echave the younger; but although these data are scanty, they are abundant in comparison with those which are preserved of other painters (of the time), of whom we know only the names. He was a Basque, born in Zumaya, in the Province of Guipúzcoa, and besides being a painter was a philologist, having published a work upon the antiquity of the language of Cantabria. He has several sons, of whom two were painters. Torquemada states that, at the time when he was writing his *Monarquía Indiana* (1609), Echave finished his great retable of the Church of Santiago Tlaltelolco; further, it is known by the examination of his works, that already in 1601, he was painting, as the colossal canvas of *San Cristóbal*, which bears that date, shows, and that still in 1640, the activity of his brush had not ceased, since in that year he executed

the *Martyrdom of Santa Catarina* for the Dominicans of Mexico. . . .

His fecundity did not prevent his pictures from having that completeness and detailed study which makes them so agreeable; yet, at times he falls into carelessness of drawing, which cannot at all be attributed to lack of skill, but to the fact that his pictures were generally destined to occupy high places in churches, rendering unnecessary a minute attention to finishing, unappreciable at a great distance and in the feeble light of the interior of churches. . . .

Being of versatile genius Echave displayed varied characteristics; sometimes we see him most painstaking in outlines; sometimes easy and firm in handling the brush; now varied in types and attitudes and again attentive to the arrangement of draperies; now skillful in the nude, of which but few examples are found in the Mexican school; now notable as a colorist, worthy of comparison with the Venetians. When it suits him, he can give beauty of expression, but he does not so persistently seek it, that it becomes a mannerism.

He neglected, yes, systematically, the figures of secondary importance, his draperies are often hard and confused, and his halos and glories lack luminous intensity. Without being weak, he lacks strength in his modelling and he does not delight in strong contrasts of light and shade — both qualities in which the Spaniards surpass. His pictures,

in general, do not profoundly move, although they produce an agreeable impression largely because he does not highly develop expression, although undertaking highly emotional incidents, such as the martyrdom of certain saints, at the moment of their suffering. Thus it is not the expression which most interests in his *San Ponciano*, *San Aproniano*, and *San Lorenzo*, but the nude figures of the martyrs, the character in the participants in the scene, and the fine coloring.

As an example of feminine beauty and of undeniable and palpable Raphaelean influence, may be cited the figures of the Saints and the Virgin, respectively, in the paintings of *Santa Cecilia*, *Santa Isabel, Queen of Portugal*, the *Porciuncula*, and the *Adoration of the Magi*.

In the latter, one figure is seen, that of the king who adores the infant Jesus, which is admirably conceived and executed; type, expression, attitude and drapery, are worthy of a great master. The coloring and rich draperies of the *Santa Isabel* and of *Santa Cecilia* are also notable. But the best pages of Echave, and at the same time the most mystical creations, are his *Christ praying in the Garden*, and *Saint Francis receiving the Stigmata*; both compositions as simple as they are beautiful; the figure of Jesus, in the first, is so peaceful and resigned, that it has been justly compared to the celestial visions of Overbeck; that of Saint Francis is equally imposing and majestic for its great ascet-

icism, for the sincerity and truth with which the ecstasy in which the Christ of the Middle Ages is overwhelmed, is represented.

To him belong also the *Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple*, the *Visitation*, and a masterly *Conception*, which is in the State College of Puebla, of vigorous execution and strong light and shade. Echave gave life size to most of the figures on his canvases, as did — indeed — most of the other painters of the school.

MIGUEL CABRERA.

Miguel Cabrera exaggerated the defects of Ibarra and fell into others, because he is more incorrect in form, more neglects the study of the natural, lacks strength in execution, and reduces coloring to the use of five or six tints, monotonously repeated; he is weak in perspective, and in composition never maintains himself at any great height; yet, with all this, his vogue was great during his lifetime and his prestige has not ceased today. The religious communities outbid each other for his works, connoisseurs sought his canvases, the University entrusted important commissions to his hand, Archbishop Rubio y Salinas appointed him his court painter, and when, in 1753, a group of painters were organizing the first Academy of Painting, they elected him perpetual president. How can we explain the high opinion in which he

was held? The reason may be found in the bad taste then prevalent, bad taste which in other times has even elevated a Gongora, or has caused that a Lucas Jordán shall be compared with, and preferred to, a Claude Coello. But there is a further reason for the popularity, which Cabrera enjoyed; that he painted prettily, taking great pains with the faces, even when he neglected the rest, and employing brilliant coloring, pleasing to the crowd.

To his fame, have contributed his activity and extraordinary productiveness, shown by the quantity he produced, but particularly by his having painted the thirty-four great canvases of the life of San Ignacio, and the same number of that of Santo Domingo, in the short period of fourteen months. The fact is not, really, so surprising if one considers on the one hand his unfinished style, and on the other that it is in those very pictures, that his style reached its fullest expression; these being, for that reason, the worst we have seen of that artist. It must be added, too, that other artists worked in his studio, who naturally assisted him in his heavier commissions. Furthermore, it is not the quantity of the works of an artist, nor the rapidity with which he turns them out, that gives the measure of his value, but their quality, no matter how small their number. Otherwise, Luca, of course, would have long since been proclaimed the greatest painter of the world, and criticism would have relegated to oblivion such

works as the *Santa Forma* of Claude Coello, for having been made, although marvelously perfect, with patient slowness.

JOSÉ PEON Y CONTRERAS.



José Peon y Contreras was born at Merida, Yucatan, January 12, 1843, being son of Juan Bautista Peon and María del Pilar Contreras. Studying medicine in his native city, he received the degree of M.D., at the age of nineteen years. In 1863, he went to the City of Mexico and saying nothing of his earlier course, again went through the medical curriculum. By competition, he obtained an appointment in the *Hospital de Jesus*; in 1867, he was Director of the *San Hipó-*

lito Hospital for the Insane; for several years he was in charge of public vaccination for the city.

Giving his leisure to letters, José Peon y Contreras soon gained high rank as a lyric poet and a dramatist. He had already entered the field of letters before leaving Merida. His first effort was *La Cruz del Paredon*, a fantastic legend, printed when its author was eighteen years of age. A volume of *Poesias* (Poems) appeared in 1868. In Mexico, in 1871 he printed, in the paper, *El Domingo* (Sunday) a collection of *Romances historicos Mexicanos* (Mexican Historical Romances), in which he dealt with Aztec themes and actors. These have merit, but are little known. The field of José Peon y Contreras's greatest triumphs is the, in Mexico, much neglected drama. In 1876 he published his *Hasta el cielo* (Unto Heaven), a drama in prose, which was a great success. It was rapidly followed by others, mostly in verse. On May 7, 1876, *La hija del Rey* (The Daughter of the King) being presented, the writers of Mexico presented the author of the piece a gold pen and a Diploma of Honor signed by all. Agüeros says of José Peon y Contreras that he is to be compared with José Echegaray. He is of "marvellous dramatic talent; profound knowledge of the human heart; his descriptions are paintings; his dialogue is natural, sound, and moral. His faults are claimed to be similarity of

argument and absence of certain dramatic resources, showing lack of originality."

In 1880, he published *Romances dramaticos* (Dramatic Romances), in which he presents fourteen brief, rapid sketches, each of them capable of expansion into a drama. In 1881 he published *Trovas Columbina*s (Columbian Metres), lyrical poems dealing with Columbus and his discovery. In 1883, a volume of poems, *Ecos* (Echoes) was published in New York. Two novels by our author *Taide* and *Veleidosa*, have been well received, the latter being, perhaps, the favorite.

José Peon y Contreras at one time represented Yucatan in the lower house of Congress; later, in 1875, he was Senator for the same State. He has recently been a Deputy for the State of Nuevo León.

HASTA EL CIELO!

The scene is laid in the City of Mexico; the time is the seventeenth century. The play is in three acts and is written in prose. The selections are from Act III. The action takes place at Sancho's house. Sancho is the private secretary of the Viceroy; he is passing under an assumed name and is seeking vengeance against the Viceroy, who does not know his identity, for his father's death and his mother's dishonor. Blanca, supposed to be the Viceroy's ward, is in reality his daughter; this Sancho knows and gains her love, with the

intention of making her dishonor the Viceroy's disgrace. To escape a hated suitor, Blanca, trusting to Sancho's pretended love, has left her father's house and taken refuge with Sancho. The Viceroy, distracted seeks her. Ultimately, the true love, which Sancho would give her, proves impossible.

SCENE IV.

Blanca: Sancho!

Sancho: Ah, Blanca — what is the matter?

B.: Nothing; nothing; how happy I am to find you here.

S.: Did you not sleep?

B.: No. I could not. Slumber fled from my eyes.

S.: Why? Are you not here secure? What do you fear? Have I not told you ——?

B.: In vain I seek repose. My agitated spirit wakes; my afflicted soul recalls the past and trembles for the future. There are moments, when I feel that I shall go mad!

S.: You tremble, are cold — Blanca, calm yourself.

B.: The memory of this misfortune haunts me.

S.: You still insist ——!

B.: You attempt to conceal it from me, in vain. . . . Last night I overheard, when Fortun announced to you the death of this — of this marquis.

S.: Well! What of that? — Man's days are numbered. His hour of punishment arrives.

B.: Moreover, I can not conceal it from you, Sancho; the passing moments seem to me eternities.— We cannot continue living thus.— It is necessary that God should sanctify this union.

S.: Soon — very soon.

B.: This is not my house. Much as I love you, much as I have sacrificed my dignity upon the altar of this love, I cannot be tranquil. I feel something here, in my breast, of which I had no idea before,— and — you see, I cannot venture to raise my eyes in your presence.— The blush, which inflames my cheek, is the shame of guilt ———

S.: You, guilty ———?

B.: Just the same! — What am I, here? — When I am alone no one beholds me, but I would even hide me from myself.— If, in snatching me from my home, you have taken advantage of my love, do not sport with my weakness.

S.: Blanca, God reads our hearts ———

B.: Yes, and because God reads them, I implore you, once for all, to end this situation. What is past is as the image of a fearful dream.— To have dreamed it alone had seemed to me impossible. Cruel! this is very cruel!— Your very presence is enough to humiliate me — and I could not live without your presence! — I would desire that looking at you my heart should beat with joy.

I wish to feel that which I have always felt at seeing you! that which I felt before! — Why turn your face away? Why does your stern and sombre glance uneasily conceal itself beneath your lids, and why do you not look at me as heretofore?

S.: Blanca, you suspect ——

B.: No, I do not suspect; I believe. I confess it frankly. . . . Love is born and grows slowly, but it may die in a single instant! — Mine is the guilt.

S.: Cease.— Do you not see that you are lacerating my soul?

B.: Listen! At night you slept — I watched! I shuddered, for presently I heard your voice, as if distant, broken and tremulous — you were speaking as if an enormous rock weighed down upon your breast ——

S.: You are right — it was so ——!

B.: You uttered crushing words,— words of vengeance — of dishonor — of love!

S.: Also of love!

B.: Among those words, which issued as if drawn from the innermost places of your heart, and which escaped from your lips like an echo — I heard my name.— What was this, Sancho?— Tell me.

S.: A dream! — an awful nightmare! I know not whether I dreamed. I know not whether I was awake. I saw you, Blanca, humiliated,

degraded, vile,— . . . and in this fearful struggle between my love and my vengeance —

B.: Your vengeance!

S.: You do not know what that is! Grief wrung my soul; I felt madness in my brain; despair sprung up in my heart as the tempest in the black centre of the storm-cloud and a torrent of blasphemies and prayers broke from my lips.

B.: Sancho! But you are still delirious!

S.: No, Blanca; no, my poor Blanca — Now, I am not delirious; no! but I believe indeed, I shall go mad. There still continues, in my soul, a frightful combat — here I feel the battle, fierce, desperate,— mortal. Go — recover yourself.— Leave me alone!

B.: Sancho!

S.: I love you.— Go ——!

(Blanca leaves, weeping.)

SCENE V.

Sancho, who has watched Blanca disappear, when she has gone, says: Unhappy being! Why does a cursed blood course through your veins? Aye! — What blame have I, for having loved you ere I knew the stock from which you came — the blood that gives color and freshness to your cheeks, smile to your lips, light to your eyes? Why do I love you, when I ought to hate you? Why ought I to hate you, when I love you with all my heart?

— What is this? — Aye! Aye! I cannot. I cannot more.

(The curtain falls darkly on the scene. A short pause.)

* * * *

SCENE VII.

Viceroy: Sancho —

Sancho: Enter sir! So great an honor! —

V.: I have already told you, Sancho, that I love you as a son. It is not the Viceroy of Mexico, who comes now to your house. I enter it as a friend. Receive me as such.

S.: And — to what, then, do I owe this pleasure? Seat yourself, sir, seat yourself.

(The Viceroy seats himself.)

V.: I come to you, Sancho, because I am most unhappy.

S.: (With pleasure.) You, most unhappy!

V.: Yes. If you knew —

S.: And what has happened to you? Let me know — but allow me to close this door because a draught enters. (He bolts the door that communicates with the interior and through which Blanca had passed.) Ah, well! sir! what makes you unhappy? It seems incredible; a man, powerful, rich, immensely rich, cradled from infancy in the arms of fortune — Perhaps, your wife!

V.: My wife? — No! My wife has never

been able to make me unhappy, just as she has never made me happy. We have never loved. I married her for family reasons and, in fine ——

S.: I do not understand, then ——

V.: Hear me, Sancho! For many years my only good, my only joy, my sole delight in this world, has been a lovely girl ——

S.: Yes, yes,— a lovely girl who has grown up, receiving her education, in the Convent of Seville.

V.: You know it! (Profoundly surprised.)

S.: And whom you brought with you to Mexico, two years ago.

V.: Yes.

S.: You lodged her with the Sisters of the Conception where you caused her to be loved and respected as if she were your daughter.

V.: That is true!

S.: You visited her daily, secretly, at evening ——

V.: Yes, because ——

S.: You have already said it. Because you loved her with all your soul ——

V.: With all my soul! but ——

S.: But they have robbed you of her. (Very brief pause.)

V.: (Approaching Sancho, with great emotion.) And you, you Sancho, know this also!

S.: As I tell you ——

V.: And, who, who has been —? Who —?

Do not tell me his name, that matters nothing! Tell me where he is,— tell me that — because I desire his life's blood.

S.: Calm, Señor Viceroy, more calm!

V.: Calm! and she is not at my side — Calm! and the hours pass.— Calm! and the grief increases and the suffering grows stronger, and despair kills!

S.: You suffer greatly!

V.: Tell me who it is, Sancho! You know it. I see it in your eyes.— Tell me.— You know that here I am the equal of the King! The King, himself, is not more powerful than I! Ask, from me, riches, honor, position,— all, all, for your single word! Speak! You know! Is it not so?

S.: Yes. It is true.

V.: Oh, joy! And you will tell me!

S.: No.

V.: (Furious.) No? — You will not tell me, *you?* (He directs himself toward the door, raising his voice) — Halloa, here!

S.: (Gently detaining him.) Ah! I will close this door because a draught enters. (Locks the door with a key. The Viceroy looks at him with frightened surprise.)

V.: Sancho! — Are you making sport of me? Are you trifling with my agony? — But, no, no, you would not be capable of that, impossible.— You are not an ingrate.

S.: Seat yourself, Señor Viceroy, and hear me.

V.: Seat myself? — Good, I obey you — Now, you see — I seat myself.— But you must tell it me.

S.: Listen. Only last night, Señor Viceroy, I told you that Juan de Paredes,— the person who has been recommended to you ——

V.: My God! but — and, what has this to do?

S.: If you are not calm ——!

V.: Sancho!

S.: If you are not calm, I will say nothing and then you would know nothing, even if you put me to the torture.

V.: Well! well! — I am silent — I listen — What anxiety!

S.: Juan de Paredes, unhappy orphan, entrusted to a friend — very intimate — in fact a second self — the mission of avenging his wrongs upon the person who dishonored his mother, Doña Mencia, and assassinated his father — and this firm friend finally discovered the scoundrel — ah, he was a man of great power!

V.: And you know his name?

S.: If you interrupt ——

V.: I am silent.

S.: The good friend of Juan de Paredes succeeded in approaching — then in speaking with — and, later, in introducing himself into the house of — and, soon in ingratiating himself in the heart of the criminal.— He spied upon him as the wolf-

hunter spies upon his prey,— scrutinized his movements — informed himself of his most insignificant actions. He studied his character, his most hidden motives; he followed him everywhere and at all times and at last discovered the place — the place in which the lair of the beast was hidden! He had but a single love on earth! — And there he fixed his eyes, because fixing his eyes there he thrust a dagger into the assassin's heart.— Not into his heart, no,— into his very soul! — Because, that love was his daughter — a lovely maiden! ——

V.: Continue ——!

S.: She gave him evidences of her love.

V.: Continue ——!

S.: She loved him with all the blindness and strength of a first love.

V.: And he ——?

S.: He did not love her!

Blanca: (From within, with a feeble cry.)
Aye!

V.: That cry ——

S.: A cry? — Did you hear a cry?

V.: I thought — perhaps, no — I deceived myself,— continue.

S.: And one night — at night!

V.: I know it, now! — Be still! his name!

S.: He stole her — to dishonor her ——

V.: Silence.

S.: To defile her ——

V.: To defile her! — and, she?

Blanca: (Within.) Open. (Violently shakes the door.)

S.: Hear her.

V.: There — she, there! Wretch —! What have you done? You shall die. (Placing his hand on his swordhilt.)

S.: Yes, yes! Come on, infamous assassin; because, I abhor you as I do her.

SCENE VIII.

The same; also Blanca, who has broken open the door.

B.: (Addressing Sancho.) You lie! You do not abhor me!

V.: Blanca!

S.: (Pointing at Blanca.) Look at her —! look at her —! She was *there* —! (Indicating his inner apartments, where she was.) And when, soon, you die at my hand, Viceroy of Mexico, you will *have suffered two deaths!*

V.: (To Blanca.) And is it true —?

B.: Sancho! Save me from this dishonor!

S.: (Paying no attention to her; to the Viceroy.) When finally a father meets —

V.: (Trying to stop Sancho's mouth.) Silence, cursed wretch, silence —!

S.: Blanca; this is not your guardian, he is — your father!

V.: Ah —!

B.: My father! (The viceroy and Blanca stand as if stupefied.)

S.: (Contemplating them.) And how much a father's heart must suffer in presenting himself with this sacred title for the first time, to a daughter's heart. She cannot let him kiss her brow — no, she cannot.

B.: (Supplicatingly.) Sancho!

S.: He cannot feel his eyes wet with tears of joy — but only with tears of vengeance! How much she must suffer and how much he!

V.: Infamy.

S.: Infamy, no! because her suffering is multiplied a hundred-fold in yours.

V.: (Drawing his sword.) Blanca, you die!

B.: (Shrinking, horrified.) Ah!

S.: (Throwing himself upon the viceroy.) Do not touch her; look at her — she is innocent! Love has robbed me of my prey. I love her so much that my love conquered my vengeance. (Joy appears on the face of the viceroy.) But do not rejoice, Viceroy. You who rob women of their honor, and assassinate old men, do not rejoice. Only God and you and I know that she is pure. I have not dared to outrage her by a single glance; but, tomorrow ——

V.: Ah!

S.: Tomorrow the whole court shall know that she's your daughter.

V.: No!

S.: And that she passed the night here.
(Pointing to the inner rooms.)

V.: Thou shalt die.

S.: My squire knows it ——

V.: (Drawing his sword.) Enough! —
blood! — what thirst so frightful ——!

S.: (Unsheathing.) 'Tis less than mine!

B.: Señors, hold! Sancho, is this possible?

S.: Her voice again — again the cry of her
love here in my heart! Withdraw your glance
from me Blanca, since at its influence my heart
fails and the coward steel trembles in my hand.

B.: Sancho! enough!

S.: Hear it ——! Hear it, my father! She
asks it ——! Have pity on me, since, now that
the hour has come for avenging thee, the pardon
struggles to issue from my lips! My father,
pardon!

V.: Your father, you have said! Who was
your father? What is your name?

S.: My name is Juan de Paredes.

V.: You — you are the son of Don Diego and
Doña Mencia?

S.: Why do you remind me of it? Why do
summon before me their bloody spirits? Yes, I
am — I am he, whom you have robbed of all.

V.: You, who dishonored *her*!

S.: Yes.

V.: It seems as if Satan possesses you and hell
inspires your words!

B.: What does he say?

S.: What do you say?

V.: Unhappy being, know that those secret *amours* with Doña Mencia bore fruit and that fruit is ——

S.: She! oh cursed love! She is my sister ——!
Oh, almighty God!

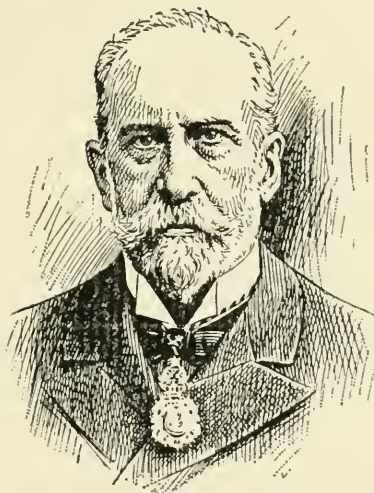
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JOSÉ MARÍA ROA BÁRCENA.



José María Roa Bárcena was born at Jalapa, State of Vera Cruz, on September 3, 1827. His father, José María Rodríguez Roa, was long and helpfully engaged in local politics. The son entered upon a business life, and literary work was, for him, at first, but a relaxation. His youthful writings, both in prose and poetry, attracted much attention. In 1853 he removed to the City of Mexico, at that time a center of great political and literary activity, where he devoted himself to a

politico-literary career. As a contributor or editor he was associated with important periodicals,—*El Universal*, *La Cruz*, *El Eco Nacional* and *La Sociedad*. He favored the French Intervention and the Imperial establishment. Soon disapproving of Maximilian's policy, he came out strongly against that ruler and refused appointments at his hands. When the Empire fell, he returned to business life, but was arrested and detained for several months in prison.

Señor Roa Bárcena has ever been associated with the conservative party, but has always commanded the respect of political foes by his firm convictions and regard for the calls of duty. He is eminently patriotic and in his writings deals with Mexican life and customs, national history, and the lives and works of distinguished Mexicans. His writings are varied. His poetry has been largely the product of his early years and of his old age; his prose has been written in his middle life.

Of his early poems *Ithamar* and *Diana* were general favorites. In 1875 his *Nuevas Poesias* (New Poems) appeared, in 1888 and 1895, two volumes of "last lyric poems" — *Ultimas Poesias liricas*. In 1860 he published an elementary work upon Universal Geography; in 1863 an *Ensayo de una Historia anecdotica de Mexico* (Attempt at an Anecdotal History of Mexico). This *Ensayo* was in prose and was divided into three parts, covering ancient Mexican history to the time

of the Conquest. In 1862, in *Leyendas Mexicanas* (Mexican Legends) he presented much the same matter in verse. These three charmingly written books, while conscientious literary productions, were intended for youth. Of stronger and more vigorous prose are his political novel, *La Quinta modelo* (The Model Farm) and his famous biographies of *Manuel Eduardo Gorostiza* and *José Joaquín Pesado*. Of the latter, often considered his masterpiece, one writer asserts, it shows "rich style, vast erudition, admirable method, severe impartiality in judgment, profound knowledge of the epoch and of the man." Famous is the *Recuerdos de la invasion Norteamericana 1846-1847* (Recollections of the American Invasion: 1846-1847), which appeared first in the columns of the periodical *El Siglo XIX*, and was reprinted in book form only in 1883. But it is in his short stories that Roa Bárcena appears most characteristically. His *Novelas, originales y traducidas* (Novels, original and translated) appeared in 1870. They are notable for delicacy of expression, minute detail in description and action, some mysticism, and a keen but subtle humor. In his translations from Dickens, Hoffman, Byron, Schiller, our author is wonderfully exact and faithful both to sense and form.

COMBATS IN THE AIR.

Some of Roa Bárcena's characteristics are well illustrated in the little sketch, *Combates en el aire* (Combats in the air). An old man recalls the fancies and experiences of his boyhood. To him, as a child, kites had character and he associated individual kites with persons whom he knew; they had emotions and passions; they spoke and filled him with joy or terror. One great kite, a bully in disposition, was, for him, a surly neighbor, whom all feared. This dreadful kite had ruined many of the cherished kite possessions of his young companions. Once his teacher, the boy himself, and some friends, fabricated a beautiful kite. In its first flight it is attacked by the bully and the battle is described.

The preliminaries of the sport began with the manufacture of the kite. The kinds most used were *pandorgas*, parallelograms of paper or cloth, according to size and importance, with the skeleton composed of strong and flexible cane, called *otate*, with hummers of gut or parchment or rag, at the slightly curved top or bottom — or they bore the name of *cubos* (squares), made with three small crossed sticks covered with paper and with a broad fringe of paper or cloth at the sides. Both kinds usually displayed the national colors or bore

figures of Moors and Christians, birds and quadrupeds. The tails were enormously long and were forms of tufts of cloth, varying in size, tied cross-wise of the cord, which ended in a bunch of rags; in the middle of the cord were the 'cutters,' terribly effective in battles between kites; they were two cockspur-knives of steel, finely sharpened, projecting from the sides of a central support of wood, with which the bearer cut the string of his opponent, which, thus abandoned to its fate on the wings of the wind, went whirling and tumbling through the air, to fall at last to the ground, at a considerable distance. Night did not end the sport; they had messengers or paper lanterns, hanging from a great wheel of cardboard, through the central opening in which the kite-string passed, and which, impelled by the wind, went as far as the check-string and whirled there, aloft, with its candles yet lighted.

* * * *

A neighbor of gruff voice, harsh aspect, and the reputation of a surly fellow, was, for me, represented by a great *pandorga*, with powerfully bellowing hummer, which on every windy day sunk — if we may use the term — some eight or ten unfortunate *cubos*, thus being the terror of all the small boys of our neighborhood. It was made of white cloth, turned almost black by the action of sun and rain; its long tail twisted and writhed like a great serpent, and even doubled upon itself

midway, at times, on account of the weight of its large and gleaming cutters. Its hoarse and continuous humming could be heard from one end of the town to the other and sounded to me like the language of a bully.

* * * *

Just then was heard a bellowing, as of a bull, and, black and threatening, the well known *pan-dorga* bully appeared in the air, more arrogant than ever, glowering with malicious eyes upon its unexpected rival and preparing to disembowel it, at the least. For a moment the members of our little company shuddered, because, in the anxiety and haste to raise the *cubo*, we had forgotten to attach the cutters. To lower it then, in order to arm it, would have looked like lowering a flag, which was not to Martínez's taste. Trusting, then, to his own dexterity, he prepared for the defence, intending to entangle the cord of our *cubo* in the upper part of the tail of the enemy, which would cause the kite and its tail to form an acute angle riding upon our attaching cord, and would hurl it headlong to the earth. . . . The bully rose to the north, in order to fall almost perpendicularly, on being given more string, upon the cord of the *cubo*, and then, on ascending again with all possible force, to cut it. Once, twice, three times it made the attempt, but was foiled by our giving the *cubo* extra cord, also, at the decisive moment. Raging and bel-

lowing, the enemy drew much nearer, and taking advantage of a favorable gust, risked everything in a desperate effort to cut us. As its sharp set tail, keen as a Damascus blade, grazed our cord, the watchful Martínez gave this a sudden, sharp jerk against the tail itself, causing both it and the kite to double and plunge. In its headlong dash, it cut loose the cubo, which, alone, and whirling like a serpent through the air, went to fall a quarter of a league away. But the aggressor too fell, and fell most ignominiously. Thrown and whirled by the treacherous cord of its victim, it could not regain its normal attitude, and like the stick of an exhausted rocket, fell almost vertically to the earth, landing in the center of our court, where it was declared a just prisoner.

NEAR THE ABYSS.

In *Noche al raso*, the coach from Orizaba to Puebla breaks down a little before reaching its destination. The passengers beguile the night hours with stories. The story told by "the Captain" is entitled *A dos dedos del Abismo* (At two fingers from the abyss). An exquisite, Marquis del Veneno, is the hero. Of good birth and well connected, with no special wealth or prospects, frequenting good society, he has never yielded to feminine charms. A young lady, Loreto, daughter of an aged professor of chemistry, is beautiful

and socially attractive, but a blue-stocking, fond of mouthing Latin, of poetry and of science. The Marquis has no idea of paying attentions to Loreto, in fact he despises her pedantry. But gossip connects their names and a series of curious incidents give color to the report that they are betrothed. The aged chemist clinches the matter, despite desperate efforts on the part of the Marquis to explain, and the engagement is announced. In his dilemma the Marquis seeks advice and aid from his *padrino*, General Guadalupe Victoria, and from his friend, the famous Madame Rodriguez. All, however, seems in vain. Just as he decides to accept the inevitable, an escape presents itself. The passages selected are those which describe the interview between the old chemist and the Marquis and the opening of a way of escape.

Somewhat disquieted as to the purport of such an appointment, del Veneno, after many turns, back and forth, in his chamber, was inclined to believe that reports of his supposed relations having come to the ears of Don Raimundo, the old man proposed to hear from his own lips the facts. Basing himself on this supposition, the Marquis, whose conscience was entirely clear, decided to be frank and loyal with the old gentleman, explaining fully his own conduct in the matter, and endeavoring to dissipate any natural vexation which the

popular gossip had caused him;—gossip, for which the Marquis believed he had given no cause. Having decided upon this procedure, he succeeded in falling asleep and the following day, with the most tranquil air in the world, he directed himself, at the hour set, to the place of appointment, feeling himself, like the Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach.

. . . He installed himself at one of the least conspicuous tables of the café and soon saw Don Raimundo, who saluted him, and seating himself at his side, spoke to him in these terms :

“Dissimulation is useless, my friend, in matters so grave and transcendental as that which you and my daughter have in hand; I do not mean that I disapprove the prudence and reserve with which you have both acted. It is true that you, as Loreto, have carried dissimulation and secrecy to such an extreme, that ——”

“Permit me to interrupt you, Don Raimundo, to say that I do not understand to what matter you refer ——”

“My friend, you young people believe that, in placing your fingers over your eyes you blot out the sun for the rest of us. But, we old folks, we see it all! We decompose and analyze; further — what will not a father’s insight and penetration discover? From the beginning of your love for Loreto ——”

“But, sir, if there has not been ——”

“Nothing indecorous, no scandal will come from the relations between you — that I know right well; it could not be otherwise in a matter involving a finished gentleman, to whom propriety and nobility of character have descended from both lines, and a young lady who, though it ill becomes me to say it, has been perfectly educated, has read much, and knows how to conduct herself in society. I tell you, friend Leodegario, that for months past no one has needed to whisper in my ear, ‘These young people love each other,’ because the thing was evident and had not escaped me. Accustomed, from my youth, to decomposition and analysis, I have questioned my wife, ‘Do they love each other?’ and she has answered, ‘I believe they do.’ I then inquired, ‘Have you spoken with Loreto about it?’ and she replied, ‘Not a word.’ Days pass and your mutual passion ——”

“It is my duty, Don Raimundo, to inform you ——”

“It is your duty to hear me without interrupting me. Days pass and your mutual passion, arrived at its height, enters the crucible of test. You withdraw from Loreto and she pretends not to notice it. Thoughtless people say, ‘They have broken with each other’; but I say, ‘Like sheep they separate for a little, to meet again with the greater joy.’ Others say, ‘The Marquis is fickle and changeable’; but I say, ‘He gives evidence of greater chivalry and nobility than I believed

him to possess.' Friend Leodegario, what do not the eyes of a father discover? What, in the moral as in the physical world, can resist decomposition and analysis? With a little isolation and examination of the elements composing such an affair, the truth is precipitated and shows itself at the bottom of the flask! I know it all; I see it, just as if it were a chemical reaction! You — delicate and honorable to quixotism, knowing that the grocer Ledesma is attentive to Loreto, and considering yourself relatively poor, have said to yourself, 'I will not stand in the way of the worldly betterment of this young lady,' and have abruptly left the field. Loreto, in her turn, offended that you should believe her capable of sacrificing you upon the altar of her self-interest, has determined to arouse your jealousy by pretending to accept the attentions which Ledesma offers in the form of raisins, almonds, codfish and cases of wine. I repeat that this is all very plain; but it is a sort of trifling that can not be prolonged without peril, and which I have ended so far as my daughter is concerned. Your future and hers might both suffer from the rash actions of irritated love; no, my dear sir: let Ledesma keep his wealth, or lavish it upon some Galician countrywoman; and let respectable financial mediocrity, accompanied by the noble character and the delicacy and chivalry which distinguish you, triumphantly bear away the prize. A bas Galicia! viva Mexico!"

“The complete mistake under which you labor ——”

“My friend, one who, like myself, decomposes and analyzes everything, rarely or never makes mistakes! Last night, I brought my wife and daughter together and, to assure myself of the state of mind of the latter, made use of this stratagem: ‘Loreto,’ I said, ‘Don Leodegario has asked me for your hand; what shall I answer him?’ Immediately both mother and daughter flushed as red as poppies and embraced each other. Loreto then replied, ‘I am disposed to whatever you may determine.’ ‘But do you love him?’ I asked. ‘Yes, I love him,’ she answered with downcast eyes. With this, my friend, the mask fell and these things only remained to be done, what I have done this morning and what I am doing now; to wit: to intimate to Señor Ledesma that he desist from his aspirations regarding a young lady who is to marry another within a few days, and to tell you that Loreto’s parents, duly appreciative of the noble conduct of the aspirant for their daughter’s hand, yield her to him, sparing all explanations and steps unpleasant to one’s self-respect, and desiring for you both, in your marriage relation, a life longer than Methuselah’s and an offspring more numerous than Jacob’s.”

“But, sir, Don Raimundo ——”

“Neither butts nor barrels avail.* You were

* There is here a play on words not easy to render well. *Pero*-but; *pera*-pear; *aguacate* is a sort of fruit. The text runs:

marvelously self-controlled, in believing yourself unworthy of Loreto, and in refusing the happiness for which your heart longed; but I am also master* of my daughter's lot and I desire to unite her to you and render you happy perforce. Come, friend Leodegario, there is no escape. Dr. Román has promised to marry you in the church; I have ordered my wife to announce the approaching marriage to her lady friends and I am making the announcement to the gentlemen. Everyone cordially congratulates me upon my selection of a son-in-law."

* * * *

With this object, he took up his hat and gloves. Just then he heard a noise and voices in altercation in the corridor; the door opened violently and Don Raimundo entered the room in his shirt sleeves and a cap, his face pallid, and a breakfast roll in his hand. He entered, and saying nothing to the Marquis beyond the words, "They pursue me," ran to hide himself under the bed, frightened and trembling.

Seeing this, the young man seized a sword from the corner of the room and set forth to meet the pursuers of Don Raimundo.

"Pero — señor Don Raimundo "

"No hay peros, ni aguacates que valgan."

The exact translation is:

"But — señor Don Raimundo —"

There are no pears, nor aguacates, which avail.

* Here again is a *double-entendre*. The same word *dueno*, owner, is here translated as self-controlled, and master. The young man is master (of himself), the old man is master of his daughter's lot.

He found, in the next room, Fabian, Don Raimundo's servant, almost as old as his master himself. With him were two porters, bearing no arms more serious than their carry-straps. The Marquis having asked Fabian what this meant, the faithful old servant took him to one side and said, "The master has left home, against the doctor's orders, and we have come to fetch him, as my lady and her daughter do not wish him wandering alone on the streets."

Without yet understanding the enigma, del Veneno further questioned Fabian and learned that Don Raimundo, after some days of symptoms of mental disturbance, had become absolutely deranged and, for a week back, had been locked up in the house.

Immediately the Marquis understood the conduct of his father-in-law-to-be toward himself and a gleam of hope appeared. But, moved by sympathy and without thinking of his own affairs, he tried to persuade the old man to leave with Fabian, which, with great difficulty, he at last did.

He then hastened to the house of Madame Rodriguez, where he was received almost gaily. "I was about to send for you," said that lady, "because I have most important matters to communicate to you. Perhaps you know that the unfortunate Don Raimundo is hopelessly insane. Ah, well, Loreto and her mamma, after cudgelling their brains vainly to explain why you never whis-

pered a word about the wedding, of which Don Raimundo only spoke, as soon as they knew the old man was deranged, understood everything else, and I have confirmed them in their conclusions. It is needless to dwell upon the mortification the matter has caused them: you can imagine it; but, fulfilling the commission which they have intrusted to me, I tell you that they consider you free from all compromise and that they are greatly pleased at the prudence and chivalry you have displayed in so unpleasant and disagreeable a matter."

"But I am not capable," impetuously exclaimed the Marquis, "of leaving such a family in a ridiculous position. No, my dear lady, pray tell Loreto that, decidedly and against all wind and sea, I *will* marry her, and that in the quickest possible time."

"Marquis! tempt not God's patience! Now that a door is opened, escape by it without looking back and consider yourself lucky. Moreover, although Loreto babbles in Latin and writes distiches, she is not so stupid as you think, and knows well how to take care of herself. She has understood conditions perfectly and knows her advantage; a single glance has sufficed to draw to her feet the grocer, more attentive and enamored than ever."

"How, madam? Is it possible that Loreto would ——"

"Loreto marries Ledesma within a week."

Who can know the chaos of the human heart?

The Marquis, who a moment before had been supremely happy at the mere idea of his release, now felt vexed and humiliated in knowing that Loreto so promptly replaced him. His pupils grew yellow, his nervous attack returned and this, without doubt, was all that prevented his hovering about Loreto's house as a truly enamored swain and challenging Ledesma to the death.

JUSTO SIERRA.



Justo Sierra was born January 26, 1848, at Campeche, the capital city of the State of the same name. The son of a man known in the world of letters, he early showed himself interested in literary pursuits. Determining to follow the career of law, he was licensed to practice at the age of twenty-three. Chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies, he promptly gained a reputation as an orator. He became one of the

justices of the Supreme Court. At present he is Sub-Secretary of Public Instruction and has been connected with all recent progress in Mexican education. For some year he was professor of general history in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School). Among his works are *Cuentos románticos* (Romantic Tales), *En Tierra Yankee* (In Yankee Land), and *México y su evolución social* (Mexico and its Social Evolution). In style Sierra is poetical and highly fantastic, with a strain of humor rare in Mexicans. Our selection is a complete story from *Cuentos románticos*.

THE STORY OF STAREI: A LEGEND OF YELLOW
FEVER.

Examining a volume, pretentiously styled *Album de Viaje* (Album of Travel), which lay amid the sympathetic dust, which time accumulates in a box of long-forgotten papers, I encountered what my kind readers are about to see.

We were in the *diligencia* coming from Vera Cruz, a German youth, Wilhelm S.—with flaxen hair and great, expressionless, blue eyes,—and myself. We had not well gained the summit of the Chiquihuite, when the storm burst upon us. The coach halted, in order not to expose itself to the dangers of the descent over slopes now converted into rivers. I neared my face to the window,

raising the heavy leather curtain, which the wind was beating against the window-frame; it looked like night. Above us, the tempest, with its thousand black wings, beat against space; its electric bellowings, rumbled from the hills to the sea, and the lightning, like a gleaming sword tearing open the bosom of the clouds, revealed to us, within, the livid entrails of the storm.

We were literally in the midst of a cataract, which, precipitating itself from the clouds, rebounded from the mountain summit, and rushed, with torrential fury, down the slopes.

“I am drenched in oceans of perspiration,” said my companion to me in French, “and I have an oven inside of me.”

“Go to sleep,” I replied, “and all this will pass,” and, joining example to counsel, I wrapped myself in my cloak and closed my eyes.

Two hours later the tempest had passed, drifting to the west, over the wooded heights. It was five in the evening and the declining sun was nearing the last low-lying patches of cloud. The light, penetrating through the exuberant vegetation, colored everything with a marvelous variety of hues, which melted into a glow of gold and emerald. To the east an infinite sheet of verdure extended itself, following all the folds and irregularities of the mountain mass, flecked here and there with the delicate and brilliant green of banana patches, and undulating over that stairway of

giants, became blue with distance and broke like a sea against the broad strip of sand of the Vera Cruz coast. The road which we had followed in our ascent, wound like a serpent among trees, which scarcely distinguished their foliage masses amid the dense curtain of vines and creepers, passed over a lofty bridge, descended in broad curves to a little settlement of wooden buildings, and went, between dense and tangled patches of briars, to confound itself with the bit of railroad which led from the foot of the mountain to the port. At the bottom of the picture, there, where the sea was imagined, were rising superb cloud masses against whose blue-gray ground were defined the black and immovable streaks of stratus, seeming a flock of seabirds opening their enormous wings to the wind, which delayed its blowing.

The German slept as one much fatigued and from his panting bosom issued heavy sobs; he seemed afflicted with intense suffering; a suspicion crossed my mind; if he should ——!

The branches of a neighboring tree projected, through an open window, into the *diligencia*, which was standing still, until the torrents should have spent something of their force. Upon a yellowed leaf trembled a raindrop, the last tear of the tempest. Preoccupied by the dismal fear which the condition of my companion caused me, I looked attentively at that bead of crystal liquid. This is what I saw:

The drop of water was the Gulf of Mexico, bordered by the immense curve of hot coast and cut off, on the east, by two low breakwaters, crusted with flowers and palms,— Florida and Yucatan, between which, in flight, extended a long string of seabirds, the Antilles, headed by the royal heron, Cuba, slave served by slaves.

In the midst of the Gulf, surmounted by a yellow crown, which gilded the sea around like an enormous sunflower which reflects itself in a flower of water, arose a barren island of the color of impure gold, where currents deposited the seaweeds like the wrappings which swathe Egyptian mummies. Above that rocky mass the sun gleamed like copper, the rapid moon passed veiled by livid vapors, and on days of tempest the storm-birds described wide circles around it, uttering direful croakings. A voice, infinitely sad, like the voice of the sea, sounded in that lost island; listen, it said to me.

The very year in which the sons of the sun arrived at the islands, there lived in Cuba a woman of thirteen years, named Starei (star). She was very beautiful; black were her eyes and intoxicatingly sweet like those of the Aztecs; her skin firm and golden as that of those who bathe in the Meschacebé; celestial her voice as that of the *shkok*, which sings its serenades in the zapote groves of Mayapán; and her little feet were as graceful and fine as those of Antillean princesses,

who pass their lives swinging in hammocks, which seem to be woven by fairies. When Starei appeared one morning on the strand, seated on the red shell of a sea-turtle, she seemed a living pearl and all adored her as a daughter of god, of Dimivan-caracol. The priestess of the tribe prayed all night near the sacred fire, in which smouldered leaves of the intoxicating tobacco, and at last heard the divine voice, which resounded within the heart of the great stone fetish, saying: "Kill her not; guard and protect her; she is the daughter of the Gulf and the Gulf was her cradle; God grant that she return there."

Starei completed her thirteen years and the old and the young, prophets and warriors, caciques and slaves, abandoned their villages, temples, and hearths, to run after her on the seashore. All were crazy with love, but, if one of them approached her, the Gulf thundered hoarsely and the storm-bird flew screaming across the sky.

Starei sang like the Mexican *zonzontl*, and her song soothed like the seabreeze which kisses the palms in hot evenings, and in laughing she opened her red lips like the wings of the *ipiri* and her bosom rose and let fall in enticing folds, the fine web of cotton that covered it. Men on seeing her wept, kneeling, and women wept also, seeing their palm huts deserted and their beds of rushes chilled and untouched.

One stormy night, the divine Starei returned to

the village, after one of her rambles on the shore, in which she passed hours watching the waves, as if waiting for something; those who followed her determined to heap high their dead and bury them; the aged who had died from weariness in the pursuit of the Gulf's daughter, the youths who had thrown their hearts at her feet, the mothers who had died of grief and the wives who had died of despair.

It was a night of tempest; Hurakan, the god of the Antilles, reigned with unwitnessed fury. The priests spoke of a new deluge and of the legendary gourd in which were the ocean and the sea-monsters, which, one day, broke and inundated the earth, and, terrified, they ascended to the summit of their temple-pyramid and took refuge in the shadow of their gods of stone, which trembled on their pedestals. The people of the island, overwhelmed with terror, forgot Starei. All the night was passed in prayer and sacrifice; but at day-break, they ran, infatuated, to where the song of the maiden called them.

Starei was on the shore, seated on the trunk of one of the thousands of palm trees, which the wind had uprooted and thrown upon the sand; upon her knees rested the head of a white man, who appeared to be a corpse. The beauty of that face was sweet and manly at once and the just appearing beard indicated the youthfulness of the man, whom Starei devoured with eyes bathed in tears.

“Whoever saves him,” she exclaimed, “shall be my husband, my life companion.”

“He is dead,” solemnly replied an aged priest.

“He lives,” cried a man, opening his way through the crowd.

The astonished Indians fell away from him; never had they seen so strange a being among them. He was tall and strong; his hair, the color of corn-silk, rose rigidly above his broad and bronzed forehead and dividing into two masses fell thick and straight upon his shoulders; his eyebrows were two delicate red lines, which joined at the root of his aquiline nose; his mouth, of the purple hue of Campeche wood, bent upward at the tips, in a sensual and cruel arch. The oval of his face, unbroken by even a trace of beard, did not so much attract attention as his eyes, of the color of two coins of purest gold, set in black circles. He was naked, but splendidly tattooed with red designs; from the gold chain that encircled his waist hung a skirt, deftly woven of the feathers of the *huitztl*, the humming-bird of Anahuac.

That man, who, many believed, came from Hayti, approached that which seemed to be a corpse, without paying attention to the glance, of profound anger, of Starei. He laid one hand upon the icy brow of the white man, and, on placing the other to the heart, instantly withdrew it as if he had touched a glowing brand; rapidly he tore open the still-drenched shirt of linen, which

covered the youth's breast and seized an object that hung at the neck. This object Starei snatched from him. Was it a Talisman? When that singular man no longer had beneath his hand that, which had, doubtless, been to him a hindrance, he placed it upon the stilled heart of the shipwrecked stranger and said to the maiden, "Kiss him on the lips," and had scarcely been obeyed when the supposed dead man recovered and, taking the piece of wood from Starei's hand, knelt, placing it against his lips and bathing it in tears. It was a cross.

"Adieu, Starei," said he of the eyes of gold; "yonder is the hut of Zekom (fever) among the palms; there is our nuptial couch; I await you because you have promised."

The daughter of the Gulf could not restrain a cry of anger at hearing the words of the son of Heat; she approached the Christian, clasped his neck in her arms and covered his mouth and eyes with kisses. "No! no! leave me, thou loved of Satan," cried the youth, trying to release himself from the beautiful being. Starei took him by the hand, led him to her hut, and said to him, in expressive pantomime, "Here we two will live."

Then her companion replied in the language of those of Hayti, which was perfectly understood in Cuba:

"I cannot be thy husband; I will be thy brother."

“Why not? Who are you?”

“I am from far, far beyond the sea. I come from Castile. With many others, I arrived, some months ago, at Hayti, and knowing that this, your isle, had not been visited by Christians, we desired to visit it, but were shipwrecked in the fearful tempest of last night and I was about to perish, when thy hand seized me amid the waves and brought me to the shore.”

“And why do you not wish to be my husband?”

“Because I am a priest and my god, who is the only god, orders his priests not to marry; he orders us to preach love. I come to preach it here, but not the love of the world,” added the Spaniard, sighing.

“This cannot be; it is not true,” replied the island woman, with vigor, “remain here with me in my hut, and we will be the rulers of the island and our children will be heirs of all.”

“I will be thy brother,” replied the missionary.

And the Indian woman left, weeping. In the way she met Zekom, who fixed his terrible yellow glance upon her.

“Comest to my hut, Starei?” he asked her.

“Never,” she answered firm and brave.

“We will be the rulers of all the islands of the seas and our children will be gods on earth, because we are children of the gods; the Gulf begot you in a pearlshell; the glowing Tropic begot me in a reef of gold and coral.”

Starei paused; she was upon the summit of a rock, from which the whole coast was visible.

“Look,” continued Zekom, “this will be our kingdom.” And before the fascinated eye of the daughter of the Gulf there was spread out a surprising panorama. In the midst of an emerald prairie, a *cu* or *teocalli* reared its high pyramid of gold, which shed its light around, even to the distant horizon. Over that gleaming plain were prostrated innumerable people with fear depicted on their faces. Genii, clad in marvelous garments, discharged upon these people, innumerable flaming arrows, the touch of which caused death. And upon the summit of the *cu*, she stood erect, as on a pedestal, more beautiful than the sun of springtime. The daughter of the Gulf remained long in silent ecstasy.

“Come, Starci,” murmured Zekom in her ear, “tomorrow I await thee in my hut.”

Starei departed thinking, dreaming. When the new day dawned, she saw the Spaniard, hidden in the forest, kneeling, with his eyes turned heavenward. At seeing him, the Indian maiden felt all her love rekindled; she threw herself, anew, upon him and clasping him within her arms, repeated:

“Love me; love me, man of the cold land. I will adore thy god, who cannot curse us because we fulfil his law, the law of life. Come to my nuptial hut; I will be thy slave; we will pray to-

gether and I will be as humble and as cowardly as thou; but love me as I love you."

"I will be thy brother," replied the missionary, pale with emotion.

"Cursed art thou!" said Starei, and fled.

The priest made a movement, as if to follow her, but restrained himself, casting one sublime glance of grief toward heaven.

Again, through all that night, the Gulf thundered frightfully. At break of day, Zekom and Starei issued from the nuptial hut, but as the maiden received the first rays of the sun in her languid eyes, they lost their luminous blackness like that of the night and turned yellow with the color of gold, like those of her lover. He cast a stone into the sea and instantly there appeared, in the west, a black pirogue, which neared the shore impelled by the hurricane, which filled its blood-red sails.

"Come to be my queen," said Zekom to the daughter of the Gulf and they entered into the bark, which instantly gained the horizon.

Then the missionary appeared upon the shore, crying:

"Come, Starei, my sister, I love thee."

The silhouette of the pirogue, like a black wing, was losing itself in the indistinct line where the sea joins the sky. Starei had joined herself in marriage to the devil.

And the voice which resounded, sad and melan-

choly, from the rock, continued — this is the centre of the domain of Starei; from here her eternal vengeance against the whites radiates. The missionary died soon after, of a strange disease, and his cold body turned horribly yellow, as if from it were reflected the eyes of gold of Zekom. Since then every year Starei weeps for him, disconsolate, and her tears evaporated by the tropic heat poison the atmosphere of the Gulf, and woe for the sons of the cold land.

The raindrop fell to the ground; the coach proceeded on its way, and I turned to glance at my friend; he was insensible; a livid, yellow hue was invading his skin and his eyes seemed to start from their orbits. “I die, I die, oh, my mother,” said the poor boy. I did not know what to do. I clasped him in my arms trying to sooth his sufferings, to give him courage. We reached Cordoba. The poor fevered patient said: “Look at her — the yellow woman.” “Who? Is it Starei?” I asked him. “Yes. It is she,” he answered.

It was necessary for me to leave him. On arriving at Mexico I read this paragraph in a Vera Cruz paper: “The young German, Wilhelm S., of the house of Watermayer & Co., who left this city in apparent health, has died of yellow fever at Cordoba, R. I. P.”

VICTORIANO SALADO ÁLBAREZ.



Victoriano Salado Álvarez was born at Teocaltoche, in the State of Jalisco, September 30, 1867. He studied law in the *Escuela de Jurisprudencia* in the city of Guadalajara, taking his title of *Abogado*, on August 30, 1890. He has long been engaged in journalistic work, serving as editor of various periodicals. For three years past he has lived in the City of Mexico and has represented the State of Sonora in the Chamber of Deputies of the National Congress. He is also professor of

the Spanish language in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School). He is a member of the Mexican Academy.

In literature, Señor Álvarez stands for the careful and discriminating use of pure Spanish, and for the treatment of truly Mexican themes in a characteristically Mexican way. He is an uncompromising antagonist of the present tendency, in Mexico, to copy and imitate the "modern" (and quite properly called "decadent") French writings. His *De mi cosecha* (From My Harvest) is a little volume of reviews and criticisms, in which he assails this modern school and pleads for a sane and truly national literature. *De autos* (From Judicial Records), is a collection of tales, original and reworked. His largest work so far in print is *De Santa Anna á la Reforma* (From Santa Anna to the Reform), an anecdotal treatment of that period of the national history. His latest work, *La Intervencion y el Imperio* (The Intervention and the Empire) is now being published in Barcelona, Spain. It is of similar character to the preceding, but deals with the time of Maximilian. The two first parts of this, *Las ranas pidiendo rey* (The Frogs Begging for a King) and *Puebla*, are in press as this notice is being written.

Our selections are from *De autos* and *De mi cosecha*.

DE AUTOS.

In the village of Huizache, on the twentieth day of February, one thousand nine hundred, having received the accompanying summons, we went to the place known by the name of *Corral de Piedra*, situated about one kilometre distant, and held an inquest upon the body of a man about twenty-two years of age, tall, dark, with a light down on his upper lip, with black hair, eyebrows, and eyes; he showed, in the precordial region, an opening produced by the entrance of a bullet, which had its hole of exit in the left scapula, and another wound, produced by a sabre, in the forehead, the wound measuring eleven centimetres in length, by one centimetre in breadth, the depth not being ascertainable for lack of suitable instruments for its examination. With the body were found a red serape sprinkled with blood, a leather pouch containing cigarettes, twenty-two cents in copper, twenty-five cents in silver, a copy of the religious print known as the *anima sola*, and a recommendation signed by Manuel Tames, of Guadalajara, in which the good character of a person, whose name cannot be made out, is attested. After the inquest, it was ordered that the corpse should be buried in the village cemetery, after first being exposed to public view, clad in the garments in which it was found — which are white drill pantaloons, calico shirt, sash,

sandals, a palm hat — for possible recognition. Near the spot, where it is supposed that the deed was committed, a piece of a sabre was found, which is believed to be one of the weapons used in the attack.

Thus stands the record, signed by the Alcalde, and the other witnesses, as, also, the citizen, Gregorio López, practising physician, forty years of age, married, citizen of a neighboring town, there being no licensed physician in this jurisdiction. No autopsy was ordered, there being no suitable instruments for making it.

* * * *

On this date appears a complainant, who after being duly sworn, says that she is named Damiana Pérez, married, without vocation, seventy years of age, native and inhabitant of Guadalajara; that the corpse here present is that of her son, Ignacio Almeida, twenty years old, carpenter, son of deponent and her husband Pedro Almeida; that said mentioned son died by the police force of this place, the matter occurring as follows: That for some time past the said mentioned son maintained honorable relations with Marta Ruiz, resident in the same house with the complainant in Guadalajara, which house is the *alcaiceria* * called *La Calavera*, that, as the parents of the Ruiz girl unreasonably opposed the relation of the lovers, Ignacio

* Market for raw stuffs or materials.

arranged to carry the girl away, which he did, coming to this village, where he proposed to work at his trade; that the deponent, being acquainted with the whole matter, and having gained consent of the parents of the Ruiz girl, who is a minor, desired to legalize the marriage and, for that purpose, had come to Huizache, where she learned that Ignacio had been put in prison and that he had afterward been killed; that this is all that she has to declare and that Don Juan Cortes, his employer, Don Manuel Tames, and many others who knew him can testify to the good character and conduct of her son.

* * * *

This same day, appears a witness, who stated, after the customary oath, that he was named Antonio Vera, married, fifty-five years of age, native of Ixtlan, and now chief of police of this place; that the body present is that of a person, who yesterday morning was sent to him by the municipal President, to be conducted to the capital of the district, accused, if he does not remember wrongly, of vagrancy, disorderly conduct, and abduction of a girl, who accompanied him; that, as is known, these accusations were made to the Señor President by Señor Don Pedro Gómez Gálvez, owner of the Hacienda de San Buenaventura, who also made complaint against the now defunct, that he had lost from one of his pastures two horses,

which were there enclosed, one of them being known by the name of *El Resorte*, and the other being called *El Jaltomate*, as well as twenty pesos in money, and other objects which had disappeared from the general store on his place; that, this morning at dawn, he commanded his subordinates that they should saddle and mount their horses, which they did, and lead the prisoner, who walked bound with cords, between them riding in two files; that on reaching the place known as *Corral de piedra*, the now defunct, who had succeeded in loosening his cords, on account of the darkness, tried to escape, crying "*Viva la libertad de los hombres; chase me, if you wish,*" for which reason, those who accompanied the deponent, discharged their arms against him who was escaping, ceasing their attack when they saw that the prisoner fell dead; that Almeida, in attempting to escape fired two shots, of which one pierced the hat worn by one of the police and the other imbedded itself in deponent's saddle; that he did not know how the prisoner could have secured the revolver, nor where he threw it when he ran; that he was equally ignorant as to how the body received the gash which it showed, as none of his subordinates used his sabre against the accused.

The declaration having been read, he approved it, not knowing how to sign his name.

* * * *

(Similar declarations of the four auxiliaries.)

Thereupon the coroner was shown a gray hat, with brim and crown pierced by a shot, apparently of a fire-arm, and a cowboy's saddle with signs of a bullet shot in the horn.

* * * *

On the twenty-fourth of February appeared a witness, who, being duly sworn, stated that she was named Marta Ruiz, unmarried, sixteen years of age, without vocation, native and inhabitant of Guadalajara; that she knew Ignacio Almeida, with whom she had lived in illicit relations for six months, having before been in honorable relations with the purpose of contracting marriage; not succeeding in their desires, on account of the opposition of deponent's parents, they agreed to run away together, intending to marry later; that, arriving at this place, and being without work, Almeida sought and secured it at the Hacienda de San Buenaventura, situated a half league's distance from here; that, at first they lived there content; but that, soon, the Señor Don Pedro Gómez Gálvez, owner of that place, began to pay attention to her, urging her to abandon Almeida, and that she resisted; that Don Pedro was angered and threatened her to incriminate her lover, which he afterward did, since, about two weeks later Almeida was taken prisoner, without deponent's having succeeded in seeing him meantime; that it is false that Ignacio had a pistol, and, more so, that

he had shot at anyone; that she knows that the hat and the saddle (given in evidence at the inquest) are shown in all the cases similar to this, to prove that they were pierced; but that said marks are ancient, as she had been told that, in the inquest held two years ago on the death of Perfecto Sánchez, they were in evidence; that three days since, on the death of her lover being known in San Buenaventura, the Señor Gómez Gálvez came to her and said "Now, ingrate, you see what has happened. You may blame yourself for this." And, that then he attempted to embrace her and when deponent resisted him, the Señor Don Pedro ordered that they should put her off the place, which was done without permitting her to remove her possessions.

The declaration having been read, she approved it, not knowing how to sign her name.

* * * *

On the fourteenth of June, when it was known that Señor Don Pedro Gómez Gálvez was there, the personnel of the court went to the house of said person, for the purpose of interrogating him. After the affirmation prescribed by law, he stated that he was married, forty years of age, native of the Hacienda de San Buenaventura and inhabitant of Guadalajara; that he knew Ignacio Almeida, carpenter, who worked on his place for the space of six months; that, finally, having lost vari-

ous animals from San Buenaventura, as well as money and other things, and having suspicion that the thief might be Almeida, he had informed the Municipal President, who ordered the arrest of the criminal; that he knows the said Almeida was killed by his guards, when attempting escape, at the place called *Corral de piedra*, and that he shot a pistol at the said policemen; that he does not know Marta Ruiz, nor has ever made love advances to her, nor was this the motive of his denunciation of Almeida, but the desire to recover the property, which he had lost.

* * * *

On this date, the preceding deponent was confronted with the witness Marta Ruiz (who was brought by force from her house), on account of the discrepancies found in their statements. The Ruiz woman, greatly excited, said to Señor Gálvez, "You demanded my love and told me, if I gave you no encouragement, you would incriminate Ignacio." The Señor Gómez Gálvez replied to the Ruiz woman, "It is false: I do not even know you."

It was impossible to proceed further in the matter, as the Ruiz woman could not reply, having suffered a nervous attack; the investigation was therefore held as closed; the presiding Judge, the Alcalde, and the witnesses signed the records.

* * * *

Huizache, July 1, 1900. No grounds for proceeding against any specific person, having resulted from the investigation, these records may be placed in the archives. It is so ordered. Thus decreed the first constitutional Judge, acting in accord with the assisting witnesses.

FEDERICO GAMBOA.

If I must confess the truth, Don Federico Gamboa was not agreeable, as a writer, to me. His book, *Del Natural*, seemed to me the effort, not always well sustained, of a beginner of promise; his *Aparencias*, I considered a translated and adapted novel, after the fashion of the dramas and comedies which formerly were "adapted" for the Mexican stage; his *Impresiones y Recuerdos*, in which the author describes and discusses the time when he smoked his first cigarette, the color of the eyes of his first sweetheart, the ferule with which his teacher punished his boyish pranks, and other equally interesting matters, made on me the impression of an immense exhibition of personal vanity, in which the writer announced his *res et gesta*, with the gravity with which a Goncourt or a Daudet might make known what he had done in life.

Thus, then, his new book, *Suprema Ley*, surprised me agreeably, constituted a revelation,—of a truthfulness so admirable, so vivid, so passionate,

so full of that well-founded realism, which does not permit a book to remain on the shelf of the bookseller, but places it upon the table of the reader and in the memory of the lover of the beautiful.

If one did not see, at the close of the volume, the dates on which it was begun and concluded, he might believe that it had sprung forth complete, a spontaneous improvisation, a work of the instant, in which neither art, nor trammels of execution, nor imperfections of detail had had a part.

In the novel there is not a needless character, nor a useless incident, nor a single page which does not contribute to the completing of the action and which has not a direct relation to the plot. Even the descriptions, in which our novelists are prodigal to the degree of piling them up indiscriminately, are in *Suprema Ley*, only different modes in which the subject is impressed by reality. In Gamboa's work, *Belen*, the Theatre, the Alameda — especially the Alameda — perform the part of the chorus in Greek tragedy.

The characters are enchantingly real, to the degree that, after reading the book, we feel that we have encountered, seen, and spoken with the actors. Ortegá is a degenerate, whom we all know; Clothilde is a fallen woman with a mask of sanctity, a profligate, who entered the world for man's undoing; Berón, Holas, even the Comen-

dador and Don Francisco are the very breath of life, are full of enchanting and noble realism.

One given to seek similarity between the old and the new would claim a likeness between Dr. Pascual, the learned man of the Rongón Macquart and the poor court writer, between Clothilde of Zola and the Clothilde of Gamboa, between the first night which the lovers spent united and the first night of Laurent and Therese Raquin, between the servant whose type Gamboa barely sketches and the Juliana Conseira de Eça of Quieros. These similarities may or may not exist, but no charge can be made against Gamboa on account of them; he painted reality and the other novelists painted reality, and nothing resembles itself more closely than truth.

Gamboa does not possess what I will call the epic faculty, that is, the faculty of describing external nature, as Delgado for instance; as little does he have, as Campo, the privilege of retaining, in memory, phrases and gestures; nor does he possess a vein of humor, as these writers and as Cuelar; he is, before all and beyond all, an analyst, a dissector of souls who sees to the bottom of hearts, who seeks the lust that dishonors, the meanness that kills, the hatred that causes horror. For this reason, in my opinion, he will never be popular, while his luckier fellows will gain proselytes and friends as long as they write.

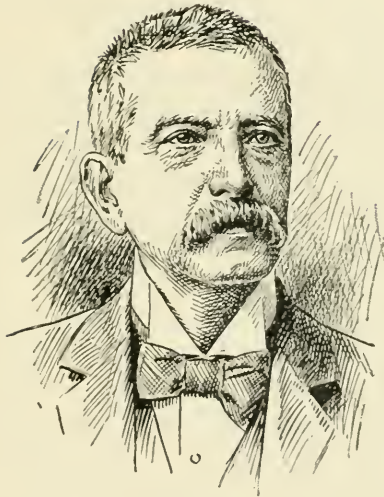
This is not saying that his book lacks attractive

characters. Prieto is a well depicted jester, Chuchó an admirably cut figure, Don Eustaquio, though somewhat melodramatic and somewhat out of place in that collection of beings of flesh and bone, is the providence which, dressed in jeans and working in clay, is brought in to give some outlet from the tangle; but, above all, the family of Ortegál is of the most delicate and tender which has been here described. Lamartine and Daudet might well have drawn the picture, if Lamartine and Daudet had dedicated themselves to painting Mexican types of the humbler class.

There is no doubt that the world of Gamboa is, as that of Carlyle, a heap of fetid filth, shadowed by a leaden sky, where only groans and cries of desperation are heard; but, as in the terrible imagination of the British thinker, flashes of kindliness bringing counsel and resignation, cleave the sky of this Gehenna.

In fine, *Suprema Ley* is a great success, a success which compensates for many failures and, by it, Señor Gamboa has placed himself among the first Mexican novelists — not, indeed, first of all, because for me, Delgado and *Micros* hold yet a higher place.

IRENEO PAZ.



Ireneo Paz was born at Guadalajara, on July 3, 1836. His father died, when Ireneo was a child, leaving the widow in poverty. When a boy of thirteen years, he began his studies at the *Seminario*, laboring for his support throughout his course. By diligence and earnestness, he made an excellent record, gaining the respect and esteem of teachers and fellow-students. Graduating from the *Seminario* in 1851, he took his baccalaureate in philosophy at the University in 1854, and was

licensed as a lawyer in 1861. In his youth he wrote verse "as a tree sprouts leaves." Identifying himself with the liberal party, he soon became prominent in politics. He was also a Captain in the national guard. During this period he published *El Independiente* (The Independent), *El Dia* (The Day), and *Sancho Panza*.

When the Imperial forces, in 1863, took possession of Guadalajara, Ireneo Paz withdrew to Colima, where he was editor of the Official Periodical of that State, and Magistrate of the Court of Justice. A year later, the approach of the Imperialists forced him to abandon these offices. He was with the Federal forces of the coast until their rout at Zapotlan, when he was one of the three to arrange the terms of capitulation with General Oroñoz. He was kept under surveillance at Guadalajara, where he, nevertheless, dedicated himself to the Republican cause, establishing *El Payaso* (The Clown), which vigorously combated monarchical ideas, with audacity and satire — replacing it later by *El Noticioso* (The Well-Informed). Maximilian himself was impressed by the little sheet and ordered that a full set should be secured for him. On the occasion of an operatic triumph, at Guadalajara, by the prima donna, Angela Peralta,— Ireneo Paz gave vent to some democratic sentiments, which led to his arrest and imprisonment on November 12, 1866. His stay there was brief, as the Republican forces gained

possession of the town, one month later. With the full re-establishment of the Republic, he was appointed in 1867 Secretary of State for Sinaloa. A few months later, he was again actively interested, against Juarez, in favor of the ideas of Diaz. The opposition failed and Paz was again in prison, this time in Santiago Tlaltelolco; he was later transferred to La Députacion. During his eleven months in prison, he vigorously assailed the Juarez regime in the popular anti-administration journal, *El Padre Cobos* (Father Cobos). After his release, he continued his attacks in newspaper articles, in popular clubs, and in the secret plottings preceding the revolution known as La Noria. Notwithstanding all the efforts against him, Juarez was re-elected in 1871, but shortly died. Ireneo Paz was active in the revolution of La Noria and in that of Tuxtepec, four years later — supporting Diaz on both occasions and suffering imprisonment twice.

The mere list of the books written by Ireneo Paz is too long for quoting here. Many of them are historical novels dealing with Mexican themes. He has written too much for all of it to have great literary merit, but he is widely read and well known. His style is often tedious and prolix, but many interesting, and even thrilling, passages occur in his works. He has a quiet and dry humor and, sometimes, keen satire. His *Algunas Campañas* (Some Campaigns), is practically a history

of events in which he himself has participated. Our quotations are from it. In poetry Paz ranges from satire to love, from humor to philosophy.

Ireneo Paz has long lived in the City of Mexico, where he has been a member of Congress, in both houses and a Regidor. He has been, and is, editor of *La Patria* (The Fatherland). He has been president of the *Prensa Asociada* (Associated Press) and of the *Liceo Hidalgo*. He was a Commissioner from Mexico to the World's Columbian Exposition, and as a result of his visit to our country wrote *La Exposicion de Chicago* (The Chicago Exposition).

THE AGREEMENT OF EL ZACATE GRULLO.

In an hacienda, situated on the Autlan road, with an obscure name, which, nevertheless became famous in the annals of the period, we, the troops under command of the Generals Anacleto Herrera y Cairo, Antonio Neri and Toro Manuel, including a whole regiment of officers and some few common soldiers, pulled ourselves together, though truly in a pitiable state.

The name of this afterward celebrated hacienda deserves special mention — *El Zacate Grullo*.

At the hacienda of El Zacate Grullo we planned to impart some organization to those forces, the scanty remnants of what had been the Army of the Centre. It was agreed that, for the time, they

should bear the name of the United Brigades. But, promptly, this other question had to rise — who was to command them?

The regular leaders at once fixed their eyes upon the valiant and sympathetic General Herrera y Cairo; but the chief obstacle to his taking command was in the great preponderance of irregulars. Would Rojas and his companions submit to the command of a man of fine manners and good education? The next thought was of Rojas or of Julio García; it was certain that two State Governors would not place themselves at the orders of the former, even though he had the greater forces, particularly as he had, among the French, the reputation of a bandit, for which reason they had declared him an outlaw and had proposed pursuing him and treating him as other bandits. Don Julio had the friendship of all and possessed qualities, which connected him with both of these opposite factions. He had been a companion of Rojas, he understood pillage, and he also knew how, at the proper time, to assert his dignity as a public man, rising above his antecedents; but no one gave him credit for military ability. That Don Julio was a sort of bond of union between the two leaders mentioned, served for nought then, in that emergency.

But to continue with the facts.

The Generals Herrera, García and Rojas, assisted by Aristeo Moreno, who was the secretary

of the first and the very intimate friend of the last, passed the whole day in private conference. I supposed, and my supposition was later confirmed, that Rojas had refused to permit my presence in that council.

A general order was issued, that after the six o'clock roll-call, all the leaders and officers should present themselves at the lodgings of General Rojas, in order to be informed of what had been decided in the council of generals.

We all hastened to the meeting, hoping that from the discussion had flashed out the ray of light so much needed in escaping from the difficulties, in which we were entangled. Rojas occupied the centre of a table placed at one end of the main saloon of the hacienda. At the sides were Generals García and Herrera y Cairo, and at the end, near six candlesticks with lights was Aristeo Moreno, surrounded by papers. I do not know whether because the candles were of tallow, or because of the state of agitation in which our spirits were, we observed that the faces of those at the table appeared extremely pale.

When the hundred and more officers, of the grade of Lieutenant and upward, of which the United Brigades boasted, were gathered together in the hall, we observed that five hundred *galeanos* surrounded the hacienda house. We were, then, to deliberate under pressure of five hundred ban-

dits, who could pulverize us at the least signal from their chief.

Rojas solemnly said: "Mr. Secretary, read the agreement which we have made."

Aristeo Moreno read the considerations of that abortion, which terminated with the following articles:

Article 1. The undersigned solemnly bind themselves, under oath, to defend the Republic against all intervention, battling, if need be, until death.

Art. 2. All those who do not approve the present compact, showing themselves indifferent to the national defense, will be considered enemies and shot.

Art. 3. Those who, in any manner whatever, shall be unfaithful to the Republic, and shall make alliance with the Empire, shall be shot.

Art. 4. Populations where the Republican forces are not received with rejoicing, open hospitality being refused, shall be burned and their inhabitants shall be compelled to fight as common soldiers or to be shot, according to the gravity of their offense.

Art. 5. All prisoners taken from the enemy, of whatever category they may be, will be immediately shot, without the necessity of personal identification.

Art. 6. All individual property becomes the property of the United Brigades; consequently all

who refuse to furnish rations, fodder, money, or whatever else may be demanded, shall be shot.

Art. 7. All who compose the United Brigades are free to sign this agreement or not, but once having signed it, he who does not support it, or who shall commit the crime of desertion, shall be shot.

Given in the Hacienda del Zacate Grullo, etc.

When Aristeo Moreno had finished reading, General Rojas with a voice apparently calm, but with the black rings about his eyes unusually dark and deep, a certain sign that he was breathing out hatred and that bad sentiments animated him, said, addressing those of us who were in the hall:

“That is what I and my companions have sworn to sustain. Those who are in accord with the plan may come to sign it. Those, who are not, are free to ask for their passports.”

The profoundest silence reigned.

“Does no one wish his passport?” he asked.

And as an equal silence reigned, he said in a voice less abrupt: “Very well, let them come to sign.”

Some started to the table in order to sign, but as others vacillated or remained near the door, Rojas spoke again:

“No one can leave the hacienda, unless accompanied by one of my aides, after he has signed. That is the order I have given the guard which is watching the doors.”

In fact, the *galeones* were watching the door from the hall to the corridor, that of the street, and all the other exits; there seemed no possible means of escape without placing one's signature to the shameful document. Nudgings with the arms, joggings with the feet, and words said so low that they seemed rather the buzzing of a fly, were the only protests which worthy and honorable leaders, there present, dared make.

Rojas signed, and his secretary who was an insignificant Indian, signed; Herrera y Cairo followed, his secretary, Aristeo Moreno signing beside him; General Julio García was called and I felt a shiver run through me from head to foot, because I ought to follow him as his secretary, and, no less, the secretary of the republican government of Colima. . . . In that moment of supreme anxiety, I felt it the height of folly to publicly oppose the signing of that infernal abortion, which would be the same as to provoke an undesirable quarrel in which the probabilities were that we who were decent men, being few, would perish at the hands of the bandits, who were many. Fortunately three copies had to be signed; Don Julio wrote slowly and I had time to climb, unobserved, through a small window, which opened from the hall into the inner rooms of the hacienda, which served us as lodgings, where I arrived, greatly agitated, and, promptly undressing, went to bed. As a precaution, which served me well, I bound a

white cloth around my head and surrounded myself with medicines.

Scarcely had I done all this, when an adjutant entered my room and asked if I were there.

"What is wanted?" I asked him.

"The generals need you."

"Tell them to excuse me; my head aches terribly and you see that I am lying down."

"Are you not coming to sign?" he asked.

"No," I replied, rolling myself up in the bed.

"Why?"

"Because I do not wish to dishonor myself, even more in the eyes of my fellow-patriots than in those of the enemy."

"Then you believe we have done badly in signing it?"

"Yes, sir; very badly."

"Then you will not sign it?"

"No, sir."

"But, what shall I say to Rojas?"

"That he may order me shot."

"Very well," he said and withdrew, annoyed.

Three copies were signed, one for each general, and when the act was concluded my room was filled with leaders and officers, who desired to know my opinion about that absurd agreement. I said to them all that it was unworthy and that I would not sign it.

Some said that there ought to be an uprising, others desired to fly, though they saw this pact,

like an anathema, which would follow them everywhere, a sentence of death. Death and dishonor if they fulfilled it; death and dishonor if they did not. There were some who wept with rage. I attempted to console them as well as I could and gradually they departed until, finally, only Crispin Medina and Juan Valadéz were with me.

“Did you sign?” I asked them.

“Unfortunately yes, but only on one of the copies.”

“On which?”

“On that of Don Julio.”

At that moment, he entered.

“Are you still talking of that unhappy document?” he asked us.

“Yes, sir.”

“And what do you think?”

“We think, General,” I said to him, “as every worthy man, who respects himself and who desires an honorable career in politics, must think; this agreement is absurd because impracticable; it is hateful because it wars against all the good sentiments of mankind; and it is monstrous, immoral, iniquitous, because it orders destruction and slaughter.”

“You are right,” he answered. “I ought not to have agreed so far with Rojas, and for my part, the compact is broken from this moment.”

He drew forth his copy and tore it to pieces.

The next day on taking up our line of march,

Rojas said to me: "You not only do not sign yourself but breed disaffection among the other leaders."

I frankly told him my opinion, which he heard with interest. When I had finished he added:

"I am not shooting you now, because Julio and his people forbid it. . . . But, we will see later. . . . We have a lot of unsettled accounts."

He cast a sinister glance at me and then left, urging his horse to a gallop.

JOSÉ LÓPEZ-PORTILLO Y ROJAS.



José López-Portillo y Rojas was born at Guadalajara May 26, 1850. His father was an eminent lawyer and teacher in the law school. Son of wealthy parents, the young man was given every opportunity for study, first in his home city and later at the capital. His final studies in law were made at Guadalajara, where, in 1871, he became *licenciado*. His parents then gave him an oppor-

tunity for foreign travel. He visited the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, France and Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land. On his return he published his *Impresiones de viaje* (Impressions of Travel). Since that time Señor López-Portillo y Rojas, has practiced law, represented his state in the National Congress, taught in the law school and done important work in journalism. His writings are always clear, direct and marked by a literary style of unusual grace and purity. Besides his scattered articles and the book already mentioned, he has edited — with notable scholarship — the interesting *Cronica de Jalisco* (Chronicle of Jalisco) of Fray Antonio Tello, and written a novel, *La Parcela* (The Piece of Land). It is from this last work that our selections are taken.

In *La Parcela* the author presents a sketch of characteristic country life. The novel has for purpose the illustration of the strong, almost morbid, affection for land felt by the native proprietor.

Don Pedro Ruiz is a wealthy and progressive *hacendero* of pure Indian blood. He is noble-hearted, thoughtful, shrewd, intelligent and a man of resources. A widower, he is devotedly attached to his only son, Gonzalo, a fine young fellow of twenty-three years. The owner of the adjoining property, Don Miguel Diaz, has been a life-long friend, and between them exists the artificial relation of *compadre*. His wife, Doña Paz, is a cousin of Don Pedro; there is one daughter, a

beautiful, gentle but rather weak lady named Ramona. The two young persons — Gonzalo and Ramona — have grown up like brother and sister; their childish affection has ripened into love, and at the beginning of the story they are engaged to be married. Don Pedro is by far the richest man of all the district. Don Miguel is also wealthy, but has seen with some jealousy and dissatisfaction the constantly increasing difference between their fortunes. This dissatisfaction, encouraged by a scheming lawyer, leads to his claiming a worthless bit of property on the borders of his and Don Pedro's lands. The value of the land is but a trifle to either party; but Don Pedro, sure that right is on his side, refuses to yield to the unjust demands of his neighbor.

Don Miguel at first seizes the property by force, but is dispossessed by Don Pedro's tenants. The bitter feeling aroused by this incident leads to a battle between two tenants of the two masters; both of the fighters are thrown into jail. Carried into the courts, the boundary line is infamously determined by a corrupted judge; a higher court reverses the decision and Don Pedro is supported in his rights. Furious with anger, Don Miguel seeks to injure his neighbor. Through a wicked scheme plotted with the local authority, the tenant of Don Pedro, who has been in jail, is assassinated. A great dam, which holds back a mighty volume of water for driving mills, irrigating the property,

etc., is damaged by Don Miguel's orders, with the idea that the inundation will ruin the property of Don Pedro.

Throughout these various exciting incidents — seizure, dispossession, law-suit, appeal, assassination and diabolical destruction — the love affairs of the young people are naturally more or less disturbed. Having carried things to such a climax, the author brings about a sudden reconciliation and the story ends.

EXTRACTS FROM LA PARCELA.

“ Good morning, *compadre* Don Miguel,” said Don Pedro as soon as he recognized the horseman who arrived.

“ Good morning, *compadre*,” replied the newcomer, checking his horse and dismounting.

The servant who accompanied him quickly dismounted from his horse and went to hold, by the bridle, that of his master. Then he bent to remove his master's spurs.

“ No, Marcos,” said Don Miguel to him, “ do not remove them. We shall go on at once.”

“ How! *compadre*,” said Don Pedro; “ then you will not remain to take breakfast with me? ”

“ No, not today, because I must arrive at Deramadero before 6, and it is yet distant.”

“ That is true, *compadre*; but there will be another day, will there not? Pass in, pass in. Do

you desire that we sit down here on the bench to enjoy the fresh air, or shall we go into the office?"

"We are very well here. Do not trouble yourself."

"Very well. What are you doing so early?"

"It does not please me to visit. I come to treat of our business."

"What business?"

"That which we have pending."

"But we have nothing pending."

"How not? The Monte de los Pericos."

"What about it?"

"I want you to decide whether you will yield it to me."

"Why do we speak of this? A thousand times I have told you that the Monte is mine."

"That is what you say, but the truth is that it belongs to me."

"*Compadre*, it is better that we talk of something else; leave this matter. Are we not friends?"

"We are so; but that is not to say that you may deprive me of my things. What sort of friendship is that?"

In fact, at a very short distance from where the group found itself, there were seen down below, through the shrubbery, the four men of Don Miguel. They were stretched out on the ground upon their blankets, and in the shadow of the trees

conversed without suspicion, with their eyes fastened on the house of Palmar, which was visible from there. Their horses, unbridled and fastened to the trees, were pasturing on the green herbage.

“But man! How good was that blow?” said one of the *mozos*. “It still gives me delight.”

“What a surprise for the poor *montero*!” exclaimed another.

“What will Don Pedro say?”

“He will have to calm his rage.”

And they laughed with their mouths open. Just then they heard the tramp of horses, and turning their heads saw Don Pedro, followed by his men. They tried to rise to draw their pistols.

“Do not stir!” said Don Pedro in a terrible voice, “or we will shoot you.” And he and all his held their arms ready.

There was nothing to be done. The servants of Don Miguel comprehended that all resistance was useless.

“Master, we are taken,” said one of them.

“Do you surrender at discretion?”

“There is no way to avoid it.”

“Then give up your arms. Look, Roque, dismount and take away from the gentlemen their rifles, their pistols, their sabres and their cartridge boxes.”

They gave up with trembling hands the pistols and the cartridge boxes. The rifles were hanging from the saddles of their horses.

“ Now,” continued Don Pedro, “ tie their hands behind them and help them to get onto their horses. Distribute their arms so that their weight shall not be too great, and let each one take the halter of a horse in order that he may lead it.”

All was done with the rapidity of lightning. The men of Don Pedro strongly tied the hands of the conquered behind their backs with the satisfaction of the tyrant characteristic of all conquerors. One of the captured, Panfilo Vargas, was vexed and said:

“ They gain advantage because they are more than we. Tie quickly for some day you will know who I am. We are *arrieros*, and we go through the country.”

“ Shut your mouth, braggart!” said Don Pedro angrily. “ How many were you this morning? There were six of you to take the poor *montero*, who was alone and not expecting anyone. As for you, you were left here to guard and had the obligation of not permitting yourselves to be surprised. You have lost because you are fools. Who told you to be careless? They shall know that I do not sleep nor neglect mine own. Let him who jokes with me be careful.” Then he turned to Oceguera, saying to him, “ Where is the *montero* hidden?”

“ Here am I, master,” replied the *montero* himself, appearing from the bushes.

“ I was looking for you to order you to attend

to your business in your place. Have no fear. I shall send reinforcements. Do not move from here until I tell you."

"Very well, sir."

"Let us go then," ordered Ruiz. And the party put itself on the road to the *hacienda*, just as the sun began to set and the great shadows from the mountains were extending themselves across the valley.

Roque passed the *arroyo* and entered the camp. Some time passed and he did not return. Panfilo began to believe that he did not come to the appointment because he was afraid; but soon he heard a whistle at the foot of the slope and saw Roque on horseback, striking his chest arrogantly, as if saying:

"Here you have me at your orders."

On seeing him Panfilo hastened to meet him.

"Now yes," said Roque, "here I am ready to serve you and give you all you want."

"Well, you know what I want; that we shall have a good tussle."

"It seems to me that here we have a good place."

"Well, then, do me the favor," exclaimed the impetuous Panfilo, drawing a revolver.

"Listen to me," said Roque, drawing his also; "if really you desire that we shall kill each other,

don't let us create an excitement. Put away your pistol and take your machete."

"I will do what I please. Are you afraid of the noise?"

"It is you who should be afraid of the noise, lest they hear us and come to part us. If we do not succeed at the first shot nothing will come of it, for they will come and separate us. Is that perhaps what you want?"

"You are right," replied Panfilo. "Well, then, there is no time to lose. Let us get at it."

* * * *

Soon they found themselves on foot, lame, covered with dust, pale, horrible. They seemed not men, but fierce beasts.

* * * *

The contest could not prolong itself for the combatants were exhausted. They could scarcely move; but they did not wish to yield, since although strength failed, anger more than abounded.

Chance finally settled the contest. When Roque raised his arm to deal a blow with his machete upon Panfilo's head, the latter by a quick movement tried to parry the blow, to save his head from being cleft open. But he parried it, not with his blade, but with the haft, and the heavy weapon of his antagonist severed his smaller fingers. With this there fell to the ground the sword and the

amputated fingers; that tinged with blood, these livid and convulsed.

"Now, yes, I have lost," exclaimed the wounded man with a gesture of grief.

"Yes, friend," replied Roque, filled with consternation. "What need was there of this?"

"It is a thing of bad luck; who may gain may lose. You have proved me a man; you cannot deny that."

"How have I to deny it? The truth is that you have much courage. Let me bind your hand with this cloth to see if the blood can be staunched."

Saying this Roque wrapped the hand with his great kerchief.

"Where do you desire that I take you?" he asked. "You cannot go alone."

"Go and leave me; do not let them take you prisoner," replied Panfilo.

"Though they take me to jail, I will not leave you."

"Well, then, help me to get near to Chopo. When we are within sight of the hacienda save yourself."

"Wherever you wish; let us walk along."

They started. Panfilo advanced with difficulty; he murmured and suffered with thirst. He stopped frequently to drink in the *arroyos* and Roque gave him water in the hollow of his hand.

"Friend," he said, "it gives me sorrow to see you so injured."

“ There is no reason; I am to blame.”

“ It had been better that we had not fought.”

“ Why do we speak of this? There is now no remedy.”

The wounded man was presently unable to walk. Supported on Roque's arm he progressed very slowly. Finally it was necessary to carry him like a child. Thus they came in sight of Chopo. Panfilo did not wish Roque to carry him farther.

“ May God reward you,” he said to him. “ Leave me upon this stone and hurry away that they may not come to seize you.”

“ Though they seize me, how can I leave you alone? ”

“ Every little while the *peons* and their women pass; they will carry me to my house. Go.”

“ Good friend, since you wish it, I will go; but one thing is necessary first; without it I will not go.”

“ What.”

“ That we may henceforth be good friends.”

“ With much pleasure — from now on.”

“ Do not hold hatred toward me and forget the things that have happened.”

“ Why should I hold hatred? ”

“ Because of what I did.”

“ You did it like a man; it needs naught said.”

“ Then give me the good hand.”

“ Here it is,” answered the wounded man, ex-

tending his hot left hand. Roque grasped it with feeling.

"God grant that you may soon be well," he murmured.

"With a maimed hand," added the wounded man, his pallid and dry lips contracted in a sad smile.

"God's will be done," said Roque, sympathetically.

At this moment a whistle was heard from near by.

"Indeed it is time that you go," said Panfilo. "Do you not see that persons are coming?"

He could scarcely speak; he was on the point of losing consciousness.

Roque hesitated.

"How leave you?" he said.

"Go, if you desire that we be friends; if not, remain."

"Then I leave."

"Farewell, and run fast that they may not overtake you."

So urgent and impassioned was his request that the girl was moved in spite of herself. To quench the sympathy which rose in her bosom she recalled to herself that he who thus spoke was the nominal friend of Gonzalo, and on remembering this she felt that for her budding pity was substituted vex-

ation and indignation. Thus this harsh reproach escaped her lips:

“And you call yourself the friend of Gonzalo.”

Had a thunderbolt fallen at the feet of Luis it would not have produced a more prostrating effect.

“Gonzalo is my friend, in fact,” he gasped.

“Not if he knew himself,” insisted Ramona, ironically. “If it were so you could not have spoken as you have just done.”

“Then are you yet in relations with him?”

“You know it very well.”

“No,” replied the unfortunate youth, pale as a corpse; “I give you my word as a gentleman that I did not know it. My father told me some days past that he knew these relations were broken; only for this reason have I forced myself to reveal to you my love. I may endure the fact that you do not love me, since such is my lot, but I cannot be willing that you should consider me disloyal. I desire that you should esteem me even if you may not love me.”

* * * *

The youth in the meantime had arrived at his home, mounted his horse and immediately sallied forth to the house of Luis. He sent a message to his former friend by a servant, begging him that he would come outside, which Medina did immediately, well bred and polite as he was.

“Gonzalo!” said Medina, extending his hand.

“ I come to arrange with you a very serious matter,” replied our youth, without extending his.

“ You have me at your orders,” replied Luis, exchanging the friendly expression of his face for another more severe.

“ Only we cannot do it here. Mount your horse and take your arms. I await you.”

And by the contraction of his features and the pallor of his countenance, Medina knew that Gonzalo had come on a warlike errand, and was not slow in divining what was the cause of his annoyance. Without replying a single word he entered the house and soon reappeared and mounted his horse, with a pistol at his belt and a sword at the saddle. “ Here you have me,” he said to Gonzalo.

“ Come,” replied Gonzalo, “ let us go to the field.”

Together they took the street which most quickly would bring them to the end of the village, and went a considerable stretch outside the town. Leaving the road they went into the meadows and stopped at a little open space formed by four immense *camichines*, which, extending over the space, their broad, flat and immovable boughs projected a dense and heavy shadow around.

“ I have brought you to this spot,” said Gonzalo, stopping his horse, “ because it is retired and no one may see or hear us. It is unnecessary to enter into explanations; you know how gravely

you have offended me, and in what way. That is sufficient. Now I desire that you shall give me satisfaction with arms in hand."

"Although I am not valiant, I have some dignity and never will I yield before an enemy who challenges me," answered Luis, tranquilly; "but I have one remark to make to you, which is, that my conscience does not reproach me with having done anything to offend you."

"Yes, I was expecting that you would deny responsibility for your acts. Anything else was impossible."

"Moderate your words. Do not let us pass to a serious occasion without some rational cause."

"Pretext," cried Gonzalo; "you do not desire to fight. You are a coward." Saying this he placed his hand upon his pistol for a moment. Luis was livid and acted as if he would follow his example; but he stopped and left his arm in place, recalling his promise to Ramona at the ball.

"One moment," he said, "only one moment; if you are a man and not a brute, as you seem to be, you must first hear me. By my mother's honor, I assure you that I am disposed to fight; but not before we understand each other. What is the matter?"

"You love Ramona. Deny that if you can."

"God save me from committing such a vile act! It is true."

"You have courted her."

"That is true."

"You danced with her the night of the *fiesta*."

"That also is true."

"You made a declaration of love to her."

"I cannot deny that."

"You are a shameless being, because you knew she was my sweetheart and that we were engaged to be married."

"That is not true."

Gonzalo threw upon Luis a glance of infinite contempt on hearing these words.

"You are a wretch," he cried, "and it is necessary that I punish you. Defend yourself."

"Assassinate me if you wish; I will not draw my pistol until you have heard me. Come, dispatch me; here you have me," and he exposed his breast to his challenger.

"There is nothing to do but hear you in order to quit you of every excuse for your cowardice. Speak, and hurry, for I am impatient to punish you."

"I call God to witness that I believed your love relations with Ramona were broken. Don Miguel had told my father that with absolute certainty. Every one in Citala asserted the same. You did not come to town, and as your father and Don Miguel were quarreling it seemed to me probable and I believed it. For this reason I made love to Ramona. Had it not been for this I would have remained silent, as I have been silent for so many

years, for my love to her is nothing new. I have always had it. Ramona informed me of my error, and accused me of perversity and treason, as you have just done. She herself can tell you how astonished I was when I learned that it was not true that all was ended between you and that you still loved each other. It caused me infinite grief. Now," pursued the youth, "that you have heard me, I have done, and am at your orders."

The caravan for some leagues journeyed silently, but seeing that the storm approached, the sergeant neared himself to one of the soldiers and said to him in a low voice:

"The storm is coming; here is a good place."

"Yes, we have already gone six leagues and there has not been one person on the road."

"Well, then, let us at once to what we have to do; then let us get back to the pueblo."

"That is what I say," responded the soldier.

"Go on then, you already know what you have to do; see if you can do it. I pretend not to look; I will fall behind."

"I go then to see what happens."

The soldier drew near to Roque.

"What cheer, friend? How goes it?"

"Diabolically, friend. How do you expect it goes with me with these cords?" replied the prisoner.

“ Yes, it must go very unpleasantly. Why don't you smoke a cigarette? ”

“ Friend, impossible. Don't you see that I go tied? ”

“ 'Tis true, I see it with pity. Now you will see what we will do. At last the sergeant has fallen behind and will not see us. I'm going to untie you to give you a little rest.”

“ But will not the sergeant see it? Thank you much; but will he not see? ”

“ Have no concern; anyway it is very dark.”

And the soldier leaned over and untied the knot which held Roque's hands.

“ May God reward you, friend,” said he, stretching his arms in front of him; “ I was very tired. But tell me, why are your hands so cold? Are you chilled? ”

“ Nothing is the matter with me. The air is damp. But, take a cigarette. Here is the light ” — and he reined up.

The unsuspecting Roque rolled the cigarette and lighted it by that which the soldier was smoking. They then went on, talking. After talking for a little time of indifferent matters the gendarme said:

“ Man, friend, I sympathize with you and it pains me that you are going to jail.”

“ There is no alternative, friend! Some day I will be out. Anyway the jail does not eat people.”

“ Good; but it is always atrocious to be a prisoner, and God knows for how long. Why not

escape. I will dissemble and you will run. I will fire into the air and you race along into the country and no one can find you."

"I am afraid they will shoot me."

"Don't be afraid; I will help you."

The unfortunate man fell into the snare.

"Do you say it seriously? Are you not fooling?"

"I advise you in earnest. All you need is courage."

"But you tell me when."

"Right now — race along before the sergeant comes."

Roque gave rein to his horse and urged it with quick strokes of his heels against its flanks, but he hardly succeeded in making it take a slow and measured gallop. He had gone but a few steps when a report sounded just behind him and a bullet passed, grazing the brim of his *sombrero*.

"Zounds," he murmured, "what a scare this man has aimed to give me."

And instinctively he tried to place himself in the field at one side of the road to hide himself in the brambles. But there was no time for anything. For all his urging the horse would not do better than his little gallop. He heard the nearing band of horses and various shots sounded. Then he understood that he had fallen into a trap and that he was about to lose his life through it. Impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, he tried to dis-

mount to seek shelter; but it was too late. The gendarmes were upon him, firing with their rifles.

“Jesus help me! Mother receive my spirit!” he said in thought, and fell penetrated by the bullets. Two had entered at the shoulders and emerged at the chest, and the third entered at the neck and destroyed the skull.

* * * *

What was it which the terrified Diaz then saw? Upon a plank, borne by four peasants, tied down with coarse cords, was a corpse, rigid and yellow. The miserable clothing which covered it, coarse cotton drawers and shirt, was soaked with blood, principally upon the breast, where the abundant and coagulated flow had darkened and become almost black. Above the forehead, in the black harsh hair, matted and stiffened with blood, were visible clots of red, mingled with whitish bits of brain. The livid face, turned toward heaven, bore an expression of anguish which was heart-rending; the eyes half opened and glazed fascinated by their glance; and the opened mouth, dark and full of earth, seemed to exhale inaudible groans and complaints.

The *gendarmes* surrounded the body and the curious crowd followed it. In the midst of the group a woman walked, weeping and uttering cries of grief. She carried a babe at her breast — bearing it with her left arm, and as well as she could led

with her right another boy about four years old, barefoot and tattered.

“Roque! my Roque! my husband,” cried the miserable woman. “They have killed my husband! They have killed him! Children! My little ones! Poor little ones! They are orphans! What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do? Ay! Ay! Ay!”

In passing close to Don Miguel she saw him and said to him, sobbing:

“Señor Don Miguel, do you see? They have killed my husband! That is what is there on the board! What shall I do Señor Don Miguel? What shall I do? Ay! Ay! Ay!”

MANUEL SÁNCHEZ MÁRMOL.



Manuel Sánchez Mármol was born in the State of Tabasco. He displayed a literary tendency very early, and, while still a student, collaborated in such literary reviews as *La Guirnalda* (The Garland), *El Album Yucateco* (The Yucatecan Album), and *El Repertorio pintoresco* (The Picturesque Repertoire). His first essays in the field of fiction were *El Misionero de la Cruz* (The Missionary of the Cross), and *La Venganza de una injuria* (The Revenge of an Injury).

At the time of the French Intervention, he joined the Republican forces. He acted as Secretary of State of Tabasco, and aroused the patriotism of his fellows by his writings. He founded *El Aguila Azteca* (The Aztec Eagle), a paper devoted entirely to the national cause. During this period of disturbance he was a Deputy to the State Legislature, Secretary of Colonel Gregorio Méndez, and his Auditor of War. The course of local events during this stormy period was largely directed by him. (See p. 148.)

After the war had passed, Manuel Sánchez Mármol continued his activity both in politics and letters. He has been Magistrate of the Supreme Court of the State of Tabasco, several times member of the Federal Congress, Director and Founder of the *Instituto Juárez* of Tabasco. He has constantly contributed to those periodicals which represent the most pronounced liberal ideas — as *El Siglo XIX* (The Nineteenth Century), *La Sombra de Guerrero* (The Shade of Guerrero), *El Radical* and *El Federalista*. He represented Mexico in the second Pan-American Congress, which met in the City of Mexico in 1902. He is now Professor of History in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School).

Besides his early essays in fiction, he has written the following novels — *Pocahontas*, *Juanita Sousa*, and *Antón Pérez* (titles untranslatable, as being

personal names). He has now in press *Piedad* (Mercy), and is preparing three others.

Our selections are taken from *Antón Pérez*, a novel dealing with the French Intervention in Tabasco. Antón Pérez was the son of poor but decent parents, but was *pardo* ("dark"), a fact certain to be to his disadvantage, no matter what abilities he might possess. Having gone through the public school of the village, he attracted the attention of the priests, who had newly come to his town, the villa of Cunduacán. Their school was below Antón's needs but the good priests taught him privately to the extent of their ability. He was their trusted protege and they encouraged him to high hope of a brilliant future. In the parochial school for girls was Rosalba del Riego. She was ugly and unattractive but of good family and aristocratic connection. She adored the big boy, handsome as a picture, who studied with the priests and aided them in all ways, occupying quite a lofty place in their little world, but her admiration merely irritated him, as it called down upon him the laughter of the little school boys. When Antón had learned all that his patrons could teach him they tried to secure for him a scholarship at the *Seminario*, at Merida; the effort appeared likely to be successful, but it failed; — a youth with more powerful influence behind him securing the appointment. The blow was keenly felt by the poor and ambitious boy. Soon after, his father

died, the old priests left for new fields, and two old aunts who have been to him in place of mother depended upon him for support. The brilliant dreams of a career faded; life's realities fell upon the boy. He was equal, however, to the demands and earned enough for their modest needs. He was busy, useful, respected, and content. He was lieutenant of the local guard and had some notions of military drill and practice. Meantime his little admirer, Rosalba, completed her education outside the State, and, at last, returned transformed. Beautiful as a dream, brilliant, educated, she was immediately the centre of attraction in the town. Antón was madly in love with her. But her childish admiration had given place to — at least, apparent — aversion. She insulted him openly on account of his inferior position. Rosalba had a maiden aunt, Doña Socorro Castrejón. Just as Antón's love for Rosalba arose, Doña Socorro saw the boy, appreciated his handsome face and fine bearing, and was smitten with an infatuation, which had only a passionate and unworthy basis. She was a scheming and intriguing woman but not without charms and brilliancy. When events were in this condition the French Intervention took place. The foreign forces appeared in Tabasco; the governor, Dueñas, traitorously yielded the capital; later, pretending to arrange for local defense, he scattered the forces, so that they could present no obstacle to the invader. One after another

these separated bodies of the national guard suffered defection. The Doña Socorro was an ardent imperialist. Antón, at Cunduacán, was lieutenant of the yet loyal forces, under Colonel Méndez. One day, while Colonel Méndez and his brother, Captain Méndez, were breakfasting with a friend Doña Socorro influenced Antón to "pronounce," with his soldiers, in favor of the Empire. His deed was represented, in brilliant colors to the young commander of the Imperial forces, Arévalo, and Antón was rewarded. He was the confidential friend and trusted adviser of Arévalo, and, for a time, all their plans prospered. But Gregorio Méndez and Sánchez Magellanes gathered a handful of loyal men and made a stand. A battle was fought, the invading forces looking for an easy victory; they met with dire defeat. Antón Pérez was mortally wounded. The death of the youth, who had sacrificed loyalty, patriotism, and honor, to a foolish love, is depicted in dreadful detail.

EXTRACTS FROM ANTÓN PÉREZ.

Doña Socorro was somewhat irritated, that the compliment for which she sought was not given, and that only her niece was praised. She controlled herself, however, merely saying inwardly—"what a fool the boy is! he must be waked up." Then she said aloud:

"Well, since you do not care to stay, feel that

I am interested in your welfare. I should like to see you at my house, tomorrow."

"I will be there, madam," Antón answered respectfully. And slipping, timidly, through the crowd of guests, directing a furtive glance at Rosalba, he went to his work at the humble desk in Ajágan's shop.

But he could not keep track of the figures; sums and differences came out badly; everything was topsy-turvy; seven times six was forty-eight and five would not contain three. His head was in a whirl. That night he could not sleep.

In the morning, he performed his usual duties and at midday, his heart high with vague, happy hopes, he went to his appointment with Doña Socorro.

He was expected. The lady received him with expressive signs of affection, and seating him, said:

"I have invited you here for your own good. You are poor; I wish to aid you. Do not be ashamed; speak to me frankly. What are your resources for living? Go into full particulars."

Antón lowered his eyes and turned his hat around and around in his hands, until the lady again encouraged him:

"Go on; don't be brief. Speak! boy."

"Well then, lady," answered the young man, hesitatingly, "I can't say that it is so bad; I earn my twenty-five pesos a month."

"And from whom?"

“ From what persons, you mean ”— continued Antón, with somewhat greater frankness,—“ why then, Don Ascencio Ajágan gives me ten pesos because, every night, I go there for a little while to make up his accounts and to write a letter or two. Master Collado pays me five pesos for the class in arithmetic, which I teach in the public school; another five, the receiver of taxes, who scarcely knows how to sign his name, pays me for balancing his accounts at the end of the month; and the other five the town treasurer gives me for doing the same.”

“ That is not bad; but Collado and the collector pay you a miserable price.”

“ The latter, perhaps, yes; but the other, no — he receives a salary of barely twenty-five. As much as I earn.”

“ Ah, well! bid farewell to Master Collado and Ajágan, and the collector and the town treasurer, and enter my employ. *La Ermita* is wretchedly cared for; mayorsdomos succeed one another and all rob me. You shall go to *La Ermita* as manager, with house and table, horses for your use, servants to do your bidding — that is to say, as master, because you will command there; the twenty-five pesos per month, which you now earn by your varied labors, will continue to be paid you and in addition fifteen per cent of the annual income of the place. I am making you not a bad offer! ” *

* *Moco de pavo*; literally, a turkey's crest.

“No, indeed, lady! I appreciate that it is more than liberal; but, I cannot accept it.”

“Why not?” asked Doña Socorro, thoroughly vexed.

“Because, I must not abandon my good aunts.”

“You need not do so. *La Ermita* is only three leagues from here; a mere nothing. You can come here in the evenings, Saturdays, to spend Sundays, and Mondays you are at your duties again. Finally, in case they are not satisfied, take them out to the place.”

“They were not made for country life; still, for my good, they would make the sacrifice. But there is another — an insuperable — difficulty.”

“What?”

“I do not understand rural affairs and one who controls should know what he commands. I would not know where to begin; there would be neither head nor foot, and you would gain nothing, with your unhappy administrator.”

“What I gain or do not gain, does not concern you; it is not your affair. If you do not know rural affairs, I will instruct you, and, as you are not stupid, you will be, within two months, more dexterous than San Ysidro* himself. When shall we begin, come now?”

“But, lady, I am sorry; I believe I will not go. Agriculture does not attract me. The few studies I have made do not tend thither.”

* The patron of agricultural labor.

“ Ah! You aim at a literary career, to some public office! ” replied Doña Socorro, sneeringly.

“ Do not make sport of me, lady; I know right well, that I shall never fill the position of a general or a magistrate. You asked me to be frank, and I frankly admit that I have my aspirations.”

“ Very good — what difficulty is that. Better and better. Go and fill this position, save money, put yourself in contact with people of consequence, and from *La Ermita*, you may go to be Regidor, or something higher. You know well that Alcaldes, and even Jefes Politicos, come from the country-places. What hinders? ”

“ Really, lady, speaking plainly, the position does not attract me in the least.”

“ H'm! — You are not telling me the truth; at least, you are concealing something from me — something — what is the real cause of your refusal? ”

Antón maintained silence: the lady urged him.

“ Why are you not frank with me — who care so much for you? ”

“ It is ” — he stammered — “ the truth is that just now, less than ever, do I care to leave the town.”

“ Come, come, tell it all ” — insisted the lady, piqued with lively curiosity — “ who is your sweetheart? ”

“ Sweetheart? — No; indeed I would rather
_____”

“ Yes, indeed; who? ”

“ I say she is not my sweetheart — Perhaps
_____ ”

“ Finish, man — perhaps what? ”

“ She may come to be _____ ”

“ And, who is the girl? Do I know her? ”

“ Very well. ”

While Antón was silent, Doña Socorro thought over the riddle, and, after some minutes, declared:

“ I’m sure I don’t know, child; give me a clew. ”

“ She is your relative. ”

The lady passed over in her thought, to whom Antón could allude, and could not imagine which one of her relatives, the poor and obscure youth presumed to win. Suddenly, like a flash, came the remembrance of the words, which he had pronounced when she invited him to remain at the party; but it was a thing so unheard of, so unthinkable, that she dared not mention the name, but desired to assure herself, indirectly, that she was not on a false trail.

“ Was she at the party last night? ” she asked.

Antón replied by a nod of his head. The lady was confounded; her face lengthened, her eyes rounded, her mouth opened, and she exclaimed:

“ Rosalba! — well, but, you are a fool! ”

Antón was stupefied; it seemed as if the ground sank under him and he was raised into the air. Why, was he a fool?

Doña Socorro saw the boy’s emotion and some-

thing like pity stirred within her. Certain that, later, this senseless delirium would vanish, she said to him:

“Poor child! You will get over it. When you decide to accept my offer, you know that I am here. Think well over it. I wish only your own good.”

Antón, overwhelmed, could scarcely murmur a “thank you, madam,” rose half tremblingly and walked away, with bowed head.

Doña Socorro remained absorbed in reflection. “To think of it — but the child aims high — to aspire to Rosalba — he is handsome — who would have thought it — decidedly, he is a fool.”

Doña Socorro, attentive to what was passing in the Republican ranks, prompt to aid the triumph of her cause, had displayed all the resources of her astuteness to complete the demoralization of the remnants of the brigade and to foment desertion. Her efforts were meeting abundant success and in seeing the resources of war which had been grouped around Dueñas, completely disorganized, she was greatly rejoiced. Not content, however, with such signal successes, when she saw the companies of the coast guard,— the most loyal to the Republic — evacuate the villa, to the loyalty of which the Méndez brothers entrusted themselves for some hours, she had an inspiration, truly worthy

of her brain. She conceived the idea of capturing the two officers, to offer to Arévalo, as a prized trophy. How to realize it? It was not beyond her power — capable as she was, of all in the domain of evil.

There was Antón Pérez; Rosalba would be the incentive.

“Paulina! Paulina!” she called, and a servant appeared.

“Run, at once, to the barracks; ask for Lieutenant Pérez, and urge him, from me, to come here immediately.”

Pauline departed, encountered Antón, and gave the message; the lieutenant shrugged his shoulders and replied, with evident dislike:

“I will come presently: I am busy, now.”

No more than five minutes had elapsed, when the servant returned with new and more urgent summons to Antón, who displayed no more interest than before, responding abruptly:

“I will come.”

Doña Socorro was dying with impatience; the moments seemed like hours to her and she paced restlessly to and from the door anxious for Antón's coming; but, he came not.

Tired of waiting, she resolutely entered her room, threw a *rebozo* over her shoulders, and went directly to the door of the barracks. Without her having to announce herself, a soldier ran to give notice to the lieutenant of the presence of the lady;

this time, unable to escape, he advanced to the encounter.

Doña Socorro, plainly desirous of losing no time, threw aside her natural pride, and without a word of reproach to Antón, said, with affected surprise:

“But, what are you doing! child? Now is your time.”

“I do not understand, madam.”

“Then you are not in this world. If you let this chance escape, farewell to your hopes.”

“But, I do not understand, madam.”

“Ah! come now! then you no longer think of Rosalba ——”

“As God is my witness, madam; with greater desperation, now, than ever.”

“Then, today is when you ought not to despair; today your hopes are realized. Your fate is in your own hands.”

“In my hands?” exclaimed the astonished youth.

“In your own hands, boy; Rosalba will be yours.”

“Where is she?” he asked yet more surprised.

“Here in your barracks.”

Antón believed Doña Socorro was trifling with him, but she, without giving time for further surprises, hastened to explain herself.

“You know that our party, the Imperialist, is composed of the best people of the country. If

you join it, you will come into contact with the most elevated classes. Rosalba does not respond to your love for sheer pride, not because she is not interested in you, not because she does not love you — it is *I*, who tell this to you,—when she sees that you are not the insignificant ‘*pardo*’ of the village but a personage of consequence, or even of importance, she will herself make the advances and will surrender herself to you. I tell you true. Come — now or never! Place yourself in the first line, become the chief authority in the town, and who knows what more.—Your happiness depends upon yourself; it is in your own hands. Enter your barracks, ‘pronounce’ yourself and your soldiers for the Empire, and that the blow may be decisive, that you may at a single bound reach the greatest height, go and seize the two Méndez brothers, who are breakfasting at the house of Sánchez, make them prisoners, and you will gain the full favor and protection of General Arévola. Go! do not hesitate.”

Doña Socorro had launched this speech at one breath, accompanying her words with gestures and posturings which the most consummate elocutionist might envy.

Poor Antón felt his head whirl; he was taken by surprise and only ventured this one objection:

“Pronounce myself, yes; but capture my old chief, who has loved me well, madam, that is too much! I have not the bravado for such a thing.”

“ But what harm are you going to do to him, innocent? Do you think he runs any danger with Arévalo? ”

“ Who can say that he does not? ”

“ No one; no one. Perhaps he will catch them in arms on the field? No; on the contrary, they will become great friends, and the two Méndez will join our party also. Above all, it is to your interest to raise yourself as nearly to Rosalba's level as possible, to dazzle her —— ”

“ Very well, madam, ” murmured Antón, with a trembling voice.

Without further hesitation, he entered the barracks, spoke with the two sergeants of the dwindled company, bade them form it, rapidly exchanged words with his men, and, then, drawing his sword and facing the files, cried out — his voice still trembling:

“ Boys! *viva el Imperio!* ” (May the Empire live).

“ Viva! ” (may it live) — one soldier answered.

“ Sergeant Beltran, ” said Antón, “ fifteen men with you to guard the barracks; twenty-five, with Sergeant Federico, may follow me. ”

The order was carried out to the letter, and at the head of his twenty-five men, Antón marched to the house, where the two Méndez brothers were gaily breakfasting.

At the moment when the colonel exclaimed, “ Impossible, ” denying Don Vencho's report, there

was heard, on the walk in front, the sound of guns, on falling to rest.

“Sergeant Federico!” ordered Antón, “advance and order Colonel Méndez and the officers who accompany him to yield themselves prisoners.”

There was no necessity for the sergeant to enter, since Captain Méndez rushed out at once, and standing, from the opposite sidewalk, with hair bristling and eyes flashing, as if he were the personification of indignation, burst forth in these cries, which issued in a torrent from his frothing lips:

“Bravo! Lieutenant Pérez! Thus you fulfil the oath of fealty, which you swore to your flag! thus do you employ the arms which your country placed in your hands for her defence! Traitors! traitors to your native land! What do you seek here? What wish you, of us? Assassinate us! We shall not defend ourselves. Lieutenant Pérez, complete your crime, fulfil your part as assassins! Here, am I! let them kill,” and, saying this, he stepped forward and drawing back the lapel of his coat, bared his breast. “What delays them? Traitors! Assassins!”

At that moment a soldier among those who heard the violent and insulting reproach raised his gun. Antón Pérez saw it and drawing his sword, threw himself upon the soldier, crying:

“Lower that gun! The first man who attempts to aim, I will run him through.”

Captain Méndez continued:

“I prefer death to the ignominy of finding myself in your company. Traitors! Assassins!”

“Assassins, we are not, my captain, that you have already seen,” replied Antón.

“I am not the captain of bandit-traitors, ex-Lieutenant Pérez.”

“We are not traitors,” returned Pérez, “we desire to save our country from Yankee usurpation.”

“To save it indeed! and give it over to the foreigner! noble patriots! famous Mexicans!” continued Méndez. “Would that I had no eyes to behold you! Would that I were a lightning-stroke to destroy you. Cursed race! race of scorpions, who repay our country, our sacred motherland, by stinging her to the heart. One last word, Lieutenant Pérez; in the name of our native land, in the name of that oath of fealty, which you swore to the flag, in the name of a man’s sacred duty, I implore you to fulfil your obligations as a soldier, as a Mexican, as a man. Lay down those arms which you are converting from sacred to infamous. Lieutenant Pérez; worthy fellows of Cunduacán, *Viva la Republica.*”

No one responded.

The moon, in its second quarter, shed a yellowing light through the trees and impressed upon the

night an infinite sadness. When the beams of dawn came, that funereal light paled, until completely extinguished, and the sky became tinted with a rosy flush, which kindled in measure as the new day neared. A trembling of leaves agitated the branches at the awakening of the birds, which after shaking themselves, took silently to flight. Suddenly earth and trees appeared enveloped in dense fog, as if a night of whiteness had substituted itself for that, which had just ended. The fog, thinned little by little, until it seemed like heaps of spider webs, piled one on another, through the elastic meshes of which was seen a sun of polished silver. Suddenly the spider webs broke into a thousand tatters, falling to the ground, converted into a tenuous rain, and the day shone forth in full splendor. The trees gleamed in their beautiful verdure, the flowers of vines and the morning-glories opened their chalices, sprinkled with dew drops, to the glowing and incestuous kisses of their father and lover, the regal star of day. Meantime Antón Pérez, in an agony, which seemed endless, lay at the foot of the oak-tree, which, indifferent, spread forth its broad and abundant leaves to the solar heat.

In fact, Antón Pérez, braced between the roots of the tree, in the immovableness of death, the life concentrated in his eyes, participated in his own torture, like those guilty immortals, whom Alighieri's pitiless fancy created. Bloodless, annihilated, yet

he felt himself living. Who ever had seen the gleam of his eyes, would have known that his conscience was accusing him. What implacable moral law had he broken, that his punishment should be so horribly prolonged, by his marvelous vitality? Was it because he had loved madly? that he had aspired to raise himself to a sphere higher than that, in which he had been born? that he had endured, perhaps disgracefully, the scorn and the disdain of the human being whom he had worshiped? Why had he not deserved Rosalba? Why had God made her so bewitching? *Where* was his sin? Perhaps that he had passed from the flag of the Republic to the Imperial standards? And was he, perchance, the only one? Were not a thousand distinguished Mexicans aiding and defending the new cause, shown to be pleasing to Heaven, by the rapidity with which it had spread and gained proselytes? Did not God's ministers suggest it in the confessional and, even, preach it in the pulpit? Was not that cause, indeed, to be the savior of Mexico?—Where was his sin? Thus, in his moments of lucidity, the unhappy condemned being thought, and then fell into lethargies from which he again, presently, aroused himself. How slow and tedious the passage of the hours! And the sun continued to mount at its accustomed speed and, now, gained its greatest height. Piercing through the leafy branches, its rays designed odd patches of sunlight on the ground which every

breeze complicated into fantastic deformations. The nymph of light amused herself at her fancy, with such sports.

At one moment, Antón raised his gaze, and before him, perched upon the pointed leaf of a *cocoyol*, found that he, at last, had a companion in that loneliness; it was a buzzard, which looked at him fixedly, moving his neck regularly, up and down, as one who meditates. The presence of that living being caused Antón a vague sensation of comfort; that, even, was much, at the end of so long and complete abandonment, to see in his last moments that he was not alone in the world. He then fell into a syncope,—condition which now came on more frequently and lasted, each time longer, sign that his agony was nearing its end. On returning to himself, he mechanically turned his gaze to the palm-tree and saw that now there was not only one, but three, of the buzzards, which with the same nodding movement of the neck, and with no less attention, looked at him. A sinister and dreadful thought shot through his sluggish brain; those birds were there, in expectation of his death, to devour him. Then, a horror of death seized him; a shudder of dread passed through his nerves, and he longed that his miserable existence might be prolonged, with the hope that some human being might draw near and discover him. The nervous disturbance, which that idea produced, provoked a new unconsciousness. On recovery, he

could see that not three, but a considerable number of vultures had settled on the palm and on the neighboring trees. He believed they might take him for already dead, and to let them see that he was not, he attempted to raise and move his left arm, which, with enormous effort, he succeeded in doing. The scavengers seemed to understand their error since they looked at one another, exchanging guttural croakings. But night,—last refuge to which Antón trusted against the danger of being torn to pieces, while yet alive,—showed no signs of approach. It was now his duty to preserve the little remaining life. The vultures, on the contrary, ought to be impatient to gorge themselves with the banquet which they had before them, since others were constantly arriving, hovering, and settling, on the neighboring tree-tops, where they formed moving spots of black.

One, bolder than the rest, descended from the branch, on which he rested, to the ground and, like an explorer, was cautiously approaching Antón, who, divining, in his last gleams of lucidity, the purpose of the bird, renewed the effort, which he had made before, and continued to raise and, even, shake, his arm and to bend his undamaged leg, at the moments, when the buzzard stretched out his neck to give the first peck. The carrion-eater drew back his head and retreated a few steps, but did not take to flight. Encouraged by this his companions descended, one by one, from the tree

and took possession of the space around, forming a semi-circle at the foot of the oak-tree.

Perhaps, through an instinctive respect to man's superiority, felt by other animals, even though seeing him helpless, the line of vultures remained at a considerable distance from Antón and limited themselves to contemplating him, nodding and stretching out their heads, and repeatedly croaking. A Hoffmanesque fancy would have seen, in them, a group of zealots in prayer, making reverence.

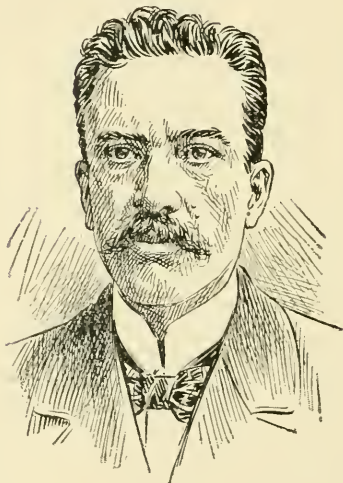
But this did not last long. One of the vultures ventured to dash at the head of Antón, who still had enough energy to guard himself against the attack, raising his arm and striking the bird with his fist, so that it returned to stand on the ground again, though without any sign of fear. The effort Antón had made was so great that he fell into a new stupor. The same vulture again raised himself, but not to dash directly upon the dying man; he hovered a moment over his head and, then, hurling himself upon Antón's face, tore out, at a single clutch, his right eye. The pain was so intense that the victim not only returned to consciousness but gave a cry of agony, which echoed like the last shriek of one who dies exhausted under torture. Yet, he could, by an instinctive sentiment of preservation, turn his head, so that the left eye was protected by the tree trunk. Then he felt that the crowd of vultures fell to tearing his cloth-

ing, doubtless to discover his wounds, to commence there with devouring him. So it happened. The shattered leg was the first to suffer tearing by the beaks, which tugged at the already lifeless tendons and muscles; his arm, though somewhat protected by the astrakan, which, finally, with no little difficulty, the vultures ripped open, was not long in suffering the same fate. Suddenly, Antón turned his face, which bore a frightful expression of pain, for which he had no sounds to express. A powerful beak had seized the anterior, branchial, muscle and was pulling furiously at it. The involuntary movement was fatal to Antón. Other vultures cast themselves upon the exposed face and dragged out the left eye. The last suffering of the unfortunate was only indicated by a convulsive trembling of all his members. He felt as if a black pall, very black, heavy, very heavy, fell upon him and then there came over him a sentiment of the profoundest joy — perhaps, that his nerves could no longer carry a sensation to his brain. The mouth opened, closed, and he lost himself, forever, in the night without end, in the loving bosom of Mother Nature, who received the remains of that organism, her creation, to decompose it into its component elements, and then to distribute these, as the materials of other organisms, in the endless chain of life.

Meantime, that other night, which with the sun engenders time and, with him, divides it, began to

envelop the earth, and the carrion-eaters, not accustomed to eat in darkness, abandoned Antón's corpse and perched themselves on the neighboring branches, to await the feast until the following day.

PORFIRIO PARRA.



Porfirio Parra was born in the State of Chihuahua. In 1869, when he was scarcely fourteen years of age, he was voted a sum of money by the State Legislature, to take him to the City of Mexico for purposes of study. From 1870 to 1872, he attended the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School), where he stood first in his classes and where his conduct was so exemplary, as to gain him state aid until the time of his graduation. In 1871, entering the competi-

tion for the Professorship of History in the Girls High School, he gained the second grade, although three eminent historians were among the contestants. Entering the *Escuela Nacional de Medicina* (National Medical School), in 1873, he maintained high rank there and took his degree in February, 1878. In March of that year, he was appointed Professor of Logic in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria*. In 1879, by competition, he received the Professorship of Physiology in the National School of Medicine, with which he has been associated in some capacity ever since. In 1880, by competition, he became Surgeon and Physician of the Juarez Hospital. In 1886, after a brilliant examination, he became a member of the *Academia de Medicina de México* (Academy of Medicine). In the *Escuela Nacional de Agricultura y Veterinaria* (National Agricultural and Veterinary School), he has held chairs of mathematics and zootechnology.

An alternate Deputy in 1882, he was in 1898 elected Deputy of the Federal Congress, and has been re-elected until the present time. He was made chairman of the House Committee on Public Instruction. In 1902 he was named Secretary of the Upper Council of Education. Dr. Parra has participated, officially, in several of the most important medical congresses held in Europe during recent years, sometimes as a delegate from his native State of Chihuahua, at others as delegate

from the Mexican nation. In 1892, he was elected a member of the Mexican Academy.

Dr. Parra has written both in poetry and prose. Most of what he writes is in scientific lines. Even in poetry he is a scientist, and in a volume of his poems, we find odes to the mathematics and to medicine, a sonnet to a skull, and poems on the Death of Pasteur, Night, Water. Of very great importance is his *Nuevo Sistema de Logica, inductiva y deductiva* (New System of Logic, Inductive and Deductive). He has written one novel, *Pacotillas*, in which the life of the medical student is depicted. It is from this work that we have drawn our selections.

López (Santa Anna), Robles (El Chango — “the monkey”), Alvarez (Patillitas) and Tellez (Pacotillas), are fellow-students in the School of Medicine. They are friends but present four quite different types of character. Santa Anna figures least in the story and attends most strictly to business; Patillitas is a dandy, anxious to make feminine conquests; El Chango drops out of school before he has completed his course, toadies in politics, rapidly rising to importance as the private secretary of a departmental minister, and marries great wealth. Pacotillas, the hero, is an astonishing combination of strong and weak qualities. Of lofty ideals, of great firmness in announcing and supporting them, and of brilliant intellectual powers, he is cold, morose, lacking in initiative, easily

depressed, and procrastinating. He smokes constantly and excessively and readily yields to drink. He loves a beautiful and amiable girl and lives with her without marriage; though he realizes the injustice this is to her, the injustice — excused at the time by poverty — is never atoned for in his days of comparative prosperity. Pacotillas and his beautiful Amalia suffer enormous trials of poverty; Paco finally secures a position on the force of an opposition paper. He antagonizes the government, is arrested and thrown in jail, where he dies of typhus. The book is an interesting picture of Mexican life, but it is a particularly difficult task to make brief selections from it for translation.

EXTRACTS FROM PACOTILLAS.

The next day the vigilant argus, accompanied by a faithful friend, was at his post from nine o'clock in the morning. He was not on beat but he warned his fellow policeman to pay no attention to what was about to take place at the house, since it concerned a personage of consequence, closely connected with the official world, whose plans it were best not to disturb; that the gentleman did not ask something for nothing and would not fail to reward him; that everything would go on behind closed doors, and was really no more than a joke; that it concerned a private matter, with no political bearings; that the woman living

in the house badly repaid him who supported her, and that he merely wished to scare her and put her to shame.

The policeman on the beat permitted himself to be convinced by Pablo's diplomatic arguments; he demanded, indeed, a guarantee that nothing serious should take place, that there should be no fight, wounds, shots, or other scandal.

No, comrade, answered Pablo, it only concerns giving a thrashing to a young fellow who is accustomed to enjoy women, whom other men support. Put yourself in the place of the deceived man; what would you do? What would any other decent man do, in such a case? Just what he is going to do. I shall not compromise you. You see that I am also one of the police-force. Further, this may help you, the gentleman we are helping is in with the government, and he does not expect service for nothing.

Completely convinced, the policeman agreed that, at a signal from Pablo, he would walk slowly toward the Plazuela del Carmen, to see what was going on there.

The astute Pablo had arranged for two stout fellows of evil mien to meet him at the corner *pulqueria*; they arrived at the place appointed at half-past-nine carrying heavy cudgels as walking sticks.

A little before ten the servant of Mercedes left the house; Pablo, who had already made her acquaintance, overtook her and said:

“Where are you going so fast, my dear?”

“I am going far; I am taking a message to the Arcade of Belem and from there to Sapo street, to the *socursal*.”

“Does not my pretty one want a drop?”

The pretty one did want a drop, entered the *pulqueria*, drank, submitted to various pinches, and left. Pablo at once said to his friend: “Run and call the General,” and he planted himself where he could see the house.

A little later poor Mercedes, who suspected nought of what was plotting for her undoing, opened the windows and looked out. It was the signal, arranged between her and Patillitas, indicating that there were no Moors on the coast and that the happy lover might enter. He was not slow in appearing, strutting pompously as if enjoying in anticipation the pleasure he was about to have. He caught sight of his sweetheart, which was equal to seeing the gates of paradise opening, saluted her with much elegance and cautiously entered the doors of the court-yard, which were ajar.

“The fish falls into the net! how easy! how easy!”* murmured the malicious Pablo, humming the accompanying tune in a low voice.

A quarter of an hour had passed when, by San Pedro y San Pablo St., the General was seen approaching, as grave, as correct, and as arrogant as

* Cayo el pez en la remanga:
Qué ganga! qué ganga!

ever, smoking his unfailing cigar, without hastening his pace or displaying the least emotion.

As soon as Pablo saw him, he spoke to the policeman on the beat, who at once walked slowly in the direction of the Plazuela, as he had promised. Then Pablo summoned his assistants from the *pulqueria* and all three joined the messenger, who had been sent to call the General and who had now returned; the whole party stopped on the sidewalk opposite Mercedes' house.

The General, without quickening his pace, without looking at the men, nor making any signal to them, had already arrived before the house. When he had almost reached the gateway, the four men crossed the street and, when he entered, they cautiously followed.

López, with measured tread, crossed the court, followed by his men; he turned to the left and knocked at the house-door, which was fastened. No one responded, but noises of alarm were heard within, a sound as of a person running and finding some piece of furniture in his way, a stifled cry, and the murmur of troubled voices.

The General knocked a second, and a third time with briefer interval and with greater force. No one replied and now nothing was heard. The General knocked for the fourth time and said, in his stentorian voice, though without displaying anger or emotion: "Open, Mercedes, it is I."

"I am coming," shrilly answered a woman's

voice, "I am dressing; I was ill and had not yet risen."

The General waited with the utmost calm. No escape was possible; from the hall one passed directly into the room, which was the scene of the guilty love and which received light by a grated window, that opened onto the *patio* of the next house. The General, who knew all the hiding places and the location of the pieces of furniture in the room, was delighted, imagining the little agreeable plight of the student, who had already, tremblingly, hidden himself under the bed.

After ten minutes waiting, Mercedes, visibly pale with *chiquedores* * on her temples, her head tied up in a handkerchief, and covered with a loose gown, which she was still hooking, finally opened the door, smiled at the General, and attempting to overcome her manifest uneasiness, said: "Ah, sir! what a surprise!"

"Good morning, madam," said the General, abruptly entering the hall and then the inner room, followed by his four men, and paying no attention to Mercedes, who, following them all, exclaimed, each time more afflicted:

"What do you wish, sir? What are you looking for? Why have these men come here?"

Once in the room, the General stopped near the door, and, as he expected, saw under the bed the

* Small round plasters stuck upon the temples for the relief of headache.

coiled up body of the student who would gladly have given his whiskers to be elsewhere.

"Drag out that shameless fellow," said the General to his men, "and beat him for me."

"Señor, for God's sake!" cried Mercedes.

The four men obeyed the order. The unhappy student did not even try to escape. One took him by the feet and dragged him out into the middle of the room; the others began to discharge a hail of blows upon him, distributing them evenly over the shoulders, back, seat, and legs of that unfortunate, who squirmed upon the floor like an epileptic, writhing, screaming, and howling, with a choked voice:

"Ay! ay! they are killing me! ay! ay! help! Ay! ay! infamous fellows! assassins!"

Meantime the General looked on at that calamitous spectacle, without a word; when the flogging seemed to him sufficient he exclaimed—"Hold!" and then, addressing the man who had been flogged, added: "Be warned by this experience and let the women of other men alone."

The maltreated Patillitas arose, hurled some insolence at the General, and threw himself upon him with his fists clenched; the floggers started to seize him, but the General said, "Leave him to me." And, with the greatest calmness, he allowed him to deal his inoffensive blow, and, then, seizing his wrist, gave it such a wrench that the poor fellow suffered more than from the beating, and, not-

withstanding all his efforts to the contrary, fell upon his knees before his conqueror, howling with pain.

“Listen well, jackanapes,” said the General, without loosening his hold, “get away from here at once; and, if you prefer the least complaint or cause the least scandal, I will put you into jail and afterwards send you into the army as a vagabond and mischief-maker.”

He loosed his prisoner who rose uttering suffocated groans and muttering inarticulate insolences. Limping, and with his dress disordered, he started to walk away; he took his hat, which one of the floggers, at a signal from the General, handed him. Pablo followed him and at reaching the hall door gave him a kick behind, saying with a horse laugh:

“There! take your deserts, you!”

“Now,” said the General, addressing Mercedes, who, huddled on the sofa, with her kerchief thrown over her head and covering her face, was sobbing violently, “indicate what you wish to take with you and get out into the street.”

“Keep it all, horrible old man, monster without heart or entrails of pity,” said the unhappy woman, drying her eyes; and, arranging her dress as best she could and wrapping up her head, she left.

When she had disappeared, the General, as pleased as if he had consummated some great act of justice, dismissed the floggers, after paying

them; then, he went out onto the street with a lofty air, and, smoking his ever-present cigar, closed the gate of the court, put the key into his pocket, and walked away.

The Chango did not pronounce this long discourse at one breath, but interrupted himself from time to time to sip coffee or to ask Pacotillas incidental questions, which he answered in his usual laconic style. He expressed himself somewhat more upon his matrimonial troubles and the faults of his wife's parents. Then, changing his tone, he said:

"Now I have tired you in speaking of myself and my affairs; now you must reciprocate, as a good friend, and tell me all about yourself."

"I can do that in a few words: I am slowly continuing my course of study and with more or less of difficulty and labor gain my bread."

"Spartan! You do wrong not to confide in me. Am I to understand that you desire nothing? that you do not care to better your condition?"

"I do not say so; I desire many things; I desire to escape from poverty; but, I am content with my situation."

"What a fool you are! I could do much for you, because I love you well, and I would willingly offer you more than one chance of improving your condition."

“ I thank you for your good will but I see no means of taking advantage of it.”

“ See Paco, let us speak frankly; notwithstanding your assertion that you are content with your situation, I cannot believe it; the fact is that you are very proud, that you do not care to ask anything from anyone; that is all right with strangers, but when I, your school-fellow and friend, anticipate your desires and offer ——”

“ I thank you and beg you to respect my freedom of action.”

“ What a hard-shell you are! Come, consent to this anyway — separate yourself from the *Independiente*; I promise to supply resources for you to found a paper of your own, which will bring you at least double what Don Marcos can pay you, and also to secure you a grant to aid you in your studies, and, if you desire more, you shall have more.”

“ But, truly, I desire nothing; I owe consideration to Don Marcos and cannot treat him cavalierly,” said Paco, at the same time saying to himself, “ Oho, now I see! ”

“ You are fearfully stubborn,” said the Chango, “ but you are your own master and I will not insist further; but, now, I come to one favor, begging you affectionately, in the name of our old friendship, to grant it; do not continue to discuss, in your bulletins, the objectionable question upon which you have been writing.”

"In my soul, I regret that I cannot gratify you, since I have resolved to examine that matter in all its aspects."

"You are more tenacious than a Biscayan! Don't you understand that in this you do me a personal injury and expose me to public criticism?"

"I do not see why? I have never mentioned your name, nor shall I mention it; nor are you responsible for that contract."

"Don't be a ninny; although you do not mention me by name; although, legally, you do not treat of me; yet the odium of the transaction falls on me."

"Whether the part you play is odious or not, I am not to blame; you have chosen it freely. You act, and I judge. We are both within our rights."

"In fine, Paco, if you continue to write as heretofore, you do me an injury, you attack me."

"That is not my intention, nor do I believe it the necessary result of my procedure."

"Of course, if you attack me, you give me the right to defend myself."

"Granted," answered Paco, coldly.

"And you know that I have many means of doing it?"

"I know it and they have no terrors for me."

"Paco, you despise me," said the Chango with annoyance.

"No, I merely answer you," replied Paco, coldly.

“ For the last time I will sum up the situation. If you consent to withdraw from the *Independiente* you shall have whatever advantages you desire that I can give you ; you shall have the same if you consent, at least, to speak no more of the contract. Do you agree? ”

“ I have already said no,” replied Paco with dignity.

“ Very well ; it is hard for me to proceed against a fellow-student, whom I have always esteemed for his talents and his brilliant promise ; for that reason, I desired to speak with you beforehand and give you proofs of my friendship, but since you are obstinate, I warn you that I shall prosecute you criminally.”

“ Thanks for the warning.”

“ Do you reflect that you will be proceeded against, that you will be sent to jail, that you will be sentenced? ”

“ Yes, I consider all, and I am prepared for all ; you will allow me to say that I appreciate the kindness and politeness, with which you have treated me ; but now, as it seems your wish to induce me to maintain silence and to separate myself from the *Independiente*, and as I will never agree to this, I judge my further presence here to be useless and, with your permission, will leave.”

And the young man at once rose and left ; the Chango followed him without a word ; they went down the stairway, crossed the corridor, Pacotillas

took his hat in the hall, and on saying adieu to Robles, the latter involuntarily moved by the dignity of Pacotillas, said to him: "Think yet, Paco."

"I need not think; neither threats nor bribes can swerve me from what I believe to be my duty."

EMILIO RABASA.



Emilio Rabasa was born in the pueblo of Ocozautla, State of Chiapas, on May 22, 1856. He studied law in the City of Oaxaca, being licensed to practice on April 4, 1878. He returned to his native State, where he was a Deputy to Congress and Director of the Institute during the years 1881 and 1882. He then removed to Oaxaca, where he was Judge of the Civil Court, Deputy to the State Legislature and Secretary to Governor Mier y Teran, during 1885 and 1886. Remov-

ing to the City of Mexico in 1886, he there filled various judicial and other offices. In 1891, he was elected Governor of Chiapas, which office he filled for two years, particularly interesting himself in improving the financial condition of the State. In 1894, he was elected Senator from the State of Sinaloa, an office which he still fills. He resides in the City of Mexico, where he is engaged in legal practice.

The work which has given him literary fame is a four volume novel, written under the *nom-de-plume* of Sancho Polo. These volumes bear special titles — *La Bola* (The Local Outbreak), *La gran Ciencia* (The Grand Science), *El cuarto Poder* (The Fourth Power), and *Moneda falsa* (False Money). These novels have their importance in Mexican literature. Victoriano Salado Álvarez, speaking of the notable advancement of the Mexican novel in recent years, says: "The works of Sancho Polo, precious studies,—initiated this truly fecund and permanent movement." Luis Gonzáles Obregón says of these books: "These are notable for the correctness of their style, for masterly skill in description, most rich in precious details, for the perfect way in which those who figure in them are characterized, for the natural and unexpected development, as well as for many other beauties, which we regret not being able to enumerate here." Emilio Rabasa's active public life has prevented his follow-

ing up his early success in literature. Since the Sancho Polo series, he has written but one brief novel, *La Guerra de tres años* (The Three Years War). In 1888, in connection with the well-known publisher, Reyes Spindola, he founded *El Universal* (The Universal), which is still published, and which really initiated a new era in Mexican journalism.

The hero in the Sancho Polo novels is a youth named Juan Quiñones. Born and reared in an obscure village, he loves a pretty girl who lives with her uncle, a man of common origin and mediocre attainments. Don Mateo is, however, a rising man, and, as he mounts, his ambitions for his niece mount also. The boy has real ability, but is petulant and precipitate, throwing himself into positions from which there should be no escape, and learning nothing by experience. He passes through a series of remarkable experiences — a local outbreak, a State revolution, anti-governmental journalism in the capital city, a discreditable love affair — finally, of course, gaining the girl.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

I attempted in vain to restrain and reduce the uneasiness and disquietude, by which I was possessed and which Minga and her mother but increased, now dragging me away from the window,

now preventing me from drawing the bolt to open the door, now bringing me back from the courtyard whither I had desired to go to escape their oversight.

“What a Don Abundio!” said Minga, jeeringly. “Trust him! But have no fear; he will not now let the girl go.”

Nevertheless, I sent the old woman back to see Felicia, to beg her, if preparations for the journey were not immediately discontinued, to send me word by her servant. And the good old woman, who was brave and fearless, started out again, cautioning her daughter not to allow me to commit any imprudence.

What a day was that for me. The sun ran its course with desperate slowness, but finally stood in mid-heaven. The old woman had not yet returned, nor had Don Mateo made his attack, nor had I news of any one. I do not understand how I could remain shut up all those hours, without breaking out and letting myself be killed.

While thus chafing, and more often than ever peeping from the window to catch a distant glimpse of the old woman, a choked and panting voice, at my shoulder, cried:

“They are coming.”

It was ‘Uncle Lucas,’ who seemed in that one day to exhaust all his remaining life’s force. He seated himself on Minga’s bed, with his mouth

open, his chest puffing like a blacksmith's bellows, his head nodding in time to his heavy breathing.

In spite of his breathlessness, I made him speak, although his words were broken by his gasps for air. Don Mateo and his force were organizing at half a league's distance. Uncle Lucas had told the Colonel all that the Sindico * had said and had returned with the order to unite as many men as possible from our quarter of the town, in order to impede and disconcert Coderas's force, when it should return to town, as probably it would only skirmish in the open field. Just as he arrived at the creek, Uncle Lucas saw five men on horseback, the advance guard of Coderas, descend from the terrace.

In fact, while he was speaking we heard the noise of horses running through the street and the clank of swords against the stirrups. Almost at the same moment the door opened and Minga's mother burst into the room, her face pale, her eyes flashing fire.

"A little more and those dogs had had me!" she cried angrily and hurled forth a tirade which I cannot repeat.

"What is the matter?" I asked, agitated.

"What is it! If it were not for my nephew Matias, who was in the trenches by the church, they would not have let me go. Cursed wolves. When Pedro comes I will tell him that they would

* Town treasurer.

not let me go and the foul words they said to me. As I told you, were it not for Matias, I would still be there in the Plaza."

"And what did Felicia say?" I interrupted, impatiently.

"The horses are all ready; but Don Abundio told her to tell you to have no concern; Remedios need not go. But remember, Juanito, this man has no shame."

Keeping her to the point, I made her tell me all that could concern us. Coderas and Soria had agreed upon a plan of defense, believing that Don Mateo could not take the Plaza in several days; meantime the auxiliaries from the next district, whose Jefe politico was in communication with San Martin, could arrive. At the last moment, it had been decided that Coderas should sally with two hundred men, for a skirmish just outside the town, falling back upon the hundred, who remained in the Plaza with Soria; if fortune should prove averse to them, which the intrepid leader did not believe, they would withdraw to the best entrenchments, in order to force Don Mateo to attack them there.

"Now for the main thing," said the old woman to me. "Remedios told me to say that they plan to take the prisoners from the jail and put them in the trenches, to terrify the other party, who cannot fire without killing their own friends and relatives."

My hair stood on end, I felt a giddiness and almost fell, with my face convulsed with emotion and with shortened breath, I could scarcely turn to Uncle Lucas. Terrified, he rose and tried to detain me; but I promptly regained my self-control and assumed the voice of command which, in such cases, constitutes me a leader of those about me.

“Run!” I said to him quickly. “Immediately collect all those who last night promised to follow us and bring them here at once.”

My voice was so authoritative and commanding that I scarce awaited a reply. The old man made none and directed his way to the door; on opening it, he started violently.

“There they come! they come!” he said in a whisper.

Minga drew me violently back from the window, and Coderas and his force galloped down the road from the creek.

Some villagers followed the force from curiosity, others appeared in their doorways, and some few shut themselves in, cautiously barring their doors.

My wisdom and patience were now completely exhausted, and, my excitement depriving me of all prudence, I rushed forth with Uncle Lucas, ordering him to promptly meet me at that spot.

With no attempt at concealment, without precaution and without fear, I ran to Bermejo's house, to the houses of the imprisoned regidores, to the

houses of all those who were suffering in jail, alarming all with the terrible notice which I had received. In this house, I secured a man; in that one, some weapon; from here I led forth a terrified son; from there, a half-crazed father. Everywhere I carried terror and awakened the most violent manifestations of hatred and affliction.

Half an hour later, in Pedro Martin's *patio*, I had collected some thirty men, who, worthy followers of a leader such as I, would fight like tigers and would not be sated with three hundred victims. One proposed hanging the wife and children of Coderas; another proposed dragging Soria through the streets and casting his lifeless body on the dungheap; another suggested sacking of the house of the Gonzagas, and another, cutting the throats of all who lived in the ward of Las Lomas, with a few exceptions. To me, this all appeared excellent and I energetically approved these savage propositions, while I distributed arms to those who had none and issued my orders to Uncle Lucas.

At that moment, the first discharge of the battle was heard; a cold chill ran through my body, mixture of terror and of impatience for the combat. I felt myself impelled toward the Plaza, and from my lips issued a torrent of foul words, which I was astonished at myself for knowing. Evil predominated in me; under the kindled passions of the *bola*, I was unconsciously transformed, my nature becoming that of the mass around me.

In such moments I had no idea of forming a plan of campaign. I only knew that I was going in defence of my mother, whose life was gravely imperilled, and that I ought to hasten to achieve my object. I did not think how I should attain it, nor did it occur to me to think. Uncle Lucas ventured to remind me that the Colonel's plan was for us to hamper the enemy in his retreat.

"All follow me!" I cried with authority.

And all, with resolution equal to my own, followed me.

Passing behind Minga's house, to the edge of the village, we took the road to the right and marched at quickstep up the street parallel to that which led to the Plaza. On arriving in front of this we halted, to the terror of the neighbors, and then cautiously advanced until the jail was in sight.

Not dreaming of enemies so near, the soldiers in the Plaza were listening to the fusillade which was taking place, almost on the banks of the creek. In front of us was a gentle slope, from the gully up to the Plaza and the prison door; at that place, which could scarcely be seen, because of the village corral which intervened, a sentinel was visible.

"They have not yet taken out the prisoners," I said to my companions; "we will wait here until we see some movement showing that they are about to remove them."

Among our arms was a single gun; the rest were

machetes, darts, or knives tied to the end of staves. I nevertheless believed myself invincible.

The distant noise of musketry, which, to tell the truth, was not great or terrible, consequent on the small number of the combatants and the still smaller number of the firearms, became less at the end of a few minutes, and the few shots heard seemed to me to be already discharged within San Martin. I ordered my party to approach the foot of the slope, I myself remaining where I was so as not to lose sight of the jail; and I ran to join them, when the discharges from the entrenchments showed me that Soria had entered the Plaza and that Don Mateo was in front of it.

We mounted to the jail, before the sentinel could give the alarm and at the moment when Coderas and Soria repulsed Don Mateo in his first assault. Taken by surprise, the sentinel fled to the Plaza, and we, without thought of the imprudence of our hasty action, hurled ourselves against the prison door, and, after a few efforts, burst it in, broken into fragments.

LA BOLA.

How many then, as I, wept orphaned and cursed the *bola!* In that miserable village, which scarcely had enough men to till its soil, and in which the loftiness of citizenship was unknown, its victims had floods of tears and despair, instead of

laurels, the reward of right. Here the father, love and support of the family, was mourned; there, a son, hope and stay of aged parents; there, again, a husband, torn from the fireside to be borne to a field of battle, which had not even tragic grandeur, but only the caricaturing ridiculousness of a low comedy.

And all that was called in San Martin a revolution! No! Let us not disgrace the Spanish language nor human progress. It is indeed time for some one of the learned correspondents of the Royal Academy to send for its dictionary, this fruit harvested from the rich soil of American lands. We, the inventors of the thing itself, have given it a name without having recourse to Greek or Latin roots, and we have called it *bola*. We hold the copyright; because, while revolution, as an inexorable law, is known in all the world, the *bola* can only be developed, like the yellow fever, in certain latitudes. Revolution grows out of an idea, it moves nations, modifies institutions, demands citizens; the *bola* requires no principles, and has none, it is born and dies within short space, and demands ignorant persons. In a word, the revolution is a daughter of the world's progress and of an inexorable law of humanity; the *bola* is daughter of ignorance and the inevitable scourge of backward populations.

We know revolutions well, and there are many who stigmatize and calumniate them; but, to them

we owe the rapid transformation of society and of institutions. They would be veritable baptisms of regeneration and advancement, if within them did not grow the weed of the miserable *bola*. Miserable *bola*? Yes! There operate in it as many passions as there are men and leaders engaged; in the one it is avenging ruin; in the other a mean ambition; in this one the desire to figure; in that one to gain a victory over an enemy. And there is not a single common thought, not a principle which gives strength to consciences. Its theatre is the corner of some outlying district; its heroes, men who perhaps at first accepting it in good faith, permit that which they had to be torn to tatters on the briers of the forest. Honorable labor is suspended, the fields are laid waste, the groves are set on fire, homes are despoiled, at the mere dictate of some brutal petty leader; tears, despair, and famine are the final harvest. And yet the population, when this favorite monster, to which it has given birth, appears, rushes after it, crying enthusiastically and insanely, *bola! bola!*

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

Albar came down into the editorial room and, approaching me, picked up, one by one, the yet fresh sheets. He was satisfied, extremely so.

“Very good,” he said to me, “this will cause a sensation, and will exalt your name yet more. Attack fearlessly.”

At twelve, he called me up to his writing-room, not without my feeling a strange fear, presentiment of danger.

“ I want you to take one matter on yourself,” he said, “ because this Escorroza is of no use sometimes. Besides, I know you are from the State of X—— and I suppose you know its men, its history, its conditions, better than anyone else on the force.”

“ I think so,” I replied, trembling.

“ It is so,” affirmed Albar. “ Put special care on the articles relative to the matter, to which I refer; because it is of importance to me and I entrust it to you because you are the best man on the staff.”

“ You are very kind —— ”

“ Not at all; it is mere justice —— ”

“ And the matter —— ”

“ In a moment, in a moment; you shall hear.”

The interest of the Director must indeed be great, when he was so friendly and courteous with me. His dark skin wrinkled more violently and a forced smile incessantly contracted his lips, separating yet more widely from each other, the two halves of his typically Indian moustache.

We heard, sounding in the patio, the footsteps of several persons. My suspicions had grown with Albar's words, my fears increased, and that noise caused me such disturbance that I was forced to rise from the sofa to conceal it.

In spite of my efforts to control myself, I felt that I turned pale, when Don Mateo entered the room, accompanied by Bueso and Escorroza. Instinctively, I stepped back a step or two and appeared to occupy myself with something lying on the table.

Don Mateo awkwardly saluted Albar, with scant courtesy, and passed with him and Bueso into an adjoining room. As he passed near me, I noticed that the General looked at me and hesitated a moment as if he wished to stop. Albar, who went last, indicated to Escorroza, by a sign, that he might retire, and when he, in turn, repeated the signal to me, Albar said, shortly, "Wait here; I will call you."

Escorroza withdrew, casting at me a glance of terrible hatred, which in some degree compensated me for my anxieties, by the vain satisfaction it caused me; but, hearing the first phrases exchanged between the three men, I understood at once that Pepe was right in telling me that I had lost my cause. I should have fled from the place, on feeling myself so completely routed, at comprehending the event and its significance to me; but, I know not what painful desire to know the end, held me, as if bound, to the chair in which I had seated myself near the door.

At first Don Mateo himself desired to present the matter; but his rustic awkwardness, little suited to the presentation of so difficult a matter, over-

came him, and it was necessary that Bueso should take up the conversation for him.

For some minutes his tranquil, unvarying, and unemotional voice was heard; for him, no matter was difficult of presentation, no circumlocutions were necessary to express the most delicate affairs. The General had seen, with surprise, a paragraph in *El Cuarto Poder* which demanded evidence proving what *El Labaro* had stated concerning him; that his surprise was the greater from the fact that he had before considered Albar as his friend, although they had had merely business relations through correspondence. All that was printed in *El Labaro*, and much more, was true, as could be testified by thousands of persons, who knew the General as their own hands. It could be proved (indeed it could!) with documents from State and Federal governments; with periodicals of different epochs which he had preserved; with this and with that —

But, why? Albar could not doubt the word of a gentleman. The important matter now is that the eminent Director should recognize in the General a good friend, and in place of raising doubts in regard to his glorious past, should strive, as a good friend, to make it well known, appreciated, and recompensed by the applause to which a man so distinguished as the General is entitled. While he understood this involved considerable expense, that was no obstacle.

At this critical point Albar interrupted Bueso with a grunt, which said neither yes nor no. It is not necessary to mention that; no, sir. The unlucky paragraph in question had crept into the paper, without the Director's knowledge; but, as soon as he discovered it, he determined to apply the remedy; which would consist in publishing a complete biography of the General, stating that it had been written after inspection of convincing and authentic documents; and, even, that the portrait of the General should be printed in the paper, if he would have the kindness to furnish a photograph.

Clouds of blood, blinding me, passed before my eyes; my whole body trembled convulsively; with my contracted fingers I clutched the arms of the chair and dug my nails into the velvet upholstery. In the fury of my rage and anger, I scarcely heard some words about thirty subscriptions, which Don Mateo would send the following day, to be mailed to his friends in the State. Bueso asserted that this was important for the General, because the General was a man with a great political future, that he ought, therefore, to act promptly and vigorously, to augment his prestige and propagate his renown everywhere.

To me, nailed to my chair, that scene appeared for some minutes the horrible illusion of a cruel nightmare. I was perspiring and choked.

The door suddenly opened and the three actors

in the comedy entered the writing-room. Trying to compose myself, and rising, I heard Albar, who, pointing at me, said:

“Here is the best pen on my staff; this young man will be charged with writing all relative to your life.”

Don Mateo and I faced each other, exchanging a glance of profound hatred; hatred, kneaded with the passion of purest love, as mud is kneaded with water from the skies.

I knew not what to say, much as I desired to speak, but Don Mateo, incapable of controlling himself, said insultingly:

“This young man going to write? And what does *he* know?”

And, filled with rage, he turned his back on me, pretending to despise me.

“I know more than will suit you, for writing your biography,” I replied, “but I warn Señor Albar that my pen shall never be employed in the service of a man like you.”

Don Mateo made a motion as if he would throw himself upon me, and I made one as if seizing a bust of bronze to hurl at him.

Albar leaped between us.

“What is this?” he cried, in terror.

“You are a miserable puppet,” thundered Don Mateo, shaking his fists at me above Albar’s head. “When I meet you in the street I will pull your ears.”

"We shall see," I replied.

"Wretched, insignificant boy."

"Stop! enough of this," cried Albar, with all the force of his lungs. "What is the matter?"

"Señor Albar," I said, "I heard all that was said. I can write nothing about this man; not a word."

"Nor will I permit that he shall write," belated Don Mateo, choked with rage; "I will not consent to it."

"Then he shall not write; enough said," replied Albar.

Bueso stood before me undisturbed; with his hands in his pockets he looked me over with an air of curiosity.

"That means that Javier will write it," he said completing Don Pablo's thought.

Escorroza, at the sound of voices, had come upstairs and, at this moment, arrived.

"Very well," said the Director, "let it be so. As Quiñones refuses and the General does not consent, Escorroza will be charged with writing all relative to ——"

"To the Señor General? With the greatest pleasure," broke in Don Javier.

"And he will do it much better," said Bueso.

Don Mateo looked at me with an air of triumph and derision.

"The Señor Director may order what seems best to him," I said, restraining myself with dif-

ficulty, "but I ought to inform him that I withdraw from the staff, the moment when the paper publishes the least eulogy of this man."

And without saluting, with clenched fists and gritted teeth, I left the room. While in the corridor I heard the voices of Cabezudo, Bueso, and Escorroza, who cried at once:

"Canasto! this puppet ——"

"Talked to you, in that manner!"

"How can you permit ——"

The noise of the loud voices reached the editorial room. Pepe and Carrasco asked me what had happened, but I simply shrugged my shoulders and the two became discreetly silent.

The noise continued for half an hour. At the end of that time the footsteps of the three men were heard in the *patio*, and their yet angry voices. As they passed the doorway I heard them saying:

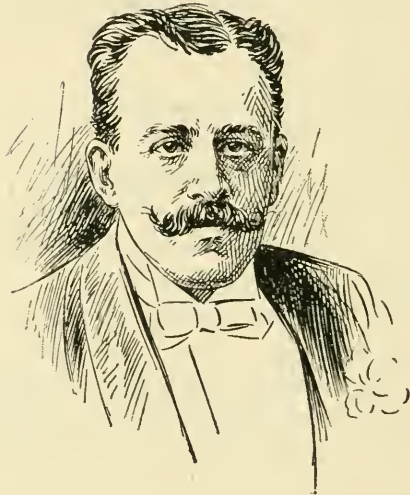
"Astonishing how much Don Pablo thinks this boy to be!"

"Canasto! recanasto! this I will never forgive."

Elevated pride, satisfied hatred, gratified and exalted vanity, almost choked me and I had to rise for breath. Pepe and Sabas looked at me astonished, and I, my face twitching and working with a nervous smile, threw my pen upon the table.

"This pen is worth more than most persons imagine."

RAFAEL DELGADO.



Rafael Delgado was born in Cordoba, State of Vera Cruz, August 20, 1853, of a highly honorable and respected family. His father was for many years the Jefe politico of Cordoba, but at the close of his service retired to Orizaba. This removal was made when Rafael was but two months old, and it was in Orizaba that he was reared and has spent most of his life. After receiving his earlier instruction in the *Colegio de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe*, he was sent, in

1865, to the City of Mexico, where, however, on account of the turbulence of that time, he spent but one year. On account of the disturbances due to civil war his father lost the greater part of his fortune. In May, 1868, Rafael entered the *Colegio Nacional de Orizaba*, then just organized, where he completed his studies. From 1875 on, for a space of eighteen years, he was teacher of geography and history in that institution. The salary was so small and irregular that, at times, he was compelled to give elementary instruction in other schools in order to meet expenses. In his own personal studies, outside of his professional work, he was especially interested in the drama, and he carefully read and studied the Greek, Latin, French and Italian dramatists, as well as the Spanish. In 1878 he wrote two dramas, *La caja de dulces* (The Box of Sweets), prose in three acts, and *Una taza de te* (A Cup of Tea) in verse in a single act. These were staged and met a good reception. At a banquet tendered to the author after the first rendering of *La caja de dulces*, his friends presented him a silver crown and a gold pen. In 1879, Rafael Delgado published a translation of Octave Feuillet's *A Case of Conscience* and later an original monologue — *Antes de la boda* (Before the Wedding).

Between the ages of sixteen and thirty years, Delgado wrote much lyric poetry. Francisco Sosa compares his work in this field with that of Pesado,

and adds: "Greater commendation cannot be given." From the time when he was a student in the *Colegio Nacional* at Orizaba, Delgado always received the helpful encouragement of his old teacher, the head of that school, Silvestre Moreno Cora. It was due to this truly great man's efforts that the *Sociedad Sánchez Oropeza* was founded in Orizaba, in the literary section of which Rafael Delgado was active. At this society he gave a series of brilliant *Conversaciones* and to its Bulletin he contributed both prose and verse. He has written *Cuentos* (Tales) of excellence, showing the influence of Daudet. More important, however, than his lyric poems and his stories, are Delgado's novels, three in number, *La Calandria*, *Angelina*, *Los parientes ricos* (Rich Relations). In fiction he is a realist. He prefers to deal with the common people; he is ever a poet in form and spirit; his satire is never bitter; beauty in nature ever appeals strongly to him. Without being a servile imitator, he has been influenced by Daudet and the Goncourts. His plots are simple — almost nothing. In regard to this, he himself, in speaking of *Los parientes ricos*, says: "Plot does not enter much into my plan. It is true that it gives interest to a novel, but it usually distracts the mind from the truth. For me the novel is history, and thus does not always have the machinery and arrangement of the spectacular drama. In my judgment it ought to be the artistic copy of the truth; some-

what, that is, as history, a fine art. I have desired that *Los parientes ricos* should be something of that sort; an exact page from Mexican life."

In *Calandria*, the story opens with the death of Guadalupe, an abandoned woman, poor and consumptive. The man of wealth, who betrayed her, has a lovely home and a beautiful daughter. Carmen, "the Calandria," as she is nicknamed by those about her on account of her singing, the illegitimate daughter of Don Eduardo by Guadalupe, is left in poverty. An appeal, made in her behalf, by a priest to Don Eduardo fails to secure her full recognition and reception into his home, but leads to his arranging for her care in the tenement where she lives and where Guadalupe died. An old woman, Doña Pancha, who had been kind to her mother, receives the orphan into her home. Her son, Gabriel, an excellent young man, a cabinet-maker by trade, loves her, and she reciprocates his love. A neighbor in the tenement, Magdalena, exerts an unhappy influence upon Carmen, leading to estrangement between her and Doña Pancha. Magdalena encourages her to receive the attentions of a worthless and vicious, wealthy youth named Rosas. At a dance given in Magdalena's room, Rosas is attentive, and Carmen, flattered and dazzled, is guilty of some indiscretions. This leads to a rupture between her and Gabriel. To escape the persecutions of Rosas, Carmen goes with the friendly priest to a retreat at some little

distance. The troubles between the lovers approach adjustment, but at the critical moment Rosas appears upon the scene, and the girl, though she rejects him, is compromised. Gabriel stifles his love and actually casts her off. In despair, the girl yields to the appeals of Rosas, who promises marriage. He is false, and soon tiring, abandons her. From then her downward career is rapid and soon ends in suicide.

EXTRACTS FROM CALANDRIA.

And she sighed and spent long hours in gazing at the landscape; attentive to the rustling of the trees, to the flitting to and fro of the butterflies, to the echoes of the valley, which repeated, sonorously, the regular stroke of the woodman's axe, to the rushing of the neighboring stream, to the cooing of the turtle-dove living in the neighboring cottonwood.

I need to be loved and Gabriel has despised me. I need to be happy and cannot because Gabriel, my Gabriel, is offended. He has repulsed me, he has refused my caresses, he has not cared for my kisses. I desire to be happy as this sparrow, graceful and coquettish, which nests in this orange tree. How she chirps and flutters her wings when she sees her mate coming. I cannot forget what took place that night. Never did I love him more, never! I was going to confess all to him, repent-

ant, resolved to end completely with Alberto, to say to Gabriel: "I did this; pardon me! Are you noble, generous, do you love me? Pardon me! I do not covet riches, nor conveniences, nor elegance. Are you poor? Poor, I love you. Are you of humble birth? So, I love you! Pardon me, Gabriel! See how I adore you! I have erred — I have offended you — I forgot that my heart was yours. Take pity on this poor orphan, who has no one to counsel her. Pardon me! You are good, very good, are you not? Forget all, forget it, Gabriel. See, I am worthy of you. I do not love this man; I do not love him. I told him I loved him because I did not know what to do. I let him give me a kiss because I could not prevent it. Forgive me! And he appears to be of iron. He showed himself haughty, proud, and cruel as a tiger. But, he was right; he loved me, and I had offended him. One kiss? Yes — and what is a kiss? Air, nothing! I wanted to calm his annoyance, sweetly, with my caresses, and I could not. Weeping, I begged him to pardon me, and he refused. I said to him — resolved to all — what more could I do? — I said to him, here you have me — I am yours — do with me what you will! And, he remained mute, reserved, did not look at me. He did not see me; he did not speak to me, but I read distrust, contempt, restrained rage, in his face. He almost insulted me. If he had not loved me so much, I believe he

would have killed me! Again I tried to conquer him with my caresses. I wished to give him a kiss — and he repulsed me! Ah, Gabriel! How much you deceive yourself! How self-satisfied you are! You are poor, of humble birth, an artisan — and you have the pride of a king! Thus I love you, thus I have loved you. Haughty, proud, indomitable, thus I would wish you for my love! I would have softened your character; I would have dominated your pride; I would have conquered you with my kisses. You love me, but my tears have not moved you! You are strong and boast of your strength, for which I adore you! You are generous, and yet you do not know how to pardon a weak woman! And we would have been happy. One word from you and nothing more! If it were still possible — and — why not?

* * * *

But, when he heard from the mouth of Angelito that Carmen had responded to the gallantries of Rosas, when the boy described the scene which he had witnessed, and in which, yielding to the desires of Alberto, the orphan had permitted herself to be kissed, the very heavens seemed to fall; he raged at seeing his love mocked and dragged in the mud, and promptly told Doña Pancha all he had learned. The old woman strove to calm him; made just remarks about Carmen's origin, telling him that she might have inherited the tendency to evil from her mother and the desire for luxury,

which had been *her* perdition; she begged him to cut completely loose from the orphan, and, fearful that he might, after the first impression caused by what Angelito described had passed, involve himself in humiliating love entanglements, appealed to her son's generous sentiments, not to again think of the girl. And she succeeded.

Gabriel armed himself with courage and fulfilled his promise. Hard, most cruel, was the interview; his heart said: *pardon her*. Offended dignity cried: *despise her*. Love repeated: *she loves you; is repentant, have pity on her; see how you are trifling with your dearest illusions, with all your hopes; but in his ears resounded his mother's voice, tender, trembling with sympathy, supplicating, sad, Gabriel, my boy, if you love me, if you wish to repay me for all my cares, if you are a good son, forget her!* He loved her and he ought not to love her. He wanted to despise her, to offend her, to outrage her, but he could not. He loved her so much! Wounded self-esteem said with stern and imperious accent: *leave her*.

When the cabinetmaker left his home that night, wishing to escape from his grief, almost repenting what he had done, wandering aimlessly, he journeyed through street after street, without note of distance. The main street of the city, broad and endless, lay before him, with its crooked line of lamps on either side, obscure and dismal in the distance. So the future looks to us, when we are

victims of some unhappy disappointment, which shakes the soul as a cataclysm,—with not a light of counsel, not a ray of hope on the horizon.

He arrived at the end of the city and on seeing the broad cart-road that began there, passed a bridge, at the foot of a historic hill; he felt tempted to undertake an endless journey to distant lands, where no one knew him; to flee from Pluviosilla, that city fatal to his happiness, forever. But, he thought — my mother?

The river flowed serene, silent. The cabinet-maker, with his elbow on the hand-rail of the bridge, contemplated the black current of the river; the great plain which lost itself in the frightful shadow of the open country. A sentiment of gentle melancholy, consoling and soothing, came over his soul. Meantime, the more he dwelt on his misfortune, the more desolate appeared his life's horizon, and something akin to that sad homesickness, which he experienced in his soul, when the maiden first said to him, *I love you*, passed like a refreshing wave through his soul. The abyss at his feet attracted him, called him. What did Gabriel think in those moments? Who can know? "No!" he murmured, turning and taking his way to the city.

The next day, he told Doña Pancha in a few words what had happened and then said no more of the matter. In vain Tacho, Solis, and López questioned him, on various occasions. He did not

again mention Carmen. He learned that she had left Pluviosilla, but made no effort to learn where she had gone; and, not because he had forgotten her, but because he had resolved never to speak of her again. The journeyman and Doña Pancha repeated to him the conversation of Alberto and his friends, what they said of the planned elopement, but he scarcely deigned to listen, and answered with a scornful and profoundly sad smile.

When Angelito found him and told him that Carmen was at Xochiapan, repeating all that she had said, he hung his head as if he sought his answer on the ground, and exclaimed:

“Say you have not seen me. No — tell her that I beg she will not think of me again.”

And he turned away, disdainful and sad.

* * * *

The young man placed himself in a good position, resolved to hear the mass with the utmost devotion; but he could not do it. There, near by, was Carmen; there was the woman for whom he would have given all that he had, even to his life. He did not wish to see her, and yet did nothing else. He turned his face toward the altar, and without knowing how, when he least expected it, found his eyes fixed upon the maiden, whose graceful head, covered with a rebozo, did not remain still an instant, turning to all sides, in search of him. Gabriel remained concealed behind the statue of

San Ysidro which, placed on a table, surrounded by candles and great sprays of paper roses, served him as a screen.

Why had he come? Was he determined to reunite the interrupted loves? Would he yield to Carmen's wishes? He had come to look at her, not desiring to see her; he had come to Xochiapan dragged by an irresistible power, but he would not yield. How could he blot out of his memory that kiss, that thundered kiss, which he had not heard but, which, nevertheless resounded for him like an injury, like an insulting word which demands blood? And yet he had seen her; there she was, near him, never so beautiful.

At the close of the service, at the *ite missa est*, Gabriel left promptly, so that when the faithful flocked out to the market-place, he was mounting his horse. On crossing the *plaza*, he met some *rancheros*, his friends, who invited him to drink a cup and then to eat at the ranch, which was not far distant. He accepted; it was necessary to distract himself. To leave the *plaza*, on the way to the house of his friends, it was necessary to pass along one side of the church; almost between the lines of vendors.

The Cura, Doña Mercedes, Angelito and Carmen were in the graveyard. Gabriel did not wish nor dare to greet his love; he turned his face away, but could see and feel the gaze of those dark

eyes fixed upon him, a gaze profoundly sad which pierced his heart.

After dinner he returned to the town to take the road to Pluviosilla. His friends proposed to accompany him, but he refused their offer. He wished to be alone, alone, to meditate upon the thought which for hours had pursued him.

She loves me — he was thinking as he entered the town.— She loves me! Poor child! I have been cruel to her.— I ought to forgive her.— Why not? I will be generous. I will forgive all.

The energetic resolutions of the young man became a sentiment of tender compassion. His dignity and pride, of which he gave such grand examples a month before, yielded now to the impulses of his heart. He could resist no longer. Carmen triumphed; love triumphed.

I will speak with her; yes, I will speak with her; I will tell her that I love her with all my soul; that I cannot forget her; that I cannot live without her! I will tell her that I pardon; that we shall again be happy. Poor child! She is pale, ill——. I do not wish to increase her unhappiness.

At the end of the street, through which at the moment he was passing, the cabinet-maker saw two men on horseback, one on an English, the other on a Mexican saddle. Apparently, people of Pluviosilla.

The riders stopped a square away from the Curacy. The one dressed in *charro*, dismounted and cautiously advanced along the hedge. A terrible suspicion flashed through the young man's mind. He quickly recognized the cautious individual. While this person was going along on tiptoe, as if awaiting a signal to approach, Gabriel took the lane to the right, then turned to the left and passed slowly in front of the window of the Curacy, at the moment when Rosas was speaking with Carmen at the grating.

His first idea was to kill his rival like a dog and then the infamous woman who was thus deceiving him — but — he was unarmed. He cursed his bad luck, hesitated a moment, between remaining and going, and, at last, whipping up his horse, went almost at a gallop, by the Pluviosilla road.

FEDERICO GAMBOA.



Federico Gamboa was born in the City of Mexico, December 22, 1864. After his elementary studies he attended the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria* (National Preparatory School), for five years, and the *Escuela de Jurisprudencia* (Law School) for three more. After an examination, he entered the Mexican Diplomatic Corps, October 9, 1888, and was sent to Guatemala in the capacity of Second Secretary of the Mexican Legation in Central America. In 1890, he was appointed First Secretary of the Mexican Legation to Ar-

gentina and Brazil. In 1896, he returned to Mexico, where he remained until the end of 1898, as Chief of the Division of Chancery of the Department of Foreign Affairs. He was then sent again to Guatemala, as *Charge-d'affaires*. In December, 1902, he was appointed Secretary of the Mexican Embassy at Washington, which position he now holds.

Through the year 1898, Señor Gamboa was Lecturer on the History of Geographical Discovery in the *Escuela Nacional Preparatoria*. From 1886 to 1888, inclusive, he was engaged in newspaper work in the City of Mexico. In June, 1888, he presented on the Mexican stage a Spanish translation of the Parisian operetta, *Mam'selle Nitouche*, under the title, *La Señorita Inocencia* (Miss Innocence). In 1889, he presented a translation *La Moral Electrica* (Electric morality) of a French vaudeville. Besides these translations, Señor Gamboa has produced original dramatic compositions — *La Ultima Campaña* (The Last Campaign), a three act drama, and *Divertirse* (To amuse oneself), a monologue; these appeared in 1894. Señor Gamboa has written several books. *Del Natural* — *Esbozos Contemporáneos* (Contemporary Sketches: from nature) was published when he was first in Guatemala and has gone through three editions. *Apariencias* (Appearances), a novel, was published while he was at Buenos Ayres, in 1892. *Impresiones y Recuerdos* (Impressions and

Recollections) appeared in 1894. Three novels, which have been well received are *Suprema Ley* (The Supreme Law), 1895, *Metamorfosis* (Metamorphosis), 1899, and *Santa*, 1900. At present Señor Gamboa is writing a new novel *Reconquista* (Reconquest) and his biographical *Mi Diario* (My Journal), the latter in three volumes.

As may be seen from this brief sketch Señor Gamboa has been a considerable traveler. He has made two European journeys, has twice visited Africa, and has traveled over America from Canada to Argentina. He lived in New York in 1880 and 1881 and holds a city schools certificate for elementary teaching. He was elected a Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy in 1889, an officer of the French Academy in 1900, and a Knight Commander of Carlos III in 1901.

In *Suprema Ley* we have a tale of common life. Julio Ortegál is a poor court clerk, of good ideals, decent, married, and the father of six children. His wife Carmen is hard-working, a good wife and a devoted mother. Clothilde, well-born and well-bred is a native of Mazatlan, where she becomes infatuated with a young man named Alberto; they live together and, on the discovery of dishonest dealings on his part, flee to the interior and to the City of Mexico, where he suicides. Clothilde, suspected of his murder, is thrown into jail; there she meets Julio, in the discharge of

his duties, whose kindness awakens her gratitude. After her acquittal, her father, who does not wish her return to Mazatlan, arranges, through Julio, for her support in Mexico. She goes first to Julio's home and, later, to a hired house. Julio's love for her is kindled; it grows during the time she lives in his house and is the real cause of her removal. He finally abandons wife and children although he still turns over his regular earnings at court to their support, working nights at a theatre for his own necessities. Meantime, consumption, from which he has long suffered, continues its ravages. Clothilde's parents, who can no longer endure her absence, finally send her aunt to bear their pardon and implore her return. Clothilde, repentant, casts off Julio and returns to Mazatlan. He is furious, crushed; but repentant he determines to rejoin his abandoned wife and family; his old and normal love revives, but in that moment, he dies.

EXTRACTS FROM SUPREMA LEY.

Julito no longer resisted and he also lay down to sleep; he would make his aunt's acquaintance in the morning. Carmen, sitting by the spread table, solitary and silent, after the fatiguing day, could not sleep.

She was thinking ——.

Through her thoughts passed vague fears of

coming misfortunes and dangers; of a radical change in her existence. Her poor brain, of a vulgar and unintellectual woman, performed prodigies in analyzing the unfounded presentiments; what did she fear? On what did she base these fears? While she attempted to define them they weakened, though they still persisted. She reviewed her whole life of hard struggle and scanty rewards; she examined her conduct as an honorable wife and a decent mother of a family, and neither the one nor the other, justified her fear. This stranger woman, this stranger who was about to come; would she rob her of something? Of what? Her children? Surely, no. Of her husband, perhaps? Her presentiment was founded in this doubt; yes, it was only of her husband that she could rob her. And her humble idyl of love, which she had cherished among the ancient things of her memory, as she cherished in her clothes-press some few artificial flowers, shriveled and yellowed, from her bridal crown, her idyl revived, shriveled and yellowed also, but demanding an absolute fidelity in Julio; not equal to her own; no, Julio's fidelity had to be different, but it must be; but, however much Carmen assured herself, with the mute assurances of her will, that Julio was faithful, she continued to be possessed by the idea that he would sometime prove unfaithful, just because of the long period of their marriage, that cruel irony of the years which respect nothing,

neither a loving marriage nor the hearth which belonged to us in infancy; the marital affection is choked by the ivy of disgust and the bind-weed of custom; the home disappears covered by the weeds, which grow and grow until they overtop the very pinnacle of the façade. Carmen then appreciated some things before not understood; all the little repugnances and the shrinking apart of two bodies, which had long lived in contact and no longer have surprises to exchange, no new sensations to offer, no curves that are not known, no kisses that are unlike those other kisses, those of sweethearts and the newly-wed, then novel and celestial, afterward repeated without enthusiasm as a faint memory of those gone never to return. Believing that Julio was yet in word and deed her own, she resolved to carry on a slow reconquest, displaying the charms of a chaste coquetry; her instincts of a woman, assuring her that this was the infallible mode of salvation.

But on considering her attractions marred by child-bearing; her features sharpened by vicissitude; her hands, the innocent pride of her girlhood, deformed by cooking and washing; she felt two tears burn her eyeballs and, unable to gain in a contest of graces and attractions, her face fell upon the table, supported by her arms, in silent grief for her lost youth and her perished beauty.

* * * *

At two o'clock in the morning there was a

knocking at the gate and then at her door. It was they, Clothilde and Julio.

“Carmen, the Señora Granada.”

They embraced, without speaking; Clothilde, because gratitude sealed her lips; Carmen, because she could not.

The supper was disagreeable; the dishes were cold, the servant sleepy, those at the table watching one another.

When, in the silence of the night and of the sleeping house, Julio realized the magnitude of what he had done, he read, yes, he read in the darkness of the room, the fatal and human biblical sentence, and began to understand its meaning:

“The woman shall draw thee, where she will, with only a hair of her head.”

Clothilde's first impulse was to conceal herself; to tell her servant that she was not accustomed to receive evening visits; but, besides the fact that Julio had certainly already seen her, the truth is that she felt pleasure, a sort of consolation and discreet satisfaction. Thank God the test was about to commence; she was about to prove to herself the strength of her resolution.

Julio, now nearer, saluted, lifting his hat; Clothilde answered with a wave of the hand, in all confidence, as two friends ought to salute. She waited for him smilingly, without changing her

place or posture, determined not only to show a lack of love but even of undue friendliness. Julio, paler than usual, crossed the threshold.

"Bravo, Señor Ortegal, this is friendly; come in and I will give you a cup of coffee."

Julio gave her his hand with extraordinary emotion and looked searchingly into her eyes as if to read her thoughts. Clothilde, scenting danger, led the way to the dining-room. How were they all at home? Carmen and the children? Do they miss her a little?

Julio promptly answered that all were well, all well but himself, and that is her fault, Clothilde's.

"My fault?"

"Yes, your fault. And I ought to have spoken with you alone, long ago." And, saying this he covered his face with his hands.

The coffee-pot boiled noisily; the servant placed two cups upon the table and Clothilde, not entirely prepared, because she had not counted upon so abrupt an attack, betook herself to her armory of prayers. She served the coffee with a trembling hand, putting in two lumps of sugar, which she remembered Ortegal always took.

"Will you tell me the truth?" he burst out.

"Certainly."

Ortegal collected all his nervous energy and without taking his hands from his face, as if he did not desire to look at Clothilde, and poured out his words in a torrent:

“ Clothilde, I am a wretch to offend you; to dare to speak to you as I do, but I can endure it no longer; I adore you, Clothilde, I adore you and you know it! You have known it —— Pardon me, I beg you; and love me just a little — nothing more,” he added, sobbing, “ have pity on my life and soul. Do you love me sometimes? ”

“ No,” replied Clothilde, closing her eyes, with a transport of cruelty and the consciousness that she caused immense suffering, and terrified at having caused such a passion. “ I can never love you because I idolize and will ever idolize the memory of Alberto.”

When he heard the sentence, Julio bowed his head upon his arm as it rested on the table; pushed back the coffee without tasting it and rose.

“ You forgive me? ”

“ Yes,” said Clothilde, “ and I pray God to cure you.”

“ Will you not come to my house? Will I not see you again? ” exclaimed Julio with a sweeping gesture of his arm that indicated that his suffering was incurable.

“ Yes, yes, but the least possible.”

The two felt that the interview was ended; and Julio believed himself finally cast off. As in all critical situations, there was a tragic silence; Clothilde looked at the floor; Julio gazed at her with the yearning love, with which the dying look for the last time upon the familiar objects and the

dear faces, never so beautiful as in that awful moment. Thus he gazed, long, long, taking her hand and kissing it with the respect of a priest for a holy thing. Then he passed the wicket of the little garden, and departed without once turning his head, staggering like a drunken man; he was lost on the broad pavement, his worn garments of the poor office hack, hanging in the sunlight in such folds as to throw into relief the narrow shoulders of the consumptive.

I am dismissed, he thought, and I am glad that it was with a "no." What folly to think that a woman like Clothilde could ever care for a man like me! What can I offer her? — A worthless trifle, an illegal love, a legitimate wife, children, poverties! How could I pay her house rent, the most necessary expenses, the most trifling luxuries? Better, much better, that they despise me, the more I will occupy myself with my wife and my children, what is earned they will have; I will return to the path of rectitude, to my old companion; I will cure myself of this attack of love. And walking, walking, he reached the Alameda, seated himself in the Glorieta of San Diego, on a deserted bench, in front of two students, who were reading aloud.

“But what has happened to you, Señorita?” and the lie presenting itself for sole response; the

lie which augments the crime and the risks of what is foreseen. Her situation was not new; the eternal sufferings, one day a little worse than another. Then, in the little alcove, where she had thought herself strong enough to resist, the encounter with Alberto's portrait, a life-size bust photograph, in a plain frame, with an oil lamp and two bunches of violets on the bureau, upon which it stood. It was there waiting for her, as it waited for her every night, to watch her undressing as he had in life, seated on the edge of the bed or on a low chair, mute with idolatrous admiration, until she had completed her preparations, and, coquettish and submissive, came to him, who, with open arms and waiting lips embraced her closely, closely, saying, between kisses, "How much I love you."

Clothilde remained leaning against the bureau, unable to withdraw her gaze from the portrait or her thought from what had just happened. Why had she yielded? Why had she not screamed, or drawn the cord of the coach, or called the passers-by or the police? Scarcely a year a widow, because she *was* a widow although the marriage ceremony had not been performed, and she had already forgotten her vows and promises, and had already enshrined within her heart another man, who was not the dead, her dead, her poor dear dead, lying yonder in his grave between two strangers, without protest or opposition to infidelity and perjury; enclosed in the narrow confines of the grave, without

light, nor air, nor love, nor life; lost among so many tombs, among so many faded flowers, among so many lies written in marbles and bronzes. She could redeem her fault with nothing, not only was she not content to dwell at the graveside, but she had given herself to another and still dared to present herself before his portrait, defying its wrath. Trembling with terror she recalled a mutual oath sworn in those happy times, when in their flight across half the Republic, they enjoyed a relative calm in hotels and wayside inns. The sight of a country graveyard, peculiarly situated, had saddened them; with hands clasped, they were walking after supper before the inn, when Alberto, affected by one of those presentiments which so often appear in the midst of joy, as if to remind us that no happiness is lasting, clasped her to his bosom, and stroking her hair, had asked her: "What would you do, if I should die?"

She had answered him with tears, shuddering; had stopped his mouth with her hand; had promised him, sincerely, with all her loving heart and her voice broken with sobs, that she would die also, but Alberto had insisted, who can say whether already possessed with his coming suicide, had begged her to make him an answer.

"Come tell me what you will do, since that will not cause it to happen, and I will tell you what I would do if you should prove false."

"Why do you say such things? Why do you

invoke death?" And Alberto, with solemn face had replied, what she had never since forgotten. "Because disillusionment and death are the two irreconcilable enemies of life and one ought ever to reckon with them."

As Clothilde remained silent, Alberto, after drying her eyes, which were immediately again filled with tears, demanded a solemn oath from her, not of the many with which sweethearts constantly regale each other, but of those which fix themselves forever, which impress us by their very solemnity; would she swear it by her mother? Would she fulfil it whatever happens? Truly — ? If — ?

"Then swear to me, that only in honest wedlock will you ever belong to another man!"

And Clothilde swore; and now, before that portrait and that scene as it rose in her memory, she felt herself criminal, very criminal, lost, and unhappy. She did not leave the bureau; she could see the road, obscure in the night; she could see the little inn; some muleteers, the tavernkeeper, who spoke of robbers, ghosts, crops, and horses; she could see Alberto and now she dared not raise her eyes to look at his face in the plain frame. Turning her back to it, she lay down in the bed, buried her head among the pillows, and closed her eyes; but instead of conciliating sleep, there presented themselves before her, pictures of her brief domestic life with Alberto; and, worst of all, amid these pictures, the figure of Julio, of Julio sup-

plicating and ill, of Julio wearied and weighed down with cares, was not hateful to her.

“Here is the fortnight’s pay, do me the favor of handling it.”

In the handling the cashier came cut bankrupt, but could never make up her mind to tell Julio that to meet necessities she was forced to take in sewing, at night, while others slept and her loneliness was emphasized. The little Julio kept her company, studying his lessons or reading aloud one of those continued stories, which delight women and children by the complexity of their plot and by the happy exit, which ever favors virtue. Sometimes, the romantic history contrasted with her own, so mean and prosaic, and a tear or two, unnoticed by the reader absorbed in the story, fell upon the white stuff of the sewing and expanded in it as in a proper handkerchief. But if Julito learned of the tears, he stopped his reading and kneeling before his mother dried them, more by the loving words with which he overwhelmed her, than with his coarse schoolboy’s kerchief.

“Come, foolish mama; why are you crying? Don’t you know it isn’t true? The whole book is made up.”

He never added that he knew well that she was not weeping for the characters of the story, but for the neglect of her husband; but, as her husband

was also his father, he employed this pretext in order not to condemn Julio, openly and aloud, to Carmen. Thus, there happened, what was to be expected, that between Carmen and Julito there grew up love in one of its sublimest forms, the love of mother and son, with open caresses, but caresses the most pure, with no touch of sin; and ideal love which illumines our spirit and assures us that we would have loved our mother so, had we not lost her too early.

Julito's fifteen years spent in tenements and public schools, had acquired for him an undesirable stock of bad habits, of which perhaps the least was smoking, inveterate, demanding his withdrawal at the end of each chapter, to the corridor to smoke a cigarette in the open air. One night Carmen, who knew not how to show him the extreme affection, which by his treatment of her he had gained, said, unexpectedly: "If you wish to smoke, you may do it before me." And the boy, who, on the streets, at school, and in the neighborhood, was a positive terror, could not smoke near Carmen, look you! He could not; he loved her too much to be willing to puff smoke from mouth and nostrils in her presence. He did not smoke secretly, but as before, in the corridor, after each chapter.

How sadly beautiful was the sight of these two in the dismantled dining room of their miserable tenement! The immense house, the squalid quar-

ter, so noisy and turbulent during the day, presented the silence of the tomb in the late hours of the night. Carmen and Julito, separated by a corner of the table with its tattered cover of oil-cloth, and a tallow dip, which needed snuffing every little while; Julito greatly interested in his reading and Carmen, sewing at her fastest, contemplating, with infinite love the black and curly head of her son, when she stopped a moment to thread her needle. Now and again, the coughing of the other children came to them from the adjoining room, and Julito exclaimed: "Listen to my brothers."

"Yes, I hear them; poor little things."

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