

quota of that invaluable history called *Mexico à travers de los Siglos* has just been published.

Señor Chavero has written numerous dramas and *zarzuelas*, several of which have been enthusiastically applauded in Cuba and the principal cities of Mexico.

Chavero's most important work, entitled *A Study of the Aztec Calendar Stone*, has created quite a sensation among archæologists. He maintains that this relic was an altar dedicated to the "Sun God."

The talents of Mariano Bárcena are so varied that he may justly be called the Crichton of Mexico. He had accomplished at the early age of thirty-nine a vast work in the study and application of various arts and sciences.

Señor Bárcena has acquired a brilliant reputation as a botanist and mineralogist. He has also had charge of the national observatory for several years; nevertheless he has always found time for the composition of poetry and music, and has long been a corresponding member of several scientific associations in Europe and the United States.

Since the decease of Barreda and Ramirez, who by common consent were the leaders of the new "Schools of Philosophy," the foremost philosophers in Mexico are Parra and Ramon Manterola. The former is a positivist, very austere in manner and inclined to be a recluse, while Manterola—an ardent searcher for truth, devoting the best years of his life to the study of mental and moral philosophy—aims at introducing practical reforms which will speedily ameliorate the condition of his people. Señor Manterola, as one of the editors of *El Economista*, has made valuable suggestions which the Federal Government adopted, thus paving the way for the recent abolition of the "Alcabalas," or Inter-State Customs. During his leisure hours Señor Manterola has written some dramas, which have been well received in Mexico; and it is even whispered that one of these dramas is to be translated for the American stage.

As a savant, a *littérateur* and moral reformer, few Mexicans have surpassed Padre Carrillo, a native of Yucatan. Padre Carrillo has devoted many years to the study of philology, is a member of the

Ethnological Society of New York, and a corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Berlin, and of the Spanish Institute.

The journalists now residing in the Federal capital are so numerous that it will not, in this limited space, be possible to mention more than a few of the most brilliant and useful writers—such as José Maria Vigil, Ireano Paz, Arroyo de Anda, Francisco de Sosa, who is also a poet, a historian, and the biographer of many distinguished Mexicans; Enrique Chavarri, best known by his *nom de plume* "Juvenal;" Cassasus, whose excellent translation of Longfellow's *Evangeline* received the approval of *El Liceo Hidalgo*; Garcia, editor of *El Monitor Republicano*; young Lombardo, who, in his *Impressions During a Tour of the United States*, makes a very just appreciation of our country; Alberto Bianchi, the author of a work on the United States; Juan Mateos, a publicist, poet, and novelist, whose *Buccaners of the Gulf*, while historically true, is a wonderful piece of word-painting; Bernabe Bravo, a facile and agreeable writer; the "Duque Job," whose real name we have forgotten; and Justo Sierra, who has won many laurels as a poet, and is the author of a history of Mexico that is considered a reliable text-book.

An entire volume might be devoted to the poets of Mexico, most of them rarely gifted men. The poems of Manuel Flores, entitled *Pasionarias*, equal some of the best productions of Byron. José Maria Ramirez, a popular poet during the second empire, edited *La America Literaria*, *La Tarantula*, and contributed to other journals. Later in life Ramirez professed atheism, and styled himself a philosopher.

Jesus de D. Cuevas merits distinction among the poets of the day, for his aspirations are pure and noble. Señor Cuevas has written several dramas, two of which have been translated into English.

Yucatan, the land of song and romance, is justly proud of the poet and dramatist Péon Contreras, who now resides in the Federal capital. Some of his dramas have been performed in all the large cities of the Republic, and are always well received.

Campeachy is the birthplace and present home of the gifted writer Don Pablo Araos, whose poems are not merely sentimental, but of a

moral and philosophical character, evidently intended to elevate his countrymen.

Prominent among the *literati* of Yucatan are Señores Castellanos, Cisneros, Aldama, Sanchez Marmol, and Perez Ferrer.

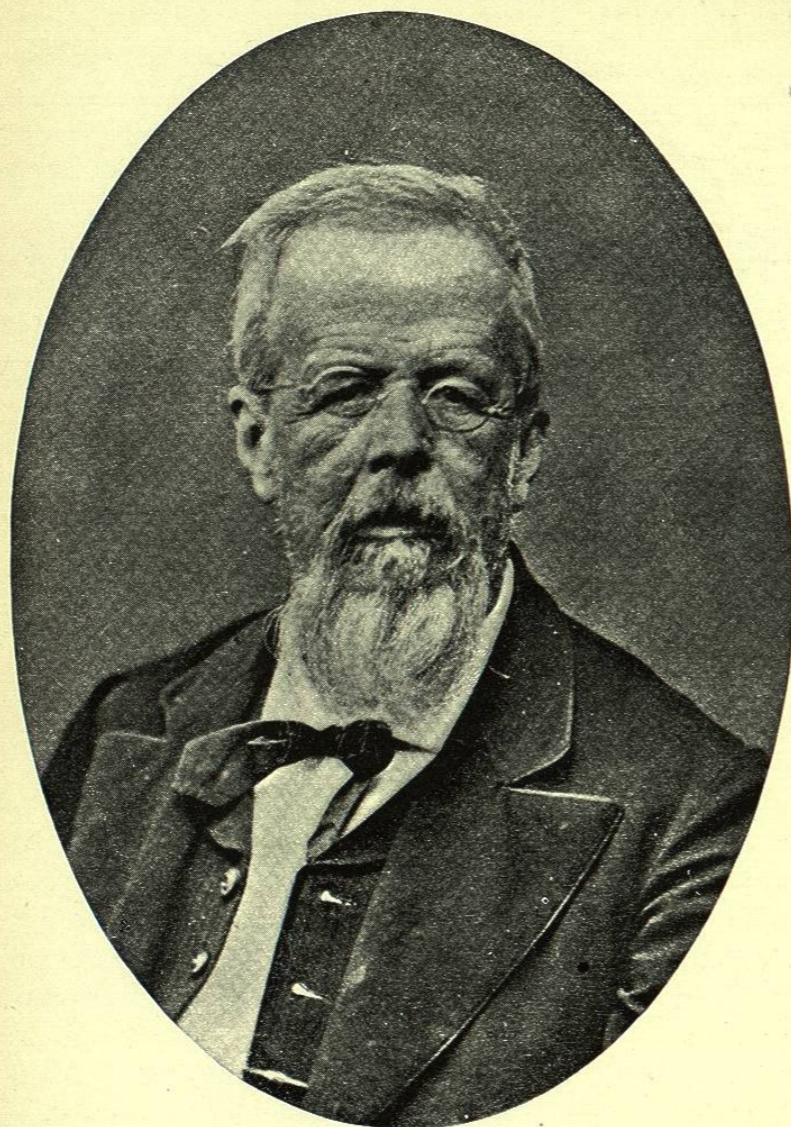
The latest work of the distinguished archæologist, Peñafiel, giving illustrations and explanations of numerous Aztec hieroglyphics, was published under the auspices of the Federal Government, and is regarded as a boon to historians.

I must not omit to mention Señor Ignacio Mariscal, Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, in addition to his diplomatic abilities, has shown marked literary talent. Sharing the poetic gift common to his countrymen, he is not only the author of many meritorious works in both prose and poetry, but has also made fine translations of Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Poe's *Raven*.

Manuel Acuña was an impassioned writer of great talent, and among the modern writers none have made a stronger or more lasting impression. His betrothed becoming the wife of another during his prolonged absence was more than his soul could bear, and he took his own life, which had been rendered unendurable by her faithlessness. His poem, *A Rosario*, expresses the keenest pangs of disappointment mingled with undying love for the faithless one. The closing verse is eloquent of his utter wretchedness. He says: "But now that a black gulf has succeeded the entrancing dream—farewell! Love of my loves, light of my darkness, perfume of all flowers that bloomed for me! my poet's lyre, my youth, farewell!"

Mexican journalists are a bold and fearless set of men and express their disapprobation of any public cause with but little regard to consequences. Therefore the best of them may any day find themselves political prisoners in Belem.

There are but two American newspapers published in Mexico—the *Two Republics*, a daily, and the *Mexican Financier*, a weekly. The first is owned and edited by Mr. J. Mastella Clarke, the latter is the property of Boston capitalists, and ably edited by Messrs. Levy and Guernsey. These gentlemen are on very harmonious terms with the



GUILLERMO PRIETO.

native editorial fraternity, and belong, with them, to the "Mexican Press Association."

The Mexican newspaper reporter is not so ubiquitous and persevering as his American brother. I have known of houses being entered by lightning-rod men, sewing-machine agents, and other inevitable invaders, but an "interviewing" reporter penetrating the sanctities of a home is a thing unheard of. The rattle of the family skeleton is not a healthy subject for the versatile talents of a knight of the quill. The *costumbres del país*, backed by the powerful aid of barred windows and heavy doors, forbid all such investigations, and he would as soon think of leaping into the Gulf of Mexico as daring to break through those Mede-and-Persian laws or storming those forbidding portals.

The Liceo Morelos is also an institution of merit. It unites with readings, recitations, and scientific discussions, amateur theatricals, *tableaux vivants*, and other social features. The latter entertainments are generally given in honor of some of its members, which include the most brilliant men of the capital, among them many journalists. Ladies, also, are numbered in its membership.

Social reunions are held in compliment to various members of the society, and every eulogistic speech relates to the person thus distinguished.

On the occasion of the birthday of Señor Augustin Arroyo de Anda, one of the most prominent members of the Mexican Press Association, he, together with his wife, was thus honored. A few of the compliments of the evening were embodied in the following flowery language:

"The presence of Señora Arroyo de Anda brings always to my dreaming mind the ideal type of Goethe—the beautiful personation of Marguerite in the most perfect and inimitable poem, Faust."

Another:

"Although the modest violet hides its blue flowers among the leaves of the plants

surrounding it, nevertheless its delicious perfume discovers it to those who pass near; so you, if your modesty makes you seek solitude, in exchange, the beautiful perfume of your virtues and qualities of lady and wife discover you to those that have the pleasure of admiring you."

"TO SEÑOR DE ANDA :

"Happy you, sir, that pass another birthday among the thousand demonstrations of affection that you have been known to conquer by your virtues and by your talents. The Mexican Bar is rejoiced. The society sees in you one of her chosen sons. The country regards you a good citizen. Home proclaims you sovereign. You have the happiness of the noble and beautiful and virtuous lady that united with yours her destiny. What more would you desire? Nothing more, since you are happy. And humanity, also, owes you much. You have defended its sacred statutes in those unfortunates whose defense you have made so many times with brilliant effect."

At these reunions the versatility of talent of Mexican writers is remarkable. One of them delivers a eulogy in prose upon some prominent person. The enthusiasm runs so high, knowing the genius of the speaker, that he is called upon, amid storms of applause, to transpose the speech into poetry, which is done upon the spot, without a moment's preparation. In the theatrical entertainments, each one takes a part, and they often play to crowded houses of friends.

Among her women writers, Mexico may well be proud of such poets as Esther Tapia de Castellanos, Señora Castro, Isabel Prieto de Landazuri, Laura Klinehaus, Refugio V. de Ortiz, and of such prose writers as Señora Flaquer, all of whose productions are an honor to their sex.

Señora Castro writes under the name of Mariposa Indiana (Indian Butterfly). She is of pure Indian origin, which fact is suggested in her *nom de plume*. On the eve of my departure from the capital, I was made the recipient of the following graceful little poem, written in memory of our meeting. Of course it loses much in the translation, but the sweet sentiments remain intact. The poem was accompanied

by pressed pansies ("for thought"), an invariable custom with the Mexicans; also a note, which I append as characteristic of the people as well as of the writer's own individuality:

SEÑORITA: Please accept this little poem as a slight appreciation of the very pleasant afternoon we passed together in Tacubaya, in which you won my regard and affection by the love you seem to bear my country and its people.

Pray receive the sincere regard of one who will never forget you.

B. S. M.,

A. ISIDRA DE JESUS CASTRO.

ADIOS TO FANNY!

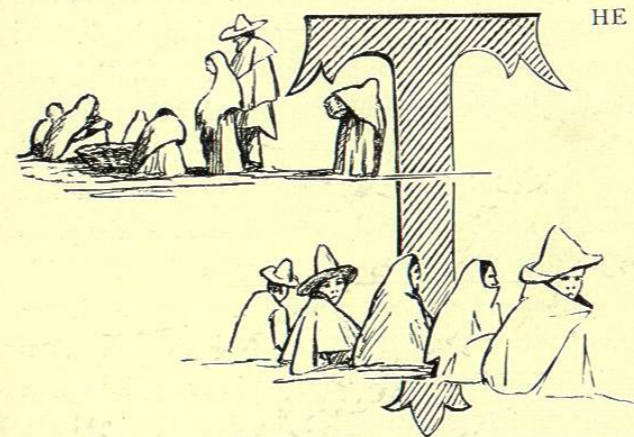
"One afternoon in April
I winged my way to see
A friend in Tacubaya.
Judge of my agreeable surprise
Upon finding there two beauteous nymphs—
Two flowers of America's soil—
And as I was ever an enthusiastic admirer of beauty,
I saluted them with pleasure.
Later on, as the sun was sinking to rest,
Gently touching and tingeing with its golden radiance
The soft fleecy clouds,
One of the nymphs, as she bade us farewell,
Said she was about returning to her native land.
Then methought it were well
To give the lovely peri a token,
And sent to her this flower, called heart's-ease.
This floral offering expresses all
I fain would tell her.
Nymph of gentle presence, when far away,
Think of Mexico, and return some day,
And when on the wings of the breeze
Thou sendest a message to us,
Always remember the sublime beauties
Of my idolized country.

Adios ! thou cherished nymph !
 Adios ! oh ! lovely fairy
 Forgive me if I importune thee ;
 But to-day, when thou homeward goest,
 Receive the fond farewell of
 ' La Mariposa Indiana. ' "

CHAPTER XII.

MORE ABOUT THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THE SILENT AZTEC CHILD OF THE SUN.



HE silence of dead centu-
 ries
 That lie entombed
 on yonder hills
 Is his. These dream-
 ful poppy seas
 Wave on ; and all their
 languor fills
 The land ; he lists, as
 if he heard
 God speak through
 some still gorgeous
 bird.

His babes about ; the golden morn
 Strides godlike down the lofty hill :
 His wife and daughter grinding corn—
 " Two women grinding at a mill. "
 Oh, mystery ! This sun of old
 Was god ! was god ! and ample gold.

His golden hills had flocks of snow,
 His valley fields had fat increase.
 He saw his white sails fill and blow
 By restful isles of flower seas.
 The wood-dove sang his ceaseless loves—
 His harshest notes this soft wood dove's.