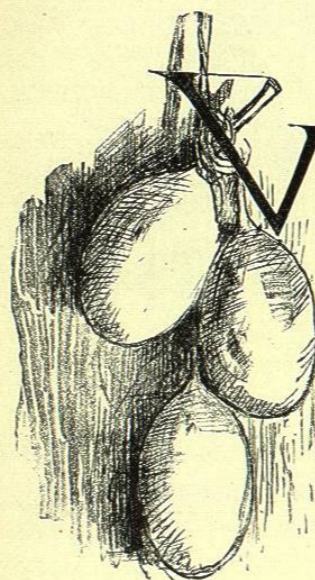


The portrait of Vicenta gives an excellent idea of the intellectual development of these women doctors. From a conversation I held with her, I feel confident she had some believer in "Altruistic Faith" as partner in the practice of her profession; for when I asked her how she became a doctor, she coolly replied: "By my natural intelligence."

CHAPTER XIII.

TO PUEBLA, CHOLULA, SAN MIGUEL SESMA, AND ORIZABA—ALONG THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.



A BUNCH OF GRANADITAS.

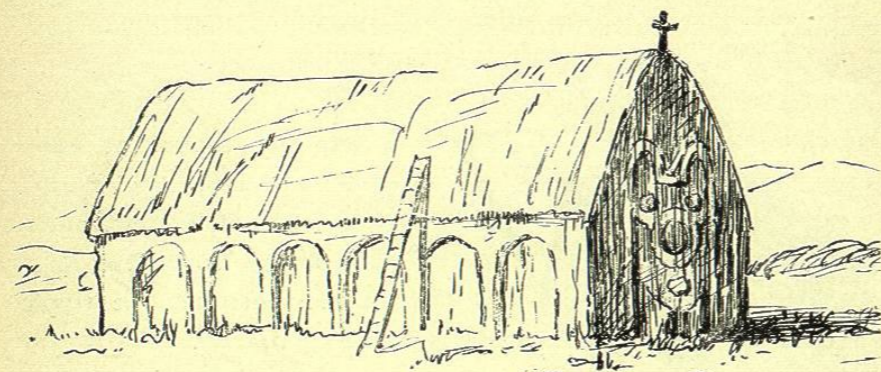
WE left the capital at early dawn for a visit to Puebla and other places of interest, along the Mexican or Vera Cruz Railway, which penetrates the tropic glories of the *tierra caliente*.

Swiftly we sped along the smooth rails, passing numerous wayside shrines, where, in the not remote past, earnest devotees halted for a prayer as they wended their way on their knees to renew their vows at the great temple of Guadalupe. Picturesque Indian burden-bearers trotted along beside the cars, peering through the windows, now and then taking off a hat or waving a hand in salutation to some passing acquaintance.

We whirled through fields of maguey, growing in parallel lines which intersected each other. The rapid motion of the train causing these lines to successively converge and diverge, the figure of a star was constantly being presented, and I could not but be delighted in fancying I saw pictured on these distant plains the emblem of my own great State.

At San Juan Teotihuacan our nineteenth century civilization in-

trudes on that of pre-historic times. In this Mexican Pompeii cemented floors and frescoed walls exist whose colors of green, yellow, and red are exceedingly brilliant. A strange and complex order of architecture, with columns and frescoed stonework, is revealed, and the remains of temple, amphitheater, or monument have been partially exhumed. What grand disclosures await the



A HAY-RICK.

scientist when full explorations have been made of the buried Mecca, the ancient city, the temple, or place of sepulture of the Toltecs! The Mexican Government has now placed the exhuming of these wonderful ruins under the charge of Señor Leopold Batres, an enthusiastic archæologist, under whom the work is progressing satisfactorily.

At Apizaco we leave the main line for Puebla, distant thirty miles. The entire journey from Mexico consumes only six hours, and the dust is the sole drawback to this delightful trip. But even this discomfort is largely mitigated by passing occasionally through valleys in a high state of cultivation, where the mind is constantly diverted by new scenes and objects of interest. Among them are the peculiar corn-cribs and hay-ricks, the latter built in imitation of churches, with cross, column, and spire in the distance, almost rivaling those of stone and adobe. When at last Puebla is reached, the mind is fully prepared to take in all things new and strange.

A fluent English-speaking German—interpreter for the hotel—assured us that the “Casa de las Diligencias” was the best house, and we soon found ourselves in a grand old convent, with corridors lined with gorgeously blooming plants, while the cleanly spread tables reminded us that we had left Mexico without breakfast.

The *camarista*, with long black hair à la *pompadour*, keen, beady eyes and rigid lips, presented himself to register us in a book and enroll us on the big bulletin. We ordered separate rooms, and, gathering up our luggage, he preceded us and placed all our chattels in one apartment.

“But the other room—where is it?”

I asked.

“You have two beds,” he answered.

“Well, but we also want two rooms,”

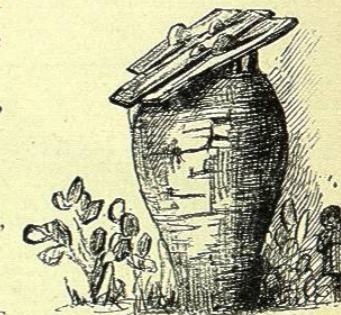
I rejoined.

Snapping his eyes, and drawing his lips more closely than ever, he mut-

tered in a long-drawn half whisper: “*Dos cuartos y cuatro camas por dos señoritas Americanas solitas! Valgame Dios!*” (“Two rooms and four beds for two señoritas alone!”) Then, letting his voice fall still lower, he continued: “*Que cosa curiosa!*” (“What a curious thing!”) This man of business had evidently made up his mind that one room with two beds was the proper thing for *dos señoritas Americanas solitas*.

The point of difference being duly settled by the *administrador*, we were gratified to find in our rooms no printed rules, and that he with the pompadoured hair would have no occasion to announce, like the other *camaristas*, “*Falta jabon y cerillos*,” as both soap and matches were bountifully supplied.

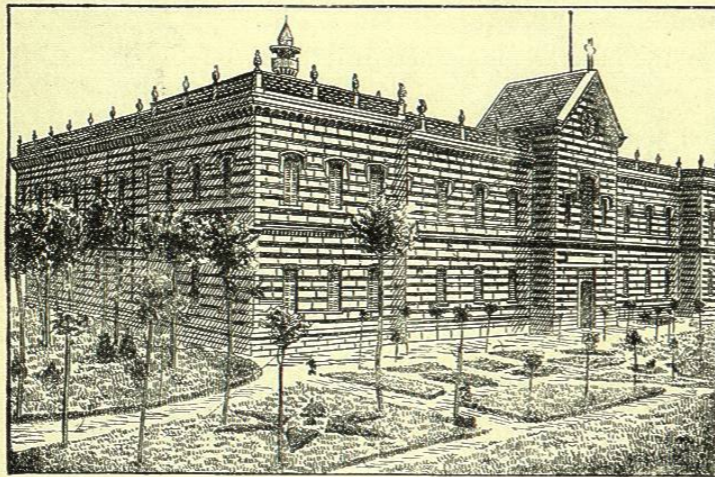
It was the carnival season; and from our windows we had views of ludicrous rag-tag processions parading up and down, grotesque enough to call forth smiles from a Niobe. Before my window, in a pretty house with red-tiled front, I saw a señorita, from behind a gay



CORN-CRIB.

awning, wave her dainty fingers at her lover on the sidewalk, where he stood at least four hours daily.

Puebla has a population of one hundred thousand, and is one of the handsomest and best-built cities on the American continent, being constructed of gray granite. It is the City of Churches—perhaps more emphatically so than many others that have received the name. The schools, colleges, and public library are upon a grand scale. Public benefactions of the highest order are numerous—hospitals for children, the deaf, dumb, and blind, for men and for women. Of the



CASA DE MATERNIDAD.

latter, the *Casa de Maternidad* (Maternity Hospital), the newest and handsomest, was founded by a private citizen, who left in his will the sum of \$200,000 with which to build and furnish it. The material is red brick and white stone in alternate layers, and the spacious interior is exquisitely neat and orderly. Every possible comfort and convenience that could be afforded in any like institution anywhere, is here liberally dispensed.

Puebla enjoys, and justly so, the reputation of being the most cleanly of all Mexican cities. The streets, like those of Mexico, run at right angles—north and south, east and west—and are swept every

morning; the sidewalks are well paved, and all have their individual sub-sewers. They are admirably drained by a slight incline towards the middle, and at every corner there is a stone bridge—a guarantee against overflow and in the rainy season the consequent inconvenience to pedestrians.

The elevation above sea level is more than seven thousand feet, but the climate is mild, and being free from dampness, is far more desirable than at Mexico.

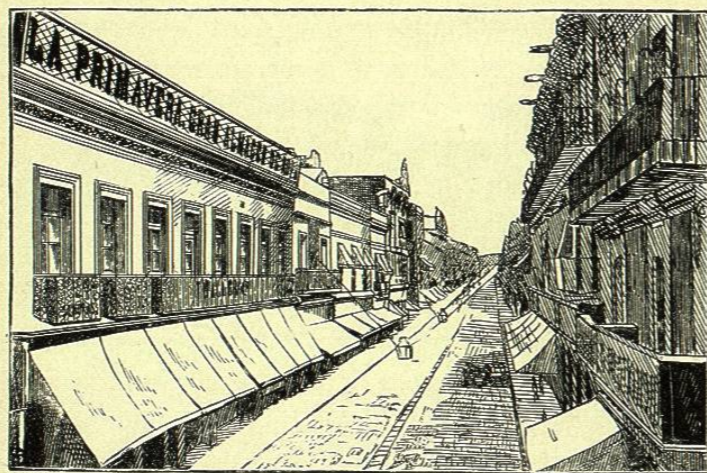
Like every other Mexican city, Puebla has a large share of historical associations. Founded by the Spaniards in 1531, it has since that time figured conspicuously in the stirring scenes which have occurred in the country. One of the most desperate encounters that took place between the French and Mexicans was here, and in commemoration of this event has originated one of the greatest national festivals, bearing the name of *Cinco de Mayo* (5th of May).

This city has been called the Lowell of Mexico. Manufactories of cotton, blankets, crockery, tiles, glass, thread, soap, matches, and hats abound. Some of the latter were snowy white with silver trimmings, the prettiest I ever saw, and in such numbers that every bare head might have been covered—which I regret to say was not the case.

Puebla is called the "City of the Angels." The tradition runs that, in the building of the cathedral, when the artisans ceased from their labors at the close of the day, the angels continued the work at night. This building is the central architectural feature of the city. Bishop Foster, on his visit there, thus wrote of it to *The Christian Advocate*: "The cathedral itself is surpassingly grand in every respect, quite equal to its better-known and more famous rival in the national capital, and must take rank among the first twenty cathedrals in the world. It is more chaste than, and quite as costly as, its great competitor. Its chapels and shrines, arranged along its transepts, are rich in pictures, images, and adornments. Its high altar is of amazing proportions, symmetry and elegance; filling the vast and high-arched nave, it is most impressive. The choir, occupying the portion of the nave in front, is of elaborate finish in carvings and costly lattices. The

vast columns and capitals are of Mexican marble, as are all the bases of the altars throughout. Everywhere the precious stones of Mexico give beauty and substantial worth to the interior of the vast pile. . . . It comes down to us from an age which it is probable will not repeat itself. . . . The exterior is not comparable to the interior, though of vast and impressive appearance, and of the universal mixture of Spanish and Moorish architecture, built of hewn granite, and swelling grandly above the surrounding structures."

One who appreciates the ancient in architecture will find ample



STREET IN PUEBLA.

scope for the gratification of his taste in Mexico. Wonderful masses of stone are reared with a grand and impressive simplicity, and retain their interest even when stripped by time, change, and decay of all their once florid and gorgeous ornamentation. In the last stage they are pathetic and venerable. In one of our rambles we came suddenly on a convent through which the street had been cut, and high up in the niches and recesses we saw life-sized statues and frescoes of great beauty.

We visited churches and convents, many of which are devoted to hospitals and other secular purposes. At the home of the Methodist missionary, in the old building of the Inquisition, we saw niches built

like chimneys into the walls. It was horrifying to think that these were the identical places where once unhappy victims were immured in living tombs.

A better view is here obtained of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl than at Mexico, the crater of the former being plainly visible without glasses, while the position of his snow-capped sleeping companion is reversed. At Puebla we have her side view from the feet, while at Mexico the head is toward the city.

Pueblanas enjoy the luxury of ice brought daily from these mountains. The ever-faithful Indian has his own unique method of transportation, and constitutes himself the ice-wagon. He first wraps the ice in straw, and then, to avoid the disagreeable results of leakage, he fastens underneath the cargo large leaves of maguey, which form a conduit. Thus comfortably equipped, these tireless creatures trot the whole thirty-six miles, between the hours of two and ten in the morning, receiving for their pains and trouble one dollar!

It was a gala day in Puebla. The venders of fruit, fancy wares, flowers, and vegetables had assembled from all quarters, in the market. A whole family from Cholula were there—the man and his wife selling vegetables. As they had bright faces, we stopped to converse with them. The usual curious crowd gathered about us, intent upon hearing every word. Questions being in order, I asked the Cholulan what he knew of the Conquest.

"Only what my forefathers have told me," he replied.

"Tell me," I said, "what they told you." He began at once, and related the entire history without a break, as handed down to him, not forgetting to dwell upon the virtues and graces of Doña Marina.

"What do you think of Cortez?" I asked.

"When he came, we were all in darkness"—shutting his eyes to suit the words; but he brought us *la luz de la Santa Cruz*—the light of the holy cross.

Here I saw the pretty brown-skinned Indian women of San Pablo, a village in close proximity to the city. Their dresses were of uncut manta, washed until snowy white. Kiltings began at the sides, falling