

encounter another storm at the hotel, we accepted his kind invitation to the house of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Quinn, who reside at Mr. Braniff's factory, four miles from the city.

The hospitality of our whole-souled entertainers was greatly enjoyed after our stormy experience of the night before.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.



HIS tradition," says the historian Altamirano, "as written by Don Luis Becerra Zanco about 1666, because of the simplicity of its language, and also because of its reflecting more the characteristic sweetness and softness of the Nahautal language, in which the tradition was undoubtedly originally preserved, is the most authentic."

The subject of Guadalupe has been one of such intense interest, that about sixty-one Mexican and Spanish writers have written elaborately on it. So prominent is she, that thousands of children are annually christened by her name.

The tradition, as generally believed, is as follows: "At an early hour on the morning of December 9, 1531, Juan Diego, a humble Indian, who had been recently converted to the Catholic faith, was quietly pursuing his way from a town adjacent to the City of Mexico, to mass. Pausing for a moment at the foot of a mountain known as the *Cerro del Tepezac*, which is about three miles from the city, he was held spell bound by sweet and sonorous singing, which seemed to

proceed from a great number of birds that sang in perfect accord and harmony.

"It seemed to him that the entire rocky hill above him was vibrating and echoing the sweet notes of the myriad, tiny-throated warblers, and raising his eyes to that point, he beheld a beautiful rainbow, formed from the brilliant rays reflected from the center of the cloud. The Indian was held in silent wonder and admiration, but without fear he stood, contemplating in his heart the strange revelation.

"Ere he had recovered from his surprise, the singing ceased, and at once there issued from the clouds a voice, soft and gentle as a woman's, calling him by name, 'Juan,' and begging him to draw near.

"He hastened to climb the hill, and there he beheld in the midst of the light a most beautiful lady, whose clothing, he said, shone so brightly that the rays from it lighted up the rough cliffs of the rocks which rise from the summit of the hill until they seemed to him like precious stones, cut and made transparent; and the leaves of the prickly pear, which are small and stubby at this point, on account of the barrenness of the place, seemed to him like clusters of fine emeralds, and their branches, trunks, and thorns like shining gold; and even the ground of a small plane on the summit appeared to him to be of jasper, dotted with different colors.

"The lady, with gentle, smiling face, spoke to him in the Mexican language, and told him that she was the Virgin Mary, the true Mother of God, and that she wished to have a temple in that place, where all those who loved her and sought her might come for comfort in their afflictions.

"She commanded him to go to the palace in the City of Mexico and tell the Bishop of her desire.

"The Indian threw himself upon his knees and promised to obey her commands. According to promise, he went directly to the house of the Bishop, to which he gained admittance only after great trouble and delay. Being at last in the presence of his lordship, he fell upon his knees and delivered his message.

"The Bishop was much astonished at the communication, and

judging it to be a dream or an imagination of the Indian, he sent him away, telling him to return in a few days, after he had had more time to consider it.

"Juan Diego, sad and disheartened, returned on the same day as the sun was setting. When he reached the hill, he found the Virgin again awaiting him.

"She repeated her commands, and the Indian promised to return on the following day.

"He kept his promise, and the Bishop told him to go back to the Virgin and ask for some sign, and sent with him a servant.

"When they reached the hill, the Virgin was there awaiting him. She still repeated her commands, and he then went home, finding one of his uncles dangerously ill. They sent him to the city for a priest to deliver extreme unction. He thought to avoid the Virgin by passing at the foot of the hill, and what was his surprise to find her descending the hill to meet him.

"At this, the fourth apparition, she gave him the desired sign, telling him to go to the rugged rocks, where nothing had ever been known to grow, and there he would find fresh, sweet, Spanish roses, covered with dew.

"The Indian did as he was bid, and found the roses as she had promised. He filled his blanket with them and took them to the Bishop.

"There in the presence of his worship and numerous attendants, he threw the roses on the floor, and as the blanket unfolded, they beheld with astonishment the image of the Virgin imprinted upon it.

"They then became convinced that the apparitions were genuine, and set about to erect the church on the *Cerro del Tepeyac*, where the vision had appeared."

The *tilma*, or blanket, which received the marvelous imprint of the Virgin, is still preserved sacredly in the Cathedral of Guadalupe, and visitors, by paying a small fee to the sacristan, may see it.

CHAPTER XV.

AMONG THE CHILDREN.



THE following is one of the numerous stories related by Mexican mothers to their children, and one which Señora Calderon often told her little son, Pepito, in my presence :

THE STORY OF GAITAGILENO.

Once there lived a king, who had a very beautiful wife. The king went off to a dreadful and tedious war, and on his return, the queen's bosom friend told him many false and malicious stories of the queen's unbecoming conduct during his absence.

Without waiting to have an explanation with his wife, or endeavoring to ascertain the truthfulness of the woman's assertions, he determined to rid himself of her as quickly as possible.

The queen never suspected the cause of her husband's displeasure, nor that her bosom friend had been the cause of her sudden misfortune.

One day, without warning, the king caused her to be placed in a close carriage, and accompanied by her mother, he proceeded with them, over a rough and uninhabited country, to a famous but isolated castle. On arriving there, the great doors sprang open as if by magic, the carriage drove in, and then the doors clanged together again, with such force and fury as to startle the queen, who had no idea that she was to be thus imprisoned ; for when those great portals closed in that manner, no human voice or power, save that of the king, could cause them to open.

Before going to the castle, the king had taken the precaution to have the great cellars filled with every kind of edible,—corn, rice, *frijoles*, wine, cheese, ham,—and also huge chicken-coops, filled with fine fat chickens.

Here, after seeing that the two women could not suffer for want of food, he left them and returned to his own palace.

In the course of time, a son was born to the queen, whom she named Gaitagileno ; and day by day he grew more sprightly and beautiful ; and it was soon made clear to the mother and grandmother that he was a boy of remarkable intellectual strength. But ere long, like the birds, he wanted his liberty, and could not believe that the world was no larger than the limits of the castle.

When he attained the age of seven years, he took two ropes and, with the cunning ingenuity of a boy, lassoed the water-spouts in the court, to the house. There were other spouts that opened out upon the street.

Gaitagileno climbed up on the first lasso, and from there he went over the top of the house, and then lassoed the front water-spout, from which he made his descent to the ground, and escaped from the castle.

After this, he ran with all his might along the highways and country roads, asking every one he met if he could point out to him the way to the king's palace.

As might be expected, the shock was so great to his mother that she came near dying of grief for her lost boy, and so continuous was her weeping that she became blind.

Gaitagileno had heard that the king was his father, so he was willing to risk and suffer a great deal that he might be the means of finally releasing his mother from her long imprisonment.

After a perilous journey, footsore and weary, he at last reached the king's palace. He knocked violently on the door, and when it was opened to him, the servants refused to admit one so poorly dressed, for he was attired completely in coarse brown clothing. The doors closed on the poor boy, but he was undaunted, and again began knocking. On opening the door again, they told him the king

was not at home, but that he must tell them what he wanted, and as soon as the king returned they would make known his wishes.

He told them he had heard that the king wanted to employ a secretary, and he had come asking the position.

The king was not at home, but the queen's old friend, who had supplanted her in the king's affections, was there, and as she belonged to a family of witches, she knew it was the king's son.

At that moment the king returned, and on learning the boy's errand, and having tested his ability as a scribe, he was so pleased with the lad that he gave him the position.

The woman was much displeased at this, and at once set about trying to get rid of the boy, although the king still did not know the boy was his son. She pretended to be so pleased with Gaitagileno that it was the greatest desire of her heart that her sisters should know him, and at once asked for and obtained the king's permission that he should go on a visit to them. She then wrote a letter, which she gave to Gaitagileno, telling her sisters, who were witches, who he was, and that they must be sure to bewitch him and make him suffer a great deal.

He read this letter in the carriage, and as he had taken pen, ink, and paper along with him, he wrote another letter in exactly the same handwriting as the first, but telling them exactly to the contrary, and that they must show him all through their palace. They received him with kindness, and the youngest one at once offered to go with him, leading the way into the garden, where he found gorgeous flowers, grand old walks, and an exquisite fountain in which were fishes of brilliant shades swimming about unconcerned, while birds in their cages sang their sweetest songs.

The stones about the fountain were black and enchanted, and the birds and fishes were princes.

They went into a large hall where were the pictures of all the family, and before each there was a lighted candle. She said to Gaitagileno: "If you cut the faces out of these pictures you will at the same time cut the real faces of living people; and if you put out the light of any one of these candles in front of the pictures, the person will

then die." She had shown him in the garden plants of immortality, and a tree the leaves of which would, if applied to the temples, restore the sight.

When night came on, Gaitagileno waited for all in the house to be asleep, when he quietly stole into the garden. He had a magic whistle, with which, if he blew one way, everything would wake up; and if another way, all would go to sleep.

Having assured himself that all were asleep, he went into the hall where the pictures were, and, taking a knife, the first thing he did was to go before the face of the woman who had supplanted his mother, and said: "Infamous woman! you have been the cause of all my mother's sufferings." He then cut the picture, and at the same moment, in the palace, the king saw a knife pass before the woman's face, and she screamed aloud, "An invisible hand has wounded me!" and at once expired.

He then went before each of the other pictures and put out the lights, and all the people died whom they represented.

He then went to the garden, gathered some leaves from the tree of immortality, and some from the plant to restore sight, blew his whistle, and at once all the fishes and birds and stones became disenchanted; and great was their joy to be in their natural condition once more.

They took Gaitagileno on their shoulders, strewing flowers as they went, and, accompanied by strains of sweetest music, proceeded to the king's palace singing, "Long live Gaitagileno!"

On entering the city, he found the whole population in deep mourning. Everywhere mourning emblems were displayed, which he ordered torn down, and red flags put up in their places.

The king was angry, and desired to know why he had presumed to do this. "Because," said Gaitagileno, "I am your son, and the old woman was an infamous wretch, and has made my mother's life a torment."

"Come with me at once and restore her to her rightful place as queen, and release her from that awful prison."

They started at once in the king's carriage, and when they reached the *zaguán*, the boy exclaimed in a loud voice: "Mother! Mother!



THE GOOD "NANA."

It is I, your long-lost son, who, with the king, your husband, have come to restore you to your rights."

He embraced her, and then applied the leaves to her temples, and she opened her eyes once more to see her husband and son before her.

The king fell upon his knees and begged to be forgiven, and they all returned to the palace, where they were received with great joy. Gaitagileno was loved and respected by all who knew him, and, leading a noble and worthy life, was known as the savior of many nations.

One of the many sweet lullabies I have heard the mothers sing to their children is as follows:

"Se fueron las Yankis al Guaridame,
Y el Yankie mas grande
Se parece à Pepito.

Chorus: A la pasadita tra-la-ra-la-ra.

"Se fueron las Yankis à la Ladrillera,
Y el Yankie mas grande
Se parece à Elena.

Chorus: Y a la pasadita tra-la-ra-la-ra."

"The Yankees went to Guaridame,
And the biggest Yankee there
Looked like Pepito.

Chorus: To the *pasadita*, tra-la-ra-la-ra.

"The Yankees went to the Ladrillera
And the biggest Yankee there
Looked like Elena.

Chorus: To the *pasadita*, tra-la-ra-la-ra."

The air of this ditty is extremely musical, and though the words do not suggest anything particularly soothing, yet, crooned by the low, sweet voice of the mother, it never fails to produce a quieting and soporific effect upon the most recalcitrant infant.

This is as popular with the Mexican tots as "Rock-a-bye baby" or kindred melodies are with ours.

Their nursery tales, too, as well as their ditties, bear an analogy to our own.

The *Nana* is preparing the children for bed; the little ones chatter



LISTENING TO THE STORIES.

and yawn alternately, and the nurse is hoping that their drowsiness will spare her this time her nightly task of story-telling. Not so, however. Tucked at last in bed, with the exception of the youngest, whom she holds on her lap, one calls out: "*Cuentome! cuentome!*" ("Tell me a story, tell me a story!") The others quickly chime in—"*Cuentanos!*" ("Tell us a story.")

"*Bueno, pero estan quietos.*" ("Very well, then, but you must be quiet"), she answers. Then taking in hers the baby's fingers she begins:

"Niña chiquita y bonita" ("A pretty, sweet little girl"), holding up the little finger.

"El señor de los anillos" ("The gentleman gives the ring"), holding up third finger.

"El tonto y loco" ("Idiotic and crazy"), holding middle finger.

"El lama cazuelas" ("Licks the cook-pot"), elevating forefinger.

"Mata las animalas" ("Kills the little animals"). This last is accompanied by the very expressive gesture of tapping the thumb-nails together.

If this charming recital fails to act as a narcotic to her little hearers, she goes on with:

"Este era un rey que tenia tres hijas,
Y las metio en unas botijas y
Catrape el cuento ha acabado.

"Este era un rey que tenia tres hijas,
Los vestio de colorado
Catrape el cuento ha acabado."

("This was a king who had three daughters,
And he put them in earthen jugs—
Now my story is ended.

"This was a king who had three daughters,
And he dressed them all in red—
Now my story is ended.")

And so on to yet more blood-curdling and fascinating romances till slumber seals her listeners' eyes, and her task ceases.

CONUNDRUMS.

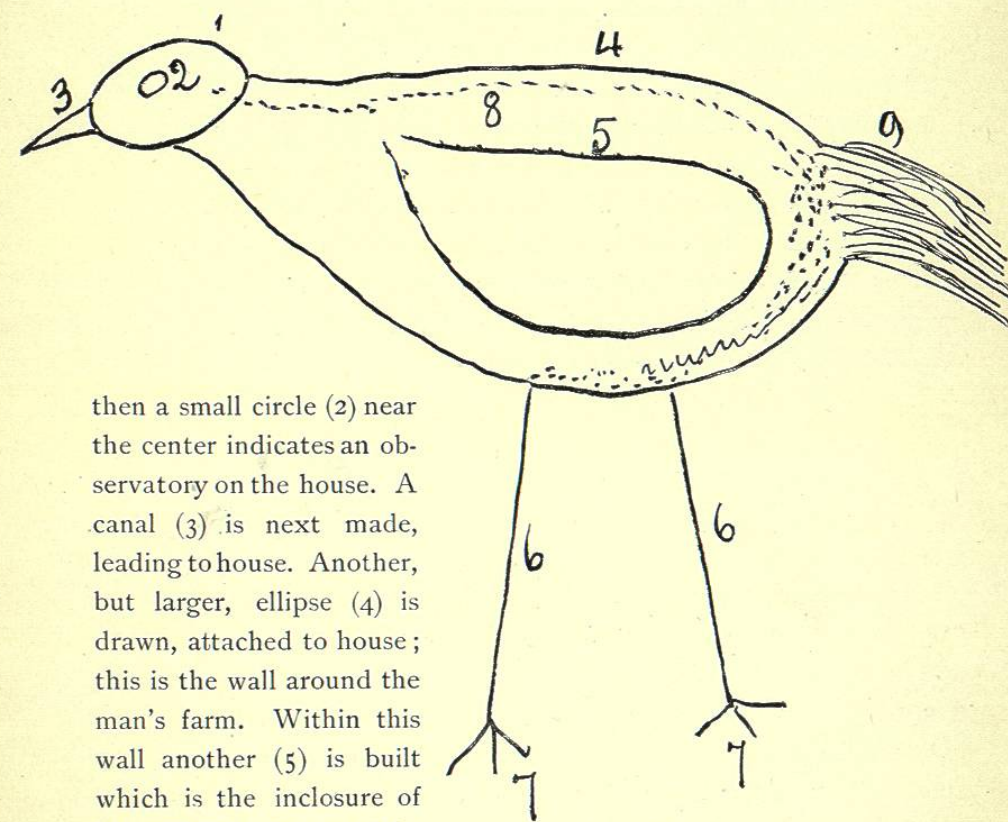
"Por dentro colorado y por fuera como salvado?" Answer: *El mamey* (one of the favorite fruits of the country). Trans.: "Red inside and like bran outside? The *mamey*." Another: "*Agua pasa por mi casa. Cate de mi corazon. El que me lo adivinare de le parte el corazon.*" Answer: "*The Aguacate*" ("the vegetable butter)."
Trans.: "Water passes through my house. Try my heart. Whoever guesses it, his heart will break."

They are not unlike those peculiar "riddles" with which the children of the Southern States were once so familiar, coming from the lips of our black "mammies." One, especially, I remember, suggested by my first quotation: "Throw it up green, it comes down red." Ans.: "Watermelon."

The accompanying illustration is descriptive of a game in which Mexican children take great delight.

This droll little sketch was roughly made by a young lad, a friend of mine, in describing the game to me. All Mexican children are natural artists, and some of these play-pictures are remarkably well drawn.

They first draw an oval (1) and say, "This is a man's house;"



then a small circle (2) near the center indicates an observatory on the house. A canal (3) is next made, leading to house. Another, but larger, ellipse (4) is drawn, attached to house; this is the wall around the man's farm. Within this wall another (5) is built which is the inclosure of his orchard. In the night

"EL PATO."

thieves endeavor to force an entrance into the orchard by means of ropes (6) thrown over the wall. These ropes are fastened to the ground by iron spikes (7). The man from his observatory sees the approach of the robbers, and hastens with his servants (8) to the rescue. Guns are fired, and a brisk fusillade (9) takes place.—A pause at this part of the story reveals the astounding fact that the picture of a *pato* (duck) has been evolved during the recital of this thrilling narrative.

That "boys will be boys" all the world over, and the teasing instinct universal among them, is demonstrated in the following dialogue. Says one mischief-loving lad to another :

"*Quieres que te cuente el cuento del gallo pelón?*" ("Do you wish me to tell you the story of the bald-headed rooster?")

"*Si*" ("yes"), answers his companion, eagerly.

"*No te digo que si, que si quieres que te cuente el cuento del gallo pelón?*" ("I did not tell you yes; I said, do you wish me to tell you the story of the bald-headed rooster?") says the first boy.

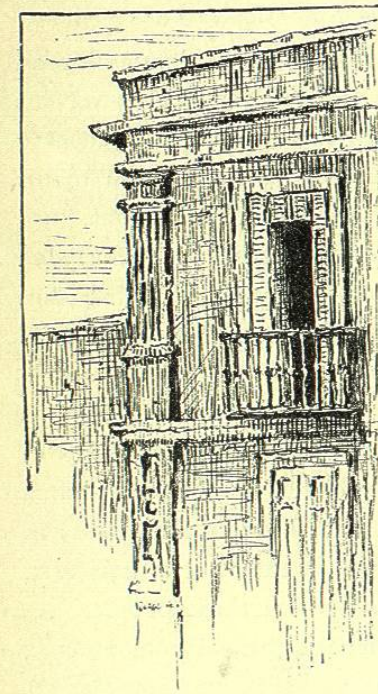
"*Si,*" again answers the other, growing impatient.

Again the aggravating lad repeats his question, and again his companion signifies his anxiety to hear the interesting tale. And so it goes on till either the story-teller tires of the amusement or the wrath of his disappointed listener brings the unchanging query to an end.

This story reminds one of the abortive attempts to spell Con-stan-ti-no-ple.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.



MY WINDOW.

THE striking characteristics which abound in all parts of Mexico are more plainly exhibited in the capital itself than elsewhere.

The preponderance of the full-blooded Indian is noticeable in the lower classes; high cheek-bones, coarse, straight hair, the same sidewise trot, tipping from right to left, and all pigeon-toed.

The poorer classes all wear the *serape*, which, owing to its brilliant coloring, adds greatly to the effectiveness of a street scene. Many a housewife, artistically inclined, looks enviously at these beautiful wraps,

and longs to drape them as curtain or portière.

Day by day, seated at my window, I watched the various groups that by some strange and happy chance seemed to fall together for my pleasure and entertainment.

The number and variety of articles which are transported by both men and women are certainly noticeable to the most indifferent observer. Young backs are early trained and disciplined, and the boys and girls bear burdens that might stagger a *burro*.