

The maguey that furnishes, in one way or another, food, shelter and raiment for the toiling millions, is also lavish in the bestowal of various medicinal gifts.

Pulque—the national beverage, a prolific and profitable product of the maguey—affords many remedies. For coughs, they drink warm pulque; for indigestion, pulque with a little starch or *tequisquiti*; and it has been recently discovered that for Bright's disease and diabetes it is a sovereign remedy, while it is a specific for lung trouble, by placing under the bed at night a large vessel filled with pulque from which the patient inhales its healing fumes.

In proof of its wonderful virtues, a Mexican lady told me that the venders of pulque are always blessed with health, flesh, and strength.

For ear-ache, Mexican mothers resort to the leaf of a plant called Santa Maria, which is reputed to have a magical effect on the sufferer.

For headache, a rose leaf pasted on the temples, with perhaps the addition of some kind of salve, is said to be a sovereign remedy, and is used by all classes.

For catarrh and colds, rub the breast, forehead, and soles of the feet with hot tallow, in which a little snuff has been stirred. Be careful not to wash the face the next day.

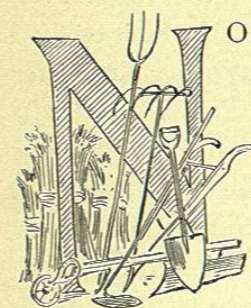
For chills and fever, take a dose of oil, followed by a tea made from *Hojosen* and the camphor-tree, to produce perspiration. Then rub the body with a salve made from the *Balsamo Tranquillo* or lobelia, and the leaf of the cactus, bitter like quinine. Eucalyptus, which grows luxuriantly in many places, is also used.

For whooping-cough, the patient is kept closely in a room without a breath of fresh air for forty days; emetics are frequently given, and pitch is burned at night.

For measles and scarlet fever, tea is made from violets and the *Noche Buena* flower; the patient is also quarantined for forty days.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE AMERICAN COLONY.



NO mention has yet been made in these pages of the little band of my own countrymen which has sought and found a home in Mexico. This orphaned colony, numbering between six and eight hundred, has been kindly adopted by Mrs. Cornelia M. Townsend, of New York, who has resided there upwards of twelve years, and right nobly does this gentle woman fulfill her high trust and merit the title that has been bestowed upon her of "Mother of the American Colony."

Since the successful inauguration of railways in Mexico, thousands of our people have drifted there—some for health, others for pleasure, and still others to improve their financial condition. The Mexican capital has naturally been the great rallying point with them, and whatever their successes, trials, sorrows, or misfortunes, their fellow-countrymen, in greater or less degree, have endeavored to aid and encourage.

Some time ago an American Benevolent Society was formed by the most prominent permanent American residents, which numbers about fifty members.

Of this society the American minister is ex-officio President; Mr. I. Mastella Clark, Vice-President; Mr. W. I. De Gress, Secretary; and Mr. Frederic P. Hoeck, Treasurer. The payment of \$1 a month entitles one to membership, and it is a noble way to spend that dollar, the object being to render effective aid to their suffering and distressed countrymen, whose increasing numbers demand active co-operation.

With only a limited amount of funds, together with sums generously donated by the temporary tourist or traveler, the Association has accomplished a vast deal of good. But much remains to be done. A hospital is now being constructed under the auspices of the society, but the scheme is too great for its resources.

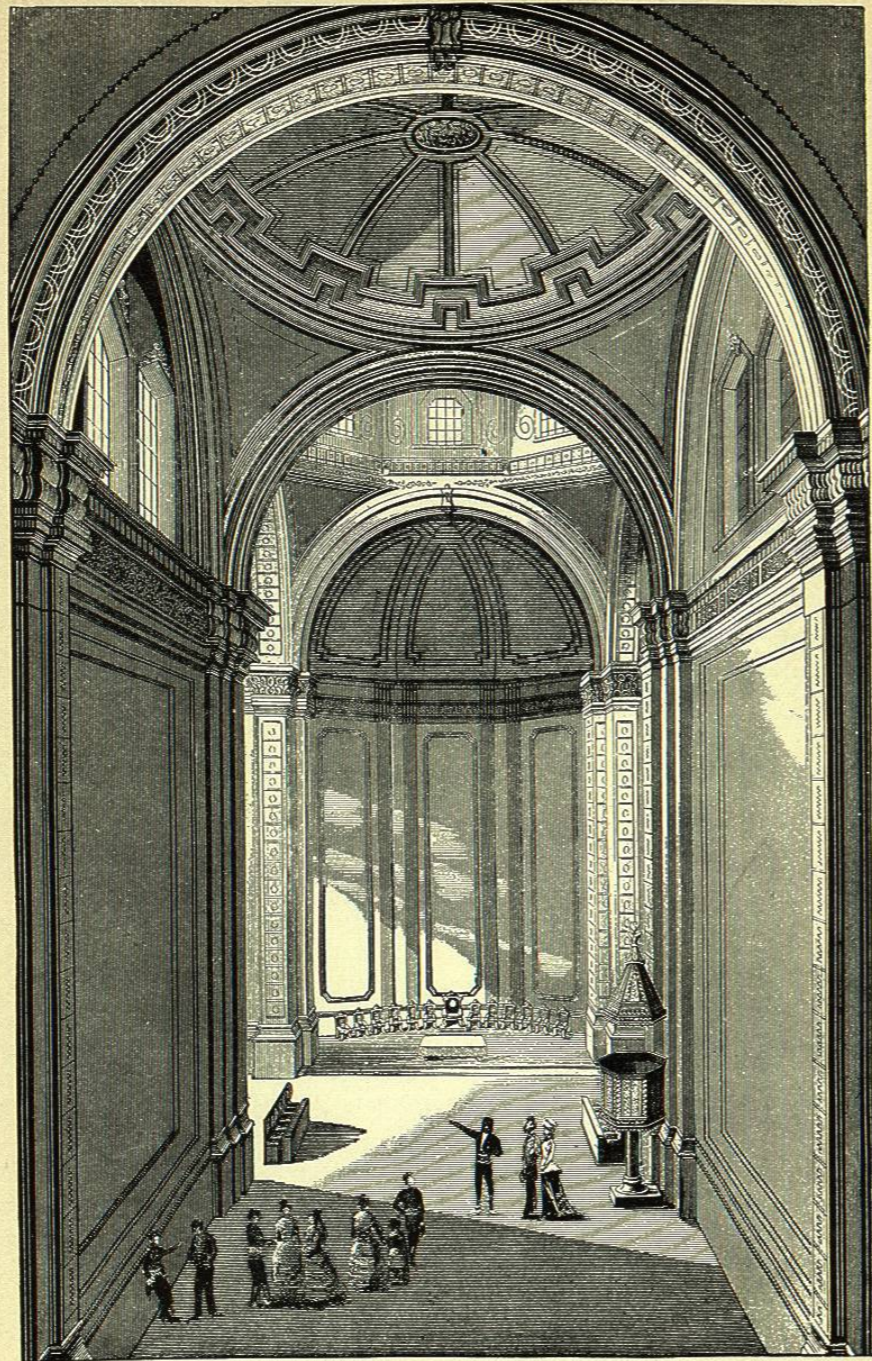
The hospital cares for the homeless, sick and unfriended stranger, for whom every comfort is provided. But there is another great and imperative need for the strong and healthy—for deserving and industrious young Americans, cut off from social privileges and from the softening and refining influences of home.

Comparatively few American families live in such a way as to enable them to offer those hospitalities which would be a safeguard from the many allurements and temptations that naturally fall in the pathway of these young men. To meet this want and avert the danger, Reading-Rooms or a Friendly Inn should be established, where evenings may be passed with comfort and profit. The business engagements and limited means of these young men preclude the possibility of accomplishing this for themselves. Connected with railways, telegraph or telephone, or mining enterprises, they are constantly shifted about from place to place. Others would come in for the benefits they had received and the good work be continued. A wide field exists for the philanthropist, in providing for the comfort and welfare of our countrymen in Mexico.

The Protestant churches, including Episcopal, Methodist, South and North Presbyterians, Baptists, Society of Friends, are all established and have in successful operation excellent day-schools, employing the best teachers, both men and women.

To me no music was sweeter than the young voices of these dark children of the Mission Sunday-schools, singing in their own tongue, in perfect harmony, "O, Paradise! O, Paradise!" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," with other hymns, their sympathetic natures responsive to these inspiring melodies.

Among the teachers engaged in the mission schools, I found "Clara Bridgman," the charming correspondent of the New Orleans



INTERIOR OF MEXICAN EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL.

Times-Democrat, an accomplished young lady of the Crescent City, who labors assiduously as a missionary, asking no compensation but to serve the Master.

Bishop Riley, of the Episcopal Church, has begun a great work in Mexico, and it should not be allowed to languish for want of means. Substantial aid is required in order to carry it out according to its original inception. All communications or contributions to this purpose should be sent to No. 43 Bible House, New York City. To give some idea of the progress of the work and its wonderful results, I quote the following from Janvier's *Guide to Mexico*:

"In 1879 Dr. Riley was consecrated Bishop of the Valley of Mexico. His broad culture and thorough knowledge of the Spanish language and character especially fitted him for the high office to which he was called. He brought to the field of his labors the fortune that was his by right of inheritance, and he has been instrumental in having more than 100,000 Bibles distributed in Mexico; 49 churches were established, numbering several thousand communicants; 10 schools, and 3 orphanages, enrolling about 500 children."

Bishop Riley's unselfish devotion to the cause and the sacrifices he has made for it, should be more widely known, and Episcopalians generally should rejoice at the strong foothold obtained by their church. The handsomest of all the Protestant church buildings is secured by them for their worship, and the congregations are large, attentive and devout. Of the transformation of this building from a Roman Catholic Cathedral to its present use, Janvier writes: "Here masses were heard by Cortes, and here for a time his bones were laid. Here through three centuries the great festivals of the church were taken part in by the Spanish Viceroys. Here was sung the first *Te Deum* in celebration of Mexican Independence, the most conspicuous man in the rejoicing assemblage being General Augustin Yturvide—by whom, virtually, Mexican Independence was won; and here, seventeen years later, were held the magnificent funeral services when Yturvide—his Imperial error forgiven, and his claim to the title of Liberator alone remembered—was buried. Around no other build-

ing in Mexico, cluster such associations as are gathered here. And even now, when the great monastic establishment has been swept away, and the church itself has become a Protestant Cathedral, the very wreck of it all serves to mark, in the most striking and dramatic way, the latest and most radical phase of development of the nation's life."

Christmas was celebrated in a manner truly American. Santa Claus visited the children, while roast turkey, plum-pudding, and much other good cheer was in every American household.

Trinity Methodist Church was filled to overflowing, on the occasion of the children's festival on Christmas Eve, under the supervision of the Rev. John Butler, the faithful pastor of the Northern Methodist Church.

Pines were brought a long distance, and loaded with presents for five hundred pupils, members of the Sunday-school and orphanage connected with the church. Bishop Foster, from Boston, delivered an eloquent address.

At the hall of the Union Evangelical congregation, a cantata, "The Message of Christmas," was produced, the Rev. Mr. Sloane, of the Baptist Church, assisted by ladies, managing the affair.

The Methodist Church South also held a pleasant reunion of its congregation, presided over by its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Patterson, Church of the Messiah.

The Rev. Mr. Green, of the Presbyterian Church, united with his flock in a fitting observance of the occasion.

The American colony, and English-speaking people generally, joined *en masse* in these Christmas rejoicings and church services.

At the Episcopal Cathedral, the great festival of the church was duly observed, but at that time the Chapel for English and Americans had no rector. Since then, happily, the English Church has sent over a zealous and accomplished young clergyman, Mr. Sherlock, who was cordially received, as well by the Americans as by the English.

It was a source of extreme gratification to me, as an American, to see in what high esteem our former ministers were held. Ex-Minister

and Mrs. J. W. Foster left the kindest remembrances behind them, and I often heard them mentioned in the highest terms, especially Mrs. Foster, who seemed to have thoroughly studied and appreciated Mexican character. At the time that I was at the capital, she, too was on a visit there, accompanied by two brilliant Washington belles. On her arrival, according to the custom of the country, she at once took a carriage and called on all her Mexican friends.

Ex-Minister Morgan and family also left similar pleasant impressions, and Consul-General Strother ("Porte Crayon") seemed to have endeared himself to both natives and Americans. Consul-General Porch, too, became very popular during his brief stay.

Our people may congratulate themselves on the peculiarly fortunate manner in which they have been represented in our neighboring republic.

There are two American dentists, two physicians, and about twenty-five merchants, besides mechanical agents of various kinds, and cotton brokers.

Father Gribbin is the only American priest, and no countryman of his fails to receive from him the kindest attentions.

Among the best appointments made by President Cleveland was that of General Henry R. Jackson as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico.

A Bayard "without fear and without reproach," in him are combined the high chivalrous character, noble intellect, and generous heart that have commended him to the esteem and veneration of his own countrymen, and the highest consideration of all.

Diplomatic service was his by heredity, his father having been Minister to France for a number of years, while the General himself was sent to Vienna as *Chargé d'Affaires* in 1853, and was promoted to Minister Resident in the summer of 1854, but resigned in the summer of 1858, having spent five years in Austria.

He is widely known as a man of letters, a poet, and an eloquent orator.

General Jackson occupied the elegant house of President Diaz, and