



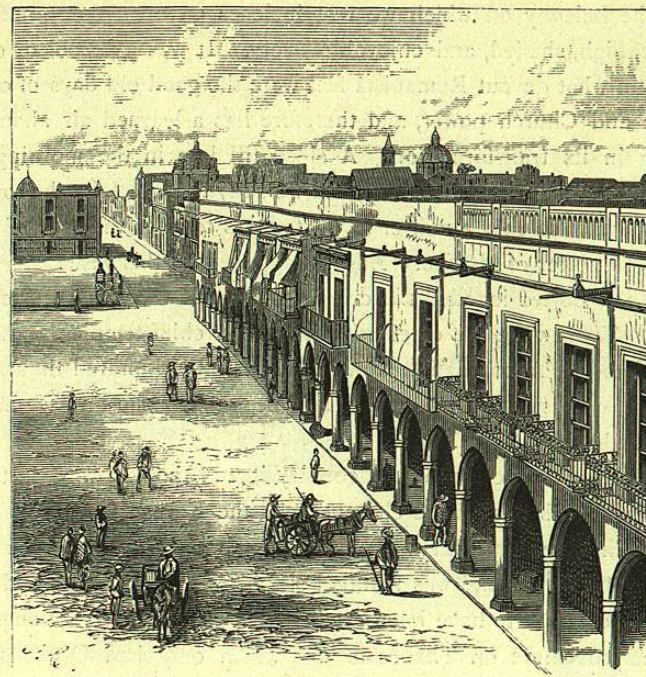
dancers, drinkers, and dissipaters of every sort. To-day it is as empty as a Protestant church on week-days. A sluggish canal girds it, covered thick with green scum, which, but for the height of the land, would breed a deadly miasma. As it is, the tropical vegetation goes on harmlessly, and, once used to the sight of it, not disagreeably.

Twelve comes, and a pulqui train also. Said train is a heavy line of freight cars, two stories high, with barrels of the detestable drunk-drink of the country piled close in each compartment. The company makes its chief profits out of this business, and so every body and every train have to give way to its demands.

We wait till three before we start, tacked on to these empty pulqui cars. The engine gives out, and leaves us forty miles out, itself or its engineer overcome with pulqui. Delay follows delay, as one sin breeds another, until it is after four in the morning ere we reach Puebla, where we should have been at seven the previous evening. The cars are not made for night travel, nor our clothes. The night is cool, and our capes are light; the windows of the cars will not stay up, and, all open to their uttermost, let in the sharp air of the snow mountains. We shiver, and seek to sleep. The earth shivers too, either in sympathy or from some other cause, and quite a quaking occurs at three o'clock, sufficient to send the people of Puebla out of their beds and chambers. Our shakes from cold were so great as to make us insensible to the responsive shiverings of the earth. At five we get to our hotel, and under blankets, and into warmth and sleep.

Puebla lies on the opposite side of the snow range from Mexico. Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl are west of us here, east there. They are closer here, it being only about half the distance, or thirty miles, to the chief of these from this city, while that Popo, etc., is sixty miles from Mexico.

Our hotel was once a college or theological school, and has over the graceful iron gate-way that opens on the second, and properly hotel balcony, the unusual initials, "I. H. S."—unusual for an inn. "Jesus, the Saviour of men," has at last found his name over the



STREET VIEW IN PUEBLA.

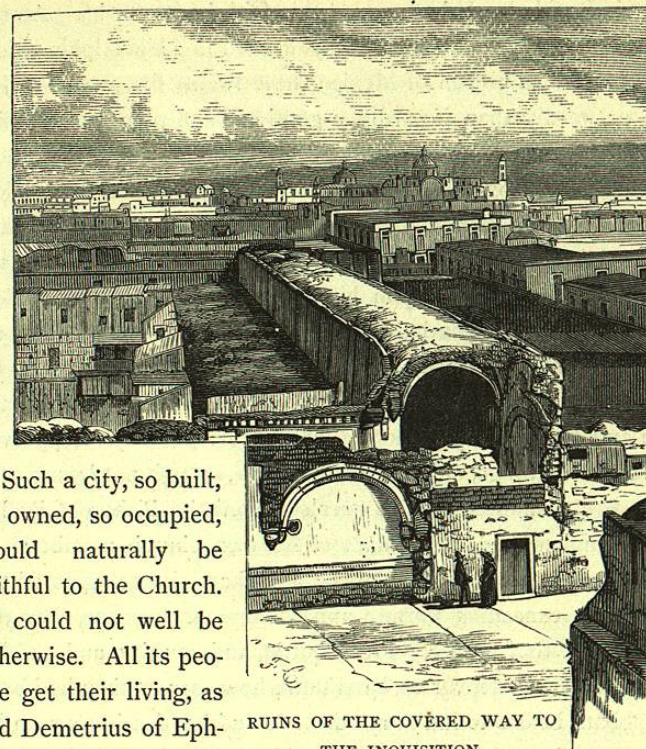
gate-way of the public-house from which He was driven before He was born, and into which He has never found official entrance since. When I first saw this gracefully-wrought monogram, on my way to Mexico, over this portal, my heart rejoiced at this rare expression of piety in a tavern. The rejoicing disappeared when I was told that it had been part of a convent, and that was why the sacred letters were here. I found that even Roman Catholics, who put the cross upon every thing, from the bells of the donkeys to the pulqui plant (for you will often see a cross in a pulqui field, two white bits of straw in this shape stuck in the edge of a leaf, that it may be blessed with fruitfulness) have never yet presumed to erect this sign upon a tavern. It only got in here by a change of use. Having got in surreptitiously, may it stay in, in spirit as well as letter! That it is likely so to do will be seen further on.

The balcony on which we rest incloses an open court, and is wide, high, shaded, and enjoyable—very. It was a school or college in what devout Romanists feel were the good old days of convent and Church power, and therefore has a learned air about it even in its transformation. A sleep till late in the morning, a breakfast as good as the sleep, and we sally forth to take the town. That is not so easy a matter to do, for this town is the seat of the Church power of Mexico. And it happened on this wise:

When Cortez invaded the country, he found Cholula the sacred city. There were the chief priests, and the chief temples, and the chief gods. A population that he put at three hundred thousand thronged its mud-walled streets, and beggars by the myriad made it look like old Spain.

After the reduction of the country it was thought wise, in that wisdom which has always characterized the Roman Church, to get up a Christian city over against the heathen metropolis. So Puebla, or "The Town," was founded six miles from Cholula, and its walls were said to have been erected amidst the singing of angels, an improvement on Thebes of old, which only had Orpheus to harp up its walls. As a proof that this was actually the case, the full name of the town is Puebla of the Angels, "*Puebla de los Angeles*." Is not that proof positive? Q. E. D.

Such a town, of course, is religious. It is nothing else. It was built for religion. It has been sustained these three hundred and fifty years on religion. Its churches are grander than those of Mexico, its convents and ecclesiastical institutions relatively far more numerous and wealthy. Of the twenty-five millions of its valuation a few years ago, twenty millions was the share which the Church possessed, almost a complete reversal of the tithe principle—four-fifths to the priest and one to the people. Then a gold and silver chandelier hung in its cathedral, and these materials were more common than brass. They were nothing reckoned of in those days of priestly glory, the Solomonic reign of this Church. The chandelier is gone—at least I did not see it—and the cathedral is shorn of much of its gold and its glory.



RUINS OF THE COVERED WAY TO  
THE INQUISITION.

Such a city, so built, so owned, so occupied, would naturally be faithful to the Church. It could not well be otherwise. All its people get their living, as did Demetrius of Ephesus, by making silver shrines and such like for their goddess Maria. Their devotion was as great as their interests were close. They must approve and defend the Church in which they lived and moved and had their daily being. They must oppose all beginnings of opposition to her, whether local or national. So they cast themselves into the breach, and in the war upon the Church have always been found in the front rank of her defenders. This city has been the seat of her power. Mexico, a political capital far more than a religious, has been indifferent to the fate of Romanism. Puebla, which is nothing if not religious, has been indifferent to every thing but Romanism.

Of course such a stronghold of that order was not considered fruitful soil for anti-Romanism. "Very fanatical," every body

says, "is Puebla." It has proved this faith by its works. Among its residents is Mr. Blumenkron, a Jew, born in Philadelphia, raised in Europe, but a citizen of Mexico these twenty-five years—a Jew more outwardly than inwardly, a gentleman of pluck and persistence. In the breaking up of their convents he secured a slice of the Santo Domingo for himself, the Convent of the Inquisition. He also bought a church. This last he offered to the evangelists.

Rev. Gabriel Ponce de Leon came down from Mexico to preach in it. The people rose upon him, three thousand strong, rushed into the little church, hurled stones at his head and those of his associates, who fled upon the roof, and from roof to roof, and so escaped out of their murderous power. I have never heard that the grave and gentlemanly Bishop of Puebla ever publicly disapproved of these proceedings, or that the less grave, though not less gentlemanly, Archbishop of Mexico ever censured the Bishop of Puebla for not condemning the conduct of his own church members. I fear that when, the next Sunday, he and these rioters repeated the Litany with exceeding warmth and fullness of response, they did not pause at that prayer, "From battle, and murder, and sudden death, good Lord, deliver us," and think how earnest they had been the Sabbath before to inflict murder and sudden death upon an innocent preacher of the Gospel of the blessed God. When will the Protestants become like bloody murderers of those who oppose them? Have they not been so in some of their branches? "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

That riot made the few English residents timid, and, though we went to the houses of two English families, we could not get either of them to open their doors to an English service. Disappointed, we returned to the hotel. After dinner, an American gentleman, Dr. Tinker, spoke to us; we told him our failure. He said we could hold a meeting in the hotel. It was doubted. He immediately applied to the landlord, who instantly offered his best and biggest room, and there, at three on Sabbath afternoon, just seven persons assembled, including the two ministers, and service was held—praise, prayer, and preaching. It was a goodly season, and

one long to be remembered. May all who attended it be found in that perfect congregation of which this number was the perfect though *petite* unit: seven, the beginning, a multitude that no man can number, the consummation.

The Town of the Angels is beautiful, and, what is rare in the cities of men, exceedingly clean. It lies foursquare. Its streets are paved in broad blocks, which look as if washed daily, so lustroously they shine in this burning sun. They are wide enough, the streets as well as the pavements; the passion for broad thoroughfares declining as you enter regions where the rays of the sun must be well mixed with shadow to make them endurable.

Most of the streets are raised at the crossings on each side of a narrow channel that runs through their centre under a single broad flat stone, which channel lets the torrents in the rainy season flow to the river without disturbance of travel. It is an improvement on the stone blocks put in the Baltimore crossings for like purposes. The then clean streets are washed by rivulets from Iztacihuatl, which seems to lie right over our heads, though thirty miles away. How superbly sleeps that snow range above this green meadow and gray town! Were it not too sad a reflection, one might fancy it a body shrouded and laid in state on that high catafalque, ten thousand feet above our eyes.

The straight streets terminate in green groves or brown hills, which look as if they were gates, so close they meet the eye in this bright air. They give a very pleasant effect to the vista that opens to you whichever way you gaze. The streets stretch no little distance before these green and brown gayeties are reached, for there are sixty thousand people in this basin, and these are not packed closely together.

Let us climb the cathedral tower, and take in the whole spectacle. The outlook is both lovely and grand. The city diminishes from this height, but its environs make up for its loss. The fields are better cultivated than those about Mexico, or, rather, are more open and more farm-like, those of the latter being devoted to trees and towns. They are very green and attractive. Irrigation is

*Simfina  
dijo? Se ve.  
trajo el profeta  
Gandela.*