

I attended was at only one of its many altars, there must have been 6000 people present, and out of that number I should say that *eight out of ten were men.*

One morning after mass we hired a hack to carry us around the city; and here I must say that the hackmen of Mexico have not yet learned the sharp practices of the "Knights of the Whip," their brethren of the North. Their prices are very moderate. But they are fast learning. The fame of their brother charioteers of the North has reached them, and soon they will make themselves felt in the pockets of the traveller. The streets of Mexico are straight and average forty feet in width. They are fairly lighted by gas lamps. Many of the buildings are lofty and very massive. They are approached by large gateways that open into a flagged court, around this court are the rooms for servants, carriages and horses. From the court there ascends to a stone balcony a flight of steps. From this balcony the rooms of the family open. The streets of Mexico are thronged all day long. The principal street, the Plateros (street of the silver smith), is filled during the day by *senoras* and *senoritas* who go shopping. The shops by the way are good; but not over pretty. They have not the art of showing off their goods, which are principally of American manufacture. In their shops no young ladies are employed, and this, I suppose, accounts for the want of taste displayed. The shops are generally kept by French and Germans; and every article sold, not of Mexican manufacture, is extremely dear.

I visited the market, and such a market! Every flower, every vegetable almost that grows could there be found; I bought a bouquet of roses and violets, about two feet square and a foot high for 25 cents. I thought of our gardeners here, who would possibly charge for the same \$25.00. The markets are for the most part in the hands of Indians, and the women do the greater part of the work. They stand or squat on the side-walks and along the streets, surrounded by their articles of merchandise, bananas, oranges, meats, potatoes, cabbages, Aztec idols, knives, forks, and babies in immense numbers, some playing around their mothers, and others again swing behind on their mothers' backs, all crying and yelling as they do the world over.

Passing through the market, directly before me I saw a venerable looking church. Some Indians were upon the spire ringing the Angelus; immediately every head on the street was bowed. I entered; it was 6 o'clock and the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the mountains that encompass the city and filling the ancient church with a golden hue. A priest aged about 70 was at the altar intoning a Litany; while a congregation of old and young, copper-colored, with here and there a sprinkling of dark-eyed and olive-complexioned Spaniards, filled the church, all answering and singing in wild yet harmonious cadence to the priest at the altar. Tonight, as I write, that scene comes before me, fragrant with pleasant memories. Yes, the people have the faith. God grant that it may be preserved. For this we should pray; for this we Catholics of the north should stretch forth a friendly greeting to our brethren of the south.

We visited the far famed cathedral of Mexico, which stands upon the exact spot where once stood the great Teocalli, or ancient temple of the Aztecs. Of this temple numerous stories are told. We read that within its enclosure were 600 dwellings, that it had temples of mirrors and shells, and towers composed of the skulls of victims who were then yearly slain to the number of 60,000. I saw the stone upon which their victims were slain. It is now in the court-yard of the university. It has a hollow in the middle, in which the head of the victim was laid; while six priests dressed in red, their heads adorned with plumes of green feathers, held him down, the chief priest cut open his breast, and taking out his heart, placed it at the feet of the idol and afterwards put it into its mouth with a golden spoon; they then cut off the head of the victim and made use of it in building the tower of skulls. On the outer wall of the cathedral hangs that relic of ancient skill and science, the Aztec calendar stone, weighing forty tons, and if nothing else were necessary to demonstrate the high civilization of these people this stone alone would suffice. It is twelve feet in diameter, and raised six feet from the ground into the wall of the cathedral, which seems to cling to it as a talismanic shield to turn away from it the very arrows of time. One stands and muses