

STREET SCENES IN A MEXICAN CITY

in all ordinary circumstances should have been most faithfully carried out. To attempt to sully a man's fair name and send him adrift over the world was nothing in presence of any pet scheme of personal ambition. But the circumstances were a little extraordinary. Dr. Murray instantly demanded an unreserved and unequivocal withdrawal of the accusation. The unexpected check was staggering, and something so unheard of in a College where a man dare not call his soul or body his own, that it has taken the Governors these three months to decide what their next move shall be. If the Principal was conscious of having acted "wisely and judiciously," did it require the herculean aid of the Board of Governors to "sustain" him? And if the Board has sustained him why did that Board send a deputation of two Governors to Dr. Murray, who assured him that there was no charge of any kind against him? And ah! Mr. Hague! why were you // one of that deputation?

What is troubling the Governors now is not, how they can sustain the Principal. They know that they dare not. Neither is it how they can most quickly and honourably prevent the mischief from alighting upon the head of their unoffending victim. That does not appear to be embodied in their creed. Their trouble is to discover how they can prevent what the Principal has done from recoiling on his own head. We believe Mr. Hague's letter will prove the last straw of such a hope.

It is beginning to leak out that this is not the only form in which Dr. Murray's actions have brought him persecution in McGill. Little do the ladies know, "the very ladies who have been studying under the provisions of the Donalda Endowment," and who, Mr. Hague insinuates, have listened to scorn, contempt and ridicule from the lips of Dr. Murray—little do they know the narrow risk they ran of ever completing their course but for him. Battle after battle he has fought for them in Faculty and in Corporation. Their very "degrees" would have been snatched from them. We learn, moreover, that, from his earliest connection with the college, Dr. Murray's salary has not been fully paid, but that arrears have been allowed to run up to an almost incredible extent, and as the representation which justice demanded he should make was made since "this hubbub," the representation was deposited in the waste basket. This likewise is not in the Calendar.

These are public matters. Dr. Murray has been all too reticent about them. But if Mr. Hague's letter is a sample of the treatment such matters receive, there is little wonder. There are circumstances in which a manly, open nature could not engage in controversy.

We are very glad to read Mr. Turner's letter. It is quite time that the sympathy of the students and of the public in Montreal should take some definite form. Let the Graduates' Society call a public meeting and request Dr. Murray to put the correspondence which has passed regarding "this hubbub" and the arrears of salary into their hands. The University and Professors belong to Montreal, not to the Principal nor to the Governors.

TRUTH SEEKER.

THE RIVAL ROSES.

FAIR is the rose in the garden,  
That blooms in the month of June,  
But my "Rose" seems sweeter,  
At eve when I greet her,  
Beneath the soft rays of the moon.

The rose in the summer with perfume  
And beauty my senses beguiles,  
But it ne'er had the art,  
To beguile my fond heart,  
As thou, "Rose," hast done with thy smiles.

The tint of the rose-leaf is taken  
An emblem of youth without gloom,  
But the rose never grew  
Whose most delicate hue,  
Could rival thy cheek in its bloom.

The rose has a grace all acknowledge,  
With roots in the soil firm and deep;  
"Rose!" thy grace and carriage  
There's none can disparage,  
The ground seems scarce brushed by thy feet.

The rose to the bees gives her essence,  
In turn man this nectar receives;  
Thy lips, "Rose," grant honey  
For love—which no money  
Can purchase like that from her leaves.

The rose may be plucked in the morning,  
All blushing, and fresh with the dew,  
But e'er close of day  
It has faded away,  
Whilst thou, "Rose," would'st ever be true.

Sweet! come and grow in the garden  
Prepared in my heart; and believe  
That no other flower,  
From that happy hour,  
Can tempt me my "Rose" to deceive.

O'HARA BAYNES.

THE oddities of Mexican life and customs strike the traveller forcibly everywhere in Mexico, but more especially in the interior towns, where so-called "progress" has made few innovations. In Guadalajara, as in many other Mexican cities, one of the first things a stranger observes is the fact that nearly every block on a street has a different name. Suppose he starts down the Calle (street) de Eturbide; going straight ahead a few steps, the first thing he knows he is in the Calle de Monlos, and, a few feet farther on, in the Calle de Santa Guadalupe. Having set out for a given place, he soon finds himself in a hopeless snarl—for even the numbers begin and end and skip about as erratically as everything else that is Mexican. In Guadalajara, not only has every saint in the calendar a street or block named after him or his, but some of them have their names several times repeated in various parts of the city; and then there are all the men eminent in local history to be thus honoured, besides a hundred historic happenings, which are commemorated in this manner.

Perhaps the best illustration of the Catholic idea of constantly reminding people of their religion is the main thoroughfare of the Mexican capital. "In the lump," it is known as the Calle de San Francisco, but every one of its seventeen blocks has a different name, and the buildings in each are numbered in the usual haphazard fashion, without regard to the numbers in any other block, or to numerical order in its own. Should you wish to go to a house or shop whose number is 500 —, if you set out to look for "No. 500 San Francisco Street," you will probably find seventeen buildings bearing that number between the grand plaza and the statue of Carlos V., but no block at all which is distinctively called San Francisco Street; therefore it is necessary to know not only the street and number, but the name of the square in which that particular 500 is located.

In that famous Calle de San Francisco, some of the prominent names, translated into English, are as follows: Street of the Sacred Heart, Jesus Street, Street of the Love of God, Heart of Jesus Street, John the Baptist Street, Blood of Christ Street, Crown of Thorns Street, Holy Ghost Street, Mother of Christ Street, Body of Christ Street, Fifth of May Street, and Street of the Sad Indian.

Another peculiarity of Mexican life is that everybody lives over a shop, if the house be of two stories, or uses his lower floor for stabling the horses, quartering the servants, etc. Even millionaires often rent the ground floors of their swellest residences for business purposes, and nobody seems to have any domestic use for their lower front rooms, which Americans consider most desirable.

Go to call upon a Bishop, or some other high dignitary, or upon any family of known wealth, and if there is not a shoemaker pegging away at his bench just inside the front door, or a tailor-shop, or hair-dressing, or blacksmithing establishment, you are obliged to squeeze past carriages standing in the passage-way, or run the gauntlet of horses' heels, besides viewing the paraphernalia of the forever-open kitchens, and smelling the next meal's menu.

Another puzzling phenomenon to the foreigner is, that every man and woman to whom he speaks immediately presents him with a residence. On being introduced to a Mexican, he grasps your hand with ardent cordiality, and remarks: "My house is yours; it stands in the Calle de so and so, No. —, and is entirely at your service;" or he informs you with great earnestness that *La casa de U* ("your house") is such and such a number, that he shall be offended if you do not occupy it, and that he and all his family are your most humble servants. As probably he has just been introduced to you by some other casual acquaintance, and has enjoyed the honour of knowing you not more than five minutes, he would naturally be astonished if you took him at his word. The funniest part of it is that those persons who so recklessly lay all they possess at your feet, would scarcely be able to recognize you should they meet you next day; and certainly if you (being of the "male persuasion") took the liberty of calling at the *casa*, so generously placed at your disposal, you would meet with the coldest of welcomes, and be permitted to see none of the ladies of the household.

Another amusing oddity is that the street-cars run in groups, one car never seen alone, nor two together, but always three or four in a row, less than half a block apart. Instead of starting from the terminus one every five or ten minutes, several are started at once, every half hour. To run each car, it requires two conductors, besides the driver, and also in many places two or three soldiers armed *cap-a-pie*. The first conductor approaches a passenger, sells him a ticket and pockets the money, and soon the second conductor comes along and takes up the bit of printed paste-board; meanwhile the brass-buttoned guardians of the peace stand glowering upon you, with suspicious eyes and loaded carbines. In some respects this double-conductor system is better than the

"Punch in the presence of the passengaire"

mode of the U.S.; but though the soldiers are provided to insure the safety of passengers from robbers and revolutionists, a timid person is more worried by their presence than by the possible dangers they are supposed to avert.

There are always first, second and third class cars. The coaches of the first and second class are made in New York, and are similar to those used in that city; while the third class cars, manufactured in Mexico, look more like cabooses used on freight trains than anything else with which we are familiar. First class fares are sometimes high as fifty cents, though oftener a *medio* (6½ cents)—according to the length of the line—and though there is little difference between riding first or second class, except in the character of the company, the second class fares are usually just half as much as first class, and the third class one-third.