

swords or daggers, and attack their supposed rivals. In one moment thousands of swords and poniards are in evidence. Some want to avenge the dead or wounded, while others fight on the side of the murderer, who is finally taken to the nearest church, where he feels secure, in that the viceroy himself could not take him out to punish him.

I will not end without stating that water passes under all the streets of the city, so much so that one cannot dig a hole without finding the liquid. The buildings suffer much from this condition of things. During my visit to this country I observed that they were rebuilding the San Agustin convent, for the entire building was sinking. The columns were already so low that new foundations were placed under them, and I was informed that this was the third time they had built new columns upon the old ones, which had already sunk.

Mexican Herald.

The American Boy in Mexico

It is safe to say that very few people realize what a great future the American boy has before him in Mexico. He is really beginning where his father leaves off, with the advantage that he

has been born to many things that his father has learned only by bitter experience and many hard knocks. The American boy born and educated here is both Mexican and American. He has all the hardiness and venturesome spirit of his American ancestors, all the tendency to initiate, experiment, to make himself master. These qualities are what have made his fathers influential in the developing of modern Mexico. But the boy has what his father has not, or has only in part, and that in an artificial manner. He has a sympathy with the life, manners, customs and ways of thought of the Mexicans. He is prepared to enter fully into their lives and to become part of the Mexican nation. He speaks the language like a native. He can thus meet the American and the Mexican on equal terms and is the link between them. He has in his hands the means to become a power in the land. The history of Mexico city is intimately associated with the names of children of the few foreigners who lived here in the first half of the last century. The Joneses, Mackintoshes, Crows (Creels,) Morans, etc. need only be cited to call forth a flood of memories. If these few foreigners, through their descendants, have had such an influence upon the history of the country, what may be expected of the many foreign children now being educated here!

The tendency is now becoming stronger every day for the government to make the children of foreigners more thoroughly in sympathy with the people of the country. And this is as it should be. The Secretary of Education, Justo Sierra, one of the best educated, most widely read and most widely travelled gentlemen in Mexico, has set his hand to unifying the educational system of the Republic. The government is now making a strong effort to bring all the private schools in Mexico under its supervision. This is the first step in the making of a national educational system, and should be supported by all those who have the good of education at heart. Many changes have been made in the educational system since Mr. Sierra assumed the reins, and all have been for the better.

The tendency of the government too, is to bring under its direct control not only all the schools but all the professions that require an advanced education. A prominent educator said to me, a few days ago, that it was only a question of time, and that probably a very short time, when all professional men will be required to take the professional examination before being allowed to commence practice in Mexico. This will include law, medicine, mechanical and electrical engineering; and in fact every avenue that is now open to the foreign professional man. This will, of

course, require a thorough knowledge of Spanish, and it is more than probable that all candidates will be required to show certificates from the primary and the preparatory schools, the government High School and the University. When this day comes, the American boy who takes the examinations of the government schools along with his other examinations (which he can do as easily as not) will be on equal terms with the Mexican. In the Modern Mexico, which is rapidly coming, the American boy born here, will be eligible to fill the highest offices in the land.

In view of the great future that lies before him, every American boy should make it his business to know as much as he can about the Mexican people, the country itself, its government, its laws; and to make himself master of the Spanish language and the history of Mexico. All the English schools here should recognize the fact that we are educating American, and English boys, ninety per cent of whom will, in all probability, have to make their living here. The business of our schools is, therefore, to prepare them as well as we can for the struggle of life, to help every English-speaking boy here to make the best of the exceptional advantages that accident has given him.

The difficulty is, that many American parents have never got thoroughly in touch with the life

of Mexico, though they have lived here many years. In fact they have not lived the life: they think they have, but they have not; they have lived only one side of it; the business side. For this reason many of them do not realize how important it is that their children should learn what the fathers have not been able to learn through their want of proper sympathy, and idiomatic knowledge of the language of the country; and often the parents set themselves in opposition to allowing their children to become what they call Mexicanized. They do not seem to realize that these children have already become as Mexicanized as they can well be, that they are so, whether their parents wish it or not. And now the only question is whether they will be educated or un-educated in the language of the country; whether the Mexican people will class them as middle class or upper class. For, as they place them, to a great extent will their influence be felt in the new and educated Mexico, which the next decade or two is to bring with it.

Our schools are filled with Mexicans who are working diligently to learn the English language. The American boy is thrown into daily contact with these children and the contact is for the mutual benefit of both races. The Mexican children learn, in the English schools, to be exact in their work, punctual in attendance and conscien-

tious in the performance of all their school duties. The American boy, too, learns to be polite, courteous and polished in his manners, while he retains all the good qualities which come of strict American school discipline. The Mexican learns to admire many things in the character of the American, not as he is in the north, but as he is in Mexico, and the American boy has a great advantage over one brought up in the United States, so far as making a home in Mexico is concerned.

A short time ago a prominent railroad man said to me: "The boy brought up in Mexico, and who knows a little about railroad work is worth more here than the one brought up in the United States, who knows all about it, but who has no knowledge of Mexico, its people or its language." And it is so. The American boy born here has learned intuitively what foreigners must spend a lifetime in acquiring imperfectly.

J. H. CORNYN.

Mexico in 1850

When Bayard Taylor the American author, poet, and traveller, came here from San Francisco in 1850, he entered the country at Mazatlan. On his way from that port to Guadalajara he

was robbed, and from the latter city he took coach across country to Mexico. He stopped over night in the hotels of the Diligence Company, at various towns and cities; he learned what it was to be up at three or four o'clock in the morning, the air sharply chill, and to start off for a long and dusty ride till evening.

He reached this city and the Casa de Diligencias, just as the "Veracruz stage drove into the yard." Governor Letcher, the newly appointed Envoy to Mexico, came in the Veracruz stage, and was met "at the Peñon Grande by a number of Americans in carriages, and brought into the city." Mr. Taylor says: "I made my first appearance in the City of the Moctezumas covered with dust and clad in weather-beaten corduroys, which were all that the robbers had left me."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THIS CITY.

"I sallied out, on the bright sunny morning after reaching Mexico to make a survey of the city. The sky was cloudless except on the horizon in the direction of Popocatepetl, and the air was charmingly cool and fresh. Its rarity by accelerating the breathing, had a stimulating effect, but I found that a faster pace than usual exhausted me in a few minutes. The streets are broad and tolerably clean, and have an air of solidity and

massive strength beyond that of any other modern city. The houses are all of stone, with a few windows on the street, but an arched gateway in the centre, leading to a patio, or courtyard, where the only correct view of their size and magnificence may be obtained."

PATIOS AND STREETS

"The glimpses through these gateways, while one is passing, are often very beautiful—the richly-sculptured frame of stone enclosing a sunny picture or a fountain, a cluster of trees, or the slender, graceful arches of the corridor. The buildings are painted some light, fresh color, pink and white being predominant; some of them indeed, are entirely covered with arabesque patterns in fresco.

"The streets run at right angles, with nearly Philadelphian regularity, but the system of naming them is very confusing to a stranger. A name extends no farther than a single block, the same street having sometimes as many as twenty different names in different places! Thus, while there are several hundred names of streets in the city (most of them long and difficult to remember) the actual number of streets is small."

THE PLAZA DE ARMAS.

Of course the traveller sought at once the Plaza, of which he wrote: "It is one of the most imposing squares in the world, but still inferior to what it might be made. It covers about fourteen acres, which are entirely open and unbroken, except by a double row of trees in front of the cathedral. The splendid equestrian statue of Charles IV. by the sculptor Tolsa, which formerly stood in the centre, has been removed since the war of Independence, and the government has never been able to replace it by something more to its republican taste."

It is well to be reminded that formerly the statue mentioned stood in the centre of the great unbroken square, where it had, as old prints show, a most artistic setting.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The traveller was disappointed with the exterior of the city's greatest church. He wrote: "The cathedral is grand and impressive from its very size, but the effect of the front is greatly injured by its incongruous style of architecture. There seems to have been no single design adopted, but after half had been built, the architect chang-

ed his plan and finished the remainder in a different style. The front, as high as the cathedral roof, has a venerable appearance of age and neglect, while the two massive, square and unadorned towers rising from it, are as brilliantly white and fresh as if erected yesterday.

"The interior of the cathedral is far more perfect in its structure. The nave resting its lofty arch on pillars of a semi-Gothic character, with the gorgeous pile of the high altar at its extremity, blazing with gold and silver and precious marbles, looks truly sublime in the dim, subdued light which fills it.

"The railing round the altar is solid silver, as well as the lamps which burn before it. In the shrines along the side aisles there are many paintings of fine character, but everywhere the same flash of gold and appearance of lavish treasure. The cathedral was crowded to the very door by a throng of rancheros, Indians, stately ladies in silks and jewels, soldiers and léperos, kneeling side by side. The sound of the organ, bearing on its full flood the blended voices of the choir, pealed magnificently through the nave."

THE ALAMEDA AND THE FASHION OF THE CITY.

"The Alameda is a charming place, completely shaded by tall trees, and musical with the

plash of fountains. Through its long avenues of foliage, the gay equipages of the aristocracy may be seen rolling to and from the Paseo-President Herrera, in a light, open carriage, followed by a guard of honor,—among them. We roamed through the cool, shaded walks, finding sufficient amusement in the curious groups of characters we constantly met, until the afternoon shadows grew long and the sun had nearly touched the Nevado of Toluca. Then, joining the increasing crowd, we followed the string of carriages past a guard-house where a company of trumpeters shattered all the surrounding air by incessantly prolonged blasts, that nearly tore up the paving-stones!"

THE REFORMA.

"A beautiful road, planted with trees, and flanked by convenient stone benches, extended for about a mile, having a circle at its further end, around which the carriages passed, and took their station in the return line. We sat down on one of the benches facing the ring, enjoying the tranquility of the sunset and the animation of the scene before us. The towers of Mexico rose behind us; above the gardens that belt the city, the rock of Chapultepec was just visible in front, and far to the south-east a snow

glimmer out of the midst of a pile of clouds, revealed the cone of Popocatepetl. The mixture of imported vehicles—French, English and American—with the bomb-proof and moveable fortifications of the country, was very amusing, though their contrast was not more marked than that of the occupants."

AT THE THEATRE.

"I went one evening to the Teatro de Santa Anna, which is one of the finest theatres in the world. On this occasion, the performance might have honourably stood the ordeal of even Paris criticism. There was a ballet by the Monplaisir Troupe, songs by the prima donna of the native opera, and violin solos by Franz Coenen. The theatre is very large, having, if I remember rightly, five tiers of boxes, yet it was crowded in every part. There was a great display of costly dresses and jewels, but I saw much less beauty than on the moonlit plaza of Guadalajara.

"Between the acts the spectators invariably fell to smoking. The gentlemen lit their 'puros', the ladies produced their delicate boxes of cigarritos and their matches, and, for some minutes after the curtain fell, there was a continual snapping and fizzing of brimstone all over the house. By the time the curtain was ready to

rise, the air was sensibly obscured, and the chandeliers glimmered through rather a blue haze. A whole congregation of women smoking together, I must admit, did take away much of the reverence with which we are wont to regard the sex."

—
A PICTURESQUE SPOT.

"Chapultepec is a volcanic hill, probably 200 feet in height, standing isolated on the level floor of the valley. Around its base is the grove of cypress trees, known as Moctezuma's garden—great, gnarled trunks, which have been formed by the annual rings of a thousand years, bearing aloft a burden of heavy and wide-extending boughs, with venerable beards of gray moss. The changeless black-green of the foliage, the dull, wintry hue of the moss, and the gloomy shadows which always invest this grove, spoke to me more solemnly of the Past—of ancient empire, now overthrown, ancient splendour, now fallen into dust, and ancient creeds forgotten and contemned—than the shattered pillars of the Roman Forum, or the violated tombs of Etruria. I saw them on a shaded, windless day, with faint glimmering of sunshine between the black and heavy masses of cloud. The air was so still that not a filament of the long, mossy streamers trembled; the trees

stood like giant images of bronze around the hoary foot of the hill."

—
THE VALLEY OF MEXICO

"I wish there was a perspective in words—something beyond the suggestiveness of sound—some truer representative of color, and light, and grand aërial distance; for I scarcely know how else to paint the world-wide panorama spread around me. Chapultepec, as I have said before, stands isolated in the centre of the Valley. The mountains of Toluca approach to within fifteen miles beyond Tacubaya, and the island-like hills of Guadalupe are not very distant, on the opposite side; but in nearly every other direction the Valley fades away for fifty or sixty miles before striking the foot of the mountains. The forms of the chains which wall in this little world are made irregularly and wonderfully picturesque by the embaying curves of the Valley—now receding far and faint, now piled nearer in rugged and barren grandeur, now tipped with a spot of snow, like the volcano of Toluca, or shooting far into the sky a dazzling cone, like cloud-girdled Popocatepetl.

"But the matchless Valley—how shall I describe that? How reflect on this poor page its boundless

painting of fields and gardens, its silvery plantations of aloes, its fertilizing canals, its shimmering lakes, embowered villages and convents, and the many-towered capital in the centre—the great boss of its enameled shield? Before us the aqueducts ran on their thousand arches towards the city, the water sparkling in their open tops; the towers of the cathedral, touched with a break of sunshine, shone white as silver against the cloud-shadowed mountains; Tacubaya lay behind, with its palaces and gardens; farther to the north, Tacuba, with the lone cypress of the "Noche Triste," and eastward, on the point of a mountain cape shooting out towards Lake Texcoco, we saw the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Around the foot of our rocky watch-tower, we looked down on the heads of the cypresses, out of whose dark masses it seemed to rise, sundered by that weird ring from the warmth, and light and beauty of the far-reaching valley-world."

NOW AND THEN

The recently arrived foreign resident may challenge the details of this picture. But when Mr. Taylor was here in 1850 the present crowded suburb of Tacubaya was indeed a place of "palaces and gardens;" in fact, less than twenty years

ago, Tacubaya was essentially a rural suburb, its great and noble houses, with their vast gardens, being the distinctive features of the place. Then, too, the waters of Lake Texcoco approached much nearer to the city; Chalco had not been drained, and the varying panorama of verdure and shimmering lakes was to be seen from the heights of Chapultepec. Then, too, the great aqueducts marched on to the city.

IT WAS MANY YEARS AGO

The famous American traveller saw another Mexico away back there in the mid-year of the last century. It was a city of cobblestone pavements, of the omnipresent "aguadores" carrying water to the houses, of quaint coaches, and much insecurity outside the city gates. Not a diligence came in from north or south but the passengers were curiously questioned as to whether they had been robbed. Sometimes the stages between the city and Puebla were robbed twice in a day! The coachmen were wonderful drivers, and the whole scene of the great lumbering coaches, brought at a grand dash into the city streets, amid horns blowing, dogs barking and the animated comment of everybody, must have been a most interesting one.

THE CITY'S SETTING.

And this is the scene which lies all about us, hardly realized by us as we toil and moil in the modern city, blind to the marvellous beauty of a spectacle that has enchanted world-wide travellers. This new city coming up before our eyes shall, in time, in the slow process of the centuries, disappear even as ancient Tenochtitlan has vanished; but the vast and beautiful Valley, and the giant sierra, that eternal way of everlasting hills, will all remain. Nature laughs at the efforts of puny man to change her grander aspect.

Mexican Herald.

The Tourists' Mexico

The traveller entering the country by the Gulf ports comes directly into the warmth and glow of the tierra caliente. The plunge into Mexico is made at once, and the impression is always vivid. When one comes overland there is a certain preparation, as it were, southern Texas or New Mexico; and the sunny Mexican land does not make so strong an impression.

The arid, sandy region in the north of the country passed, cities suggesting those of the

Orient, utterly foreign to the American eye, present themselves. Zacatecas has a touch of Jerusalem, wide-wandering travellers are wont to say; Guanajuato, picturesque beyond description is piled up in a vast mountain gorge, a mass of color and artistic beauty. If one comes into the country by Laredo, the delightful city of Saltillo invites one to stay a day or two; and Monterrey, at once a new Pittsburg, and the coming Chicago of Mexico, appeals to practical people.

Deeper down in the heart of the Mexican land one finds cities which are like illuminated leaves torn from some old parchment volume of the chronicles of Spain. Guadalajara allures the traveller with its stately arcades, its suggestion everywhere of Andalusia, and its air of opulent ease. Its name is at once Spanish and Arabic, for Wadá-l-ha-jarah means "the river of the stones." Nor should the tourist, if he have time, forget to journey to Morelia, the capital of the great state of Michoacan; lovely and never to be forgotten is Morelia, once called Valladolid from the ancient capital of Spain in the time of the Emperor Charles V. Eminently Spanish is Morelia with its charming gardens flanking a cathedral pronounced by the late Frederic E. Church to be the "noblest edifice in the entire western hemisphere." A city, too, that merits the very phrase of compliment bestow-

ed by Don Quixote on Barcelona, "the archives of courtesy"

The City of Mexico, built on the site of ancient Tenochtitlan, must always interest the readers of Prescott, for here was enacted one of the greatest dramas of history; here fell the Aztec monarchy and with it an ancient religion and priesthood—a civilization which, had it been left to develop,—would by this time have become one of the marvels of the earth. In the National Museum the thoughtful traveller will find things beyond all price, recalling the pomp and glory of the Aztec state, with other things that give hints of the mysterious civilization once existing in mighty cities and proud temples in far Southern México.

Beyond here, and southward, the tourist comes to Puebla, with superb churches, many fine specimens of the best Spanish domestic architecture, and a noble cathedral. Journeying on, the city of Oaxaca, still hesitating to cross the threshold of the modern world is reached, and, near by, is Mitla with its strange ruins, relics of a royal past.

Thus much for the cities; the men and the women of the land will greatly interest the ethnologist, for here are more than mere remnants of Indian tribes speaking distinct languages; here, too, the Spanish race is represented—the

blond Gotho-Spaniard; the dark Moorish type; the half Greek, half Arab Valencian, and the strong and vigorous Catalonian. The men and women of the land must always interest the instructed observer.

The historian, the antiquarian, the ethnologist, and the practical business man in search of opportunities, all find Mexico a country of charm and interest. There is gold to be won here beyond the dreams of the dead and gone Conquistadores. Mexico has opened her gates to the Genius of Modernity. She welcomes brains and capital, intelligence and industry. Her emergence from the romantic and indolent Past is definite.

Mexican Herald.

The Posada

The "posadas," are a characteristically Mexican celebration. They commemorate the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem, whither they went in obedience to the mandate of the Roman emperor to be enrolled in the census. This journey, performed by Mary mounted on an ass, which Joseph guided, is supposed to have occupied nine days. Each evening the humble couple naturally approached some