

rival. Shoe stores abound, containing very pretty gaiters, and almost the only cheap article in the city.

Two or three of the old silversmith establishments remain, holes in the wall, where a few manufactured articles of silver, very neat and cheap, are hung up on the sides of the wall above the little old counter, and sometimes a tiny forge is plying its fires at the rear.

The plaza is hardly less than a thousand feet square. In its centre is a large garden, planted by Carlotta, and well filled with trees and flowers, in full leaf and bloom. On the west and south sides are deep arcades, filled with all manner of knickknacks of much show and little profit.

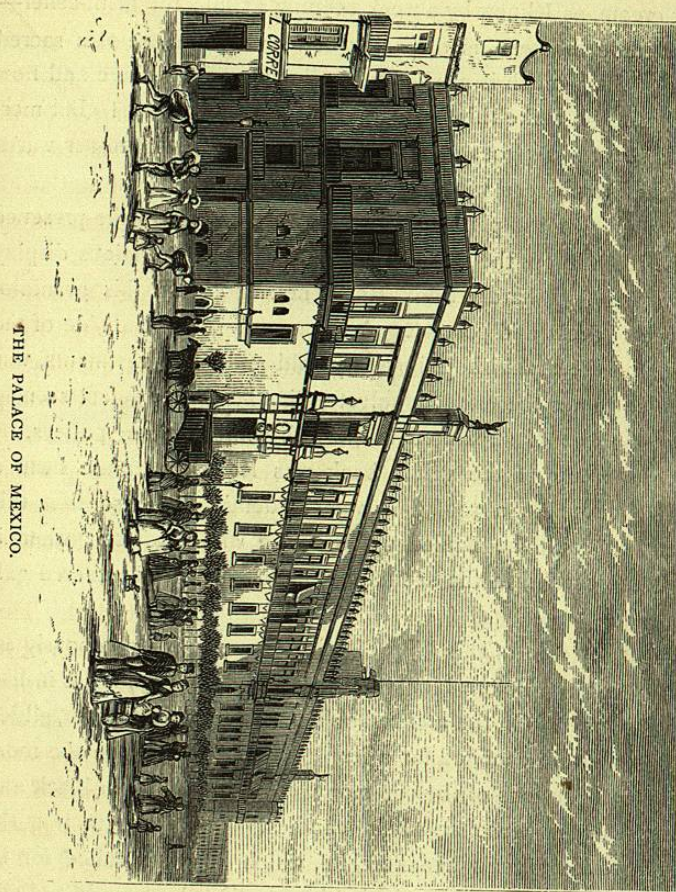
The Government Palace extends along the entire eastern side, a stately but not superb edifice. In its ample courts large numbers of the soldiery are stationed, and even a great quantity of ammunition is stored. The hall of ambassadors is the chief room, stretching along nearly all this front, and adorned with portraits of the leading generals and presidents of the republic, among whom place is found for Washington and Bolivar alone, of other nations. We have no such hall in Washington, though the East Room in its height and breadth is of yet greater grandeur.

The north or chief side is occupied with the cathedral. This immense structure is approached by a very broad esplanade of its own, and is of large and even grand proportions, though its towers are not especially effective. It stands on a plateau, raised several feet from the pavement of the plaza, has adjoining it the sagrario, or parish church, profusely carved without and gilded within, the carving cheap and the gilding faded. It is cut up to fit divers crowds. The altar by the chief entrance is usually thronged. The choir behind it is a stately mass of carving. Two beautiful balustrades, of an amalgam of gold, silver, and brass, connect the choir and the high altar. So rich are they that an Englishman offered to replace them with silver, and was refused. Beautiful figures of like precious metal hold candelabra along this walk. The dome is of impressive proportions, and the high altar is set off with polished

Solo decir por una de las mayores del mundo -

Sabido esto, aun el metido de la iglesia, que esta en el centro es magnifico.

alabaster, and profusion of pink and green images, while the altar behind it is one blaze of gilding, from floor to ceiling, with a multitude of gilded images in niches along its broad and shining face.



THE PALACE OF MEXICO.

The area in front of the cathedral is full of people selling their wares—never so full as on Sabbath mornings. Here is the lottery-ticket vender, most numerous and most busy of all. Male and female has this church created them, chiefly old people. All their sales have a percentage of benefit for the priest. The sellers are

each numbered, and the church keeps steady watch over this important revenue.

Here is a velocipede course, and children enjoy it. The match-boy, pert and pretty; the cigar-boy; the ice-cream vender of a very poor cream, as I knew by a week evening's trial; the print-seller—every trade that can, is disposing of its wares before this sacred portal. How much is a whip of small cords needed here and now for those who make this house a house of merchandise! But merchandise of souls goes on within. Shall not that of lesser wares consistently proceed without?

I saw high mass performed here two weeks ago in the presence of the archbishop, the most elaborate and ornate religious display I ever saw. I hardly think Rome herself equals this grandiloquence of dress and posture. A throne was set on the side of the altar, and the archbishop, in costly gold and silver vestments, was installed under the crimson velvet pall, whose only defect seemed to be a piece of unpainted frame with white wooden pulleys, by which the top of the velvet back was let out over the head a yard or more as a roof. It was evidently made so that this projection could be hauled up to a line with the back, when it was to be carried to the sacristy, or depository, of the sacred garments.

On either side of this king of priests were many pompously arrayed vassals. Before him were three officiating ministers in like gaudy apparel. On the archbishop's head was a tall, ornate, gilded mitre, which he changed for a less gilded pasteboard in the more penitential portions of the ceremony. A dozen boys, in black and white, swung incense and held candles. One of them was the keeper of his grace's handkerchief, which he once called for by touching his nose. It was handed him, a dingy brown and red silk bandana, clean and folded, however. He took, opened, used, re-folded, and returned, and the service went on. I am surprised so fine a gentleman does not use a white linen handkerchief, or one with a gold border. Is that *en regle*? I saw an officiator at the Madelaine in Paris blow his nose upon a like huge and dirty-col-

*El ice cream
de V. no vale
al hombre.*

*¿lo conoces
V. las fiestas
ordenes de
Lima?*

*¿Chaco, co-
mo no habia
de ser suceso
un obispo?
¿Ha el coronel
de Cluckey a
de ser americano
es un furco.*

ored silk. It jarred badly with his golden robes. So did this with these.

Do you wish to know how the archbishop looks? He is from fifty to fifty-two, short, thick-set, full-fleshed, full-faced; has a strong, loud voice, a bland and meaningless smile, a polished and easy manner, and is evidently trained in the art of government. He preaches every Sunday morning to a large audience in the sagrario, who sit or kneel upon the floor. He is not an orator after the impassioned sort, but, like most high officials, is evidently a manager rather than a talker. The interests of his Church will not suffer in his hands, so far as policy and push can favor them. He seems also very devout in the mass, and goes through that ceremony as though he believed it, which most do not.

A small image, set in a golden base, was carried round the church by four blue cotton-robed peons, the image, I believe, of St. Philip, as it was his day; and the choir followed singing, and the clergy, and a crowd of irreverent gazers and worshipers treading almost on the sacred robes and their more sacred wearers. The crowd was very ill-dressed and ill-mannered; and as for religion—well, the stream can not rise higher than the fountain. Poor Philip did differently with the eunuch than these his worshipers when he ran along by his chariot, and preached atonement and salvation by simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah, if that able and accomplished gentleman who is the head centre of this display could only get out of this pomp into that simplicity of faith, how different would this worship be!

The singing was magnificent, as far as elaborateness goes. After the pomp had finished, they disrobed the archbishop, in the presence of the congregation, of about half a dozen garments, and put on him a scarlet robe. It was all grandly done; but to what intent? Those poor crowds of half-dressed spectators, what did they learn by this display? Ah! Christ, Thou art needed in this temple, to teach Thy professed ministers how to feed Thy famishing flock. Hasten Thy coming! He has come!

Let us get out of this holy smoke, and odor and blaze and glare

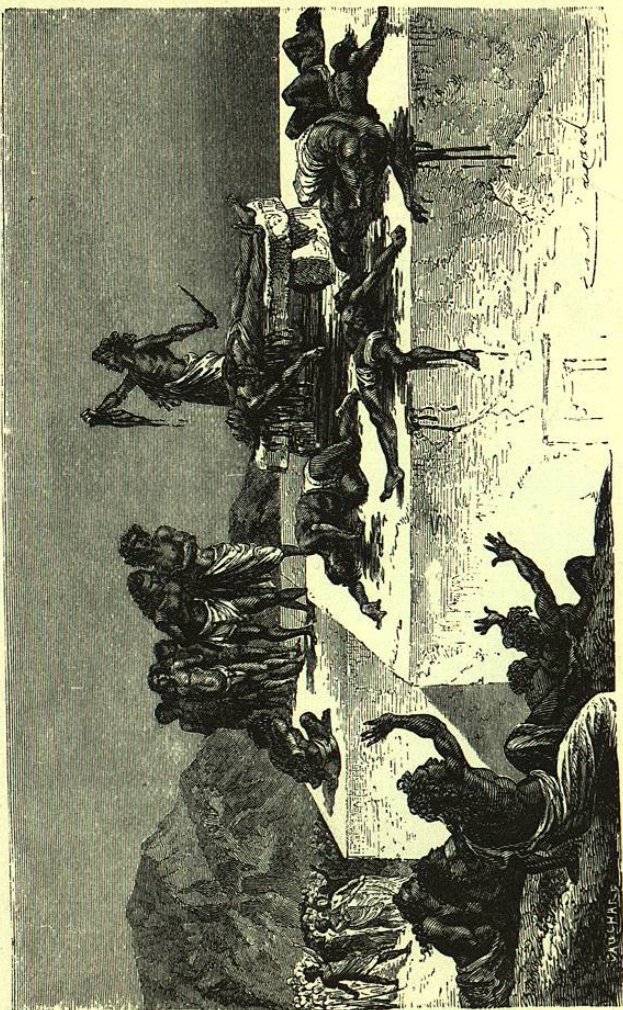
*¿Indica V.
la pluma,
Sr. Haron.*

and tinsel, and the nasty, ragged crowd of spectators, and take to the street again. You notice, as you leave the church, a round slab at its northern corner. That is the Calendar Stone of the Aztecs. It was saved from the ruins of the teocallis that stood here. It is a specimen of the learning and art of those people, and shows that but for their religion they might have longer held sway. Their present religion, poor as it is, replaced a poorer. This cathedral, grand as it is, is not too grand to occupy its seat. It is of the Lord.



THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

Turn from the cathedral southward, enter the street opposite that by which you entered the plaza, pass by the President's palace and the post-office, and you come to a museum of antiquities. In the centre of its court lies a huge, round, red granite stone, twelve feet in diameter, four feet high. This stone is covered with amor-



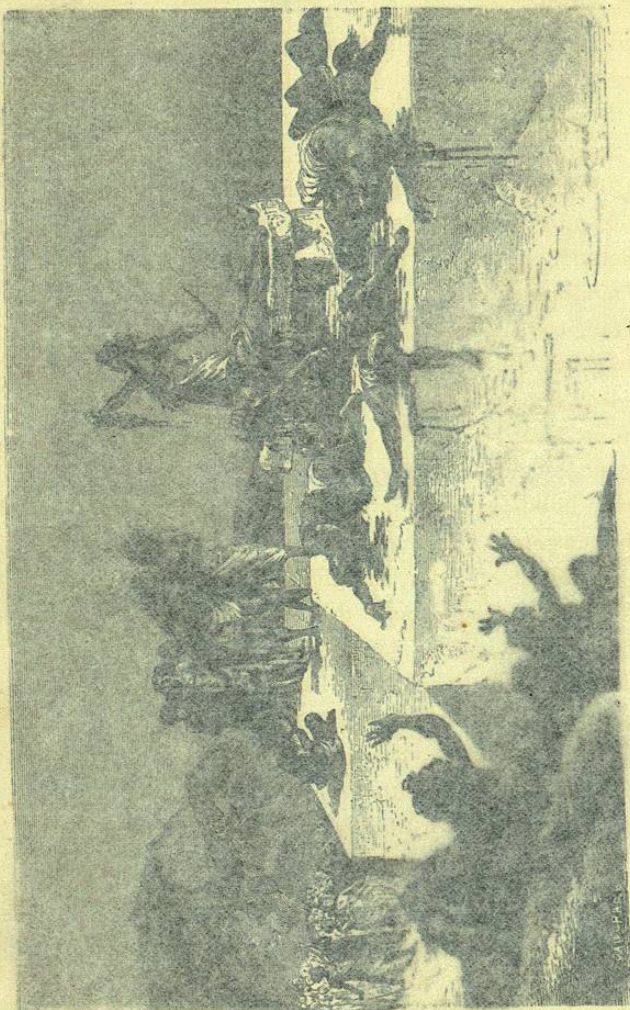
THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.

phous figures, and is deep stained as if with blood. Where the cathedral stands, a teocallis stood—five terraces, and two hundred feet high. By a fivefold series of stairs in one corner, and fivefold circuit of the mound, the teocallis was mounted. On its top was this stone. Around the sides of the teocallis and up its steps they led their victims—men and youth by the thousands—made them pause before this stone, stretched their chests over it, so that the heart was strained over its edge, cut the flesh over the heart opening to it, plucked the heart forth, laid it reverently before the god, and hurled the body down the sides of the teocallis to the multitude below, who took it up carefully, cooked it, and ate it as a religious banquet. The cathedral is better than the teocallis, and the genuflexions and millinery of priests and bishops than the sacrifice of bloody hearts and the sacrament of cannibalism.

Turn northward again. We pass up the street of San Francisco, by the modest house of President Lerdo, a two-story city front, with green blinds, without pretense or cost; past the Hotel Iturbide, once that emperor's palace, now the Hotel Diligencias, the costliest edifice on the street; past the chapel of San Francisco and the pile of buildings which made that famous convent. Nearly opposite the chapel and its gardens are the residences of the two wealthiest Mexicans, Barron and Escandon. The brother of the latter once gave his check for seven millions of dollars. He began his fortune by establishing a stage-coach system all over this country. Mines, railroads, and other operations keep it growing. Their residences are plain without, except the latter's new house, which essays pillars and bronze dogs and lions on its roof. Within they are sumptuous. Courts, flowers, long suites of long parlors, every thing the heart craves is there, except that which it craves pre-eminently—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Between their houses is an old structure, faced with porcelain, blue-and-white blocks, four inches square, of various figures. Within is a court with carved pillars. It is a very fanciful structure, and originally cost much. Across the way from these dignities, in pleasant apartments, is the residence of the American consul general, Dr. Julius

*Leto es
mucho con-
fesar.*

Escandon.



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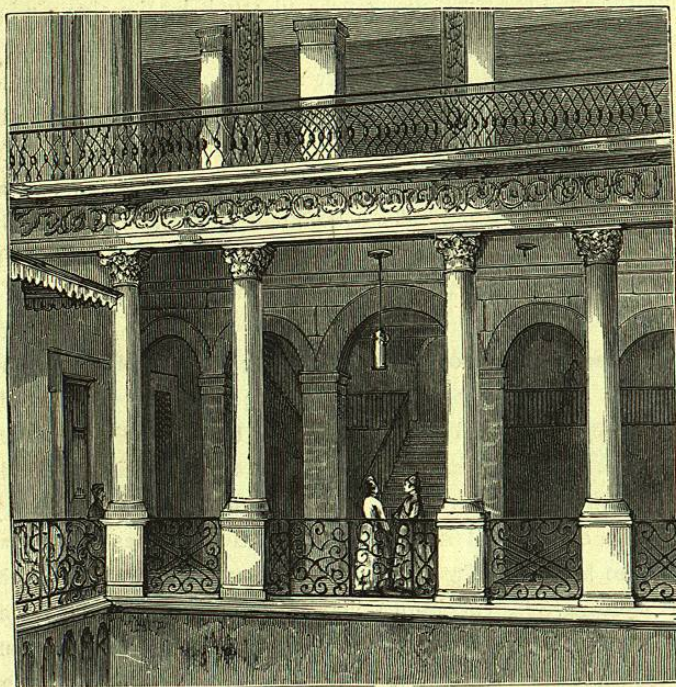
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A. Skilton, who won large repute for courage and skill in our war, and none the less for his sagacity and courage as a reporter of the *New York Herald* during the close of the French occupation. Whoever comes to Mexico will be sure of a handsome welcome in this American home.



INTERIOR OF A MODERN MEXICAN HOUSE.

A Mexican house is all beautiful within, if anywhere. It is not so, certainly, without. You enter through a large high door, wide enough to admit your carriage, into a patio, or open paved court. Around this are rooms for servants and horses, on the first floor. Handsome stairs lead to the upper stories, light balconies run around them, and rooms open into them. They are not allowed to open on neighboring estates, so they must open on court or street. The last commands usually only one of the four sides; so most houses have three-fourths of their light from the court.

These rooms are as cool and airy as those built after our fashion, though they usually have only one inlet for air and light. They are much higher in ceiling than ours, and are tastefully set off in frescoes. The balustrades are often of brass, and the work has a more finished look, even in common houses, than the best in the States exhibit. On the street side are small balconies for sight-seeing. There are more disagreeable dwellings by far than a first-class Mexican house.

A few rods farther north and we reach the city park, called Alameda. It is a pretty shaded inclosure of about forty acres, lying between the two thoroughfares of the San Francisco and the San Cosme. Its trees are large, thick together, and perpetually green. The leaf hardly falls before the young one presses itself to take its aged place, so that even the deciduous sort never get reduced to a Northern nakedness. Their new spring robes, like a snake's, an eagle's, and an Easter belle's, are assumed or ere their old ones are dropped.

These trees are interspersed with open plats, where flowers of every size and sort gladden the nerves of sight and smell. These are again interspersed with fountains, and circular centres lined with stone benches, and open, hard parterres for children and bands to play. The trees and flowers are shut off from approach by high fences; the circles about the fountains and graveled squares are alone accessible.

This park needs only one addition to make it a perpetual delight—safety. One can not walk there in midday without peril. Almost every day robberies occur. A gentleman walking with his wife saw another man being robbed, and declined to interfere, though he had a revolver, on the ground that it might alarm his wife.

We may rest here from our sidewalk studies, if we are tired, and it is not too dark, and talk on what this city needs to make it as safe as it is lovely.

*Seguro
que no me
dejaré en
la mano
de los
ladrones.*