

Monterey is still a Mexican city, however, and its government is still distinctly Mexican; but I am happy to add that its government, and indeed the government of the whole state of Nuevo León, of which it is the capital, is liberal as well as Mexican, or Mexican plus American enterprise. This is seen even in superficial things and national customs. One of the customs of the country seen in every Mexican city is for the men and women to parade the wide walks surrounding its central plazas twice or three times per week to the music of a military band, the men marching together upon one side of the walk and the women marching in an opposite direction on the other. This is an old custom, but the men are dressed to-day as the same class of men would be in New York City, and the silent pantomime of incipient courtship is conducted beneath the electric light of modern days casting its lights and shades through ancient orange-trees and oaks, and glistening in every drip of the playing fountains. It is the old and the new combined. But the change is seen in more than these superficial aspects. The old Mexican

business of silver mining has been modernized. Where but a few years ago there stood smelters handling daily two or three tons of earth brought on ox-carts and carried out of the mines on the backs of men, now is heard the puff of the locomotive bringing the ores to the new smelters that can absorb twenty car-loads per day.

One should not visit Monterey without taking a bath in the famous Topo Chico hot springs. These are situated about a half-hour's ride on the street-car from Monterey, and are noted in Mexico and Texas as the Hot Springs in Arkansas are noted in the United States. The large



SWAN-POND IN THE ALAMEDA PORFIRIO DIAZ, MONTEREY.

spring rises in the centre of one of the hotels of Topo Chico, and fills the stone tank, which is twenty by thirty feet square and ten feet in depth. The water is said to be of great medicinal value in rheumatism and kindred diseases.

The Casino, Monterey's social club, is one of the finest club-buildings in the world.

Again, do not leave Monterey without visiting places of historic interest. Of these, there stands prominently before one the bishop's palace on the foot-hills of the mountains west of the city. On these hills were placed the Mexican cannon that were to protect the city from the attack of General Taylor in 1846. Ten of the cannon are there yet, spiked and dismounted, and the deserted bishop's palace shows the marks of thousands of Taylor's bullets.

Morelos, or Monte Morelos, is about seventy miles southwest of Monterey, and is two thousand feet above sea-level. The original name of the city was San Mateo del Pilón. The old portion is in ruins, but the modern part has wide, regular streets, substantial buildings, and court-yards tastefully laid out with trees and flowers. Streams of purest water abound in the city. There are several churches, public schools, and manufacturing establishments.

Southward from Monterey, on the Mexican National Road, the scenery begins in earnest. The track follows the narrow valley of the San Juan, deep cut as if hewn from the towering rocks for a Titan roadway, now reduced to the uses of the modern railway, whose pigmy trains are insignificant as compared with the gigantic surrounding rocks; and the cuts seem a misfit for even the ponderous locomotives that awaken the echoes as they, toiling, climb the resisting grade. The noisy little Rio San Juan foams and frets, first on this side, then on the other, as the track crosses from one side of



STREET SCENE IN MONTEREY.

the cañon to the other to find easier ways to get over the hills. The little hamlet of Garcia, sometimes called Pesqueria, is just below Santa Catarina, both places being objects of excursions by rail and carriage from Monterey. There are two caves at Garcia, and from the left windows of the cars a careful look will find a curious hole through the crest of the mountains, as if made by a monster cannon-shot. The wildness of scenery grows as the train rolls on through the ever-narrowing cañon, and each turn brings some new picture grander and more beautiful than that other just back around the curve.

The town or village of Mexico that has not its legend is unworthy of its name. Wherever

the train stops, during the few minutes it stays at the station a bit of legend is hurriedly told, and if the starting-bell interrupts the story the conductor or trainmen will tell the rest. The legends are of history, sacred and profane, not confined to earth, but reaching the heavens above and the waters beneath it; and from the vasty deep the spirits have been called. If you doubt it, evidences are shown in the bridge at Monterey, where the Virgin stood and held at bay the invading Americans in '47, or the stone cases at Guadalupe that encase the sails and foremast that the sailors carried



ALAMEDA, MONTEREY.



from Vera Cruz and erected in front of the Virgin's holiest shrine, as they had vowed to do if she would save them from shipwreck. The rocks are shown whence Juan Medina leaped, and the Mexican National cars run over the spot where he fell; and the famous Titian at Tzintzuntzan, near Patzcuaro, has its legend as well as authenticated history. And thus, at this station or that, all along the line, some new story is told.

A visit to the San Pedro mine in Diente Cañon, which nets about one thousand dollars per day, is a delightful experience. The mouth of the mine is four thousand feet above Monterey City and within one thousand feet of the top of the mountain. What a valley! What scraggy heights! What millions on millions of tons of ore in the depths of the mountains! Through a long tunnel dug in solid rock, lighted by electricity, we turn into side chambers, and there the



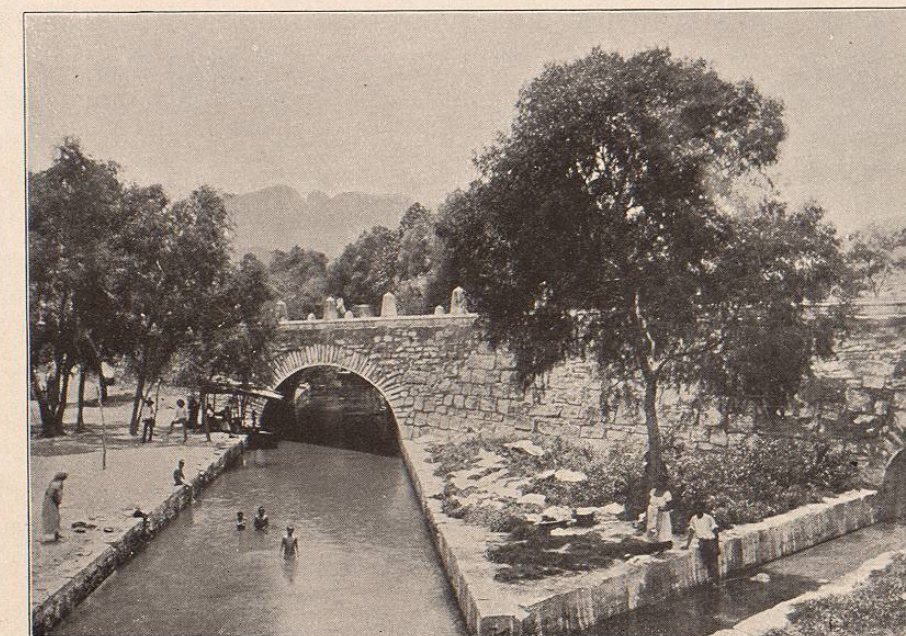
TOPE CHICO HOT SPRINGS, MONTEREY.

ore surrounds us. But what do we see? Here also is modern Mexico. Here is the electric dynamo hoisting the ore from the chambers one hundred and fifty feet in depth. The old mine three hundred years old and originally worked by the Spanish conquerors is now lighted by an American-made machine, while the former conqueror has not the power to-day to hold the last of her possessions on the American continent. Up the mountain cañon there are massive structures of wood and stone to support the cable for carrying the ore from the mouth of the mine and depositing it in the cars below. The cable is seven thousand two hundred feet in length, and swings its cars in many places two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet above the rocks below. The cable cost eighty-five thousand dollars.

Our visit to the San Pedro mines in company with Mr. Horace Gibson forms one of the pleasantest memories of our trip through Mexico. We had gone to Monterey to visit Governor

Reyes, arriving there early in the morning. The governor was at the San Pedro mine, hundreds of feet above us. We could see the governor's cottage from the railway station perched high up on the mountain, and were soon on our way thither in a special train. It was ten o'clock when we reached the mines and received a royal welcome from Nuevo León's noble governor. After a pleasant trip through the mines, we were given one of the finest dinners, up among those clouds, that we ever enjoyed in all our travels in the United States or in European capitals. And after a charming visit of several hours with the governor's most interesting family, we mounted our horses and descended the mountain, while the slanting rays of the westering sun threw a charm of romance over this wonderful scene.

General Don Bernardo Reyes, the governor of Nuevo León, is loved and respected throughout the Mexican republic. To him is owing not only the wonderful growth of Monterey but also a great part of the progress of the state of Nuevo León. Some of the developments of his administration are the public schools and the buildings for the study of medicine and jurisprudence. He it was, too, who added the extensive iron galleries around the market; through



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his influence the Alameda was improved and beautified with a kiosk and two artistic fountains, new pavements, and iron seats; under his administration the Juarez bridge and the penitentiary were built, with the aqueducts providing drinking-water for the park and the penitentiary; and under him the plazas of Zaragoza and Hidalgo were paved with artificial stone and the two great promenades constructed at the north of the capital.

Public instruction, especially, has been greatly developed under Governor Reyes. Large sums of money are yearly spent by the state government for educational purposes. There are some three hundred primary schools under the charge of the cities of Nuevo León, with high schools and professional schools superintended by the state. The law regulates the courses of study, and, in fact, all matters connected with the schools. In this connection may be mentioned a state public library, which is constantly enriched and kept up to the times. It is readily inferred that Nuevo León is one of the most advanced states in the Mexican republic. Its history has many brilliant pages, and on its soil many notable men have drawn the first breath of life.