

admirably managed, under authority of the state of Jalisco. Children are taught all that may be learned in schools of the highest order, and as they grow older they learn some useful occupation in the higher arts and sciences. The product of their labor is offered for sale in support of the Hospicio, and includes some of the most exquisite embroideries and laces, made by the girls. Music, painting, drawing, and calisthenics constitute a part of the tuition, while the more practical matters of life receive serious attention.

The public squares and *jardines* in Guadalajara are pretty and well kept. Twice a week and on Sundays an excellent band discourses sweet music in the plaza, attracting a large crowd of people. There the best society and the prettiest young ladies are seen. By common consent the sexes and classes separate on the promenade. The inner or wider promenade is



THE CATHEDRAL, GUADALAJARA.

reserved for the better class. On both sides are benches and chairs. The gentlemen keep in line on one side and in one direction, while the ladies do the same, but in an opposite direction, the two streams passing each other constantly. It would be considered *mauvais ton* to go against these rules. Thus, no matter how great the throng, perfect harmony exists among the promenaders. The lower class, clean and well-behaved, walk on the outside, never mixing with their social superiors.

There is no doubt that Guadalajara deserves her name as the queen city of the west, and any one who knows her cannot but appreciate her picturesque Mexican name, La Perla del Occidente.

No other city approaches it, unless it be Puebla; but the real beauty of Puebla is outside, while Guadalajara has many charms within her gates. The centre of its charms is its plaza, a

beautiful garden surrounded by magnificent buildings. On one side is the government palace, on another the cathedral, and on the other two sides are long rows of portales, with their graceful arches. One can never forget the first evening on the plaza in Guadalajara. Guadalajara is one of the brightest of Mexican cities. Its cathedral is approached only by that of the capital. The government building has a modern air that is pleasing; its stucco is colored a light gray, and its white trimmings are decidedly agreeable to the eye.

One is reminded here of the Royal Exchange in London by seeing on a government building an inscription of a Bible passage. Here the passage is "Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam" ("Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain").

In one of the principal squares is the monument commemorative of General Ramón Corona, a brave soldier, whose memory is loved by all true Mexicans, and who was assassinated by a lunatic in 1880.

In its loyalty to the Church Guadalajara is second to no other city in Mexico, and makes good its claim by works of charity and mercy.

Days may be spent pleasantly in this beautiful city, and other days in exploring the grand surroundings. A visit to the famous barranca should not be omitted. The Santiago River has here cut its way from the plateau to the lower level, and has made an enormous cañon, the perpendicular sides of which are two thousand feet high. At the top of the chasm you are in a temperate climate, at the bottom you get a taste of torrid temperature. Nowhere else in Mexico, and probably nowhere else in the world, can so satisfactory an excursion be made so easily; two hours' ride from the city brings one to the barranca, but the visitor should devote the whole day to the excursion to this region of the banana and the palm.

The scenery is grandly magnificent and wholly indescribable, so wildly picturesque. Here you are in the midst of castellated rocks, frowning precipices, and unfathomable abysses. Passing first the scraggy mountain-oaks, till, in the lower road, the path is through a forest of thumb-bananas, and shaded by their broad leaves, one finds at the bottom of the barranca the Rio de Santiago, while on either side the towering mountains lift up in perpendicular cliffs the grandest picture of sublime magnificence.

The big barranca of the Rio Grande de Santiago, from its point of departure from Lake Chapala at Ocotlan, is the narrowest valley in the world. It is probably exactly like a Norwegian fiord, from the cosmographical point of view, but while it is full of Indian villages, fruit-trees, and slopes terraced for maize, and laughter and merry voices bubble up along its course, the fiords are solemn and silent and awe-inspiring.



AVENUE LEADING TO THE HOSPICIO, GUADALAJARA.



A trip to San Pedro is delightful. The ride is along the ancient calzada, under great trees kissed by the sun for a hundred years, and more paved streets, handsome residences, fine stores, beautiful gardens, and happy faces will greet you at San Pedro. This is the favorite suburb of Guadalajara. Here the wealthy people have out-of-town homes. Here also the famous Guadalajara pottery-ware is made.

The celebrated Guadalajara ware is known the world over. It is sold at greatly reduced prices from those asked in the curiosity stores in the city, where there is no certainty of genuineness. A warm welcome is extended to the visitor at the low adobe by Juan Panduro, the Indian sculptor, who shows and sells samples of his exquisite handiwork, made by himself and son. If one desires a bust or statuette of himself, or a life-like likeness, it may be modelled while he waits and afterward baked and sent to his hotel, or the artist will call at the hotel and do the modelling at one's room. This young Mexican made himself famous at the Atlanta Exposition by his wonderful work. In the much frequented "Mexican village" he was the centre of attraction, and specimens of his remarkable craft were carried by admiring visitors to every part of the United States. The work of these artists is all the more interesting and remarkable because they not only never received any art education themselves, but have never even seen the work of other artists except as it may be found in Guadalajara. Their material is the native clay, made and fashioned with their fingers and a small pointed stick; and so perfect is their work that not only are the features carefully reproduced, but every line and wrinkle and even the smallest buttons or bit of lace-work are finished with the minutest detail.

The city of Atemajac is situated to the north of the city of Guadalajara, and is reached by street-cars, which leave the cathedral every forty minutes. On the road to this village you pass the hamlet of Mezquitán, where the Tastoanes meet annually to commemorate the anniversary of the assassination of Saint James. This spectacle is ludicrous in the extreme, as the Indians dress themselves in primitive and barbaric costumes and go through the mock tragedy as they suppose it was enacted. On the way you pass also the famous baths, which have the rare property of being cool in summer and hot in winter. The trip is a very enjoyable one, as the cars pass through a lovely tract of country.

Up toward the northeast, on the Mexican Central's main line, is the town of Lagos, which has a population of forty thousand, and an elevation of six thousand one hundred and thirty-four feet. This is a fine manufacturing city, at the edge of one of the most fertile agricultural districts of the republic. There are numerous stories about the people of Lagos, which, if true, show them to be somewhat like Falstaff, not only witty in themselves, "but the cause that wit is in other men." They say that the council of twelve was to hold a meeting in the hall where was a bench on which all should sit. Six came, and each put his hat beside him on the bench. When the other six came there was no room for them. It was decided to stretch the bench. Each man put his hat on his head, and the twelve men pulled on the bench, six at each end. Then they all sat down, for the bench was now long enough for them all. Here is another: The parish priest lay ill in his bed of a grievous sickness; desiring to know the time of day, he sent his servant up to the *azotea* (roof) to find out the hour from the sun-dial which was there. The domestic, after studying the matter carefully, came to the conclusion that he knew nothing about this contrivance, so he placed the dial on his shoulders and brought it to the priest, saying, "Here is the watch, that your worship may see the hour, because I don't understand it."

From Irapuato, in Guanajuato, a branch of the Mexican Central Railway extends to Guadalajara, one hundred and sixty-one miles west, running through a rich agricultural and fruit-growing country producing large crops of wheat, corn, and sugar, and the finest oranges

grown in the republic. Passing through Penjamo, a quaint old place of some eight thousand people, and La Piedad, with about the same population, the next station of importance is La Barca, a city of twelve thousand people, situated on the Lerma, or Santiago, River, near where it empties into Lake Chapala. Fifty miles west of La Barca and fifteen miles east of Guadalajara, at the station of El Castillo, a tramway conveys passengers to the famous falls of Juana-catlan, justly termed the "Niagara of Mexico." The river at this point plunges over a precipice sixty-five feet in height to the rocks below, making a picture of grandeur and interest well worth seeing.

Sixteen miles beyond La Barca lies Ocotlán. This pretty place is on the river Sula, a short distance above its junction with the Lerma. The station is connected with the town by street-cars, which run to the bridge just above the steamboat landing. Ocotlán is situated on



SCHOOL OF JURISPRUDENCE, GUADALAJARA.

a plain, which slopes southward a few miles into the shore of the lake. With its pretty plaza, its beautiful church spire, its portales, and its two bridges, Ocotlán is very picturesque.

At Poncitlán, eleven miles from Ocotlán, are a beautiful bridge and some charming scenery. This is the best wheat country of Jalisco.

Atequiza, thirteen miles farther west, is a good station for any one to stop at who wishes to visit a great hacienda comfortably and without a ride through the country. The station, as is common along the whole line, takes its name from the great hacienda nearest. Atequiza is in sight, half a mile away on the left. This hacienda has miles of wheat-fields, hundreds of oxen and other animals, and thousands of men at work on its farms or ranches. Here are the head-quarters of the vast estate,—storehouses, corrals, workmen's homes, mills, hospitals, school-