

**PRIZE DAY AT THE MILITARY COLLEGE,  
CHAPULTEPEC.**

Mr. F.—Good morning, Mr. Saenz, where are you going this fine day?

Mr. S.—I am going Chapultepec to see the distribution of prizes to the cadets.

Mr. F.—So am I; I shall be glad of your company. Here is the train; get in. I have an invitation from Mr. Groso: he is one of the professors of English in the College. There are six of them. He will see that we have good seats.

Mr. S.—Thank you very much.

Mr. F.—Here we are at the Park. Let us make our way to the Amphitheatre, where the ceremony is to take place. Isn't this charming? What could be prettier? The floral decorations are exquisite; are they not? Then, too, all the surroundings are very beautiful; the old cypresses in the front, and the lovely park all around; it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable.

Mr. S.—The people are beginning to arrive. It is early yet. Mr. Groso promised to meet me here at 9.30, and he is the very embodiment of punctuality. But I do not see him. If he is not here in a few minutes, I shall go to his house, knock at the door, and ask the simple question, "What did he die of?" I am sure that can be the only explanation of his non-appearance. We will wait here a little; we cannot miss him; he must come this way. Here he is, at last. Why, Mr. G., what is the matter? it is ten o'clock, and you said, half-past nine.

Mr. G.—Did I? Then I do not know what I could

have been thinking about. The train left the Zócalo at half-past nine. That was what I meant.

Mr. F.—I was just going to your house to ask what you died of. Allow me to introduce to you one of my respected pupils, Mr. Saenz. I met him while I was waiting for the train, and brought him with me.

Mr. G.—I am very pleased to see you, sir; if you will follow me, I think I can find good seats for both of you.

Mr. S.—You are very kind, sir.

Mr. G.—These are our places; sit down, gentlemen.

Mr. F.—Have you a programme, Mr. G?

Mr. G.—Yes, you are welcome to this one.

Mr. S.—How the seats are filling!

Mr. F.—Yes, it is a pretty sight. There is plenty of music for us. I see that there are some fine selections in the programme. There seem to be two bands. Here come the boys. They form in line each side of the pathway along which the President and his Ministers pass. There are about two hundred of them.

Mr. S.—Here is the President. They now fire a salute of twenty-one guns. How well he looks! and how erect he walks! You would never think he was seventy-two years old, would you?

Mr. F.—No, indeed. My friend, Mr. G. had the conscience to tell me the other day, that I looked older than the President; or, to put it a little better, that the President looked younger than I do. What do you think, Mr. S?

Mr. S.—Ah, your friend was joking. Are they the Ministers with the President?

Mr. F.—Yes, there are Messrs. Limantour; Corral, of the Interior; Fernández, of Justice and Education; Alga-



ra, of Foreign relations; Mena, of War and Marine; Cosío, of Fomento.

Mr. S.—Who are these military men in front of us?

Mr. F.—They are veterans in the service, mostly generals. This one, a little to our left is Colonel Quintas Arroyo. He is professor of Mathematics in the College. He was once a boy in the school, and has passed through all the grades to his present position. He has travelled in Europe, and speaks very good English. But, listen; the programme is just about to begin. The President has touched his little bell. This first number is a Selection from the opera of Mignon, by the band. How well they play! I think these Mexican bands are perfection. Now comes the Report of the Principal of the school. It is rather lengthy, but, of course, very important. Next there is another Selection from Grieg, the noted Norwegian composer, and now a fine oration by A. Aragon, one of the professors in the school. He is a fine speaker. Don't you think so?

Mr. S.—Yes, indeed. That is sensible advice he gives to the cadets. Let us hope they will follow it.

Mr. F.—Next comes the distribution of the prizes. Each recipient walks up with shouldered arms, and receives the prize from the hands of the President. Some get very large parcels of books, others, diplomas; and, lastly, those who are leaving the school at the end of their course, receive their Commissions in the various regiments. Some who do not get prizes receive "honourable mention." No doubt they are proud of it. I should be, I know.

Mr. S.—So should I.

Mr. F.—The next man who speaks, Mr. Urueta, is a fine orator. He takes as the text for his address the

words of Montesquieu: "If I knew a thing that were useful to my family, and not useful to my country, I would try to forget it. If I knew a thing that were useful to my country and were hurtful to humanity, I would consider it a crime." His long address is entirely from memory. He has not even a note. What a wonderful memory! Now we have another Selection from William Tell, by the band, and the ceremony closes.

Mr. G.—Well, gentlemen, I hope you have enjoyed yourselves.

Mr. S.—Very much, indeed, thank you, Mr. G. We must thank you again for your kindness in giving us such good seats.

Mr. G.—Pray, don't mention it. Good day.

Mr. S.—Good day, Mr. G.

#### Exercise.

1. What is the title of this dialogue?
2. Whom does Mr. F. meet?
3. Who has invited him to the ceremony?
4. Where is it held?
5. Have you seen this amphitheatre?
6. Can you describe it?
7. Where is the President seated at these ceremonies?
8. Why is surprise expressed at the non-arrival of Mr. Grosó?
9. What joking remark does Mr. F. make in reference to this?
10. Are you alive to the importance of punctuality?
11. What was the misunderstanding in reference to this matter?
12. What piece of courtesy does Mr. G. show the gentlemen?
13. How are the boys of the school placed?
14. Can you name three selections that were played by the band?
15. What remark is made about the President, when



he arrives? 16. Have you seen the President very often? 17. On what occasions have you seen him? 18. Who accompanied the President on this occasion? 19. What other persons of distinction were present? 20. How did the band acquit itself? 21. Have you ever seen the opera of Mignon or of William Tell? 22. Who is Greig? 23. What was the character of the orations that were made at this ceremony? 24. What was very surprising in Mr. Urueta's speech? 25. Of what did the prizes consist? 26. What were given besides prizes? 27. What did the students receive who were leaving the school? 28. What did Messrs. F. and S. do before leaving? 29. Have you ever received a prize for anything? 30. What was the prize, and for what was it awarded to you? 31. Have you ever been over the Military School at Chapultepec? 32. Do you know any of the boys there? 33. Describe the uniform that the boys wear? 34. What do you know of the history of Chapultepec?

### THE GUADALUPE FESTIVAL.

*(Mr. Fenn meets his friend Mr. Nixon at the Mexican Central Station.)*

Mr. F.—Good morning, Mr. Nixon; your train is very punctual. So you have come from San Francisco to spend a few days in our beautiful city. You could not have come at a better time. The weather is simply perfect, and it is Christmas time; so that I have plenty to show you. I received your letter, and have engaged a room for you at the Iturbide. We will take a coach and drive slowly to the Hotel through some of the principal streets; and

then I want to take you to Guadalupe, the *Lourdes* of Mexico. The annual festival is being celebrated, and this is the last day of it.

Mr. N.—I am sure you are very kind, Mr. F., to take so much trouble.

Mr. F.—Not at all; you know the old saying: "A friend in need is a friend indeed." You, being a perfect stranger here, would find it rather awkward to make the most of your limited time, especially as you do not speak Spanish.

Mr. N.—What a beautiful city you have!

Mr. F.—You may well say that. Many people come down here expecting to see the Aztec dressed in war-costume, with feathers stuck in his hair; or something not far removed from that.

Mr. N.—Well, I will not go so far as that; but I certainly am agreeably surprised. How beautifully clean your streets are! and how wide!

Mr. F.—Yes, labour is cheap, and these men that you see are engaged all day in picking up every bit of rubbish that may be lying about. There is quite an army of them. We will drive on to the Reforma. Here is a very fine statue of Columbus. We are now in Puente de Alvarado. It was somewhere here that the famous "Leap of Alvarado" was made. You remember reading it in Prescott, I suppose.

Mr. N.—Yes, I have read that second volume through and through, as you advised me to do, before coming.

Mr. F.—I am glad of that, as I shall often have to refer to it in the course of our rambles through the city. Here we are at the Bronze Horse. What do you think of it? It was made in this city in 1803.

Mr. N.—I don't know when I saw such a fine piece of casting. It is perfect.



Mr. F.—Yes, it is said to be one of the finest castings in the world. This is the beautiful Reforma. It was planned by the Emperor Maximilian. It leads on in a straight line to Chapultepec. But, more of that some other time. Now we are in Avenida Juarez, the finest street in Mexico. Isn't it a magnificent thoroughfare? On our left we have just passed the Spanish Legation; and there is Calle de Bucareli, named after the famous Viceroy of that name. (1771—1779.) We shall have more to say about him later on.

Mr. N.—What is that park on the left?

Mr. F.—That is the noted Alameda. Of course, the word reminds you of your beautiful city just across the Bay. This is a pretty place, and we have fine music here on Sundays and Thursdays.

Mr. N.—What is that Moorish-looking building?

Mr. F.—That is where the Lottery drawings take place every two or three weeks.

Mr. N.—And that fine house opposite to it?

Mr. F.—The residence of Mr. Limantour, the noted Minister of Finance, and the man who is occasionally spoken of as the successor to our BELOVED PRESIDENT, when the time comes. We will now make a little detour, because I want to show you our new Post Office, in course of erection. There, what do you think of that? Look at the beautiful carving. Would you think it possible that these unpretending-looking workmen could turn out such work as that?

Mr. N.—No, indeed. It is really beautiful.

Mr. F.—We are on historic ground. It was along this very street that Cortés and his poor soldiers fled on the night called "The Noche Triste." You know the fine description in Prescott, of course.

Mr. N.—Yes; well. Are we far from my hotel?

Mr. F.—No, only a few hundred yards. Here we pass the Jockey Club building. Do you notice those beautiful tiles? They came from China. Opposite us is the fine new church of San Felipe. We will see that another time. Here is the Hotel, the old palace of the Emperor Iturbide. Look at the magnificent patio. Your room is No. 24. It is on the first floor in the front of the building. Put down your portmanteau, and we will make our way to Guadalupe. This is the famous San Francisco Street, the "Market Street" of Mexico. Let us walk along to the Zócalo to take the train to Guadalupe.

Mr. N.—What fine shops you have in this street! They would do credit to any of the large cities in the States.

Mr. F.—Yes, the rents are very high. You can get nothing under two hundred or three hundred dollars a month.

Mr. N.—You astonish me!

Mr. F.—It is true, I assure you. Here we are at the Zócalo. There is the Cathedral; there the Palace, and, on the other two sides, those pretty piazzas, called here, portales. Another day we will say more about them. Here is the train for Guadalupe. We shall go through a very ancient part of the city. You will see houses more than two hundred years old. Here is the Normal School for men, and, farther on, that for women. This part of the city is always alive with the natives; they are crowded together. Here we are at Peralvillo, just on the outskirts of the city, and now we are out in the country. Do you see that derrick on the right of us? Some few months ago an oil well was discovered there. If it is properly worked there is a mint of money in it. The



hacienda on which it is situated has just been purchased by a very rich gentleman of this city. I have the pleasure of teaching English to his children. They are three of the sweetest little creatures in the world. Here we are at our destination. The large building in front of us is the famous church of Guadalupe, the *Lourdes* of Mexico. It is a comparatively modern structure, and is the fourth of the kind built on this spot. It takes its origin from a humble hermitage of adobe, which was erected there in December 1521. See, it is literally packed with worshippers. It will be impossible to thread our way amongst them. I do not like to disturb their devotions; let us wait till the service is over. They have come from all the surrounding districts, and it is estimated that there must be at least thirty thousand of them in the city. This is their Mecca.

Mr. N.—What are all those tents and stalls in front of the church?

Mr. F.—Wait a little; we will go into the church first, and talk about those afterwards.

Mr. N.—What a magnificent church! Look at those beautiful fresco paintings on the walls.

Mr. F.—Yes, it is finely proportioned, too. It is 200 feet long and 122 wide. The renovation of the church was completed about three years ago. The high altar and the tabernacle are from designs of the celebrated architect, Tolsa, about 1802. Over the altar is the famous *tilma* with the picture of the Virgin. Of course, you know the legend.

Mr. N.—Yes, I have read it many times. Is that the crown that was made in Paris, that I see over the picture of the Virgin?

Mr. F.—Yes, it is formed of gold and gems contrib-

uted by the ladies of Mexico. The rim at the base contains twenty-two enamelled shields representing the twenty-two bishoprics of Mexico. Above is a circle of angels issuing from roses. Between the angels are six enamelled shields emblazoned with the arms of the six archbishops of Mexico. At the top is an enamelled globe. Above comes the Mexican eagle, grasping the globe with one talon, while the other holds aloft a diamond cross. At the top of the cross is a ring, by which a cherub holds the crown above the picture. The crown was placed there in 1895; quite recently, you see.

Mr. N.—What kind of an organ have they here?

Mr. F.—A very good one.

#### Exercise.

1. Where do the two gentlemen meet?
2. Where is the Mexican Central Station?
3. From what city in Texas does the Mexican Central start?
4. Tell me the names of some of the most important towns between El Paso and Mexico?
5. What is the distance from El Paso to Mexico? (1,971 kil.)
6. How long does it take to go to El Paso?
7. From what city has Mr. N. come?
8. Do you know anything about that city?
9. For what purpose has Mr. N. come to Mexico?
10. Is it a pleasant time of the year to visit this city?
11. Why?
12. At what hotel does Mr. N. stay?
13. How do the gentlemen go to the hotel?
14. Why do they drive there slowly?
15. Why are they going to Guadalupe?
16. What is Guadalupe sometimes called?
17. What do you know of Lourdes? (It is a city in the south of France, near the



Pyrenées, where a peasant girl declared she had seen visions of the Virgin, in a cave near at hand. Since then (1858) pilgrims have flocked there, and a convent, church, and other buildings have been erected in connection with the cave). 18. Why is Mr. F. of so much use to Mr. N. on the occasion of his visit? 19. Can you explain the meaning of the proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed?" 20. What remark does the visitor make with reference to the appearance of the city? 21. What peculiar ideas have many strangers with regard to Mexico? 22. What means are taken by the authorities to keep the streets clean? 23. Where do the gentlemen drive first? 24. What direction do they take next? 25. What remarks do they make on the way? 26. What great author do they mention? 27. Do you know anything of this man? 28. What does the visitor think of the Bronze Horse? 29. What mention is made of Bucareli, of the Alameda, of the Moorish building and of Mr. Limantour? 30. What large building do they pass, and what particularly strikes their attention? 31. What historical reference is made in connection with Tacuba Street? 32. What other buildings do they pass on their way to the Iturbide? 33. What street in the city of San Francisco does our San Francisco Street resemble? 34. What remarks are made by the gentlemen as they pass along San Francisco Street? 35. Where do they take the train for Guadalupe, and what two buildings do they notice on the way? 36. To what does Mr. F. call attention as they near Guadalupe? 37. What is said of the church? 38. At what time do they arrive there, and what do they decide to do? 39. What is meant by the expression, "This is their Mecca?" 40. What remarks are made about the church? 41. And what about the Virgin's crown?

### THE GUADALUPE FESTIVAL. (Continued.)

Mr. N.—What is this brass tablet on the floor here?

Mr. F.—That is what I mentioned to you on our way from the station, the tablet to the memory of the famous Bucareli, who is buried here. It records his many virtues. He had given silver ornaments to this church to the value of a million dollars. Many of them we see around us.

Mr. N.—Is that railing round the altar solid silver?

Mr. F.—Yes.

Mr. N.—What is this little place in the corner, here?

Mr. F.—That is very interesting. It contains the thank-offerings of the faithful. They are mostly in the form of small paintings, many of them very crude, but acceptable nevertheless.

Mr. N.—Shall we read some of them?

Mr. F.—Yes, they are very curious. Here is one inscription that says, a poor fellow was thrown off his horse (look at the picture,) receiving serious injuries; but was cured after praying to the Virgin here. Here is another. An acrobat fell off his horse in a circus and was almost killed. He too, was cured in answer to his prayers. Another was injured by a fall from a balcony. He likewise prayed and was restored to health. And so they go on. You see there are hundreds of these peculiar little pictures, all with names and dates. It would be interesting to take copies of them.

Mr. N.—Time is getting on; shall we go?

Mr. F.—Yes, we must; there is a great deal to see outside.



Mr. N.—What is the building adjoining the church?

Mr. F.—It is an ancient convent.

Mr. N.—Where is the holy well, about which I have heard so much?

Mr. F.—It is just round the corner here; we will go to it now. Here it is. The first thing we notice is a small picture of the Virgin on a card, and over it a caution, "Beware of pickpockets." Look at the faithful, drinking the water. It is drawn up in large copper drinking-cups, and a great deal of it is taken away in bottles to the homes of the pilgrims. Will you try a little of the water?

Mr. N.—Yes, I do not object. It is not disagreeable enough; it ought to have a very unpalatable taste.

Mr. F.—That is your opinion, is it? Let us go into the little chapel behind.

Mr. N.—What a blaze of colour! I like it, don't you?

Mr. F.—Yes, I must say I like colours in these places; they give a brightness to everything. Here are four oil paintings showing the four apparitions of the Virgin, and in the sacristy is a picture of the immortal "John."

Mr. N.—Where does that stairway lead?

Mr. F.—Let us mount it and see. Look at that mast with sails made of stone. It was put there in the last century as a votive offering, by the crew of a ship that was caught in a heavy storm, but reached its harbour in safety. It is very curious isn't it?

Mr. N.—Yes. What a lovely view we have from here!

Mr. F.—Wait a little till we get to the top of the hill. Here it is. I am sure you will say that this is one of the most magnificent views in the world. Look at the beautiful valley of Mexico, so poetically described by Prescott. Could you have a more beautiful day? And remember this is the middle of December, the depth of

winter. Look to the east, at Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl, those majestic mountains. Then there is the famous Lake Texcoco that formerly reached to the city of Mexico; and directly south of us is the city itself. What a grand panorama!

Mr. N.—I feel quite as enthusiastic as you do, in the matter. I have not been much from home, and have seen very little.

Mr. F.—I have seen much. I have been under the Falls of Niagara, all over the Yosemite Valley, down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, up Mount Vesuvius, to the foot of Mont Blanc, over the Saint Bernard Pass in the Alps, to Mount Cook in New Zealand, to the Hot Springs in the same country, and I don't know how many other places; so I am in a position to judge of these things.

Mr. N.—How I envy you!

Mr. F.—Your turn may come some day. You are a young man yet.

Mr. N.—Did you not say something about a cemetery here?

Mr. F.—Yes, it is just round to the left; but before we see it, let us go into this chapel. It is not much to look at, but it is interesting as being built on the very spot where Juan Diego collected the roses at the bidding of the Virgin, as the legend runs. Now we will go to the cemetery.

Mr. N.—What a pretty place! It is so very reposeful.

Mr. F.—Yes, it is unlike the other cemeteries, in that respect. I have seen them all. Just round here is the grave of Santa Anna, who figured so much in the history of this country. It is a very unpretending-looking tomb; in fact, you would not notice it unless it were pointed out



to you. The names so common in Mexico are very plentiful on these graves: López, García, González and others. Now we will go down the hill, and see another aspect of the festival. Here we are in the Square, the Plaza Hidalgo; there is his monument. How does all this strike you?

Mr. N. — Well, it is a sight never to be forgotten; and this, you say, is the usual accompaniment to all the religious festivals?

Mr. F. — Yes, you cannot wipe it out; it is traditional, and will never change.

Mr. N. — Why, here are all kinds of games of chance going on. Let us stay and watch one or two of them; look at that one. The players put a cent on one of those colours; the proprietor spins that disc with a ball on it; and on whatever colour the ball stops, those who have put their cents on that particular colour "scoop the pool." Here is another of a similar character; only it is played with a marble. Well! well! well! Then too, I see stalls for the sale of everything you can possibly imagine, — pottery, crockery, candles, handkerchiefs, lace, threads and tapes, fruit, eatables of almost every description, and I do not know what else. Then there is a merry-go-round, and a miniature Ferris wheel. Look at the coffee-booths too. And you can have your photograph taken for fifteen cents, while you wait. Shall I ever forget this? And this, you say, is the great festival of the year.

Mr. F. — I do not think there is its equal in the Republic; in fact, I am sure of it. To-morrow, I want you to go with me to see Father Hunt and his school. I will call for you at the Iturbide at ten o'clock.

Mr. N. — I shall be delighted. I am sure I shall dream to-night of what you have shown me to-day.

Mr. F. — You cannot do better. Till to-morrow, Good-bye.

Mr. N. — Good-bye.

### Exercise.

1. What brass tablet do the visitors notice on the floor?
2. What do they see in a little corner chapel? 3. Where do they go after they leave the church? 4. What do they see at the well? 5. And in the chapel behind? 6. Where do they go next? 7. What do they see as they mount the hill? 8. Describe the view from the top of the hill. 9. What is the nature of the conversation between the two gentlemen while they are viewing the beautiful scenery. 10. What cemetery do they visit? 11. What remarks are made about it? 12. Describe the scene in the Square. 13. Do you think this kind of thing is consistent with a Religious Festival? 14. Where do the gentlemen intend going on the following day? 15. Do you know this gentlemen? 16. Do you know of him? 17. What remark does Mr. N. make at parting with his friend. 18. And what is the reply?

### A VISIT TO FATHER HUNT'S SCHOOL.

Mr. Fenn. — Good morning, Father Hunt; I suppose you received my letter in response to your kind invitation.

Father Hunt. — Yes, I did.

Mr. F. — I have taken the liberty of bringing my