

The Rockwood Review.

news-stands, lavatories and street car offices. From here all the city and valley lines radiate, and such is the system that a stranger dares not to ride lest he lose himself and the Zocalo. But this rude system is being rapidly displaced by the trolley. It is characteristic of the Mexico of to-day that what you point at now as out of date will to-morrow be supplanted by the most modern appliances that capital can introduce. At the other side of the city is the beautiful Alameda, rivalling any northern park with its fine old stately forest, its walks, statues and fountains, and its grass of eternal green. The Alameda is almost in the centre of the city, and is the retreat of thousands day and night, for here they may bask in the mellow sunshine from new year until new year, and the air they breathe is purer than the spring on the mountain side, bluer than the wave of the sea, lighter than health itself.

"El Paseo" is the pride of the Mexicans. A beautiful avenue it is, leading from the Alameda through tall and distant palisades of trees, lined with statues, varied with tiny parks, leading on for some four miles to the Castle of Chalpultapae, the White House of the Republic. As dusk falls upon the half-bustling, half-sleeping city the youth and beauty of the capital are to be seen in their smart equipages, rivalling in beauty and exceeding in display any New York parade of these "works of art." Beginning at the Zocalo and passing two deep on either side, they raise all the dust in sight for two hours in their procession to and from the castle by the Paseo. I am willing to admit that nowhere else on the continent can be seen such a jam of carriages as on San Francisco, the main street, on such an occasion. On the Paseo, on Sunday afternoon the carriages are lined six rows deep, and require a squad of mounted police to keep any two from occupying the same area. After the good people have

done with their devotions on Sunday morning, they promenade on the Alameda, where the excellent bands of the city entertain them. This is said to be the beauty show of the city. I have often heard of the beauty of Mexican women, but I am yet awaiting its revelation. The women of Caracas and the Peruvian women I have seen are much more beautiful.

It is not easy to determine the relative percentage of white and red native and foreign population. Not having any statistics by me with which to be led into error, I would estimate the people of the city. Native Indians 100,000, pure descendants of Spaniards 100,000, mixed Spanish-Indian class 100,000, Spaniards from Spain 7,000, French 6,000, English, Americans and Canadians 6,000, Germans 3,000, Italians, Belgians and Cubans 3,000, Chinese and Japs 500, miscellaneous 5,000. The French are in possession of the dry goods business, and in truth are good for nothing else. Germans are masters of the wholesale trade, and many of them are so Americanized before coming here that the improvement it makes in their dress, speech, gait and general taste is remarkable, and many of the foreign element are proud of having been Americanized. The Germans are keen rivals of the English in hardware here, as throughout the whole of the south. The American foreign trade with the south is in its infancy, their flag is a stranger in the seas of the south, but English, Germans, French, Italians and Hollanders seek wealth in far away lands. In Mexico Americans have made a great impression, and the firm mouth and the free gait of the American girl are not the only blessings which they have conferred upon their sister Republic. Five years ago this city was as backward as the south could endure, but within easy memory of the present American colony vast improvements have been made, and I will stand sponsor for the