



CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICO AND ITS PEOPLE.

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RUNNING in a southwesterly direction from the main street of the city of Mexico, the Avenida de San Francisco, and starting from the point marked by an anachronism, the statue of Charles IV. of Spain, familiarly known to the common people as the statue of the Caballo Chico, or Little Horse, is the broad avenue of two chains or more in width, known as the Paseo. This grand drive, the "Rotten Row" or Rue du Roi of Mexico, running for a distance of two miles, terminates at the base of a volcanic rock, whose majestic height is crowned by the Castillo de Chapultepec, the residence of kings, viceroys, emperors, and presidents of ages pre-historic and historic, and renowned in story as the scene of events as classic and full of interest as those which attach to the Acropolis of Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and elo-

quence." Chapultepec is, indeed, the eye of Mexico. She looks down on the rich valley of Mexico, and from her height the eye beholds that valley lying between the two mountain ranges which bound the plain or *mesa* of the federal district, and within whose narrow limits have occurred events which make up a page of history than which none of the old world's story is more remarkable, or fuller of sad but all-absorbing interest. Below this "heaven-kissing" hill lies the ancient city, a city to-day of 350,000 inhabitants, but beneath whose paved streets lie the buried monuments of the people of many cities, one after the other departed, to become relics of a past which reappears only now and then from the pages of some forgotten chronicle, or as "a sermon in stones," when from the soil which once floated upon an ancient