

The Rockwood Review.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

IN MEXICO.

Leaving Curacao, our adventurous young Canadians, after a voyage full of interest, but nevertheless experiencing almost a repetition of what has been already told of the Carribean Sea, pointing northward, and full of hope from that moment, landed in Mexico in ample time to recover an appetite for such Christmas dainties as the *CUISINE* of that land affords. "Let us resume the thread of our discourse," as told by the pen of the writer, whose previous letters have proved so interesting to our readers:—

We reached Mexico city from the south, as you know, filled unspeakably with a malaria and bitterness of life that one acquires in the walks of the equatorial portion of the southern continent. Thus we were in a measure unprepared for the generous distances, the extravagance in alkaline applications, and the general atmospheric chastity that make up civilization, as we found it here. In our then condition, the meanest cat alley, loudest in warp and filthiest in woof, whose sewer ran out of the front doors, would have seemed to us an avenue leading heavenward. But what we actually saw was too much, and far surpassed what our wildest expectations had lead us to conceive. Nor do we here need to hang over a clothesline or neighboring roof in order to dry up. Moreover, when we are dry we don't want a drink, and when one reflects that not within fifty miles of our five senses does there exist a West Indian negro, one feels like relenting towards the creator of that creature. So on the whole, I and my friend had ample reason for the relish with which we ate our Thanksgiving turkey, though truly they have been a stiff necked generation of turkeys. I had such an appetite, I could have relished even the neck.

Mexico has risen upon the ruins of the capital of an ancient empire.

The traces of the Aztec civilization, so despoiled by the conquering Cortez, are at this date sparse enough, and jealously preserved by the present enlightened government. Mexicans point with pride to an isolated ruin, a much modernized mountain road, an ancient canal, or the Indian relics in the national museum at the capital. The sturdy Aztec himself is here infesting the proudest streets of the city, dotting the picturesque valley road, or eking out a trifling existence on his master's estate. The centuries passing here left but little mark upon him, excepting his almighty hat. If this be civilization, it sits heavily upon him; if this be civilization, it towers to the sweet blue heavens; if this be civilization, it knows no ordinary bounds. Speaking mathematically, civilization is about three feet in altitude above sea level; and from the north unto the south is about three feet; and from the west unto the east three feet. Its walls and gables are adorned with precious metals, and from its base are hung, over the edges of space, tassels of a tinsel whose glitter is that of the stars of the firmament. And this civilization weighs eleven pounds.

What a luxury to live in a building constructed three hundred years ago, an ancient distillery of disease, whose towers are vats of ignorance, and whose openings would enlighten the blind. Almost surrounded by this and other buildings equally massive and monotonous, though relieved by graceful arches, cornices and capitols, and details that are gems of architecture, stands a venerable cathedral, whose mellow old roof is surely unique, constructed as it is wholly of stones, like the vaulted tombs of the east. The exquisite carving of its many exquisite domes could have been wrought only by a people who had no sense of time, and who must have worked for the future rather than the present.

The patio of the home interior is never so pretty or elaborate in