

manor house of the Cervantes. By special permission, through their town agent we gained admission and found ourselves in a veritable paradise of flowers. Though the members of the family, excepting for three months of the year, live in Paris, and some, perhaps, at times in the city of Mexico, a dozen gardeners are continually engaged to keep the grounds in order. The mountain stream already spoken of breaks through a rocky chasm, falling some thirty feet, and is conducted through a rocky aqueduct, where a water wheel is set for pumping water to the Temple of Pulque, the stables, etc.

Under the brow of the steep declivity is situated the ancient square-built manor-house, and above it and about on every side, is a very labyrinth of walks, amidst dense tropical foliage. Beds of choice flowers grow on every side—geraniums, marguerites, fuchsias, mallows—all growing as shrubs; while oval beds, covered with moss to retain the moisture, are arranged with the most exquisite taste. Climbing roses and other vines adapted to rustic bowers, appear at every turn, while overarching all are majestic ash trees, cypress, and cedars. The walks are all made tessellated with parti-colored fragments of stone, regularly inlaid as a floor, and here and there are artistically arranged into monograms of family names; while at every angle and turn of the walk, one sees some ancient stone Toltec image—garnered from ancient ruins—lending, by its grotesqueness, a charm to a sylvan scene where the fabled god, Pan, and his fauns and satyrs may, without imagination, be supposed to gambol “down in the reeds by the river,” as Mrs. Browning has it.

Arching the chasm over the waterfall is a modern bridge of a single span of ornamented ironwork which, being passed, brings one to the chapel of the Cervantes, where their ancestral dead lie buried. Under its marble porticoes are several busts of deceased heroes

of the house, while in most delicate painting is outlined in a niche in the native rock the figure of the Holy Mother of God. Inscriptions here and there recount the deeds of one or more scions of the house who fought for their native Mexico, and to me, a stranger, and amidst all the sweet harmony of this sylvan scene (the most superb in all Mexico—and finer, said my travelled American friend, than he had ever seen in Italy or Spain)—nothing so delicately, yet with such overmastering force, as that chapel, gathered into one moment the whole story of this old Mexico, oldest of all European stories on this continent.

It told of mediæval chivalry; of the refinement of a Latin race from the sunny south; a sub-tropical climate where bounteous nature pours her largesses into the hands of a family proud of their lineage and strong in power of every kind to maintain their home in this sunny land, as glorious as was that of their ancestors in Old Castile; and a creed, which for many hundred years has been so cultivated and made so exquisitely adapted to the human side of life in supplying a consolation, whether to errant knight or to simple sinning peasant, by its promises of the sweet intercession of the Holy Human Mother, that one sometimes wonders whether, after all, the sensuous southern climates may not from their very nature demand a more child-like creed, or if not this, then one, which in keeping with nature's soft luxuriance, cultivates especially those harmonies—cathedral music, the sculptor's art, and the painter's enthusiasm, which even the Apostle of Patmos delighted to picture amongst the glories of the Holy City. I know not if this be so, but one cannot move amongst these Southern people without thinking that the holiest and highest creed is that which embraces in its arms of charity the good of all. Such at any rate is the thought which came to me in the vestibule of the quiet shrine of *Molino de Flores*.