

One old Englishman, who has been a minister to many capitals of Mexico and South America, when relieved from his duties on account of age, preferred to make his residence in Caracas, rather than in any English or other Spanish American city with which he was familiar. He said it was a paradise on earth, and that he preferred to spend his last days there.

The streets of Caracas are narrow, but unusually clean. The houses are of one story, and, what is a little unusual, their roofs are peaked. The most attractive part of the homes are the inner courts, which are adorned with flowers, plants, and shrubs. The strong odor of tuberoses is often wafted through an open doorway out upon the street.

Caracas was the birthplace of General Bolivar, the liberator of Spanish America. The whole city is filled with mementoes of him. Squares and streets bear his name. The Plaza Bolivar lies before the Yellow House, as the home of the president is called.

This plaza has for its chief ornament a fine statue of Bolivar riding a prancing horse. There is also a bronze column marked with the single word "Washington." The father of our country is much honored in South America, and everywhere streets and shops bear his name.

The Westminster Abbey of Caracas is an old cathedral which has been selected for this purpose. In the place of the altar is a magnificent monument to Bolivar. It is of marble, and bears a life-size statue of the general, surrounded with various figures of beautiful women, representing plenty, justice, and other qualities. An