

## MANILA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Manila, Aug. 25.—Manila denuded of her tropical plumage, fronted and flanked by intrenchments and batteries and filthy from the grime of war is not a place of beauty. Some enthusiastic writer has called this the "Pearl of the Orient," and another has described it as the "Venice of the East," but to the Americans with up-to-date ideas as to sanitation and order and regularity it is neither. It is almost any one of that largest South or Central American cities done over again with a dash of the Oriental. It boasts of stately edifices, beautiful churches, imposing domes and spires, handsome residences and attractive bridges, yet its streets are narrow and dirty, its buildings are nearly all dark and damp. Decay has laid its hand upon much of the work of the mason, and the unclean Chinese and natives have worked their way to the very heart of the city.

The east has progressed since the middle of the century, and boasts half a dozen modern, clean, well-lighted cities, yet Manila, with a wealth of resources and boundless natural backing, has not kept up with the van. There are telephones, creditable electric light works, and an excellent supply of water, but they encompass about all that is modern in the city. The Spaniard assures you that he has not built sewers because the earthquakes would destroy them, but the inclination is to lay the blame to neglect and not obstacles. Manila in the hands of a progressive people could have been made a truly beautiful place. The fertile soil stands ready to throw forth every plant that thrives near the equator. The Pasig river with its swift running current offers perfect drainage and excellent transportation. The branches of the river sweep both north and south and extend the opportunity for improvement. The surroundings are nearly all attractive, and the landscape is backed by a beautiful range of mountains. The opportunities of the city have been boundless, yet the Spaniard has been content to go on in his lazy way and little has been accomplished.

If all that is beautiful, attractive and imposing in Manila and its suburbs could be grouped together and the foul smelling dens of the Chinese and the straggling nipa huts of the natives excluded, streets widened and straightened and cleanliness and progress take the place of neglect and decay, this capital would count among the interesting cities of the world. The capital of the Philippines is not, however, without its interesting places and beautiful spots. To the conquering American army the ancient walled city held the greatest interest. To cross an old moat and enter, through a time-honored portcullis was like stepping into another age. Here was a connecting link with mediaeval days and feudal lords, and if a string of vallant knights in mail and armor had come forth to measure steel with the invaders there would have been but little room for surprise.

The old city is still the city of Legaspi. The breeches in the walls made by the onslaughts of former invaders and the destruction wrought by earthquakes that have come in the ages since he lived and built have been repaired. The old brass cannon antiquated and abandoned, a century ago by nations skilled in war, still peer forth from the battlements. Brass mortars that were cast when Washington was at Valley Forge still rest in their places on the ramparts. Down in the arsenal still hang the battle axes that have been effete and useless since gunpowder came in. The city

was not without its modern defenses, yet Legaspi's old monument to colonization still stands like the spectre of another age.

The metes and bounds which Legaspi laid down have long since ceased to meet the needs of growth and the commercial man and trader has been forced outside the walls. The old city is given over almost exclusively to official residences and religious institutions. It is entirely walled in with massive heaps of stone that seem in their strength and solidity able to defy many ages to come. Stone enters very largely into the construction of the entire settlement, for practically every structure within it is of that material. The observatory conducted here by the Jesuit fathers places the average of earthquakes on this panicky island at thirteen per annum. Luzon is also the center of the typhoon regions and the builders of this city had not only to guard against the convulsions of the earth below but the fierce disturbances in the heavens above. Earthquakes have rocked the foundations of the sturdy old town and the elements have raged and stormed about the roofs, but it has held out against them all. The builders have been forced to make repairs in the wake of temblor and storm, and from the experience of the ages there has grown an earthquake architecture, and with repairs and changes and improvements the city is fairly well prepared for the worst convulsions of nature.

The narrow streets of the inclosed city offer interesting walks to the student of history, the artist and the traveler. If the dungeons under the walls or the counsel chambers of state high up in the palace of the governor-general could speak their words to an interesting tale. The dishonest agents of Spain sent here to rule the luckless native have apparently not scrupled at any crime to grind money from the unrepresented taxpayer to stifle progress and to keep millions of fairly intelligent people secluded from the world. Those moss-covered battlements have been stormed before from without and there has been intrigue and treason and rebellion from within. As they offered a haven to the weeping Spanish women and children two weeks ago, so have they offered a haven in the past to all Spaniards when outraged natives and Chinese swarmed through the city prepared to murder to avenge their wrongs.

The greatest length of the walls is along the water front, and they extend there from the banks of the Pasig to the suburb of Ermita. On the north side the walls follow the river to the Bridge of Spain, which spans the muddy, but rapid, stream and connects the Manila of old with the comparatively modern Binondo. From the extreme northeastern corner of the walls they slope gradually south and west to the southwestern corner, close to the water front. There are nine or ten entrances to the walled city, but all of them are not in use.

The most interesting points within the walls are the palace of the governor-general and the palace of the Roman Catholic archbishop. The former stands on Calle del Cabildo and occupies practically an entire block. It is two stories in height, and its exterior is unimposing. It is upon its interior that wealth has been lavished. A small portico and plain columns mark the entrance. The immense vestibule is a checker board of black and white marble, and the main staircase, which is of teak, rises from the center and rear of it. A dozen broad, wide steps bring you to another vestibule and the vice-regal chamber of state, perhaps the most imposing chamber in any building in the colonies. Its

high ceiling is beautifully finished, and from it hang massive crystal chandeliers that shimmer and glisten in the light. About the walls are a series of carvings of prominent Castilians who have taken an active part in the colonial affairs of Spain. Magellan and Legaspi commence the series and the queen regent and the youthful Alfonso end it.

The vice-regal throne is at the upper end of the chamber. It is draped with crimson silk, backed by a monster oil painting of the queen regent, and flanked by two gilded lions, each with his forepaw resting upon a miniature ball, that is probably intended to represent an unfenced world. Here it was that Spain's vice-regal representatives ruled so long. Here it was that the Spanish officer and his lady, the civil official and the merchant prince came to bow and win vice-regal favor. Here it was that the princes and notables who came to visit the islands were welcomed. But its glory has for the time vanished and become a memory. Down under the gilded lions a couple of American commissary clerks toll over the reports of the pay and rations of Uncle Sam's big brown soldiers. In the ante-chamber on either side sleep guards from far away and out in the courts the horses of American officers browse in the tropical gardens.

The upper floor is devoted to a suit of officers, including the counsel chamber, office of the governor-general, office of the civil governor and a series of secretaries' offices. The principal room of the series is the counsel chamber. Though smaller than the vice-regal chamber below it is much more elegantly appointed. Beautiful paintings hang from its walls and its panelings are the finest of all the rich hardwoods that grow in the islands. The carvings are by master hands and there is a harmony of color. Its proud tenants know it no longer and in their place rules Colonel Charles Jewitt, the bright Indiana lawyer, who, as the ranking judge-advocate on General Merritt's staff, is the chief of the Provost court. Down the hallway Major General Otis has taken the place of Haudenes, and the rest of the suit is divided among Adjutant General Barry, Colonel Crowder, judge advocate; Major McClure, chief paymaster; Major Thompson, chief of the signal corps, and the clerical department of the invading army.

Farther toward the bay and close to the outer wall upon Calle del Arzobispo stands the palace of the archbishop. It is equally plain in its exterior, but its interior is almost equally imposing. Its vestibule and staircase are broad, roomy and solid, and though its apartments lack richness of furniture they are handsomely appointed. The prettiest and richest room in the immense household is the private chapel of his grace. It is under the dome on the upper floor and possesses an altar of solid silver.

The altar is historical. It was made in Mexico in the good old days when the Philippines were a province of the then American dependency of Spain, and was a gift to one of the early suffragan bishops. Silver is at a discount these days, but there is a competence for almost any man in that altar. Notable features in the appointments of the household are a series of pictures and statues of Our Lady of Guadalupe, made in Mexico.

Other buildings of importance within the walled city are the cathedral, the church and convent of St. Augustine, the churches of St. Domingo, St. Francisco, the Recoletos, the church and college of St. Isabel, the convent of Santa Rosa, the monastery of Santa Clara, the church and convent of Santa Catalina, the Dominican University, the college of San Juan, the college of medicine, the