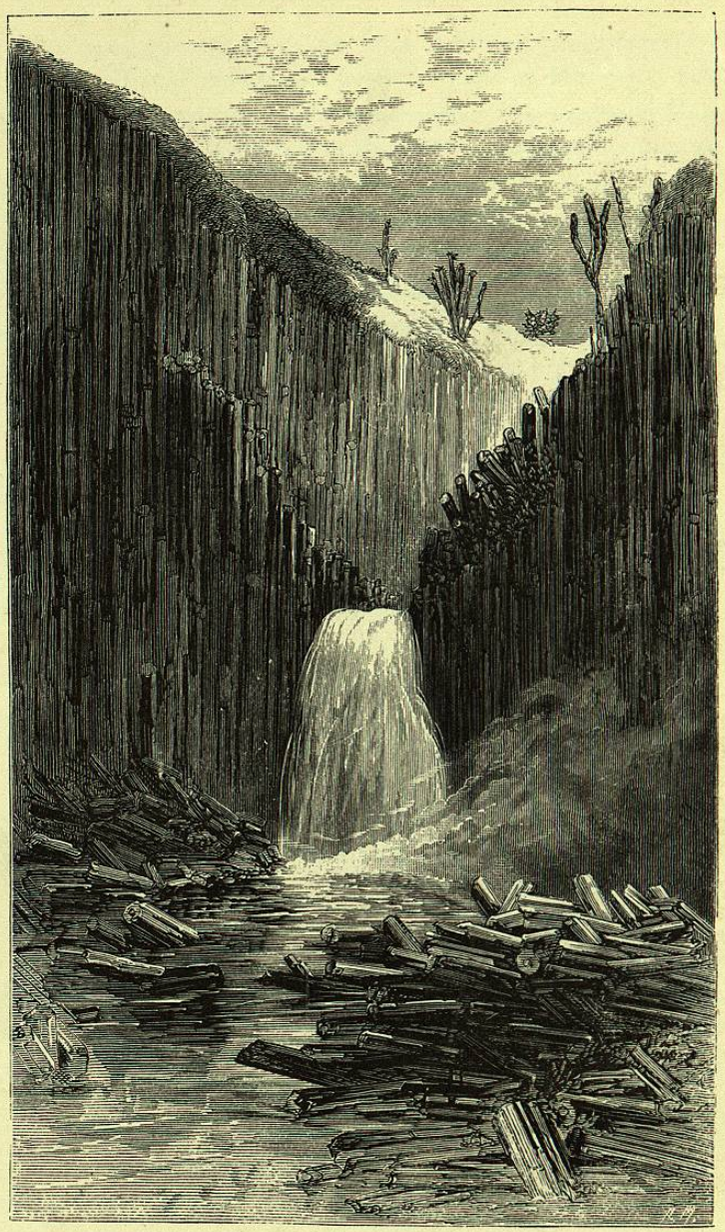
look like Broadway, so smooth and even and slippery are their shape and aspect. A few rods farther, and we reach the upper section of the chasm.

The Mexican Giant's Causeway is before us. We had regretted that Britain had one advantage of America in her celebrated Fingal's Cave, and now we are satisfied. Even that crown is transferred to our favored land. The columns of basalt rise on each side of the ravine from seventy-five to one hundred feet in height. The opening is a few hundred feet wide at the mouth, but comes together at the upper edge, with only a slight chasm, which lets out the waters of the river, that tumbles, a pretty cascade, some two-score of feet into a pretty pool below. You are fifty feet or so above the pool. The columns rise one hundred feet sheer over your head. They are five-sided, and fit each to each as close as bricks. Some of the outer ones are split and otherwise marred; one or two seem to have lost both their head and their heels, and hang to their place by a sort of attraction of adhesion. If that gave way, the attraction of gravitation would topple them over upon our heads—a not very attractive attraction. The débris of their fallen fellows lies all about us. Each reveals a round core of light slate-color, that seems to have been built around after the pentagonal model. Where that core came from, and how it was grown around, I leave to those who find sermons in stones to ascertain. I prefer less hardened subjects.

There seems to be no end inward to the serried ranks. They are packed close, and each shaft reveals others that inclose it, and that are ready to take its place should sun and shower cause it to fall. If they could be utilized by some Yankee for house or monument building, we should soon see an end of the exquisite ravine. They are slaughtering the like tall living shafts that have stood together the centuries and centuries from Maine to Michigan, and Michigan to Sweden. Thanks many (*muchas gracias*, to be very Mexic) that they are not cut these down, saw them into stone lumber, and cart them away for Chicago and Boston burnings. Just penalty was that, for the sin of ourselves and our fathers?



THE PALISADES OF REGLA.

This spot, unheard of by me unto this hour, unmentioned by any tourist I have read (and I never read one on Mexico), is now formally introduced to the American public. If you come to Mexico, come to Pachuca; and if to Pachuca, to the basaltic ravine of Regla.

We lean over the balcony of our hospitable quarters, awaiting breakfast, and see the horses tread out the silver. A yard eighty rods square, *poco mas y menos*, is laid down to this work. Beds of black mud are located over it, to the untrained eye precisely like the earth about it. But how different to the eye that is trained! This black mud is silver, mixed badly with other earths, mixed also with salt, sulphate of copper, and quicksilver, that, under the painful pressure of tramping steeds, are to liberate it and make it the beauty and joy of man—and plague also, as are most beauties and joys. Two hundred horses are engaged in tramping out the silver. Their tails are shaven, the mud has splashed up on their heads and backs, and they look so woe-begone, as if their labor were degrading, that it is hard for the uninitiated eye to believe they are horses at all. Mules, and even asses, they get degraded to. The making of silver seems to be as debasing as much of the spending of it is. Eighty of these march round one circle, five abreast, close together. Four such circles employ over two hundred horses and mules. Over three hundred and fifty are owned by the company, and sometimes all of them are put into service at once. The barrel system of Velasco is also employed, and water, barrels, and horses make the ore into silver.

After a most sumptuous breakfast, served by Mr. Rule, the Superintendent of Regla, a breakfast cooked in the best English fashion (and there is none better), we start for the last and not least of the points of interest that have drawn our feet and eyes this way. The horses that are brought out for us, how different from the shorn-tailed nags that are swinging around those circles! The gayest and handsomest is most unwisely but generously offered to me. He is a fine sprinkled white sorrel, and he has been in the stable many days.

The best seat at the table, and the best dishes upon it, a minister may get used to. A Methodist minister certainly ought to be ready to accept the best horse, for has not much of his success come from his gifts and graces in that favorite department of human enjoyment? He has abolished the parson's jog, which was as well known as the parson's coat, and made the "Gid-up" of Holmes's "One-horse Shay" as dusty a nothing as the shay itself. When the first itinerants drove into the country village on their smooth, fleet steeds, the eyes of the loafers about tavern and store were opened very wide. "Who is this feller who rides such a handsome critter?" was the general inquiry. And when they found he was a preacher, their amazement grew like Fort Garry wheat in July. They had never seen it after this fashion. They would go and hear the minister, whose horse could beat the fastest racer of the Corners, and they did go and hear, and found he could preach as well as he could ride. The way to a man's heart is through a horse, as those fathers found.

I ought, too, to have been inspired by modern examples. I bethought me of that presiding elder way down East, whose little beast used to leave all meaner things behind; and who (the man, not the mare) was accustomed to say to all gayly-dressed horsemen, who rode up in buckskin gloves, shiny hat, horse and harness and all, as if to leave their dust upon his sorry team, ere he quickly passed out of their sight, "I beg pardon, sir, but I treat all alike."

Alas! that this dear, delightful brother so suddenly fled to the world above. Riding into his yard from his wide circuit, struck there with death, disembarking, and pausing by this companion of many a long journey, he drops suddenly, never to rise again. The Pale Horse and its paler rider bear him swiftly away. Nay, the flaming chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof sweep him heavenward.

I might also have bethought me of that other presiding elder in the Far West who, when his black ponies in an unwashed buggy slid by a costly, stately team, newly bought and burnished,

turned to their crest-fallen owner as he passed, and suggested that he put those horses in the lumber-yard.

But not the fathers nor the brothers could give me courage. I preferred to fall into the extravagance of Bishop Soule, of whom Bishop Roberts once remarked that he heard "he had sold his horse down South, and was coming home in a stage-coach," and he regretted the degeneracy of the Church, and the passing away of its heroic epoch. But that epoch had its vices as well as its virtues, and the perils of horse-jockeying worry the Conference now in the passage of the ministers' characters far less than of yore.

I get on my star-dusted steed—silver-dusted I ought to say in this country—and he leaps, and dances, and whirls, and plays his fantastic tricks. And I pull on the curb, and that cuts and maddens and makes him more antic, for that is the purpose of the curb here.

Every thing goes by contraries. You unlock your door by turning the key to the lintel, and not away from it; you open it outward. Your boots are made so that left seems right, and right left, and look so after they are on. You take the same side in the street as your opposite, and so does he, and thus you go bowing and bobbing, neither able to get on or away. You eat your breakfast at noon, or later, and take your midday dinner about seven in the evening. So the curb, instead of steadying the horse, sets his mouth a-bleeding, and that makes him dance, which is very beautiful to riders and lookers-on. A knife thrust into his belly by the spurs, and into his mouth by the curb, gets up just the right degree of pain and madness that makes him lively and lovely.

Mine has no spur, for which all thanks. The curb is enough. He scampers up the hill, among the rocks, regardless of rider; flies down a steep rock slide, as if he would never stop; caracoles along the edge of a ravine, or barranca, five hundred to a thousand feet deep, "like he knew," as they say in my Southern country. I was "awfully scared," lest he would just shake himself when on the edgiest edge, and drop me overboard. But when we got up, and down, and up this rough lane alongside of the gorge, and the splendid

park opened out for miles, hard, smooth, carpeted with short, dry grass—how he did fly! So did my coward lips from their color. I was in no danger of witching this world with my horsemanship. "Muy mal" (very bad) was the muttered judgment of my score of Mexican escorts, and so was it mine.

A MEXICAN GENERAL.

There was a general in our troop—called Heneral here (another specimen of the contrary style of this people, for Cock-eral would be by far a more proper designation). This G—, H—, or C—eral was a cavalry officer all through the war. He had noticed what fine horses I had got, and how poorly I rode them, and he had had a suspicion that this one would fall to him; so he had offered early to exchange his easy pacer for my furious charger. In a fit of vainglory I had declined. But that park, grass, and gamboling were enough for me. I was willing to swap horses in

crossing this stream. I dismounted and gave my wayward steed to the Heneral. He rode him well. They flew together, mile and mile. I can not say that I felt very bad when I saw him, on returning, dismount and lead his horse for a long stretch, almost over the very ground where it had tossed me so. The frisky fellow was blown. The high altitude and his high spirits were too much for him, and he had run himself out. The short-lived glory died away, and this very short horse was very soon curried.

That park on which we ascend is engirted with high purple hills. It is level, and hard as a dancing-floor, and the horses all dance as they touch it, and have a gay gallopade over it. It was my ignorance, probably, of that sort of floor practice that made me make so poor a display. The Coloradoist of the party said it was very like the parks of that country. It is fine for grazing, though I judge it is too high and dry for most other culture. A half hour brings us to its abrupt close.

La Barranca Grande opens at our feet. You do not know what a barranca is? Nor did I till that day. I wish you could learn it the same way. Conceive of a level plain forty miles wide, with a border of mountains. Ride along over it leisurely and rapidly, a little of both, chatting or singing as the spirit moves, when you halt, without reason so far as you can see. You move on a rod or two slowly, and down you look two thousand feet (ten times the height of Trinity steeple or Bunker Hill Monument), down, down, down. That is no black chasm into which you are peering, but a broad garden, green and brown. Here a hill rolls up in it, a mole scarcely noticed on its handsome face. There a bamboo cottage hides itself without being hid. The green forests are full of deer. Bananas, oranges, every delight is flourishing there. A river trickles through it, picking its glittering way down to the Gulf, two hundred miles away. The walls on the opposite side rise into wild, rocky mountains, and both sides come seemingly together forty miles above—though it is only seeming, for the cañon takes a turn, and goes on and up between the mountains. Eastward it has no visible end. It descends, it is said, through to the Gulf.

The sunlight of a warm September afternoon, so it feels, pours over the whole, glowing grandly on these mountains, pouring a flood of light on the upper terminations where the hills clasp hands over the valley, and glistening sweetly from the home-like landscape below.

One would not tire of gazing, or of going down, though the latter is an hour's job, the former a second's. It is wonderful what great gifts God spreads out on the earth for his children, and how solitary the most of them are. Bryant could not make solitude more solitary than in those lines of his,

> "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings."

So here sleeps this wonderful ravine, with its towering mountains, in sun or moon, in midnight blackness or midday splendor, and rarely looks on the face of man. Does not the Giver of every good and perfect gift enjoy His own gifts? "For His pleasure they are and were created." Then the Barranca would be satisfied if no mortal eye ever took in its beauty. It smiles responsive to the smile of its Lord.

Long we hang above the picture. At risk of life we creep to the outermost twig, and gaze down. It stands forth a gem of its own. No rival picture intermeddleth therewith. "It is worth a journey of a thousand miles," said a distinguished traveler to me to-day, "to see the Barranca Grande and the Regla Palisades." And I say "ditto" to Mr. Burke.

We are back to Regla and off to Pachuca none too early, for it is four and one-fourth of the clock ere we leave our too-hospitable friends of the valley, and turn homeward our horses' heads and our own—well-turned these latter be already by what we have seen. It is dark at six, and the ride is five hours, and the country full of robbers. Dark falls on us before we reach Velasco—thick, soft, warm. We begin to climb the mountains and pass the lower entrance of Real del Monte, when I get a bigger scare by far than that which frighted us near Omatuska.

I had just been talking with the builder of the Vera Cruz road. He had expressed fears of an attack, and as he had been long in the land, his fears were well grounded, at least to me. He had been describing how a French friend of his was lately cut to pieces on the hill we were soon to cross. So I was in an excellent condition for a fright. He had ridden ahead a rod or less, and was chatting Spanish with the conductor, Mr. Comargo. It was pitch-dark. Horsemen had been passing us quite frequently, lively with pulqui, and the bull-fight of the day. They were all in good fighting trim. Suddenly a number of them rode in among us, wheeled round their horses, and drove up to the conductor. I heard them speak his name. "It is come now, I am sure of it," I thought. These fellows are going to seize the conductor, and pistols and rifles will instantly flash and fire. As I had neither rifle nor pistol, I was not expected to take a very prominent part in the mêlée. I could see them dimly speak to the leader, and awaited the fire. It did not come. What does it mean? One second—ten—thirty elapsed, and no cry, no grapple, no shot. I turned to one of the escort at my side, and summoning up all the Spanish at my command, I said, "Nosotros ombres?" "Si, señor," was his calming reply, and the scare was over. They were gentlemen from Real del Monte, who had ridden down to escort us through the town. My escort, who said "Yes, sir," did not rebuke me for my bad Spanish. But when I got back to Mexico, and was telling the adventure to some Yankees, they laughed at my language, and said my question meant "We friends?" instead of "Our friends?" which I meant to say, and that I ought to have said, "Nuestros ombres?"

I insert this, so that if you are equally frightened you may be sure and be grammatical, otherwise your stay-at-home friends, who know just a bit more than you, and not your Spanish comrades, will be sure to make fun of you, even as those who never write a book or an article can cut up the grammar of those who do. Lindley Murray did not write Shakspeare, nor Goold Brown edit the *Atlantic;* but how much more they know about correct writing than mere geniuses!

Down hill, on the box with the driver, I go, for my friend, the general, begs the loan of my horse; and, pitying his ill-luck with the former steed, I relent and grant the second favor. The driver responds to my American Spanish with a ceaseless "Si"—not "sigh," as you might properly suppose, but "see." Especially when I say "Ablaro" (another blunder) "Espagnol muy mal" ("I speak Spanish very bad"), you ought to have heard him put the emphasis on that "*Si*, señor."

We wind around the gulfs of the mountain-side. A white rim about a black sea the road appears. Robberless, and now fearless, we greet the lights of Pachuca, drive through its narrow streets, and, at nine and a half, ride under the fortified arches of the Casa Grande.

The Old and the New accompany us even after we get within the safe and luxurious inclosure; for I am no sooner seated at our ten-o'clock dinner than word comes that a couple await my presence at a wedding, and the guests also. So the dinner is left half done, so far as the appetite goes, and the guard is followed to an English residence, that of the superintendent of the mines. Here we wait two hours for the arrival of the clerk of the city, who must be present to make the clerical work of any value. A supper of English tea, cheese, bread, and buns breaks that two hours in pieces, and half an hour after midnight the Cornwall youth and maiden are duly and truly married by a Mexican officer of state and an American clergyman. So ended the day, when the clock struck one, and I struck the couch, satisfied with this full cup of the Old and the New.

And now, having taken you over the ride, you may like, as practical Yankees, to know what all this is for. You can not be much of a Yankee not to know. Look at that silver dollar! Ah, I forgot! You live in a country where the silver dollar is unknown. A country that pays off its debts, has good credit everywhere, pays its employés regularly, soldiers and clerks and officers, and yet does not clink the silver. Here all is silver and bankruptcy. No currency but coin, and no credit at home or abroad. General Butler's argument for a paper currency based on the credit of the government is the practice of America, whatever be its theory. Mexico has sent out three thousand millions of silver, and is still a silverless country. The Real del Monte mines, as all this group is called, have been known almost from the invasion of Cortez. They have been regularly and valuably worked for over a hundred and fifty years, though with some intermissions, caused by the water getting into the mines.

The most successful operator was Pedro Terreras, a muleteer, who found a shaft about 1762, worked it, and grew so rich that he gave Charles IV. of Spain two vessels of war, and promised him, if he would visit America and Regla, that he should never put foot on the New World, but only on the silver from his mines. He was made Count of Regla, and his family are still among the wealthiest Mexicans. The present yield of the mines is about four millions annually.

We went into an "adit," or passage by which the tram-way drags out the ore. It is the Gautemozin mine, and properly named for the last Aztec emperor, who bravely but vainly sought to keep these riches from the European clutch. It is the richest in the country. A mile or so by mules, careful not to put out your arm and to get too lifted up in your head, and you come to a higher hole in the mountain, and a deeper one also. Here ladders descend for fifteen hundred feet. We take that for granted, climb a hundred feet, and see the steam-engine working in the bowels of the earth. I had heard that this was an English invention. I find it an American discovery. Here we see it growing. It looks strange, this fierce fire in the heart of the mountain, and some of our companions fear it as typical of the place we do not go up to.

These engines everywhere are to draw off the water. They are run by Englishmen entirely. The ore comes up in long iron boxes, is dumped into carts, is divided off in bags, one in ten of which goes to the miner, besides six reals a day. The ore is worth about as much more; a dollar and a half a day is quite a fair day's wages. They search every workman three times as he leaves the

mine, from hair to shoes. He has only two garments—a short linen jacket, and a pair of trowsers without pockets. These are carefully shaken. His hat and slippers are pulled off, and equally searched.

The ore does not look very lustrous, but yields about one hundred dollars to the tun. It is crushed, then washed in circular troughs by mules, then trodden out, as at Regla, with chemicals, then baked, then shipped to Mexico, where it goes through a half-dozen bakings and brewings and rollings and stampings before it gets into your pocket for a moment. The other minerals, zinc, copper, antimony, etc., give it more or less difficulty of reduction, but in a country where transportation is cheaper, and the markets nearer, would themselves be preserved, and made to pay in their own value the cost of reducing the richer minerals.

But few of the mines are valuable, and though from three to four millions is the annual product, there are no dividends. The Real del Monte mines proper have not paid expenses within two hundred thousand dollars a year for the past ten years. Those of Pachuca do better, but do not do much. Many mines are worked at a loss. Much expense is necessary for drawing off the water. Miles and miles of "adits" run under the mountain. So that the vast receipts are swallowed up in the vaster expenditures. Yet they expect the costly works will be paid for, and then we will all be changed from mule-driving Pedros to Counts of Regla. If it were not for hope, the heart would break, and silver-mining companies also. They do in spite of hope, as more than one poor minister has found, from Massachusetts to Minnesota.

The conductor says, "Do not invest your money in silver mines. A share or two, if you can lose it, may be well enough; but it is a less certain crop than wheat." He is a good man to follow. Yet one success carries a thousand failures, and a millionaire a century ago will make beggars of all the generations following, as they attempt to discover what he discovered without any attempt. Motto for silver mines: "Be content with what stock you have."

Our ride to Pachuca was for veins of ecclesiastical silver, richer

than all this ore. These we found, and were well repaid. Four churches already exist, the fruits of that trip and the subsequent faithful followings of better men. A lady from the States has opened a Spanish and an English school, and Pachuca bids fair to be the silver circuit of the Mexican Conference not many days hence.

Invest in these operations. They are as Old as God and as New—from everlasting to everlasting. Put your money and your prayers into the soul silver mines, and you will lay up treasures in heaven, where no Mexican robbers nor thieves of worldliness ever break through or steal, and where you shall be receiving increasing and immeasurable interest on these human and earthly and present investments for ever and ever.

Amén!