

of the past and future of the fair and almost fairy-land, strengthened outwardly with bath and ride, and inwardly with this delicious berry and its attendants. Nowhere can you get such coffee as here. A small black tin pot of blackest and hottest coffee in one hand, a like small black tin pot of whitest and hottest milk in the other. Pour. If a native, you will not grunt "enough" till the tumbler (for that they use) is well filled. If a foreigner, a third of a glass satisfies from the coffee-pot, and the milk leaves it then stronger than you dare to drink it at home. This berry is native, and should replace with us the coarse Rio and costly Java, to the latter even of which it is superior.

*Cave ha
empleado.*

XI.

A GARDEN IN EDEN.

A Temptation.—Up the Mountains.—The Cross of Cortez.—Sight of the Town and Valley.—The downward Plunge.—A Lounge.—Church of Cortez.—The Enchanted Garden.—Idolatry.—The Market-place.—The Almanac against Protestantism.—Palace of Cortez.—The Indian Garden of Maximilian.—A Sugar Hacienda.—The latter End.—All Zones.

IN Eden was a garden. Eden itself was paradise, but the paradise had an inner paradise to which the outer delights were the same as brass and iron to the gold and silver in the age of Solomon. So Mexico may be an Eden, but there is a garden eastward and southward in this Eden that makes its other beauties tame.

My stay was drawing to a close, and a temptation to unite a little pleasure with business was too much for my feeble will to resist. So far I had made only one excursion of which the Church was not the sole end and aim—that was the two days and a night to the Convent of El Desierto, and even there I could not resist the conceiving, if not the planning, of a camp-ground in its ancient and magnificent woods.

But a cave of huge dimensions, second only to the Mammoth of Kentucky, if second to that, is reported to be three days to the south, less than two days beyond Cuernavaca. A party of ladies and gentlemen arranged to visit the cave. I was invited to join them. I hardly saw how I could take four days for recreation. In addition to the two already taken out of the sixty spent here, this would make a week's vacation—altogether too much time to throw away in this luxuriating clime. But if we were going back to some Ante-romanistic usages as well as faith, we might utilize the cave for hermit purposes, as the Desierto grounds are to be utilized, I hope, for camp-meetings; but we can hardly get Methodists to im-

mure themselves in celibacy and huts, even in Mexico. So it is not possible to make that a *negocio*, as they say here; a "biz," as the rougher Yankee of the West puts it.

I go to Cuernavaca because there business lies; but the cave, I fear I must say, through a glimmer as to the possibility of reaching it, allures me on.

The city I seek lies to the south, over the mountains, between Popocatepetl and Ajusco, the third peak of the valley, and occasionally specked with snow. The morning is gray and misty, and if in the States would insure rain. Here it is an anomaly that will perhaps yield a shower, but more probably be burned up by the torrid sun on his way over Iztaccihuatl.

We ride through a long avenue, well lined with trees for several miles, a finer drive out of the city than New York or Brooklyn can boast, yet only one of half a dozen equally delightful and equally unsafe; for cavalry patrol these roads away up to the city's gates to protect the traveler from the robber, the foreigner from the native.

It is fifteen miles before the spurs of the mountains are struck. A charming landscape it is, and a morning of exhilaration, despite the threatening clouds—nay, because of them. What lovely haciendas appear on the roadside, with trees sprinkled over them, brooks running through them, green beds where the sickle is busy cutting down green food for the market, broad plains, green and brown; surely here is paradise before we start for Eden! Yet these splendid properties can be bought for a song. Who wants to found a Christian college near the city? Now is your chance.

For thirty to fifty thousand dollars you can buy immense estates with stone buildings, including often the chapel, all ready for occupation.

Mexacalcingo and other "cingoes" lie off to the left in moist meadows and lakes, with trees rising, like the earth itself, being out of the water and in the water, and islands floating, or unsteady to the tread. They float up and down only. Amidst these amphibious luxuries the people dwell in a Venice of perpetual greenness.

Como la de color el gorila
en Rio Grande.

Sibiran
der de la
orillos—
cho son mas
seguros?

The road turns up the hills, and becomes very rough and steep. A long, sharp, strong pull of a mile brings us to San Mateo—St. Matthew—a village of bamboo houses, standing in black, fat sand, and among tall and very green and very beautiful ash-trees. It is as lovely and as dirty and as dangerous as you wish or do not wish. Robbers are thick, but we are safe, for the guard is our defense.

On we climb, through a frigid vegetation and temperature, as I found it on my return—"a steady pull at the collar," as Murray puts it in his "Swiss Guide"—for a dozen miles. Behind us glowed the Mexic valley, green and glossy, where lake and tree met together. It is a magnificent landscape, and naturally set Cortez violently in love with it, as it had the Aztec and the Toltec before him. One does not tire in admiring its wonderful combination of snow range and purple mountains, of broad lake and ever-green foliage, of pretty town and grand city. The lakes here are an important part of the landscape, if landscape it may be called which they make up. Tezcoco, the largest, seems to fill all the outer section of the valley. The lesser ones near at hand are besprinkled with trees and towers, green and white, mingling prettily with their level lustre.

The summit is reached at La Guardia, a small collection of huts, where a breakfast that I ate not was paid for. Its contents I do not presume to describe. It takes time to learn to like cod-fish, and beans, and sauerkraut, and tomatoes, and corn-bread, and all local luxuries; why not, also, to learn to like tortillas and chili, a hot and not a cold piquanté, and other dishes I do not dare to spell any more than to taste?

Breakfast over, we cross the summit through black and barren scoriæ, the tossings, evidently, of craters, and ere long sight a red stone cross upon a round gray pedestal, two or three feet high, called the Cross of the Marquis. This, it is said, is the boundary mark of the possessions of Cortez, who was created Marquis of the Valley of Ojaca, and placed this cross as the beginning of his possessions.

Woods now appear, pine chiefly, not large, sprinkled over much space, and suggestive of a cold climate. We are over ten thousand feet above the sea; surely it has a right to be cold. For several miles we gradually slope downward, until suddenly the valley we seek opens at our feet, ablaze with the hottest beams. Clouds cover us, and make the sunny hollow of Cuernervaca look the warmer.

It is a bowl, at this height seemingly not ten miles from rim to rim, yet probably fifty would not pace its base. The bottom is not level, even at this height, but embossed, as it were, in many forms and colors. That curved knot, looking not unlike the cow's horn which its name signifies, lying not far from this side of the embracing hills, is Cuernervaca. A belt of emerald surrounds it, especially deep in color and in extent on its farther or lower side. A little farther on you see spots of a light and very brilliant green. They are patches here, but miles there, of the sugar-cane, portions of the sugar haciendas, the chief produce of the valley. One rarely sees such a vivid green. "Living green" indeed these fields stand dressed in, like those beyond the swelling flood and the rocky rampart of death.

The valley is small as compared with the Mexican, but not small of itself. It is hemmed in by mountains, the tall Popocatepetl forming its north-eastern tower. This looks uncommonly grand in contrast with the fiery beauty which it coolingly overshadows and protects, like a calm and loving father bending over his beautiful and passionate daughter.

We scamper down a horrible road; through an Indian town named Huachilaqui; down a steeper and more horrible road, amidst boulders tossed up from the never-mended pavement; jumping from rock to rock, almost, in our mad plunging; the ladies, perched above the driver, scared and delighted with the leaping coach and the glorious landscape. For two hours we thus go headlong, until the hollow is struck, and we race merrily on, still slightly descending, and run down the rattling pavements of the clean town, every door and window of which seems occupied, to note the

welcome arrival of the stage, which only once in two days is visible to the naked eye, and which is the only vehicle I have seen in all the town—a rarity, therefore, of a double value, in its contents and in itself. They gaze at the top seat, whose occupants are so busy, bobbing their heads to escape the lamps hanging on ropes across the middle of the street, that they can not gaze back in return.

The scamper ends in flying through a portal and coming to a sharp halt in the court of the Hotel Diligencias, as all the best hotels are called in this country.

To give you a taste of tropical perfection, I shall have to make a journal of my two days' stay in Cuernervaca. I hardly expected to stay as many waking hours. The cave, forty miles away, I could but dimly see by faith, and did not see at all by sight. One of the party was sick, and delayed his coming. We waited for him, but I did not go with them after his arrival. My vacation was no vacation. I made an inspection of the town for business, but also had some time to spare for enjoying its less official aspects.

Do you remember Poe's lines "to Ellen?" If not, get it, and read in it the description of this tiny city and its not tiny surroundings:

"A thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir except on tiptoe."

You have, of course, read William Morris's "Earthly Paradise?" It is cold in its warmest colorings to this natural and actual paradise. It is just the right length, too, for this lassitudinarian climate and people. Its oversweet prolixity exactly fits a land where "dulces," which are sweetmeats, preserves, and pastry all in one, are of very many varieties, and the tart and lemon-juice never acetate their sweetness; where even the lemons themselves lose their acidity, and are sweet to tastelessness, and lemonade is only half-sweetened ice-water. Tennyson's "Lotos-Eaters" also is a sample of the clime, except that he puts too much vigor into the thought, a blunder of which Morris is never guilty, thought being as far from his mind as from a Cuernervaca belle's or mule's.

Come with me on a saunter. It can be nothing else. The busy trot of New York or whirl of Chicago would degenerate into a "loaf" here.

First, let us go to that which is the most ancient, the Church. It is well to give our firstlings of a walk and a talk to the Lord as well as of all other things. Cortez, wicked as he was, was very careful to make these oblations. Oblations concerning which often, I fear, the Lord said, "My soul hateth." It is one of the most ancient on this continent, though very juvenile as compared with many in the older, but not Old, World. A large open square has three not large chapels at three of its corners. The southernmost is that erected by the conqueror. It has Maximilian's arms over the door-way, which Juarez sought to remove; but the citizens forbade his officers. They had a kindly heart for the fallen emperor. It has nothing especially attractive about it except a flying buttress and one or two high arches.

Just above it is the enchanted garden, rich in tropical fruits and flowers. It was built, that is, its walls, walks, fountains, steps, and other costly arrangements, by Laborde; not its present fruits and flowers, which are its chief attractions. Laborde was one of the discoverers of silver, who amassed wonderful fortunes. It was afterward a resort for Carlotta and Maximilian, and, though in decay, is still full of rare luxuries of vistas and trees and bowers and flowers. The roses run up on tall mangoes, and hang in white and wild luxuriance from their lofty branches; lilies with delicate and drooping leaves, the most delicate I ever saw, bow their graceful heads in fragrant silence. The mango's branches and leaves are so compact and dark that it makes a shade and a coolness like a lofty roof. The time of its fruit is not yet, so one can not repeat as quite *apropos* to this hour Hood's subtle and *pungent* sarcasm on Constantinople as the place

"Where woman goes to market as the man goes."

It is said to be as delightful to the taste as the Circassian marketings of the Stamboul are to the sight.

Bananas, cocoa and other palms, oranges, coffee, and all manner of precious fruit, abound; while the vistas along the broken arches, half-empty pools, and flowering trees, to the black mountains near at hand, are as beautiful as desolate. Like its once profusely wealthy builder and its profusely pompous occupants, it has itself become a ruin. How much better to have used this wealth in founding of hospitals and schools, that would have remained a perpetual illumination and elevation of this still degraded population! Will the overflowing wealth of America to-day be any more wisely spent?

Nowhere have I seen idolatry more rampant, or the Church authorities more faithfully upholding it, than here. On the walls of one of the chapels in the Cortez church-yard are proclamations by the Archbishop of Mexico and Bishop of Puebla offering eighty days and more of indulgence for a certain number of repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, Ave Marias, and the sweet numbers of Jesus, before pictures in that chapel of St. John, and that of the Magdalen, and the Virgin. These were all printed and put up as a permanent institution. I saw none earning the indulgence. Perhaps they had a number of days yet left from previous exercises, and did not need to go through any labor of prayer at present; as the Neapolitan lazaroni refused to carry a valise because he had no need of money, since he had had his breakfast and the time of dinner was not yet. In fact, I saw hardly any worship of any sort in this city. It seemed as if the Church at all hours was, like the climate and the town, fast asleep. It can wake up like these mountains about us in blood and fire and vapor of smoke. It is reported to be already thus reviving. I heard a rumor, on the first day of my arrival here, that there had been a riot at Oajutla (pronounced Wahootla), forty miles from here, and that forty Christians had been killed. This rumor is not confirmed, but it shows something of the state of the atmosphere, and possible earthquakes and eruptions, that such rumors could get current.

But let us get away from the torpid present, and the perhaps volcanic future, into a once powerful past. Leave the gardens and