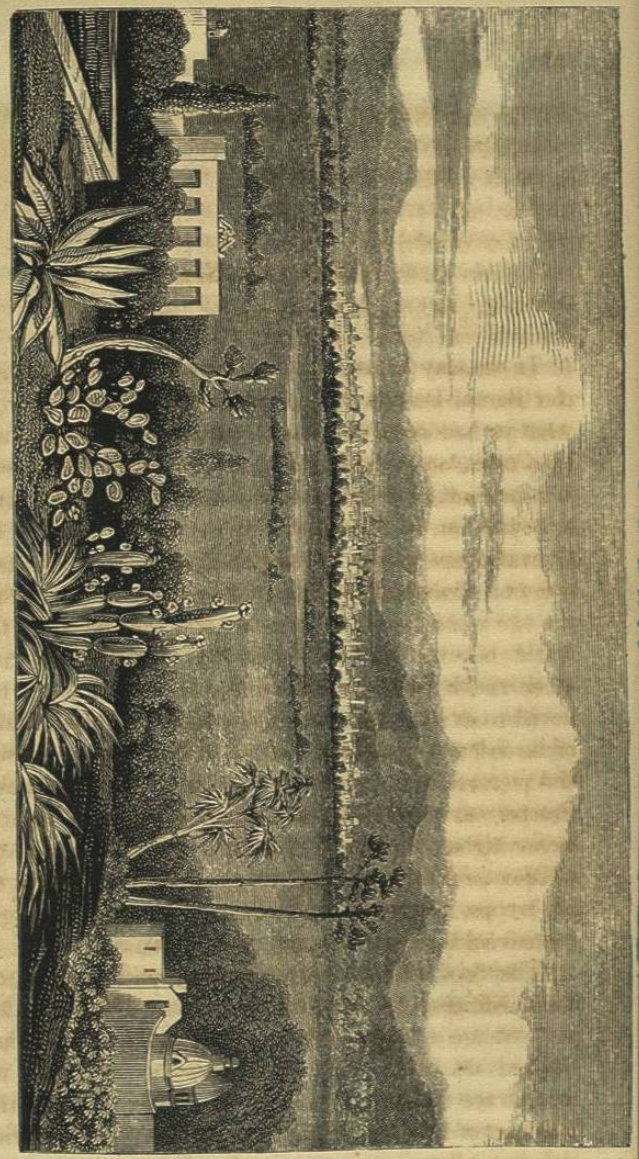
CHAPTER XII.

The City and Valley of Mexico—The Church.

If we may believe the accounts of the old chronicler Bernal Diaz, who, like Sir John Mandeville, wrote what he had seen, Mexico at the time of the conquest by Cortes was a western Venice. It had its palaces and gardens, its temples and market-places, filled with a population of three hundred thousand souls. As Chevalier aptly says, population is an index of a certain stage of civilization; but it must be remembered, that the age when Bernal Diaz wrote was that when all the world believed the stories of the Great Cham, and when the King of the Cannibal Isles was devoutly believed to exist. Popular tradition told of the existence of an island where demons hovered above every hill, and pictured the prototype of Shakspeare's Caliban and Prospero as stern realities. While Cortes and Pizarro were waging war in Mexico and Peru, Gonsalvo of Cordova, in Italy, was winning laurels at the head of his troops, by the side of which nothing but exaggeration could place the conquests in America.

The book of Bernal Diaz tells of vast temples, of costly edifices, and of all the comforts of private life; yet, strange to say, not one relic of those times has reached us. The halls of Montezuma have left no more trace than the palace of Aladdin, and of all the buildings of hewn stone that Diaz and his contemporaries and immediate successors speak of, not one remnant



CITY OF MEXICO.

exists. Yet all these stories tell us of no ruin of Mexico, but would induce the belief that the people merely changed their ruler; that the Aztecs obeyed a viceroy of Charles V., instead of Montezuma.

It is not, however, to be denied, that there are vast ruins in Mexico—pyramids and temples that speak of a highly cultivated race, certainly acquainted with the arts of civilization. These ruins yet remain, and the traveller, when he gazes on them, is satisfied he looks on the wreck of a cultivated race, whose antiquity is more venerable than that of the Pharaohs or Brahminical rulers. It no more follows, however, that the Mexican or Aztec races were the authors of these, because Europeans found them beneath their shadows, than that the colossal remains of Egypt, or the beautiful columns of Tadmor and Palmyra, are to be attributed to the Ishmaelite or Turk who rules the country where they are. Near the Rock River in Michigan, and Chilicothe in Ohio, are vast ruins, which no one will attribute to the Shawnee and Wyandotte races, but which bear all the internal evidences of a cultivation quite equal to that of the Aztec and Tlascalan. The probability is, that the continent had been ruled by a more powerful race, possessed of a civilization of its own, with which the Mexicans had no more to do than the Iroquois or Sioux.

It is, however, ascertained, that at the time of the conquest, Mexico was surrounded by the waters of the lake; for Cortes, before he could subdue it, was compelled to build brigantines of burden sufficient to support the shocks of heavy ordnance. The Aztecs fought long and well, but without a knowledge of the use of iron they gave way before the chivalry of Cortes. The trenchant steel of Toledo shivered the weapons of *vol-*

canic glass of Montezuma's and Guatimozin's array, and the conquest soon became a slaughter. Positive proof of this is afforded by the fact that battles occurred in which the Spaniards fought from sunrise to sunset, and not one man was killed in their ranks, while hecatombs of Indians fell. Let it not be understood, that any effort is made to detract from the credit of the conquistator, whose achievements recall to us the Bible history of the slaughter of the hosts of Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass.

The *tierras calientes* and *templadas* of Mexico are both a succession of platforms or steps which terminate in the lofty mountain of Popocatapetl. On the descent from the brow of a mountain about twenty-five miles east of Mexico, a view of the countless towers and domes of the city are first discovered. Far in the distance is seen the snow of Popocatapetl reflecting the brilliancy of a vertical sun. More remote is seen the brow of Iztaccihuatl. The valley is now a barren waste; for the canals which, rude as they were under the last Indian princes and the first viceroys, sufficed to irrigate the land, are now choked up; and the lakes themselves are rapidly disappearing. Hundreds of villages, which they tell us were once cities, are seen around the capital. The road descends the western declivity into the valley of the lake about sixteen miles from Mexico, passing over a narrow neck of land, on one side of which are the salt waters of Tezcuco, and on the left the fresh water of Chalco.

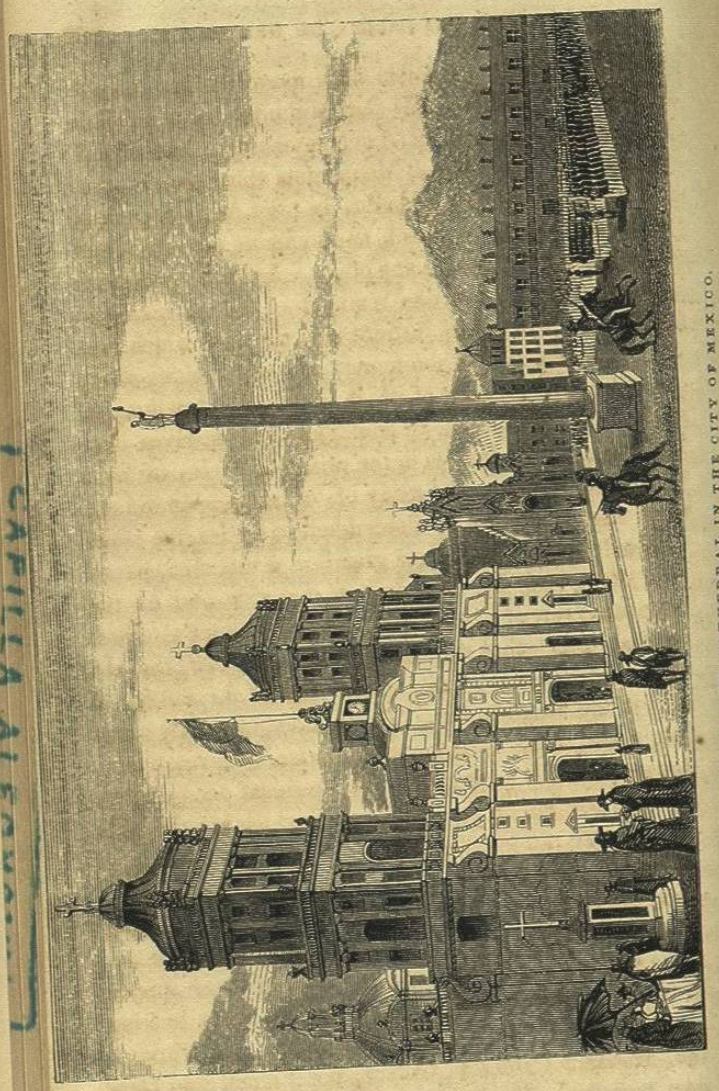
The cities from each of which they took their names have now disappeared, and even the acute Mr. Oldbuck would find difficulty in identifying one stone of their walls. At a high piñal, or cliff, six miles from the city, the traveller first meets the causeway, and sees around

him a new sandy soil, partially covered with water from the lakes of Tezcuco, Chalco, Hochimilco, Zumpango, and San Christoval, pointing out the area of that inland sea from which Mexico arose. Forty years ago, when Humboldt wrote, the waters were supposed to cover one-tenth of the valley, which now in the rainy season is one vast marsh. When in the arid months of summer the waters subside, the surface of this marsh is covered with coarse salt, generally used in all the surrounding country.

The city of Mexico is in the north-western part of this valley, about three miles from the village of Guadalupe, of which more anon. The valley itself is a vast oval basin, surrounded by mountains and cliffs of various heights, from those of but a hundred feet in height, to Popocatapetl, with its ever burning fires and eternal snows, lifted more than ten thousand feet above the loftiest domes of the city. On the road from Vera Cruz are a few low hills of volcanic origin, but everywhere else the valley is one vast plain. It is a usual thing to attribute to the disappearance of the lake the sterility of the country, and to the choking of the canals, which were but amplifications of the natural water-courses. But need we look further than the still-burning summits of Iztaccihuatl and Popocatapetl, the countless extinguished craters, for a reason why the waters have partially disappeared? The Mexican nation is sufficiently impotent, and feeble enough, and inflicts evil enough on the beautiful country it occupies, without our attributing to it things dictated by a higher providence and more august wisdom than mortality can comprehend. The soil is now uncultivated, yet yields a copious return for the sweat expended on it. Wheat, corn, and vegetables are produced in great abundance, and the *agave*

Mexicana, that plant which, like the cocoa-nut in the South Sea, is bread, apparel and drink, are produced in great plenty, while countless herds roam over the expanse unchecked, as are their fellows in the newest country of this continent, the prairie of New Mexico, or in the venerable *campagna di Roma*, the classic land of Europe. The city of Mexico, however, does not receive its supplies from this plain, which is so peculiarly endowed that every product of every land would grow there in rich abundance. Vegetables of all kinds are brought either on the backs of Indians, or in panniers on asses, from beyond the valley; wagons being used exclusively by the mining companies. On asses, too, are borne to the city the freights disgorged by the many vessels at Vera Cruz. French clocks, jewelry, velvets, hats, and European wines, all are thus transported to the capital, and thence diffused over the whole republic in a similar manner. At Monclova and in the secluded towns of Sinaloa, clocks are seen with alabaster columns transported in this manner; and Brequet returns his lepine watches on the backs of mules, not unfrequently to the employees of the very mines whence the gold of which they were made was taken.

The entrance from the north and west into the city of Mexico, does not greatly differ from the route to Vera Cruz, except that the roads are worse and more lonely, and the *posadas* or inns fewer and worse in quality. Here and there are strewn miserable Indian hamlets, with wretched half-starved inmates, who it is impossible to believe are the descendants of the polished races whom Cortes and Bernal Diaz have described. It is possible they are not; for north, in the mountains of Santa Fe, are a race, who boast that when all was lost, they emigrated northward as their fathers had come south,



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

and amid the inaccessible hills found safety. In the dark caves of these hills they still keep up a belief in the milder divinities of Aztec mythology, humanized, but similar to that which Montezuma entertained.

Mexico is, beyond a doubt, the most magnificent city on the American continent, and contains more rich and beautiful buildings than any other. As has already been said, it contains not one remnant of the old race who began the city, but is instinct with the taste which promoted the erection of the monuments of the cities of the peninsula, the majority of which were built when the arts, revived by the Medici, were extending themselves over the world. The houses in the principal streets are built in the purest taste, and many of the most splendid are even now owned by the descendant of Cortes, the Duke of Monteleone. The plaza grande is a vast area, paved with stone, with the cathedral on one side and on the opposite a row of fine houses, with projecting balconies. On one of the other side is the *palacio nacional*, the old vice-regal dwelling, built on the site of the far-famed halls of the Montezumas. This building is utterly tasteless, a vast mass of stone and mortar, with small windows, and badly arranged. The president occupies but a small portion of this building, in which are the halls of the senate and deputies, and the bureaus of the various ministers. At the end of a dark passage is a massive door opening into a court called the botanical garden, in which are a few stinted trees, among which, however, is the strange *manita* tree, but one other of which species is known to exist, and which is curious from bearing a blossom resembling the human hand. Mr. Thompson, Madame Calderon, Gilliam, the French and German travellers, all unite in one account, which all who have seen it will endorse, that it looks more like a ruin-

ous barrack or deserted factory than the home of the chief magistrate of one of the great divisions of the world. The cathedral has no equal in North America, and is built in the florid Gothic style which the Spaniards have always been so fond of. It too is historical, and stands on the site of the temple of one of the Mexican blood-stained divinities, ALMITZOTLI. The walls are of solid stone.

The wealth of our own country is inadequate to give any idea of the splendor of its interior, filled with paintings and statues. On entering the building the eye is attracted to the high altar of solid silver, its massive candelabra of gold, and a balustrade extending on each side of it, cast from a metal of the color of gold, the component parts of which are copper, silver, and brass, in such proportions that it is worth far more than its weight in silver. The separate pieces of which it is formed are four feet high, and several inches thick; and its whole length is three hundred feet. Several years ago a silver smith of Mexico offered to replace it with a railing of the same form and weight in solid silver, and to pay into the fund of the cathedral $500,000 besides.

On every side are smaller chapels richly decorated, where all the utensils are silver, besides vast store-rooms filled with plate, rarely or never produced, but there in its sterling value.

This seems exaggeration, and recalls to our minds things we have dreamed of in childhood, but never realized as existing; and whether Cortes deceived the emperor Charles V. in his account of Montezuma's wealth, matters not, for the viceroys realized all his promises.

Here also is the calendar of Montezuma, a round stone inserted in the wall, covered with hieroglyphics of that mysterious kind, so far even more impenetrable than the mystic writing of the obelisks of Egypt. On

the great plaza there was, in 1844, a column being erected surmounted by a figure of Liberty, in commemoration of Mexican independence.

The square of the cathedral is not the only beautiful public place in Mexico. The Alameda, in all the elements of physical beauty, will compare with any public walk in Europe, not excepting the parks of London and the Prado of Vienna. The beautiful *paseo* of Havana cannot compare with this luxurious spot, redolent with the shrubs and flowers of which nature has been so prodigal in Mexico. Leading to the Alameda, is the noble street of St. Francis, with its rich edifices, not the least interesting of which is the palace of Iturbide, both on account of the richness of its architecture and the associations connected with it. There are other interesting buildings in Mexico, the most prominent of which are the convents of La Profesa, of St. Augustin, and San Francisco, of vast wealth and great influence, the colleges of Biscay and La Mineria, and hosts of others.

In the university is much that is attractive, not the least of which is the equestrian statue of Charles IV. by Tolsa, a native artist, who has left behind him works in bronze, worthy of the artists of the best days of Italy. It also contains the sacrificial stone, from the great Teocalli of the Aztec days. The palaces of Cortina, of Regla, of Count Beneski, the friend of Iturbide, and multitudes of other splendid residences, will compare with the private dwellings of most cities, but unfortunately in close proximity are the hovels of the miserable leperos, so wretched, that at the contrast we can but exclaim, "Can these be thy children, oh Mexico, and the fellow-citizens of those?"

The first singularity which attracts attention in Mexico, however, is the character of the people in the street;

priests and friars in their strange garbs, *canonigos* in their immense hats, military men in brilliant uniforms, and Indians and leperos in the costume chance offers them. Naples with its lazzaroni, Calcutta with its hordes of pariahs, St. Giles in London with all its abominations, are decent in comparison with the place of assemblage of these wretches—the lame, halt, and the cripple, the maimed soldier and disabled robber, the victim of leprosy. Words cannot express the horror of the scenes to be met with in the streets, and which strike with equal disgust the soldier who has served on the battle-fields of Europe, and the scientific naturalist, who wonders how a land so blessed by nature can be suffered by God to be so deformed with crime. Madame Calderon records having met with beggars everywhere—in her private house, in the Alameda, in the very temple. Everywhere, and amid wealth beside which that of the Califs becomes insignificant, is heard the cry, *Caridad por el nombre de Jesus; una media por los santos.* If these be the consequences of all the gold and silver of Mexico, if its wealth be not able to prevent them, far better were it if the land, doomed to absolute sterility, should force its children to starve or live by the sweat of their brows.

The strongest argument to justify the occupation of America by the Europeans, has ever been, that God never intended so fair a land to be occupied by howling savages; and if this be true, what inference may we draw from the present condition of Mexico?

In any account of Mexico, however, in which the church was omitted, an inexcusable oversight would be made. It is an important element of the Mexican social system, and many go so far as to say that it is the government. When Cortes conquered Mexico, he was

under the influence of the spirit of loyalty and military obedience not more than of the fervor of the crusader. He devoutly believed that he was conquering a kingdom for his earthly master, beside which the crowns of Castile and Aragon become insignificant, and for his God the souls of generations, otherwise doomed, according to the harsh theology of the age, to interminable perdition. Everywhere we see the traces of this spirit, from the day when he threw down the idols from their pedestals, to the great conflagration of Mexican and Tezcucan manuscripts by the Spanish Arab, Juan de Zummoraga, first archbishop of Mexico, in the great market-place. The consequence was, that vast sums were appropriated to the priesthood, and more than an ecclesiastical tithe of the fruits of the conquest was appropriated to the honor of religion. The course of the early missionaries was strange: we read of baptisms which recall to us the conversions of apostolic days; of thousands made, in the words of the old chroniclers, "children of Christ from priests of the devil." The vast wealth of the Aztec priests was appropriated to their successors, and the endowments of the richest days of the old church, "when pontiffs placed their sandalled feet on the necks of mailed kings," were exceeded by this its youngest conquest.

The riches thus acquired by the church have perpetually been increased by endowments and bequests. Scarcely a will is made in Mexico, that does not contain a clause in favor of some shrine or ecclesiastical corporation; and the plate in its convents, like that of the mess of a European regiment, is of so many patterns and such various forms, that it would seem to have been gathered from the sacking of a hundred cities.

There is a selfishness about the Mexican church which is strange indeed, and finds a parallel nowhere else. In England, when Richard I. was taken prisoner by the archduke of Austria, the abbeys and convents brought their plate to ransom their monarch; in the wars of the league, the mitred princes and bishops contributed to support their army, and during the invasion of the Peninsula by the orders of Napoleon, the ecclesiastics were foremost in their contributions. This, however, has never been the case in Mexico. In all the wars which have occurred the church has not contributed one *media*, and now, while the stranger is a master in her cities, and an enemy's foot presses the sentinel's walk on her ramparts, the church and its dignitaries yet refuse to pay one farthing to defend their altars and their flocks. No president except Gomez Farias has ever dared to advocate the confiscation of one cent of the ecclesiastical property, and on three occasions that he has sought to effect such a reform, he has been driven from power. Mr. Thompson says that a small sum has been realized by the sale of the property of the Jesuits, but it must be remembered the church itself first cast them from its bosom. The general impression (and those who have had an opportunity of judging, say it by no means exaggerates the fact) is that one-third of the real property of Mexico is in the hands of the church, not counting a vast amount of money invested in mortgages on the remainder.

No college of theologians in the world would call the Mexican church orthodox. The ceremonies are certainly those of the Roman Catholic church, but even in the minds of the priesthood are engrafted such a host of Aztec superstitions, that it may even now be doubted if the mass of the people merit the name of Christian more

than do the Abyssinians, or the few worshippers found by the Portuguese in the fourteenth century in the neighborhood of Goa, in India. Worshipping at the shrines of the saints, a vast portion of the Indian population believe implicitly that some day Montezuma will return to rule his people and restore the glory of his realm. Even now, on the pyramid of Cholula is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, attended by a lowly and sincere Indian monk, who, as he points out to the traveller the traces of the ruins around him, gives satisfactory evidence that he is not without faith in the gods of the ancient Teocalli, which his altar has replaced.

From all America it is believed that the Catholic church has admitted into her calendar but three saints. St. Tammany, from Canada; St. Rosa, from Lima, in Peru; and one other from Mexico, the name of whom escapes us, and scarcely one of the many miracles said to have occurred, have stood the test to which the authorities of Rome have subjected them. This circumstance does not, however, prevent the every-day occurrence of a new beatification and the admission into the faith of Mexico of countless new candidates for veneration, from many of whom the church derives a great portion of its wealth. The two most striking instances of this fact are the following.

On the 8th of December, 1531, a poor and humble Indian, whose name was Juan Diego, sate on a rock, on the summit of Tepeya. Having sunk to sleep, he saw in a vision the Blessed Virgin, who bade him go to Mexico and command the archbishop to build a chapel where she then stood. The Indian went immediately to the city; but being refused admission into the archiepiscopal palace, returned the next day to the lonely rock, where the Mother of God again appeared to him.

She bade him immediately return and insist on the attention of the bishop. Diego did so, but was not more successful; and when he returned asked from the Virgin some token that what he said was true. At the command of the holy Mary, he went out on the mountain, and gathered a handful of roses from a barren rock that neither before or since has nourished vegetation. The Virgin blessed the flowers, and threw them on the cloak of Diego, and bade him take them to the bishop. Diego obeyed; he met the bishop at the gate of the palace, unfolded his *serape*, and exhibited to him not only the mountain flowers but a portrait of the Blessed Virgin. The archbishop was convinced, called the image on the cloak the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe, and ordered a beautiful church to be built where the Mother of God appeared to the lonely Indian.

That chapel now stands, and is a spot of pilgrimage from all parts of Mexico. The shrine is as rich as any in the world, and the Indian's cloak now hangs in a case of gold amid a wilderness of candelabra of the same metal, worshipped by the faithful. On the festival day of the Virgin of Guadalupe, all Mexico rushes to its shrine, and the long causeway of the Aztec metropolis is thronged with persons of every grade. Mr. Gilliam, an intelligent traveller, saw there in 1843 the President Canaliza and all his cabinet, ecclesiastics of high rank, *ladrones* and leperos, all come to worship at the wonderful altar. It is scarcely necessary to say to the well informed reader, that this is one of the miracles of the church of Mexico, altogether unrecognised by the authorities of Rome.

Next in the veneration of the present Mexican people to the Lady of Guadalupe, is our lady *De Los Remedios*—the origin of the worship of whom is not

less strange. Cortes, the conqueror of Montezuma, was originally ordered to Mexico by Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, who, soon becoming jealous of him, revoked his commission before he had left the island. In this little episode of Cortes's life, we see the traces of all the events of the revolution and of the intellectual vivacity he afterwards displayed. El Conquistador was the last man in the world to exchange for a prison the privileges of an independent command, and therefore boldly set sail in defiance of Velasquez's orders. The success of Cortes was soon related in Cuba, and an expedition under Narvaez was sent to dispossess him of his conquest, which rendered it obligatory on him to confide the garrison of Mexico to his subordinate, and to march to overpower Narvaez in person. How he did so is a matter of history. On his return he found yet a new danger to be confronted. Alvarado had outraged the inhabitants, and Cortes found the whole nation in arms and was obliged to retreat. This he determined to do across the causeway of Tacuba, along which, amid the darkness of *la noche triste*, he cut his way to a lonely hill, about twelve miles from Mexico, where he fortified himself.

In this sad retreat he had lost the flower of his army, and the remnant was dispirited and mutinous. It was one of those conjunctures, when the lion's skin having failed, recourse was to be had to the fox's, and by a daring imposture Cortes contrived to reanimate his army. One of his soldiers had brought far off from Castile a little image of the Virgin in alabaster, it is not unlikely some memento of the friends he had left at home. In the lonely hours of the camp Cortes had seen it, and determined to have recourse to it, to effect the restoration of the morale of his men. The soldiers of Spain in America at that age, were crusaders in

spirit, and prepared to believe his story, that it had fallen from heaven and had brought a promise from on high, that all their troubles would be miraculously healed, and that they would be brought back in triumph to Mexico. The stout hearts of his men-at-arms accomplished this, and the merit was attributed to *la santisima Virgen de los Remedios*.

When his triumph was secure, El Conquistador erected a chapel on the hill on which he had encamped after *la noche triste*, in which was placed the wonderful image. There it has remained for three hundred years in a magnificent shrine, attended on by nuns. It is now one of the richest shrines in Mexico, and in seasons of plague, pestilence, and famine, the image is borne in procession through the streets of the neighboring capital, with a devout faith that by the intercession of the miraculous image, all evil will be arrested. This occurred but a few years since, on the occasion of the illness of the first wife of Santa Anna, when a grand procession took place, and all that was distinguished in Mexico, generals, statesmen, and ecclesiastics, followed the miraculous image.

The manner in which the cathedral at Puebla was built, the devout belief entertained that the angels of heaven came by night to work at its walls, and a hundred other superstitions, are all received in Mexico, by not only the mass, but by many of the most enlightened classes, and go to show, that if the religion of Mexico is not Protestant, it is surely not Roman Catholic.

At the head, however, of this vast ecclesiastical establishment, is the archbishop of Mexico, with seven suffragans. At the time of the revolution, Don Pedro Fonte withdrew from Mexico with many of his bishops, and resided in Spain until the time of his death, during

which time their benefices, estimated as being worth $371,148, were sequestered by the government. The present incumbent, the Doctor Posada, is one who has won golden opinions from all, and who by his benevolence and humanity merits them. "*No es dios el Señor Posada*," said a Mexican gentleman, several years since, to the writer of this book, "*pero un hombre muy bueno*." It may be worth while here to compare the statements of two travellers who have very little sympathy for each other—Mr. Thompson and Madame Calderon de la Barca—and see how they agree in the praise of the archbishop. The latter says:

"Were I to choose a situation here, it would undoubtedly be that of archbishop of Mexico, the most enviable in the world to those who would enjoy a life of tranquillity, ease, and universal adoration. He is a Pope without the trouble, or a tenth part of the responsibility. He is venerated more than the Holy Father is in enlightened Rome, and like kings in the good old times, can do no wrong. His salary amounts to about one hundred thousand dollars, and a revenue might be made by the sweetmeats alone which are sent him from all the nuns in the republic. His palace in town, his well-cushioned carriage, well-conditioned horses and sleek mules, seem the very perfection of comfort. In fact, *comfort*, which is unknown among the profane of Mexico, has taken refuge with the archbishop; and though many drops of it are shed on the shaven heads of all bishops, curates, confessors, and friars, still in his illustrious person it concentrates, as in a focus. He himself is a benevolent, good-hearted, good-natured, portly and jovial personage, with the most *laissez-aller* air and expression conceivable. He looks like one on whom the good things of this

world have fallen in a constant and benignant shower, which shower hath fallen on a rich and fertile soil. He is generally to be seen leaning back in his carriage, dressed in purple, with amethyst cross, and giving his benediction to the people as he passes. He seems engaged in a pleasant revery, and his countenance wears an air of the most placid and *insouciant* content. He enjoys a good dinner, good wine, and ladies' society, but just sufficiently to make his leisure hours pass pleasantly, without indigestion from the first, headaches from the second, or heartaches from the third. So does his life seem to pass on like a deep untroubled stream, on whose margin grow sweet flowers, on whose clear waters the bending trees are reflected, but on whose placid face no lasting impression is made.

"I have no doubt that his charities are in proportion to his large fortune; and when I say that I have no doubt of this, it is because I firmly believe there exists no country in the world where charities both public and private are practised on so noble a scale, especially by the women, under the direction of the priests. I am inclined to believe that, generally speaking, charity is a distinguishing attribute of a Catholic country.

"The archbishop is said to be a man of good information, and was at one time a senator. In 1833, being comprehended in the law of banishment, caused by the political disturbances which have never ceased to afflict this country since the independence, he passed some time in the United States, chiefly in New Orleans, but this, I believe, is the only cloud that has darkened his horizon, or disturbed the tranquil current of his life. His consecration, with its attendant fatigues, must have been to him a wearisome overture to a pleasant drama,

a hard stepping-stone to glory. As to the rest, he is very unostentatious; and his conversation is far from austere. On the contrary, he is one of the best tempered and most cheerful old men in society that it is possible to meet with. . . ."

Mr. Thompson says almost in the same words: "The archbishop of Mexico is a stout, healthy-looking and very agreeable old gentleman, the personification of a burly and jolly priest. He is a man of learning and well spoken of by every one. I took a great fancy to the archbishop of Cesarea, and I believe that it was in some degree mutual. I might almost say with the romantic German girl who met another over a stove, at an inn on the roadside, that at the first sight we swore 'eternal friendship to each other.' When I was about to leave the room he came to me and asked where I lived, and said that he intended to call upon me. I begged that he would not do so, but allow me to make the first visit (for that is the custom in Mexico), the stranger making the first call upon the resident. But the next day, the good old man called at my house, and as I happened not to be at home he would not leave his card, but told my servant that he would call again, as he did not wish me to regard his visit as one of mere form. This, of course, brought about a great intimacy between us, and I often visited him at his country house on the borders of the city. I shall never forget the pleasant hours which I have spent there, nor cease to remember the venerable and good old man with gratitude and affection. He is a man of learning, especially on all matters connected with the church and its history."

To the Santa Fe and other Texan prisoners, he was uniformly kind, and no man in Mexico has been heard

to say one word to the discredit of the good old archbishops of Mexico and Cesarea.

The following are the several sees and the amount of their revenues in 1805, since when, by the increase of the mining operations, they have probably doubled in value.

Mexico	$130,000
Puebla	110,000
Valladolid	100,000
Guadalajara	90,000
Durango	35,000
Monterey	30,000
Yucatan	20,000
Oaxaca	18,000
Sonora	6,000

The above dignitaries preside over the religion of Mexico, which permits no dissent; so much so that it was long impossible to procure even the right of burial but by bribery, for a person not a Catholic. In 1825, even the capital of Mexico was not exempt from this barbarous prohibition, from which there would now be no escape but for a singular speech of Senator Canedo. The matter being under discussion, that gentleman said:

"I perfectly assent to the principles of my colleagues remarks, but only regret they cannot be reduced to practice, and therefore would vote against their propositions. It could not be denied there were many foreigners in Mexico, and as a necessary consequence, some of them must die. What, then, shall we do with their bodies? I see but four modes of disposing of them; to bury, to burn, to eat, or to export them. To dispose of them in the first manner my reverend colleagues would not consent; the second is too expensive; the third I have no objection to, provided I am not called on to officiate;

and dead heretics are not included in the last tariff. I vote, therefore, for burial, as the least of four evils."

The senate agreed with Señor Canedo, and heretics may be buried in Mexico in a separate cemetery.

The council of the Indies contributed more than any other cause to the corruption of religion in Mexico, from the fact that it allowed no direct intercourse with the Holy See; permitted no delegate or nuncio to visit the new world, and no bull or rescript to be published until fortified by the placet of the king or council. To this may be attributed the corruption of the faith by Aztec traditions, and that independence which makes the Mexican church what it is, a mass of corruption, with but little dependence on the Pope.