

a bishopric if he would remain with the Romanists, has left their ranks and joined himself to the new movement.

In some other cities persecution yet abounds. At Toluca, the capital of this State, a riot broke up lately one of these congregations, in which three persons were killed. At Puebla, the chief city next to the capital, a preacher was mobbed from the town for daring to speak in the name of Jesus. But these ebullitions will grow less, I trust; and, if they increase, it will be but for a moment. Like our Ku-Klux outrages, they are the dying blows of a dying evil. They will grow fainter, and then cease. The new order has arisen on this grand country—the order of religious liberty. It has followed the advent of civil liberty here, as it followed it in our own country. It will enlarge and uplift this land, as it has our own.

Honor, then, to President Lerdo for his cheering words! He will not, we hope, be called to put those into effect which promised protection in the courts and by the power of the state. The leaders of the dominant Church will have to accept the situation, and allow the new forms and forces of the Church of Christ to operate undisturbed, except by such friendly rivalry as they may see fit to put forth.

Since this event, interviews have been granted other clergymen, and like assurances been given. The laws of Congress have been liberal and right. But persecutions have broken out, and murders committed in Puebla and elsewhere. One missionary has fallen. But no punishment has been meted out to the murderers. Unless this is done, promises and edicts will be idle words. We trust it will be done. If not, should not America protect her own citizens in these rights as much as she would protect her merchants trading there? Toleration is the first word, Protection the second. Will the wise Lerdo de Tejada give us both?

V.

OLD AND NEW AMONG THE SILVER MINES.

A Mædæval Castle.—First Icicle.—Omataska.—More about Pulqui.—A big Scare.—A Paradise.—Casa Grande.—A Sabbath in Pachuca.—A native Convert.—Mædæval Cavalcade.—The Visitors.—Mounting Real Del Monte.—The Castle of Real.—Gentlemanly Assassin.—Silver Factories.—Velasco.—A Reduction.—Haciendado Riley.—Mexican Giant's Causeway.—More Silver Reduction.—Horsemanship under Difficulties.—Contraries balancing Contraries.—La Barranca Grande.—A bigger Scare.—A Wedding.—Miner and Mining.—The Gautemozin.—The better Investment.

ONE need not go to Europe to find one of its best mædæval towns. Let him visit Quebec. So one need not go back to the Middle Ages to see a fine specimen of feudal times. Let him come to Pachuca. I have been pleased often at the ingenious way in which Mr. Hale contrives to get allusions to the Old and New in the introductory pages of his magazine. They are by far the best part usually of its contributions, and not the worst specimens of his own ability. But were he where I am to-night, and had he enjoyed what I have these last three days, he would have material for a most piquant page of his preamble. I have never seen there yet, to my surprise, Lowell's line,

"Old and new at its birth, like Le Verrier's planet."

Perhaps it has been quoted. This experience was old and new at its birth to those that were privileged to enjoy it.

The place where I am writing is a castle of the Middle Ages in its important features. Its huge door is kept closed. Beside the entrance armed men are constantly to be seen. An iron gate within prevents the passage of the enemy if the first door is penetrated. The roof is surrounded with a battlement, pierced with

loop-holes and slit with turrets, and crowned with a tower, projecting into the sidewalk, and well adjusted to hurl grenades and shoot rifles at assailants below.

The open court, into which the entrance instantly leads, is often full of armed men and horses, called to accompany their leader on his official excursions. The rattling of spurs on its pavement, and clinking of the ornaments of the horsemen and their horses, are familiar sounds. The patio is European and antique; an elegant stairway to the upper story begins opposite the entrance; a balcony runs around that story, well faced with exquisite flowers of every tropical delight, and rooms open from it, spacious and elegant. Everywhere wealth and refinement prevail. The luxurious air of Mexico is about us, and the old times are yet more around us. How did we get here, and why? Thereby hangs a tale. Let the city walks and rides rest a while, as we unfold the panorama of this our first excursion into the country. That, as every thing else here, is attended with danger.

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,"

we have to constantly sing, and not only sing it, but "sense" it, as the backwoods thinker strongly puts it. One must look sharp, or he will be in the condition of the lepers in Samaria, who were in danger of perishing whether they staid in the city or went without the walls. There seems to be about an equal danger of being robbed, kidnaped, and otherwise abused, whether you remain in the city or go into the country.

For instance, right opposite my hotel, a gentleman of a rich family was kidnaped a few months ago, as he was returning from the opera at an early hour of the night, not later than ten, and confined in a room not far from the Grand Plaza for nine days, being put in a hole in the ground, and knives so placed that any movement of his body would thrust them into him. So it is not without peril even to remain in the hotel, or, rather, to go to the opera, a possibility also elsewhere, but of another sort. He was discovered by the tell-tale of a woman, who had the sweet revenge of seeing

four of her masculine comrades executed in twenty-four hours after her revelation.

But there is no less danger in leaving the city. The country is full of robbers. Stage-coaches are rifled on every road. The Government is powerless to protect life or property. Yet one might as well die by the robbers as be scared to death through fear of being robbed. "Faint heart never won fair lady," or any thing else.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for *any* fate,"

a great thing to say, if we mean all it includes, though many trip over the distich as though it were only pretty poetry.

Our point objective is Pachuca. ~~X~~You have heard of the silver mines of Mexico. Who has not? ~~+~~Curiosity and churchianity led our first steps to these treasures. We wanted to see what had made Mexico so attractive, and how she could be made more so. Miss Kilmansegg would not have been worth much without her precious leg, and Mexico would have been let alone as severely as the Central African governments, but for her precious legacy. ~~+~~But these treasures are useless to this country unless Christ go with them and before them. They have poured forth hundreds and thousands of millions into the lap of earth; they have enriched thrones and subjects in all lands; they control the merchandise of China and India to-day. Yet the nation that produces them is poor and ignorant and blind and naked; a nation peeled and robbed by its own masters; a nation of blood and strife and desolation. How its splendid ceremonials of service, and magnificent altars and vestments, and golden shrines, and silver altar railings, and unbounded pomp and parade are rebuked by this poverty and peacelessness of its people! Christ must come to Mexico. Even so, come Lord Jesus, and come quickly. ~~X~~

The text for this sermon was Pachuca and Real del Monte, or Royal Mount. If a pun were allowable, it might be anglicized into Mount of Reals, the silver York shilling of the country, or worse yet, and more Englishy, into the Real Mount, for most people would

fancy that that mount only had reality which was a mount of silver. The two are properly one, Pachuca and Real del Monte, the former being the city, the latter the hills behind it, many of which are regularly and largely mined, and the topmost one of which, six miles from the city, and the seat of several mines, being known exclusively by that title.

Here, too, are about three hundred English people, seventy-five workmen, and overseers, with their families. Two Spanish Protestant congregations are here gathered. The threefold cord of silver mines, and English and Spanish Church work, was too much for revolvers and robbers to overcome, and so we are off for Pachuca.

That Saturday morning on which we started was January 18th, 1873. Perhaps you remember it where you lived. I doubt not that it was stinging cold, for even here it was cool enough for an overcoat when rushing along with the open windows of a fireless car. One of the party picked up an icicle of a hand's length and half its breadth, at a station a few miles from the city, the only bit of ice I have seen growing all this season. The sunny side of a house was pleasant that morning. That was all. Long before noon it was sultry. Overcoats were off and umbrellas up, and we wilted under the torrid sun. How was it up your way?

Pachuca lies about sixty miles from Mexico to the north, and a little to the east. Our railroad takes us forty miles to Omataska, where a breakfast and a stage await us. The first ate—and a goodly one it was to eat—the second is mounted. The party is four: two ministers, and two railroaders, a general, and a banker, leaders in one of the projected Mexican invasions. The stage-ride is about forty miles, the distance this way being a third greater than straight across the country, but a third less of coach-ride. The morning is splendid. The sun has warmed to his work at this ten and a half o'clock, but not fierce in burning. The road passes through a landscape of beauty and wealth and emptiness. Two or three haciendas, or plantations, cover almost the whole of the distance. The first stretches for six or eight miles, and is given up almost entirely to the culture of pulqui.

It is pitiful to see these miles and miles of acres surrendered to this pestiferous production. Yet it is pleasant to look upon, as was the fruit Eve tasted and Adam ate, man being generally greedier in crime than woman. The fields are laid out with mathematical exactness. The maguey plant, for that is the name of the pulqui bearer, is a large aloe, with grand, broad green leaves, very broad and very green. The plants stand about ten feet apart, in rows twenty feet from each other, so that the field looks like a nursery of dark, lustrous green bushes. You can see down these green alleys sometimes for miles in this clearest of airs. They radiate regularly from every plant, a perpetual chess-board of tropical luxuriance. They are of various stages of growth, from the infant of days to the patriarch of seven to ten years.

The latter is about to yield his white heart for the delight and ruin of the people. He is about four feet high, sometimes more, and spreads over as much or more from the short, thick, bulb-like stem. Sometimes he is ripe at eight years, more usually ten. The owners thus gather a crop from one-eighth to one-tenth of their shrubs annually. When it is ripe, they thrust the knife near or into the root, so as to prevent its farther growth. The leaves fall over, the bowl-like centre swells with the juices pressing into it. It looks of the capacity of a couple of water-pails. This is of a milky look, and sweet, it is said, at this time. It is taken out twice a day for four months, so that one good plant yields four or five hundred gallons of this substance.

This is put into ox-skins, a little of the old pulqui is added for fermentation, and the new is made worse. So delicate is this substance at the start, that a pinch of salt or any other mal-affinity will destroy the whole crop if it is put into one of these skins and gets passed from one to another. An overseer, being dismissed, took this sweet (or sour) revenge on his master, and by one drop of acid, or salt, spoiled a crop worth a thousand dollars. He was arrested and imprisoned for this petty but powerful revenge.

If it is so sensitive when young, it gets bravely over it, for a more disgustingly smelling and tasting substance than it is when old the

depravity of man has never yet discovered. Rotten eggs are fragrant to its odor, and pigs' swill sweet to its taste. I wish that overseer would go into the business of spoiling the crops, and drive the whole iniquity from the face of the land and the face of the people. It has a sweet cider taste in the days of its youth, but rapidly corrupts as that does, only worse, the climate being hotter, into a sour, stinking, abominable beverage.

What would Dr. Bowditch do with this tropical drunkenness? He says lust is the vice of tropics, liquor of the temperate zones. As he would encourage, with modifications, the latter in Boston, of course he must the former in Mexico. Yet here is drunkenness as bad as any in Ireland, Germany, England, or the United States, and on a tropical plant of the country. He had better move his Board of Un-health here, and proceed to sit on this phenomenon. It will all be owed, I suppose he will say, to the lofty height of this table-land, which puts it in a temperate zone. "Logic is logic, that's all I say."

Another peculiar and proper quality of this plant is its animal productions; at least so I was informed, but I doubt the information. These are said to be three: a white rat, a white, and a brown worm. These nice creatures are made great, like Cæsar, by what they feed on; and, according to these people, are ahead of Cæsar, for they are not only great but good. They are served up as delicacies to rich and poor. Fried worms and broiled rat would make a proper accompaniment to pulqui. My informant rejoiced himself in the name of Julius Cæsar. He was also a famous cook. The punster of the crowd objected to this Diet of Worms. But it was rat-ional.

Hills rise on our left, as we move north by east, well clad in the hot and purple sunlight, well stripped of all other drapery; an aqueduct half a mile long strides across a deep gully, bearing water after the high Roman fashion, from Pachuquita, or Little Pachuca, to Omatuska. The half-way station is only a stopping-place under the trees, with a pulqui shop and a fruit-stand on the ground, of bananas, oranges, and pea-nuts. A cavalcade of horses drives up. Are

they robbers? Here is where they congregate. They look enough like them "to fill the bill," as they say out West. Well got up in light-brown leather trowsers, with silvered buttons and loops closely running up the sides, wide, gray felt sombreros, silver trappings on horses; they evidently need money and have not much. Will they make our littles into their mickle?

They turn out protectors rather than robbers, a mistake made often in this doubting world. They are a blessing in disguise. The road is dangerous a few leagues onward, and they are sent as an escort. Poor escort they prove, for they gallop on ahead, and that is the last we see of the gay riders.

The next hacienda, where the danger chiefly lies, is owned by the governor of the State of Hidalgo; and, it is said, by way of slander undoubtedly, that he lets the robbers pillage the coach along the line of his farm, if they will leave that alone. Even so, I remember it was correctly reported at a seminary where I once served, that a shrewd old farmer of the neighborhood was said to have kept his orchards untouched by leading the students, who had too much of the old Adam and Eve in them, to the choicest apple-trees in his neighbor's orchards. At any rate, his splendid orchard never seemed touched by that school frost, and the others often were. Whether the story of this governor or that farmer is true or not, *quien sabe?*

All I know is, that his place, like the other's orchard, is by far the finest in the country. The magney plant stretches for miles in perfect order and beauty. Barley and wheat, and other crops green with youth, or yellow with age, spread out lovely to the eye. A rich, dark hollow of earth, circled by a darker if not richer rim of earth, five to eight miles across, a piece of landscape held in the hollow of your eye, if not the hollow of your hand, made a gem in centre and setting, such as one rarely sees, especially when the flashing Southern sun, pouring through a brisk and stimulating atmosphere, in this rare ether over eight thousand feet above the sea, made the gem yet more radiant and transparent. I well-nigh envied the governor his spot, robbers and pulqui included.

A few miles round a spur brings us in sight of Pachuca. Real del Monte had long been visible, and the high, dark range of which it is a mere point of silver. A lowlier range hid the city. It appears now, lying along the base of that black and treeless mass, a collection of low, white roofs, with a church or two towering with dome and steeple; they use both always here, though the steeple never terminates with a spire. The only decent object in these cities, sometimes the only visible object seen from a distance, is the church. Every thing is unduly abased in order that that may be unduly exalted. Our school-houses, capitols, and tall dwellings and stores, make our beautiful spires chiefs among associates, not solitary masters of an enslaved population.

But Pachuca has one sight that outshines its churches. In front of it lies a valley of exquisite beauty. The trees and plants stud it thick with emeralds. A paradise the Persians would call it—why not we? The verdure spreads out for a mile or two, and perfectly completes the picture of the tall, brown mountains that overhang the town, and the white walls that hug their lower declivities. Brown, white, and green glow together in this summer afternoon of January. Oh, ye frozen and sepulchred home folks, a white cemetery of Nature, with icy winds raving over it, how rapturous this delicious landscape! How I regret that you are not here to enjoy it—that the North could not be transported, body and business, to this dulcet clime for six months of every year!

You are needed; for this exquisite paradise is as full of devils as the primal one, when man had gone over to the enemy. It is not very safe to walk its streets on Sunday, and hardly possible at midnight. So "the trail of the serpent is over it all." You may prefer your icy atmosphere and snowy covering with peace, safety, comfort, and prosperity, a life in death, to this tropical glory, with its assassinations and robberies, a death in life. All things are equal, after all.

We ride to the hotel, but are met by Mr. Comargo, the superintendent of the mines, who invites us to the Casa Grande, or Grand House, belonging to the company, at which place this story began.

We pass under its heavy portal of barred gates of wood and thin iron, and past the large guard that, armed and equipped, protects the entrance, into a large, square, open court. Up the broad stairs, with their gilt and burnished balustrades, among rich tropical plants and flowers, we ascend to the balcony. Here the conductor, as he is called, meets us, a small, gentlemanly person, and makes his house our own. Elegant apartments open on every side of this court, and abundant flowers line the entire balcony.

"We have lighted on our feet," exclaims one of the party. Nobody, for once, disagrees with the observation, the only point of agreement in all the journey.

Dusty garments are brushed, and dusty faces washed, and we mount horses for a ride up the side of the mountain to a mine. Horses before us, horses behind us, horses to the right of us, horses to the left of us; thus we march into the narrow streets and up the narrower slips of the hill-side. A cavalcade more numerous than attends a European monarch accompanied these every-day travelers. Reason why? Not that we were more than monarchs, but Pachuca is less safe to the conductor of its mines than Paris ever was to Napoleon. He would be a prize to the kidnapers.

We inspect the outside of the mine, from the crushing of the ore to the smelting of the silver, and return to a sumptuous dinner, a lively reunion, and a luscious bed. In its comfortable embrace we dream of Elysium, although

"We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight."

Our first peril is past, Pachuca is reached. Our second cometh quickly.

Just after we reached the town, on Saturday afternoon, we passed a building near the little plaza with "Miners' Arms" over its door. It looked Englishy English to the last degree. Some equally Englishy English persons stood before the door. They noticed we were strangers, and one of them, a tall, plainly-dressed person, came across the street and spoke to us. He had heard that a Methodist

preacher was coming to spend the Sabbath, and he made a dash at random at this couple, hoping to bag that game. He succeeded. It was a Mr. Prout, for whom I had a letter of introduction. He accompanied us to the Casa, and then sought out an elder member, Richard Rule, Esq., who for years had had preaching and class-meeting at his house. To show the peril of the place, that night he was sent for to come and see about arrangements for Sabbath services. Guards were sent to accompany him to the Casa, and to accompany him home again. Yet in the day-time there is but little if any danger.

The next morning I attended a class-meeting at Richard Rule's. It met at eight o'clock. But the long ride and the late night made me a little late, and the venerable leader was at prayer when I entered. It seemed strange to hear the voice of prayer in a Sunday-morning class in this far-off land in our own tongue. And yet it seemed not unnatural. A full and devout petition it was, covering all the ground, as if the fewness of the number present allowed larger liberty to each utterance. It was eminently Scriptural in form, as all English prayers are, and rich in faith, in humility, and in assurance. The one other English peculiarity it also exhibited, devotion to fatherland. He prayed for the "favored land of their birth" and "for the benighted land" in which they dwelt. That feeling is wrought deeper in English nature than in that of any other people. America unconsciously copies it, but does not surpass it.

Four members, all males, gave testimony to a present and a full salvation, and responses showed the warmth of the heart still on fire with God's love.

It was good to be there. No mine in all this richest district of the earth was so rich as this, nay, was infinitely less rich. These had searched for wisdom as for hid treasures, and had found her:

"Wisdom divine, who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared with her."

How rich these poor men were. Only one possessed any means or mines. Yet all were rejoicing in eternal and infinite treasure-houses, laid up by the same Redeemer who stored these mounts with silver, in that Mount of God, His Royal Mount, the Real del Monte of the heavens and the universe, for all those who love and serve Him.

The house of Mr. Rule stands in a garden, with large, luscious plants blooming about. The oleander, banana, fig, and unknown trees and blooms fill the retreat with life and loveliness. High walls hide it from the passer's eyes. It is secluded and central. I have quite fallen in love with these dead walls without, and beauty, luxury, and comfort within. I am not sure that it is not an improvement on our system, more open without, and less secluded within. Not as you are in your winter-bound firesides,

"Shut in

By the tumultuous privacy of storm,"

but by a privacy which makes a perpetual summer for your private pleasure, though this sometimes shuts out a tumult worse than snow ever creates. It makes the street unlovely, but not the home. These rough walls and gates open on luxury and repose. The high wall is not needed to make this picture. The gardens might be open to all eyes, and the court-yard only be for home consumption.

At eleven o'clock Rev. Mr. Parks, the Bible Agent, preached to a goodly congregation on "The love of Christ constraineth us;" and at two, another full house gathered to attend the third service of the day. "Whom having not seen *ye* love," is the text dwelt upon, the counterpart and complement of the morning's discourse. The baptism of three infants, and the administration of the Lord's Supper to seven persons, prolongs the service till four o'clock. The full house sits solemn and reverent to the close.

A service in Spanish follows, conducted by Dr. Guerro, a physician of the place. It is not so full as usual, owing to the length of the preceding meeting, but there is a fair assemblage. Some fine-looking young men participated. The service has been compiled