

by him from that of Dr. Riley, and is entitled "El Culto de la Iglesia Reformada en Pachuca." It is orthodox and devout. But the service needs more liberty extemporaneously, and besides needs additions of prayer, and social and class meetings, and Sunday-schools. It is the seed, but not the flower nor fruit.

The conductor of the meeting is a Protestant against Romanism, and, like most of that class here, has not yet advanced much beyond the first principles of that protest.

The elaboration of the Christian system, independent of all the previous errors and formalities, into a life and being of its own—this work is yet to be done. It needs organization, Church order, breadth, life. It will come, and that speedily. It was delightful to find in this mountain town, and among this degraded and depraved population, a godly few casting off the shackles of a false culture, and forming a reformed Church. May they speedily regenerate the town.

We come back to our agreeable quarters across the plaza, which from our first crossing it in the morning until now has been crowded with sellers and buyers. The pavement is lined with rows of merchant-men and merchant-women with every sort of ware—fruit, fish, flesh, coal, grasses, trinkets, muslins, toys—a Vanity Fair of Sunday desecration. The stores under the arcade are equally busy. The church is open, and has its two services a day, but the crowds are in the market-place, and the devil holds his service all the day.

He is represented in a huge, gross picture in the church on the plaza with a smashing tail, a good deal longer than his body, driving the sinful ghosts to hell. He is out here in calico and cloth, in a white, dirty woolen blanket, dropping down before and behind, with a slit in the middle, through which the head is passed, in thin blue cloth mantillas that cover the woman's head and shoulders and mouth. Here he is buying and selling, and getting gain and loss. Let the true Church of Christ arise and abate this crime that smells to heaven.

I was not a little wearied with this long day's work. From

eight to five, with scarce an intermission, had I been attending to the Lord's business. A summer day, sultry as August, yet not oppressive, it has been a day of delights, "where no crude surfeit reigns."

The hills look soft in that sacred setting, and the fields did not strive in vain to look gay. They looked so without striving. The air was blessed, and I rejoiced to think that this ancient and rich realm would yet be the mount of the Lord, and its silver flow forth for the salvation of the world.

Monday comes, and with it the old again, to offset the new of yesterday. The champing of bits and trampling of steeds below is a signal that we are invited to a ride. A ride is a small affair ordinarily in America, and even in Europe to-day, but not at the Casa Grande. The lord of the casa, Señor Comargo, descends the stairway, with pistol in his belt and a girdle of ball-cartridges about him. His horse has gun and sword hanging at its saddle-bow. Five visitors follow—two less powerfully armed, and two with no weapons save their tongues. Three horsemen precede this company, and twelve follow. A carriage and four mules are provided for any two of the party that may wish to accept the new style instead of the old. Thus protected and equipped, we ride through the awakening town.

Why all this display? Not for display. This is the old, because here the old still exists. This city is full of robbers, and so is the country. It is the chief mining centre of this region, and has only one equal in all this country. The building is the headquarters of the mining company. It has two hundred thousand dollars in its vaults every fortnight. This it must transport sixty miles to Mexico. The reckless marauders of these hills long for these hid treasures more than for those still concealed in the earth all about them. They have attacked the building once and again, and sometimes in large force, three to four hundred men. They would attack the commandant, or conductor, as he is the chief representative of the company, and his capture might be worth many thousands to his kidnapers. Only last week, in company with four

of his horsemen, he broke through a band of thirty-five robbers, under a famous bandit leader, killing one and wounding several others.

This company has some valuable nuggets for such marauders. Here is the president of the nearly finished Vera Cruz Railway, Mr. Gibbs, of England, as witty as he is wise, and wise as he is witty, one of the least "stuck up" of well-educated Englishmen I have ever met. He is a representative of Oxford scholarship and London business. He can scan Greek lines or Mexican landscapes with equal accuracy. He confesses to England's aristocratic detestation of the Yankee until the war compelled her to see, first, that we had pluck; second, success; and third, and logically, that we were right. That is the usual construction of an Englishman's syllogism, pluck first, principle last. Then, of course, we ceased to be whittling, nasal Yankees, and turned into gentlemen. He breaks forth at the mouth, like all punsters, and makes fun for the million (of dollars) that rides at his side.

The head of the house of Rosecrans, a rival railroad enterprise, is also here—General Palmer, self-contained, ready to thrust the point of an argument into his antagonist, as whilom the point of his sword, and that as this without malice, though now as then unto the death.

Mr. Parish, the learned and traveled member of the party, is at home equally in the best modern languages and modern society. It is a striking evidence of the union of culture and business, these polished and highly-educated gentlemen on railroad thoughts intent. It shows, what ought to be the case more and more, the best university training a preliminary to the entrance into every profession.

The agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a Congregational clergyman, is the fourth; whom, as he is lying awake on his bed in the room where I am now writing, it will not answer to say much about, or I should see the sheeted living, as Cæsar did the "sheeted dead," walking the floor and squaring off. England and America, despite Geneva decisions and the peace societies, would

be at war. He is well satisfied with England, at least when talking with an American, though I doubt not he will set forth all those American arguments as to Britain's conditions and needs when he gets back to "Our Old Home," and will forget, perhaps, to put in the quotation marks. He is doing an excellent work here in planting the Bible over the land.

The last who mounts the horse, and who rides *muy mal* (you do not know but that that means very good, and I shall not tell you that it means very bad), is not, perhaps, representing his fellow-ministers so much in their horse-riding reputation as in eating and enduring. He is seeking out this land for the Church, as his associates are for the Bible and the railway, a threefold cord which is not easily broken, and which will yet make this beautiful clime "bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

The road ascends the mountain side. For two thousand feet and two leagues it winds and climbs. The basin of Pachuca lies below, soft in the brown morning, yet unvisited of the sun, which yellows the eastern sky, but does not glow upon its mountain-tops. The green trees, flowers, and maguey plant make a garden of beauty of that basin, lying low in the hollow of treeless hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun." It is less luxuriant than the woods and ferns of the Hot Lands, but its contrast with the inclosing hillsides and the brisk September air makes its verdant loveliness all the more lovely.

The mountains are without forest, but a purple verdure covers them—a royal mantle of sunlight and shadow, dewy, tender, velvety. Not since I looked on Hymettus and Pentelicus have I seen such a rich hue clothe barren mountains. The composition of the rock has something to do with it; the purple of porphyry imparts its color to the hills.

Iztaccihuatl glitters on the point of its snowy lance. There is some debate as to which of the three ice mountains it is, and so the poet of the company—for "we keeps our poet," like Day & Martin—breaks forth in rhymes on each of the trio. First, he exclaims,

Why all this palaver
About Orizava?*

Then adds, toastingly and drunkenly,

We'll tip the brandy-bottle
To old Iztaccihuatl.

And teetotally concludes,

We'll drain our water-kettle
To Popocatepetl.

Of course he would have gone on thus all day had he not been held in. He was pouring forth the terrible rhymes as if they were avalanches. "Slaver" it was found would rhyme and reason with this Orizava, and "throttle" had to be put to the voluble neck of this Iztaccihuatl; while a lot of mispronounced rhymes, such as "settle," "met ill," "nettle," and so on, were being mustered into the service of the grand old monarch of Mexico. It was time to stop the rhymed nonsense, and it stopped. Sober debates on temperance and other good themes came to the front.

The light slides down the mountain ("coasts," as a Yankee ought to say), down its smooth and lustrous sides, and soon fills all the hollow of the hills with splendor. The soul sends its shafts of light upward as those of the soulless world fall downward, and in silent prayer and praise ascribes the honor, and glory, and dominion, and power thus seen, and the infinitely more and greater not seen, unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever.

One side of the roadway leaps down sheer and profound, and the other opens ravines, or descends in mountain slopes, where easily "the robber rends his prey" from the slowly-climbing coach and rider. There is a thicket of bushes at one of these bends, which is their favorite haunt, and yet no one thinks of the simple remedy of cutting up that ambuscade. Fifteen minutes and a hatchet would destroy that fortification. Why is it not done? *Quien sabe?*

* "B" and "v" are pronounced exactly alike by the natives; so the word Orizaba is pronounced as in this couplet.

Two hours of such slow and steadfast climbing bring the feudal cavalcade to the Real Castle, or the Castle of the Real.

Here a yet more feudal incident increases the delusion. We draw up to a high, huge dead wall without a window. The gate opens, and we enter. The warder draws near and makes his obeisance to the conductor, a gracious action on the part of each. A low room, not loftier than those usually seen in the ruined castles of the Rhine, welcomes us, and refreshments are served up. The company then proceed to inspect the castle. They kept saying to each other, "How completely feudal!" "Was there ever any thing more perfect?" "This is the real article." "As it should be on the Real," keeps up the execrable punster.

At the entrance of the building proper is a well with a windlass over it. To the ropes of this windlass were attached pieces of maguey or hemp sack, a quarter of a yard wide, made into a sort of seat. In this seat sat the workmen, and, clinging to the rope, were let down ten or twelve hundred feet, "*poco mas y menos*," as they all say here to every thing ("a little more or less). They are let down and dragged up every day.

Still fancying I had entered a castle, and a little bewildered by this mode of treating its inmates, I was led to a court with rooms long and wide opening out of it, and long benches stretching on either side against the walls, which had that horrid odor that belongs to the wards of a prison, and which is unlike any other smell. Another step, and a barred door, heavy and thick, made of cross-pieces that let in the light and air, but not liberty, revealed the fact that this mediæval castle was indeed a prison. So its looks did not deceive itself. That well was to let down criminals to work in the mines.

It took off the edge of our vanity a little to learn this fact. The castle is reduced in vocation, though not in manners. Don Quixote can fancy it a castle, though it be only a *presidio*. Those straps of maguey fibre, in which they were let down that thousand feet, were homeopathic in their nature. Pulqui brought them here, and the fibre of its leaf drops them there. I had seen pits like this in

European castles, as black and bottomless seemingly, where they dropped their victims, to be brought up, not as these are at night-fall, but in the morn only of the Resurrection.

In two of the cells were three leading bandits of the country awaiting execution. I only saw one of them. He was a youth of twenty, fair-faced, smooth-faced, with calm manners and a mild dark eye: so pretty a lad one rarely sees. Is it possible that he is a chief murderer? Even so. Appearances here, as elsewhere, are deceitful. Yet not so. Leaders are rarely demonstrative men. Byron was not at fault in describing human nature when he painted his chief cut-throat as

"The mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;"

and describes him on a balmy eve as he leans over the taffrail and

"Looks upon the flood:
His thoughts were calm, but were of blood."

This youth's mien and meditation were alike calm and bloody. He would have put a shot through the warden as briskly and gayly as through a bird. He was trained in crime, and, though still beardless, was gray in guilt. How many of our worst offenders accomplish their end before they reach a ripe manhood! The gallows has more victims under thirty than over. Sin ripens fast, and the lad of fifteen who casts off parental restraint and plunges into vice, before he is twenty-five is apt to die a debauchee or a demon. Christ and the devil recruit their forces from the youth. A Christian or a criminal is the decision usually made before the twenties are touched. Despise not the converted boy. Nurse his childish piety, lest it become youthful impiety ere you are aware.

Sadly we left the fair young face, so soon to be mould and dust, and came into the bright sunshine. How gloomily glowered that sun! The prison was no longer a palace, but a tomb. We gladly mount and ride away from the grim recesses. You have had enough of the Old; now again for the New.

As we emerge into the outer air our eyes light on chimneys, tall

and numerous, scattered up and down the steep hill-sides. My English companions thought they had seen the like in Yorkshire. Yet the chief if not only likeness is in the chimneys, and in the fact that they are used in running steam-engines of immense bulk, which are engaged in pumping water out of the mines. This was the New. No such contrivances had the cavalcades of the Old times ever seen. One of these engines, of two thousand horse-power, is beautifully lifting its ponderous arms, as polished and quiet as is its Manchester builder. It is an evidence of the superiority of our age. Two thousand horse-power there in that engine, twenty in this escort: one hundred times is the New above the Old!

It is a *festa* day, and the natives are idling round. But the engines are busy, being worked by Englishmen, who know no *festas* but Sundays and Christmas. A bull-fight is to come off, and especial stir among the natives is evident. If they would fight their sins, and idleness, and errors of faith, and other infirmities, half as zealously as they fight the harmless bulls, they would "get on," as our English friends say, vastly more; but religious error stifles all energy, order, and improvement.

These immense engines teach us the costliness of the mining business. It may be an easy matter to prospect a mine, but it is not so easy a matter to work it. That costs a fortune, and reduces this royal business to the common level of farming and shoe-making. After looking over the works at this spot, we take to our horses, I gratefully getting a seat in the carriage, and whirl down to Velasco.

Six miles of rapid descent it is, winding round and round the spurs of handsomely wooded hills, which woods the steam-devil, as the Mexicans call the steam-engine, is fast devouring. In its locomotive form it devours miles; in all forms, forests. The hills are not unlike those of Vermont, but steeper, deeper, and grander, with warmer, thicker-leaved, and darker-tinted woods. Some of the gorges are sublime. Opposite these ravines tower high, blank, black mountains, some of which are curiously crowned with

basaltic rocks, that look like towers, laid in order far up into the air. At times these columns take possession of a stretch of ridge, and make a series of fortifications not unlike Ehrenbreitstein, or a range of towers like a cathedral. They had shot their straight, hot barrels up through the various molten rocks of porphyry and granite, and capped the climax with their rounded finish.

Velasco is a fortified hacienda, where the ores of Real del Monte are reduced. These ores, being less inclined to yield to water than those of Pachuca, are here calcined, ground to powder, dropped from hoppers through leather tubes into strong barrels, which are also filled with water, quicksilver, sulphate of copper, and other chemicals, and a quantity of round stones about the size of small paving-stones. These are sent whirling round and round until the dissolution of the silver from the soil is effected, when the contents are drawn off. Below you see the residuum of the barrel, flowing out over troughs into bowls slightly inclined, whose lower edge holds the heavy white quicksilver, and upper, the lighter and slower precious stuff which it costs so much labor to secure.

Attached to these works is a handsome house, deserted. No officer dare live in it. Not long since its walls were scaled by a robber band, though they could find but little booty. Its garden is full of flowers, and I pluck a half-dozen rose-buds and blossoms as a specimen of the middle of January, which I commend to my frozen brothers of the North. They may retort that that robber thorn is worse than their frozen buds. I do not deny it, but hope when the railroad and the churches of America get possession of the land that the Mexican will be changed into a Methodist, or better, if better there be, as most of these Englishmen have been, and you can then have no excuse for shivering below the zeroes, instead of enjoying perpetual spring and summer, from October to April, among these torrid altitudes.

Three leagues more over hill and dale, amidst an opening and entrancing landscape, now by barren water-courses, now along high uplands, over which canter our horses. I am on the back again,

and likely to be on my back with this fierce and unused riding. So we go gayly on to Regla.

The hills are well stripped by the charcoal vender and the steam-engine devourer, and look like some of the brown, barren, rocky sides of New Hampshire in July. The sun pours a midday torrid heat upon us, and makes us like that too-willing lass of whom it is said that, when her lover said "Wilt thou?" she wilted." So did we, though the heat that wilted us was from without, and not within. San Miguel shone out on the plain below, said to be one of the prettiest of Mexican towns. Our road lies to the left, and its beauty is left also. The plains in which this beauty lingers stretch far away to the east and north, bounded by tall dark mountains that seem to jealously guard the sleeping beauty below. At the hour of noon our tired steeds and more tired selves enter the gates of the hacienda of Regla.

This hacienda lies in a ravine, with a high wall going up to and on its outer edge, and with entrances well barred and guarded. Before its gate is a fine fountain, set in the side of the hill, flowing through a lion's mouth inserted in the rocks. Around the carved stone rim of the basin women and children are filling their water-pots. The water tastes delicious after our hot and dusty ride; far better, I doubt not, than the brandies and other "hot and rebellious liquors" would have done, which are still too freely offered, and far too freely imbibed.

The English have brought valuable money and men to this country, but have not yet brought total abstinence; and too many Americans are still ashamed of that teetotal excellence which, though it has not entirely conquered that land, has given its laborers and leaders more than half the prosperity and comfort they enjoy. If it could come here and drive out the legion of devils which the cup of inebriety introduces, it would be a blessing of blessings to all the people. Amen, so let it be!

Leaving our horses at the gate, we are led by the house where dinner (they call it breakfast here) is awaiting us, under vast arches, alongside of a paved brook, now nearly waterless, and whose blocks

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 Fin-gal'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 these centuries and centuries from Maine to Michigan, and Michigan to Mexico. Thanks many (*muchas gracias*, to be very Mexic) that they can not cut these down, saw them into stone lumber, and cart them away for Chicago and Boston burnings. Just penalty was that, for that sin of ourselves and our fathers?



THE PALISADES OF REGLA.