

of sculptured stones, funeral inscriptions, etc.

13. Susian inscriptions which have been buried from 1700 to 2000 years.

14. Plaster casts of the large bases of the palace, of their inscriptions, and of other objects too heavy to be transported.

15. A series of photographic views of the most important aspects of the tumuli, the works, and the native types of Susiana.

16. A relief plan of the tumulus and of the excavations, made by Lieutenant Babin.

Our establishment at Susa and the work of excavation presented great difficulties. Nothing, however, in all the trials which the mission had endured there is worthy to be compared with the anxiety of all kinds and with the material suffering which the transportation of our treasures caused us. We had to pack and drag nearly fifty tons of boxes, some of which weighed not less than three tons, across a pathless desert continually scoured by nomads living exclusively on plunder, and that too with the aid of men and animals who had not the most elementary ideas either of carts or harness. Thanks

to the indefatigable devotion of our young collaborators and to the invincible obstinacy of Monsieur Dieulafoy, we nevertheless got the better of difficulties which seemed at first to be insurmountable.

We made carts and harness; the mules learned to draw; and the men, who were even more frightened than the quadrupeds, learned to drive the teams; the rivers had to be crossed without the aid of bridges. During a journey of nearly two hundred miles, night and day, we were obliged to drive away the robbers with gunshots; and in spite of the nomads, in spite of the difficulties inherent in the soil, and in spite of the temperature, which reached no less than 120° Fahr. in the shade and 163° in the sun, we at last reached the Persian Gulf.

Happily the cruiser of the squadron, *Le Sané*, was waiting for the mission at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab. It took us on board, utterly worn out with our efforts, and at the end of June brought us within sight of Toulon. It was high time to return to our dear France: half the mission could not have endured a longer stay in Susiana.

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### III.—COATEPEC.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

ONE inconvenience in travelling in Mexico is the bulky silver money with which the tourist must load himself down. Whenever I moved any distance from the capital I carried a shot-bag full of the cart-wheel dollars, which were worth from nineteen to twenty-four cents less than United States money. The Bank of London and South America, in Mexico, issues notes which are current in the states of Mexico and Michoacan, and perhaps elsewhere, but not good in the state of Vera Cruz, although the bank officials assured us they were. Consequently we have this anomaly, which is characteristic of Mexico, that while the railway company of the Mexican Railway received these notes for fare at the Mexican end, they would not take them at all at the Vera Cruz terminus. The first-class fare, in an exceedingly roomy and comfortable coach—263 miles in about fourteen hours—was sixteen dollars. In the train was a car-

load of soldiers in white cotton uniform—a precaution against robbers which the government takes on no other railway in the republic. At every station, also, a guard of half a dozen soldiers appeared on the platform, saluting as the train drew up. On the higher table-land these guards were mounted, and in their fine appearance reminded one of the famous *Guardias Civiles* of Spain.

The morning (February 26) was bright and a little cool; the twin snow peaks sparkled crystal white in the clear air. The road runs in the Mexican basin north of Lake Tezcoco, through a region highly cultivated, bristling with cacti of grotesque forms, the fields marked by lines of the maguey plant, frequent adobe villages, with clusters of the stately organ cactus grouped about the huts, the whole plain full of the stir of agricultural life and movement. As we rose among the hills the clean maguey plant was more

abundant, and at the first station on the plateau we were at the chief shipping point of the region for pulque. Scores of casks of it were waiting shipment. It is from this station that a considerable portion of the thousands and thousands of gallons daily needed to supply the wants of the city are sent. At this station descended several passengers—English, American, and Mexican gentlemen, who had business at some hacienda, or were out for a day's shooting. Among them was a tall, bulky Mexican, with gigantic frame and a baby face, who would have excited admiration anywhere. He wore an enormous hat, hung with at least a hundred dollars' worth of silver bullion, was armed with a revolver and a rifle, and had down each seam of his trousers a row of skulls and cross-bones in solid silver, each skull as big as a dollar. Everybody enjoyed the appearance of this splendid person, and no one more than he himself.

At an elevation of some eight thousand feet we were running over a nearly level table-land, with high mountains in the distance—a plain brown and cheerless. A strong wind was blowing, and the dust was intolerable. Soon the country became more broken, but with the same aspect of winter barrenness, without a tree to relieve the prospect, and the landscape frightfully gashed and gullied by the heavy summer rains. After we passed Apizaco, whence a road branches off to Puebla, the long noble mountain of Malintzi came in view on the south, and before we reached San Andreas the mass of Orizaba loomed up in the east over the dusty plain, two peaks, as seen from this point, the higher a long ragged mass, ever snow-clad, rising in majestic beauty between six and seven thousand feet above the enormous elevation of this vast wind-swept plateau. From the uplands, from the coast, from the tropical valleys, from all points of view, this seems to be the prince of Mexican mountains.

At Esperanza we stopped for mid-day breakfast—an excellent, civilized, well-served meal. Here the peach-trees were in full bloom. A little further on, at Boca del Monte, the road begins its rapid descent to the coast level. I doubt if any other railway in the world, certainly none in Europe or North America, offers so many surprises to the traveller, or scenery so startling and noble in character. At Boca

del Monte he looks down upon a wilderness of mountains. He is on a wide sterile plain in the temperate zone; in two hours he will be hurled down into the warmth and luxuriance of a tropical vegetation. Below are mountains, precipices, deep valleys, clouds, mists, which part occasionally and show green fields through the rifts. The descent seems impossible. But the train moves on in long curves round the edge of the mountain, doubling on itself, piercing a promontory, clinging to the edge of a precipice, leaping by a slender bridge from one hill to another, running backward and forward, but always down, down, until the mountains, nobly wooded, begin to rise above us: at one point we look sheer down the precipice upon the plain and town of Maltrato, 2000 feet below. At Bota, a picturesque station clinging to the precipice, there are crowds of women and maidens offering fruits of all sorts, and pulque, which is not good lower down. Before we know it we have dropped down to Maltrato, a little interval green with grain and trees, hemmed in completely by steep mountains, a thriving town with many spires, 1691 metres above the sea.

From this little mountain plain we drop to a lower level, through a wonderful defile, narrow, rocky, with a clear impetuous stream at the bottom; and as we go down there is not so much the sensation of sinking as that the mountains are rising around us. The level to which we come is the fertile plain of Orizaba, 1227 metres above the sea. In the midst of it stands the handsome and highly civilized city of Orizaba—city and valley shut out from the world by immense mountain walls. On this plain we ran into the clouds that we had seen from the heights above, and passing it, we went swiftly down a broad valley, all grain, grass, turf even, pasture-lands, meadows, luxuriant cane fields, well watered and vernal, not unlike the valley of the Connecticut, except for the yucca and cacti and strange plants and flowers. From this valley we dropped again down a narrow, rocky defile, passed through a tunnel, and came into a lower valley that leads to the city of Cordova. The whole of Mexico has this terrace character. It had rained a little at Cordova, and the vegetation showed a climate different from that on the west of the great mountain chain. All the east side of the mountains is liable in winter to "northers," which bring lower

temperature, clouds, and occasional rain, so that the whole state of Vera Cruz is less brown and sere in the dry season than the western uplands. At Cordova we were in a semi-tropical region, 827 metres (about 2600 English feet) above the sea; we had dropped from winter into summer. On either side spread acres and acres of bananas, wide coffee plantations, agaves and pines, and brilliant flowering shrubs; one, the tulipan, as large as a peach-tree, with splendid scarlet flowers like the tiger-lily. At the station, pineapples and oranges in heaps were for sale. As we went down through the foot-hills, passing a finer gorge than any above, with a lovely water-fall, the foliage became more and more tropical; big-leaved plants grew rank along the way, and enormous convolvuli adorned the trees and hedges.

It was eight o'clock when we reached the absolute sea-level and Vera Cruz, and were driven in a rickety carriage through a broad business street of two-story houses to the Hotel Diligencia, on the little plaza. The hotel, over the first story of shops, is entered by broad stone stairs in the inner court, and is itself an open hall about a court, the hall serving as assembly-room and dining-room, the chambers opening out from it. All the floors are brick. The rooms on the plaza front have balconies, and are primitively furnished, though comfortable enough, the beds being well protected by mosquito-netting. Rooms, furniture, attendance, all bespeak the negligence of a warm climate; it is, in short, a thoroughly Spanish-Mexican inn, and the table sustains its reputation.

Vera Cruz has a bad repute, and I suppose that, travestyng the remark about Naples, I am expected to exclaim, "Smell Vera Cruz and die." But I found the little city of ten thousand people rather agreeable. It is, to be sure, when you are in it, an uninteresting city of two-story buildings of coral limestone, right-angled streets, perfectly flat, built on marshy ground, and the gutters are open and unsightly. The sidewalk crossings of the principal streets are peculiar; they are small bridges thrown over the gutters, but instead of being on the line of the sidewalk, they are set back in the side street, so that the heedless pedestrian is likely at any moment to step into the ditch. But the houses are solid; many of them have pretty courts, and arcaded fronts are frequent. Shabby or elegant,

it is thoroughly foreign and picturesque. By daylight it is shabby. The most pleasing view of the town is from the sea, with the castle of San Juan de Ulua in the foreground, and the water-line of arcaded buildings, with the towers and cathedral dome, behind. But the view of the blue Gulf, with its islands and sails, from the long pier, is as lovely as that from almost any Mediterranean port. The air was delicious, mild and yet not enervating. With the sea on one side and the mountains so near on the other, Vera Cruz ought, with a little engineering skill for drainage, to be perfectly healthful. But no summer passes without sporadic cases of yellow fever, and once in three years it is epidemic. To my senses the climate was most agreeable, and it was luxury to breathe the air after the thin atmosphere of the table-land. Indeed, I met many foreigners who are charmed with Vera Cruz. I know Americans who go there without fear in the summer, for the bathing, and find their stay most agreeable.

The scene on the plaza, which was brilliantly illuminated with both gas and the electric lights, was exceedingly gay. The strong light brought into relief the cathedral dome and spires, the arcaded shops, and masses of shrubs and flowering plants, and the swaying arms of the whispering palms. It is thronged with promenaders, with loafers, with children, with ladies in fashionable attire, with officers and soldiers and servants—a thoroughly democratic assembly. The cool evening is the time for enjoyment and recreation, and everybody was out-of-doors; ladies in light muslins, armed only with the fan, went round and round arm in arm, chatting and laughing, never the sexes mingling in the tread-mill of the promenade, except in case of family groups; children, small girls and boys too young to be out without their nurses, were jumping the rope and playing other noisy games in a part of the plaza till after nine o'clock; men of the lower orders lounged about clad only in under-shirts and drawers, or their cotton trousers that had the effect of drawers; the clerks in the shops, dressed in the same summer style, and invariably with a cigar in the mouth, waited on their customers in languid indifference. All the wine shops and saloons were open and thriving; small tables encumbered the sidewalks, where the

citizens sat in cool costume sipping mild potations. Everybody had the free and easy air which is always begotten by confidence in steady good weather. The prominent impression, however, was of the mixed, mongrel race, a population lacking stamina, with Central American morals and Cuban inertia.

We were called at four o'clock of a foggy morning for the five-o'clock train to Jalapa. This journey is unique, for the whole distance of seventy miles is by tramway, except the first sixteen, to Paso de San Juan, on the Mexican Railway.

At San Juan the tram-cars were waiting, two, a first and a second class, each with four mules. Our car was very comfortable, roomy, with broad leather-cushioned seats, open at the sides, with a canopy to keep off the sun. At the signal the mules were let go, and they started on a run; they had their ten miles to make, and seemed bound to do it at a spurt.

This is the old national road, the route of General Scott to the city of Mexico, following most of the way the ancient Spanish highway, often paved, and with substantial bridges. The old Spaniards had energy, and built roads and churches; the Mexicans have let them decay.

When the fog cleared, the sky was deep blue, and the air delicious. The peak of Orizaba appeared a white mass in the blue horizon, the base hidden by mountain ranges. The Puente Nacional is a fine, picturesque Spanish bridge with parapets, and here is a collection of mean adobe houses, and near them, in a thicket of cacti, the white palace of Santa Anna, falling to ruins. Here he had a considerable plantation. We passed in sight also of the battle-field of Cerro Gordo—a cheerless region. The villages on the line are much alike—usually one shabby street—with a mongrel population. The most curious shops are the butchers'; the meat hangs before the door in long strips, is usually black, and sold by the foot. At Rinconada, where we met the down train, we stopped an hour for breakfast—a very palatable meal, with Mexican dishes, that are not bad, if you can make up your mind to them, especially the garnachas, compounded of maize, chopped meat, cheese, chiles, tomatoes, and onions. It is as good as the famous enchilada, which is chopped meat, raisins, almonds, and other condiments rolled inside of a tortilla. The passengers whom we met were covered with

dust, and we were in the same state. The road had begun to ascend rapidly, and there were long stretches where we dragged slowly up the grades, in sun and dust, with only occasionally the exhilaration of a dash down-hill. The views became finer—great sweeps of rounded hills, with few trees, and mountains in the distance. Occasionally a hacienda was seen perched on a hill, or the square tower of an old church, but for the most part the country was monotonous in its winter barrenness. Still it was all novel, and our interest in the drive scarcely flagged when, at six o'clock, we galloped through the paved streets of Jalapa, and knew that we were 4000 feet above the sea.

Jalapa, the capital of the state of Vera Cruz, and the residence of the Governor, is an exceedingly interesting and pretty city, well paved, solidly built, picturesquely situated on the foot-hills, and surrounded by giant mountains. The region is fertile, and it is just the right elevation for a delightful summer and winter climate. The views from the neighboring hills of the town, the uneven landscape, the semi-tropical vegetation, the snow mountains, are of almost incomparable beauty. The town itself, though the streets are winding, and many of them steep, and the houses have no great architectural pretensions, is clean, thrifty, and has a highly civilized aspect. There are many fine, substantial residences, which make no exterior show, but have lovely interior courts adorned with flowers, and vocal with fountains and the singing of birds. The rich interiors are evidence of wealth and refinement. The cathedral, a noble, handsome building, stands on a pretty plaza, but its situation on the side of a slope gives a unique effect to the interior. The floor, which is beautifully paved with tiles, slopes up to the altar at a decided angle, so that the worshipper, in advancing to the apse, has a sense of "going up to the house of the Lord." From the end of the street on which it stands, and indeed from other streets, there are charming vistas of the country, a country tropical in its foliage, and always with the background of purple mountains and snow domes. The noble Orizaba is the chief attraction, but the long range of the nearer Cofre de Perote, which bars the way to the west, tawny and full of color, may be fairly termed magnificent. Its sharp ridges, 14,000 feet above the sea, are just

low enough to escape the crown of perpetual snow.

The great market-place on Sunday morning presented a very animated spectacle. In the centre of the square, surrounded by arcaded buildings, is the market itself, a structure of pillars and roof; but the traffic was not confined to it. The whole plaza and all the surrounding corridors and the side streets were covered with goods, merchandise of all sorts, fruits, vegetables, pottery, and swarmed with buyers and sellers. This is the day when the Indians from the mountain villages come in with their grain, tortillas, preserves, basket-work, pottery, and "truck," and we saw here specimens of three or four tribes who adhere to their own dialects, and speak Spanish not at all, or very reluctantly. The Mexican men wore usually white trousers and white shirts, with perhaps a gay serape flung over the shoulders. The women, in plain frocks and the invariable ribosas, add little in the way of color to the scene, and almost nothing of beauty. They are not pretty; but so productive! Children swarmed. And the sad pity of it, to think that they will all grow up and become Mexicans! There was a circus in town, and the members of it were making an advertising parade, riding about through the dense crowd, bespangled, brazen women and harlequin men, greeted with shouts and laughter. There is certainly nothing gloomy about Sunday in Jalapa.

We breakfasted with Colonel Thraillkill, the superintendent of the Jalapa road. The table was set in a veranda opening upon a pretty garden. Our host is a bird-fancier; but most residents in Mexico fall into this fancy, for in no other land are there birds of more delicious song and exquisite plumage. In shops, in house courts, in hotels, in bath-houses, everywhere one hears the music of caged birds. Dozens of cages hung about the veranda and in the garden, an unrivalled aviary of color and song. There were many brilliant small birds, but the favorite for its song—indeed, the queen of all Mexican singing birds—is the clarin. This is a shapely brown bird, in size and form not unlike the hermit-thrush, but its long, liquid, full-throated note is more sweet and thrilling than any other bird note I have ever heard; it is hardly a song or a tune, but a flood of melody, elevating, inspiring as the skylark, but with a touch

of the tender melancholy of the nightingale in the night.

There was one of these birds filling the court with melody when I went to take a bath in Jalapa. Mexico has one evidence of civilization that some other civilized countries lack. In every city, in nearly every town, there are attractive bath-houses. However mean the town may be otherwise, the public bath-house is pretty sure to be neat and attractive, and is often highly ornamental and luxurious. There are bathing places of various degrees of cost, some plunges and pools where the populace can take a dip for a tlaco (about a cent and a half), and others more exclusive, where the common charge for hot and cold water, linen, soap, rubbing fibre, and oil is twenty-five cents. There is an inner court, luxuriant and beautiful with flowers and tropical foliage, surrounded by galleries in two stories, in the arches of which stand hundreds of the red flower-pots of the country brilliant with gay flowers. A fountain splashes in the centre, and caged birds, fluttering in the sunlight, sing, and add the element of gayety to the pretty scene. The bathing-rooms, opening on the gallery, are primitive, but clean; and if they were ruder than they are, the bather has so many senses gratified that in this respect at least he is willing to confess that the Mexicans excel us in civilization and refinement. At Cuautla I saw a substitute for the Turkish bath, used sometimes also by our northern Indians. This was a stone structure, somewhere in the shade of the house enclosure, in shape like a long, low oven, with an opening in front large enough for a person to crawl in. In the interior are placed hot stones, water is poured upon these till the oven is full of steam, and then the patient crawls in, closes the aperture, and takes his steam bath.

From Jalapa the tramway extends nine miles southwest to Coatepec, which lies 500 feet lower than the capital, and enjoys a somewhat warmer climate. I went down there and spent some days with American and English friends who are engaged in coffee planting and in the preparation of the berry for the market. Coatepec is a typical Mexican town of the better sort, where nobody is very rich and nobody very poor. It is quite withdrawn from the world and its excitements—has no newspapers, no news, no agitations. The houses are mostly of one story, the streets

are broad, well paved, and clean, and the country about is well cultivated. With the exception of the family with whom I staid, and a Belgian who has lived there many years, I believe there are no foreigners. "Society" can hardly be said to exist, but a club had recently been formed; in the bare rooms it occupied there were neither newspapers, books, nor any of the common paraphernalia of club life. So far as I could judge, the Mexicans here, who are of the ordinary yellow variety, have little intellectual life or ambition, or knowledge of the world. The chief occupation is coffee raising; all about the town are large and small plantations of it, intermingled with the banana and the plantain. The coffee-trees are seen in all the town gardens; and at this season, in the streets and court-yards, the coffee berry spread on mats was everywhere seen drying in the sun.

The house where I staid, perhaps the most commodious in the place, is worth a line of description as typical of the better sort in Mexico. On the street it has a solid two-story front, with windows of glass, and is built around three sides of a very pretty court, which has a fountain, tropical plants and flowers, and singing birds in cages. Most of the houses have no glass, and the window openings, which close with inner shutters, are protected with bars of iron or wood, Spanish fashion, and the inmates have the appearance of being imprisoned. A gallery runs round the inner second story of the house I speak of, and is a most agreeable lounging-place day and evening. Here are books, music, the latest English and American newspapers. In the sitting-room is a Steinway grand, which in this equable climate always keeps in tune. Every evening when there is music there is an orderly crowd in the street below. From this gallery is one of the most lovely prospects. One looks over the court and the garden beyond, over the huddled brown roofs of the town, the cathedral towers, the tall trees of the plaza with its arcaded buildings, over the rising nearest foot-hills and their semi-tropical vegetation, to the vast ridge of the Cofre de Perote, purple against the sky. Almost every feature of the landscape is Italian, and the view is wonderfully like that from the Villa Nardi in Sorrento of the gardens and amphitheatre of hills. But in one respect it far surpasses the fa-

mous Italian landscape. For there to the left rises in the blue sky the great dome of Orizaba, pure white, stainless, towering up like a cloud, its purity glowing in the rosy light of morning, or taking on a purple hue at evening. The place has altogether an air of repose, of stability, of softness, an indescribable charm.

This region is a paradise for the naturalist as well as the sight-seer. I could see, but cannot describe, hundreds of novel wild flowers and plants—plants aromatic, plants and vines with strange and brilliant blooms, tree-ferns, and all sorts of feathery and graceful growths. My friend had a collection of butterflies and moths dazzling to the eyes of a novice, but of still more interest to the student; his explorations of the hills have discovered many species hitherto unknown to science.

Not only the naturalist, but the ordinary traveller, would find much that is interesting in exploring these mountains. In their recesses are villages that retain all the simplicity of primitive communities.

It is an unexciting life that one would lead at Coatepec amid all this natural beauty. Even the jail, which stands on one side of the plaza, has a friendly aspect. It is a two-story edifice, with pillars supporting the upper gallery. In the upper story is a rude hospital. The lower story consists of one long, obscure room, with a floor of earth, in which all the prisoners are huddled together. The guards pace the corridor outside, and watch the inmates through the grated windows. Prison reform has not yet reached Mexico.

There is one person in Coatepec who has ideas and tastes above his fellows. This is an honest carpenter, who is the antiquarian of the region. In his little stone cottage, overrun and half hidden by vegetation, he has collected Indian relics, stone idols and images, a few manuscripts and books, and a great variety of natural curiosities. The house stands on the slope of a pure and pretty stream that runs through the village, and here he has laid out a garden that is unique. It is a miniature museum out-of-doors, planted with tropical shrubs and flowers, intersected with winding walks, along which stand Indian idols and fragments of antique sculpture, leading to quaint grottoes, paved and set with old tiles, bits of glass, and odd pieces of plate. The whole effect is fantastic

and curious. This carpenter is an artist as well as antiquarian. A little while before my visit he had the misfortune to lose his third wife. A few days after he brought to my friend a skull and cross-bones, "life" size, beautifully carved in wood—perfect imitation of these emblems of mortality. The carving of these mementos was his grim way of taking consolation in his bereavement.

The country about Coatepec might well detain the traveller for weeks in agreeable excursions. The only drawback to riding is that all the roads are paved with round stones—at least all the roads connecting the principal villages. This is no doubt necessary in the rainy season, but it makes rough travelling. We rode one day over the rolling land, up hill and down, half a dozen miles to see the barranca of Tecalo. This is one of the minor barrancas, but it gives a good idea of these peculiar formations. A barranca is of the nature of a cañon; that is to say, it is a deep gorge, abruptly sinking below the level of the surrounding country, and has a stream at the bottom.

We had no sign of the barranca of Tecalo until we stood upon its brink, and looked down the rugged chasm a thousand feet. It is not a straight cut in the land, but winding, as if the stream had made it by

slow process and irregular flowing, but its rocky sides are nearly perpendicular. We made our way by a zigzag path down one of the faces to the bottom, where we found a substantial bridge and a clear, rapid stream. Looking up the walls on either side we had a vision of wild and exquisite beauty. The sky was a narrow strip above. The walls of rock that shut us in were completely clad with vegetation, luxuriant, and wonderful in color. I know nothing to compare with it except the *Latomia* of Syracuse, in Sicily. Every foot of the precipices was covered with creepers, hanging vines, ferns exquisite in fineness, a mass of green and gray, in which gleamed flowers of scarlet and of a dozen bright hues, and here and there from ledges hung vegetable cables, ropes swinging freely in the air, with flowering plants at the end, like baskets let down. As we ascended from this bewildering vale of beauty, there was great Orizaba hanging like a thunderhead in the sky.

Coatepec, Jalapa, all the eastern slope of the great mountains have a delightful winter climate, warmer than the Mexican table-lands by reason of the lower altitude, but, as I have said, not so arid, for the "northers" bring occasionally clouds and a damp atmosphere, which freshens the vegetation a little.

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## STEPHEN WYCHERLIE.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

### I.

I WAS born nigh to Mackworth, in the county of Worth, where my father's estates were coadjacent to those of Sir William Whalley, betwixt whom and my father was a friendship of long and earnest standing. My father was a sincere professor in the truth of the Lord, a serious and melancholic man, and did take at an early day a high stand amongst those who at that troublous time adhered unto the Parliament.

Now Sir W. Whalley also inclined toward the Parliament side, although my Lord Mackworth, his brother-in-law, used all of his power to tend him into the other path. Methinks it was through my father's influence that Sir W. Whalley took the stand which he did against the King's prerogative, for, though my father was of humbler birth and station, he was

the stronger character of the twain, and inclined Sir William's mind greatly unto his own opinions.

I was oftentimes at Whallington House, and though of humbler birth, was strong in my friendship for the little Mistress Margaret, his daughter, and she with me. Neither did Sir William set any check upon our acquaintance, only the old Lady Whalley looked with disfavour upon it, and would sunder us whenever she would see us together. This woman was Sir W. Whalley's mother, and had abided at Whallington House ever since my Lady Whalley's death. She was a hot royalist, and as strong for prerogative as my father was for privilege.

Besides the old Lady Whalley, there was another at Whallington House, who looked with still stronger disfavour upon my acquaintance therein. This was Har-

I lay dey'll git freedom enough to-night when de boys come home. Dey git white gentlemen to marry 'em! Dey'll git five hundred apiece. Marse Beau, Gord'll punish you for dis—He surely will. I done tole Marse John long time ago he oughter sell dat brazen nigger Dead-arm Harriet, an' git shet o' her. Lord! Lord! Lord! Now you done gone to cussin' an' swearin' agin. Don't go tearin' off your jackets an' flingin' 'em at me. We don't want 'em; we buys our clo'es—what we don't make. Yes, Marse John'll be comin' along pretty soon now. What's your hurry, Marse Beau? Well, so long, ef you won't stay. He ain't got much use for gorillas neither, Marse John hain't."

The young officer wrote a few hasty words on a leaf torn from the pretty Rus-

sia-leather note-book, and handed it to the old darky. "For your Marse John."

"For Marse John—yes, sir; I'll gin hit to him soon's he comes in."

They had dejectedly commenced their weary tramp up the bayou; he called him back, and lowered his voice confidentially: "Marse Beau, when you captured dat transport and stole all dem fixin's an' finery, you didn't see no good chawin' tobacco layin' round loose, did you? Thanky! thanky, child! Now I looks good at you, you ain't so much changed sence de times Marse John used to wallop you for your tricks. Well, good-by, Marse Beau."

On the leaf were scrawled the words:

"All's up! Lee has surrendered.—  
BEAU."

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### IV.—MORELIA AND PATZCUARO.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A BRANCH of the Mexican National Railway (which is all narrow gauge) runs west from the city over the mountains to Toluca, thence turns northwest to Acambaro; at this station a branch runs southwest to Morelia and Patzcuaro; the main line continues northward, crosses the Mexican Central at Celaya, and goes on to San Miguel de Allende. From this point it is expected to continue through San Luis Potosi to Saltillo, completing the connection with the north. When this gap of 350 miles is spanned, there will be an all-rail route from San Antonio to the city of Mexico, and the railway distance between the two cities will be shortened by some 800 miles.

The road out of the Mexican basin followed the winding narrow valley of a pretty stream, offering at first pleasing and then grand views, until at the station of Salazar it reaches the summit and an altitude of 10,027 feet. At this station it is always cool, there is a frost every night in the year, and the passengers who got out for a glass of pulque or a cup of coffee and a tortilla were cheered by the warmth of a stove in the agent's shanty. This was the former diligence route, and this mountain region was the scene only three or four years ago of numerous robberies and murders. The diligence was certain to be

attacked if it carried passengers who were suspected of having valuables. The robbers in all cases were the Mexican citizens of the neighboring villages, and never the Indians. These Mexicans, who seem to have been sustained by public opinion, simply varied the monotony of their ordinary occupations by highway robbery. If there were any political disturbance, throwing the administration into confusion, these good people would undoubtedly take to the road again. Here, as elsewhere in the republic, the more trustworthy part of the population are Indians and not the hybrids.

From the summit the descent was rapid. Twilights are brief in this latitude, and it was dusk at a little after seven (we had left Mexico at five), when we came to the station in the plain of Toluca, and took the tram-cars for the city, distant a mile and a half. Toluca, one of the most beautifully situated and pleasing cities in Mexico, is seated on gentle hills rising out of an extensive and fertile plain, and is about 8500 feet above the sea.

We were set down at the hotel Lion de Oro, as the decorated sign which the French proprietor has brought with him testified. This hotel, which is of two stories, built about a court, with spacious rooms, prepossessed us in favor of the



city, for it is neat and comfortable, and by far the best and cleanest hotel we found in the republic.

The following morning was splendid, the air elastic, inspiring. I do not know which most to admire, the view of the town from a neighboring hill, or the view of the lovely valley and its guardian mountains from the terrace. The snow mountain of Toluca, whence the runners in the old Spanish days and the runners now bring the snow for cooling drinks, is a beautiful object in this clear atmosphere. The city is well paved and substantially built, has some fine old churches and towers, and is not only the cleanest city in Mexico, but is cleaner than any city in the United States. One of the small features of the place that attracted attention was queer frames, skeleton structures, like the electric light stands, with small tanks on top. One of these stood in the Governor's garden next door to the hotel. The frame was sixty or seventy feet high and gayly painted; on top was a platform with a gay railing supporting the tank, and this was surmounted by a pagoda canopy, also brilliantly painted, and ornamented with images of large gilded butterflies on each corner. These things are the fashion here, and there is a strife between the wealthy citizens to have the highest and gaudiest. Water is pumped into the tanks, and we were told that they are used as shower-baths.

The town has a small plaza prettily planted, with two fountains and an abundance of flowers; at this season it was carpeted with violets and daisies. One of the most interesting pieces of architecture is a chapel attached to one of the ancient churches, which has a dome covered with colored mosaics very Oriental in character. The market hall is a large, long building, with the roof supported on heavy Egyptian columns, painted in high colors—another of the many Oriental suggestions in Mexico. In the arcades about the market square are many little eating and drinking shops. The place on Sunday morning was crowded with traffickers, and the objects for sale were spread all about—fruits, meats, vegetables, all sorts of merchandise, coarse and brilliantly painted pottery, rope like the Manila, made from the maguey, and pretty basket-work and mats. Large numbers of Indians had come in from the mountain villages. They were usually short, thick-chested,

and heavy-limbed, and with black coarse hair and broad faces and high cheek-bones—very Indian in appearance. The women were clad in two pieces of blue cloth, wrapped about the body so as to leave the arms and legs free and the breasts convenient to the calls of their offspring. Every woman was nursing a baby, and even the little girls commonly had charge of a more helpless specimen of their race. I suppose that these aborigines are substantially what they were when Cortez conquered the country, with the same native vigor and inferior semi-barbarous aspect, with their habits perhaps a little modified by a pseudo-Christianity.

In the afternoon, an unusual thing for the season, there was a brief thunder-shower with hail, with loose high-sailing clouds and fine effects of shadows on the plain. We saw the sun set from a sharp hill overlooking the town, where there are the earthworks of what may have been a fort. The prospect was superb, one of the rare views of the world, over the flat-roofed town out upon the vast green plain, the mountains lovely in the slant light, and the peak of Toluca rosy. The notable and surprising thing, however, was the high and careful culture. The plain was like a garden, the only lines of demarcation being rows of the maguey plant. We had not expected such careful agriculture in Mexico. The great squares of brown earth, ready for the seed or newly sown, were tilled as finely as garden mould, and alternated pleasingly with the vast patches of green wheat and barley. We were told that the weeds in the wheat fields are pulled up by hand, and the whole country gave evidence of this minute personal cultivation. The effect of this high culture was to give a very refined landscape. The view was very extensive, and grew more and more attractive with the light on the church towers and the round hills in the valley; and when at last a rainbow spanned the plain, over which thin mists were trailing, the prospect was nothing less than enchanting. This is one of the richest valleys in the republic. It produces a winter crop by irrigation, and a summer crop in the rainy season.

The patience of the traveller is tried in two ways on the railway to Morelia—by the uncomfortable cars with small windows, from which it is difficult to see any-

thing, and the time consumed. We were twelve and a half hours in going about two hundred miles. After emerging from the fertile plain of Toluca we ascended into a broken country, the road rising and falling among the hills with many a long loop and curve. Many of these curves were unnecessary feats of engineering, laid out when the builders expected the promised bonus of ten thousand dollars a mile; the curves are now being reduced, and the road shortened proportionally. The view was interesting, and often wide and glorious, the mountains fine in form, and the valleys irrigated, green, and lovely. Even the uncultivated spaces were covered with wild growth, among them a very sweet-scented acacia-bush with bright yellow flowers. We breakfasted at Flor de Maria, a neat station with a good table, and took coffee at four o'clock at Acambaro in a station-shanty kept by Mexican Jim, who has the reputation among foreigners of being probably the most honest Mexican now living. He was for many years the trusted body-servant of General McClellan during his Northwestern explorations. Toward evening we ran along the shore of Lake Cuitzo, a large body of water, containing many islands, and surrounded by noble mountains graceful in form. It seemed to me more beautiful than Lake George or Lake Winnipiseogee; but perhaps the luminous warm atmosphere enhanced its beauty, for Mexico certainly has this advantage over our Northern landscapes in an atmosphere full of color, which drapes hills and valleys like a delicate garment, as in southern Italy and Sicily. We came to the Morelia station after dark, and took the horse-railway to the town and the hotel Michoacan.

Morelia, the present capital of the state of Michoacan, is a city of, I should think, fifty thousand to sixty thousand inhabitants, bright, cheerful, well built, surrounded by a lovely hilly country, and at an elevation of about fifty-five hundred feet. I am conscious that I am open to the charge of enthusiasm in general expressions of admiration for this charming and interesting city, and I have hardly space in this paper for details to make good my partiality. It is unnecessary to go elsewhere for a more delicious climate than we found there in the month of March. The charm of the air is indescribable, so fresh, so balmy, so full of life, days of

strong, genial sun, nights of mild serenity, so dry and temperate that we sat in the public square at midnight without need of a wrap.

The night of our arrival the town seemed to be *en fête*. The large Zocolo, or principal plaza, prettily laid out in flower beds and winding walks and fine trees, seats and music stands, with several fountains, was gayly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and thronged with promenaders. In the streets and open spaces were erected hundreds of stands for the sale of sweets and native edibles, lighted by flaming torches, which threw a fantastic light upon the strange groups about them. These street vendors are always to be seen at night cooking their indescribable "messes" in the open air, and many of the inhabitants seem to take their suppers regularly at these cheap stands. In the pagoda a fine military band was playing the music of Beethoven and Wagner. It was the famous band of the Eighth Regiment, the nucleus of that great orchestra which made such a musical sensation at the New Orleans Exposition. The air was sweet with the odor of the night-blooming jasmine. In respect of its music, its gardens, cultivation of flowers, and its simple architecture, Morelia shows a high degree of civilization.

I shall speak of some of the peculiar features of the place without any attempt at exhaustive or systematic description. The hotel accommodation is inadequate, and the restaurant frequented by strangers is third class. The new hotel, slowly rising room by room, on the plaza, promises to change all this. The cathedral has massive towers and great domes, and although of the Spanish composite order of architecture, is a noble building, the finest in Mexico. In full moonlight, or in the rosy light of sunset, it is wonderfully beautiful. In the large tower hangs the monster bell, which is rarely sounded, but there are many others of moderate size which are continually chiming. All these bells, and indeed nearly all the bells in the republic, are remarkable for sweetness and softness of tone. It is very rarely that one hears a harsh bell. They are exceedingly melodious and pleasing. It is sometimes explained that this is due to the mixture of silver in the bell-metal, and that the new bells are cast from old metal. I believe that the chief reason why the Mexican

bells are so much more musical than ours is that the Mexican bells are artistically made, shaped with reference to tone, thin at the edge, each one a work of art intelligently manipulated, not mechanically cast without reference to the sound it shall produce. The great bells are struck with a clapper, and not swung. There would be much less objection to the use of church bells in the United States—the harsh and barbarous jangle which shocks the Sunday stillness—if our bells had any of the musical quality of the Mexican. The houses of Morelia are generally plain and mostly of one story, but in the principal streets and about the plaza are many buildings of fine proportions and simple, noble façades, with elegant carvings in low relief. Even the new buildings in light cream-colored stone preserve the old elegance, the architects being as yet untouched by the modern craze for monstrous roofs, oddity, and over-ornamentation.

This is not the best season for fruits and flowers, but the spacious market was well supplied with tropical fruits, great variety of bananas and plantains, oranges, mangos, the several sorts of the zapote family, the chirimoya, the granadilla, and so forth; and the abundance of flowers of the common sort—roses, carnations, and sweet-peas—testify to the popular love of them.

At the end of the main street begins the Calzada—literally, the “shade-place.” Here, on and near an open square, are the bath-houses—cheap swimming tanks for the populace—and the decorated courts and apartments for the more wealthy. Not far off is a most humane institution—a horse-bath—a large deep reservoir, entered by an inclined plane, where the horses are taken and enjoy a refreshing swim. The Calzada is half a mile of large ash-trees arched over a wide paved trottoir, with a continuous row of high-backed stone benches on each side. It is a famous place for promenading in the late afternoon. The drive runs on each side, fronted by a row of low, plain residences with pretty courts and flower-gardens. Upon some of the walls we saw the gorgeous camelina (or Bourganvilla) vine, the terminal leaf like a flower, some red and others purple.

The stroller, who is detained by the pleasantness of this shaded Calzada, is surprised to find at the end of it new wonders—an open, tree-planted space; in front of

him a picturesque old convent-church with quaint towers, and to the right the great arches of aqueducts and entrancing vistas of forest and mountains. As he advances step by step and the view opens, his wonder increases. The place is unique, bewildering. The charm of the party-colored church is increased by rows of ancient cedars in front, which all lean slanting across its façade, as if swept by a strong wind. Some say that an earthquake gave these venerable trees this cant. To the right, paths lead under the arches of the aqueduct to the Alameda. The aqueduct, reminding one of the noble structures that stride across the Roman Campagna, comes in from the mountains, and skirts the Alameda, while a branch at a sharp angle runs toward the town. Thus a series of noble interlacing arches is presented to the eye as one approaches from the Calzada, and the view through these is so novel and beautiful that the spectator is literally spell-bound with delight. The glimpse of forests and purple hills through the arches is lovely, and the perspective of the giant aqueduct across the plain to the mountains is noble.

Passing under the arches, we enter the Alameda, which is unlike any other in the world. It is at once a forest and a tangled garden, once trim and well kept, now more beautiful than ever in its neglected luxuriance and reminiscence of former order. It has the charm of some old garden of a once magnificent estate. The grounds are a couple of miles in circumference, circled by a charming drive. The original plan seems to have been paths like the spokes of a wheel from a “round” in the centre, but outside this round there are other centres and intersecting walks, offering in every direction the most charming vistas, through arching trees and vines and *allées* of flowers and tropical foliage. Although this park is public ground, individuals have obtained the privilege of living here and cultivating vegetable gardens and flowers, and here and there the wanderer comes across a half-ruined cottage hidden in the rampant vegetation, surrounded by hedges of roses, acres of sweet-peas, acres of carnations, a wilderness of scent and bloom. Crumbling monuments, circular seats of stone about the ruins of a fountain, pretty arbors, grass-grown paths—all formality lost in the neglect of man and the kindly luxuriance of nature. Such glorious

foliage, such an inspiring, sparkling air, such a tender blue in the sky! I thought at the time that I had seen nothing of the kind lovelier in the world. And the whole scene is touched with the pathos of neglect and decay.

On the afternoon of Shrove-Tuesday all the city was out *en fête*. A band was playing in the Calzada; its benches were filled; its pavement was thronged. It was a fête of the common people, only now and then members of the better class mingling with the throng or passing in carriages. All the women of this class were invariably overdressed in exceedingly bad taste, in flamboyant colors of blue and green. Some very young girls appeared, mincing along in ridiculous costume—silk gowns made in the waist exactly like those of grown women, but with short pleated skirts, long silk stockings, and white satin shoes. There were a few maskers and mummers rushing through the crowd in fantastic costumes, but the mass of the people were of the peasant class. And what a kaleidoscopic scene it was of shifting oddity and color—every complexion invented by man, from black to cream—black hybrids, yellow hybrids, Spanish types, Indian types—all a jumble of miscegenation, in bright serapes, graceful ribosas, big hats, wonderfully decorated tresses; and most notable of all, the dandies of the city, slender-legged, effeminate young milksops, the fag-end of a decayed civilization, without virility or purpose. I noticed that every woman, every child, and some of the men of the lower class were marked on the forehead with the sign of the cross in lamp-black, and following the throng into the chapel, I saw the priests affixing this mark of consecration to the brows of the devout. It was altogether an orderly, polite, pleasing crowd, amusing itself simply and heartily in the sunshine. Nearly everybody was nibbling a head of lettuce. The Morelia lettuce is trained to grow in long blanched heads, and is the tenderest and sweetest in the world. It is delicious eaten without any condiment. All about the place piles of it were for sale, and each head was decorated with a scarlet poppy. These people have an artistic eye for color and effect. In the Alameda the scene was fully as picturesque, if less animated. In all the *allées* were seen pretty family groups, gay companies picnicking under the trees, and making merry with the

simplest fare. That night, with music and moonlight in the balmy air, the plaza was as gay as a theatre; the common people were cooking and eating a sort of Shrove-Tuesday cake, tortillas fried and sprinkled with sugar and grated nutmeg and cinnamon; innumerable little fires of soft wood in elevated iron braziers cast a fantastic light upon the motley groups. These people have the secret of enjoyment at small expense.

Morelia has a thriving state college in the nature of a general school for boys of all grades and ages, having a well-ordered library, mostly ecclesiastical, but with a fair collection of Greek and Latin classics, and some interesting old Spanish books. No attempt is made to keep up with modern literature.

Morelia is apparently well ordered, and the state of Michoacan is at present peaceful. But I could not find that the people, though there is nominally general suffrage, have anything to do with the government, or take any interest in politics. Officers are retained or elected as dictated by the central personal government. It was the observation of American and English residents that the elections are a farce. Whatever votes are registered on election day, the result is predetermined. I was told of the case of a foreigner who was employing a couple of hundred men in a mining operation which would be seriously interrupted if the men took a day or two off to vote. He stated his case to a government official, and was told that he might cast the votes of the men himself; and this he did. If the most of the officials, including the judges, are not venal, they are much belied by common report. Foreigners engaged in business reckon as part of their ordinary and necessary expenses money paid to judges and other officials to secure simple justice. In mentioning this I only repeat common talk. The Mexicans themselves rarely have confidence in each other.

A great complaint throughout the republic is the rapacity of the customs and other officials. There is little uniformity as to duties exacted. There are, as before said, not only the national duties, but duties on the border of each state and the entrance to each city. The laws seem to be arbitrarily changed by the central authority, and the regulations are exceedingly vexatious to business men, who never know what to depend on.

The republic sequestered the monasteries and nunneries, and confiscated most of the church property. It also forbade all public religious processions, and the wearing in public of clerical garments. The priests are therefore not generally distinguishable by their dress. In Morelia, however, owing to the intense ecclesiasticism of its population, this rule was never severely enforced, and the priests retained a clerical garb. I think lately that there is visible in the country at large a little relaxation of severity against ecclesiasticism. If common report is accepted, the lives of most of the priests are not morally reputable. It would be unjust to take street gossip as final evidence of the morality of a people; but some facts are indisputable. As a rule the Indians are not formally married, but they are said to be generally faithful in their domestic relations. For the ordinary Mexicans marriage is difficult, because of its expense and the many vexatious requirements. Informal relations are therefore common. In the higher classes it is said that the state of morals is little better than in the lower, but intercourse between the sexes is hedged about by the old Spanish customs. Women are watched and secluded. Chances of acquaintance are rare. The theory is that couples who are to marry never see each other alone till after the marriage ceremony. But human nature is human nature as well in Mexico as elsewhere, and opportunities are found or made. Idle young men and equally idle young women, who neither read nor work, will exercise their ingenuity.

Courting is an elaborate science, and has a literature and code of its own. I saw one afternoon a slender young gentleman, in the modified Mexican costume of the dandy of to-day, leaning against a column of an arcade on the plaza, and ogling and making signs toward a window in the second story of a house diagonally across from where he stood. My companion, who knew the young gentleman, offered to engage him in conversation, while I sauntered along and looked up to the balcony, at the open window of which sat the young lady who was replying to the signals of her lover. The young man was "playing the bear." Everybody who passed knew it, and accepted as a thing of course this semi-public furtive courtship. The lovers were using the sign-manual of the deaf-mutes. Their

courtship had been going on for a year. It might continue for two or three years longer, and then, if the parents consented, it might end in marriage. In theory the young people would never have an opportunity of meeting until such time as the parents arrange the betrothal, when the young man would be admitted to the house, and see his sweetheart in the presence of her relatives. In point of fact, he would come at night, especially if the night were dark, and stand under her window, and talk with her, bring her flowers and fruit, exchange notes, and perhaps climb up and kiss her hand. Generally the lover bribes the servants to carry messages, and secretly to admit the lover to the apartment of his mistress. The young ladies are very devout in attendance on church services, for to church the lovers go also, and while the demure maid is kneeling beside her *dueña* or her mother, the young gentleman is leaning against a pillar near by, and the two are talking with their fingers. When the apartments of the family of the beloved are on the ground-floor, courtship is carried on more satisfactorily at night through the window-bars. This policy of repression and seclusion, of distrust of the honor and virtue of women, has its natural result. Courtship becomes intrigue, and clandestine meetings are always more dangerous than open intercourse. Lovers are proverbially ingenious. There is on sale everywhere and in universal use a cheaply printed little pamphlet entitled *El Secretario de los Amantes*. It is the guide and hand-book of lovers. It contains the language of flowers, the significance of the varied wearing and handling of the sombrero, the language of the fan, the language of fruits, the meaning of the varied use of the handkerchief, emblems for designating the hours of day and night in making appointments, the use of the numerals in cipher writing, several short chapters on the conduct of a love affair, and the deaf-mute alphabet for one hand. This literary gem seems to be more studied than any other in the republic.

On the 12th of March we took the train for Lagonilla (a distance of some twenty miles, or two hours in time), then the end of the rail. The road is now finished to Lake Patzcuaro. The morning, as usual, was lovely, the air light, warm, superb. We had a fair view of Morelia as we left it and ascended; its domes and towers

and situation in the plain gave it an Oriental appearance, and suggested, without much resembling it, Damascus. The country was irrigated in spots, and the vivid green patches with the hills and trees made a charming landscape.

At Lagonilla our party of seven had chartered the four-wheeled diligence, a Concord coach, at a cost of twelve dollars, for the drive of fifteen miles, in three hours, over the wretched road to Patzcuaro. A high wind was blowing, and the way was exceedingly dusty. In all this region in the month of March a wind from the southwest arises about ten o'clock, and increases in violence all day till sunset, when it dies away. The country was rolling, much broken, cultivated in irrigated patches, the fine mountains in the distance. We passed through two or three paved, picturesque, and dirty villages. As we ascended, the weather grew cooler, the wind increased in force. The road was very bad, full of stones, boulders, and pitch-holes, in places almost impassable. The line of the railway was most of the time in sight, and at intervals we encountered gangs of workmen throwing up slight embankments. The mode of working was peculiar. No wheelbarrows were used. Each workman had a small piece of matting or cloth about as big as a large dinner napkin. This he filled with dirt in the trenches, took up by the corners, and carried up and emptied on the embankment. Occasionally he would take up a chunk of earth in his hands. The pay of laborers was twenty-five cents a day. The effort to make them use wheelbarrows in grading had failed (many of the laborers carried the barrows on their heads after they had filled them), and the engineers insisted that the men accomplished more work in a day than a like gang would with barrows. The reason was that time is lost in filling the barrows and wheeling them up the round-about plank inclined planes; the laborers run up and down the embankment quickly, and move more dirt in a day than by the method in use with us.

Two miles outside of Patzcuaro we struck a wide road paved with small boulders which nearly shook the coach to pieces. No sort of riding could be greater torture. The village lies in a hollow, a league from the lake, parts of which only are visible from certain elevations in the town. If it lay in sight of

the lake, it would have one of the most beautiful situations possible. The town is *sui generis*, primitive and solid, and as yet very little affected by intercourse with the outside world. The new railway station is on the shore of the lake, two or three hundred feet lower than the town, and a couple of miles distant from the hollow in which it nestles. It has a large plaza, shaded by splendid ash-trees, and surrounded by arcades and colonnades, in which are very inferior shops. Friday is market-day, but there was no great display, the chief sellers being Indians from the neighboring villages, who brought in pottery, tortillas, and wilted vegetables. On a second plaza of good size, which has trees and large water-tanks like the larger one, stands the hotel Concordia, a cheerful house with an inner court, and flowers and shrubs in red pots, and a wretched restaurant. The roofs of the town are tiled, and most of the houses, being of one story, have projecting cornices of wood with supporting beams. Judging by the number of old churches and suppressed monasteries, the place had once considerable ecclesiastical importance. Some of the churches have the beauty that is given by towers and archaic statuary and the mellow colors of faded reds and yellows. One of the suppressed convents, with a church attached, has a pretty Italian sort of court, sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms—a meditative place of cloistered seclusion. In its demesne I saw two La Marque rose-trees, fully twelve feet high, with stems five inches in diameter, perfect little trees, the umbrella-shaped tops covered with roses. The town is irregular and hilly, but all paved very roughly. On its highest elevation is a third open place, planted with noble trees, and fronted by the grim walls and gaunt church of an extinct monastery. On a hill to the westward is a ruined church, which is approached by a broad avenue of superb old ash-trees—a tree which attains great dignity in this region—and lined with prayer stations. Everywhere are the signs of a former haughty ecclesiastical domination, which perhaps reached its acme of cost and splendor in the days of Philip II.

Patzcuaro gave few evidences of enterprise or business life, but it has many well-to-do citizens of cultivated manners and kindly hospitality. To some of these gentlemen we were indebted for many favors;

they procured for us horses and mules; they planned excursions, and accompanied us on them; they brought us sweetmeats; they entertained us with the tinkle of guitars, and they were very solicitous about undue exertion or exposure, and the violation of their sanitary rules. One of the rules was never to bathe after a ride on horseback, not even to wash the face or the hands. It was considered very dangerous. These people knew nothing of the world, very little of the republic of Mexico, were to the last degree provincial, but had all the elaborate courtesy of manner that is called Spanish.

The inhabitants I suppose are generally poor, and live closely, but in a week's sojourn there we saw little abject poverty, or what was considered so there. The traders are sharp and not much to be depended on, the mechanics are dilatory, the temper of the whole people is that of procrastination. We saw very little drunkenness. The people drink to some extent pulque and a mild beer, and perhaps some strong liquors, but usually coffee, water, and drinks mildly flavored with limes and oranges.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to say that Mexico, in my observation, notwithstanding its facilities for making intoxicating beverages from the cane and the maguey, and the absence of all restricting legislation, is generally a temperate country. In some regions much pulque is drunk, and often much aguardiente (a fiery sort of high wine), and in the purlieus of the city of Mexico I saw many drunken men and women; but I believe the great body of the people, like the Spaniards in Spain, are essentially temperate.

One of our first walks out of the town was three-quarters of a mile to the top of a hill, where there is a long stone bench and a view of the lake. It is a favorite resort of the towns-people. Here on one occasion we encountered a party of revellers making too free with the bottle; but this was exceptional. From this elevation we went on a mile further to the top of a mountain (which had ten years ago an unfavorable reputation as the lookout of brigands), overlooking the town, the lake, long ranges of mountains, and a great stretch of country. The lake is irregular in shape, perhaps twenty miles in its widest diameter, full of islands, and surrounded by shapely and noble mountains. On two of the islands are churches

and fishing villages. The fields on the border are highly tilled. I counted as many as sixteen villages in sight. The view was inexpressibly lovely. The lake can be compared with any of our finest in beauty of outline, and it surpasses most of them in mountain surroundings. In its contour, steep hills, signs of an ancient and decayed civilization in villages and church towers, it has more likeness to the Italian lakes than to any in the United States, and the enveloping atmosphere has a color and warmth which ours usually want. On our walk we picked as many as thirty varieties of wild flowers.

At Patzcuaro is sold a great quantity of Indian pottery, made at Tzintzuntzan and other villages, mostly in the shape of water jars and coolers. These utensils, even the most rude in finish and the cheapest, are almost invariably beautiful, one might say classic forms, and made of red clay, well baked, they have a color rivalling Pompeiian ware. Some of the jars are of enormous size, as big as those described in the story of the Forty Thieves in the *Arabian Nights*, and each one capable of containing and concealing a man. The vase is often ornamented with geometric designs in faint dark color, suggesting the Greek taste and skill. I found in Mexico a great variety of excellent common pottery, exceedingly cheap, usually ornamented, sometimes with barbaric tints in colors, but always effective. The most barbaric ornamentation has an instinct for effect in it which is truly artistic; in the crudest ware with the most splashy decoration there is something pleasing, varied, artistic, a native grace which is wanting in what we call civilized work. At Teluca we purchased plates of a lovely cream-color, with quaint designs entirely Persian in style. At Patzcuaro we found by chance, for it was not displayed for sale, something that interested us more than anything else made in Mexico. This was a true iridescent ware. The specimens we obtained were small round and rectangular plates. The lustre is the true Saracenic, Alhambra, or Gubbio lustre, the real iridescence, shimmering, shifting colors in changing lights, ruby, green, blue. Would it not be singular if this lost art were preserved in Mexico? The ware is rude. The makers of it have not the certainty of producing a particular color in a picture which distinguishes the

Gubbio work, and it lacks the elegance and the glaze, the solidity and fineness, of the Alhambra tiles. But it is genuine iridescence. The plates are exceedingly thin and brittle. The lustre seems to be metallic, of copper, and the effect to be produced by subjecting the ware to an exceedingly high temperature, a firing so fierce that the clay is apparently disintegrated, and has lost its ringing quality.

It was impossible during our stay to obtain definite information as to the place of

its manufacture. It might be made, some one thought, in the city of Puebla, but pueblo is the general name for an Indian village, and the seller, when questioned, was doubtful. Several Mexican gentlemen of intelligence assured me that it came from Santa Fe, a small Indian village on the north shore of Lake Patzcuaro, and that it was only brought in on Palm-Sunday. Our efforts, however, to procure more of it through these gentlemen have not been successful.

## NARKA.

### A STORY OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

NARKA was in a glow of heat when she left Sibyl's warm rooms, and met the bitter wind that blew hard from the north. It was a long walk and a bleak one by the river, but she faced it with a kind of reckless desperation. She reached home very tired, and was scarcely indoors when she was seized with a shivering fit.

"Mademoiselle has taken a chill," said Eudoxie. "I must make her a tisane."

But the tisane did not prove as potent as Eudoxie expected. Narka spent a restless night, and in the morning her throat was swollen, and her head ached and burned.

"Mademoiselle has fever. I had better go to the chemist and ask him for something to cut it," said Eudoxie.

But Narka took a pencil and wrote a line to Marguerite, and desired the maid to take it at once to La Villette.

As Eudoxie was at the door she met Ivan Gorff, and she told him on what errand she was bound.

"Mademoiselle Narka must see a doctor at once," he said. "I will go and fetch one while you take that message to La Villette."

Eudoxie gave him the key of the apartment, and hurried off to the omnibus.

Ivan called a cab and drove straight to Schenk's lodgings, and was back with him before Eudoxie had returned.

Schenk knocked at the bedroom door; there was no answer, so he opened it and looked in. Narka was alarmed and

amazed on seeing so unexpected a visitor walk into her room, but he calmed her at once, by his manner as much as by his words, and explained how he came there, felt her pulse, and without troubling her with useless questions, withdrew. The visit did not last three minutes. Nothing could have been more discreet and professional than his manner.

When he went back to the salon, Marguerite was talking to Ivan Gorff. She was horrified to find that the vivisector had been called in, but she kept this to herself; he had the reputation of being a skilful doctor, and there was comfort in that.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, when Schenk had closed the door of the bedroom.

"Inflammation of the lungs; it has advanced very rapidly; she is in high fever."

"Is she delirious?"

"She will be in a few hours, I expect."

Marguerite uttered an exclamation of distress, and went into the bedroom. Narka signed to her to stoop down. "Go to the trunk behind the door," she whispered; "you will find an ivory casket; the key is in the drawer of the writing-table. Take it away and keep it safe for me—for Basil."

"It is safe enough where it is, darling," said Marguerite; "I will see that nobody touches it."

"But if anything happens to me—"

"You mean if you died? You have not the smallest intention of doing anything so sensible," said Marguerite, in her



The idea that Dupré Mocquard, after all his hard fight in the world, loved her, and wished to make her his wife, touched her. A deep wave of feeling seemed to surge up in her brain and heart. It startled herself. Was it possible that she was in love, and with this man? She looked at him keenly as he came toward her between the cypress-trees and white shafts. He was not a young man, but he had the face and figure to which a Southern woman, however practical, would pay homage. One of Arthur's knights might have looked like this overseer.

"He need no longer be overseer—if—papa could take him into partnership in the mills. He lives in the Mocquard house, and I could keep it up in its old state for one-half the money he wastes with a house-keeper and lazy negroes. As for the children—are there four or five?" Her eyes kindled as these thoughts flashed through her mind. The untidy house, the children, the lazy servants, quickened and warmed her blood as the sight of a disorderly regiment would kindle the wits of an energetic drill-sergeant.

Colonel Mocquard, when he came up, fancied that Miss Pogue, for whose blond beauty he had a fervent appreciation, appeared embarrassed and irritated.

"Do let us go home," she said, turning shortly away. "I want to get among living things again. I have no sympathy with dead people. Come, Betty."

She walked quickly toward the carriage; but Betty, all of whose motions were slow and gentle, looked at the graves,

her brown eyes full of pity. "Suppose they could hear her?" she murmured, with a scared, nervous laugh. "Not sorry for them! To think of them alone here, and that we cannot reach them or do anything for them never again!"

"There are the living still for you to help, Cousin Betty," said Colonel Mocquard, offering her his arm, and bending over her with a wistful face as they went down the avenue.

"That child's heart is full of longing to comfort and work for others—even the dead," said the clergyman, as he followed with his wife.

"Ah," she snapped, sharply, "I would rather see a little work with the hands than all these heart-longings. She cannot button her own shoes. Why, poor as that girl and her grandmother are, she must have a negro maid to dress her like a baby. Help others, indeed!"

"Madame de Parras clings to the old usages," stammered Mr. Ely.

"A pretty wife for the Colonel!" grumbled Mrs. Ely. "But it's no affair of mine."

"No, my dear," said her husband, plucking up courage. "It is not, happily. And, after all, a man does not want the work of her hands from his wife so much as sympathy and companionship. You," he added, earnestly, "gave both, Jane."

Her old face was warm and smiling as she entered the carriage, and she beamed graciously even on little Betty as they drove back to the city.

## MEXICAN NOTES.

### V.—TCZINTCZUNTZAN—URUAPAN.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A LITTLE company of Americans and Mexicans, attended by a single *mozo*, or servant, rode on the 15th of March, on horses and mules, from Patzcuaro to Tezintzuntzan, four leagues Spanish, or about fifteen miles. The trip might have been made on the lake in the long Indian dug-outs, but at this season of the year the strong wind from the southwest which invariably rises before noon renders the lake very rough for row-boats.

The day was glorious and the ride thoroughly exhilarating. Nothing else that

I know equals the pleasurable excitement of being on horseback on a sparkling morning, and setting out on a journey every step of which is full of novelty. We took at first the paved road toward Morelia, but soon turned off across fields, the ancient way to Tezintzuntzan, which is one of the oldest of Indian villages, and was formerly the capital of the state of Michoacan. In the low foreground, when we turned off, we had the lake, and beyond, high, pointed, irregular, silvery mountains.

We crossed a shallow arm of the lake on a causeway and an ancient bridge. Thousands of black ducks, and now and then a white crane, enlivened the lagoon, and at the bridge stalwart Indian fishermen were hauling a seine, their dug-out moored to the bank. This boat, hollowed out from a tree trunk, was thirty feet long, deep, broader at the bottom than at the top. Some of the Indian boats are much longer than this, and their size testifies to the noble forest growth. They are propelled by poles, and by paddles shaped like a warming-pan, and are said to be perfectly safe. We skirted the lake by a very stony road for some distance. On the way we constantly met Indians, bare-legged and bare-breasted, wretchedly clad, the men bending under enormous crates of pottery, and the women moving with the quick trot peculiar to them, on their way to market. In old days this was a sort of royal road, and it is now so much travelled by footmen that women find it profitable to set up shelves along the way for the sale of food. We crossed another long causeway, through a lagoon, sedgy, silvery, swarming with ducks; the scene was very pretty and peaceful, and the view combined the elements of loveliness and grandeur.

Winding up and around slight elevations, through a country little tilled, we came in sight of Tezintzuntezan, nestling beside the blue lake, a cluster of brown flat roofs amid trees, with two old church towers rising out of the foliage. On a height to the right are the ruins of the palace of King Caltzontzi, now a mere heap of unburnt bricks on the rocks. This royal residence of the King of the Tarascons, before the arrival of the Spaniards, overlooked a lovely domain of lake and hills and sloping fields, and had gathered about it in rude adobe huts a population of fishermen and potters, whose descendants practise the same arts, and have no doubt the same appearance and manners, except as they are modified by the forms of the foreign religion.

The interior of the town does not keep the promise of the exterior for picturesqueness. The streets are broad, but full of rubbish, uneven, and mere lanes between blank adobe walls, with now and then a door opening into a garden or a miserable tenement. We alighted under sycamore-trees in front of the jail and court-house. The jail has two apartments, half-dark

rooms, partly excavated out of the hill, a floor of earth, one small grating of wood in front, which serves for door and window, and furnished with a jug of water and a mat or two on the ground for a bed. At this grating two patient women sat talking with a couple of stupid-looking young men who were locked up for theft. The prisoners seem to depend upon their relations for food. The court-room is a decent apartment, and has hanging on the wall several badly painted portraits, and a very curious ancient picture, representing the arms of the city of Zinzunzan (as it is here spelled), and contains the portraits of three kings—El Rey Cigauagau, El Rey Sinzicha Tangajuan Bulgo Caltzontzi, and El Rey Characu—in one quarter arms and banners, in the other several heads, three castles, a man in ermine, swords, and crown.

The city has no hotel or place of entertainment, and most of the houses into which we looked are mere adobe sheds, with little furniture. But the place has a school-room, where the education seems to be very primitive. We ate the luncheon we had carried in the best house in the place, in a large room, displaying some taste in decorations, having some specimens of the Uruapan wooden ware and painted plates on the walls. In this house there was one of the red jars manufactured here having an excellent head in high relief on the side, Egyptian in its noble serenity, and yet graceful—the only decoration of so high a type that I saw.

The chief business of the village, except fishing, is the manufacture of pottery. This is carried on entirely in private houses and gardens. The clay is obtained from a hill near the town, and is brought by the men, who also fire the kilns for the baking, and they usually tote it to market. The women do the rest of the work. They knead the clay and mould the pottery, a labor at which their small hands and pliant fingers are exceedingly deft. No wheels are used. All the utensils are made in half-moulds and joined before baking. Seated on the ground, the woman has at her side a heap of clay, and before her a composing-stone. The clay she kneads and rolls and spats in her hands until it is of proper and uniform thickness (and the women are exceedingly skilful at this), and then it is pressed into the moulds. As this ware is very cheap in the distant market, a wo-

man must make a good deal of it in a day to support her family. A house here generally consists of an enclosure in mud walls, perhaps a shabby garden with some fine roses and other flowers, an open adobe hut where the pottery is made and baked, and an equally rude hut where the family sleep on mats spread on the earth. At one of the pottery places was a small chapel to St. Helena, with a bedizened figure of the saint, and hung with votive offerings. A penitent, a young woman bearing a lighted candle, and attended by an elderly dame, stood in front of the altar. At this house, where we were received with entire courtesy and politeness, though all the eyes of the women, children, and boys followed us with a little suspicion, as if the presence of strangers was unaccountable, I had a curious illustration of the morals of the community. I had in my hand a fine rose, which came from the garden where we lunched, and as an acknowledgment of the courtesy of the house, and when we were saying good-by, I offered it to one of the young girls. She refused it with indignation, or rather took it and cast it angrily on the ground, while all the group looked at us with suspicion. I could not imagine what was wrong, but my Mexican friends explained afterward that it was an insult to offer a flower to a maiden in that way, for the inference was that I had a bad motive.

The Indians of this village are industrious, virtuous, and exceedingly poor, judging poverty by the standard of our wants. The women are short in stature, broad, and sturdy, but with small feet and hands, and much resemble our Northern squaws in features, but they have a mass of thick black hair, which has in it a red glint in the sun. On the shore, where we went to see the fishermen drawing their nets, and where the view of the blue water and the mountains is very pretty, the women and children all ran away and squatted in the bushes at our approach. The presence of a lady in our party even gave them no confidence.

The present attraction of this village is not the ancient palace of the native king, nor the descendants of his people, who mould the antique pottery and burn candles to St. Helena. It is the romance of the Spanish ecclesiastical dominion. It is finding in this remote Indian village the remains of a splendid hierarchy, which counted no labor too much, no sacrifice

too costly, no prodigality of money too free, to secure the salvation and the tribute of the Western world. Tezintzuntzan was the capital of this province and the natural centre for the display of the magnificence of the Church. The name was well known in Spain; the village and its people were favorites with Philip II., who seems to have had an exaggerated notion of its importance. Here arose churches and convents, here learned and saintly devotees of the faith gave their lives to the cause of the cross, and to these poor savages Philip made a gift that any monarch or any city might envy.

When we entered the walled church enclosure we seemed to have stepped back into the sixteenth century. The scene is more Italian than Spanish in character. This large enclosure, now neglected and run to waste, was once a beautiful garden, cultivated by the monks, who liked, in their exile, to surround themselves with something to remind them of home. There are evidences that it was formally laid out and planted, but the paths are overgrown, and only stray lilies and roses remain to attest the former care. That which most vividly recalls the Spanish missionaries and their taste is the olive-trees that entirely surround the enclosure within the walls. Judging by their appearance, they must have been planted three centuries ago. They are the largest olive-trees I ever saw, and bear unmistakable marks of great age. Most of them are mere ruins of trees, many of them mere shells of bark, but all of them, with the tenacity of the olive, still putting forth verdant sprouts on their decayed summits, and bearing fruit. Twisted, gnarled, fantastic, hollow, with recesses where one may sit, and cleft so that one can pass through the trunk, they yet stand like shapes of vegetation in an artist's dreams of the Inferno. I doubt if the world can show elsewhere a more interesting group of these historic trees. In the centre of the enclosure some men and boys, in a leisurely and larkish mood, were digging a grave. A few other graves are there, but no head-stones. Some of the mounds were very fresh, suggesting a sudden access of mortality in this healthful region; some one remarked that March was probably the time to die, the very aged being shaken off by the rude, persistent winds of the season. A wretched beggar or two followed us. One of them, who

was much deformed and had been very clinging, made a specialty of fits. I had already given him something, but it was not enough for his deserts, and when we were about to enter the house for our lunch, he threw himself on a heap of rubbish in the street and went into convulsions, foaming at the mouth. When he saw that nobody paid any attention to him, he got up and went away.

In the enclosure are two ancient churches, one with a tower and bells, the parish church, gaunt and plain, the other the chapel attached to the monastery. Both have an appearance of decay and non-use, the religious accommodations being now in excess of the dwindled population. The monastery, with its outer stairway, gallery, and courts, is a decidedly picturesque old pile, with color subdued but not much faded. The adjoining chapel is large, and above the average of Mexican church interiors in interest, and the cloisters are beautiful. In the centre, walled by a low parapet and open to the sky, is such a garden as one finds in the decaying monasteries of Italy, with orange-trees and a tangle of vines and a cat asleep in the sun. The cloister is of two stories, with round arches, one above the other; the ceiling corners are of wood carved in arabesque, as in Moorish architecture. On the walls are very rude and high-colored paintings, representing the rites of baptism, confirmation, confession, and so forth. It is altogether a bit of the Old World, and one has here an indefinable sense of peace and repose.

The aged priest who has charge of the premises and lives in apartments above the cloisters, the only intelligent man in the village, was unfortunately absent, and we had difficulty in persuading the girl who answered our call from the upper gallery to come down and unlock the sacristy door. In the sacristy is the treasure of Mexico. The room is oblong, and has windows only on one side, toward the west, broad windows closed with wooden shutters. On the walls are several so-called sacred daubs and a number of uncouth and rubbishy images. But across, and filling one end over the vestment chest, hangs "The Entombment," by Titian. The canvas, which is enclosed in a splendid old carved wooden frame, is fifteen and a half feet long. It contains eleven figures, all life-size. In the upper left-hand corner is a bit of very Titian-

esque landscape, exactly like those which Titian was fond of introducing into his pictures, and which his contemporaries attributed to the influence of his birth-place, Pieve di Cadore; on a hill are three crosses in relief against an orange sky. In the lower left-hand corner is Mary Magdalen seated on the ground, contemplating the nails and crown of thorns. In the lower foreground, very realistically painted, are an ointment box and a basin.

The figure of Christ, supported in a sheet, is being carried to the tomb—a dark cavern in the rear. Two men, holding the sheet, support the head, and one the feet. Aiding also in this tender office is a woman, her head bowed over that of the dead Christ. Behind is St. John, Mary the Virgin, Mary whom Christ loved, and St. Joseph. There are two other figures, partially in shadow at the right, spectators of the solemn scene, and one of them is said to be a portrait of Philip II.

The flesh-painting of the central figure is marvellously fine in imitation of the rigid pallor of death, while that of two of the figures carrying the body is equally true to robust life. The St. John is exquisitely beautiful in drawing and color, conveying the traditional grace and manly tenderness of the beloved disciple. The vestments are in Titian's best manner, the reds and deep blues harmonious and beautiful in tone.

The grouping is masterly, natural, free, and as little academic as such a set scene well can be. Indeed, composition and color both proclaim the picture a great masterpiece. As you study it you have no doubt that it is an original, and not a copy. It has the unmistakable stamp of genuineness. The picture, thanks to the atmosphere of this region, is in a perfect state of preservation, the canvas absolutely uninjured.

Is this great picture really a Titian? It seems incredible that a work of this value and importance should be comparatively unknown, and that it should be found in a remote Indian village in Mexico. But the evidence that it is a Titian is strong. It was sent to this church by Philip II., who seems to have thought that no gift was too costly or precious for the cause of the true faith, and who no doubt was deceived by the exaggerated Spanish narratives of the native civilization and taste. Titian, we know, visited at the court of



"THE ENTOMBMENT."—From a pencil sketch.

Philip, and executed works to his order. It is possible that this picture is a replica of one somewhere in Europe. I think that any one familiar with the works of Titian would say that this is in his manner, that in color and composition it is like his best pictures. I trust that this description of it will lead to some investigation abroad that will settle the question.

We staid in the village several hours, and returned again to look at the picture before we left. The western sun was shining into the broad windows, illuminating the shabby apartment in which it hung. And in this light the figures were more life-like, the color more exquisite, the composition lovelier, than before. We could not but be profoundly impressed. I cannot say how much was due to the contrast of the surroundings, to the surprise at finding such a work of art where it is absolutely lost to the world and unappreciated. I say unappreciated, for I do not suppose there is a human being who ever sees it, except at rare intervals a foreign visitor, who has the least conception of its beauty. And yet these ignorant natives and the priest who guards it are very much attached to it, attributing to its presence here, I think, a supernatural influence. They will not consent to part with it, perhaps would not dare to let it go. A distinguished American artist was willing to pay a very large sum of money for it; the

Bishop of Mexico made an effort to get possession of it and carry it to the capital; but all offers and entreaties have been refused and resisted. How long it will be safe in a decaying building, in the midst of a population that have no conception of its value as a work of art, is matter of conjecture.

We rode home partly on another road, through lanes densely bordered with vegetation and amid plantations under the mountain and by the lake shore. Everywhere are signs of a former ecclesiastical vigor. In the midst of one luxuriant plantation close to the lake we passed a very old church, with a detached campanile of adobe, having a bell, the only access to which was by a ladder. The evening was lovely, and as we climbed the winding, rough, and stony paths to Patzcuaro we had a charming view of the lake and its islands.

Our curiosity had been excited by the curiously decorated wooden ware of Uruapan, and we heard so many contradictory reports about the charms of this village, which is famous for its coffee, that I determined to ride over there. The shortest distance is forty-five miles, but for the sake of better roads we made it fifty. The journey must be on horseback.

It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning as we rode through the arch out of the court-yard of the inn. The morning-star

was a diamond point in the rosy dawn. The mozo led the way, a sword strapped to his saddle, a pannier containing bread, cold chicken, and cheese, while the necks of a couple of bottles of wine peeped out of the basket. The wine was in case of sickness. The sword was for war. Mr. Pablo Plata, Mexican gentleman, wore leather leggings, a linen coat, and a serape over his shoulders. The white horse of the writer was a fast walker, with an easy gait, single foot or canter, and entirely bridle-wise, guided by a touch of the rein on the neck or by the pressure of the knees. The Mexican horses are small, but they have endurance, and are generally agreeable under the saddle.

The soft bells were ringing for matins as we rattled over the stone pavement, came out into the country lanes, and left the town in its repose. The air was deliciously fresh; birds sang in the hedgerows; there was the exhilaration of spring, of young love; every sense was delighted. A mile beyond the town, at the parting of the paths, and in the point of a hill, we passed a cave. It used to be a lurking-place for bandits: only two years before, robbery and murder had been done there. The sun touched the mountain-tops as we passed the grewsome place. In an hour the lake was in sight; in two hours we had descended into and crossed the plains at the foot of the lake, and passed through a couple of Indian villages; at the end of three hours, after a considerable ascent, the lake was still in view, a lovely object in its mountain setting, the end of a vista of fertile slopes and luxuriant valley. The day was lovely, but at nine o'clock the wind began to blow.

Coming up the mountain through a noble growth of pines, and reaching the crest, suddenly a grand prospect burst upon us—double rows of mountains on the Pacific coast, and miles and miles below, down the mountain, a vast valley, away off in the *tierra caliente*, swooning in a dense atmosphere. The sky was very clear, but the mountains were hazy blue, and the valley stretching into purple distance slept in the sun. The country was for the most part untilled, and the inhabitants were few; trains of pack-mules were met carrying sacks of sugar and bales of cotton, occasionally a gypsy-like encampment by the road-side was seen, and we passed two collections of huts called ranches, and a pueblo of Indians of the Taras-

con tribe. Leaving on our right the village of Tingambato, its church tower conspicuous in the trees, we went down, down the mountain over an intolerably stony path, and came at noon to Ziracuaritiro, a warm village hidden in plantations of bananas, oranges, and all sorts of fruits of barbarous names and insipid taste, cane fields, irrigated, and general tropical luxuriance of vegetation. The village had a sort of centre, with a rude plaza and a primitive church; but it is mainly a town of lanes, gardens, and small plantations, in the midst of which the inhabitants live in thatched huts of adobe or cane, semi-African in appearance.

We turned into a garden to eat our luncheon. I call it a garden; it was merely a tangle of shrubbery, without flowers, and with few fruit trees and no grass. In the enclosure was an adobe hut, only half roofed, that served as a kitchen, another small adobe hut where the family slept on mats on the ground, and an open-work hut of cane, with a rude bedstead—a couple of boards laid on trestles—for all furniture, the residence of a married daughter. The visible family was the mother, a woman evidently of good sense and sterling character, a well-grown lad, asleep in the middle of the day on a mat, a couple of young girls, the young married daughter, aged twenty-five, who had, nevertheless, a daughter aged thirteen, and a friend of the family, a rather pretty woman, of modest demeanor, who had married an old man, and lived in a neighboring thicket. These people were wretchedly poor, but exceedingly civil and friendly. They set out a table for us in the shade, but, except some cooking utensils of pottery and a few coarse plates, table furniture they had none, not even knives and forks. Fruit they could not furnish. During our siesta, while the horses were resting—the Mexican horses are allowed no food on a journey from morning till night—I made the acquaintance of this amiable family. They all had the curiosity of children, and were never tired of looking at my watch, compass, ring, and the antique coins attached to the watch chain. What interested them chiefly, however, was the cost of everything. The prices invariably brought from these feminine lips the softest profane exclamations of surprise. They all had low-pitched, sweet voices. The sole reply of the married daughter to any question was "Se-

ñor," in a rising or falling inflection, never "Si, señor," or "No, señor." When it was time to go, the simple souls were as reluctant to have us depart as if we had been life-long friends. The comely lad, who acted as our guide on the way to show us some of the finest fruit plantations, of pines, oranges, and bananas, was very reluctant to accept the two-real piece of silver I forced into his hand. Evidently a kindly, gentle-natured people.

Our way for miles lay through hot lanes and cane fields, with everywhere the sound of running water. At the foothills we stopped to see a large sugar hacienda, a characteristic establishment, half civilized, half barbarous; a mingling of mill, office, kitchens, terrace, yard, store, store-houses, lodging-rooms, dogs, mules, parrots, and mongrel men and women. And then up, up the mountain, through open pine forests, with occasionally trees of giant size, and from the ridges glorious views under the trees of great mountains and the extensive hot country, with its towns and green plantations. At length, after a long pull, we reined up on the summit, on the edge of a precipice overlooking the great plain of Uruapan. The view was a surprise. Below was the valley, five or six miles broad, plentifully irrigated, green with maize, barley, cane; at its further side, in the foot-hills, the city of Uruapan, shining in the rays of the withdrawing sun; below it, in the luxuriant plain, two lakes like mirrors; and beyond, noble mountain-peaks, stretching away to the Pacific, enclosing high valleys smoking with charcoal burning. All this lovely panorama projected on a background of pink sunset.

After we had picked our way down a precipitous path, and passed the large hacienda of St. Catherine, encountering droves of mules and cattle on the dusty roads, we entered the very broad and straight street, cut all the way longitudinally by deep ruts, that leads to the town. The way was terribly long to us and to our somewhat jaded beasts, and it seemed as if we never should reach the town. It was seven o'clock and dark when we came to the first houses, and then we had a long ride over the paved hilly streets, between blank walls of houses, houses with window-shutters and no glass, to the hotel St. Antonio. We had been warmly recommended to this as an excellent hotel, and tired, dusty, and hungry as we were,

we rode into the court-yard with great expectations. It was a miserable fonda of one story about a shabby court. No one appeared to welcome us. After calling and waiting some time, a *nonchalant* boy, who represented the indifference of the establishment, appeared, and said that we could have rooms. In the course of ten minutes more of shuffling about he showed us an apartment, and by means of a tallow candle, which he procured after another long absence, we saw that it was a barrack of a room, containing two cot beds, a wooden horse for the saddles, and a rickety wash-stand. The window had no glass, and the shutter was tightly closed. I asked for a separate room—a request which the boy did not even take into consideration—and when he had brought a pitcher of water he seemed to think his whole duty was discharged, for when we asked about supper he went away without any reply whatever, and we saw him no more. I wandered out into the court to the family apartments. A woman with a lot of children about her was seated on the ground; she made a surly reply to my salutation, evidently regarded me with suspicion, and to my inquiry about supper deigned no answer. It was a real Spanish fonda reception. In the meantime the mozo had discovered that there was no food for the horses; and as they were ready at the door, we left the candle burning in the stately apartment, and no man or woman opposing, mounted our tired horses and rode away in the moonlight to another fonda on the plaza. The situation of this was better, the fonda worse if anything than the other, except that it had a kitchen, kept by a couple of old women, and financially distinct from the hotel. The court was sunken, an untidy place, having a few tattered banana plants, where mules were tied at night. Our mozo looked after the horses, having to go out and buy food for them, and the proprietor contented himself with showing us a room, the only one not occupied. It had two beds and a tightly barred window. As my comrade objected to opening even a crack to let in the deadly night air, I had a headache in the morning. It seemed to me that a hot bath, after such a long weary ride, would be refreshing, but my proposal was met with an exclamation of horror. Almost on his knees Mr. Plata begged me not to think of such a suicidal performance.

Fortunately for his views, it turned out that there was no public bath in this city of nine thousand inhabitants. The next day, when I searched the town for one, the women in charge of an establishment to which I was sent said that if I would order one they would prepare it for next day.

The demesne of the old women consisted of a small room with a couple of rude tables, without table-cloths, and benches, and a smaller kitchen. The earthen vessels for cooking hung on the walls, and all the centre was occupied by a stone range having several little holes for charcoal fires. These women were exceedingly good-natured, promised a supper in time, and sent off their slatternly serving-maid to buy beer and bread. While the meal was in preparation I went out to see the town.

The night scene was lively. The town has a double plaza, each surrounded by arcaded dwellings and shops, all more or less shabby, but appearing well in the moonlight. The shops were open; half the town seemed to be getting its frugal supper in the open air, and the place was quite illuminated by the flaring torches of the dealers, who squatted on the ground, and offered their fragrant but uninviting cooking to the hungry. Beyond the plaza is a very pretty paseo, a lovely promenade, well-kept walks among the trees and beds of bloom, an enchanting place in the moonlight, with the plash of the fountain and the odor of night-blooming flowers. Fronting it is the chief church of the place, a very good specimen of Spanish architecture. The town itself, I found next morning, is an out-at-the-elbow sort of place, but I know few others anywhere that have a prettier little paseo. It was nearly nine o'clock before our supper was ready—a nondescript meal, and I suppose not bad for those who like the ordinary Mexican cooking.

We waited in the morning an hour for a cup of coffee. The traveller in Mexico has to learn that he must order his coffee the night before. Its preparation is a slow process. The berry, burned black, is ground to a fine powder, and water is let to drip through it drop by drop. The liquid, real essence of coffee, is black as ink, and a table-spoonful suffices in a cup of hot milk. As commonly made it is too much burned and bitter. But the Mexican coffee, when the berry is properly

cured, and not let to acquire an earthy flavor by drying on the ground, is, I think, as good as any in the world. This raised in Uruapan is equal to the better-known Colima, the selected small round berries resembling Mocha in appearance and flavor.

I had made the acquaintance the night before of a drifting American named Santiago, one of the adventurers who give the Mexicans their idea of the people of the United States. Born on our frontier, he had never seen a city nor much of civilized life, but had been cowboy, Texan rover, and associate of the lawless, and gravitating to Mexico and picking up the language, had acted as interpreter for cattle buyers and railway surveyors. He was now selling sewing-machines on the instalment plan in Michoacan. The business ought to be good, for a machine costing fourteen dollars in the United States sells for seventy-five in Mexico. Santiago's business was to sell the machines, teach the women how to use them, and then collect the seven dollars a month instalments. Often the machines revert, after the payment of a couple of instalments, and they are often also taken out of pawn by the agent and sold over again. Santiago had another still more interesting business. This is the selling of enlarged and colored photograph likenesses. Finding a photograph, taken by a strolling photographer, he persuades the owner to have it enlarged. Santiago sends this to a firm in a remote town in New York, with a description of the subject, complexion, color of hair, and eyes. This is thrown up to life size, properly colored, and returned. The noble picture costs Santiago about twenty dollars delivered, and he sells it for forty. Thus the fine arts are slowly sifting into Mexico.

We explored the town that morning in search of good specimens of the Uruapan lacquered ware. It is famous the world over; it has taken the prize of gold medals at Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia. As usually happens in like cases, it was impossible to find good specimens in the town where the article is made. We visited the family whose work has taken the prizes, but it had no finished work; indeed, the artist whose work won the gold medals had recently died. The ware of other makers was decidedly inferior, and I found nowhere, in shops or private houses,



specimens of the best. The work is either gourds or shallow dishes of wood cut out with a jack-knife, brilliantly decorated in colors. In the genuine ware a ground-color is first put on, gold or olive, or some low tone; on this the drawings, usually of flowers, are made; the figures are then cut out deeply with a knife, something as in wood-engraving, and the intaglio is filled with paint, each color being laid in separately and left to dry thoroughly before another is added. As there are as many colors as may be in a bouquet of various flowers, the process is slow. When the paint is perfectly dry the whole surface is rubbed with a paste made of tree-caterpillars. This gives an enduring lacquer to the surface that resists grease and hot water. The ware therefore retains its brilliant color and beauty, no matter how hard the usage, till it is literally worn out. The market value of this worm paste is two dollars a pound. As the finest ware is only made by one family, a small amount is produced, and the price is high. The drawings in this family are all done by a stupid-looking girl of sixteen, and her designs are all mechanically copied. The former draughtsman always drew his flowers from nature.

While waiting for breakfast I visited the old church on the paseo. The most notable thing about it is a fine flower-garden, occupying all the ground at one side. Within I found the usual bare white walls, but a highly decorated and gilded chancel and altar, a wood floor, a ceiling of wood carved and painted in lozenge patterns, and cornices prettily painted in blue and brown. A row of men on their hands and knees were scrubbing the floor with soap and water, using the painted wooden bowls, and groups of women were kneeling about the confessionals, either confessing or waiting for the priests.

In the garden I was accosted by a very respectable man, who offered to show me the town. He was, I afterward learned, one of the first citizens of the place, a planter, dealer in iron, and a man of means. Uruapan, lying in the foot-hills, is splendidly watered, a noble though artificial stream (at least with artificial banks) rushing through the suburbs, and pouring abundant life into the blooming valley. Indeed, it is the water of Uruapan that makes it widely famous as a garden of delight. We went down to the river, and

followed it where it is diverted into several channels through the coffee plantations. Here, in the dense shade of bananas and other fruit trees, gleamed the red berries, and here were the African huts embowered in the luxuriant foliage. In these cool retreats life was simple, men, women, and children were bathing in the canal, regardless of a censorious world.

We found also on our walk a thriving cotton-mill, conducted by a Scotchman, employing some two hundred operatives, and turning out common sheeting, which sells here for a much higher price than fine cotton cloth in the States; the cotton costs the manufacturer much more than he would have to pay for a much better quality in New Orleans. I understood him to say that the Mexican cotton was generally inferior to ours.

My very civil and obliging guide invited me to his house—a substantial residence, half dwelling-house and half shop, the court bright with flowers and decorated with specimens of the Uruapan lacquered ware—and introduced me to his family. I was informed that the house and all it contained was mine. It was a very warm day, and after our long stroll one of the cooling Mexican drinks, say an orange sherbet, would have been enjoyable. But my hospitable entertainer did not offer me even a glass of water.

Santiago was a character. I do not know what his Mexican speech was, but his American was the most curious mosaic of slang and profanity I ever heard. He informed me, as we sat that evening in the paseo listening to the music in the lighted and thronged church—it being the eve of St. Joseph's Day—that he was on that sort of thing himself: he had just been baptized. His reasons for this step, since he had no respect for the priests and no knowledge of the Catholic religion, were not clear; but as he had been ill recently, for the first time in his life, and likely to die, I suppose he thought he might as well take all the chances. The ceremony had not changed his conversation or his mode of life, which he freely opened to me, but he appeared to think there might be safety in it. "The priest told me," Santiago rambled on, "that if I would be baptized I would be just as if I had been born over; all that I had done would be clean rubbed out. He gave me a lot of Spanish to learn, catechism and all that; but I couldn't do it,

and I just told him that I couldn't get on to all that Bible racket. Never mind, he said, if I only believed so and so [it was the substance of the Apostles' Creed that was required], and I told him I reckoned I did. When I was going to be baptized I said, 'Look a-here, I can't go this confession business; I don't want to tell you all the mean things I've done—and I've done some mighty mean things—or all the mean things I'm going to do.' He said I could make it general; I'd already owned up I was a big sinner; if I was baptized, all that would be taken away. Then I happened to think, and I said, 'There is one little thing that is on my mind: there's a Jew dealer up here in Zamora that I owe seven dollars and a half for clothes.' I guess I was cheated, but I felt kind of uneasy about it when I was sick. And the priest said, 'That don't count; when you are baptized you are a new man, just as if you had been born again, and you don't owe that Jew any seven dollars and a half.' That is what the priest said. I don't know anything about it."

Notwithstanding his varied life, Santiago had the cow-boy's notion of "square dealing," and I found that he had a reputation among the merchants of the town for business integrity. It was this, in his opinion, that distinguished him from the Mexican community. Nor did this borderer altogether lack sentiment. "The place of all the world I'd like to see," he said, as we looked at the moonlight through the lace-like foliage, "is Italy. I've just been reading *The Last Days of Pompey*. I'd like to go to Italy."

The next morning we were to start surely at five o'clock, in order to pass the hot plain before the sun beat down on it, and to be well on our fifty-mile ride in the cool of the day. Mr. Pablo Plata insisted on that, and arrangements were made accordingly. When I awoke it was half past six, the mozo had the horses saddled, but Mr. Plata was still asleep, and there was no sign of coffee. When Mr. Plata was aroused he said that he would start at once, but while I was getting my coffee, he and the mozo, San Francisco, would step across the plaza to mass. It was St. Joseph's Day, and it would be very unlucky, indeed dangerous, to those on the journey without mass.

The morning was fresh, a breeze stirred the trees in the plaza, birds were singing;

women had set up their coffee and bread stands for those early astir, women with ribosas over their heads were going to mass, servants were sauntering to market to buy a few centavos' worth of milk, meat, and vegetables. At the fonda the horses and mules were being saddled. In the court-yard, out of their close apartments, appeared muleteers, drummers, a party of sleepy Mexican ladies who had taken refuge there the night before, and a big Indian in Mexican costume, heavy-faced, surly, but looked up to with immense respect as the richest man in all that region. It was nearly an hour before my comrades returned from mass, and eight o'clock when we clattered over the rough pavements out of town.

We returned by the way we came, a route much travelled by horsemen, and long trains of burros and mules, each with two big packs of sugar or cotton. The only vehicle seen was the creaking cart, the heavy wheels of which were solid, constructed of three pieces of wood wedged together, the axle turning with the wheels. As the mozo had neglected to put up a lunch, we breakfasted with our friends at Ziracuaritiro. The whole of the hospitable family assisted in preparing this meal, scraping the cheese, mashing the corn, and stirring the tomato and other ingredients, and I very unwisely witnessed the operations. But the result was a capital breakfast. When it was over, the mother asked me to change the two-real piece of money I had given her son, as she thought it was too smooth to pass readily. A touch of thrift makes all the world kin.

At sundown we rode into the streets of Patzcuaro, thanks to the easy gait of our horses, very little fatigued by the ride.

Here, as well as anywhere else, these random notes on Mexico might as well end. It is a country with a marvellous climate, extraordinary natural beauty, full of novelty and interest to the traveller. It is a land of much politeness, amiability, and graciousness of manner. Its civilization has many points worthy of imitation. Its government, however, is, as I said, the most purely personal of any with which I am acquainted, and offers, as at present conducted, the least invitation to foreign capital or enterprise. And if any one desires to see the depressing outcome of miscegenation, he will do well to travel through it.