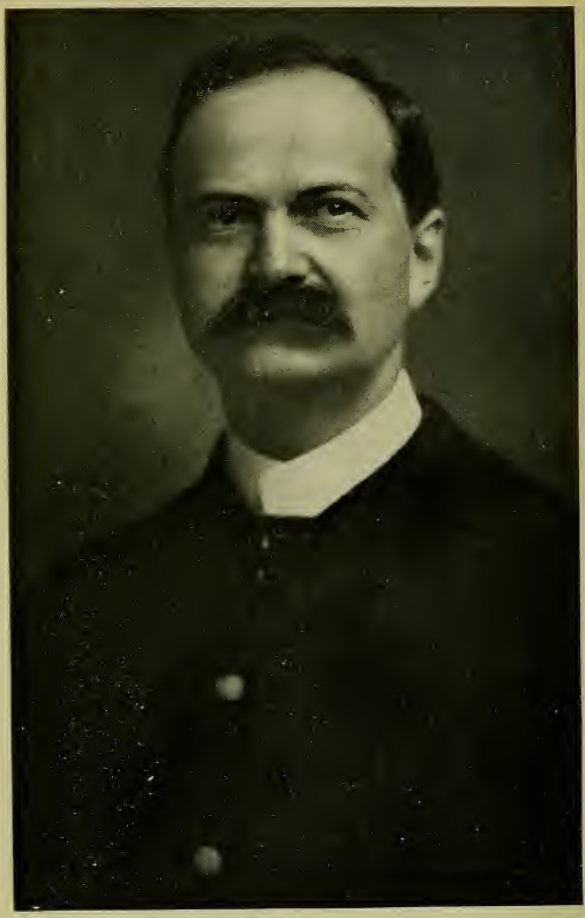
MEXICO

— AND —

Comparisons and Conclusions

By A. A. GRAHAM



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COMPARISONS AND CONCLUSIONS.

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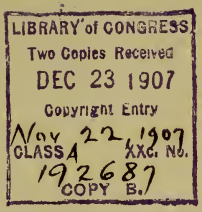

PREFACE.

The preface of a book, like the plan of a battle or a building, should be carefully prepared by the author and examined by the reader before entering into the work; but only generals and architects do this; and the soldier and the laborer do not know to what end their efforts are bent, until the battle is over or the building completed, when they are both in a position to criticise most severely.

I have not written a Guidebook, an Itinerary, nor yet a Memoir; and my object is, necessarily, but vaguely stated in the title, Mexico with Comparisons and Conclusions. What features respecting Mexico, what Comparisons, what Conclusions?

Mexico, physically, least; industrially, less; commercially, little; religiously, much; politically, more; socially, most, is the scale of importance on which I have placed the various phases of the country and the nation, thus giving the chief place to that which is most unstable in the life of men, but is the starting-point of all.

The Comparisons are drawn mainly from the United States; but, also, include the world at large, having special reference to the condition under consideration in Mexico.

The Conclusions are such as I have thought legitimate and justifiable, and are my own. Some of them may fall hard upon interest and faction, but I have no apologies to make.

By this method, I give the reader a view of some particular phase of Mexico, proceeding by subjects, then calling his attention to the like condition in the United States or other countries; and, using these as premises, I have deduced my conclusions.

I do not know of any work, the result of travel, or study merely, or otherwise, constructed on this plan; and, until I learn differently, will claim originality.

The great regret I have to express is, that this plan has put the proper performance of the work far beyond my capacity; but, having conceived it, and being willing, I did my best.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTORY.

Have you read the Preface?

No!

Well, then, read it; because I do not want you to finish the book before you find out what it is about.

During the latter part of January, 1907, I left Topeka, Kansas, U. S. A., for Mexico, and remained in that country for about two months, returning to Topeka during the latter part of March. This was a business trip, which occupied my time, except while traveling or waiting between engagements, so that I had little time for investigation and reflection, but what I had I employed with a vengeance, in pursuance of rather a vague desire of seeing the things of which I had heard and read so much than for the purpose of making a collection of facts and record of impressions, which I did not do. I hurried over everything with hasty glances, securing mental images, which I found taking definite form in my mind, after I had returned to the United States, and reflected upon my trip. I imagine the results I have attained in this respect are comparable with the work of a photographer, who, in an outing, takes many instantaneous views with his camera, to be developed at leisure in his studio. Conversations, on my return, assisted in the development of my impressions, and the idea of reducing them to writing was the result of these conversations.

The repetitions, which will be noticed, are due to

the method of proceeding by subjects, and could not well be avoided, as the same fact has often had various applications; but, if specially considered with reference to the subject, at the time, in hand, they may not, I hope, prove too painful to the reader.

MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

DESCRIPTIVE.

Mejico, Megico, Mexico, thus variously spelled and variously pronounced.

Open your geography at a map of the Western Hemisphere, glancing up and down and from side to side for a few moments.

I will now recount briefly what you have noticed, only as a basis for my statements: Ocean on the west, gulf and sea on the east, a river and the mouth of a river on the north, an isthmus on the south. These and mountains are the natural boundaries of states and the limits of empire. A non-navigable river, like the Rio Grande, is frequently the dividing line between nations, but not so with the navigable; the nation that occupies the headwaters or upper valley of a river, whether navigable or not, usually acquires jurisdiction of its mouth, as has been nearly the case with the Colorado; an angle in the general course of a river frequently describes an angle of empire also, as illustrated by the Rio Grande.

The southern boundary as given, you will notice, is geographically incorrect; but political waves, like those of ocean, sometimes break their bounds. The

isthmus of Tehuantepec is the natural, and, therefore, should be the political, boundary of Mexico on the south. The wave that has broken over, like that of typhoon or earthquake, must as surely recede. The metaphorical ocean of humanity, like its material prototype, has its flows, its ebbs, its calms, and above all, its longer periods not known by any of these names, when the silent work of change is progressing unnoticed; then the coral reef rises, shores are dissolved; and, in the moral world, opinions grow or decay. Happy is the nation that does not seek to break its bounds; fortunate the people who stay at home!

Having thus briefly encompassed my subject, I will proceed to an examination of its features; and, in a word, let me tell you in the beginning, the face, or, more accurately speaking, the surface of Mexico, aside from a strip of coastline on the east, is all mountain and plateau. Mountains, mountains, mountains, everywhere, plateaus between, not valleys, because the mountains are broken into peaks, rising from the plateaus, level up to their very foot.

The mountains of the north two-thirds of the country are composed of stratified rocks, while those of the south are mainly volcanic. I suspect that those of the north were formed by the sinking of the plateaus, while those of the south are of volcanic origin, as they are, indeed, mountains of lava. I suspect, too, that all this occurred, both north and south, when this part of the continent was at the bottom of the ocean, else why the clear-cut distinction between the mountains and the plains? Why no foothills? This is a question for the geologist, but I may be pardoned for giving these impressions.

I think, also, that the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Colorado mark the northern boundary of the mountain formation of North America resulting from the sinking of the plateaus or valleys, and that these river valleys are, likewise, the southern boundary of our great western ranges, clearly the product of upheavals of the earth's crust, between which, in the Great Basin, the mountains are of the same formation as those south of the Colorado and the Rio Grande; but, if we assume—which is the geological fact—that the valley of the Colorado was the result of the erosion of the waters of that river, after the period of volcanic activity, then we have sufficient data from which to conclude that that part of North America lying from about the tropic of Cancer on the south, extending in a northwesterly direction to the valley of the Columbia on the north, in the period of its mountain formation, comprised a single and continuous area, subject to the same influences or forces, and, hence, issuing in a uniform result.

This theory seems to gather force, when we reflect, that, from a material and mechanical standpoint, on the surface of a globe, which can have only a uniform amount of area, if one portion of the surface is elevated, a corresponding depression will also occur, and *vice versa*, as any child may illustrate in the manipulation of a rubber ball.

Only one question remains: Why did not all this extent of surface sink uniformly? And this is easily answered: Because the upheavals did not occur uniformly, nor at the same time. The upheaval of a given portion of the earth's crust caused the sinking of a like area beside it; the sinking, solid portion em-

bedding itself in the plastic portion beneath, made a prop or support for the surrounding crust. Now, when an upheaval occurred at another place close by, another portion of the crust would be depressed, thus forming a prop or support for the other side of the undepressed crust, which, in this manner, has become a mountain, a veritable keystone of an arch.

The theory, with which I started, I think, has now become a proposition; and it also explains why the earth's crust is thinnest at the base of a mountain or the shore of the ocean, as I will thus illustrate:

Take three books, placing them in a line end to end to represent the earth's crust; the book on the right, call the Atlantic; the one on the left, the Pacific; the one in the center, the Western Continent; and imagine an inch of water on top. We are now ready for the beginning of geological times. Elevate the center book two inches; the inch of water runs off; and, if we had no other element to consider, the center book, representing the Western Continent, would stand one-half an inch above sea-level, if no corresponding displacements have occurred in the Atlantic and the Pacific, as the continent rose between; but, as the general level of the entire ocean must now adjust itself to the new condition, we have a differential element in the calculation, with which, however, we need not deal, as it does not change the gross result.

Now, measure the distance from the top of the books, representing the Atlantic and the Pacific, to the bottom of the one representing the continent, and you will ascertain by what amount the earth's crust is thinner at the point of junction on either side.

In the same manner, we may use three books to

illustrate the formation of mountains, arising from continents as the continents arose from the ocean: call the center book the mountain area, and the right and the left, the plains on either side. Elevate the center book, and we have an illustration of the formation of a mountain by upheaval; but, if we depress the books on the right and the left, we have an illustration of the formation of a mountain by the sinking of the plains, with the center book representing the mountain, wedged like a keystone in the arch thus formed, as before stated.

Beyond the extent covered by my description, I am not familiar with the vertebral column of the American Continent; but how much its back was bent, strained and broken in the activities of its youth, how many aches and pains it suffered in its prime, and how helpless it has become in its old age, we may still gather from the fragments of its geological pages, now scattered, torn, and wasting away.

Volcanic activity was the fire of its life, now extinguished and cold in death, dissolution and decay, from which, transformation.

In all ages, the similar and the similitude in Earth and Man have engaged the minds of the thoughtful in the construction of hypotheses, and the feelings of the frivolous in the building of hopes.

To complete the sketch, I should say that the Appalachian range, with which I am somewhat familiar, is physically disconnected from, and chronologically disassociated with, the ranges of Mexico and those of western United States, British Columbia and Alaska, in that the Appalachians formed the crest of but a comparatively small island, and had been well worn

away before the backbone of the continent began to differentiate, when all that most fruitful valley now between was the bed of the ocean. Then the Gulf Stream surely flowed north along the present course of the Mississippi, deflecting eastward along the present course of the chain of great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and, its current spreading, deposited its sediment, thus forming the lowlands of Labrador, in like manner as the Banks of Newfoundland have since been formed by the same Gulf Stream, flowing in nearly the same general direction, but on the other side of the Appalachian range, which, in the same facetious analogy, as made us call the Rockies the backbone, we might designate the breastbone of the continent.

In this progression of events, time is scarcely an element; but, if admitted at all, years must be excluded as the unit, and we must substitute ages and periods only as a help to our minds in an endeavor to grasp immensity.

In this view, the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence are but channels, which have not yet drained to the great body of the ocean that part imprisoned in the center of our continent by the rising of the shores.

The geology of the Appalachians, like the history of the civilization of the ancient Mexicans, is lost in the ravages of time; but, I hope, in neither case, beyond recovery.

The mountains of Mexico are recent, and, indeed, new, while those of the Appalachian range in the United States and their extension into Canada, are the oldest in the world, the oldest land above water, and, therefore, should be, at least geologically, called the Old World.

Those who have seen only time-worn and rounded knobs and swelling and timbered ranges have yet much to add to their idea of mountain: lofty, precipitous, imminent, rugged, inaccessible, sublime, terrible, are, to them, words only with a dictionary meaning.

The broken face of nature presented by these Mexican mountains might lead one to imagine that here was fought the battle between the Giants and the Titans, which once (in fable) decided the fate of the world, when mountains were tossed as missiles and the solid earth set on fire.

No fabulous exploit was ever too extravagant for the emulation of man, and our graduating theses are likely to be laid along these lines; but we eventually realize that, instead of moving mountains, we cast, like children playing in the sands, but a small cloud of dust, and that, instead of setting the world on fire, we warm but a very small spot on this earth.

Have these mountains gold? No, not much. Silver? Yes, some. Lead? A little. Copper? Yes, in the northwestern portion of the country. Coal? Practically none, and what is, of poor quality. Other minerals? I answer this by saying that, except in a few noted instances, the country is poor in minerals, but rich in prospects, and is overrun by promoters and schemers, looking for good things in which to induce their friends to invest money.

Are these mountains covered with timber? No, only brush and scrub, where not barren. Only a very small amount of timber in Mexico, which is being cut rapidly, and this means that in a few years the country will be entirely depleted, so that the people have

always gotten along with very little timber, a recent experience to a great portion of the world besides, and a lesson which the people of the United States cannot take to heart too soon.

Building-stone? No; these rocks are not fit for permanent structures, and houses built of them must be kept plastered both outside and inside to preserve the walls. I saw but one granite building, of stones of small dimensions, and heard of granite at but one place.

Solidified volcanic mud, called by a name as if pronounced tipytaty, is used to a small extent for building; but the great material for housebuilding is "doby," sun-baked bricks moulded, or rather cut, from a black, consistent surface mud.

Burned bricks, on account of scarcity of fuel, are not made.

With the statement that the mountains, as one proceeds south, generally become less and more numerous, I dismiss this part of my description for the plateaus, concerning which I need only add that, until one gets well within the tropics, they are mostly barren, or nearly so, producing, at best, only a thin growth of native grasses, cacti, thorns, etc.

The soil ordinarily is only a few inches in thickness, and underneath is a stratum of calcareous formation, impervious to water, and of greatly varying thickness, from a few inches to many feet, and below this is a stratum of sand of some solidity, but can only geologically be called rock, which I judge is impervious to water also, and varies from a few inches to hundreds of feet at one place, as I observed, where it cropped out on the side of a mountain. I have wondered if

this sand stratum is the homologue of the "old red," perhaps too much written about by Hugh Miller.

Water is scarce, except in the rainy season, when everything is flooded. I forded the largest river in the country during the dry season, or winter, and it was not knee-deep.

I should not, however, close this rambling account of what may be seen on the surface in Mexico, without mentioning the only active volcano, Colima, on the west coast, and the two extinct ones to be seen from the City of Mexico, but which nobody, not even those living in the city, call by name.

I have read in ancient poetry about certain gods of awful name; and these extinct volcanoes seem to be in the same category. Perhaps I might find a reason of my own for their peculiar and unpronounceable names, and will, therefore, try my hand at mythological fancy. I will call the one mountain Alta (high) and the other Altilla, his wife, which we will call feminine of Alta, and imagine them gods.

Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, first called Alta and Altilla, were gods, and joined in matrimonial bands. Having, what could not now happen in that blissful state, a difference of opinion, they began a heated discussion, gurgling with such hideous roarings as to drown the voice of Mars, who can bellow louder than ten thousand bulls, emitting also more fire than lightning at Jove's command, and raising more smoke than Hell, so that these gods, jealous at being outdone, summoned Night to cast Darkness around Alta and Altilla, and place white caps on their heads, Ether to touch their eyelids, and Somnus to bind them in chains of Slumber, condemning them to that state forever,

and changing their designations to the unspeakable appellations they now bear, so that no one thenceforth could speak their names, which has proved such a salutary warning to all gods and men, that no like dispute has ever since arisen, and has ushered in the reign of Connubial Bliss, who has since held undisputed sovereignty over the conjugal tie.

This fable might be entitled How Strife Ceased and Peace Began, and might be of such general application that I will ask The Hague papers to please copy; and, in addition to its furnishing a diplomatic suggestion, might not be altogether unsuited for domestic advice also.

For the benefit of our many poets, the following version is given:

POPOCATAPETL AND IZTACCIHUATL.

These names, too awful for the scale of rhyme,
Are lost eternal to the voice of Time;
Though Alta and Altilla were their boast,
When they, as gods, adorned the heavenly host.
In matrimonial bands, by nature joined,
To peace and quiet were their days confined;
But Disputation, by Opinion sent,
Unbridled Temper, and Confusion lent.
In gurglings loud, the voice of Mars they quell,
And, breathing smoke, defy the powers of Hell;
Emitting fire, the bolts of Jove conceal,
And stand unrivaled in the commonweal.
Jove, Mars and Hell, on deep resentment bent,
To sable Night a hasty summons sent,
With Darkness to encompass them around,
And chains of Slumber bind them to the ground.
Such awful warnings have the gods assigned
To gods immortal and to human kind,
That disputations shall forever cease,
And bliss connubial evermore increase.

Having just given a poetical version of a mythological fable, my mind is forcibly called to the custom, having all the force of error, if not misrepresentation even, indulged by too many writers, when handling a great subject, where the sense of judgment seems to be overpowered by the force of imagination inspired by outward sublimity or inward feeling, when poetic fancy takes the place of practical thoughts, elevating the mind to the skies, instead of keeping the body dragging hard upon the earth.

I know that no such contagion will spring from my attempt, but I am not so sure about the work of another to be just now noticed.

I have a supreme admiration of Prescott as a historian and as a man, and this emboldens me to call attention to the error in which he unfortunately fell in giving way to the inspirations of poetic fancy in entering upon his "Conquest of Mexico." After giving the general physical features of the country, he proceeds:

After passing some twenty leagues across this burning region [the tierra caliente or hot country of the Gulf coast], the traveler finds himself rising into a purer atmosphere. His limbs recover their elasticity. He breathes more freely, for his senses are not now oppressed by the sultry heats and intoxicating perfumes of the valley. The aspect of nature, too, has changed, and his eye no longer revels among the gay variety of colors with which the landscape was painted there. The vanilla, the indigo, and the flowering cacao-groves disappear as he advances. The sugar-cane and the glossy-leaved banana still accompany him; and, when he has ascended about four thousand feet, he sees in the unchanging verdure, and the rich foliage of the liquid-amber tree, that he has reached the height

where clouds and mists settle, in their passage from the Mexican Gulf. This is the region of perpetual humidity; but he welcomes it with pleasure, as announcing his escape from the influence of the deadly vomito. He has entered the tierra templada, or temperate region, whose character resembles that of the temperate zone of the globe. The features of the scenery become grand, and even terrible. His road sweeps around the base of lofty mountains, once gleaming with volcanic fires, and still resplendent in their mantles of snow, which serve as beacons to the mariner, for many a league at sea. All around he beholds traces of their ancient combustion, as his road passes along vast tracts of lava, bristling in the innumerable fantastic forms into which the fiery torrent has been thrown by the obstacles in its career. Perhaps, at the same moment, as he casts his eye down some steep slope, or almost unfathomable ravine, on the margin of the road, he sees their depths glowing with the rich blossoms and enameled vegetation of the tropics. Such are the singular contrasts presented, at the same time, in this picturesque region!

Still passing upward, the traveler mounts into other climates, favorable to other kinds of cultivation. The yellow maize, or Indian corn, as we usually call it, has continued to follow him up from the lowest level; but he now first sees fields of wheat, and the other European grains, brought into the country by the Conquerors. Mingled with them, he views the plantations of the aloe or maguey (agave Americana), applied to such varied and important uses by the Aztecs. The oaks now acquire a sturdier growth, and the dark forests of pine announce that he has entered the tierra fria, or cold region, the third and last of the great natural terraces into which the country is divided.

This only lacks reality to make it real; and I am glad I am not the first to observe the error. The

quotation is long, but I give the complete picture, as imaginative, poetic and great as the mind which conceived it, and as beautiful as the most sublime descriptive passages in Homer, where it can justly find a comparison; but, in these ecstacies of imagination, what becomes of the fact?

Sometimes authors, of dull imagination, feeling a pressure from without instead of from within, introduce their works with a poetic quotation, to serve as a sort of keynote, to give pitch or elevation to their song; and sometimes, also, authors of great abilities, like Prescott, in the burst of enthusiasm, when entering upon their subject, weave the thread of their own poetic fancy into the narrative.

Had Prescott written an introduction to his "Conquest," and there delivered himself, in a tentative manner, of his poetic fancies, he would have done better than himself, because no other could do better than he has so nobly done.

Lack of capacity or attainment, producing envy, is the most fruitful source of criticism; and, under other circumstances, I would be praising instead of censuring; but my purpose, notwithstanding, is, to give more of fact and less of fancy than has heretofore ordinarily been done about Mexico.

The desert has ever been the land of enchantment; Arabia, Lybia, Mexico, are almost synonyms for poetry, oracle, and religion; and, while we are pleased to give our fancy wing, yet we should never forget that only thin air sustains its flight, with a very solid earth beneath.

The plains or plateaus of Mexico, though often apparently barren, have a small amount of grass, which

will support a limited number of animals; sometimes, in small areas, they are covered with a good growth of grass more than a foot in height; but, most generally, buffalo-grass prevails, which grows only a few inches tall. On the assumption that all parts of the earth should be put to their appropriate use, these plains could be given to pasturage, which is done; and, on account of the lack of any possible supply of water in most places for irrigation, they never can be put to any other use.

In the Rocky Mountain district of the United States, the Great Basin to the west, and a border of 200 or 300 miles to the east, we find a scope of country much like Mexico, where agriculture, without irrigation, is mostly a failure.

Notwithstanding, however, the great craze for land of the last few years has been the cause of the settling up of a large portion of this district. "Plow up the ground," say the land agents, "and the rains will follow," but the government records, kept for twenty or thirty years, show no increase in the mean annual rainfall in that region.

What actually does happen is, that, prior to the breaking up of the virgin soil, where creation left it solidly packed, rain quickly drained off; but, when the soil has been loosened by cultivation, it soaks in and stays. Thus the same amount of rain does an increased amount of good, and utility is mistaken for quantity.

I have seen people breaking up and turning under the native grass in a disintegrated granite soil, which swallows water more readily than a bed of sand, and this, too, where the mean annual rainfall, as deter-

mined by Government register, is only about nine inches.

These poor, unfortunate people had been enticed there by the avidity of the railroads, for revenue, and the land agents, for commissions; the railroads and the land agents join in the perfidy of false advertisements, which I have seen displaying pictures of stately trees, fruitful orchards, waving grain and flowering meads, and even broad rivers, bearing the barks of commerce, have been shown, where, in truth, desolation reigns supreme.

Manifestly not yet have all the crimes of greed found a name or a punishment.

These semi-barren plains should never be broken up; the native grasses should be preserved for pasture, because, when once killed out, they will never again reclaim the ground; and, what is now a source of income, though small, will, by attempted cultivation, become a barren waste.

Passing now to minerals and mines, I made inquiry about the mines of Zacatecas, visiting some and seeing others from a distance, as I climbed to the top of a high mountain near the city, where I could get a view of the whole country; and could learn of only two working, with results unknown, while all the others were merely prospects, or were either standing idle, or had been entirely abandoned, some very many years ago.

From the top of this mountain, I saw another of a red-brown color close by, entirely bare of all vegetation, which I supposed to be due to copper, making it a copper mountain, in fact, but with only enough to give color to itself and its prospect-holes.

I also explored an outcropping of what I took to be a silver-bearing stratum twenty to thirty feet in thickness, but the grade was very low.

Such things as these furnish food for fancy and sources of speculation.

"The inexhaustible mineral wealth" of Mexico has been profoundly modified in the minds of many an American and European speculator; but, so long as this idea prevails, tinctured with all the delusions of tradition, nothing short of a severe shock is sufficient to change the mental impression of the existence of mines with veins of solid silver three feet thick. I see in a book of some respectability, that the mines of Zacatecas have produced, from their discovery to the present time, $10,000,000,000 of silver. Everyone will recognize the utter falsity of this claim, upon the mere statement.

Authors, guilty of such gross exaggerations, should not be excused by admirers of fact; but we are not obliged to stand on our own conclusions; because, at another place in his book, the same author gives the total output of all Mexico to the present time as $4,000,000,000; and I will do him the justice to quote both from his book:

Mines and Mining.—This subject may be treated in one word, silver. It is everywhere, in every state, in every hill and mountain. It is probable that the total production of silver in Mexico, since the opening of the mines to date, would reach $4,000,000,000. [This is on page 14 of his book.]

Silver was discovered in 1546 by Juan de Tolosa, and so rich were the mines that the place became a city in 1585 by decree of Philip II, and from 1548 to 1810, the product of the mines was nearly $10,000,-

000,000; since that time the output has not been so great. [The place referred to is Zacatecas, on page 266 of the same book.]

At no age of the world has man ever been frank or truthful respecting mines of the precious metals; and the above quotations show that this author is not even consistent.

Whatever other charge may be brought against me for what I have said on any subject respecting Mexico, I want to say in advance, that I have not tried to mislead. My facts, I own, are often uncertain; but I give them as I got them, relying on the good sense of my reader, after knowing their source, to judge for himself; and rumor, sometimes, suits me better than fact, because my chief object respects the religious, moral, political and social conditions of the people.

One has as many accounts of Mexico as he has authors, in illustration of which, I quote below what is said respecting iron by two well-known authors, both bearing the reputation of authenticity:

The use of iron, with which the soil was impregnated, was unknown to them [the aborigines]. Notwithstanding its abundance, etc.

There is little iron, except at Durango, where there is a mountain of it that is from seventy-five to ninety per cent of pure metal. [Durango is beyond the borders of Anahuac, and could not have been in the mind of the first author quoted.]

And I quote the same authors respecting gold:

Gold, found on the surface, or gleaned from the beds of rivers, was cast into bars, or, in the form of dust, made part of the regular tribute of the southern provinces of the empire [the empire of the Mexicans].

Gold exists in small quantities.

I might extend the list, but think this should suffice to show the condition of the literature on the subject.

I see, by a table giving the assessed valuation, by states, of all the property in the country, that the grand total is $409,318,296, or equal to considerably less than half the profits of the Standard Oil Company for ten years last past, as recently made public; so that that company, by applying its profits for the purpose for less than five years, might buy the entire Republic of Mexico.

Compare these figures, $409,318,296, the assessed valuation of all the property in the entire country, with the $4,000,000,000, given as the value of the silver produced from the discovery to the present time, and you see a relation of about 1 to 10, so that you must conclude that the people have squandered ten times the value of their country; and, if you take the figures of $10,000,000,000, as representing the value of the output of the silver mines of Zacatecas alone, you see the relation is as 1 to 25, not including the remainder of the output, all of which would make the proportion as 1 to 35.

Between two falsehoods, discard both.

We are now enjoying unprecedented prosperity of our own; but here, as always, the greatness of wealth is not keeping pace with the immensity of extravagance, so that we view, with regret, our inability to emulate Mexico in setting a gait in which not even our own best-speeded thoroughbreds can go. Most of us can squander our patrimonial estates only once; but here is our Mexican sister, who has reached the 35th time in hers, and is still in it. I think, therefore, that all effort on our part at emulation of the

sway of our southern sister should cease; that we should get out of the game as soon as possible; and, that, acknowledging our defeat in sensuality, we should now turn sophist.

As, in a description, the City of Mexico cannot be separated from the basin in which it is located, nor this from the surrounding mountains, nor the whole from the people, both modern and ancient, nor these from their history, nor this from its mournful reflections, nor the grand total of all, from its relations to time and the race, I present this matter here, prefaced by a statement of the general plan of laying out and building towns and cities in that country. I think, also, that towns and cities, as regards their kind and extent, belong most properly in the descriptive account of a country, while the means or manner of building them, as regards the performance of the work itself, would better be embraced within the industrial, if an exact or extended classification were to be made, a thing which will be observed to be absent from my work.

While the large cities, such as Mexico and Guadalajara, in their principal parts, are laid out with rectangular, or nearly rectangular, streets, and in the best portions the structures are separate buildings, yet in the poor quarters of these cities, as well as in all the small towns and cities, the ancient plan is adhered to, where the structures are all, or nearly all, but one story high, with continuous, irregular and tortuous walls forming the sides of corresponding streets, sometimes half a mile or more in length without a turnout or cross-street, leading from and to a square, which is the center of the town. These walls form the fronts

of the buildings, and are provided with doors, but less frequently windows, except in the business portion. Where the town is laid out into blocks, these walls inclose them like a fortress, continuous on all sides, with the habitations, as I prefer to call them rather than houses, built up against these walls on the inside, and the central court thus formed is used in common by the inhabitants of the block or fortress.

The older part of the City of Mexico is built after the method, so common in Mexico, of inclosing a square central court with a building having, what we would call porches in this country, on the inside inclosure. These buildings are usually but one story high, except in the business portion of the city, where they are two and sometimes three stories high. I do not remember seeing any buildings of this construction four stories high, because the poorness of the building material makes high structures altogether unsafe, unless, as is the case with the churches, the walls should be made extremely thick. These inclosed courts, in the business portion of the city, are usually paved with stones, and are for the use of the tenants of the building; but, in the residence portions, these courts are gardens of flowers and trees, often of very great beauty and magnificence, and are, likewise, for the use of the tenants of the surrounding apartments.

In the poor quarters, these inclosures are sometimes quite extensive, the inclosing house, presenting the appearance of a broad wall around them, with a main entrance at the center of one of the sides, and the doors from each apartment, usually of but one room, opening into the court, so that the whole thing has the appearance of an immense beehive, which, in fact,

it is, of human bees, swarming in great numbers through each door. The windows, usually absent, but, if any, open into the court also; and the outside of this building or square presents a solid and continuous wall except the main entrance, which has a heavy door or gate, kept locked at night, with somebody sleeping against it on the inside, making it impossible for anybody to enter, without waking him. This is a real fortress.

This style of architecture came from Spain, where it had been brought by the Moors, who blessed western Europe with learning also, but who were later cruelly driven out; and, now, on the other shore of the Mediterranean, are defending themselves against European encroachment.

Here is another lesson on the fate of empire as determined by human oppression; but the honors are either divided or easy; and the case wholly beyond my present purpose.

The new postoffice, recently completed, is the only modern structure in the older portion of the city, but others are in course of construction.

That portion of the city toward Chapultepec, the combined White House and West Point of Mexico, is partially modern, and all the way to Chapultepec, on either side of a recently-constructed boulevard, called the Paseo de la Reforma, modern resident houses are occupying the space, and this is going to be the city, in fact, in time, so that those who want lots should buy now, before the advance in the price still urther.

Along this boulevard, the people have constructed many monuments commemorating their history, and doing credit to their patriotism.

Continuing, in a straight line, beyond Chapultepec, one comes to Tacubaya, formerly the gambling resort for the city, but that business is now carried on uptown; business, I guess I should call it, because it occupies a great deal of most people's time, in one form or another, both in and out of both church and state, as I have seen it rolling high in many churches; and, I see, by the History of France, where Colbert, minister of finance to Louis XIV, had furnished that monarch four hundred thousand livres for gambling on a single trip, which he, of course, lost, although, at that very time, the French peasants, in many places, were subsisting on the roots of grass and herbs and the bark of trees.

Such is history, and such was France then. I make this digression to warn the Government of Mexico, that it is not yet too late to relieve the wants of the people; but it will not heed, as no like warning has ever been, or ever will be, taken.

The City of Mexico is well laid out, the streets intersecting at right angles, or nearly so, on which is operated a very extended and very excellent system of railways, radiating from a common center, and some of them extending to suburbs at long distances.

I rode the length of every line in the city, and I doubt if this can be said of anybody else who ever visited Mexico, or, indeed, if, outside of employés, the same can be said of anybody at all. I wanted to see the city, and I took the right as well as the quickest and cheapest way to do so.

One must also walk to see the world rightly; so I walked, not only through the city, but from the center of the city to the mountains around, selecting the

nearest, which was, nevertheless, still quite a journey; and I climbed up the mountain sufficiently far to get a good view of the city and the valley, where I sat down to rest, and called up, in imagination, one after another, the great spirits who had made this region famous, and communed with them,—the Aztecs, the Chichemecs, the Toltecs, and on back, through long lines of illustrious and unknown races, to the morning of the world.

Among these groups, great characters appeared, but I could discern only the name of Montezuma, all others being either illegible or entirely gone. Time had erased those at the greatest distance, but the fires kindled by the Spaniards had destroyed those of more recent date.

The fires of hell, fed by the Spaniards in two worlds, have destroyed in either more than the value of the whole Spanish nation in all its history; nay, if I had the Aztec manuscripts heaped together in Mexico and burned by the Spaniards, I would not give them to insure the eternal soul's salvation of all Spaniards, dead, living, and to be. I do not want to belittle the value of a soul; but I want to say, in my estimation, how great was the crime of the Spaniards. This crime becomes all the more appalling when we know that the chief reason for consigning these books to the flames, was forever to blot out the facts of history, lest they should give the lie to the authority of systems. This is the highest crime that collective man ever perpetrated; and here, as always, committed in the sacred name of religion.

What might we not have learned from these books? raises an inquiry more insupportable than positive ignorance.

Interesting volumes, descriptive of a metropolitan city, such as Paris, London, or New York, might be written, and the life and character of its people would make another volume, still more interesting, which could be followed up with one on its history generally; but while the City of Mexico bears little relation in size to Paris, London, or New York, yet it contains, perhaps, near 300,000 people, although the claim, as is usual nowadays, is, that it contains many more.

The City of Mexico is the capital of Mexico, and the metropolis of the country to which it bears a closer relation than Paris to France, London to England, or New York city to the United States. The history of France, aside from the court, is written largely outside of Paris; London cuts little figure in the history of England, not even being the seat of the court; and New York city, as respects the general history of the United States, is altogether insignificant; but the City of Mexico, as elsewhere stated, in territorial and governmental importance, is comparable with Babylon, Egyptian Thebes, and Rome, which names not only stand for the country, but also for the government as well.

Now, I am afraid, I should become wearisome, if I should undertake more than a sketch of the basin in which the City of Mexico is located, with its lakes, supplied by rains, and fed by mountain streams, some of which come from the regions of eternal snow, forming a complete rampart with its towers, as if, by nature, constructed to defend this enchanted garden; how the mind becomes entranced, when one stands on a mountain, viewing the scene below, the windings of the streams, the expanse of the lakes, the cultivated

fields, the magic movement of railway trains, and, above all, gives way to that grand and inspiring emotion so akin to terror, when one discerns the great city, formerly the seat of grandeur of the Montezumas, and that other, once the ancient and polished capital of Tezcuco, when thoughts, too profound for words, fill the brain and burst the heart, when tears are the only expression of the soul, only to be succeeded by indignation and rage, impelling one to rush down the mountain, strike the Spaniards right and left, until he has exterminated them from the earth, avenged Montezuma, and "Remembered the Maine!"

On the same day, looking from the valley up to the mountains, one may see them draw near with the severity of telescopic distinctness; early in the day, clouds begin to gather round the breast of the extinct volcanoes, and hide the heads of the lesser mountains, condensing until a complete lid is formed over the basin, enabling one to draw a contour line of elevation around the entire valley against the mountains; thunders sometimes roll in deep intonations; but, at other times, "the silent tempest" is poured upon the mountains, to be seen when the clouds have lifted; at sunset, the clouds break up into many-hued masses of gold, silver and turquois, reflecting their tints to both mountains and valley, like brave sons endeavoring to prolong the glories of a departing ancestor, but to be soon shrouded in the mystery of darkness; the mountains of the west cast their lengthening shadows across the valley, which soon ascend and overtop the mountains of the east; only the extinct volcanoes on the south, gowned and capped, reposing in that eternal slumber

from which the first ray of morning and the last of declining day can never wake them, remain visibly distinct; but, in turn, lose their outline, so that their snowy summits look like white clouds in the sky; only a thread of gold now borders the western horizon, already going to pieces, and disappearing; but a dull radiance lingers in the west, as if the day were dying hard; the waves of the distant Pacific, like the last effort of departing hope, throw back the glimmer of light from the western skies; and now darkness, darkness, darkness, end of both day and hope; but soon the glories of the east rekindle both day and hope; and we live and hope again. The world is but a day, and a day, the world.

With some observations on the effect of altitude, I will close the descriptive chapter.

During the latter part of January, 1907, I left Topeka, Kansas, an altitude of about 1000 feet, arriving, in two days, at Zacatecas, Mexico, a short distance within the tropics, an altitude of about 8000 feet. The weather at Topeka was then unusually mild, with a temperature about equal to that of Zacatecas, so that I do not have a difference, or, at least, a material difference, in temperature to consider; but the difference in humidity was considerable, the air at Zacatecas being very much dryer than at Topeka. During the daytime at Zacatecas, I felt fairly comfortable; but, at night, neither clothing nor spirits produced bodily warmth, a condition to be appreciated only by experience. I did not have the benefit of artificial heat, as, in no part of Mexico, is that necessity available, because of the poverty of the people and the lack of

a local supply of fuel. Discomfort would express my bodily feeling the first night, but no word short of misery is forcible enough for the second, as I was suffering intense pain over my entire dermal surface, which, however, disappeared with the second night; and I had no recurrence of it during my stay in any part of the country, not even again at Zacatecas, where I returned in several weeks after being at a lower altitude.

What I will call, in myself at least, the sensation of altitude, such as I always experience for a day, on going from Topeka to Colorado to an altitude of 5000 feet or 6000 feet, a slight blurring of vision, diminished audition, but, above all, a peculiar unsteadiness of equilibrium, not altogether explicable by the word dizziness, produced by a feeling of cerebral expansion, either by too great a blood supply within, or the reduction of atmospheric pressure without, as well as that general tactile impression, which, for want of a word expressive of its true character, I will call tingling, I did not experience at all, doubtless because the gradual and long ascent gave sufficient time for the adjustment of my bodily mechanism with natural conditions.

Five thousand feet to eight thousand feet above sea-level is no great elevation at which to live, although its influences are very perceptible to those suddenly ascending from sea-level or within about 1000 feet of sea-level. The first impulse is for increased physical activity; one desires to, and, actually does, run; then succeeds a mental activity producing gaiety, laughter, loquaciousness; then increased hunger and thirst; early waking and late retiring, sleeplessness,

with a rapid pulse accompanying; various modifications of all the senses; and, lastly, the reaction, the depression.

How like intoxication! I mean the intoxication we have seen; and this, indeed, is its true explanation.

The greatest elevation I ever attained was the summit of Pike's Peak, after remaining at an elevation of about 5000 feet until the sensation of elevation there had disappeared; but, strange to me, the sudden ascent, in an hour, from about 5000 feet to 14,147 feet, produced no apparent effect.

For effects occurring at the extreme heights of mountain-climbers of 18,000 feet to 19,000 feet, I must refer to the writings of Humboldt and others, as well as to "Leaves from an Aëronaut," if access to more authentic literature is not to be had, as this is not within my experience.

Now, I will state what I think is the cause of all this: The immediate effects are mechanical, produced by the diminution of atmospheric pressure, causing an increased activity, first of the peripheral nerves, thence centrally, accelerating the heart's action.

If we know certainly that, by the pricking of a single pin causing pain, we can increase the heart-beats, on principle I conclude that a general peripheral influence, though short of actual pain, is the correct explanation of the cause of the rapid pulse of high altitudes.

Following the direct mechanical influence of elevation by diminished atmospheric pressure, I place the humidity of the atmosphere as the second operating cause.

I had been living at an altitude of about 1000 feet, where the atmosphere is of that degree of humidity

as produces sufficient precipitation for the growing of the cereals, the grasses, and the fruits of the temperate zone. At Zacatecas, I was about 8000 feet above sea-level, where no moisture had been precipitated for three or four months, and where, during even the rainy season in the tropics, but little rain falls. The air was intensely dry, and, at night, cold, but too dry for frost. By the second day I had dried out like a starched garment on the line. The cold air, no longer kept at a respectful distance by dermal exudation, pressed directly upon my dry cuticle, which, in turn, pressing upon my nerve-ends, or tactile corpuscles, as the anatomists say, produced discomfort first, then pain; but the adjustment, the accommodation, soon came to my relief.

The corresponding decrease of temperature with increase of altitude must also be considered in arriving at general results; but this has relation, almost entirely, to permanent effects in the growth, development and life of both vegetables and animals; and is, therefore, a matter for exact scientific observations and experiments, which are beyond my reach, as well as purpose.

My hope, in these articles, is, that I may be able to keep up a lively interest in the narrative portion by cutting it short, omitting tiresome details, which, though engaging to the writer by reason of his personal experience, are always rubbish to the reader, and then to draw practical, scientifical, political or social conclusions, as the case may be.

I will, therefore, continue: On the same spot or surface, I feel comfortable, normal, which, in reality, is the absence of all sensation, hot or cold, pleasure

or pain, to which I will add the numbness of pathological conditions, heat and cold being but divisions of the temperature sense, and pleasure and pain of the sense of touch.

I can now proceed to the statement of the question: Are all these varied and different sensations conveyed to the brain in the same channel, along the same course, by the same means, or has each its separate instrumentality?

As anatomists have not yet developed the fact, novices may speculate.

We first learn that we have five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch; and, later, we read about the temperature sense, the muscular sense, the sense of pain, and so on; and that each of these has its special nerves, until we wonder where we may find a place to stop in this differentiating process; but I would favor taking the other course, not extreme, I hope, and reduce everything to unity; that all impressions, in the largest sense of that word, becoming perceptions, are cognized by the sense of touch, and that the sense of touch is the only one we have, all others, so called, being but modifications for accommodation.

Enlarging on this idea, I am a firm believer that reason will ultimately reduce all things to unity, whether of force or of entity merely is beyond my purpose now to pursue; but I hope my reader may have the pleasure of following, in imagination, the bright path of fancy, if not, by induction, the highway of reason, to that which must ultimately be regarded as, at once, the beginning and the end of all things.

Space, or, more restrictedly, direction, or, still more, location, is cognizable by all the senses, and herein

is unity. The same original protoplasmic substance, under varied influences and circumstances, has been differentiated into specializations for the purpose of accommodation, the adaptation of structure and function to conditions, not structure and function producing conditions.

Hereon has been waged the strongest controversy of scientific times, which has occupied much of my valuable time to read but a small portion, never once reflecting that even among children I never heard any doubt expressed or argument maintained as to the motor element in the combination of cart and horse.

What I have heretofore said has reference specially to the immediate bodily effects of altitude; if I should now pursue the subject in its permanent effects upon the growth, development and life of the body, I would be obliged to write a long chapter on Anthropology; if I should turn to its influence on mind, I would be invading Philosophy; if, to its deteriorating effects, I would be poaching on the doctors' domains, which are guarded so closely and jealously as to keep out even those who would replenish the game.

I will, however, notwithstanding, say something on all these phases of the subject incidentally in connection with other parts of my story.

If, again, I should undertake to say anything of the effect of altitude on vegetation, in general, or plant life, in particular, even though I should keep closely to my own experiences and observations, I would have to start over again, and write another book; but, in order to complete my outline, I will give a few instances only, by way of illustration, hav-

ing a particular bearing upon the parallel between altitude and latitude in the creation of zones.

Tournefort, in the reign of Louis XIV, in ascending Mt. Ararat, discovered, for the first time, to the world, the existence, at different elevations, of zones of vegetable life corresponding with those to be met with in passing from the equator to the poles; but this is a correspondence with a distinction, and, almost, with a difference.

I have seen the mature strawberry from the 20th to the 50th parallel of north latitude; at the 20th, soft, elongated, watery, glucose, pink; at the 50th, hard, round, dry, saccharine, purple; and, between these latitudes, all gradations.

I have likewise followed it from sea-level at the Gulf of Mexico, ripe in March, to an altitude of 11,000 feet in Colorado, ripe in September; at the gulf, soft, oval, watery, sour, crimson; at 11,000 feet, hard, bell-shaped, dry, tasteless, yellowish; and, likewise, also, between these elevations, all gradations.

In southern Mexico, on the plateaus, I saw willows ten to twelve feet in diameter; in Canada, dwindled to isolated bright yellow twigs, and I have read of them as far north as the 70th parallel.

At sea-level, near the Gulf of Mexico, the willow is an ordinary-sized tree; while, in the highest altitudes, or about 9000 feet, in Colorado, where I have seen it grow, it is a rod, scarce one inch in diameter and not ten feet high, thickly clustered together like a bunch of grass.

The mighty oak, at its best, I think, between the 35th and 40th parallels north, becomes tougher, smaller and deformed south, but always entitled to

the dignified name of tree; while north, although for a long distance maintaining its stature as a tree, becomes brittle, then small, until the shrub, or "scrub," as we say, is reached.

As one ascends from sea-level, the oak passes through all gradations of its zone, until its highest elevations in Colorado, where I have seen forests of it but a few inches in height, and the trunks, slender as a straw, having only one, two or three immensely large leaves, and seldom more than one overgrown acorn. I have uprooted these trees, and find them supported by roots three or four feet long and an inch thick.

Now, you see that increase of elevation does not entirely correspond with progression of latitude. Difference in air-pressure, humidity, heat, sunlight, must all be taken into the question.

So much for the effect of altitude, and incidentally its comparison with latitude.

CHAPTER II.

INDUSTRIAL.

In a country, where the people follow such a primitive mode of life, in the midst of extreme poverty, but little can be said on the industrial features, as their absence is the most noticeable thing about them.

The advent of railroads into Mexico broke the monotony of hundreds of years of existence rather than life following the Spanish conquest. Between that conquest and the advent of the railroads, the Spaniards and their descendants, after murdering a large number of the people, and subduing the others, took from them the whole country, parceling it out among themselves, and domiciling, on their private domains or haciendas, thus obtained, that portion of the populace, escaping, in the wars of the conquest, from death at the hands of the most despicable of men.

On these haciendas, the people first lived as the absolute slaves of the masters of the domains, as I cannot call the occupancy of the Spaniards either possessory or proprietary; afterward the system of peonage was established, which, I was informed, had been abrogated in 1885, where men rendered personal services in discharge of an obligation from which, in view of the manner of procedure, they could never free themselves, a system, I think, in its results, more

demoralizing than absolute slavery, as it removed the responsibility of ownership from the master, by withdrawing from the man his protection and care, thus throwing upon the man all the responsibilities of life, without any means to meet them.

In portions of the United States, at this time, the negro population is handled by a system, having all the force of peonage, where, overwhelmed with an ever-increasing debt, their personal labor is applied, in vain, against its extinguishment, and they are thus hopelessly involved in financial ruin from which death alone can ever relieve them.

The white tenantry, let me say it loudly, in portions of the United States, are also getting themselves in these same toils, with the same sad fate ahead.

This system is more advantageous to the land-owner than chattel slavery, because, here, the land-owner, in the capacity of master, takes all the earnings of the man, resulting from his great efforts, which, he imagines, are for himself; and the master is relieved even of the responsibilities of ownership; whereas, if the master had a proprietary interest in the man, and the man knew he was a slave, his efforts would be weak, and his work non-productive and unprofitable to the master.

I make this statement, not in the hope that slavery may be re-instituted, but to show how despicable is the present situation of affairs.

The advent of the railroads in Mexico, as elsewhere stated, marked the beginning of the emancipation of these poor people; and the railroads will be the means of eventually completing their amelioration; but they are now in that transitional state, between slavery

and freedom, where all the distresses of their former condition are added to the misfortunes of their present state. This is that transition period always the most trying in the lives of individuals as well as nations; where responsibilities arise, without the means of meeting them; where the individual and the public mind are alike in suspense between regret and hope; where the distresses of the new situation seem greater than the evils of the past; and where the doubts for the future discourage the action of the present.

The future of these people, I am afraid, is not very bright; but their condition is getting better; and, I entertain the hope, that I may live to see the day, when poetic justice will be practically done, because I am not a believer in the ethereal, nor yet in the reality of eternal retribution, which may defer decision beyond the life of the individual as well as of the race.

Coming now from the general view of the life of the Mexicans, as affects the destiny of the race, I descend to particulars, which will sound more like an account of their domestic life than a statement of how, on the scale employed by us, they provide for their daily wants, which is the meaning of industrial, as applied by me in this chapter; and, how they supply themselves with clothing, food and shelter will, for a short time, engage our attention.

As food is the first requirement of man, and as agriculture is the chief occupation in Mexico, I will first give an account of what, of utility, grows there, and, in passing, the manner of performing the work.

No effort will be made, in the largest sense, to say what grows in Mexico, because anyone, needing that information, will find the proper source in scientific

works and government reports; but I will attempt to give a few facts, without technicalities, and without even trying to dignify the subject with the word "flora," except to say that I hope Flora will never find out what dead names we have given to the sweet objects of her care; and, I imagine, notwithstanding the fact that she is a native of Italia, she would be altogether lost, if she chanced upon a catalogue, in our Latin, of the flora even of her own country.

I will, also, caution that scientific works, except to the initiated, and government reports, except to those who otherwise know, are often misleading, not only on account of the unintelligible nomenclature and the great number of species usually given, but more especially by reason of the lack of proper information as to the relative importance of those catalogued.

To illustrate, I will give a quotation from Dr. Kane's account of the island of Disco, on the west coast of Greenland, at latitude 70° north:

The arctic turf is unequaled; nothing in the tropics approaches it for specific variety; and, in density, it far exceeds its Alpine congener. Two birches, three willows, that noble heath, the Andromeda, the whortleberry, the crowberry, and a potentilla were, in one instance, all wreathed together in a matted sod, from whose intricate network, rising within an area of a single foot, I counted no less than six species of flowering plants.

In a ravine, back of the settlement, the washings of the melted snow had accumulated, in little escalades or terraces, a scanty mould, rich with arctic growths.

The mosses, which met the lichens at a sort of neutral ground between rock and soil, were particularly rich. So sodden were they with the percolating waters that you sank up to your ankles. Nestling curiously under

their protecting tufts rose a complete parterre of tinted flowers consisting of gentians, ranunculus, ledum, draba, potentilla, saxifrages, poppy, and sedums.

Surely the real-estate agents have overlooked this; and, if I am the cause of putting that island on the market for settlement, by offering all the advantages of cheap lands and high products, I hope that the enterprising dealers, thus profiting, will kindly remember me, at least to the extent of letting me in on the ground floor for a large block of the stock at par, before the advance, so that, in my old age, I may paper at least one room with beautifully-engraved certificates of stock.

Upon the same grounds, do I recommend emigration to Mexico, having the same hope to be kindly remembered by those profiting by my suggestion.

Approximately speaking, all without the tropics in Mexico is barren, or nearly so, excepting always, of course, the irrigated districts along the streams, which are few and far between, granting barren to have its ordinary, and not its absolute, meaning, because a plain, having only a little native grass, a few thorny shrubs, much or little cactus, and no running water, is, in the ordinary acceptation, barren. This describes two-thirds of the country, or all that lying outside the tropics, and much of that within.

Wheat grows to advantage only on irrigated land; and, in all places where I saw it on other land, a failure, or nearly a failure, was the result. The time of sowing is, what we, in the United States, call the fall; the time of reaping is our midwinter; the product, from a few to a few bushels per acre, never escaping the designation of few; the quality, poor to rejected; the berry, long, slender and flinty; the flour, dark and harsh; the

bread, all biscuit, as the flour cannot be handled in loaves. Not enough wheat is grown in the country at present for home comsumption, and large quantities are imported from the United States.

Rye, I saw but a very few acres; and, as I am speaking only of gross results, will count it out altogether.

Barley is grown to a limited extent; and, as it is very short, is harvested by pulling it up by the roots by hand, and packing it in rope nets.

Oats, not grown at all.

Corn is the great staple of the country, as it can be grown on upland without irrigation: I saw but one attempt to grow it on irrigated land, and there the stalks were spindly, more than twenty feet high, and not an ear; but, on the upland, where the best results are obtained, it grows a little taller than ordinarily in the United States, with a more slender stalk, having a small ear, usually about four inches in length, and of corresponding diameter; the grains, long, shriveled, loose on the cob, and becoming worm-eaten soon after maturity, as is the case with corn in all southern countries. The poorest corn I saw would make about two bushels per acre, the best about twelve, with seven or eight, perhaps, as the average yield. It is all cut and shocked, and some of it afterward stacked, or stowed away in the branches of trees, presenting the appearance of an immense bird's-nest. During the winter and spring, it is husked, shucked, snipped, picked, gathered, the name depending upon what part of the country you hail from; and is always shelled and sacked for marketing. So much for the cereals.

Of hay, cut from wild grass, I saw but a few stacks, probably less than one hundred tons, although I was

told of one place, on one of the railway lines leading from the City of Mexico to the Gulf, where it was abundant. Buffalo most largely, bunch, and several other kinds which I had never before seen, and of which I could learn no name, make up the grasses. Timothy and clover, I saw none; kaffir-corn, none; sorghum, none; alfalfa, that great gift to the world in recent times, grows perennially on irrigated ground. So much for the hay and feed producers.

Potatoes vary in size from a hulled hickorynut to a hulled black walnut; sweet potatoes grow well; turnips and carrots, small; tomatoes, very small and bitter; onions, any sizes and styles, the year round; peppers, peppers, peppers; strawberries, the year round, at one place only; the other common berries, I saw nor heard of none.

A variety of other small fruits, bearing about the same relation there as our groundcherry, Mayapple, sarvis, haw, pawpaw, persimmon, etc., and, indeed, some identical in all but the name, should be mentioned; but they have mostly that sickish, sweetish taste, so familiar in the Mayapple and pawpaw; and, I imagine, the less one eats of them, the more secure may he consider his health. So much for the vegetables and small fruits.

A few varieties of the common apple grow very poorly; crabapples produce a ripened, wormy crop; peaches and apricots do well; and I was told a few pears and plums were grown; cherries, I saw none. And so much for the fruits proper.

That I may not weary, let me hastily mention the orange, in widely-scattered localities, but of a quality that would not sell in competition with the products

of California and Florida; I saw no acid lemons, which we use in making lemonade, but abundance of sweet ones; bananas, small and dry, of about one-third the ordinary size; a small amount of coffee, dry, tasteless and odorless; sugarcane, along the streams, where it can be well irrigated, in the tierra caliente.

I must mention what we ordinarily call the century-plant, when we see it in hot-houses in the United States, but called by its native name maguey, which, still, as in the days before the Conquest, produces clothing, food and drunks, but less of the former two and more of the latter, now than then. Its fermented sap or juice is called pulque, or Mexican beer, having somewhat the taste, to me, of thin, over-sour buttermilk. Distillations are obtained from its roots, called mescal and tequila, tasting, to me, also, I must say, as one might imagine a mixture of pure alcohol and Scotch whisky would, having the fire of the alcohol and the smoke of the Scotch. Some people, to whom I have made this statement, have denied knowledge of what either alcohol or Scotch whisky is like; and, if any of my readers are so innocent, also, and still have a curiosity, they can find out, without being either indiscreet, or violating their pledge, by taking a shovelful of green hickory or sour oak coals, just as they are giving off their densest cloud of smoke, and swallow them. This experiment will furnish a genuine substitute for the original.

This illustration is very appropriate, also, with respect to the whisky of our prohibition States; and I gladly give temperance lecturers the permission, notwithstanding my copyright, to use it, even without acknowledgment.

Cotton, in small acreage on irrigated land, I mention, also; and tobacco, for home consumption, a few acres on each hacienda.

Only the southern portion of Mexico can, in any sense, be said to be tropical. The elevation is so high as to give to the generality of the country a temperate climate, which is not, however, of the same variety, called temperate in the United States. The west coast-line pitches precipitously into the ocean; and, while a strip of lowland borders the gulf and the sea on the east, yet it is subject to almost the same conditions of moisture as the tablelands; and the northers sometimes sweep down along the gulf-coast in winter with such severity as to drive the tropical birds to the interior, producing winter effects even as far south as Vera Cruz.

Having thus briefly given an account of what of domestic utility and commercial value grows in Mexico, I will now make a few observations respecting the migrations of man, who, often, living in his own good home, with plenty, if not a superfluity, with intelligent children, a contented wife, kind neighbors and many friends, sells his home at a sacrifice, and emigrates to the uncertainties of a new or unknown country, should be actuated by the most powerful reasons; yet, this is the true wave of emigration now in progress from the East to the West, letting in Europe behind it, so that the eastern portion of the United States is no more American, but European, both as to population and customs, thus establishing, in this country, the institutions from which our forefathers fled, who so bravely established their liberties here at the cost of so much blood and treasure.

O shade of Washington, wilt thou not be propitious unto us! Since all other warnings have failed, wilt thou not lift up thy hand, and write upon the sky, that we may yet take warning? And blot out, forever blot out, the scrawlings of those fools, who have chalked their names above the sculpture of thy own!

If we do nothing to break the force of this wave, the principles for which the Revolution was fought will soon be remembered only on the shores of the Pacific, where, finding their limit, they may sometime react on what is now their impelling force.

For this, we have history, which first shows us the Celt in Asia Minor, who, advancing before the pressure of the great Asiatic wave, at last found a lodgment in the northwestern confines of Europe, where, by reason of the ocean, he could go no farther. This wave is reacting, and the Celt, now dominant in western Europe, is extending his influence eastward; but, as the wave, reacting from the shore, is never so great or powerful as the incoming, which it must soon encounter, the result is easily predicted, because social as well as physical dynamics are under the dominion of the same law.

Still the wind, if you would stop the wave. Shut the gates, if you would keep out the tide. These are truths, whether physically, socially or psychically considered.

As closely connected with irrigation and the transportation of the products of agriculture, I will refer to the canals and aqueducts of the country, both ancient and modern.

Before the Conquest, and for time beyond record,

Mexico had numerous canals, some to convey water from the mountains and streams to irrigate the land, and others for the purposes of commerce. La Viga is one of these latter, extending from the City of Mexico to the lake, thence furnishing a waterway to Tezcuco, and doubtless of great importance in those ancient times as a means of transportation between those capitals.

I must have the satisfaction of a voyage on this canal, and I embarked in a boat operated by a native Mexican, who is quite talkative, explaining more than I ask about; stopping on the way, he takes me through a large flower garden, where an immense bouquet is cut and handed me, from which, looking to the south, a magnificent view of the mountains of eternal snow is to be had, which is for the purpose of impressing me with the delicious experience of standing in the midst of flowers, with a bunch in my hand, in midwinter, and looking up to the regions of perpetual snow. I do not have time, however, to stop and write poetry, as I am asked to proceed to a building, occupied as a residence by native Mexicans, but, in reality, a museum, mostly of the relics of that ancient people, a large, most valuable and interesting collection, which I took to be that of some individual or family. I was shown through this; but, as everything had the air of privacy; and, as the sad demeanor of the matron of the place impressed me with the feeling that, if here is not a representative of some distinguished family of the Ancients, exhibiting this as a relic to the world of their personal loss in the general destruction of the Conquest, at least, she is thus representing the race; and this made me feel so sad also, that I

did not have the heart to ask any questions; but followed her mournfully through the house, as if viewing the precious belongings of a dear and deceased relative. At last, we came to the exit, and I was shown a large book in which I was invited to write my name, and anything else which came to mind; and here is what I wrote:

> Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race
> May every god adorn with every grace;
> Still fixed on virtue may your nation stand,
> And public evil never touch your land! (Homer, *Ody.*)
> A. A. GRAHAM, Topeka, Kansas, U. S. A.

Returning to my boat, I proceed a little farther, then return; and, as I sat in the stern of the boat, viewing these scenes and reflecting, as the boatman pulled heavily along, I imagined that I might be reliving, to a certain extent at least, the life on these canals in the year 5000 before Adam, because this continent, geologically considered, and, I suspect, anthropologically, also, is the Old World, and not the New; and I imagined I might be a great chief of those ancient people conveyed along this historic canal by one of my slaves; and instantly I reflect how human vanity overrides all things, even those for which I had but just now mourned.

O people, never trust your liberties nor delegate your government to man, but always exercise your own prerogatives!

On landing, my boatman, having learned, during the trip, that I was an American, asked me, in addition to the hire of his boat, if I would give him ten cents extra to buy a glass of whisky, which I did with great

pleasure, so as to keep up the reputation of my countrymen abroad.

As I can give only the briefest reference to the ancient and modern canals, ditches and aqueducts for the conveyance of water for irrigating the land and supplying cities and towns, I must refer those desiring an extended knowledge of this wonderful system, to Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, and, also, of Peru; and, those desiring to find wonders generally in this direction may read up about Tadmor or Palmyra, in Arabia, now in ruins also.

The cruel and savage conquerors, after destroying everything, as far as they could, including these canals, set about in after years, to construct, for their own glory, stupendous aqueducts, none of which, I believe, are now in use; and which I will call, as their ruins impressed me, monuments of extravagance and ignorance.

At Zacatecas, a large portion of one of these great aqueducts still remains; and the most casual glance will show anyone, not an engineer, how the same result could have been easily and cheaply attained. Seeing this, I asked a gentleman, familiar with its history, about this method of construction, and he informed me that the engineer adopted this plan so that his name might be connected with a great enterprise, a universal human weakness; but, that, had he adopted the sensible course, and carried the ditch around the face of the slope, the work would have been easily, quickly and cheaply performed.

What was the name of this great engineer? Answer: As his monument stamps him a fool, I, perhaps, would do him a kindness to conceal it.

Had the amount of money necessary for the more costly construction, or the contracts growing out of it, anything to do with the method adopted? Answer: Now, you are getting too personal, curious and impertinent, and I will not answer this question at all.

Ditches, properly so called, are the present means for carrying water for irrigating purposes, and the system of main and lateral, as now commonly employed, wherever irrigation is done on a large scale, is here found; and the modern system of piping supplies the larger cities, while the smaller cities and towns still employ the most ancient means, "the carrier of water."

Sometimes we find rivers dammed, and their entire waters diverted, and spread over cultivated lands; but, most generally, the work is not so extended, a single owner being the proprietor of his own irrigating system.

Wheat, on the tablelands, and sugarcane, in the tierra caliente, are the great crops requiring irrigation. Alfalfa, here perennial, must, also, be thus provided for, as well as the less pretentious, but more important gardening.

The people raise a great many goats, and these are the most important animals in the country, and are most generally used for slaughter. The meat is not good, but, then, it is better than none. Next comes beef, also of a poor quality, and usually served as a stew; then pork of a fairly good quality, and more plentiful than I had expected to find it. Fowls do well, and chickens and eggs are the meat supply of very many.

The people make nearly all their own clothing. Those who do not go barefoot, make for themselves a sandal cut from sole-leather, strapped to the foot, on which they wear no sock. Since our own customs are changing, I feel obliged to say, in order to be properly understood, that the men wear pants of a thin white cotton, without an undergarment; and, indeed, the word drawers does not exist in the languages of Mexico. On their body, they wear a short jacket, blouse, jumper, roundabout, or waumus, as variously styled in the United States, made of the same white cotton stuff; and they, sometimes, enjoy the luxury of a shirt of the same material. Their hat, sombrero, is a great and distinctive work of art, sometimes of the value of twenty dollars or more, and often that many times more valuable than all the remainder of their apparel. The blanket, used by both sexes, is ordinarily of a coarse weave and a red color, serving as a wrap by day, and bed and bedding by night. The women dress in the skirts usual in Europe and America, and some of them wear shoes of the common make, the remainder going barefoot, as I saw none wearing the sandals; some, also, wear the sombrero, but the usual headdress of the women is a small black shawl. I feel obliged to mention these articles of wearing apparel here, because they are all, or almost all, made by the people themselves, and constitute about their sole manufacturing resources.

I stepped into the house of a blanket-weaver. Here, on the ground, one on either side of the entrance, sat two men, one of them blind, carding wool, which was taken by the spinner, and drawn into coarse threads and wound upon a spindle; then a man placed the

thread upon a reel from which he prepared the bobbins; while the man at the loom threw the shuttle.

Man surely got his idea of the Fates from such a scene as this, and that was the thought which came to me on the spot.

I am at a loss to know how people can exist in a climate as inhospitable as most of Mexico, dressed in this manner. On my trip to Panindicuaro, elsewhere described, a poor boy, the son of the driver, had to go along, as boys have a propensity for driving; and, at times of the day when I was cold in closely buttoned winter clothing, this lad, with nothing but a straw hat and a thin cotton waist and pants, showed no signs of discomfort. While I had no use for him, and, in fact, he was in the way, as boys sometimes are, yet I paid him fifty cents a day while on the trip, thinking he would use the money in providing himself some clothing; but, no, he took all the money home, where he doubtless found a use for it more pressing than providing for his own terrible condition. This is the only money he ever had, and he was very careful of it; and, for myself, I am sure that I will always live in his mind as a great personage.

I have, also, seen people in a portion of the United States, dress, with the exception of the feet, in much the same way as the Mexicans; and, when I would be shivering with the cold, although heavily dressed, they would appear comfortable in only enough clothing to wad that proverbial shotgun.

I remember once, traveling through the mountains of North Carolina, during the summer, near the Tennessee line, and, perhaps, I was in Tennessee at the time, because I do not want to appear partial; and,

meeting with a farmer, I began to talk with him over the fence, asking questions, as I usually do, but giving advice only when people ask me, and, incidentally, pay me. After making myself as agreeably pleasant as I knew how, I asked this farmer if it got very cold in this country during the winter, to which he replied: "No, if you have a right smart shirt, a pair of overalls and a roundabout, you can go through the winter all right, and in any kind of society."

In the country, the Mexican houses in the higher altitudes are usually built of sun-baked bricks of large dimensions, laid up without mortar, while, in the towns, the same material is used for the wall, but plastered outside and inside. The roof is usually earth, and is sometimes covered with a coat of cement plaster; but in the lower countries, the walls of the houses are often nothing more than a stone fence, and the roof is of brush and grass; while in the hot country, the houses are of grass, reeds, sugarcane and cornstalks.

And now I have said something about the industries of the Mexicans in providing themselves with clothing, food and shelter.

Their arts, for arts they have, I shall mention when I come to speak of their civilization, as a more appropriate place for that subject.

On going into the country, I noticed that the outbound passenger trains were very much more crowded than the incoming, and this condition I observed during my entire stay. I saw passenger cars containing as many as two hundred Mexican laborers going to the United States, packing the cars so completely that the ticket collector had to walk through on the arms of

the seats, holding to the transoms. These men rode in this condition hundreds of miles; had they been cattle of any grade, they would not have been so handled; but they were men, men leaving the country against the will of the government and the desire of the land-owner, with every discouragement placed in their way.

Not only by rail, but on foot, in long files, following a banner of hope, carried at the head of the column, men, without money, and with only a sack of provisions, a gourd of water, and a blanket for cloak by day, and bed and tent by night, are marching out of the country.

> Ill fares the land to lasting ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
>
> —*The Deserted Village.*

The emigration, in large numbers, of the Mexicans to the United States, where they learn the operation, and see the effects, of civil government, and then return to Mexico, imparting the information to their countrymen, thence to the United States again with their families, is not only depleting Mexico, but is working, aside from this material physical change, a modification in the religious, political and social life of the people, and is the very cause finally to produce a revolution in their condition.

Military and governmental revolutions almost always mean merely a change of masters, bringing to the people only the additional burden of the change; and

these are what Mexico has, for so long, been enduring; but her amelioration will finally come from foreign travel, that great educational source, which brought civilization into Europe with the return of the crusaders, and incidentally sowed the seeds of the Reformation.

One of the surest lessons taught by history is that emigration, forced from a country, marks its decline. Mexico should, therefore, learn, and might yet take warning; but she will not.

All industries in Mexico will realize, when too late, that they cannot keep laborers there on 12½ cents to 25 cents per day, when they can obtain $1.50 to $2.00 per day in the United States, where they will have the advantage, also, of human treatment; and emigration to the United States must, therefore, continue to increase, to the great detriment of Mexico.

What grows out of the ground and is produced from mines constitutes all the wealth of Mexico, because she has neither manufactures nor foreign trade. Her land, for a long time, I am satisfied from appearances, and her mines for a shorter time, have been suffering for lack of laborers; hence, she is decreasing in wealth.

I am not enthusiastic over the coming of the Mexicans to the United States; I would be glad if they could find it convenient and profitable to stay at home; and I would rejoice to know that conditions in that country had improved to the extent of making it desirable for them to stay at home, or return, after having been with us.

The present condition of the Mexicans must still exist for some time, because the majority of the people

are too poor to leave; and, if they did leave in large numbers, they would have no place to go, nor would they be able to live at all, until they got out of the country.

A state of subjection may be so complete that even liberty cannot change it.

During the year 1906, according to newspaper reports, about twenty-two thousand Mexicans arrived at El Paso, scattering over a large portion of the United States, engaging mostly in railroad work. The Mexican government, however, reported the number at about six thousand, and has been very busily engaged trying to discourage this emigration, continuously giving out, while I was in the country, that no work could be obtained at El Paso, and telling stories of great suffering among the Mexicans there. These reports, however, did not deter them, because they had no remunerative work at home, and they certainly could not be influenced, in view of their condition at home, when told of suffering abroad.

The government, the owners of haciendas, and the employers of large numbers of laborers are very much exercised over this emigration, as affecting their immediate plans; and I saw evidences of it, in large tracts of land, formerly in cultivation, but gone and going back to a wild state by reason of lack of laborers to till the ground. The land-owner, however, will not raise the wages, nor put in modern machinery, or otherwise improve his facilities to do the work, with the result that the haciendas will eventually become unprofitable; but already this has happened, in some instances, and these large tracts of land are on the market to foreigners, who are buying them in bliss-

ful ignorance of prevailing or approaching conditions. With a change of ownership, a partial change of condition will follow; but the natural difficulties are so great, that a revolution in methods can never be looked for.

To illustrate: Land that has been eight months without rain cannot be plowed until moistened by rain again; and, when this occurs, the farmer must act very quickly in plowing and planting, before the rains become too frequent or too heavy. This applies to the crop of corn and other grains planted on non-irrigated ground the latter part of June or first of July, as the rainy season begins the latter part of June, I was told.

The sowing of wheat is under more favorable circumstances, because that requires irrigation, and the farmer has some choice as to time and conditions.

I saw but one steam plow, and that was in operation near Aguas Calientes; also a few steel plows, as commonly used in the United States, at stores for sale; but all others were the old wooden plows, made of a crooked stick, with metallic point, one handle and a wooden beam, drawn at snail pace by oxen.

Wheat is still, almost everywhere, cut by hand with a sickle; and, in yet a very few places is trodden out by oxen on a stone floor, although modern threshers are now generally in use.

Circular threshing-floors, thirty or forty feet in diameter, paved with stones closely fitted together and surrounded by a wall or curb of cut stones on end about three feet in height, are to be seen. I regarded these with great curiosity, as they seemed to carry me back several thousand years in the world's history;

but I thought how much better this was than the flail with which I used to have to pound out buckwheat.

On leaving the country, toward the latter part of February, I saw some wheat cut and in shock. Four months afterward, in the latter part of June, I saw wheat just coming up in Manitoba. Granting that the crop in Manitoba would be ripe and cut the latter part of September, this would make the wheat harvest in North America from the City of Mexico, its most southerly point, to Winnipeg, its most northerly, about seven months long.

CHAPTER III.

COMMERCIAL.

I cannot give a comprehensive view of Mexico without saying something about its transportation facilities, because, now, the great railway lines, in the description of a country, are more important than the great rivers, as a determining factor in the country's development, in controlling the direction of trade. Before the construction of railways, the navigable rivers determined very largely the course of trade and the country's development, but they have now resigned that control in favor of the railways, which are altogether comparable with the blood-vessels of the human body, carrying, relaying and recarrying that which is the life, or which gives life, in both cases. Those, desiring to give their imaginations more range than my purpose will permit, may find pleasure in dissecting the circulatory system of commerce, finding here the heart, with its double function, supplying the body generally for life, the lungs for purification, not forgetting the portal system for keeping up the supply, following the lines of the arteries, their branches, the capillaries, and returning to the center along the veins; but my purpose will be subserved by calling attention to the main channels only.

El Paso, Eagle Pass and Laredo, all on the Rio Grande, are the present gateways from the north;

and Brownsville, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, will doubtless, also, be a gateway later. The extension of a branch line entering from the United States and intended to skirt the west coast south and reach eventually as far as the City of Mexico, is now in progress; but, as the natural difficulties of the country are very great, its completion may be long delayed. The objective point of all lines from the north is the City of Mexico, which has two lines to Vera Cruz and one to Tampico, the two principal ports on the east coast. From the city, connection is made with the Tehuantepec line across the isthmus, connecting Coatzacoalcos on the east coast with Salina Cruz on the west coast, the latter being the only port on the west coast with railway connection to the city, and that is indirect. Lines are in progress to other ports on the west coast, but their completion is not yet in sight. Along the lines mentioned is now pulsating the trade of the country.

Stage lines, for the transportation of persons and the mails, are operated from the railroads to a few of the outlying districts, and I had the pleasure of riding more than one hundred miles in an old rockaway coach, such as was used in the eastern part of the United States in the old turnpike days; although this is not the usual style of coach now in use in Mexico, but one of lighter and cheaper construction. This ride was a pleasure indeed, and I do not know how to impress that fact upon one who has never ridden all night and all day, without intermission, in a stage-coach, drawn on the run, over rough roads; and then also think of the gratification of having the experience and enjoying the luxuries of a century ago! I

do not like the disposition of the present time, which finds only an objection, a kick, in everything, against the past, the present and the future alike, thus exhibiting unmistakable ignorance, while pretending to be cultivated and experienced. To travel to the utmost ends of the earth is a great pleasure, but to be carried backward a century, a real enjoyment.

Those who go to Mexico, and follow only the usual lines of travel by rail, ought not to flatter themselves that they have seen the country or the people.

Riding a burro comes next, as a general means of travel, because horses are scarce, and the mules are mostly used for stages and carts.

Next, and, lastly, you can walk, and walking is a great means of transportation in Mexico, journeys of more than one hundred miles on foot, by men, women and children, being very common. A boy of twelve years, from whom I bought some curios at Irapuato, told me he had walked in from the country a distance of eighty-five miles, and carried his basket of merchandise.

How would you like, my little man, to carry a basket of eggs to town for your mother, a distance of a mile, and bring back the worth of them in sugar? No, no; you would want, if not an automobile, at least a fast horse and a rubber-tired, and would feel yourself disgraced, yes, disgraced, with a less pretentious turnout, all to market a basket of eggs!

I see people in my own town, and I am told they now exist everywhere, who have mortgaged all they have to buy an automobile, which I see them daily drive up to a little hole-in-the-wall variously called a restaurant, lunchroom, chophouse, or other like in-

appetizing name, go in, perch themselves upon a stool, eat a fifteen-cent meal, have it charged to them, go out, get into their machine, and drive off a-spinning and a-tooting, streamers (veils) a-flying, and smiling or dignified countenances, according to the temper of the individuals, which seem to say to us poor pedestrians, as we flee from being crushed before them: "This town is mine, but I permit you to stay here to furnish me excitement in trying to run over you."

Automobiles are very scarce in Mexico, except in the City of Mexico, where I found a great many, as seems to be the case now in all great cities; and, notwithstanding many restrictions placed by law upon the manner of running them, the public is nowhere safe against their unlawful operation.

The State of Kansas has very salutary laws on the subject, which are just and equitable to both the owners of automobiles and the public; but the trouble here, as elsewhere, seems to be in the enforcement. An exception, however, is made in favor of politicians; section 413, of the General Statutes of Kansas of 1907, after defining an automobile, provides:

Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing or in any manner or form infringing upon the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious band-wagon at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof: *Provided, however*, That not less than ten nor more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death: *And pro-*

vided further, That whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy, the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "Throw out the life-line."

But walking has always been a great means of transportation; and, while not always the most fashionable, will yet always maintain its *footing* as against any innovations. In one of my drives over the country, I met 250 or 300 able-bodied men, marching double file, about an equal number in each line, the leader of one line having a banner displaying a picture of the Virgin, and the banner of the companion line with a picture of some apostle or saint, on a journey of about eight hundred miles to find work, each man having for his bed a single blanket, a sack or bundle of provisions, a gourd of water,—a true army, an industrial army, marching and camping day and night until they reach their destination. These men had little or no money, but were making heroic efforts to get to where they could find work at remunerative wages.

I have had occasion to speak of this when writing about industrial conditions.

The products of the country are brought to market or to the railroad for shipment a surprisingly long distance in some instances. At Zacatecas I asked a man, just arrived with a burro train loaded with charcoal, how far he had come, and he said ninety miles. Immense two-wheeled carts, drawn generally by six or eight mules, but occasionally by oxen, are the only vehicles in use for this purpose.

We are almost safe in saying that there is nothing not packed on the backs of burros. I even saw a

house torn down, and packed off piece by piece on the backs of these poor creatures; and one frequently sees corn-fodder or hay packed upon them so as to obscure them entirely on a side view, producing the appearance of moving stacks.

Steamers occasionally touch on the west coast; and, while I was in the country, one landed at a port with about six hundred Japanese to work on the extension of a railway to connect with another extension from the city, but I was told all these Japanese, instead of going to work, had left for the interior; and, while I cannot vouch for the truth of the report, yet I know all of a sudden the country was full of Japanese working their way mostly toward the United States, hoping to swim the Rio Grande at El Paso; and, I think, they did, because, on arriving at El Paso a few weeks later, that town was overrun with them, and contractors for railway laborers in the United States were shipping them out by the carload.

The east coast, particularly Vera Cruz and Tampico, has regular vessels plying between there and various ports in the United States and Europe.

So much for transportation in Mexico, both by land and sea.

Formerly almost all railroad employés in Mexico, except track laborers, were from the United States; but this condition is slowly changing, and we now find a few engineers, many firemen, a few conductors and many brakemen, of the native people, from which we easily see that the proportion must increase. Section foremen were also formerly from the United States, but now they are all natives, as well as a few

road masters. The station agents are now mostly natives, and the clerical work, in the general offices in particular, is done almost entirely by natives. One can, therefore, see that only time is now required to furnish the necessary education and experience on the part of the natives to put the entire work of operating their railroads in their own hands, which will mark a very important step in their advancement, and local self-control and government.

The same miserably poor freight service under which the people in the United States have been suffering for the past two or three years is what we find in Mexico, and the same excuse is there given as here, lack of freight cars, car famine, as railroad people say; but I think we would find there, as I am sure of conditions here, that the trouble arises mostly from lack of locomotives, locomotive famine, first, and, second, lack of ability, brain famine, on the part of the men trying to run our railroads.

From personal and continuous observation, made during all the time this alleged car famine is said to have existed, I am sure, and I take no chances in asserting, that no serious and long-continued car or locomotive famine has existed; but I am not so positive about the brain famine.

In the fall of 1904, all at once, and all over the country, a great cry went up from the railroads that they could not move the traffic on account of a shortage of cars; and cars, as I myself observed, actually did disappear from terminal stations and the yards in the large cities; but, where did they go to, what had become of them? I naturally asked. They had not been eaten up, or consumed in the famine, as this

was not that kind of famine; but I kept looking, and later I discovered the side-tracks at little and out-of-the-way stations filled with empty freight cars, stored away for safe-keeping.

This explains the immediate car famine, which was forced into existence at that time; but, manifestly, this condition could not last long; and these cars were again put in service; but with the restriction that they should be moved slowly, which was effected through the influence of many minor procrastinations; but chiefly, and, in some places, solely, by overloading the engines, in order to make a great showing of tonnage hauled, until intervals, as I personally myself know, of one to two months were required to move cars less than one hundred miles, and where, indeed, they stood loaded at the initial station more than a month before getting started.

Why should this have been done? This question cannot be answered on the ground of sense; it must, therefore, be answered on the ground of a lack of sense; and finds its full solution in the brain famine before referred to.

The alleged car shortage is, also, due, in a very great degree, to the large number of bad-order freight cars, for so long existing and constantly increasing, which the railroad companies are making little or no effort to repair and place back in service.

At the present time (September, 1907), I know that one-seventh of the whole number of cars, owned by a certain railroad company, are in bad order, and out of service; and that the company, so far from making an effort to speedily repair them, is not making more

than a pretense toward keeping up repairs on those actually in service.

Not only are the tracks at repair stations full of bad-order cars, but the sidetracks at all stations, for many miles in every direction therefrom, are, also, crowded with them, awaiting their turn, thus hampering the transaction of business at those stations, as well as greatly delaying the movement of trains on the road.

If this can be said to be business at all, it certainly must be called poor business.

Errors are great in proportion as the enterprise is great. We must not imagine that, because great skill is required, great skill is forthcoming. A multitude is the expression of less wisdom than an individual.

The rules of criticism, however, demand that I should offer some more specific explanation for the existence of this untoward condition than merely a lack of sense; but I know of none, and will venture none, except what may be inferred from results; and, if these results were the end aimed at, then I am giving the correct solution; otherwise not, in which event the contrary of my statement would be true, that the results were not the end aimed at; but, in either case, whether or whether not, the results were satisfactory; because the then generally existing demand for a reduction of freight rates was silenced, as the business world, in order to fulfill its engagements, was glad to obtain its freight at all, without respect to the charges; and the railroad companies, pretending to be in desperate straits, not their own doing, and from which they were alike pretending that they were making heroic efforts to extricate themselves, that the

people, actually pitying them, withdrew, for a time, all demands and objections.

This imposition was, however, short-lived; individuals became cognizant of the fact; the newspapers gave it publicity; the Interstate Commerce Commission investigated; and the fraud was exposed.

The railroad companies, far from gaining, have not only lost very largely in earnings, but have also foregone what little public confidence they then called their own.

Another phase of this situation deserves to be specifically mentioned, not only because equally applicable to the railroads of Mexico and the United States, but because it is conclusive of the truth of the contention that the demoralized state of railroad traffic is the railroad companies' own doing:

Why have all the railroad companies in the country allowed their roadbeds and tracks to deteriorate, and become dilapidated for want of even ordinary repairs, and otherwise dangerous to the extent of being little less than murderous, which is not too strong a statement in view of the large number of people killed by reason of bad track?

This question cannot be ignored any more than the answer can be evaded. The railroads have answered that they could not obtain the necessary laborers for the work. This is not true, and everybody knows it; and what everybody knows need not be dwelt upon.

But, what has happened? is another question, and requires a specific answer: Railroad companies, while overpaying some kinds of labor, always have underpaid track laborers; and, not only this, but have unfairly treated them besides. I introduce the scale

of wages as proof on that point; and, on the point of treatment, I only refer the intelligent to what they know, as constituting the most convincing proof; and, with this, I drop the subject, because I have no desire to try to convince the unintelligent, those who do not know, and those who desire an explanation for everything, or an argument in support of the most obvious propositions.

The railroad companies have thus driven off the track laborer; and they could yet get him back, if they wanted him; but they do not seem to want him.

For some unreason, also, at which I could only guess, the railroad companies are not now trying to operate their lines.

General denials are now in order, as they are allowable, both in law and in business, and the practice in either permits them to be sworn to.

General Denial is a new railroad office recently created, standing immediately above the office of General Manager, with unlimited and unqualified authority and jurisdiction, reporting, however, as a matter of form, to the President and the Board of Directors jointly, but from neither of whom he takes instructions.

For the benefit of those of a classical turn, I will compare him (General Denial) to hundred-tongued Fame, who, whenever occasion arose, set his hundred mouths working, proclaiming far and wide whatever was handed him, whether good or bad.

I see a statement in Poor's Manual, that, for 1906, the increase in freight tonnage per mile was about four percent in excess of the freight-car increase. Now, four percent is a small increase in a growing

business, such as transportation in the United States, and must certainly be much less than the average increase accompanying the general development of the country.

As elsewhere stated, but which cannot be repeated too often or too loudly, the poor, dangerous and criminal condition of the railroad tracks is the great and chief cause of the failure of the companies to handle their business; and next comes the poor condition of their rolling-stock, first, of cars, then, of engines, followed by improper methods of operation, instituted as schemes, which always means incompetent managements under too great a pressure for results from the financial heads of the concerns.

Under a similar stress of conditions and circumstances, every venture must prove a failure; and, the railroad affairs of the country are now only furnishing an exemplification of a general truth, instead of presenting an anomalous or untoward condition.

The whole railroad situation of to-day may be justly compared with a structure whose foundations have become sapped by percolating waters, whose walls have, hence, become cracked, tottering and dangerous, whose landlord has plastered the crevices to hide them from the lessees, who, in their turn, have painted over the whole structure, and are endeavoring to sublet to other tenants.

During the depressed state of business generally in the United States from about 1889 to 1897, the railroads suffered, perhaps, more than any other of the great enterprises. What is always and everywhere true, that conditions make or unmake men, happened here: Great financiers, equal to the conditions, arose,

because conditions had not then become superhuman; men of great activity, skill and foresight, the product of conditions, also, were personally in the field, managing the active affairs; and men, faithful to their duty, filling the ranks of the great army of employés. A powerful organization, under such auspices, could scarcely fail of victory.

How different have been conditions from 1897 to 1907! An unforeseen prosperity arose, due to unprecedentedly long-continued favorable climatic conditions and good crops, accompanied by the reaction from the preceding depression, due partially to the elasticity of the times, but most largely to the great and efficient work of the men of that disastrous period.

The battle, being now almost won, upstarts, like Napoleon, near the close of the great French Revolution, rushed in to claim credit for the victory, and obtain an unjust share in the honors; and, like the coup of Napoleon, succeeded in their designs; and, like Napoleon again, instituted a destructive policy, which, while silencing all opposition, as was designed, wrought the destruction of the enterprise, as Napoleon had ruined France; and, as Napoleon had his Waterloo, the same utter destruction is now only waiting its appointed time, in the collapse of these schemes.

A body, natural or artificial, expanded beyond the reaction of its own elasticity, must collapse, because the power to return to the normal is lost. The mind, and its product, ideas, are under the dominion of the same law.

With the present state of business, when railroad companies have more traffic offered to them than they can carry, or that they make any attempt, or are

solicitous, to carry, they must, perforce, make more than operating expenses; but, in the present condition of the money market, which must be long-continued, those roads required to raise large sums of money to meet accruing indebtedness, such as the refunding of bonds, will be unable to secure the necessary amount, either by direct loan or by substitution, and must, therefore, be forced into the hands of receivers.

The present year marks the beginning of the time when the States, through their Boards of Railroad Commissioners, have taken in hand the direction of affairs as to the manner in which railroad tracks shall be maintained; but this has been done only after years of demoralization, and at the cost of many injuries and the loss of many lives.

While the course hitherto pursued by railroad companies in track maintenance has been insisted upon by them as proper and necessary to their existence as business enterprises, I cannot believe that such a course ever was, or ever can be, proper, or, in the long run, profitable, as against what would result from the maintenance of a well-constructed track in first-class condition the year round.

Reason revolts against the proposition, as stated by the railroad companies, judgment reverses it, sense condemns it, principle disapproves it, security is banished, rights ignored, justice outraged; and all the evils of humanity stalk in deadly procession in the wake of such a monstrosity.

Great, long-continued and disastrous has been the evil; and, I think, we are coming to the remedy of this disease; but, before the cure is effected, think of how much of injury, of pain, and of death the general

public are destined yet to suffer! The man who can expedite the time deserves to be named among the great benefactors of the human race; but, while giving all due credit to individual efforts, we should never lose sight of the fact that the impetus of our amelioration is the just indignation of a long-suffering and outraged public; and the railroad companies, in dealing with events, should consider them in relation to the deliberate, general, public judgment, and not refer them to the temporary aberrations of politicians or agitators, to be satisfied when they shall have found their price.

The cost of construction, maintenance and operation of railroads in Mexico is greater than in the United States, which can be appreciated, without argument, when you are told that the country is almost without fuel, timber, and, I might say, water, except in the rainy season, the supply for the railroads being obtained at great expense and difficulty in most places, and is mostly of poor quality. All material for construction and maintenance, except the roadbed itself, must be imported, as well as fuel, whether coal or oil, and also all equipment. Employés engaged in operation get the scale of wages called standard in the United States, on the basis of value of United States money; officials ordinarily get a higher rate of pay than in the United States; and, in the single item of track laborers, is the scale of wages lower than in the United States. These poor men, on the basis of money values with us, get 25 cents a day; but this condition is rapidly coming to a close, as these men are now, and for several years last past, have been, coming to the United States by thousands, where

they receive about six times as much wages, with the result that Mexico is becoming depleted of laborers, which must eventually raise wages there.

In Mexico, the government fixes the charges to be made by railroad companies, without making them confiscatory; and, in the case of passenger rates, they are less, much less, than in the United States. Two classes of passenger rates and corresponding accommonations exist, the first, at 3 cents per kilometer, and the second, at $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilometer.

Now, as the value of Mexican money is only half that of the United States, and adjusting, also, the difference between a kilometer and a mile, the charge, on this basis, if made in the United States, would be $2\frac{2}{5}$ and $1\frac{1}{5}$ cents per mile for the two classes respectively.

Even the Pullman Company, that liberal, gracious, and almost eleemosynary corporation, is doing business on a less rate of charge than in the United States, although its operating expenses are greater there than here; but it meets any imputation here of a reduction of its rates with the cry of "Confiscation!" and frowns its blackest frown at surrendering to a sufferer entombed in a lower berth, a few cubic feet of night air in the upper berth, when not occupied.

Passenger service is hardly up to standard; but, at the same time, is very good in view of the difficulties to be overcome and the lightness of travel, when the population of the country is considered. Guadalajara, of about 80,000 inhabitants, the second city in population and importance in the country, furnishes traffic for but one five-car train each way daily between there and the City of Mexico; and the only other service it has is one train daily on each of two short branch lines.

To furnish a comparison, I will say that the city of Topeka, only half the size of Guadalajara, has about forty passenger trains daily.

Freight rates, I was told, are about the same as in the United States.

From five to ten times as many people pay the second-class fare as the first-class; but, reckoning at the lower proportion, the general average of fares would be $1\frac{2}{5}$ cents per mile; whereas, on the basis of the higher proportion, the average would be $1\frac{3}{11}$ cents per mile on the value of United States money.

The railroad companies in the United States, where advantage, over Mexico, is had in every particular, with the exception of wages to track laborers, are resisting the reduction of passenger fares to 2 cents per mile, with the cry of Confiscation! But, so little attention is paid to the track in the United States; and, as this is the place, also, where reductions are always made to meet financial exigencies, which seem to be of very frequent occurrence, railroad officials have little to complain of on this score.

Frequently one man, the section foreman, is charged with the care of six or seven miles of track for the greater portion of the year; sometimes the foreman and one laborer; but seldom a sufficient force for its proper maintenance the year round.

This is cheap maintenance, and is also criminal. The companies do it to make money, as they claim; but they do so at the expense of injuries and lives, which cost less, they claim, under favorable laws and indulgent courts, than would the proper maintenance of their roads; and the criminally responsible official

has no thought, indeed he never heard, of prosecutions for such crimes.

I think, however, from appearances, that the railroad companies of Mexico expend annually on their tracks, notwithstanding a lower scale of wages to their track laborers, a greater sum than the railroad companies in the United States, so that the difference between the amounts expended for track maintenance is not, in reality, in favor of Mexico.

What I have just said about the manner of the maintenance of railroad tracks constituting a crime on the part of the officials responsible therefor, was written during the month of September, 1907; but, before this work was given to the publisher, and on October 7, 1907, the Interstate Commerce Commission, through the newspapers, made public a report of experts, who had examined the line of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company, declaring that the manner in which that company was maintaining its tracks is criminal.

I am, therefore, "scooped" in my article; and I am not now even the first to extend the assertion to the lines of many other railroad companies.

This is a sad reminder of the futility of many of our best and strongest efforts. We labor incessantly to develop an invention, only to find, upon its completion, that the machine is then on the market; and we sit up all night to give to the public the innermost workings of the political machine, and its detrimental effects upon the community, only to read, in the morning paper, a more complete view of the situation than we had been able to give.

In these days of rapid everything, I believe the only

safe course to pursue, when one finds himself possessed of an idea, is, in the very paroxysm, to rush for the newspaper office, without respect to his condition at the time, like Archimedes jumping from his bath, when he discovered the principle of specific gravity, and running naked through the streets of Syracuse, crying out "Eureka!"

Claims for personal damages against railroad companies have become a profession in the United States, but have little encouragement in Mexico, because there no right of action survives in case of death, which is the same status as at common law in England and in the United States before the enactment of statutes to the contrary; but we must remember that this rule does not exist in Mexico by reason of the common law, for the common law is not, and never was, in force there.

In all cases, also, where the act causing injury, not resulting in death, was the personal or individual act of an employé, such as derailments by fast running, disobedience of orders, giving a wrong order, causing collisions, going to sleep on duty, the employé at fault is alone responsible, and not the company, in which instances criminal proceedings are usually brought against the derelict individual employé, who must answer before the courts for his conduct. This is the source of the many reports we hear of people from the United States imprisoned in Mexico, all of them, as they come to us, claiming to be unjust, probably unjust from our standpoint, because, in the United States, we are unable to convict for crimes of this kind, and, indeed, public sentiment is such that in-

dictments and prosecutions are seldom or never made, for the reason that convictions would be impossible, all of which would be entirely different, if no money damages were collectible. Here the rapacity for damages, whether personal, or for the death of relatives, is so great that the prosecution of employés for the crime of which they are guilty, is not only overlooked, but regarded with suspicion or actually discouraged for fear that such prosecution might act as an element in the reduction of the damages which the jury, otherwise, might give. This is the feeling, and this the influence in the case, although the fact is, that the opposite ought to be the logical result; because, if the railroad company has in its employ a person who has been negligent to the extent of incurring a criminal prosecution, the greatest damages should be allowed. The entire attention of the party or parties in interest is given up to securing money for the injury or death, and the amount is usually sufficient to satisfy that value has been received, all scores settled, and a sigh heaved that eventually all things are for the best; and a regret, when the money is all spent, is not unknown to be indulged, that a like disaster might not be unacceptable.

This is a true story, one of those terrible truths, not to be believed when beyond individual experience, like the incredulity of the people of the tropics, when first told that the ocean near the poles becomes solidified so one can walk over it; but it is true; and, if you do not believe it or cannot appreciate it, the fault is with your knowledge and experience. So long as this is individual feeling, what may we expect of corporations without feeling?

Claims for stock killed in the operation of trains, and for fires set out by locomotives, are not paid at all, and such matters are not even reported to the company.

No thoroughbred mules here, and neither is the breed improved by crossing with a locomotive!

Freight claims are entertained only as matter of policy, so as not to discourage trade.

In view of the state of the law, as above explained, the railroad companies in Mexico have no regularly organized claim departments. Only think of a railroad company in the United States without a claim department!

I was told by an official of one railroad company that during the year 1906 his company had killed 961 people, who, of course, cost nothing; and that to the injured for the same year, who must necessarily have numbered thousands, the company had paid out only about $15,000 damages, which amount was largely gratuitous. How pleasant would a showing of this kind be to the management of American railroads, if they could kill with immunity, and entertain claims for injuries, only if favorably disposed!

On what kind of claims for personal injuries on the railroads of Mexico are damages collectible? is an interesting question, not only in view of the altogether different conditions existing in the United States, but also to people receiving injuries on the railroads in that country.

The answer is, for injuries resulting from the negligence of the company, as such, aside from the individual acts of employés, which makes the recoverable cases extremely few. As before stated, in no case, and in no event, can a recovery be had for in-

juries resulting in death, so that the common saying with us, that it is cheaper to kill than to injure, is certainly the case in Mexico.

Great is the wonder that the railroad companies of the United States, in their desire to be foreign to the jurisdictions where they operate, have not incorporated in Mexico instead of in New Jersey!

I read in a newspaper, while in the country, of a railroad collision in which one Rurale, riding in the caboose of one of the trains, was killed; and the account ended by saying that this was the only man killed on that line of railroad that year, which was quite in contrast with the statement of the official who told me the number was 961.

If the government should control the railroads of a country, it should certainly never control the newspapers also.

The vast majority of the stories we have heard and the accounts we have read of the imprisonment, in Mexico, of railroad men, are fabrications, Wild West yarns, told for the purpose of adventure; but some of them are true, as must necessarily be the case from what has already been said about the manner in which the business is conducted; and few men ever have, or ever will, admit that they were properly convicted on a true charge after a fair trial.

I will relate two instances which came within my own knowledge, one of an engineer who lost considerable time coming up a mountain; and, on arriving at the top, found a message from the dispatcher asking why he had lost so much time, to which he replied that by God he would give him time going down; and

he did, running so fast as to derail some of the cars and kill a number of people. Would any engineer say that this man is not rightly serving a term in the penitentiary?

The other was the case of a brakeman, who unlawfully allowed a man to ride on his train, a freight train, on which no passengers are allowed to ride in Mexico, a very salutary arrangement, receiving for the passage the customary twenty-five cents; and, on approaching his destination, the brakeman told him to jump off before reaching the station, else he would be arrested, which, in doing, he was killed. The brakeman was put in jail. I leave the justice of this case to the decision of the brakemen.

I was the victim myself of a silly report, published in the papers during my stay in Mexico, that I had been arrested by order of the government, and lodged in jail, to be held as surety or hostage for the payment of some claims of a railroad nature, which were the object of my trip to the country. While this report was started by the little meanness of a less individual acting in his least capacity; and, as no information, at the time of its publication, of either its truth or falsity, had been received or was obtainable, because, at that time, I was about one hundred miles from railroad or other communication with the outside world, yet that fact, doubtless, as well as the generally accepted idea about Mexican imprisonments, was sufficient to give it the usual currency, which has caused me considerable annoyance and twitting by my friends. The matter went, however, far beyond the point where it was pleasant, or could be regarded as a joke, because, being absent for a few days from

communication, and not being heard from, the imprisonment report in the United States gave way to one in Mexico that I had been murdered.

We have heard much lately about government ownership of railroads in Mexico; and, our informants assuming that a step in the right direction is the accomplishment of the journey, have spoken very freely about the benefits accruing to the people, most of which is without proper foundation on fact, and the remainder purely imaginary; but this talk is not without its advantage, as it, also, is a step in the right direction of furnishing, by agitation, that impetus so necessary to the formulation and accomplishment of government designs.

Only a small portion of the railroad mileage in Mexico is owned outright by the government; only a very small mileage exists in which the government has no ownership; and, in the large majority between these extremes, the government owns only the controlling interest in the stock of the various corporations, which have recently been consolidated into one central, holding or trust company, as we would say, so that the government may control all the railway corporations through the corporation of its own creation.

This is the creation of a trust on the most magnificent scale, and with all the power of the government behind it. The result will be good, if the people's interests are subserved, and bad, otherwise; but we cannot assume that the government would be subserving the people's interests by oppressing or destroying the railroads, and thereby furnish us another example of killing the hen that daily lays the golden

egg, and finding in her, not a mass of gold, but only what is in other hens.

The government does not at all operate, and does not in fact own, the railroads in Mexico, the operation being carried on by officials elected or appointed in much the same manner as in the United States, and the government interest, in most cases, being limited to the ownership of a majority of the stock, so as to give it control. This plan, at once, guards against private rapacity and government incompetency in the handling of the railroad property of the country, and makes a well-balanced movement in its affairs, individuals being thus prevented from monopolizing and discriminating, and the government from squandering; and the minority stock, as well as the bonds of the companies, affords a sure and remunerative investment for individual investment, large or small.

How different has it been, and is it now, with us! Here, a railroad company incorporates under an alias, because it does not mean that that shall be its name at its christening. "Give us money," or "Give us money, and we will give you stock or bonds," it says to the community; "Give us the right of way," it says to the land-owner; and, to the cities and towns, "Vacate your streets and alleys;" all of which is done. Huge representations are held out, and promises faithfully received, only to learn later that they were fraudulently given. A receivership, like death, viewed with complacency and not terror in this instance, ends all; and the immortal corporation is resurrected under a new name and with a new power, leaving nothing dead but its debts. If, by chance, any of its grave-clothes have stuck to it in its hasty flight

from the tomb, all it has to do is to die again, and thus you see we have a true modern metempsychosis, renovating and regenerating the corporation until it has become pure fire.

Question: What is then left to the people?

Answer: To be burned by it.

The ways of gods and men have been the same in all ages.

Very often, too, when the railroad has been built many years, after it has secured a good and paying business, controlling not only its own affairs, but, also, by threats and intimidations, rather annihilating than encouraging, the private enterprises of the country, which, if they exist at all, must be by its favor or graciousness, the company enters the field of politics, and, by unfair and unscrupulous, oppressive and tyrannical means is governing, or, rather, managing, us, allowing us, indeed, to retain the mechanical privilege of voting, but denying us the right to select the candidate, so that, in reality, while we cast a vote, we cast no influence in the event of the election; after all this, and more, we are handed a proposition, through the daily press, that the company desires to acquire land in our town for the purpose of making large extensions to its shops and industries, and wants us, the people, to pay for it by the issue of bonds, because we have no ready money, and, at the same time, intimating that if we, the people, do not do so, it, the railroad company, will move all its shops and industries from our town to E——, where the people are clamoring for them; and we, the people, succumb under the pressure, only to realize in time that the railroad company, so far from making

extensions and employing more men, as it promised, has, in fact, only rebuilt its old and wornout shops, and replaced its antiquated facilities and instrumentalities with the most modern and approved appliances, so that now it performs the same amount of work as before, and no more, with a less number of employés; and we, the people, instead of improving our town by an increase in population and trade, have parted with our money, or what is the same thing, have bonded ourselves to our own detriment, losing not only in money and credit, but also in the population and trade of our town as well.

But I must drop this part of the story, else I fear I shall become so specific that someone may be able to pick out an exact example, which might make the affair entirely too personal, because we are not yet sure, after all this, that this railroad company does not have a punishment in mind for us, if we do not submit quietly.

The control of transportation in the United States by government ownership of the properties would be the most difficult and expensive way of arriving at the result, as a new department of government would have to be created to handle it, which would necessarily have to be so extended that it would bear eventually an undue proportion, if not entirely control the government itself; and, instead of mitigating the evil, we would be overwhelmed by it.

In the present state of politics, also, government enterprises are undesirable. The Union Pacific Railroad was completed in 1869; in 1893, New York stock-gamblers threw it into the hands of receivers in a base

attempt to extinguish the government's interests, and to rob the people, which, of course, is always legitimate in the eyes of stock-jobbers and politicians; and, what shows a still greater moral turpitude, these very leading citizens, when they fail in their attempts, die martyrs to themselves, blatting to the world how they had given their lives to the people, and this is now their reward!

When they succeed, however, as did a Chicago grocer, whose case I am personally familiar with, who turned traitor to his party because he could not dominate it, and received, as his share of the spoils, a directorship in the Union Pacific Railway Company, in the interest, or, rather to the prejudice, of the government, which, at that time, still owned stock in that company, the situation is somewhat different. Until this time, this grocery house had been in either financial straits or short of money; but, after this, it emerged from all financial troubles, and its owner, in addition, built a castle on the Lake Front. When this erstwhile grocer, then railroad director, lost out, as lose he must, on change of parties in power, which soon came again, and he was down and out, even with the enemy, which always happens to a traitor, he had the effrontery to try to turn philosopher, and exercise a general control over the minds of men by his writings, not then appreciating what he has since learned, that he is an object of the contempt of all mankind, and that falsehood, from the mouth of an enemy, is more acceptable than truth.

Everybody remembers about this Union Pacific receivership; how that the company was not in failing circumstances, and that the fraud and crime of the

Gould interests were responsible for it in an attempt to rob the people of their share; and that, in the wind-up, the property sold for enough to pay all claims and indebtedness; that this road has been a great money-maker ever since; that it always was a good property; and that, under any sort of decent management, it always will be.

So great was the public loot that all officers and representatives of the people in Congress assembled, to use the dignified phrase, actually lost sight of the public character of the Union Pacific, treating it entirely as a business enterprise for their own personal gain; and all will remember how prominent the figures 329 were in one of our political campaigns, but which were ineffectual as against brazen-faced political robbery.

The failure of the government in this railroad enterprise by reason of the prevalence of, and frequent hold-ups by, many and large gangs of both private and political highwaymen, should furnish no argument that the people should continue, without resistance, to submit to outrages.

I now propose to show how, without ownership in fact, or control in general, and without the enactment of general laws regulating charges, which have such a long and devious run in the courts, the government can still control transportation in the United States:

By purchasing a controlling interest in the stock of a single line of railroad between New York city and Chicago, so that the government can make its own schedule of rates, and then make and enforce them, that part of the country has secured the necessary relief. This is easy and inexpensive.

If rates from Mississippi river points to the Pacific are unjust, and the service unsatisfactory, the government should, likewise, purchase a controlling interest in the stock of one of the through lines, reduce the rates, and improve the service. This is, also, easy and inexpensive.

If the stock-jobbers in New York city, who now run all the railroads in the United States, do not take warning, and the rates to the Gulf remain excessive and the service poor, the government can purchase a controlling interest in the stock of a railroad from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and proceed to the same end.

In like manner should the government come in to relieve the coal situation, which can be done by condemning sufficient coal lands, if they cannot be purchased at a reasonable price, and mining and marketing sufficient coal to control the market at just and fair prices. This will give the remedy, and no general ownership of all the coal in the United States, but only an extremely small portion of it, need be contemplated.

The oil situation has become very acute, and greater expenditure and difficulty would be required to break the back of that monster, because it would not respond to more gentle treatment; but it can be done in this manner.

At present we are laboring under immense difficulty; we have allowed things to go on from bad to worse, until the people have been crowded out, and heroic means will be required to reinstate them; but, in our attempts to regain the ascendency, we are using methods which only heap more losses on the people, and do

our antagonists no harm. Members of the Chicago Beef Combine were heavily fined for maintaining a trust, but they still maintain prices by agreement, higher now than before the prosecution, so that the people have paid the fines, not once, but many times over. Great is the praise which should immortalize the politicians who brought about this victory! Railroad companies have been fined enormous sums for rate discriminations; but freight rates have been advanced to cover these fines, so that the people have paid them, are paying them, and will continue to pay them, many times over. In the lifetime of the men who brought the people this victory, great statues should be erected to them, that they might be able to see their own glory! The Standard Oil Company has been fined a small sum in proportion to its public extortions, yet the people are nightly, in the flicker of their lamps, laying by a fund for that company anent the day of payment.

By a system of control, by competition, on the part of the government, the whole situation could be easily handled at a comparatively small expense, as compared with the total value of all the railroad property in the United States.

Above everything, these should be business undertakings on the part of the government, so that a profit of five or six percent, on a fair value of the property, would accrue to those having invested in the enterprise, as well as to the government itself. This would bring other railroads down to the same basis, to a fair income on a fair value, with the property economically managed.

Such a system as this should be removed as far as

possible from the vehemence of party politics; it should know no party, and be subject to no vicissitudes on the change of party in power. All positions, whether of officers or employés, should be for life, or during competency and good behavior.

The property of a country, as far as possible, should always be owned by its citizens; and, where the government must interfere on account of individual rapacity, stop should be made at the instant of control. Such great enterprises as the railway systems of a country ought always, as far as possible, be open to individual investment, which seems to be now entirely lost to the people, and concentrated into the hands of the stock-jobbers in New York city, to the extent that half a dozen people now control all the railroads in the country. This has been brought about by dishonest means and unfair practices, resulting in forcing out at a loss, either by compulsion or from fear of losing all, those people who sought, in the stocks and bonds of these companies, a remunerative investment for their savings.

These savings are now going into real estate, with the result that lands are becoming so high, as to render agriculture, in some localities at least, unprofitable, which condition is on the increase. Labor has turned to cultivation of the soil, and, hence, its scarcity in trade, industries, manufacture, and in towns and cities generally, is accounted for.

If railroad securities could again be returned to the public as an honest, safe and remunerative field for investment, the tension now on land would be relieved; and, if the government would secure controlling interests in a few of the great railway systems of the

country for no other purpose than to give them the respectability of honesty, now completely lost to them, and of restoring confidence in their securities, so that people would feel safe in investing their money in them, a great gain would accrue to the country at large in this one feature alone, aside from the general gain to the country in fairness of rates, decency of management and safety of operation, all of which, at this time, are deplorably lacking.

Absolute government ownership of the railroads in the United States, or of any other great and general enterprise, must result in failure, because the government then aggregates to itself the position of proprietor, where it should only control. Governments were created to control, not to own; ownership should always be reserved to the people, either individually or collectively, as persons or as corporations; and, only to put an end to injustice, monopolies and oppressions at the hands of the rapacious, should the government come to the rescue.

Competition, as an element in trade, is now only influential by its absence, so that we must look elsewhere for relief, or be without it; and this applies not only to railroads, but to all other large and extended enterprises as well.

Municipal ownership of necessary industries, where the people can keep a constant and close watch over them, would seem to be an exception to this general rule against governmental ownership on a large scale; but the exception is only seeming, as, in all propriety, the government should only own its own capitol and other buildings and instrumentalities necessary for the transaction of its own affairs; and its investments

in business enterprises should only be by force of conditions. On the same principle, towns and cities should own only their own public buildings, and force of conditions should alone impel them into municipal ownership; and, I might add, that the necessary conditions, making municipal ownership desirable, seem now to be almost everywhere present; to wit, excessive charges and poorness of service on the part of the persons or corporations possessing the franchises.

I want to call the attention of those who feel themselves wedded to government ownership of all great enterprises in general, or to any individual hobby in particular, to the fact that banking by government, whenever or wherever tried, has always ended in disaster and ruin, if persisted in.

A government should control its money, not own it. Ownership of the money of a country, except so much as is necessary to pay the expense of running the government, should be in the people. Governments should possess nothing, except that given them by the people. In a well-ordered nation, the people are supreme, and the government only their instrument. Reverse affairs, and we have an instance of the instrument being turned against the people.

CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS.

Religion is the subject of the longest chapter in Anthropology, a science yet alive, and, therefore, of the greatest concern to man, as, also, the cause of almost all his woe. In his efforts to extricate himself from his difficulties, man turns to hope, only to be intercepted by the priest who turns hope to profit, and man eventually into despondency.

Fear is the predominating mental state of primitive man, and is his first religion, purely a fear of personal violence from his natural enemies, the burning heat of the equator and the freezing cold of the poles, the savage animals surrounding him, disputing his domains, and, above all, his more savage fellow-man. All these he anathematizes as inimical to himself, so that he first curses before he learns to pray and bless; and, as want is necessary to the establishment and appreciation of benefits, he is only now brought to a realization of his need of aid, first to be sought in his fellow-man, as companions, friends, allies, then, in arms, weapons, engines, and lastly, in appeals to the unseen, the supposed, the unknown; so, we see, the gods were the last development of fear, "Fear God," the last injunction to man.

Religion, thus far, is a natural development from conditions, and, hence, natural religion; only details

need now be provided for; and these are found in the refinement of man, appearing as general, under the dominion of universal principles, as special, under the force of local circumstances, as individual, in compliance with interest.

Sacrifice is the greatest and most predominating universal principle of religion, sacrifice first of man, then of wealth, then of idea.

Granting that the Mexicans, as all other men, passed orderly through the developments of natural religion, only to be determined, like the creation of suns and systems, on principles of philosophy, we stand now face to face with this first and greatest refinement of man, sacrifice.

As, of course, I will have to depend entirely upon history for what follows, I might as well quote it directly:

Human sacrifices were adopted by the Aztecs early in the fourteenth century, about two hundred years before the Conquest. Rare at first, they became more frequent with the wider extent of their empire, till, at length, almost every festival was closed with this cruel abomination. These religious ceremonials were generally arranged in such a manner as to afford a type of the most prominent circumstances in the character or history of the deity who was the object of them. (Prescott's Conquest.)

Perhaps the most important of these festivals was in honor of the god Tezcatlipoca, handsome and powerful, the soul and creator of the world, and inferior only to the Supreme Being. The sacrifice for this festival is thus described:

A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a

blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him, and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of royal pages, and, as he halted in the streets to play some favorite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honors of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honors of a divinity.

At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplet of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had solaced the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disorderly over their sable robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, (now to be seen in the museum of the City of Mexico), a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. [Error; should be concave, as I myself saw.] On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs, while the sixth, clad in a scarlet

mantle, emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of itztli, (obsidian), a volcanic substance, hard as flint, and, inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, which, brilliant in its commencement, too often closes in sorrow and disaster.

Such was the form of human sacrifice usually practiced by the Aztecs. It was the same that often met the indignant eyes of the Europeans, in their progress through the country, and from the dreadful doom of which they themselves were not exempt. There were, indeed, some occasions when preliminary tortures, of the most exquisite kind, with which it is unnecessary to shock the reader, were inflicted, but they always terminated with the bloody ceremony above described. It should be remarked, however, that such tortures were not the spontaneous suggestions of cruelty, as with the North American Indians, but were all rigorously prescribed in the Aztec ritual, and doubtless were often inflicted with the same compunctious visitings which a devout familiar of the Holy Office might at times experience in executing its stern decrees. Women, as well as the other sex, were sometimes reserved for sacrifice. On some occasions, particularly in seasons of drought, at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc, the god of rain, children, for the most part, infants, were offered up. As they were borne along in open litters, dressed in their festal robes, and decked with the fresh blossoms of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favorable augury for their petition. These

innocent victims were generally bought by the priests of parents who were poor, and who stifled the voice of nature, probably less at the suggestions of poverty than of a wretched superstition.

The most loathsome part of the story, the manner in which the body of the sacrificed captive was disposed of, remains yet to be told. It was delivered to the warrior who had taken him in battle, and by him, after being dressed, was served up in an entertainment to his friends. This was not the coarse repast of famished cannibals, but a banquet teeming with delicious beverages and delicate viands, prepared with art, and attended by both sexes, who, as we shall hereafter see, conducted themselves with all the decorum of civilized life. (Prescott's Conquest.)

From this most terrible, nauseating and revolting picture of so awful a custom, we are more than anxious to turn quickly away to the sublime truths and sacred practices of our own religion:

And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am.

And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him.

Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off.

And Abraham said unto his young men, abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you.

And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering,

and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together.

And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.

And they came to the place which God had told him of; and Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood.

And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.

And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said, Abraham, Abraham: and he said, Here am I.

And he said, Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me.

And Abraham lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold behind him a ram caught in a thicket by his horns: and Abraham went and took the ram, and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.

And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out out of heaven the second time,

And said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son:

That in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies;

And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed my voice.

So Abraham returned unto his young men, and they rose up and went together to Beer-sheba; and Abraham dwelt at Beer-sheba. (Genesis xxii, 1 to 18.)

Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits, and of thy liquors; the first born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me. (Exodus xxii, 29.)

Notwithstanding no devoted thing, that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath, both of man and beast, and of the field of his possession, shall be sold or redeemed: every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord.

None devoted, which shall be devoted of men, shall be redeemed; but shall surely be put to death.
(Leviticus xxvii, 28, 29.)

And I, behold, I [the Lord speaking to Aaron] have taken your brethren the Levites from among the children of Israel: to you they are given as a gift for the Lord, to do the service of the tabernacle of the congregation.

Therefore thou and thy sons with thee shall keep your priests' office for every thing of the altar, and within the vail; and ye shall serve: I have given your priests' office unto you as a service of gift; and the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death.

And the Lord spake unto Aaron, Behold, I also have given thee the charge of mine heave offerings of all the hallowed things of the children of Israel; unto thee have I given them by reason of the anointing, and to thy sons, by an ordinance for ever.

This shall be thine of the most holy things, reserved from the fire: every oblation of theirs, every meat offering of theirs, and every sin offering of theirs, and every trespass offering of theirs, which they shall render unto me, shall be most holy for thee and for thy sons.

In the most holy place shalt thou eat it; every male shall eat it: it shall be holy unto thee.

And this is thine; the heave offering of their gift, with all the wave offerings of the children of Israel: I have given them unto thee, and to thy sons and to thy daughters with thee, by a statute for ever: every one that is clean in thy house shall eat of it.

All the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee.

And whatsoever is first ripe in the land, which they shall bring unto the Lord, shall be thine; every one that is clean in thine house shall eat of it.

Every thing devoted in Israel shall be thine.

Every thing that openeth the matrix in all flesh, which they bring unto the Lord, whether it be of men or beasts, shall be thine: nevertheless the firstborn of man shalt thou surely redeem, and the firstling of unclean beasts shalt thou redeem.

(Numbers xviii, 6 to 15.)

And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into my hands,

Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering.

So Jephthah passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them; and the Lord delivered them into his hands.

And he smote them from Aroer, even till thou come to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plain of the vineyards, with a very great deal of slaughter. Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the children of Israel.

And Jephthah came to Mizpeh, unto his house, and behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

And it came to pass, when he saw her, that he rent his clothes, and said, Alas, my daughter! thou hast

brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.

And she said unto him, My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth; forasmuch as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon.

And she said unto her father, Let this thing be done for me: Let me alone two months, that I may go up and down upon the mountains, and bewail my virginity, I and my fellows.

And he said, Go. And he sent her away for two months: and she went with her companions, and bewailed her virginity upon the mountains.

And it came to pass at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed: and she knew no man. And it was a custom in Israel,

That the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year. (Judges xi, 30 to 40.)

In his days did Hiel the Beth-elite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun. [Next following.]
(I Kings xvi, 34.)

And Joshua adjured them at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho: He shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it. (Joshua vi, 26.)

The Druids, our ancestors, had the same custom of sacrificing a human being under the foundation-stones of their temples; and, I believe, when the corner-

stone of the Kremlin was laid, a beautiful woman was buried alive beneath it.

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? (Micah vi, 7.)

When Pilate therefore heard that saying [that, if he let Jesus go, he would not be loyal to Cæsar], he brought Jesus forth and sat down in the judgment seat in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew, Gabbatha.

And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King!

But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar.

Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away.

And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

(St. John xix, 13 to 18.)

The purpose of this sacrifice is stated thus:

And if ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your sojourning here in fear:

Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers;

But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:

Who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you,

Who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God.

(I Peter i, 17 to 21.)

And thus we see that the object of all sacrifice has ever been to obtain good gifts from a divinity.

The material then passed into the emblematic, but by some still thought real, while still others only revere it as a custom : this broken bread is my wounded body; this drawn wine, my shed blood; eat, drink.

From the foregoing, the great and sad truth appears, that the priests introduced sacrifice, as a refinement upon natural religion; that sacrifice produced cannibalism; and, let me whisper it softly close to the ear, that that custom is still commemorated in emblem, symbol or form among us.

Natural religion man always has had, and, doubtless, always will have; and, in this, he finds a satisfaction for all the longings of the soul; but, beyond this, he encounters the church, that corporation, that trust, created to monopolize and control his life on earth and his hope in heaven for the benefit of its stockholders, the priests.

The revolt of human feeling against such practices brings me to the next subdivision of my subject, the sacrifice of wealth.

Religion, once established, like all human institutions, had to be maintained by wealth, the exponent of power. Blood had created; but once created, the flow of blood, in true analogy, must now

weaken and destroy; the priest must stanch the flow, or perish in the flood; this he does by opening a sluice from wealth, and closing that from man; and, in Mexico, as the world over, the blood of man is replaced by that of animals; and, later, by grains, fruits and flowers, with a residue to the priest.

The priest must have robes, altars, temples, and, hence, wealth must be directly applied, without passing through purifying fires; and is, also, more reluctantly sacrificed than man.

The sacrifice of an idea comes last, and is most stubbornly surrendered.

At this point, we find the human race debased, plunged in ignorance, and the chattels of the church, from which condition the Renaissance, the revival of learning, heathen learning, if you please, and not the Reformation, emancipated them.

As a special principle of religion, under the force of local circumstances, I mention policy in the government of a state; and, as individual, in compliance with interest, personal aggrandizement; and, with this, I close the general view of religion; because the subject is interminable, and my book must have a speedy end.

The beginning of our era was the beginning of our religion, dating from the birth of its founder, as we ordinarily say; but, if we were to speak more after the fact, we would say that the Christian religion had its beginning with the doctrines, the opinions, of the priesthood, deduced from the sayings, the teachings, the philosophy, attributed to Christ, whose birth was, by his followers, disciples, and partisans, considered

of such importance, as, if not to mark the beginning of time, at least the beginning of a new period of computation. The almost universal method of reckoning time then was to begin a new era from the accession of a new king; and the birth of this new King of Men, who was to have no coronation, except with thorns at his death or sacrifice, was no exception to the rule. That kingdom is still among us, in the dates we use.

At the commencement of this reign, at the beginning of our era, Rome was the nation of political unrest at home, and conquest abroad; having passed her golden age as a nation, the ferment of dissolution was expanding the proportions of the body politic to cover the surrounding countries, like the obesity of age weighing down the strength of prime, to be followed, as in the natural body, by that degeneration, or descending metamorphosis, preceding dissolution.

In the Trojan war, some of the Olympian deities favored and aided Greece, others Troy; and, even Jove and his consort were on different sides of the controversy; and, not only this, but the gods waged, among themselves, a battle over the conduct of the war.

From that time on, the gods of nations fought with and for them, if kept appeased by proper reverence and sufficient sacrifices, until the Persian invasions of Europe, the Macedonian campaigns, and the conquests of Rome, all prosecuted for retaliation or conquest, or both, when human valor became so exalted as to leave no place for the gods. Military chaos and the disorganization of society in general followed the decay of these great powers. In this general decline, commerce, then called trade, most closely connected with government, suffered the same fate; manufac-

tures and industries, next to be affected, naturally followed the destruction of the markets of the world; then art; then literature.

In this general wreck, religion was regaining the place it had lost in men's minds, which, rising, in an inverse ratio to the fall of political power, had, by the fifth century, reëstablished dominion in political affairs, this time, that men should fight the battles of their gods, instead of, as in the beginning, the gods fighting for the cause of men. The idea of deity is on the decline; and the gods, once all-powerful and personal in battle, are now impotent and emblematic.

Religion, of which the exponent was the church, now dominated in the government of Europe until about the sixteenth century, although the first awakening may be traced from the thirteenth; but its power, though often resisted, was not overcome, until near the end of the eighteenth century, at the time of the great French Revolution, since which time the church has possessed a passive influence, but no potent power.

This awakening is what the French have been pleased to call the Renaissance, the revival, in Europe, of the ancient, or heathen, literature and art, giving to politics, in this resurrection, the same body of principles and laws, even, which had perished with it, and religion and government again reverse positions.

This last readjustment is what we are pleased to refer to, when we talk of the separation of church and state.

The general review, here given, is necessary to a full understanding of the relations of government and religion in our time. Antagonism is that relation, in this, that religion is ever seeking the overthrow of

government to substitute itself in its stead, while government is put to the defensive for self-preservation, without, at first, desiring or seeking to dethrone religion, but now carrying the conflict home to the very root of that institution.

The dominion of the church in civil government has always produced the same results; and, as an illustration, I give the following, concealing both the author and the church, as the application is universal. This will keep the mind from indulging any national prejudice for the author, or partiality in his favor, by reason of his personality; and, also, prevent religious sentiment or rancor by the devotees of any particular religion:

Society, after having made some few strides away from physical chaos, seemed in danger of falling into moral chaos; morals had sunk far below the laws, and religion was in deplorable contrast to morals. It was not laymen only who abandoned themselves with impunity to every excess of violence and licentiousness; scandals were frequent among the clergy themselves; bishoprics and other ecclesiastical benefices, publicly sold or left by will, passed down through families from father to son, and from husband to wife, and the possessions of the church served for dowry to the daughters of bishops. Absolution was at a low quotation in the market, and redemption for sins of the greatest enormity cost scarcely the price of founding a church or a monastery. Horror-stricken at the sight of such corruption in the only things they, at that time, recognized as holy, men no longer knew where to find the rule of life or the safeguard of conscience.

Men forsake religion, but they can never entirely depart from their mythology, which shows that myths are older than gods.

The coins of Mexico are stamped with the mythological representation of the cactus, the eagle and the snake, while those of the United States are impressed with the emblem of traditional Liberty, older than the gods themselves.

In like manner, the planets first discovered and named took the appellations of their appropriate gods; and those discovered, after the deposition of the Olympian deities, were forced, against a contrary impulse, into that nomenclature. So great is the force of this principle, that, should a new planet be discovered, at any time in the future, its name must come within the "synod of the gods."

This should teach us to look only for a prevalence, and never for a supremacy, in human affairs; that no system of government, religion or society will ever dominate the world; but that each must be confined to its own proper sphere; and that the universal brotherhood of man is but a poetic fancy.

The Mexicans changed their religion as quickly and completely as they had been conquered, which seems to be the fate of all primitive people to take the religion of their conquerors. Medieval Europe furnishes many instances where a treaty of peace carried a provision that the conquered should forsake their heathen gods, and worship the Omnipotent, of whose power they had gotten a foretaste at the hands of His followers; and, where whole tribes captured, and driven *en masse* to the bank of a river, were baptized at the point of the pike; and, in almost all instances, whether from pure volition, by treaty, under pressure, or at the pike's point or cannon's mouth, have remained permanent converts to the new faith.

The hands of victory are here thrown up for the triumph of the Christian faith; but by the ignorant and shortsighted, who know nothing of history and less of philosophy, for they imagine they know principles, when they admit they do not know facts.

Mahomet and his cause made yet even more proselytes by the sword than the Christians by the pike. The Cross and the Crescent have been most victorious in the wake of the pike and the sword.

The Olympian deities followed the conquest of the Greeks into Asia Minor.

I have wondered at these conquests of religion, and I still wonder; I do not understand them; and I have elsewhere confessed my ignorance even of what religion is; but, for reasons stated, my readers will doubtless soon inform me.

In Mexico, the separation of church and state is complete in form and in fact, the church not exercising a single function in the governmental order of things.

In the United States, we pretend to have a separation of church and state, but the church still celebrates marriage, thus making a contract binding upon the state; and, in some of the States of our Union, where the legal practice is regulated by an enactment code even, the courts, in certain cases, have recognized the operation of the forms of ecclesiastical procedure.

The influence of the church, or, more largely, religion, among us is greatest when openly advocated or denounced. We allow every man his own religious ideas, until he speaks them or condemns others, when we are instantly, from feeling or policy, opposed to him. If he has praised our religion, we condemn his indiscretion; but, if he has condemned it, we are at

once his enemy; and, if we have no religion of our own, we regard him as foolish. Religion is, therefore, seen to exist in our politics in a negative form; but soon, as I am glad to say, and as every indication points, to be cast out of the equation.

Another separation, not generally thought of, but of still greater moment, from both church and state, remains to be effected. Intellect should be untrammeled by the tradition of religion and the authority of government. Literature, the highest exemplification of intellect, should plead only at the bar of reason. Conscience, indeed, is free, but must not trangress the traditions of society, religion, and the law. Men are free to speak and write, but not to say and inscribe.

The time for compromises should have been long since past, and intellect, so far from seeking excuses and making apologies, should be recognizing only its own individuality.

Some years ago, in 1856, as I was told, and as I, also, read, the Mexican government confiscated all church property, all Catholic church property, that then being the only church in the country. The lands, I was told, were sold, but the buildings themselves are still held by the government, with the right of user remaining to the church, which, if it preserve, must maintain them, and keep them in repair, with the exception, however, of the cathedral in the City of Mexico, which is kept in repair by the government, for what reasons is not hard to guess, as it is one of the chief attractions of the city; and thus advertisement, by whatever diplomatic name you wish to call it, is still the leading policy of governments as well as of men.

This confiscation naturally stopped all church extension, as no ground can be acquired on which to build them, and no new churches are to be seen anywhere. The walls of the old churches, however, often present the appearance of newness, because, on account of the poorness of the material, both stone and mortar or cement used in their construction, they must be kept plastered both inside and outside; and a coat of fresh plaster gives them the shining aspect of an old form in a new dress; but, even this does not long preserve the walls, as is evidenced by the number of church ruins seen in the country; and soon, reckoning by years, only ruins of churches will exist; because the people are continuously giving less of their money to the church, and the church has no other source of income. What goes to ruin by time is seldom rebuilt or replaced, but, otherwise, when destroyed by fire, accident or casualty.

The belfries, domes, façades, and other portions of the church buildings, where a greater strength is required than afforded by rubble, are constructed from cut stone, but of such poor quality as soon crumbles and breaks, when exposed to the weather, so that the more permanent portions of the buildings present the more ruinous aspect.

The policy of church building has always been to get started, by any humble beginning, and then depend upon time and importunity on the one hand and wealth and vanity on the other, to complete the work.

In Mexico, "forty years in building" has lost all its grandeur of conception, as I have seen churches begun over a hundred years ago, and not yet, by any means, completed, although still in progress. These new

structures, on the top of walls whose supports seem to be in the last stage of decay, remind me so much of hope, which is ever building brightly over ruined and sinking foundations.

A few, a very few, Protestant congregations exist in Mexico, but I could learn of no churches, nor, strictly speaking, no church organization by them, existing only in isolation; and, as no benefits, perquisites, emoluments or money, can ever be expected to accrue from a propaganda, we have the happy assurance that here is one place where the missionary will never beg our aid in proselyting, and, later, crave our protection from the just resentment of an outraged people.

Yes, other gods are worshiped in Mexico, as the Chinese and the unspeakable Japanese are still allowed the freedom of the country, and the natives have not, in every instance, forsaken their ancient faith; but these and the metaphysical nothings now everywhere present, like rays of light in the scale-pan, add an appearance, but no weight.

The future of the church in Mexico can be easily predicted: In the confiscation of all church property by the state, it received its deathblow; but, like those cold-blooded animals, though physiologically dead, after the severance of their spinal cord at the base of the brain, still, for a long time, retain their physical activity, the portion farthest from the head being the last to die. Although the head and the body of the church in Mexico are still in touch, the physiological continuity has been severed, and its present activity is, in reality, post mortem; and, in the mountains, far from the disturbances of the times, its last movements will cease.

Among the poor of the country, you will find those still faithful; but the government, having repudiated the church, every politician curses it, if not publicly, at least in private.

Nothing will destroy a church quicker than to remove it from active participation, or tacit influence, in government and politics.

With us, we deny the church a part in government, but we admit it in politics. "In God we trust," but we will not let Him govern us. We expect our public officers to be Christian, but we will not permit them to practice their religion upon us. We are willing that every man should have his own views, so long as he does not touch us or the faith to which some ancient maternal ancestor clung. We allow all men to pray, but we would restrain the granting.

How long we can maintain this foolishness, we cannot say; but we know the course, although we cannot determine its length. Opinions, like the physical life of the world, are of slow growth, but end by cataclysms. Fossils of extinct races of fishes are found embedded in rock, all headed in the same direction; the mammoth swarmed in Europe almost until historic times; and the poor wild dove, the pigeon, now extinct, only thirty years ago, darkened our skies. I make this statement, after having recently made a trip through what was their great breeding-ground of northern United States and Canada, and after most diligent inquiry.

Guadalupe, the holy city, the Mecca, the Jerusalem, of Mexico, is a village at the foot of the hill Totoltepec, at the edge of the plain, about three miles from the City of Mexico, and is reached by an electric line. As is

usual in all Mexican towns, the only building of any consequence is the church. The history of this shrine, like all systems of deception for the benefit of their promotors, is definite and certain: On the night of July 1, 1520, Juan Rodriguez de Villafuerte, a Spanish soldier, with others, fleeing from defeat at the hands of Cuautemoc, took refuge in the temple of Otoncapulco on the hill of Totoltepec. This soldier had with him an image of the Virgin, of checkered career, brought from Spain, and which had, *in futuro*, a greater career in Mexico. Reaching this hill, being wounded, he could carry the image no farther, and hid it under a maguey plant, where it remained for nearly twenty years; but was finally discovered by Cequauhtzin, a native chief, called by the Spaniards Juan de Aguila Tobar, who had been admonished in a vision by the Virgin to seek for her image beneath a maguey on this hill. Three times did the vision appear; three times was the admonition given; three times the search made; and three times was the charm, the image found, and joyously carried home by Cequauhtzin; but to his great surprise, the next morning, had disappeared, and was again found at its original place of concealment. This good man took the image to his home again, placing before it a gourd containing eatables of the most dainty sort, hoping thus to domesticate it to his house; but the image again betook itself the following night to the maguey; and again did this good and patient man go after it, and carry it to his house, this time placing it in a strong box which he both locked and bolted, and himself the next night sleeping upon the box; but to no avail, as the image was found the following morning again under the ma-

guey, although the box had not been opened. Being now satisfied that he could not domesticate this image as a household god, Cequauhtzin sought the assistance of a priest, San Gabriel, whose advice, on account of its practicability, is very commendable, and worthy of imitation: that, as the image could not be kept away from its favorite abode under the maguey, a temple or church should be constructed over it, which was commenced at once, completed shortly, and dedicated to Our Lady of Succor. In 1574–5, the present church was erected over the walls of this original chapel, although not fully completed for more than one hundred years afterward. In these churches this image has found a constant and permanent home, or, to speak more correctly, around the constant and permanent home of this image were built these churches.

The image is about eight inches long, of carved wood, and holding in its tiny and tender embrace the Infant Jesus. The image is now decaying, disfigured and naked, only a few pearls remaining from the rich drapery which once shrouded and adorned it. Since "the gods themselves grow old," they cannot protect their images from the ravages of Time. The traditional gourd, now broken and mended, is preserved in a silken case; and the gold and silver ornaments of the altar have been replaced with baser metals. On a slab, in front of the altar, is this inscription in Spanish:

> This is the true spot where was found the most Holy Virgin, beneath a maguey, by the Chief, Don Juan Aguila, in the year 1540 (being the spot) where she said to him, in the time of her appearance to him, that he should search for her.

What could be more appropriate than to here find the tomb of the good Juan with the chest in which he tried to confine the image resting upon it!

This is one of the most beautiful legends I have ever heard; but here is its sister, or, perhaps, I should say its daughter, as it succeeds the first in time:

On the morning of Saturday, December 9, 1531, a pious native, although bearing the Spanish name, Juan Diego, living in the village of Tolpetlac, on his way to the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco, passing round the hillside of Tepeyacac, heard the music of voices singing, which filled him with fear; but, taking courage, he looked up, saw a lady near, who commanded him to listen, and he was told by her to go to the bishop, and tell him that she desired a temple in her honor built on that hill. This message was quickly and faithfully borne to the bishop, Don Juan Zumarraga, who gave but an incredulous ear, and turned the messenger sorrowfully away. Three times was this repeated, until the incredulous bishop began to doubt, commanding the messenger to bring some unmistakable token of the truth of what he said. This faithful messenger, true to his mission, again sought the hill, followed by two spies of the bishop; but, as he approached the hill, became invisible to the spies, who were able to report nothing; but, on again meeting with the lady, Juan Diego was told by her to return next day. Not being able, on account of domestic misfortunes, to keep his engagement next day with the lady; and, being urged by great necessity to make a trip from his house to the church, he went another way, so he would not be detained by falling in with her; but she still met him, and told him that his uncle,

whose sickness and impending death were the cause of his retention at home and his hurried trip to bring him a confessor, was now well. Having thus composed him, she told him to gather flowers from the rocks on top of the hill, which had theretofore been entirely barren, and take them to the bishop, as the token he had desired, and to keep them carefully concealed until the bishop had seen them. He folded the flowers in his tilma, a small shawl or wrap, and set out for the bishop's; and instantly, at the place where the lady stood, a spring of water gushed forth. Of this I myself drank, but was greatly shocked, in view of the tradition, when I discerned the taste of sulphur. Arriving at the bishop's house, he emptied out the flowers at the bishop's feet, when, lo! they had impressed on the tilma an image of the Holy Virgin, the figure being that of a beautiful woman in mantled cloak, hands approximated, and standing on a crescent supported by a cherub. Of those of philosophic turn I will ask, why the resemblance of this picture to one, if not, indeed, a copy, painted on the Nile 3000 or 4000 years ago? And of the worldly I will ask, if, in these two legends, they do not discern the policy of the priest instead of the hand of the divinity?

Details may be passed over; the church was built; the image of the Virgin on this tilma placed therein; and it has now become the great shrine of Mexico.

So much for this legend, as such, and I think it quite as beautiful as the other; but we are not yet done with it.

It has a long list of indorsements from the court of Rome on down to Pope Leo XIII, who wrote poetry in Latin about it, and his kneeling image in stone is

worshipfully set before it. Having the highest sanction which church authority can confer, it is the grand objective point of pilgrimages in Mexico, and thousands resort thither. Eighteen thousand, by careful estimate, I saw there at one time, sleeping on improvised cots or in blankets on the ground, and living in the open air.

So popular is this image of the Virgin that I have seen it almost everywhere, occupying not only the places where she can claim a peculiar fitness, but the places where we use our Goddess of Liberty as well. In the mountains, more than one hundred miles from communication with the outside world, I found my room adorned with it. On a little stand, that occupied the corner, was an ordinary drinking-glass filled with oil; across the top of this was a little plate of common tin, with a small hole punched in the center to support a taper reaching down into the oil, which was kept lighted and burning with a flame about as large as a common pea, very faintly illuminated a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe set close behind it.

This shrine is not absent even in the haunts of vice and crime, and at one end of what is familiarly known among us as the dance-hall, a picture of the Guadalupe Virgin with a burning taper before it does duty.

I have read in one of my works on anthropology, by Tylor, I think, that the Gypsies of Spain, when they go thieving, wear, suspended around their necks, as an amulet, a translation, into their language, of one of the four gospels, made by some devoted priest.

The amulets and charms of religion have ever been the mascots of crime also.

The church at Guadalupe is built at the foot of the

hill of Totoltepec, which rises abruptly behind it, and which one ascends by a series of stone steps to an eminence where another small chapel is located, and where one overlooking the church itself, gets a beautiful view of the valley, the city, the surrounding mountains and the lakes. The stench, as one proceeds up this hill, becomes more terrible, and, on investigation, I discover that this sacred mountain is at last put to its proper use.

The spring or flowing well is at another point of the hill, not far from the church. You can dip your own bucket and drink. The faithful consider it sacred, because they take off their hats and cross themselves when approaching it; and here I purchased a photograph of the shrine.

The government instituted an inquiry into the truth of the history of the shrine, and its fraud was exposed; but in Mexico, as in all the world, no law exists against ignorance; but imposition, taking advantage of credulity, is a crime the world over.

The whole thing was a stupendous scheme to convert the natives, and it succeeded; but soon these poor people will know better, and will act differently. The process has been slow, because error clings to us more tenaciously than truth.

Even glaring falsehood is used to give importance to the place. I have read in the books, and my guide also told me, that the silver in the railing around the shrine weighs twenty-seven tons. I tapped on it with my pocketknife, as I passed along, and it resounded like an empty tin can. My guide is a liar, the official liar of the shrine, and is most expert in his calling; he is a cheat also, because I employed him, agreeing that

he should give me thirty minutes of his time for one dollar; we walk up one side of the church and down the other, the guide sputtering about this and that in a language that sounded like a whizzing mixture of Spanish, French and English, and knowing a little of all of these languages, I was able to understand what he was trying to say. He had not yet spent ten minutes of his time with me, when he brought me to a halt facing the sacred image on the tilma; and, between genuflections and crossings, demanded his dollar, which he had not yet earned. I remonstrated that we had not yet been at it ten minutes; but, finding him obdurate, I handed over the dollar with my testimonial that he was a liar, a fraud and a cheat, and that I thought I could get on better without than with him anyway.

So much, then, for the shrine of Mexico.

One lacks no opportunity to go to church, or to mass, as would be said in Mexico. Every morning at three o'clock, the church-bells ring a fury, more exciting than the oldtime fire alarm, awakening everybody in town, except, I presume, those accustomed to it. Those who take the alarm seriously, I imagine, should jump out of bed, and run half-dressed, with their heart in their throat and prayers on their lips, to save their souls from the consuming fires of the approaching day; but I, unaccustomed to being awakened by a fire-alarm at three o'clock every morning, and being also unable to comprehend how combustion can occur without carbon or oxygen,—I am afraid I frequently turned over in my bed muttering to myself unsanctimoniously.

At every hour of every day, from three o'clock A. M.,

the church-bells call us heavenward, to speak poetically; but, in reality, they strike a hurried, exciting and troublesome warning or alarm, except, however, for a short time following noon, when the priest enjoys his siesta; but I should say, when the priests enjoy their siesta, because these churches are always supplied with a number of priests, who, by working shifts or turns, can make their profession very easy, without allowing the people any rest.

I never determined how late at night these hourly alarms were rung off, because, being naturally of a sleepy disposition, to which was usually added exhaustion toward the close of the day, I retired early, as I always have, even when a boy, and, during the early part of the night, slept so soundly that nothing short of an earthquake would have wakened me.

I attended some of these masses at various places in the country; and I will describe one at Zacatecas.

The church, a very large one, a cathedral, was located in the heart of the city; and I will briefly describe it, in order to lead up to the impressions of the worship; but, as none of us is up very high on church architecture, I will avoid any attempt at technical terms.

All the external, except the front, may be passed over as unimportant: a stone wall, almost windowless, plastered without and within, massive, and, in the rear, as is usual in Mexico, in the heart of the city, continuous with other buildings, a hotel on one side; and, if I remember correctly, a market-place on the other, but frequently a feed-lot or corral in which people coming to church on burros can turn them, while they go to worship.

The front of this church needs special mention, as a

work of art and impressive architecture. A square and massive tower of cut stone composes each corner, with a square belfry of carved and fluted stone on top; and the space between these towers is composed of carved columns and statuary, from the ground to the top, forming an immense façade.

Passing now to the inside, what I say may be taken, with some modification, as a description of almost every church in Mexico: A long hall-like chamber, in height from the ground to the roof, sometimes quite a hundred feet; numerous and large supporting columns on either side, so that one does not ordinarily notice the side-chambers until he has advanced a little distance from the door; at the farther end is the altar; a great dome occupies the center of the ceiling like an exit upwards; a few benches placed along at the foot of the columns; but, sometimes, filling part of the space between the columns in front of the altar.

The walls are well covered with pictures and paintings of allegorical representations, as well as fresco work and statuary.

I sit through the services, which take nearly an hour; the prayers, the singing, the responsive readings, the chants, and all, to the extinguishing of the candles, the details of which I need not describe on account of their familiarity. Nine priests and six attendants officiated. The choir was out of sight, but I judge about five or six voices were heard. Myself and three native Mexicans, one of whom came very late, constituted the audience. I dropped my offering in the box and a penny to each of the numerous beggars always present at church-doors in Mexico, asking alms of those who go in and come out, seeking earthly goods of man

under the altar of Omnipotence. In explanation of this phase of human existence, I will refer merely to the fable of the man who put up his god at auction, crying out about his good qualities and the liberality of his gifts, whereupon a bystander asked why he then desired to sell him, to which the reply was, that he was wont to give his good gifts slowly.

I have just witnessed the oldest and the greatest fact in human history, the worship of a deity, which I can understand and appreciate. Worship expresses the greatest sentiment of the soul, and stands not only for the inward feeling, but the outward show as well. Worship I inwardly feel, and outwardly know; but what is religion?

Not knowing, in reality, what religion is, notwithstanding all I have said, I cannot, therefore, tell whether or not I am of a religious turn of mind, although I have examined many dictionaries, and noted, in passing, the writings of jurists, theologians and philosophers, but without being able to pound it into my thick head.

The effect, the result, of religious operation, I think I know something about, on the same principle that enables me to comprehend electric action in its effects or results; and, I think, I understand a few of its modes of operation; but what is electricity?

I do not want to be understood as pressing the correspondence between religion and electricity beyond my ignorance. What electricity is, is a subject for investigation, which the future may develop and explain in its nature, aside from its effects.

What religion is, is doubtless well understood by very many; and, all I need to do, is to wait to be told.

I am so anxious, however, for the information, that if anyone will tell me what religion is, I will not only be obliged to him; but, if he will give me a definition in one single and connected sentence, harmonizing the meaning with the practice, or stating the contrariety, I will send him my autograph! If he wants a copy of this book, he will have to pay for it.

I peeped into this church at other times, as I went by, and saw eight persons, as the greatest number present at any one time, and, sometimes, none; but always a number of priests. How do these priests make their money, I wonder? This is a material question.

I must not, however, be understood as saying or implying that these churches are never full. I have elsewhere stated about the great crowds attending religious gatherings; but these have all the significance of excursions to the bishop who gets them up; and to the railroads, which carry the people; and, to the people themselves, as I myself observed, of an outing.

This, also, is the true significance of the thing among us, where great excursions are gotten up for the purpose of the annual meetings of religious orders and societies; and I saw happen in Mexico what I have seen here, that a great many of those who started on these excursions, like the crusades of the Middle Ages, never got there, but their bones have not been found whitening the Plains of Abraham.

No lack of clothing, food and shelter for the priest, who not only presents a well-nourished physique, as the doctors would say, but is fat, as we find him everywhere, when his bodily build will permit the taking on of flesh. His clothing is always ample, and he usually

wears a tremendously large cloak. His church, where he spends much of his time, is large and well furnished, and, sometimes, is almost the only thing to be called a house in the town, and, not infrequently, representing a greater expenditure of money than all the town besides. A town must be small to have but one church, and towns of 5000 to 7000 inhabitants have three or four. The multitude of priests explains the multitude of churches.

Notwithstanding the fact that all church property was confiscated by the state some years ago, the priest does not seem to have grown either lean or poor. Prior to this confiscation, I was told that the church owned great tracts of land, and practically carried on the business of the country through its banks. Now the church owns nothing, but is allowed to use, rent free, the church buildings for religious purposes, and religious services of every nature, even funeral services, must be held in the church, and cannot be held in the home of the deceased. All religious processions or parades are also prohibited, and a priest is not even allowed to wear any of the regalia of his office outside the church; but, from the number of infractions I observed, this provision of the law is a dead letter. The intention of the law evidently is to confine within the church-walls all things religious.

By the confiscation of all church property by the state, the priest has become poor in wealth, but evidently enjoys all he formerly did, except the vanity of riches. I think he doubtless eats and sleeps as well as he formerly did, wears as good clothes, and enjoys more ease, than when encumbered with property.

I have never been able to understand how men could

roll in luxury at the expense of pain and misery; how the men of the cloth could accept even a pittance from the poor and miserable, who needed it to supply every want of life, and consume it in the smoke of tobacco and the flow of the bowl; how the money which should go to shoe the feet of the children against the mud and the cold, could be expended for velvets and furs; how the bread which should save from the hunger of a sleepless night, could supply luxuries for a house-dog; how, in short, that the misery of one could be made the happiness and comfort of another: but such is the life of the priest. Cold, implacable, assuming poverty in the midst of riches, he is as inexorable as Fate; greedy and insatiable, he would devour the substance of the land; austere and uncompromising, he knows no alternative; vain and domineering, he submits to no authority; egotistic and pretending, he assumes to represent God.

The occupation of the bishop is almost an unknown thing to me, as I saw but two, and had little opportunity to observe them; but, in addition to learning that the country is well supplied with them numerically, I was told, by a man in a position to know, that the great movements of the people, by the tens of thousands often, to shrines and holy places, are managed by the bishop direct with the railroad companies, the bishop having a clerk or superintendent of transportation; that the bishop gets up these excursions, advising the railroads in advance of about the number of tickets he will want, so that the railroads can arrange to move the people at the proper time; and the intimation was also put forward that there was something in it for the bishop. Railroads

have been known to pay commissions and even rebates; and the bishop, while subserving an earthly purpose, keeps hope in heaven warm also.

But aside from any specific information, and relying upon history and general principles, we are justified in concluding that all such great moves on the part of the church have now, as in the past ages, an immediate, earthly advantage or profit as well as the maintenance of their faith and the aggrandizement of their religion. In support of this, I mention merely the crusades.

I do not want anyone to conclude, from what I have said respecting the church, on account of the frequent reference to the Catholic Church, by reason of its prevalence in Mexico, that I am directing my remarks, when I come to the general view, particularly to that institution, for such is not the case. In the general view, the church as a corporation, a religious corporation, representing whatsoever faith, in whatsoever time, is the object of my remarks, because I find that all religions have a common purpose, from which I am justified, I think, in asserting that all religions have a common origin; and, striking at the very root of the matter, I declare that the human mind is the only source I can find from which these diverging, but kindred streams flow, all eventually reaching the same ocean, where they mingle their waters.

In like manner I want to be understood, when using the word priest, to refer to the order in all religions opposed to the laity, and not to the ministers of any particular faith.

In the same broad sense is the word priest used in the following:

Of all the evils which escaped from Pandora's box, the institution of priesthoods was the worst. Priests have been the curse of the world; and, if we admit the merits of many of those of our own time to be as preëminent above those of all others, as the *esprit du corps* of the most self-contented individual of the order may incite him to consider them, great as I am willing to allow the merits of many individuals to be, I will not allow that they form exceptions strong enough to destroy the general nature of the rule. Look at China, the festival of Juggernaut, the Crusades, the Massacres of St. Bartholomew, of the Mexicans, and of the Peruvians, the fires of the Inquisition, of Mary, Cranmer, Calvin, and of the Druids; look at Ireland, look at Spain; in short, look everywhere, and you will see the priests reeking with gore. They have converted, and are converting, populous and happy nations into deserts, and have made our beautiful world into a slaughter-house drenched with blood and tears! (*"The Celtic Druids," by Godfrey Higgins, London, 1829.*)

A great religious gathering occurred at Penjamo, a city of about seven thousand people, while I was there, the center of attraction, if not the only attraction, being the presence of the bishop. The train on which he came arrived about six o'clock in the morning, at a station about three miles from the city, reached by a mule-car line.

For a mile or more down the railroad track, people were lined along either side in great numbers, as well as the entire length of the mule-car line, to welcome him by the shooting of firecrackers; and in the city a great crowd, acting in like manner, also, awaited

and welcomed him, and an advance-guard of about twenty men on horseback rode ahead of the car which took him from the station to the city. All these people kneeled down, the men removing their hats, as the bishop appeared and passed by, which is the custom everywhere, on the appearance of the bishop or his carriage, because I have seen people kneel on hearing the bishop's carriage approach, before they could see whether he was in it or not. Arriving at the city, the bishop proceeded directly to the principal church; in a very few minutes, the crowd dispersed completely, without any reassembling during the day; and, aside from some extra and vigorous church-bell ringing, one would not know that anything had happened out of the usual and ordinary.

This kneeling of a whole populace to a mere man is more than a democratic mind is inclined to stand; and we, in the do-as-you-please United States, cannot comprehend the disposition and feeling of people raised under the monarchical régime, either in church or state. A gentleman in Mexico, who had traveled in Europe, to whom I mentioned this fact, told me that he saw, in London, a man take off his hat as the baggage-wagon of the Prince of Wales went by! Nothing would seem more debasing to us.

Further, to illustrate this feature of human debasement, I will recall one of Grimm's fables, which I once tried to read in the original; and, for that reason, specially remember it.

Two men, of great adroitness, had been performing such remarkable things as to attract the attention of the daughter of the king, for whom they agreed to fill a certain room with gold, asking only the recom-

pense that they be allowed to be present at her wedding, all of which was, of course, granted.

Now, the point is this, that men of low estate considered the distinction of attending a royal wedding of more value than a roomful of gold; and this, at one time, and still, in some places, is the condition of men's minds, a sad state, incomprehensible to many of us.

But, just once more! On the return of the imperial court, at the end of the Boxer uprising in China, a few years ago, the newspapers told us that the soldiers and the populace received it on their knees. Such is the influence of custom; and I repeat with Pindar, "Custom is the king of all men."

An incident occurred during the progress of this procession, which should be related to show what politics will lead men to do:

A prominent politician, and, until lately, an office-holder, resigning in favor of his son, who had frequently cursed the Catholic Church to me, or in my hearing, and, when not cursing spoke derogatorily of it and its priests, was on the street, and stepped into a private house to avoid kneeling to the bishop, which he would have done, had he not been able to escape.

What will not politicians do, as matter of policy, when religion is involved! With great force, one might here recall the attitude of Henry IV of France, who, for conscience, when he was king of Navarre, was a Reformer, a Protestant; but, when he became king of France, and policy demanded that he become a Catholic, said, on the day before his abjuration, "To-morrow is the day I shall make the summerset which will bring down the house."

We, therefore, see that the present can neither claim originality nor a monopoly in spectacular acrobatic performances.

The governmental policies of Constantine the Great and of Henry VIII, as respects the religions they, at various times, pretended to profess, furnish quite as lively examples.

The personal customs of the Mexicans, especially when a large crowd of them has collected as at this religious gathering, cannot be looked upon with very great complacency. Had Diogenes been present, at this reception, he would have crawled into his tub, and turned it upside down over him; or, if his house was a cask, as some claim, he would have closed even the bunghole for shame; but, such is custom. This came to the native Mexicans, I presume, as a heritage from Spain, as, I am informed, a like practice prevails in all the Mediterranean countries. The law is being enforced against it; and, in a list of arrests and punishments for a month, which I examined in one of the towns, a great many were for "Failure of respect."

A short time before my arrival in the City of Mexico, the Shriners held a great conclave there for the purpose of initiating President Diaz into the mysteries of that order. President Diaz, I was told, is a devout Catholic, going to confession once a week; and I think this must be the first instance where the Catholic Church ever permitted one of its members to become a Mason. President Diaz might, therefore, be regarded as absolute over the Catholic Church in Mexico as he is over the government; and the certainty is, that the Catholic

Church, from matter of policy, in which that institution has always excelled, will permit President Diaz to do as he pleases; and that, if, beforehand, President Diaz had submitted to the church the question as to whether or not he could consistently become a Shriner, he would have received the answer, which Cambyses, king of Persia, got from the judges, that, while they could find no law permitting the act, yet they had discovered another, permitting the king of Persia to do as he pleased.

The whole text from which this reference is taken is so appropriate, and so forcible an illustration of how policy overrules principle in great matters of both church and state, that I here give the passage in full:

Cambyses became enamored of one of his sisters, and, then, being desirous of making her his wife, because he proposed doing what was not customary, he summoned the royal judges, and asked them if there was any law permitting one who wished to marry his sister. The royal judges are men chosen from among Persians, who continue in office until they die, or are convicted of some injustice. They determine causes between the Persians, and are the interpreters of the ancient constitutions, and all questions are referred to them. When, therefore, Cambyses put the question, they gave an answer that was both just and safe, saying that they could find no law permitting a brother to marry his sister, but had discovered another law which permitted the king of Persia to do whatever he pleased. Thus they did not abrogate the law through fear of Cambyses; but, that they might not lose their lives by upholding the law, they found out another that favored his desire of marrying his sister. (Herodotus, Thalia, 31.)

CHAPTER V.

POLITICAL.

I will attempt no constitutional history, or even outline, of Mexico, for the very good reason that my stay of two months in that country was insufficient to gather the information, which would require nearer two years, and also by reason of the fact that those interested in such a work would not be looking for it here; and, I might also add, that I do not know of anybody in the United States, interested in a constitutional history of Mexico, should one be written; and I will still keep on adding by saying that most of us might more profitably be learning our own constitutional history.

M. de Tocqueville spent about three years in the United States, with nothing on his mind but the investigation of governmental and social conditions, before he wrote his "Democracy in America," and, therefore, I think I am more than justified in excusing myself from entering upon the constitutional government of Mexico, when I was there but two months, and all that time engaged in a business enterprise, which first called for my attention, and demanded my efforts. Only think of the difference in the abilities and attainments of the two authors also! Tocqueville, a philosopher, statesman, author, traveler; and, I, I only myself.

I feel, also, that I must apologize for writing at all on the government of Mexico; but, if I confine myself to what I actually observed and learned, and was informed about, I think, perhaps, that a proper excuse is made out; and, having apologized for myself, and excused myself also, as most of us do under like circumstances, I will proceed.

The name of the government, as shown on the old coins, a complete collection of which I brought home with me, was Republica Mexicana; but, as shown on the more recent coins, the name is now Estados Unidos Mexicanos, which comports more with the fact than the former name; because, I think, about the first thing I observed, when trying to look into the form of government, was the absence of a republic, but the presence of united states.

How very much we might learn of the history of a country by a study of its coins and money in general, as, also, of the world at large! I fancy that one who made this his special study might build up a wonder quite equal to Comparative Anatomy, which, from one bone of an unknown animal, can reproduce scientifically the entire creature, and determine its habits also.

The history of the human race, if we only knew it, is built along as definite and certain lines; and the time may come, when philosophers, by the examination of a single coin, will be able to settle the history of the nation.

Upon an examination of the coins of Mexico, both old and new, I find the coinage, from a mechanical standpoint, very badly executed, and some of the oldest I was able to find were not milled or even round.

I conclude from this that the mechanical arts in

general are yet very imperfect; because, if perfection had been attained, it would show in the pride of well-made coins, so that I pass directly from the specific conclusion derived from imperfection in coinage, to the general proposition embracing all mechanical arts.

Where we find imperfection in matters of the greatest concern, or appealing to the highest pride, we may justly conclude the existence of the same condition in all matters beneath these.

I see from the coins that the name of the government has changed, and I hence conclude that the government has, also, changed, in whole or in part. The name of republic has given way to that of united states; and I hence conclude that liberty is on the decline.

On the old coins, I find no boastful mottoes; but, on the new, I find the equivalents of "Independence and Liberty."

This is but confirmatory of the last conclusion, that these human rights are becoming restricted.

I appeal to history for justification of this: When men were free, independence and liberty were not questions nor occupied their minds, as will be seen prior to the existence of the conditions demanding the enactment of the Salic law, to Magna Charta, and to the Declaration of Independence; and, with this, I pass hurriedly on, leaving those who want arguments, to convince themselves.

I find the gold coins of much smaller dimensions than the silver, and less numerous, and, hence, conclude the gold to be the more valuable.

I also draw the conclusion that the gold is the measure of value of the silver.

I find no mention of God on their coins, and I there-

fore conclude that the people are heathen, and put their money to bad use. If they had "In God We Trust" stamped upon their coin, nobody would dare to steal it.

The government of Mexico is founded on lines almost parallel with those of the government of the United States, the latter being used as the model of the former; but we are much puzzled, when we come to examine the superstructure; and this difficulty increases as we progress.

While perplexed with this difficulty, suppose we leave it for a time, coming to the United States, for the purpose of ascertaining if we can reconcile our own governmental practices with our constitution and laws; if we do not all recall many instances when our constitutions have been outraged by individual and party interests, even when holding on to the very horns of the altar; if we have not had laws contrary to these constitutions; and, if we have not seen practices contrary to both the constitution and the laws.

Between the influence and practices of railroad companies, in managing the politics and controlling the governments of the States, in which Pennsylvania and Kansas have been particularly unfortunate, and a like attempt of the railroad companies, in conjunction with such corporations as the Steel Trust and the Sugar Trust, in the affairs of the Nation, not much has been left to the people.

We also see certain States, as, for instance, Delaware, run in the interest of individuals, if not almost entirely owned by them.

Cities and towns are no better; and, here, the in-

stances are too numerous and well known to be mentioned, as all one has ordinarily to do, is to refer to his own city or town.

Our mayor, serving for a nominal sum, has the effrontery to disregard even the criminal instinct of concealing the stolen goods, but flaunting them in our face, as legitimate perquisites of the office, he sets up his newly-acquired wealth, as a conspicuous and standing advertisement before our very eyes.

Our councilmen are no better, but fortunately opportunities are less.

Arrests, convictions and punishments may be numerous, but they neither act as a preventive nor a cure; and the suffering of the people, therefore, continues unmitigated. People hope, but in vain, for relief from coming elections, which, too frequently, only remove a full, to be replaced by an empty, leech.

The fable of "The Fox and the Leeches" is here very appropriate:

A Fox, in crossing a river, was thrust out of her course into a drain, and being unable to get out, was harassed, for a long time, by leeches which had fastened themselves upon her, when a Hedgehog, wandering by, saw her, and, taking compassion upon her, asked if he should pick off the leeches; but this the Fox would not permit, saying that these leeches had already filled themselves with her blood; and, if removed, would only give room for other empty ones, whose hunger would drain from her all the blood she had remaining. (Æsop, in pleading for a demagogue at Samos, Arist. Rhet., book 2, chap. 20.)

In this state of affairs, what becomes of the will of the people, when they feel obliged to hold on to their present evils, lest they only exchange them for worse?

The will of the people is the basis of all good government; but the people have never yet been able to govern. Individuals, families, classes, organizations, bodies, parties, have always been our governors, and frequently against our will.

The will of the people finds no expression in American politics. The machine, as constructed, produces only one result, no matter who operates it; and those who talk about "the political machine" speak more wisely than they know.

In the practical operation of our government to-day, to speak more respectfully than to say, in the running of the political machine, we find little to comport with the ideas of its founders, and less to harmonize with the will of the people, and, least of all, to benefit the people.

Having thus briefly viewed results, that I might better ascertain and appreciate their cause, I return to antecedent conditions.

Beginning now with the right of suffrage in Mexico, ordinarily considered the foundation of republican government, I find that all male persons, over the age of majority, may cast votes at elections; but that they are denied any participation in counting the votes, that privilege being reserved to those already holding office, the result of which system is, that the people do not vote, but only the officeholders, and those directly controlled by them.

After the sovereign right to vote is disposed of, which, ordinarily, gives us a free choice among parties, comes the question next in order, "For whom shall we vote?" In the United States, we are always saved

any worry on this point, because we, the people, never have anything to say as to who the candidate shall be; and the thing, in reality, resolves itself to a choice among parties. Those who disregard party and vote for candidate, ordinarily throw their vote away.

In Mexico, matters are very much simplified, as, but one candidate is all that ordinarily appears, who is named by the central government at the City of Mexico; and, to him, opposition is ordinarily not made, not only because of its uselessness, but because, also, of propriety and safety, which I have heard mentioned as determining elements.

President Diaz designates the candidate for the office of governor of every state, as well as all other chief officers in the country, elected by popular vote, or supposed to be; and he even transferred a governor from one state to another; but, if he does not extend this actual control to all offices, the certainty is, that no person could be elected, if elected we can call it, to any office, of whatever nature or insignificance, if he were distasteful to President Diaz.

No other fact is more talked of or better known in the country than this, so that every officeholder in the country owes his position directly and personally to President Diaz, is under his direct and immediate control, and does not act, except by his directions, or in accordance to his known will or policy.

All laws desired by President Diaz are passed unanimously, and none proposed, without first ascertaining his desire.

From the following, in cautious reserve, by a native of the country, the ascendency of the President of

Mexico in rendering the remainder of the government a mere machine, is shown:

With the restless, inconstant character of our race, the long tenure of office by one man is one of the greatest dangers of the peace of the nation; yet, notwithstanding, General Diaz has succeeded in avoiding shipwreck on this shoal, making himself all but indispensable to the completion of the reconstructive and conciliatory work of which he is the true and only author. The work of pacification accomplished by General Diaz has consisted in the strengthening of the central power, and the discreet use of his personal prestige and influence for the purpose of securing in all the states of the Mexican Union the election of governors attached to him personally, and resolved to second him at any cost in the task of assuring to the country the supreme benefit of peace, as the most imperious necessity of the Mexican people. The patriotic conviction of the urgency, for a nation bleeding and weakened as ours has been, of a convalescent political régime to enable us to recuperate our shattered strength, has facilitated the insensible and voluntary creation of a system of governmental discipline wherein the federal units, like the wheels of an immense machine, receive without shock the impulse of force which is conveyed to them from the great central motor.

"Machine," as designating a certain kind of politics and government with us, is not indicative of praise; but the author of this quotation is very much taken with his metaphor. We, however, find those who are, at once, so lucky and unfortunate as to constitute one of the wheels of this machine, and, frequently, though but a single cog, not objecting to the application of the grease, so necessary to keep down friction.

Not only in the States, but in the federal government as well, President Diaz is in full control, and the

Mexican Congress, like the assemblies convoked by Charlemagne in the eighth century, discusses and deliberates, but only to concur in the will of the chief.

The deliberations of the Congress of the United States are likewise under the dominion of a master, not a man in this case, but a political policy.

The results, in both countries, so far as the people are concerned, from the operation of methods so akin in principle, must necessarily be the same.

Therefore, the interests served in this domineering control are those of individuals and factions, and this at the expense of the people.

All private and business enterprises are likewise under the absolute will of President Diaz, an example of which I will give, as it touches an enterprise considering itself the most independent.

While I was in the city, a high railroad official attempted suicide, after having been discharged from his position on account of drunkenness; the newspapers of the city, of course, were preparing to print the item as matter of news, all having it set up, and one of the papers having gone so far as to have run off its edition, when word was sent around to them by President Diaz not to print anything about it, which order was obeyed implicitly; and the paper which had run off its edition, not being able to get out another, issued none that day, without being able to explain to the public why.

The attempted suppression of news sometimes has an opposite effect; and, I think, that is what occurred here.

The right to publish is, therefore, classed along with the right to vote and hold office; but this condition

must be extended to everything, absolutely everything in Mexico, and we need spend no further time with particulars.

Mexico is absolutely, immediately and irrevocably handled by President Diaz; I cannot say controlled, because he does it himself. No parallel of like absolutism has ever existed; and I say this after having called over the governments of the earth. While some of them, particularly some of the dynasties of Egypt, hold a close relation to conditions in Mexico, yet they were never safe, either as against their own subjects or from foreign invasion; but, in Mexico, the government of President Diaz is safe from every peril, and is sure to continue through his lifetime. What other government in the world ever held by such a tenure?

President Diaz, however, does not seem to be as sure of this as I; because, I was told, on authority worthy of belief, that he had deposited, in Paris and in London, the neat little bank account of $40,000,000, which would be sufficient to guard against even the eventualities of monarchies, as well as furnishing a safeguard, in that England and France would naturally take opposite sides in any international question involving the existence of the government of Mexico, so that, if it came to that, the deposit, at one place or the other, would be safe as against its return to the people of Mexico.

President Diaz' son-in-law owns a hacienda of, to me, an unknown number of acres; and he has upon it his own standard-gauge railroad, which I myself saw; but the wealth of the President himself, I was

told, is all in cash, or equivalent securities, the amount unknown.

The condition of the people, elsewhere given, need only be referred to here for contrast, and I am glad to be saved the pain of again stating it.

Here briefly is what shows upon the surface in the government of Mexico, a one-man government in all its operations; and my surprise, in not seeing a republic, is now explained.

Before leaving Absolutism, I want to pay my respects to those domineering politicians in our own country, who hold themselves out as authority on all subjects, and want to be the father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt and guardian of the whole nation; but who may have so far fallen short, even of the office of father, as to have raised daughters who drink whisky and smoke cigarettes.

I want to advise them that this is not the way to become absolute, as, by this, they only nauseate the public; but, they should turn to the army, as they will need that, and that alone, to create and sustain the condition they seek.

If anyone thinks our country is coming to absolutism, he can determine that fact through the status of the army, which would seem to indicate that, at present, we are safe from absolutism; our people, on account of the remunerations of agriculture, mining, and trade, have no desire to acquire wealth by conquest or rebellion; not that they are of a pacific turn of mind; but they are finding gratification for their desires in other directions. Restrict our people here, and they would become as turbulent and warlike at home, as they are now courageous to meet a foreign foe.

But a stable government of any kind, even a pure military despotism, however unequal the distribution of its powers and benefits, is better than the anarchy of continual revolutions.

Modifications, and, sometimes, changes, are desirable in governments, that they may serve the people in unforeseen wants or exigencies; and the necessity, therefore, exists of having a form pliable enough for adaptation to the new condition.

Despotisms, like a great vase, may be variously colored and ornamented, but their shape and texture must remain the same; and, hence, only the gratification of show can be derived from them in adaptation to conditions.

Aristocracies can bend only in the stiff attitude of a family out of sympathy with the community in which it lives, but from which it gets its support.

In oligarchies, the nation is resolved into a business proposition.

Only in democracies, as with a house built of bricks, may the structure be modified at will, without the loss or destruction of the material.

While Mexico is now enjoying the blessings of an enforced peace, without probability of change, the United States is experiencing a political revolution in the methods of selecting and electing its officers, from the lowest to the highest, being now in the experimental stage, without much indication as to the final result; but out of the confusion of ballots, the methods of casting them, and the selection of candidates and the choice of officers, the will of the people must eventually be evolved, retarded indeed, by constitutions, which

neither express the will nor provide for the necessities of the people; but the work is, nevertheless, progressing.

Influence over the voter at the polls has quite, if not entirely, disappeared; but party leaders still name the candidates, leaving the voter only the choice between the parties; and, while he is exercising the great franchise of choice, he is still unable to express his will. Everybody is free to enter the race, but the winners are named in advance by the few. The people will eventually select their candidates; and, from among their candidates, will, in the exercise of more deliberation, choose their officers; and this will apply to all officers; but the means by which are not yet determined.

How is President Diaz maintaining himself in this position of absolute dictator? *Answer:* By the army.

How did he bring about the present condition of affairs? *Answer:* By the army.

How did he obtain command of the army? *Answer:* By revolution.

How did he become the central or all-dominant figure in the revolution? *Answer:* By being the strongest character in it.

How did that revolution arise, and for what purpose? *Answer:* By revolt or rebellion against the then established government to get possession of it.

Was the government overthrown by Diaz the legal and regularly established government of the country? *Answer:* No man can tell.

What degree of peace and domestic prosperity, prior to this time, and following the achievement of her independence, had Mexico enjoyed? *Answer:* None, practically none.

During this time, had the citizens been safe in the enjoyment of their lives and property? *Answer:* If you mean the natives, who formed more than ninety-five percent of the population, they had no property to enjoy; and, being slaves, their lives did not demand the consideration of safety.

Who was governing Mexico then during that time? *Answer:* Nobody. Misrule or anarchy was its condition.

What, then, was the status of affairs? *Answer:* Aside from the short reign of Maximilian, in the government established by France in the "sixties," which was infinitely worse for the country than the attempts at home rule, the history is that of a series of military uprisings, rebellions and revolutions, arising mostly among the Spanish-Mexican factions in the country, for the loot of government, until the final rising of the natives, which drove those people and their contentions to the rear, and brought Diaz to the front.

Why should not Diaz then be named along with Bozzaris, Bolivar, and Washington? *Answer:* He should and he is; and not only this, but he has a character for war and government stronger than any of those great names.

But you have spoken of Diaz as rebel and outlaw; explain yourself. *Answer:* These names only attach to a man when he fails, and are swallowed up in revolution. In my turn, I ask what would have become of the names of Bozzaris, Bolivar and Washington, had their causes failed?

Why not then is the present government of Mexico right and proper? *Answer:* The future will have to answer this question; I am neither oracle nor prophet;

but, in so far as military despotisms present themselves in history, we find that, during the ascendency of their creator and promoter, they maintain themselves with great dominance, and go to pieces with the fall of their leader, which is always the rule in warfare, also, carried on by the will and direction of one man. Under these governments, the people are never happy or prosperous.

Whether the terrible severity which President Diaz exercised in putting down all opposition to his government was justifiable, as homicide, under proper circumstances and conditions, is justifiable, must be decided at that long distance in the future, when the mind of the historian and philosopher, uninfluenced by the times, can, calmly and laboriously, like the geologist, digging through strata, tell what the history has been.

By simply calling attention to the killing, by the soldiery, of the ex-governor of Zacatecas and his companion in the highway, because suspected of intending to foment a rebellion, and of nine of the principal merchants of Vera Cruz, in the same manner and for the same purpose, and the disappearance of political opponents, things still universally and constantly talked about in Mexico, I leave this phase of the subject.

If the acts of President Diaz, in the establishment of his government, have passed into history, awaiting a day of judgment, we cannot say as much for all his acts, and, particularly, those of the present, in which all men have an interest.

While in Mexico, I heard that thirty striking workmen at Puebla, or some other place in that vicinity, statements differing, had been lined up by the soldiers and shot. On account of the control which President

Diaz exercises over the press, everybody knows that matters of this kind are not likely to get before the public, except by rumor, like the affairs in Europe during the Middle Ages; and as no one knows what credence to give to these reports, the result is, they obtain wider circulation and more comment than if regularly or properly published, thus producing vagaries, fears, suspicions, distrust; yet nobody dares complain.

Now this rumor of the shooting by the soldiers, without trial, of the thirty striking workmen, might have been entirely without foundation, and might have been a mere and purposely-circulated falsification; but the unfortunate thing is, that it had more force than the truth; and the still more unfortunate thing is, that the present restriction of legitimate news creates a condition where any false and plausible rumor may be set afoot for the very purpose of working mischief.

On September 15th and 16th, the people of Mexico celebrate their Independence Day; and, I was told, their demonstrations scarcely know any bounds, reaching far into the mischievous, and often approaching the destructive, such as was seen a couple of years ago, when our fall festivals were running at their height, but which have now, fortunately, fallen into disrepute and disuse.

In 1906, however, all demonstration was suppressed by the army, on account of a report having gotten current that an uprising of the people against the government was to be made at that time; but this year, 1907, the usual celebration was had.

I made inquiries regarding conditions in Septem-

ber, 1906, and find that the government had taken this action on the ground that certain Mexicans, living in the United States, and publishing papers in which they were constantly attacking the government, had created such a feeling at home, that the people were in a rebellious frame of mind; but the opposition claimed that this course on the part of the government was without justification, and was a scheme to call to the attention of the people of the country that their greatest enemies were these refugee Mexicans in the United States.

On these disputes, the future historian must come to the rescue, and determine, in the light of eventualities, the operating cause, the policy, and the result.

I heard much said and many rumors were afloat about one of these Mexican editors at El Paso, Texas, who was residing there, and issuing a sheet against the Mexican government, some saying he had been taken and delivered to the Mexican authorities at the center of the bridge between El Paso and Cuidad Juarez; others, that he had been taken, and allowed to enter a telegraph office at El Paso on the pretense of sending a message, giving the officers the slip through the back door; and still other accounts were given. The people of Mexico, under their system of news, have no way of finding out, and I made no inquiries as to the fact at El Paso. The effect of such rumors on the Mexican mind, and not the determination of the fact, is where my purpose ceased.

Unrestricted publication of all facts at the proper time, and in the proper manner, with the requirement of decency placed upon opinions, should be the law and the practice of the case.

Bad news is better than no news, because the facts should be known; and "Suspense consumeth the soul."

Of the future of Mexico, I need only repeat, that, during the life of President Diaz, the present status will be maintained; and that, beyond that, all will be confusion. The government being of one man, like a house on but a single prop, will fall with him. Nothing can save it; because only another Diaz could maintain it, and the present is the only one produced since the world began, which precludes the idea of an immediate reproduction; and I doubt much if ever the world will produce another. Some men are so distinctive, that they stand alone in the world's history.

President Diaz is, I should think, a full-blood native Mexican Indian, although statements on this question differ, some saying he is a halfbreed; but the question will always remain undecided, for his father is unknown. He is much darker than shown by his pictures and statuettes, so many of which we see, and this is my chief reason for saying he is a full-blood.

Statements also differ as to his tribe, two tribes claiming him.

His history may be briefly sketched: Raised an orphan boy, receiving a military training, turning rebel, then outlaw, fleeing from his country in disguise, returning a revolutionist, then perpetual president.

I had the good fortune to meet a man who was employed in the family of President Diaz, during the turbulent times which led to his present position, when almost all the history concerning the present

status of affairs was made; and we sat up most of two nights talking, which reminded me much like reading the tales of European monarchs, obtained from their servants.

Were I not under personal obligations and confidence, I would write, at least, an outline of what he told me; but, as the matter stands, this must be a closed chapter.

Having thus given a brief outline of appearances rather than realities respecting the government of Mexico, in general, I will now touch upon some of the details; and, as, with us, the States and their government would most naturally attract our attention, in an examination of affairs in our own country, I will now refer to the States of Mexico.

In Mexico, the States, about thirty in number, are, in reality, but provinces of the general government; while, in the United States, they are independent sovereignties, except as to the powers delegated by the constitution of the United States.

The situation may be stated thus:

In the United States, the government is, primarily, in the States, except such matters of national concern as are delegated to the United States by the constitution for the purpose of forming a central government of all the States; while, in Mexico, the central government, being but the continuance of a military revolution, is everything, and the States nothing, except by the grace or permission of the central power, and exist only at the will or pleasure of the central government, which is Diaz himself.

In the United States, the power flows, by consti-

tutional guaranty, from the States or the people to the central government, whose power it then constitutes; while, in Mexico, as now exercised, all power is in the central government, and flows, thence, at will or pleasure, to the States.

Those, among us, who advocate a more potent federal government, may find an exemplification of that idea carried to its limit in Mexico; and, if this is their ideal, they must set about the establishment of it by nothing less than a military revolution, and must, as in Mexico, maintain it by the army. If their ideas fall short of extreme military absolutism, I leave it to them to say where they wish to stop; and, later on, to advise the means for calling a halt at the proper time.

In the United States, we have a numerous class, otherwise calling themselves democratic in principle, but who urge, with passion, the centralization of almost unlimited power in all matters, in the federal government, never once suspecting, if they think at all on the subject, that the centralization for which they contend means an entire change in the form of our government to the extinguishment of the rights of the people; and so earnest and persistent do they seem to be, as to give their attitude all the appearance of that devotion characteristic of fanatical adherence to a religious tenet.

Earnestness and persistency are more frequently indulged in the advocacy of error than truth.

In the United States, the terms "the States" and "the people" are equivalent; and, particularly, is this true of the tenth amendment:

The powers not delegated to the United States by

the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

I am unqualifiedly in favor of maintaining, in its full force and effect, this provision of the constitution, which makes the States or the people the primary governing power, and the central government, or the United States, in the language of the amendment, to consist only of the powers delegated by the constitution. Those, who think they see, in the federal government, a power greater than the States, the people, who delegated it, have committed the error, so common to the individual as well as to the race, of regarding the creature greater than its creator; and we are not without examples, some even in our own day, where those elevated to an office, which they are, in no manner worthy to fill, have proceeded, with such a degree of egotism and ignorance, as to disregard both the creator and the creature, the people and the government; and, when brought to a halt, seemed to take it as a surprise that any power should exist to prevent them from doing as they pleased; but such is one, and the greatest, danger to which all governments are subject.

These madmen always communicate their malady to the susceptible portion of the community, and thus infected, they often rush to their own destruction, dragging the suffering nation with them. Where the people have not delegated too much of their power, this cannot happen; but all nations, as now constituted, are in danger of it, so that the conclusion is irresistible that all States, all people, have delegated too much of their power consistent with their greatest good and surest safety.

A state or government once established, the money with which to run it, speaking from a business standpoint, becomes all-important; and this is what has often placed ministers of finance, in their relations with the government, in so exalted a position, sometimes even in the control of the crown they have served, which condition of affairs is especially marked in Europe down to our own times; but, as the resources of the United States have been so great, and the means for raising money for governmental purposes so easy, except during and following the Revolution and the Rebellion, that we number but the names of Alexander Hamilton and Salmon P. Chase, as the only men of distinction as Secretaries of the Treasury.

In Mexico, while the present government was established by Diaz, yet he could not have maintained it, had he not had the services of a most able financier and statesman, Le Mantuer.

By an internal revenue or stamp tax, the government of Mexico supplies itself with most of the money needed for its expenditures; and almost every paper or document of any kind must bear its appropriate stamps. Licenses are issued to cover occupations and business, on which must be pasted and canceled at regular intervals the requisite stamps.

I think an internal stamp tax is the proper way of raising governmental revenue; or, at least, the greater portion of the money required for governmental expenditures, with the least disturbance to trade. Our prejudice against it is entirely due to the Stamp Tax of our history, one of the chief causes of our Revolution; and our repulsion for the fact has been continued by our prejudice for the method, as if that had anything

to do with the real injustice of the case, which was the unlawful taking, and not the manner of the taking. On the same principle, we ought to lick our postage stamps with regret.

Mexico also has a tariff tax, which is adjusted to requirements, not of revenue, but of the business conditions of the country; and this is what a tariff should be. If, in Mexico, the country needs wheat, the tariff is taken off, and wheat is admitted free; if the country has wheat to sell, a tax is imposed on the importations, so that the government as well as the people at large profit by thus striking the proper equilibrium between supply and demand, and this produces such a uniformity of price, as to keep this greatest of our necessities out of the scale of speculation. How much we might learn from Mexico!

In the United States, everything is quite different. The government raises its revenues by a system of Protection, a fair name for a foul thing, a protection for infants even, as we are told, infant industries, some having grown so big and lusty and fat and lazy and mean, as to have turned their parents out of house and home to starve in the woods.

Iron has been protected until all the people have become loaded with chains; sugar, until our tempers are no more sweet; and glass, until we cannot see straight through it.

Our system makes millionaires and paupers, and enough of both to keep the thing in operation, so that we see the ingenuity of those who planned it, and keep it going; and the paupers, the people, like the asses of burden they are, quicken their steps at the crack of the whip or the application of the lash.

During the Middle Ages, men were governed by appeals to their religious feelings, submissive as to the governments themselves, and fanatic as to adversaries; but, at the present time, they are submissive or fanatic, not as to religion, but as to politics, so we see that men have remained the same, having only changed their master. Let me again illustrate by fable:

An Ass in battle, slowly plodding along with his load, on being told to hurry, lest he be captured by the enemy, replied: "What difference does it make to me whose load I carry?"

Men do not seem to have yet arrived at this conclusion, because they exert themselves mightily for particular masters, when they might easily and quickly end their journey in captivity by the adversary.

O men, if you must be asses, be philosophic asses!

Following the order of importance, the army comes next, as a determining factor in the operation and maintenance of the government.

The army, except the Rurales, is made up entirely of native Mexicans, whose pay, I was told, amounted to 17 cents per day, equal to 8½ cents United States money; and many of them, I was also told, are long-term prisoners, men who have been sentenced for some crime, but who are allowed to serve their term in the army.

Their uniform is modeled after that of the United States soldier's uniform of dark blue, and the old style cap.

Their duty is to serve in the regular ranks as well as to be the police of the country, the towns, and the cities,

those performing police duty in the towns and cities wearing the uniform described; but the Rurales, the rural police, wear a gray uniform and a broadbrimmed hat; and, when not policing the trains, are usually mounted, and going two and two, so that wherever you find one, you will find another in the same vicinity.

These Rurales are the pick of the army, as is said, being made up of the outlaws of the country, to whom amnesty was offered, if they would come in and join the army, which they did, after having demonstrated the inability of the government or the people to exterminate them. And thus we see the condition of Montezuma respecting the Tlascalans repeated in Diaz with the bandits and robbers.

When these Rurales came into possession of open power, they, of course, killed all those who opposed them as robbers. This should have been foreseen.

This arrangement of making the soldier the police also has the effect of extending the power of the government, through the army, to the country and the whole country, town, city and country, making the government entirely military, so that, even if the people did possess civil rights and liberty to the extent of local self-government, or to any other extent, they have the strong arm of the military ever present and over them.

The situation is now fully stated: Mexico is a military despotism, the most absolute.

Republic, democracy, commonwealth, these names count for nothing, except to those satisfied with a sound. Some of the most absolute military despotisms

have attempted to cloak themselves with these sacred names.

Oliver Cromwell, so far from establishing a commonwealth in England, maintained simply a pure military despotism; and the moment that the humanity of his son Richard relaxed its severity, and would neither countenance nor order the commission of murder, as his father's conscience always permitted him to do with great readiness, the scheme went to pieces.

Cæsar, under the guise of a more popular form of government, maintained, for a time, a military despotism in Rome; and, likewise, Napoleon in France.

The presence of militarism everywhere is, also, seen in the fact that President Diaz has a body-guard of about fifty mounted men, whom I once saw, in their fatigue uniform, everybody riding along in a sort of a go-as-you-please manner. This did not impress the republicanism of Mexico very forcibly upon me; but, before I had time to formulate a judgment, conditions at home reflected upon my mind; and, not only at home, but in Europe, that now a president is no safer as against assassins than monarchs have always been, showing that our present-day republics are drifting toward monarchies in their relation to the people.

I had watched, with considerable interest, the work of the police in the towns and smaller cities, being much impressed with the efficiency of their work, under primitive methods, and altogether astounded at their humaneness, under trying circumstances, in view of what I had always been accustomed to in the United States; but, when I arrived at the City of Mexico, I was agreeably surprised as well as forcibly reminded

of what I had read about the facility of the Aztecs to sound alarms or disseminate information, by seeing the police stand in the center of the intersection of the streets, with a lantern at night, so that, by signaling to one another, they can spread an alarm over the entire police district in a few seconds. This looks primitive, but no system of electric signaling could equal it as to time, efficiency and ease.

With the government established, with money to run it, with soldiers to guard it, the least element is the law, and this now occupies attention. I will begin with the profession of the law and the lawyer; then statutory law; then unwritten law; then constitutional law; thus following an order neither historic nor philosophic, but, perhaps, suited to the case under consideration, which is Mexican.

Contrary to the general rule, lawyers are very scarce in Mexico; and all, with but two exceptions,—one a native Mexican and the other a Frenchman,—were Spanish-Mexicans, whom I found to be very clever gentlemen; and I would not want to think that they were like their Spanish brothers, described by Washington Irving.

The lawyer, like the doctor and the priest, must stand a great deal of abuse, which is often a well-merited condemnation; but he, like the doctor, when you are sick, and the priests, when you commence to fear God, has his use, when he, like they, is trusted implicitly, as furnishing the only way of it.

When we are not sued in the law; when we are not sick; and when we are not in danger of death, we need not lawyer or doctor or priest; but, let conditions

change, and see how quickly we call on all three, divulging our innermost secrets, reposing our utmost confidence, and indulging our expectations with implicit faith, looking not ultimately to justice, to health, or to God, but to our intermediary as our means to the end; and, not until all hope in acquiring success, health or heaven has vanished, do we abandon all three.

In England and in the United States, where the common law, technically so called, is in force, legal volumes are reckoned by the carload, so that no individual lawyer can now hope to possess anything but the most insignificant portion of them; and, strange to think, all these books contain law, or, at least, what was a reality, and, sometimes, a terrible reality, to litigants who were so unfortunate as to get into court.

In viewing a great law library, such as we now find at the capitals of the States, State libraries, I have recalled the saying of Socrates, as he passed through the market, "How much I see here that I do not want!" and, I have added, that I do not know; but to which I might well add the consolation, that I do not need to know, and which I might justly despise!

Those of us who were cut out to be the preacher of the family, will recall how, when we first became reconciled to the fact, we started in to read all the books in the house, commencing at one corner of the family library, and proceeding regularly, as we would turn over a book, to the end, without reference to what book or what subject came first; and some of us actually completed the task; and I am also afraid some of us never afterward attained that degree of wisdom to

know not to proceed in after years upon the same method.

When I commenced to read the law, I got the kind advice of an eminent gentleman, learned therein, who gave me a list of seven works, the reading of which he said would be sufficient to admit me to the bar. They were Blackstone, Kent, Greenleaf, Parsons, a local work on Pleading and Practice, and I have forgotten the other two, although I have still the list he gave me somewhere in my possession, but will not stop to hunt it.

Comparing these works with the size of a law library, I confess I was much astonished to find that so little was required to become a lawyer, and, at the time, then and there, and without delay, immediately, and on the spot, forming the resolution, in full legal phraseology, that I would read it all.

Stripped to the waist, with hat in hand, I started off; the wind soon fanned my hair on end; my feet touched the ground but lightly at long intervals; and, as I neared the goal, I threw myself forward, falling and tearing up the ground, my finger just touching the mark. I had got there, but I had experienced a terrible fall. Not, however, satisfied, I picked myself up, spit the dirt out of my mouth, knocked the dust from my clothes, and ran the course over again, this time with less ardor, and without accident; and again and again did I repeat this performance until it became such a matter of form that I was able to cover the course, even though half-asleep, and paying no attention to where I was going. I kept this up until I had read forty-two legal works, a list of which I also have, instead of the seven recommended to me,—just six times

the legal requirement. I was then admitted, but did not cease reading, although I quit keeping any account of what I read; and it was not until several years later, that I awoke to the fact that, all the while, I had been devouring straw, common straw, which I hope my readers will not change to read common law.

If anybody still has unlimited admiration for that grand heritage called the common law, or profound respect for the text-writers who have so much extolled it, I would like to refer him to the editions of Blackstone, before the American Revolution, where he will find the author swelling with pride that the institution of the common law is a heritage of every Englishman, not only shining like a halo around him at home, but following him, like a guardian angel, to the ends of the earth, ever ready to protect him. This is not the language used, as I am writing from memory, but it is a faithful reproduction of the idea, the law, as at that time enunciated by this greatest of all legal text-writers.

The American Revolution came on; the common law had not changed; the American colonies claimed their heritage, the common law; England allowed them still the boast, but denied them the benefit; a new edition of Blackstone was issued, changing this text to read that the common law had never extended to the American colonies, although no judicial opinions to that effect had been rendered in the English courts, nor had parliament enacted any statute on the subject.

Although I read Coke, I must confess I can now recall but one single thing contained in his works, and that is that the common law was wiser than any one

man, as it was the combined wisdom of many men learned in the law, living at different periods of time.

This sounds very nice, but cannot we all, without any trouble, recall many things, sanctioned by usage, time and greatness, which are yet evils, positive evils, in our midst?

In the light of what has been said, what respect should we have for Blackstone? The answer is not very important, as the occasion for his change of text is now a closed incident; but the point, the philosophy of the thing, important at all times, is, that interest makes the law.

Not to pursue this matter too far, yet I want to say that all the American editions of Blackstone, which I have examined, give the post-Revolutionary version of the text, without any comment as to the change.

Mexico takes her heritage of the law from Spain, coming to Spain from Rome, so that the principles of the civil law obtain. The civil law once prevailed, and still is not without its influence in all the countries conquered or dominated by the Roman Empire; and the greatest boast of Rome, at one time, was that she gave laws to the world, which, as a matter of fact, would have to be received with considerable modification.

What the civil law was in the days of Roman dominion would require a volume to exhibit; but the point of interest now is only its status or influence in Mexico; and I will content myself by relating the facts only, as I found them in Mexico, without any attempt at the philosophy of the case, where my opinions would have no weight, even with those who do not know any-

thing about it, but who are always the hardest to convince.

A lawyer, in Mexico, can open shop with but one book, the book of statutes or enacted law. No textbooks, no reports, no digests, no encyclopedias, world without end, here; and not even the decisions of the supreme court of the nation are printed for the information of the legal profession or the public. No precedent has been established, or exists in any matter. This is certainly a place where "The law is the law."

A lawsuit must, necessarily, still be a lawsuit under this as well as under any other system. The complaint of the injured or aggrieved person is stated to a court, the evidence is heard, the lawyers argue, and the court decides. Every case is tried on its own merits, without precedent; and, if the decision is within any statute, that, of course, is applied; but, if within the realm of all those rights and liabilities embraced, with us, under the term common law, but civil law here, the case must be decided on the individual requirements of justice. If, now, learning and philosophy fortify a judicial mind, the result must be as satisfactory as if founded on precedent, and not the sense of the judge.

I am inclined to favor the civil-law rather than the common-law methods, granting, of course, that the ends of both are right and justice.

In arriving at a decision of a case under the common law, all personal responsibility on the part of the judge may be, and, as decisions now go, usually is, avoided by deciding a case on precedent, which is often but a perpetuation of error; but, as the people only view a case from the standpoint of right and wrong, they ap-

ply these words to designate the result of a legal proceeding.

Under the civil law, the reason and the philosophy of the case must be gone into, and the decision rendered in harmony with its justice, which casts upon the judge a personal responsibility.

The difference in the judicial mind engendered by the two methods needs only be hinted at; and the lawyer must have principles in his head, instead of books in his hand.

The Virgin of Guadalupe, blindfolded, with the balance in her hand, is the Goddess of Justice in Mexico; and, in this attire, you will find her as a frontispiece in the statutebook, which carries one's mind back to her office as the Egyptian Isis.

The civil law is a completed philosophic system, having passed through its age of faith and its age of experiment, and is now in the full vigor of its age of reason, beyond which, in this world, only the age of fact remains, which would seem to preclude the idea of law.

The common law has passed its age of faith, and is now wavering between its age of experiment and its age of reason, in that transition state, where all things are uncertain, and where the greatest danger is always fraught, in the lives of systems as well as of individuals.

A like condition is seen in the moral world. The system of Confucius is fixed and coextensive with human nature; and all others, whether called social, religious or metaphysical, are but chaos, and must come to extinction, whereas the system of Confucius, having to do only with human rights and duties, will last

as long as human rights and duties concern the race. Gods change, and are exchanged; but human rights and duties remain the same.

While the United States has immensely too much written law, and too many common-law decisions in our books, yet I think Mexico is a little short; not that I would increase the number of her enactments; but I would add to the lawyers' libraries the works of the great philosophers and historians; and I would, in this manner, inculcate the principles of human rights and duties.

Nowhere, except in the Thieves' Market, did I see any legal works, except the book of statutes, and these were but a few American and English text-books on the elementary subjects, so that the little common law which has found its way into Mexico has fallen among thieves.

The constitution of Mexico, in its form and provisions, is much like that of the United States; but, in its practical operation, has no place in the affairs of the government; and this is my reason for considering it at the end, or as the last element in the law. Some of the facetious may here find an example, also, in the use to which the Bible is put in some of the churches to which their neighbors belong, while they themselves, of course, believe it all, and obey it all.

Inasmuch as the constitution of Mexico bears no relation to the government, a review of its provisions would only lead to a misconception of the state of affairs as they actually exist, but would, also, be against the plan I announced, of only stating what may be

seen upon the surface, or as the actual result of governmental operations.

The Constitution of the United States must now be briefly noticed as to its composition.

Even a casual reading of the Constitution of the United States discloses the fact that it was framed, not on the principle of equality, nor that the people should govern, but on the proposition of monarchy, that the government was one thing, and the people another, with antagonistic interests, and diverse propensities; that the tendency of the government would always be toward wisdom and justice, while that of the people would be towards disruption; that, in the system of fines and punishments, the principles of aristocracy are incorporated; but the right to vote is reserved to the people, thus forming a government made up of the leading principles of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, moulded and given to the people under the name of republic, in which rights, immunities and burdens are the correspondences of the three component parts of the government, where no one has any difficulty to find his place, with a facility not to be excelled in the clear-cut distinctions of caste in hereditary kingdoms.

Having thus stated the general composite character of our constitution, I will only add that, in its practical operation, while adhered to, in most instances, in form, at least, yet falls very far short of expressing the will of the people, as party domination is everywhere present; and, as I can no more review its provisions than I could do so with those of the Mexican constitution, I will pass on to a mention of the proposed constitution for the new State of Oklahoma, which will doubt-

less be the supreme law of that State, now Territory, before these words get into print.

I have read this much-praised and much-abused constitution of Oklahoma, and I confess I am much taken with it, because it furnishes a form for the establishment of a republican government, the first, so far as I know, to be established in the New World, a government where the people may rule, which cannot be said of any other state or of the national constitution; a government where the people may express their will in the enactment of law as well as in the rejection of that sought to be imposed upon them by their representatives, if objectionable; a constitution where the people may say who their officers shall be, and that they shall know their responsibilities; a constitution under which the individual and the faction can never predominate to the detriment of the people; a salutary constitution.

The tremendous opposition to this constitution, by individuals, interests and factions, where it alone finds enemies, is the greatest argument that it is in the interests of the people; and its great length has been stated as a chief objection to it; but, if the details it contains are good law, they are none the worse for being enacted in the constitution, where they will be taken from the field of legislative contention.

As to the provisions of the constitutions of the various states of Mexico, or, indeed, whether or not they have any at all, never occurred to me, until I reached that part of my account; but, so far as the operation of the state governments is concerned, they are nonexistent.

As the election of a president to succeed Diaz will be the beginning of the future trouble in Mexico; and, as that event is an ever-increasing anxiety with us, I will here review our own presidential elections, after first briefly mentioning those of Mexico.

While I have not been able to verify the fact as fully as I desired, yet I feel safe in saying, that Mexico never did hold a presidential election under the constitution and the laws of the country.

Passing over that period of turbulence, quite akin to anarchy, from 1821 to 1867, a review of which would belong only to a history of Mexico, when General Diaz, at the head of his army, entered the City of Mexico, which event marked the beginning of peace and a stable government, and during which period, I would be justified, from the very nature of human affairs, if no history existed, and even if written records were to the contrary, in asserting that the choice of the president was accompanied with the usual crises in affairs, if, indeed, it was not one, and that the chief cause, of political strife, rebellions, and revolutions.

After General Diaz had acted so great and patriotic a part in ridding Mexico of Maximilian and all he stood for, like many great military leaders, Washington alone excepted, he conceived an ambition for his own aggrandizement, which, in monarchies, has always contemplated the establishment and perpetuation of a new dynasty, house, or ruling family; but, in republics, only personal and immediate advantages, measured by position and money, are sought.

Juarez was then president; but, at the next general election, Diaz was a candidate, and resented his defeat by a rebellion, which, however, assumed so much of

the character of a revolution as to place its leader at the head of the Mexican army as commander-in-chief, thus putting in his hands the very engine for the accomplishment of his designs; and, in 1876, General Diaz again entered the City of Mexico, not as a patriot, driving a usurper from the land, but as a revolutionist. He was declared, as the accounts I have examined say, without stating by whom, or by what authority, first, president, then, constitutional president, holding the office until the next election, when General Manuel Gonzales was elected, at the expiration of whose term in 1884, Diaz was again elected, and has held the office up to the present time, 1907, and will doubtless continue for life.

The presidential term, in Mexico, was first four years, but recently changed to eight years at the request of Diaz.

With that degree of certainty called calculation, I feel justified in asserting, that the successor of Diaz will be, by a majority only, declared president in the same manner as Diaz himself is made to succeed himself, without effort or intermission; but the period of this successor will be brief, and the future only knows the rest.

A part of what I have just said has also been stated in the sketch of President Diaz, but could not be omitted in referring to the election of the president.

The election of a chief magistrate of a country, under any form of government, always creates a political crisis, as the least expression of unrest, and revolution may be given as the other extreme, with all gradations between; and, as this event is one of increasing im-

portance in the United States, I will dwell upon it at some length.

Washington, as an individual, and not the representative of any political faith, was unanimously chosen first President of the United States.

He was, also, unanimously chosen for a second term, but the inevitable had happened, and around him and his principles a political party had been formed; and, this time, he was chosen as a Federalist; and, although during his second term, he did not always have a party majority in Congress to support his federalistic doctrines, yet his political opponents, with a patriotism, perhaps, never before, and certainly never since, equaled, supported his measures.

The opposing party, however, was all the while gathering strength which it intended to use, and did use, at the election of John Adams, as successor to Washington, polling the second highest vote, thus naming Thomas Jefferson, its acknowledged leader, as the vice-president, that being the provision of the constitution at that time.

So great was the opposition to the Federal party, that the completing of the term of President Adams marked not only its defeat but its extinction, also.

Jefferson now succeeded for two terms, and the anti-Federal party, under the name of Republican, continued in power to the election of General Jackson.

During this term of nearly forty years of Federal and anti-Federal administrations, the extreme of the doctrines represented by Washington and Jefferson respectively met in a happy compromise in the minds of the people, an exceedingly great fortune, the more appreciable because so seldom resulting from such

determined political oppositions, so that the political status now obtaining is a compound of the principles of Washington and Jefferson; but so profound and lasting have been the principles of Jefferson, that they have ever since been the slogan of one or other of the political parties in the government, while the principles of Washington have never been bodily adopted or actively advocated by any of the political parties seeking control. Washington and his great principles have alike crystallized in history, and those principles were then as right as their author is great, while those of Jefferson, suited for all time, have become a perpetual heritage.

The interest manifest in the election of a President following Jefferson became less intense until the election of General Jackson, whose reputation depended chiefly upon his success at the battle of New Orleans, after peace had been declared, where the British army, under incompetent commanders, presented itself in solid phalanges, to be slaughtered by the Americans, strongly entrenched behind bales of cotton, protected by a ditch; and twice did they present themselves to be mowed down without mercy by the deadly fire of the Americans, without being able to inflict any injury upon their antagonists.

Great must have been the vulgarity of the times after such a slaughter, to have called General Jackson a pork-packer, because he fought with Packenham. The punster here finds a just comparison with the cannibal.

The next exciting presidential campaign was that which resulted in the election of General Harrison, the most enthusiastic ever occurring in our history, an

enthusiasm bordering on levity, and, almost, license; but without the bitter feeling and intense personal animosities which so disgrace subsequent campaigns. By one of those strange coincidences, so often, in history, mistaken for causes, Harrison's chief celebrity consisted, as Jackson's had, in having fought an insignificant battle, this time even with savages.

Following Harrison, we again come to a time, when men's minds, on political questions, seem to have assumed sanity, until we reach the great and incomparable events preceding as well as following the election of Abraham Lincoln.

The close of the terms of Lincoln brings me to the time when I have a definite recollection of events; but I want to give assurance that I will be brief, and attempt no connected history, only referring to those great facts calculated to support the conclusion I expect to draw.

I wish, however, to state, that I believe the proper way to write history is by subjects, and that a history of the United States, by that method, giving the election of the presidents connectedly, and so with all other subjects, while, like this book, would require considerable repetition, would yet place the matter before the mind so that it could be best remembered and appreciated, and thus history would cease to be a conglomeration of events. I promise, some day, to write such a history; but if anyone seize upon my design, and anticipate me, he will do me a great favor, if he do his work well, as he will save me much labor in collecting and arranging the material. History, in its very nature, is such, that after ten thousand

works have been written, the best may still be produced.

I must, also, observe, before coming to the days of my recollection, that the difference between the principles of Washington and of Jefferson was due entirely to the profession of arms of the one, and of the forum of the other; and that we today attach too much importance to their individuality, as determining their doctrines.

Washington, a soldier under primitive conditions, fell, without effort, into the habit of absolute command; while Jefferson, a statesman among oppressed and suffering people, unconsciously imbibed a sympathy for their condition. Both were needed in their own peculiar provinces; and subsequent events brought, to a happy concurrence and consolidation, in the government, those principles, once so apparently antagonistic, and the new order of things thus assumed a direction as the compound result of these opposing forces.

Now, for the time of my recollection; and I will confine myself to stating points of objection on which controversies occurred, having special reference to the turbulency and dangers accompanying the presidential elections.

The first and second elections of Grant would have come to any party nominating him, however much it might have differed from him in political creed or governmental policy; and, therefore, the Democratic party, by the shortsightedness of its leaders and the tardiness of their action, allowed the Republican party to steal its candidate, a candidate inevitable of election, and anxious for adoption.

Such is politics, and such the methods of politicians; but I have no serious objections to the man, since he proved as able a president as he had been a general, until I reach his third-term aspirations, and then I object, and I object loudly; I object to the principle, as subversive of the tradition of Washington and Jefferson, and the unwritten law coming down to us with the approval of other great names; I object to the policy, as in conflict with the sense of respect which we derive from adherence to the conduct of the great; I object to the methods, as subversive of our individuality; I object to the deed, as of one who has lost sight of the people, and seeks only his own aggrandizement; I object to the persistency, as egotistic; I object now to the man, as a schemer; and I object to the whole performance, as a design against the form of our government and the rights and prerogatives of the people; and I assert that wealth and power are now corruptly sought at the expense of that Nation he was once so anxious to serve.

Without my suggestions, the reader will readily catalogue examples where men of poor and small estate satisfied their first ambition in the service of their country, but whose last ambition aimed at the state.

Then came President Hayes, of unknown fame, who ended his life as obscurely as he had begun and lived it, in raising chickens, an honest calling, so that even politicians may sometimes have a happy consummation.

On account of the closeness of the vote and disputed returns, given as the excuse, in the election of Hayes, the Constitution of the United States was violated in the choice of a president, which was referred to a com-

mittee of fifteen, consisting of eight Republicans and seven Democrats, and these, disregarding every principle, except that of party affiliation, voted accordingly.

Thus ended, by intrigue, which better satisfies men's minds than fairness, the greatest political controversy growing out of the election of any president, except Lincoln.

Some appropriateness often seems to accompany events, and Hayes is succeeded by Garfield, a compromise candidate, also, from the same State, of equal obscurity, but questionable honesty, forgotten, however, in sorrow for his long suffering and death at the hands of an assassin.

Arthur, not being elected president, but succeeding, as vice-president, on the death of Garfield, does not count in this scheme.

Cleveland, with no other recommendation than that he could probably carry New York, and with no other reputation than that of a State politician, succeeded.

Benjamin Harrison follows, elected entirely on the reputation of his grandfather, who had also served the brief period of one month as President of the United States.

Cleveland now appears for a second term, because the Democratic party needed a Moses; but, this time, he did not lead the Children of Israel, but betook himself to the hosts of Pharaoh.

Then appears McKinley, upon whose name there is no stain, twice elected, whose tragic death has endeared his name to the memory of the people.

The second election of McKinley, however, needs special mention, by reason of the acts of the minority in Congress, which endeavored to precipitate the war

with Spain before the country was ready to prosecute it, in order to embarrass the President; and, after they had secured the declaration of war, then used every means to obstruct its prosecution, and bring it to a disgraceful end,—all for party politics.

If anyone believes the country safe in the hands of party politicians, let him believe it in the light of this fact, if he can; and I assure him of my sympathy for his condition besides.

Roosevelt last and now; but, as he was placed on the ticket for the purpose of carrying New York, he must be considered as active in the campaign resulting in the second election of McKinley, and also in the capacity of candidate at the next succeeding election.

As everybody has an opinion of his own about Roosevelt, I can, therefore, add nothing.

The kind of money we should have was the great public contention in the campaign resulting in McKinley's first election, which principle was as well understood by the farmers as by the financiers and economists, as illustrated by the farmer who came to the railway station at Elmont, Kansas, while the Democratic convention was sitting, and asked the telegraph operator what the convention had done, whereupon he was told that Bryan had been nominated, at which the farmer asked, "Does that mean that we will now have free silver?" The operator replied, "I guess so." The farmer then asked, "Will we have to come into town for it, or will they bring it out to us?"

By the time of McKinley's second election, these monetary hallucinations had almost disappeared from the troubled brain of the afflicted; and had been thought to have been dead, or, at least, inert, until the

campaign of Roosevelt, when, just as the earth had been closed over them, a deep sepulchral groan issued from the grave of their forgetfulness; and, like Samuel, called again to earth by a familiar spirit, disgustingly asked why their rest had been disturbed.

In this outline, I have done little, except call names, which must stand for events, as a review of the matters in controversy, some of them the most trivial and silly, would require entirely too much time and space, and carry me too far out of my course.

Now, as to the losses, disasters and dangers growing out of presidential elections in the United States. Agitation in general business conditions of the country come first, then depression, then cessation; and, when the contest becomes heated, everything is at standstill immediately preceding the election, awaiting the result; farmers think, as the result may be one way or the other, that the prices of their products will become ruinous, and they quit work, spending their time in town talking politics with men of less intelligence and information; manufacturers retrench, take no more orders, and some shut down as a warning to the public, in general, and their employés, in particular, of the result, should the election be the cause of instituting a policy not in harmony with their ideas, or, what is worse to them, would likely deprive them of an unfair advantage, now enjoyed under a system giving them special privileges and protection; railroad companies, heretofore least of all affected by changes in governmental policies, have been the greatest campaigners, through their attorneys, who handle this part of the business as their own personal schemes, to the very great detriment of the properties, and the discredit of

the roads; and the present state of affairs in the railroad world can be considered in no other light than the normal reaction of the people against the political aggressions of the roads themselves, perpetrated by the attorneys of the roads for their own personal gain, carried to the extent of ruining the credit of the roads in the outrages constantly heaped upon the people. The great army of employés of all industries, thus thrown out of work, with no means of support, suffer, and, justly become desperate, ending in a well-founded distrust of, then an opposition to, both capital and government, because they see their distresses directly attributable to the joint and concurrent action of both. The tradesman next suffers in a decrease in the amount of his business, loss in accounts of those themselves ruined, and in extensions of doubtful credits.

A government which periodically creates such general disaster in the business affairs of the country, on the election of a president, is bad; the government of the United States does this; and, therefore, the government of the United States, in this particular, is bad.

Having arrived at the conclusion of the existence of this bad condition, with all the certainty of a syllogism, the next inquiry should be for remedies, which are found to be very numerous, but no specific has yet been discovered.

The evil is, first, and, chiefly, in proportion to the length of the term, for life or years, short or long, as, universally, people submit with a better grace to a short than a long term of evil, and, in a very important sense, all government is an evil, the term should be short.

Secondly, the evil bears a direct relation to the ex-

tent of the prerogatives of the chief executive; and, therefore, these prerogatives should be curtailed.

The extent of the shortening of the term and the curtailment of power must be left to experiment; but the certainty now is, that the one should be shortened and the other curtailed. The manner of doing this is, also, all-important: No president should be allowed a second term; because, as now appears, the chief executive uses his first term to secure a second almost always in the face of a denial, made in his inaugural address, that he favors but a single term, which people now know how to value at its true worth; and not only the acts of the president, but those of the prevailing party, as his second or leader, proceed, through the entire administration, with no other purpose in view than reëlection; the government of the country, if not lost sight of entirely, becomes a secondary consideration, while political control always remains the first.

Does this show that our government is good, and laid along the right lines?

The indirect mode of election, through a college, entirely failed in the accomplishment of the purpose claimed and intended; has always been a failure; and should, therefore, be discontinued. A popular, direct vote would be better in that it would remove the expense and delay of indirection, but would, otherwise, produce the same general results, so that, either an indirect or a direct popular choice is bad.

The unfair and dishonest means employed by the party leaders, and, by the presidents themselves, when they conduct their own campaigns, for a first, but, especially, for a second term, I mention as the

last, but, by no means, the least, or all the evils of the case; and I have reserved this one for the last, because now the greatest. If half a million is wanted on the eve of the election to make New York sure, a half-million is forthcoming; and, further, I swear not.

Having thus stated a few of the greater evils, like the symptons of a dire disease, and suggested, as I progressed, provisional arrangements, like diet, a bath, a clean bed, pure air and sunlight, to the sick, the malady has yet been unprovided for; and, thus, death is only delayed, not counteracted or warded off.

From what has been said, the election of a president by universal suffrage, whether direct or indirect, is disastrous and improper; an election by the States would be still worse; and, elections by conventions of the people would doubtlessly be impossible, or, if possible, insupportable.

Now, facing the question squarely, the election of the President of the United States should be by the Congress of the United States from among the members of that body, which should, in that event, be wholly elected by the people of the various States, composed of members whose qualifications were equal to the presidential requirement.

Details for the orderly prosecution of such a scheme would not be difficult of arrangement.

Those, who feel themselves completely committed to the government of the majority, would here find little objection, because the party in the majority in the country would necessarily have a majority in Congress, and thus control the election.

Party domination, however, I regard as the very

greatest evil of our system of government; and I now propose a plan for establishing and keeping that equilibrium between political parties, so necessary to the proper and orderly conduct of affairs in an enlightened republic; and it may be as novel as original:

I would have all the members of the Congress of the United States elected by a direct vote of the people of the various States, in the same manner in which our state legislatures are elected; every one of these members should have the qualifications of the presidential requirements; and the president should be chosen from among the minority.

This sounds ridiculous only because new, as men used to be laughed out of society, when announcing scientific discoveries; but the scheme grows with consideration, and develops with attention.

I would, also, provide a term of moderate length for the president and his cabinet; and, what is, by no means, new, would have them removable on a vote of confidence, and never eligible to a second term.

This would, not only create and maintain that much-desired equilibrium, so necessary between political parties, but would, also, place the government, at all times, under the control of Congress, existing and holding, as to individual members, under the suffrage of circumscribed communities; and, as a last safeguard, I would give these circumscribed communities the right of a vote of confidence, at any time, on the conduct of the representatives they had elected.

The people would then rule, provided they had the choice of selection, which they do not now have, under the system of nominations by conventions, which give the people the right of party suffrage only, and never

the choice of the individual in that party, with the result that our offices are filled with men who could never secure them, if the people named the candidates as well as elected them. The system of primaries, as now existing, applies almost everywhere, to municipal and township affairs only, while the County, State and National committees constitute the indirect governing boards of the country.

We thus see that our governmental operations are subject to two indirections—from the people to the committees, thence to the officers; and, if we get anything in return, this course must be retraced, so that, in reality, the road from the people to their officers and back has four turns.

Who said we had a republic? and, Where is that man who has been crying democracy?

The people are seeking, against the determined resistance of the politicians, a relief from this error, through the institution of direct primaries for the naming of candidates for all offices, an experiment, indeed, but, already, showing signs of success.

The legislature of a free government should never be under pressure of the executive, but the executive ought rather be under the control of the legislative, in turn, under the control of the people; then we are approaching republican institutions, which we cannot now be said to possess, except in name only; and, with the legislature, as the dominating element in the government, the people, have the means of expressing their will, impossible of attainment, where the legislature is weak and the executive strong, as with us now; because no executive either has the desire or the capac-

ity to comprehend all the multifarious wants of the people, which they can easily make known to the law-makers selected by them, and under their control.

Medieval Europe, comprising, as I divide the times, that period from the fall of the Roman empire to the French revolution at the close of the eighteenth century, furnishes many curious and amusing instances of what a legislative assembly will do under pressure of executive prerogatives; and our own times have not been lacking in like instances.

So far as I know, no legislative body ever enacted that temperature should be divided into cold, warm, and hot, and that, under given conditions, a tribunal should determine which one of these degrees prevailed; but the Congress of the United States, at its last session, under executive pressure, invading the domain of philosophy, and, on precisely the same principle, enacted that negligence was slight, ordinary, and gross, and that a jury should determine, under conditions to be given, which one, at the time, prevailed.

Both temperature and negligence have their degrees, which are always relative, and never arbitrary; the scale of both is continuous and unbroken; and our divisions are only imaginary.

To be philosophic, we must examine for causes; but, under this act of Congress, we need only consider events. If the jury says, "This spring is cold," although bubbling in clouds of steam, this constitutes legal coldness; if the jury finds that "This ice is hot," its legal status is thus determined; and, if, again, the jury determines that "This water is both cold and hot," the majesty of the law has again been upheld.

Negligence, as slight, ordinary and gross, in like

manner, becomes matter of caprice as to legal classification only, instead of being regarded as operating cause.

If a man be drowned, he is as dead, whether the water be cold, warm, or hot; and the immediate operating cause is the water; but the case depends upon whether or not he got into the water by his own fault, which gives us an insight into the true relation of human conduct.

If an engineer is killed in a collision, he is as dead, whether by slight, ordinary or gross negligence; and the immediate operating cause is the collision; but the case depends upon whether or not he caused the collision, which leads us into an inquiry on the relation of causes.

We, therefore, see that relation and not degree is the law of negligence as much as of temperature, and that the difference is as the orderly course of nature differs from the arbitrary classifications of man.

We have all read and heard a great deal about our sister republic of Mexico; but we must disabuse our minds of that delusion. However much, like the little boy, we have been looking for a sister, we are disappointed; and I cannot say but that, on learning the fact, I experienced the feeling of the disappointed little boy; but we have all heard, also, of this same little boy who was glad only once, and sorry ever after; and, even in this, I fancy I might have found for myself a parallel, in view of what I afterwards learned.

Latin-American republics is a familiar expression, but most misleading, because the small proportion of

"Latins" in these countries does not entitle them to any such designation.

I am sure that in Mexico, and I believe that in the other so-called Latin-American countries, the proportion of the population of Spanish descent is too small to be entitled to the distinction of giving a name to the government, and, also, that they have neither legal, equitable nor moral right to govern.

The natives, in all these countries, were subjugated by cruel, murderous conquerors; and, in Mexico, and in Peru, in particular, the natives were murdered by the millions. (See Prescott's "Conquests" of these countries, and Draper's Intellectual Development.")

The constant state of uprisings, rebellions and revolutions in these countries is due to the contentions between factions of the Spanish-American population for control of the government; and, if this Spanish-American element were subdued, as it should be, and as it has been in Mexico, peace would prevail.

The natives should rise, and take possession of the government, and reclaim their lands; because the Spaniards, without any show of right, and with no other purpose than robbery, took from them the lands and the whole country, reducing the natives to slavery, still existing, I am informed, under the name of peonage, in some of these countries, but wiped out of Mexico some years ago.

I was on what was said to be the largest hacienda in Mexico, owned by a single individual, the acreage of which I could not give, because, not only the acre is not the unit of land measure in Mexico, but also because this tract is too large to be reckoned by acres, on which live about seven thousand men with their

families. Now, if the families average five each, the total number would be thirty-five thousand people, all living on the premises of one man; and, until the discontinuance of peonage, were practically his individual property.

Most of these people still live there, on about the same terms, and in about the same condition, as under their former relation, with this exception, that the owner now pays them wages varying from 25 cents to $1.50 per month Mexican money, equal to 12½ cents and 75 cents our money, respectively.

The people, in addition to these munificent salaries, get their living off the place, as formerly, so that they might all be capitalists, if they placed these sums on deposit, for which they have no immediate use; and might thus be great benefactors, to the public at large, and to the bankers in particular, in distressing times, to relieve the money stringency of the country.

In the great financial crisis of the latter part of October and the fore part of November, 1907, on account of the stringency of money, our bankers seem to be almost the object of our charity; and, although they had been publishing for a year or more that their banks were bursting, not from emptiness this time, but from plethoric fullness, all at once, the country over, they shut their doors, to keep the flood in they told us; but, when they did commence to open the sluices, it was with such reserve as not even to wet the channel of commerce, making us believe that they would appreciate the deposits of a man who was making 12½ cents a day.

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIAL.

Our individual social existence, beginning at birth, is closely followed by the operation of physiological functions and the demonstration of physical principles, all occurring and succeeding without our volition and knowledge, continue through our purely vegetating period, after which we observe celestial phenomena, and then deduce laws.

These five departments of our life, ever progressing, but never merging, correspond with the five branches of our knowledge, the social, the physiological, the physical, the astronomical, and the mathematical, the last being but the conclusions drawn from all the others.

By extending this classification beyond the life of man, we have the biological in its largest sense, the physiological of animal and vegetable, the physical of organic and inorganic, the astronomical of terrestrial and celestial, and the mathematical, concrete and abstract, so that all things and all knowledge are eventually reducible to correspondences with the five departments of our lives.

The laws of pure mathematics are well defined, and seem absolute, but the demonstration of the concrete requires a differential element; terrestrial astronomy is well understood, but the celestial is sometimes entangled with hypotheses; the physical of organic and

inorganic, though not fully explored, has yet had the operation of its principles determined; and the same is, also, true of the physiological; but of the social, we cannot say that we have a science, although the material for investigation and demonstration has always been present and accessible. The things nearest us are last seen, appreciated, or understood.

Upon the social state, the first, the continuing, and the last, in order of time, the greatest, in relation of quantity, and the most potent in the activity of our existence, I now enter.

As the social science has not yet been written, I need not advise the reader that he will not discover it, as he peruses these pages. All I can do is to recount a few facts which I have observed, and to draw such conclusions, as, in my judgment, the conditions will warrant.

In the largest sense, the social state embraces all our lives, and the operation of this principle furnishes me a proper excuse for embracing so many things in this chapter which might, with equal impropriety, be classed elsewhere; but the small number of divisions to which I have confined myself compels me to a faulty classification to bring everything within the five or six phases of human existence and relations announced at the beginning of the work.

All of us are familiar with the great controversies, lasting for a period of nearly two thousand years, over the geocentric and heliocentric theories; how that men suffered martyrdom for the scientific fact, as others had for religious truths; how that, in the progress of investigations, every new point gained was met with the whole battery of the opposition, always on the increase; how that the fact was eventually ascer-

tained, and demonstrated; how the opposition was silenced; but retained its position and force to use again, and, always, when occasion arises. This is the history of all great facts, long and difficult of ascertainment.

The origin of the human race is a kindred question, and has been a kindred controversy, passing, as far as it has come, along the same road, and sometimes in company, with the other, having now reached the station where its fate, in the hands of religion, is settled on authority; in the hands of the indolent, on impossibility; while science, sitting calmly by, awaits the issue.

Aristotle, who seems to have known more than all the rest of the world, both before and since his time, said, in respect to the questions concerning the relation of the earth to the universe, that investigation had not then secured enough of facts to make controversy on the subject profitable.

Now, this is about the condition of the controversy respecting the origin of the human race; and while I do not intend to become controversial, I, at least, want to offer some suggestions, always, I hope, allowable on obscure questions whose solutions would be both interesting and profitable.

I want to call attention to the existence, equidistant from the Isthmus of Panama, of the ancient, populous and civilized countries of Peru on the south and Mexico on the north; the evidence of civilization between; and that all the remainder of the Western Hemisphere, with its adjacent islands, except a few Esquimaux at the extreme north, was thinly inhabited by a kindred people in various phases of savage life in harmony with

the climatic conditions in which they lived; that, with increase of distance from the great centers of the ancient population, comes more pronounced difference in the people; and that the aborigines of many islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific bear a close resemblance to the aborigines of the continent. This shows radiation from, and not convergence to, a center.

I want also to call attention to the fact of what easy gradations are found, on starting with this great center of population in Peru and Mexico, passing westward, as we might expect the fishing-canoes to be drifted by the tradewinds, or carried by the great equatorial current, reaching the many islands dotting the Pacific, then the great islands of Polynesia, from which we have only a step to make to the mainland of Asia, thence spreading over eastern Asia to the Arctic regions, thence eastward across Behring's Strait, thence over North America to Mexico, thus completing the circuit. In this scheme, the passage of Behring's Strait, whether eastward or westward, or in both directions, at different times, becomes immaterial; because, if man did first come to Mexico from the north, he afterward, in the present determining force, made the circuit, from Mexico and Peru, by the equatorial Pacific, thence north along eastern Asia, thence to Behring's Strait, thence south to Mexico, as before stated; so that, if the journey I have here outlined was not, in fact, the first movement, it was, nevertheless, as certainly made.

Had Captain Cook not had the circumnavigation of the globe and return to Great Britain in view, he would, doubtless, have taken the same course.

The movement or migration by the equatorial current and by the aid of the tradewinds is the more prob-

able, also, by reason of the fact that migrations by water, either voluntary or forced, have been the more common among ancient peoples.

Coming back now to Polynesia, in this great race movement, another branch extended thence to Australia.

I want finally to call attention to the relation existing in the color of the people of the quarters of the world mentioned; that the distinctions of copper color, brown, red, yellow, are misleading, as anyone who has seen all these races will testify, and who knows the modifications always produced in the same race, living under different conditions of sanitation, sunlight, heat, and moisture.

I want now to assert that the existence of the great equatorial current and the tradewinds, always flowing and blowing westward, is sufficient to account for the distribution, over that portion of the globe mentioned, of a people inhabiting from Mexico to Peru; and that, if these people did come to the Western Hemisphere by way of Behring's Strait, they afterward emigrated across the Pacific, as I have explained, then spreading over Polynesia and Australia to the south and eastern Asia on the north to the Arctic regions, thence by way of Behring's Strait, thus completing the circuit, as before stated.

I am not prepared to believe that the islands of the Pacific were discovered and settled by people who made their way against the equatorial current and the tradewinds; and I give the same reason as explaining why the aborigines of America did not pass eastward, across the Atlantic, and settle in Africa.

The completion of this scheme, also, requires that I

account for the failure of the people of Africa to have drifted westward, with the equatorial current and tradewinds, to South America, which I will now do:

While the distance from Africa westward to South America is very much less than that from South America westward to Asia, yet the Atlantic, between Africa and South America, in the zone of the equatorial current and the tradewinds, is altogether free from islands, but the Pacific, between South America and Asia, in the same zone, is studded with islands, thus making the voyage across the Pacific, by primitive methods, the more easy.

For still another reason why the aborigines of Africa did not drift westward across the Atlantic to South America, I mention the fact that the great current which comes from the Indian Ocean, sweeping westward around the Cape of Good Hope, enters the south Atlantic and flows in a northwesterly direction until it joins the Atlantic equatorial current, whence the two currents, thus joined, flow in a more westerly direction until nearing the coast of South America, where, by reason of the direction of the coastline of that continent, the consolidated current is now deflected to the northwest parallel with the northeast coast of Brazil, thence entering the Caribbean Sea, thence almost encircling the Gulf of Mexico, emerging at the point of Florida, thence in a northeasterly direction parallel with the east coast of North America to the Banks of Newfoundland, thence spreading out in a wide and slow current, flows eastward across the Atlantic against the west coast of Europe, and dividing, one branch to the north losing itself in Arctic waters to the north of Europe, while the other branch, flowing south along

the west coast of Europe, joins the Atlantic equatorial current, to again make the circuit; so that neither from the west coast of Europe nor from the west coast of Africa north of the equator are the ocean currents favorable for drifting from the Eastern to the Western Hemisphere.

The west coast of Africa is almost barren and rainless, and yet but very sparsely settled, so that, during the period under consideration, an entire lack of population, or nearly so, might be assumed.

The aborigines of Africa have never been seamen; and, no doubt, as primitive men, they loved ease even more than now.

As a last reason, I mention the disposition, almost instinct, of that race, to shrink from imaginary, rather than real dangers, with which the ocean, to primitive man, has always teemed.

Much has been said respecting the similarity of the civilizations of Mexico and Peru with those of Egypt, accompanied with the assumption, that, as we have known of Egypt longer than of Mexico and Peru, Egypt must, therefore, be the older, and that communication, at some former time, existed between these countries; but, I attach little importance to correspondences in the civilization and monuments of one people to connect them in race or influence with another. Children, playing in the sand, in all countries and climates, at all times, have built it into heaps; when grown, they then constructed mounds, which later assumed definite forms; if raised in the desert, or a field, they would naturally be round; but, if built within a city, laid out in squares, they would necessarily be square also; and thus we see the evolution of

the pyramid, which does not depend upon the acts of a particular man or nation, but upon the nature and constitution of man.

These same children, having built their heaps of sand, have placed sticks or twigs in the top; and, perceiving the effect, the importance of the base is diminished, and the obelisk, the shaft, the tombstone, have arisen.

These child's playthings are first "Mine" and "Yours"; then labeled "Tommy" and "Elsie," so that we here see the origin of inscriptions.

From it all, we see children, in their very first act of design, building their tombs.

Before leaving this subject, I want also to assert that natural causes, when affording a full and satisfactory explanation of a fact, should be disregarded only when the case in question is accounted for by positive grounds to the contrary. Our reason should follow the channels of nature.

This scheme does not account for all the inhabitants of our globe; and I have no intention of pressing it beyond the fact.

I am convinced that the aborigines of Africa are indigenous to the low equatorial portion of that continent; emigrating thence to the high altitudes and temperate climate of Abyssinia, the same change in mode of life would occur, as doubtless did occur, to the peoples of Peru and Mexico, in passing from the low land of the isthmus; that from Abyssinia, the passage by the Nile is easy and natural, and must have occurred, accounting for the dark skins and curly hair of the ancient inhabitants of upper Egypt.

We now come to historic times, and the remainder

is certain. Let us turn to Herodotus, where we read of expeditions by adventurers from Egypt to Ethiopia, one of them piercing even to the table of the sun, which men cursed daily by reason of his tormenting heat, and where shadows were cast to the south, a fact the relation of which cast entire discredit on the authenticity of all that the adventurers related; how that military expeditions were attempted and made between Ethiopia and Egypt; how that one Ethiopian king conquered Egypt, holding possession of the country for only the time stated by the oracle, when he returned home, leaving the country again free.

This history is mentioned to call attention to the fact of the establishment of communications between Egypt and Ethiopia, and especially to show that the Ethiopians, having once attained the headwaters of the Nile, would naturally float down that river.

The Ethiopians afterwards became the slaves of Egypt, and were used in the construction of the great temples, monuments and pyramids of that country. When this work was done, and the Egyptians had no more use for them; and, fearing not only for their own domestic safety, but that, if war should ensue, these slaves might go over to the enemy, the Egyptians emancipated them, sending them into Asia, whence originated the Hebrews, whose naturally intractable dispositions rendered impossible the maintenance of themselves as a nation; and, being natural tradesmen, they soon dispersed over the whole earth, although the city of Jerusalem long remained as the center of their affections, and still so remains, long after their national character has disappeared, and to which city their tradition points a return.

We, therefore, see that the Hebrew is a descendant of the Ethiopian, from the table of the sun, where the shadow is cast to the south.

With those who accept the Biblical account of the migrations of the Hebrews, then the Children of Israel, I have no controversy. As Max Müller remarks, "With such antagonists, I am too old to fight!"

The movements of the Aryan race are well known, and only require mention here to complete my view. Coming into history in Asia, perhaps near the Caucasus Mountains, one branch going east, and spreading over most of the country south of the Himalayas, except the far east, which would seem to indicate that that country was then inhabited; and, I will assume, by the emigrants from America, heretofore mentioned; the other, spreading over Asia Minor, thence to all Europe, later to America and to all the world. The Aryans are the only people whose identity and movements have been determined by a study of their language, and this alone has given us their early history.

The study of language may sometime demonstrate the truth of the error of the other great movements I have mentioned; and I hope that our government will sometime find a little money which may be appropriated to the benefit of science and humanity, because the task is too great for individual enterprise, as millions of dollars, hundreds of men, and more than a lifetime would be required to complete the work.

We have now presented the great race-movements of the world, from the beginnings to the present time; and we have but three. I am, therefore, forced to differ from generally-accepted authority, as my facts

fall short; and I am not willing to expand them to keep in line with great names. If I differ, that is my privilege. If I were great, I would have to conform to received opinion; but, being little, I may be allowed to have opinions of my own.

Having thus outlined the great race-movements, I come now to the Mexicans, which term, in the largest sense, means all those domiciled or naturalized in the country, and forming the resident population, with the rights of citizens. This is the political meaning of the term.

When considering citizens from the standpoint of race, we have frequently the white, the brown, the yellow and the black; and here we encounter a condition precluding, notwithstanding what may be the laws, the idea of equality, because nature has set material barriers which ideas cannot remove, and against which the work of art has proved equally ineffectual.

In Mexico, we have the brown and the white races to consider, from the standpoint of color. I call the one race, the aboriginal, brown, knowing that I am not coming within the scientific designation of anthropologists, but it is nearer brown, of many shades, than any other commonly understood color; and I have an intense dislike for descriptions or comparisons of color, which carry us to the Red Sea or the Arctic regions. Brown, I will, therefore, call the color of the aboriginal or native Mexicans; and, if this give offense, seeing that we are all so expert and sensitive on the question of colors, I will simply call it the brown of the Mexicans, which would allow me a wide departure from the fact.

Coming now to the white race, I do, indeed, have a delicate task to perform and a sensitive point to touch. Asking pardon of the fact, the white race of Mexico are the descendants in the country of the Spaniards, whose complexion is that of the people of all the Mediterranean countries, none of whom can, in reality, be called white.

The Caucasian, ordinarily called the white race, is far from having a monopoly of that color, and is certainly more inaccurately designated white than the Mexicans brown, if any objections still remain on that score.

Beginning with the "Land of the Midnight Sun," in northern Europe, we find the Caucasians white-haired and whiteskinned; in southern Asia, we find them blackhaired and blackskinned; and in the Mediterranean countries, or midway, we find them black-haired with a sallow skin, called olive, when it is clean. The climate of Mexico is a tanning and not a bleaching one, so that the descendants of the Spaniards have not improved in color there.

In the character of citizens of a country we naturally expect equality, but this general principle is always profoundly modified where difference of race exists, and is in proportion to the difference.

All efforts for two or more distinct races to live together in the same country, governed by the same law, have only furnished so many examples of failure, ranging through all its degrees; and, not only this, but peoples of different races, living in proximity, even though as distinct and well organized nations, have never been able to exist in peace. As we are all so familiar with history, I need spend no time on ex-

amples, but, at the same time, I will refer, for the sake of making my statement complete, to the tribal and race movements of medieval Europe.

In Mexico, the brown and the white races, the descendants of the aborigines and the descendants of the Spaniards, make up the population, with a sprinkling of all nationalities, which is the condition to be found in all countries of any note or advancement, and, particularly, trade. In this sprinkling, Americans predominate, none of whom, so far as I could learn, have become naturalized, but all claiming citizenship in the United States, whether residing there five, ten or twenty years.

The population of Mexico is said to be about thirteen millions, but I am inclined not to accept this estimate, as I think it too high; although, whether this is ten or thirty percent too high is not much to the purpose.

I have no information at all, except my own observations, as to the proportion of Spanish-Mexicans and of native Mexicans, so I must make my best guess, which I will put between two and five percent for the former, nearer two than five, the remainder, of course, natives. This conclusion has cost me much observation, and calculation; but to show how untrustworthy most estimates of this kind are, I will mention that I asked a man, resident in the country more than a dozen years, whose business, during most of that time, has required him to travel over the entire country, what was the proportion of the two races, and he answered about twenty-five percent of the people were descendants of the Spaniards; but, on talking the matter over with him, he admitted it to be about five percent. The truth is, that he had never given a

thought to the question, and answered me wildly and offhand.

What an illustration of the fact that we know least about the most familiar things! Children, and sometimes grown people, are unable to give a description of their parents.

I will, however, not to incur too strong objections, adopt the proportions of five and ninety-five as expressing the numerical relations of these two races.

Beginning as a handful of adventurers, invading the country in 1521, afterwards turning murderers, as is usual in such cases, when occasion arises, the Spanish population has increased, if the estimate of thirteen millions as the entire population and my proportion of five percent are to be taken, to about six hundred and fifty thousand, or about as many people as live in St. Louis.

If these figures were reduced two-thirds, I would feel much better satisfied with them, and I would not be surprised to learn that the actual number of persons of unmixed Spanish blood in Mexico is less than one hundred thousand.

The question arises, How did this handful of Spanish obtain, and how so long hold, dominion of the country? The answer is, Go read the history of the Conquest; but the answer as to existing conditions is not so easily referred; and I must, therefore, give my own views of the situation, which, I think, is explained fully by reason of the fact that the Spaniards took from the Mexicans the land, and have since been holding possession; and, as land is the true and only basis of wealth, and the foundation and maintenance of aristocracy, a complete explanation is now given.

The people who own the land rule the country, of which truth all history is but a single example. In Mexico, these great tracts called haciendas are frequently in the possession and under the control of a single individual, usually the eldest son, who has purchased the interests of the other heirs, so that primogeniture is almost as much the fact in Mexico as the rule in England.

The decimating, relentless and cruel wars so long waged by the Spaniards against the natives, and the slavery to which the natives were reduced, and the privations under which those not reduced, have suffered, have doubtless greatly reduced the number of the natives, and I will assume that this reduction was in an inverse ratio to the increase of the Spaniards.

If I had an immense fortune at my command, and the prospect of a life of leisure, I would devote both to the study and development of Anthropology in the New World; if I had only a few years to give to the subject, I would devote it to that part of the New World lying between and including Mexico and Peru; if I had but a few months, I would give them to Mexico; if I had but a few days, I would give them to reading Prescott; and, if but a few hours, I would sit down and think.

Between these periods of a lifetime and a few hours, we can all find a little leisure in which to view this great subject of Man in the New World, and collect facts for future reflection.

That "truth is more strange than fiction" finds a complete exemplification in the study of the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Peru and the countries lying between them. The facts are so many, so great,

so wonderful, so interesting, so instructive, and the truths to be deduced so forcible and easily drawn, and of such universal application, that I must doubt the intelligence of Americans who know nothing about them; and I want to be so candid with my reader as to tell him here and now, that, if he is entirely ignorant on this subject, he is not invited to read my book, which is written with almost all the history of Mexico assumed. Men who know nothing are the freest in their opinions, because they do not possess even a well-defined ignorance to serve as a background for their sayings.

The Spaniards, under Cortez, arrived in Mexico in 1519, and took possession of the country, which Spain held until 1821, or practically three hundred years, when Mexico achieved its independence.

Why Spain lost dominion in the New World so completely and so quickly, when she seemed to be so powerful, has long been a wonderment rather than a question; and, as I have never found, in my reading, any explanation other than those based on sentiment, which, I think, rather misleading than explanatory, I will state the cause, as I have concluded.

Following the discovery of America, Spain made an alliance with Austria, which gave her a prominent and potent position in European diplomacy, and raised her to a first power; she, also, during that time, had the good fortune to be governed by wise counsels and a progressive monarchy; but France, lying between Austria and Spain, and of antagonistic interest to both, through the good fortune of circumstances and the efforts of Cardinal Richelieu, perpetuated by Louis XIV, the

Austro-Spanish alliance was broken, and Spain rendered impotent through the control, by France, of her kingship.

What happened to Spain in the New World was entirely due to the diplomacy of France for her own safety and her own aggrandizement. Those who still want to think of the event in a poetic strain, may express themselves sentimentally, yet truthfully, by saying that France was the hand of Fate that expelled Spain from the New World.

And those, also, who are looking for an ultimate fatality, or who indulge a passionate fondness for retributive justice in all things, may find an object for their sentiments in the wrecking, by a storm, on the very island where Columbus first landed, of the last vessel captured by our navy from Spain in the events of 1898, breaking the cables which bound it in tow, and driving against this fatal island, that the last act, as all others, might end itself, a wreck on the very spot where the Spaniard first laid violent and conquering hands upon the people of the New World, thus ending the tragedy in that poetic justice, without which, no human event or divine conception seems complete.

From 1821 to 1861, the history of Mexico is written in wars, revolutions, rebellions, in series, constant and continuous; in despotisms, empires, republics, often coexistent, and, sometimes, in duplicate. This vaudeville of anarchy was started to a close in 1861, when the government, *de facto*, repudiated its foreign debt, which precipitated foreign intervention on the part of France, Spain and England, resulting in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian from 1864 to 1867, a short

period of about three years, a foreign prince under the military protection mainly of France, and against the consent of the people of Mexico, whose reign and life both ended at the hands of the Mexicans in, perhaps, the first just revolution in which they had ever been engaged since achieving their independence in 1821.

During the reign of Maximilian, Juarez, all the while, claimed the presidency, and he it was who, marching from the north, coöperating with General, now President, Diaz on the south, overthrew the empire.

On the execution of Maximilian, Juarez took active control of the government, and, in 1871, was elected president for the third time, having for opponents Lerdo de Tejada and Porfirio Diaz, the present incumbent. Diaz then headed a rebellion, the extent and outcome of which I do not know, in the midst of which President Juarez died, and Lerdo de Tejada, then President of the Supreme Court, succeeded to the office of President of the Republic, which office he held until 1876, when Diaz headed another rebellion, which ended as a revolution, expelling Lerdo de Tejada from the country. Diaz lost no time in entering the City of Mexico, and had himself proclaimed President the same year; and, the next year, he became constitutional President, which office he held until the end of 1880, giving way to Manuel Gonzales, who had been elected to succeed him, who, in his turn, was succeeded by Diaz in 1884, who has held the office continually up to the present time, 1907.

With great difficulty do I restrain myself from entering upon a review of the civilization of the ancient

Mexicans and their kindred races in America; but this is beyond my purpose, and the subject is, also, too extended, although, alas! too little known, yet at our door. All I can do is, to briefly call attention to their arts, particularly the arts of sculpture, painting, and writing, the perpetuation of ideas, which is the greatest art among mankind, greater than the production of ideas, having risen to the dignity of history; their sculpture, mythological, religious, statuary and scientific, preserved to us in stone, which the fire and wrath of the Spaniards could not consume, although they hid much of it by burying it in the ground; their tools and implements of manufacture, proving the existence of trades, callings and industries; their regular forms of government embracing the most enlightened institutions of legislative, judicial, executive; their well-organized, disciplined and efficient armies; and, above all, their social system, giving full protection to every member of the community.

These ancient people did not go to the foolish extent of trying to make all men equal, which is no more possible than to make all numbers from one to a hundred equal.

We have not yet learned that all men are not born equal; and hence our failure in trying to govern by the operation of a wrong principle; we have not learned that many ancient and solemn documents were expedients of the moment, thrown off in great haste to meet exigencies, and that others were the product of deliberate falsehood, of deception, of error, of interest, of greed, of egotism; yet we cling to the ancient, because we know not the modern, believing that time

sanctifies, when we should know full well that it does nothing but destroy.

Here, again, we have much to learn from the government of the ancient Mexicans; that a good government consists, above all things, in keeping the people usefully and industriously employed, reaping the benefits of their own labor, allowing none to be idle, and none to monopolize. This first point is so great, that, if it does not embrace all others, at least makes them easy of attainment.

With us, while we may labor, others reap the ultimate harvest; while we may vote, others govern; while we may hope, others realize; and we are thus only the instrument and means of the few.

If a low scale of civilization of the ancient Mexicans be inferred from the severity of their laws, as is often objected, I want to ask in what stage of civilization were the people, who, leaving their own country to obtain religious liberty, enacted, in their exile, that "Whoever shall worship any other god than the Lord shall surely be put to death," and also providing the death penalty for blasphemy, sorcery, adultery, rape, and an outrage offered by a son to his parents, the nature of which is not stated, without making mention of robbery, arson, treason, manslaughter, murder? The death penalty was also to be inflicted for the very "setting foot in the colony" by adherents of a certain religion; and the attendance on divine worship of the established faith was made compulsory, with severe penalties for dereliction. All in the name of freedom of conscience, remember!

Not only in affairs of conscience, but in those of

taste and fashion also, the individual found his disposition and inclination subjected to the same ideas of liberty.

Transcendentalism could issue only from such parentage.

I had the great good fortune of seeing some of the descendants of our pilgrim fathers themselves making a pilgrimage in Mexico, and I will relate somewhat about it.

While I was in the museum in the City of Mexico one day, a noisy party of about thirty Americans passed through; there were the girls, eating sweets, chewing gum, laughing loudly, and talking shriekingly; the mothers following, with their heads close together, conversing in a low tone, indicative of the spread of intelligence; and the men in business suits, with cane, and in cloth, with spectacles, closed the procession; for procession, indeed, it was, because on the continuous move, the subject of observation by others, but themselves seeing nothing. In the presence of the most monumental facts in human history, they were entirely impassive; if they had any brains, they had not been cultivated for use; their health seemed perfect; and, if they were traveling for pleasure, they were incurring a useless expenditure; because they could have vegetated in their stalls at home. They stopped before nothing; they saw nothing.

You want to know where these people were from? Well, then, I will tell you, because I had the same curiosity to know; and, as they were staying at the same hotel I was, I examined the register to learn that they were from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan.

Before you smile too broadly, please reflect what the people from your own great State would have done under like circumstances; and, to bring it home still closer, what interest you yourself might have taken.

I am not flattered with the general intelligence of Americans at home; and, just like all other people, they seem to have less sense when they go abroad.

Many of the native Mexicans visit this museum; and I remarked with what peculiar interest they stood before these monuments of their ancestral race, which seemed to import a kind of veneration, which I would not deny them.

A father and a mother, with their son of ten and daughter of eight, preceded me, walking very slowly, and stopping long to converse before certain objects which seemed to them of special interest. The man was shod with sandals; the wife and children barefoot. Their surplus clothing was a wornout blanket folded and lying across the shoulder of the father. They were almost naked, but their clothing, if clothing it could be called, was clean. I had before observed an image in stone of a toad, with opened mouth, and a human head as if emerging from its throat, from which I had only gotten the idea of topsyturvy, a man in your throat. Before this, a stop was made, and the woman, pressing her elbows closely against her sides, which had the effect of slightly elevating the shoulders, and, with her hands opened wide, extending downward and forward, said "Nativ—." This woman understood the mythological representation; and her attitude and gestures, and the pronunciation of but a portion of one word, explained it all to me on the instant. Here was a mythological representation of

the origin of the human race, the toad coming from the earth, and man issuing from the mouth of the toad. The interpretation coming to me as it had, overwhelmed me with a crushing force; but curiosity soon roused me to inquiry. Who are and what are these people? Where did they come from? Where do they live? What is their mission here? How could I make their acquaintance? How could I have them to instruct me? Do they understand all these mysteries? Are they keeping up the traditions? Are they instructing their children in them? My perplexities are giving way to musings; the closing hour is struck; this family leave the building, while I stand motionless, as if entranced, until a guard touches my arm, calling my attention to the exit, through which I hurry; but this family has disappeared. I turn to walk slowly to my hotel, feeling, at the same time, a profound admiration and a deep sorrow for these poor and unfortunate, oppressed and noble people, and a sense of shame for my own dense ignorance.

These people were of excellent stature, dignified mien, and striking intelligence; and who knows but that they were the family upon whom should now justly rest the royal purple and the kingly crown; or, perhaps, descendants of the priesthood, keeping alive the traditions of their religion, with a hope, in either case, for a return of Justice, by resurrection or incarnation, to the world to which she has been dead so many years?

For those not in a position to know, I should explain the word "Nativ—," else my statement cannot be understood by them. The entire word is "Natividad," nativity, birth, origin. The native Mexicans

are in the habit of pronouncing only about half of long words, as was done here.

The government buildings, prisons, churches, schools, theaters, plazas, and the numerous places where legend has entwined a thread of fancy, or crime erected an altar of horrors. I pass rapidly over, and will continue respecting the national museum, almost entirely of an anthropological significance, and, I imagine, containing the most valuable collection in the world. A description in detail of the things to be seen here would require a large volume; and I will, therefore, mention only a few of the most important features.

Galleries of paintings, historic and traditional, religious and mythological; many photographs representing the ancient life of the country, its ruins of cities, palaces and temples, grand even in decay; remains of the arts and industries of these ancient peoples; their instruments of death, producing the mournful reflection that in no age of the world did not men murder one another; historic relics since the Conquest; but, above all, what is left of the ancient civilization, industrial, scientific, religious.

The condition of every boasted civilization seems to be that it is less excellent than those more humble and less pretentious; and this is particularly true as respects Spain and Mexico at the time of the Conquest. Then, Spain could only murder and destroy; but Mexico was conserving and advancing. Mexico's industrial and social life had then become a system, while Spain was in the full heat of consuming madness, with which, also, all Europe was, at that time, infected, as with a long-standing malady, due to a lack of stable govern-

ments, and the unlimited indulgence of all the evil propensities of human nature, excited and sustained by corrupt priests and a bad religion, under the banner of Conscience, and in the sacred names of Truth and Justice; and, what is still more awful, to sustain the cause of an omnipotent God.

In scientific advancement, Mexico doubtless led the world, at least in the ascertainment of the causes of eclipses; and, having arrived at this fact, the true relations of the solar system must have been known to them also.

This fact is preserved to us in stone, which saved it from the general conflagration to which the Spaniards consigned everything that would burn.

This is sufficient for me, and I hasten on, not even stopping before the great calendar stone, as I do not desire to convince those who would require more.

At the base of the hill of Chapultepec, I saw hieroglyphics cut upon the rocks, some of which had been blasted away as if to destroy or carry them off; but the dislodged fragments were lying near the place. I made diligent inquiry about this, but could obtain no information, which seemed equally as strange as the existence of the fact; and I reflected how that the likeness of Montezuma, cut on the solid rock of a mountain, had been destroyed by order of the Mexican government, long years after all passion should have disappeared even from the most savage minds.

Language and literature, like the arts and the sciences, bear the closest relation to the social condition of a people; and this is my reason for giving those subjects here.

Some reason, aside from the strictly historic or scientific, which can be of interest or benefit to but few, should exist; and, I will say, some practical reason should exist, since the purely educational is now a failure, for the learning of a language, even a living language, saying nothing of a dead one; but respect for great names precludes me from saying anything about the educational advantages formerly existing in the study of dead languages.

When railway communication between the United States and the City of Mexico was established, some years ago, considerable interest was manifest for a time as to the future of the trade relations between these two countries, of which the study of the Spanish language was only one phase.

Being then somewhat younger and more ambitious than now, and without capital; and, like all young and inexperienced sailors, mistaking every gust for a storm, I was seriously considering the advisability of learning the Spanish language for the purpose of leaving port on the first vessel; but, before the time for sailing, a dead calm set in, of such long duration, that the only thing I shipped was the enterprise.

My idea, thus set adrift, flotsam, jetsam, ligan, I know not where, until I found it again on my visit to Mexico, presenting some degree of brightness; and I set about at once, in the face of necessity, without consideration, to learn Spanish.

I first bought a small dictionary and some still smaller books of ready-made Spanish from the newsboy on the train *en route;* and, as these had the English equivalent placed opposite the Spanish in every instance, I, of course, experienced no difficulty.

Knowing more about the Bible than my accusers will admit, I bought a copy of that in Spanish as soon as I could, so that I would not be troubled in deciphering the meaning or the translation, although these things have sometimes bothered divines; and, to my great surprise, I could read and understand it fairly well; but my greatest surprise came, when, on buying a newspaper, I found I could read and comprehend, particularly the press dispatches, about as well as if they had been printed in English.

I also secured a copy of Don Quixote in Spanish, but I stumbled over this, and fell very hard, although quite familiar with the work in its English dress.

I was elated, nevertheless, but another surprise of a less pleasant kind awaited me; and I was chagrined even, when hearing conversation, that I could understand no part of it; but recovering from this, upon training my ear to the sound, as my eye had been, almost without effort or previous preparation, to the form, I was able, before long, to get the run of an ordinary conversation.

But I could not talk. "See" and "wano" did not sound much as "si" and "bueno" looked; but I gave myself diligently to the task, and learned to speak a little Spanish before leaving the country.

This statement, however, is somewhat misleading; and, perhaps I should explain, that the Spanish spoken in Mexico bears about the same relation to the Spanish proper as Pennsylvania Dutch does to Old High German, so that a Spaniard at first finds much difficulty in understanding; and, had I learned the real Spanish at the time I first considered the idea, and gone lisp-

ing into Mexico, I would have encountered about the same difficulty.

I know some Greek, Latin, French, and German, and a little English, and this was the reason for my knowing some Spanish in advance, so to speak, as these languages have all a common origin and many similarities; but Spanish, I think, is the poorest of all the Aryan languages, if I may be permitted to express a judgment from history and results, as I certainly cannot from a philological standpoint. It is poor in its forms of expression, and still poorer in the number of its words, many of which must do duty, like the servants of the pretentious rich, from the stables to the drawing-room; and, while they may change their livery, yet cannot rid themselves of unpleasant odors, and sometimes of uncouth or obscene associations. To those who know Spanish, I do not need, and to those who do not, I cannot, explain.

The Spanish has kept pace with the times by additions taken bodily from the French, much as the Anglo-Saxon became a cultured language by also taking from, or, more properly, mixing with, the French, so that the English of today is French in substance but Anglo-Saxon in form. The same is happening to the Spanish, and the constant and many additions will soon, if not even now, become so numerous as to change the blend to a color. The Spanish have taken the sensible course by adopting the French words without any change; but the English, by reason of a national pride and a universal hatred for the French, have had to change at least one letter from the original form of the French before adopting it, and turning it loose with this ear-mark to browse in the woods of English literature.

I imagine that the Anglo-Saxon and the Spanish, before either began to take from the French, would bear comparison as to condition. The French language is the great storehouse from which almost all the other European languages have been, for a long time, taking, but not without an unjustifiable and unreasonable grumble, perhaps to make pretentious the preying of their indigency upon generosity.

In its origin, the Spanish owes much to the Latin, but I imagine not so much as is usually claimed. We know, in the early stage of a language, and particularly before it is written, or only to a small extent, that the influence of foreign nations, tribes or hordes, to use the word expressive of the movement of peoples in early and medieval Europe, is very great in modifying or entirely changing the language of a country; and I believe that, in view of the many nations, tribes, hordes, inhabiting what is now the territory of Spain, they must have left many lasting impressions not only upon the language, but the people as well, now inhabiting that country; and I further believe that whatever influence the Latin has exercised in that country has been indirect by way of France.

Of those competent to judge, I ask for a consideration of the influence of the Greek at Rome as compared with the Latin in Castile.

If we must concede that the Spanish is a descendant of the Latin, we must likewise concede that it is sporadic.

The pleasant, flowing music of the Spanish is its only redeeming feature, but its scale is contracted, and one soon tires.

The future of Spanish in Spain is toward the French

until extinction is reached; and, in Mexico, as well as in all the western continent, it must give way to the English. Beyond this, the prophets are dumb, and the oracles give it over to Fate. The present drift of all the European languages is toward the French; but what is more capricious and uncertain than drift?

Following language, is its record evidence, literature. What I do not know about Spanish literature would make many English books; but I can, at least, boast that I saw the covers, and was edified by the titles of the volumes containing it. In the public library in the City of Mexico, I saw a large collection of books of the sizes, and, in appearance, showing about the ordinary wear and tear, of books to be seen in the city libraries in the United States. I next mention the private library of a lawyer, of miscellaneous books, about 3000 in number, at one of the state capitals, all new, magnificently bound and lettered, and a real picture in appearance. Books are my hobby, and I felt envious, when I thought of my small, ragged, battered and tattered collection. Lastly, I saw the collection in the national palace or museum, filling a room about 60x30, magnificent volumes these, such as are not now printed. One volume in the museum proper was spread out, and it measured six feet from tip to tip, about half that in the other dimension, and it was nearly a foot thick. I do not know whether to say Monstrous! with an exclamation, or Monstrosity, with a period; but, perhaps, I had better use both, and call it a monstrous monstrosity. How much more might not Confucius have expressed

by a few flourishes of his quill than all this book contained!

I saw a few hundred old and second-hand books for sale at the Thieves' Market; and, otherwise, I saw nothing to be called a library or collection of books in Mexico; but a few religious books are to be found in most houses. I had often heard of bookworms; but I had never seen the real, or anything I ever took for the metaphorical, species. My curiosity was gratified at the Thieves' Market, and I purchased a book, riddled with holes, like a piece of wood gone to dry-rot, the painstaking work of the reality.

The contents of these books is what I mostly do not know. I have read both Prescott and Irving, each of whom says many things, in particular, about the contents of Spanish books, incidental to the handling of the matters they had in mind; about Spanish authors; and, sometimes, in general, about Spanish literature. I have also carefully examined a history of Spanish literature by Tichnor; but, aside from Don Quixote, I never read any Spanish work; and this is the only Spanish work I ever saw translated into English. I see, from an examination of the books themselves, that most of them are printed in Paris.

I do know, however, from general reading, that Spanish literature, both as to quantity and quality, is far below the general average for the European countries.

As to Mexican literature, I cannot say that such a thing exists, as neither in the bookstores nor on the trains did I see any productions of Mexicans.

This statement is made from the evidence of what I

did not see, as I did not examine a catalogue of the publications of the country, if such a thing is in existence.

The trash, now met with everywhere, was mainly translations from the French; but one of Spanish authorship, which I will rename "The Bull and the Maiden," particularly attracted my attention. These two animals seem, as much now as ever before, to hold the center in Spanish romance.

These books, as with us, are well bound in showy covers, conspicuously lettered; and, until recently, have been selling from $1.50 to $2.50, from which a lady, on account of the great variety of bindings, could always find one to harmonize with her complexion, or dress; but automobiles are now the only fad, so that the price has slumped to the general level of 50 cents.

I distinctly remember, when I used to read, in the haymow at home, this same class of literature, but of a much better quality, bound in yellow paper, price ten cents; it was then universally called "yellowback literature," which name long since disappeared with the thing, and I had forgotten that yellow had ever been used to designate any kind of literature until "yellow journalism" has become so popular.

Why I used the haymow as a reading-room I do not propose to tell, but it is well known to all contemporary boys of that age. The world has progressed so since then, and the haymow is now in the house. What we then thought hardly good enough for the haymow is now standard for the library. Such is the elevation of authorship. Let no one here mourn his fate.

The Mexicans possess great ingenuity and mechanical skill, as shown by the practice of those small arts and industries which their poverty will permit.

Drawn-work, of geometrical designs, and needle-work, I mention first, because so well known in the United States from the importations into this country.

At Aguas Calientes, the headquarters for this work, I bought, for $4, a spread, which, at our rate of wages in the United States, could not be made for $50, and yet I had the effrontery to jew down a dollar the poor woman who sold it to me, as she wanted $5; but, such is the instinct of trade; if offered gold dollars for thirty cents, we would bid only twenty-five.

I need only mention the artistic weave of the costly Navajo blanket, as an illustration of what these people can do in that line, as this art doubtless originated in Mexico.

The sombrero I also consider a great work of art, as it is a great vanity among them.

Their paintings are not along the platitudes of Italy, nor the disproportions of the grand old masters, nor yet the overwrought productions of our own times, but are art, genuine art, that art expressive, not suppressive, of idea; that pleasing propriety in the adaptation of form and color, awakening a train of recollections, which is the only art,—all, however, on a small scale, painted on a spoon, a bit of cloth, a chip of wood.

I have both a contempt and a pity for those people who can see art only in immensity, extravagance, and cost. As I have been going through the world, I have made some collections of works of art myself; and I have spent as much as ten cents for some, which I

would not trade, if art be the standard, for some others I have seen, said to have cost over $100,000. Who has not experienced, in the scrawlings of a child, the awakening of a greater and more pleasant train of thought than on the easel of the artist?

Mexican sculpture, if its humble condition would permit the name, and image-making, are almost exclusively confined to statuettes, which are as distinctive and expressive as their paintings.

Writing, painting, sculpture, music, are the only means of recording thought; and, if no thought is expressed in the record, or, what is the same thing, none can be extracted from it, of what use is the record, no matter how costly?

I do not know what the laws in Mexico are respecting education; and, for the purpose of this article, I am glad I do not, as I am going to speak only of results, or, more properly, what I observed.

In extenuation or apology for this method of pursuing my subject, I will merely ask the question, How many people in the United States, even among those who ought to know, actually do know the laws of their own State on educational matters?

And, further, if I wrote from a standpoint of the laws, I am afraid I might be far wide of the results, or what is to be seen as the effect of those laws.

If one were to write the history of Greece, having before him the laws and philosophic writings of Solon and Lycurgus, looking for the results of their operation, expecting to find their exemplification in the acts of the people, he would soon find that he had begun at the wrong end of his story, and that he should have

begun with Greece, and have written in Solon and Lycurgus at their own proper places.

If one were also to refer to conditions at home, and especially to those closely connected with morals and the social state, religion, the dispensation of intoxicants and the injurious drugs, and the nuisances generally, not even a philosopher, though acute as Volney or Guizot, could recognize, from our laws, our system as practiced.

That bulwark of education and liberty, a country school, I nowhere saw, and I believe it does not exist; the villages and smaller towns are also without education facilities; but, when a population of about 5000 is reached, a primary school is usually found in a building connected with the principal church building of the place. I say principal church building, because, in towns or cities of this size, not less than three churches, in most instances, are found, seldom two, and very rarely one; and any one of these church buildings is ordinarily worth more, or rather represents a greater expenditure of money, than all the other property of the place, excepting the remaining church property.

In these schools, the sexes are separated, the boys and the girls occupying separate rooms, which I much approve, wherever practicable, as a general plan; because I believe in raising boys boys and girls girls, and not trying to either level or extinguish what nature has so sharply distinguished. In country schools and in those of small towns, the separation of the sexes is impracticable, but I see no reason for not doing so in the larger towns and cities, where the course of education is more extended, and the time of associ-

ation of the two sexes longer; and, in this, I am sure that no one who has diligently watched the progress of pupils, in the graded schools to the graduation in the high-schools, can consistently differ in opinion; but, for the benefit of those who do differ from me in opinion on this subject, and they are very numerous, I will cite two instances, within my own personal knowledge, of the graduating class from high-schools: in one, a class of forty, five girls, during the closing year, became *enciente* by boys of the same class; and, in the other, three out of a class of eighteen. While this proportion does not exist in every case, and certainly we all know of many instances where nothing of the kind has happened, yet we all know of instances where it has happened; and we of mature experience also mournfully know that the proportion of 5 to 40 and 3 to 18 does not, in all probability, represent the correct proportion of actual derelictions.

If my position on this question is correct, then we can easily see that Mexico, in one particular at least, is ahead of the United States in educational matters.

The pupils of these schools are all mere children, from which I infer that the school age is very limited.

I sauntered up close to some of these schoolrooms to find out what was going on, and they were all studying out loud, which very forcibly reminded me of what our fathers and grandfathers have told us about the happenings in the old log schoolhouses of colonial and post-colonial days; and I imagine that these Mexican schools are about on a par with those, both as to methods and extent of education.

I think we would enjoy a very great treat, if, in our own schools, we would set aside a day, preferably at the

end of the term, when study and recitation might proceed by the old régime, and under the direction of one of the oldest citizens. We would thus, not only be repeating history, but animating patriotism as well, that virtue which has now but little life among us, or is measured solely by money or interest.

At Valparaiso, I saw a school for girls, which, judging from the size and apparent age of the pupils, I assumed corresponded to our high-school age in the United States, but I know nothing of the course of study; at Zacatecas, I saw a college for females, the students being woman-grown, and perhaps all over twenty years of age, the course of study unknown also; and at Aguas Calientes, I saw a school of arts and sciences of the pretensions of our colleges and universities in the United States. Judging from external appearances, I think I am justified in giving these three institutions as representatives of their class.

What I have heretofore said applies to the country outside the City of Mexico itself, which is metropolitan, and bears, I imagine, about the same relation to the country at large as did Thebes, and at a later date, Alexandria to Egypt, Babylon to Asia Minor, Athens to Greece, Rome to Italy, which relation can be best appreciated, when we remember that the names of those cities stood, not only for the country, but for the government also.

I will not undertake the task even to give a catalogue of the educational institutions in the city, which would be as barren of interest as it would be unprofitable, and I am writing neither a guidebook nor an itinerary. All that is conveyed in the expression metropolitan city needs a single, but a very important, modification,

that no general educational system for the children is in operation, which leaves the people at large in the same deplorable state of ignorance as everywhere else prevalent in the country. If any laws for general education exist in the city, the effects of their operation certainly are not to be seen or their influence felt.

I observed a certain parade not now to be seen in the United States, which I will illustrate by saying that in one of the larger cities, at Guadalajara, in fact, I saw, walking up and down one of the plazas, a college young man, deeply buried in an old Greek text, which he held quite conspicuously. As he had no grammar nor dictionary nor "pony," and, as he turned the leaves with no degree of regularity, I felt sure it was all for show, and that he did not know whether he was anabasis or katabasis; and I also thought how many things not Greek did he not know!

The parade of learning by students once existed in the United States, but that has now passed away, and not even books are required as a sign of their occupation, unless they be books on sports and athletics; and students would feel themselves as much ashamed or humiliated to find themselves encumbered with a load of books as you would to be caught carrying home from the butcher's, unwrapped, a sheep's head or some pigs' feet. If the Dunciad is not now to carry our books, certainly there is no other ass to do it.

Only a small proportion, perhaps one or two per-cent, of the people of Mexico can read and write, and these attainments constitute almost their sole stock of learning; but, lack of education, as most of us have observed, brightens the mind, by giving an undue prominence to those faculties which grow by their

exercise independently of a systematic education; and we, at least I, have often met men, altogether unlettered, whose minds I would like to take in exchange for my own, if that were possible.

Education is, therefore, seen to have its losses.

Having given a world-view and a race-view, I now come to those things constituting the everyday social life of the people in their immediate relation to one another; and I will begin with Crime.

I cannot believe that crime among the native Mexicans is at all as prevalent as claimed by the Spanish-Mexicans; and I will give an example: At Puruandiro, a city said to contain 7782 people, I examined the list of arrests and prosecutions for one month, in what would correspond to our police courts in the United States; and found the number to be 179, a great many of which were for "Failure of respect," a crime against public decency, the remainder covering the ordinary petty crimes common to all cities. The highest fine imposed was $10, and the lowest 61 cents. Nearly all these convictions were for what we would call misdemeanors. This did not look very criminal to me; but I recognize full well the danger of drawing conclusions from statistics, as nothing seems to be more uncertain than moral conditions assumed from figures.

Petty thieving is notorious, but the propensity seems to stop short of robbery, or horse-stealing, or bank-breaking. Drunkenness is very prevalent in the towns and cities, but I regard that as rather a moral than a political or statutory crime. Murder and highway robbery had been very prevalent, so much so, that

no one was safe, until the department of the Rurales in the army was created, which is made up of these outlaws, who are Spanish-Mexicans. Now, the country is perfectly safe to travel.

I was much surprised at the humane manner in which the police arrested and handled their prisoners; and our police in the United States might take lessons there every day in humanity, if they have not altogether passed that grade.

I will give an instance: I saw a policeman arrest a drunken man, an old man, in that stage of intoxication, when he was, at once, boisterous, insolent, mean, stubborn, and funny. An American policeman would have hit him on the head with his club, notwithstanding his pitiful age, and called the patrol wagon; but the Mexican policeman talked and joked with him, all the time moving in the proper direction; and, before the fellow was aware of what was going to happen, he was behind the bars, where he would be given a good chance to sober up, and later, work out his fine on the streets.

I cannot believe that men who can be humane as policemen can be guilty of all the crimes laid to the doors of the native Mexicans by the Spanish-Mexicans.

Police-court crimes, so far as I could observe, are punished by imprisonment in a city jail and by work on the streets or for the city.

Capital crimes are punished by death, but I have forgotten whether by hanging or shooting, although I have the impression that the criminal is shot.

A great many of those guilty of what we commonly call penitentiary offenses in the United States are al-

lowed to serve their time as soldiers in the army, a most vicious and demoralizing scheme, because a country's soldiers should always be recruited from among its best citizens. Whatever the necessities of warfare may be, convicts and hirelings should never be found in any army in the time of peace. One can forgive his antagonist, but can never forgive or forget a hireling. To me the word Hessian sounds the most repulsive in language; and a hundred years after the Revolution, in that part of the country where I was born and raised, no greater contempt can yet be shown a man than to call him a Hessian. The British could be forgiven, but the Hessians never.

Our system of criminal procedure is founded on wealth, upon aristocracy, which allows the man of means, when arrested, to furnish bail, or to be discharged on his own recognizance, as the phrase goes, to appear at his trial, while the man without friends or means, although innocent, must go to jail, and there await his trial. Pending the trial, the man of means may remove to another state or country, and thus free himself from the consequences of conviction. When the trial is reached, the man of means may have a great array of legal lights, reflecting the majesty of the law in the eyes of the judge, or a battery of big guns booming in his ears, or both; "And the court, being fully advised, doth find and adjudge" in his case, upon the authority of his counsel; while the man without means, throwing himself on the mercy of the court, without counsel, and, although innocent, is often found guilty, as the easiest way of reconciling his case with his misfortune. When the man of means is convicted, he may pay a fine, and pass

immediately into the best society, but from which he had, indeed, not departed; and, when the man without means has been found guilty, although innocent, he must languish in jail, losing health and spirit and honor, to be ever afterward regarded with suspicion, and stamped with disgrace.

So where is our boasted equal protection of the laws?

The granting of franchises for the performance of particular acts or the conduct of a business has become a widespread and crying evil, as well as a great crime against society, of which every one calls to mind numerous instances, to the unequal advantage of men of money, in this case, and, generally, to the detriment of all the community. More evils and monopolies are now created among us, and crimes committed, by this method than by the kings of Europe by their letters patent during the sixteenth century, that century of unlimited monarchy and universal loot.

Prison discipline in Mexico is such that a man does not care to get twice in the toils of the law; and, while the prisoners are not cruelly treated, yet they are punished in fact by what they are required to do.

In the United States, punishment for crime has always fallen short of its purpose; and our system is an unqualified failure; yet everybody knows how to run, not only the systems of crimes and punishments in China and Russia, but those governments in detail as well.

In Mexico, marriage is now, and for some years past has been, a civil institution, the law prescribing that

only certain civil officers shall solemnize it; that a public record shall be kept of it; and that children must be registered in the same office.

This, however, while the general law of the country, is not always done; and I was told that only about one-tenth of the marriages were legal; but my own investigations showed that the proportion of legal marriages was even less than one-tenth.

This means that more than nine-tenths of the conjugal unions of Mexico are illegal, and that the offspring of such unions are not entitled to inherit from their parents; but they lose nothing, because their parents have nothing to leave to them, except the heritage of poverty.

I am speaking, in this particular, of the natives, as the descendants of the Spaniards marry according to the laws of the country.

The church, therefore, has no power to perform the marriage ceremony; but those who have a conscience in the matter have both the civil and the church ceremony performed.

The illegal marriages of the natives are performed mostly by the priest; but, in some instances, I was told, the ceremonies of the aboriginal tribes are still in vogue; and, as anything short of the fulfillment of the requirements of the general law of the country is illegal, these aboriginal ceremonies are quite as good as those of the church.

Some tales are told about these aboriginal ceremonies which do not bear repetition in print; and, not possessing information, and I hope not experience, to confirm or confute, I will refer those who feel much pride in the dignity of their Christian sacra-

ment to the first five centuries of our era, in which they may examine the history of this institution; and, if they are not abundantly satisfied, they may add the sixth century, and all others, indeed, down to about the twelfth, if their thirst for information on this subject seems insatiable.

What I want to convey is, that central and western Europe had better hang their heads pretty low, and say nothing while other people are making sport about social customs and practices.

Among us, I mean the Europeans and their descendants in America, the institution of marriage has taken the other course, being altogether a civil contract until Pope Innocent III made it a sacrament, as the legal works on the marriage contract inform us.

Divorces, none.

With kind regards to the United States, Canada and Europe.

Well, what do you think about it, because you know?

I must be understood to be speaking about the native Mexicans, as I know nothing about this phase of the social life of the descendants of the Spaniards in Mexico, who make up, I think, about two percent of the population of the country, and surely not to exceed five percent. I could not learn, and I did not have time to examine the court records; but, if court records in Mexico in divorce cases conform no closer to the fact than our own, I could not have secured any information as to the true state of affairs, except as to the number only of the cases pending and decided.

The facts regarding the social condition of a people, or even a small community, are most difficult, if not impossible, to obtain, by personal inquiry.

For instance, let the liquor question be agitating a town, and about half the people you meet will tell you that you could not get a drink of whisky for love or money; that the town is absolutely dry; and they will enlarge on the questions of morals; that the town is so clean; no gambling now; no bad women; no temptation to the young: while the other half will tell you that all kinds of drinks can be bought everywhere, and they volunteer to take you and show you; that now even children patronize these places; that the criminal occupations only known in cities are now most open and shamelessly pursued.

These opposite and inconsistent statements leave you just where you commenced—in doubt, with a great mass of evidence, which determines nothing, and you have the question on your hands just as you began the investigation.

Now, you have two ways open for the decision of the question: first, by direct observation and personal investigation of the facts themselves; and, second, by examining into the credibility of the witnesses.

By all means take the first course, discarding the second in all possible cases. I speak from experience. While writing this very article, and, glancing out of the window to catch an idea, I observed a load of beer cases on a wagon, stacked up as high as a load of hay, followed by a wagon-load of ice. Mine is a prohibition town; but, in practice, there seems to be, in reality, a double negative, that people are prohibited not to drink.

I have read many times in our daily papers that the "town is dry," while the very next issue of the paper would give an account of the "pulling of joints."

The most uncertain thing on earth is human testimony. Interest is what controls people's thoughts and shapes their words. To pass upon the weight of testimony, you must first determine the interest of the witness. The old rule for the establishment of fact, that "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established," overlooks entirely the interest of the witness, as well, also, as his veracity.

I saw the people bury their dead. I sauntered up toward an open grave where the last scene in the tragedy of life was closing; but, as I drew near, all the people standing around suddenly stopped their devotions, and gazed very curiously at me, at which I felt much confused; and, stooping down, as if to read an inscription on a gravestone, I withdrew more quietly than I had been approaching. Perhaps I had been very rude, because I noticed that these poor people are very sentimental about death.

The harsh manners and severe means with which the people of Europe, and we, their descendants in America, had, until recently, buried our dead, is here replaced by the most anxious concern and tender sympathy in consigning to the tomb the earth, earthy, buried in flowers, before the earth, really, closes over it forever.

This shows that we are becoming civilized, because human passions relent at death, and, from that scene, the changes in our life may be reckoned.

I met on the road, going into town, a man carrying

on his head a little open coffin containing the body of a child perhaps two years old, almost hidden in flowers. This poor man may have journeyed many, many miles with his precious burden with its upturned face to that heaven where it had already gone, for the service of a priest who could do nothing but take his money.

Another corpse, that of an adult, I saw carried into town on the shoulders of four men, to receive the same last mysterious rites.

Sometimes, where great distances are to be covered, the corpse is placed in a litter swung between two burros, one walking ahead of the other, the litter being supported from poles lashed to their sides.

People of the towns which have street cars or tramways, usually employ this means for conveying their dead to the cemetery on the outskirts of the place; and, in the City of Mexico, the street-car company provides regular funeral trains.

Horses and mules are so scarce in Mexico, and burros of little use except for pack-purposes, that this mode of conveyance becomes a great necessity.

I think the street-car companies in all cities should be encouraged to inaugurate a system of this kind, as it would prove profitable to the companies, and relieve the public against the extortion of hack-hire, which is now one of the chief horrors of death.

Amusements, games and pastimes now claim our attention.

Guadalajara has an immense theater, said by people there to have been the largest in the world at the time it was built, over twenty years ago, for which I could

not vouch; but in this theater, I saw my only play in Mexico. I would not try to name it, for fear it would not come when I called it; but it began with a condemnation of, or, rather, a tirade against, society, ending, as those matters usually end, in an entire alliance with society.

To describe the whole play would take about as long as to act it, so I will only say something about its most striking features.

The star, of the ultra-emotional type, appeared early in the performance, in her private dressing-room with her maid, who assisted her to undress from what seemed to be her street habit, disrobing until long after the danger line had been reached, powdering herself and smoking cigarettes, while the maid did the rest; and, not only this, but during the while, some six or eight men, representing so many characters in the play, made frequent visits to her private dressing-room, and sometimes all were there at once. This did not look like anything I had ever been used to, so I glanced around to see how others were taking it, but observing indifference depicted on the face of everybody else, I remained in fashion. I could see no relation of all this to the play, unless it was to furnish the proper takeoff to the inveighing against society, which was then going on in the center of the stage; and it was certainly a takeoff, even to shoes and stockings.

If this had ended it, perhaps the liberties of the stage would have accounted for what would have been otherwise outrageous; but this was not all. After the play had gotten along to that point, where the star had become infatuated with another woman's

husband, and was trying to win him away from her, and, when it became necessary for her to change radiance, glimmer or twinkle, as you wish to call it, she retired, in company with this man, to her private dressing-room, this time alone, did her own undressing until it came to the unlacing of the corset-strings; this she could not do, and asked her man to unlace them for her, which, when doing, she staggered several times in a vain attempt to fall into his arms, which he avoided on the pretense that he thought she was losing her balance on account of the difficulty of the task.

The audience remained impassive, and so did I, as I did not want them to think this was my first time at the theater; but I blush, even now, to relate it.

The upshot of the thing finally was a mistaken identity between the man she was really after and the man she thought she was after, and the happy turning of the play was that the star had not, in reality, met the husband of her rival, but a man of the same name, and of like description, who was free to contract the marriage relation; and, if this had been the event of the play, I presume "poetic justice" would have been done; but it was not, as the play ended in a complete breakup between the star and her man, he leaving in a towering rage, while she remained weeping and howling.

I cannot imagine any greater monstrosity and indecency than this; but it was viewed by a large audience of the best people, in appearance at least, I had seen in the country; and, judging from the manner they behaved themselves, the play must have been all right. I add my conclusion that this play was a

faithful representation of Spanish-Mexican manners; and I was glad to see not a single native Mexican present.

The play was acted in the Spanish language, in which was a great mixture of English, partially intelligible to me; and this fact, in connection with the acting itself, enabled me to keep the run of the plot.

The Spanish-Mexicans are so demonstrative in conversation, that, when once accustomed to their gestures, shruggings, grimaces, poses, one can catch the tenor of what they are saying though he does not understand the language at all. So essential, indeed, do the arms appear to be that one would be justified in the conclusion that an armless Spanish-Mexican could not talk.

Moving-picture shows were the only things attracting attention at the theaters in the City of Mexico, which form of amusement seemed just to have taken the country, that so I can say nothing of high society at the capital, at least in its theatrical propensities.

The phonograph seemed also to be just making its first general eruption.

As among all primitive people, dancing is, also, a favorite and prevailing amusement and pastime.

Baseball teams occasionally stray into the country from the United States, there being no domestic teams.

No football; and, in short, none of the games called athletic, or where personal strength is in contest.

Chicken-fighting is very common in the country, but this is the work of the natives, and conducted on about the same lines as in the United States.

The greatest of all events in Mexico is the bull-fight,

a description of which I will give by an extract from a letter dated City of Mexico, Mexico, Sunday, February 24, 1907.

I spent to-day in this city, walking about alone during the forenoon, observing the general outward appearance of the place, visiting the markets, because now, as in the days of the Aztecs, then the fifth, but now the first day of the week, was and is the great market-day all over the country, such as is seen in our own country in the large towns and cities, which still maintain the custom of a market-day; visiting, also, the parks, other public places and buildings, the churches, and, especially, the cathedral, immense and magnificent, where worship, at seventeen altars, may simultaneously progress, without disturbing one another; but I will not attempt a description of the things I saw, as that would be to write a book.

Being alone in a metropolitan city in a foreign land, is an experience which everyone, at some time in his life, should seek to have. A panorama of my life passed before me, such as is described by men rescued from drowning. With a distinctness more vivid than imagination I saw, or rather relieved, my whole life; but what I had intended to write about more particularly was a bull-fight I attended this afternoon, as they are usually held on Sunday afternoon.

I went to the arena, and went early; $5 admits one to the shady side (*sombre*), and $2, to the sunny side (*el sol*); I enter, and find a circular ground-space about two hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by rising steps or seats, much resembling what we have all seen at the circus, where four adult members of the family are required to take the six-year-old to see the

animals; but I, of course, disclaim any such curiosity; I went for anthropological purposes.

Three or four hundred soldiers, acting as police, because, in Mexico, all soldiers are police, stationed half on either side of the arena, at the junction of the shadow with the sun, made by the high barrier all around, a company of firemen, and a few spectators had preceded me. The crowd rapidly gathers; and I watch, with close attention, and deep interest, to see what manner of men patronize such a place. Aside from the soldiers, all native Mexicans, or rather native Indians, or still more properly, descendants of the aborigines, I see but one, one only, single and alone, of that race as spectators.

What could furnish a more striking example than this of what existed at Jersualem, before the present *entente*, when the Turk had to maintain an army there to keep the peace among the contending bands of Christians, who came on worshipful pilgrimages to the Holy City!

The remainder of the audience is made up of the descendants of the Spaniards, who conquered, I will not say settled, the country, and foreign residents and visitors. I estimate the crowd at 12,000 to 15,000, about equally divided between *sombre* and *el sol*, representing, as you will find by calculation, a handsome gate-receipt of nearly $50,000, to all of which my presence and my money added their due proportion.

I have taken my position near the arena enclosure by the partition between the shady and the sunny sides, that I may get the most advantageous view of the audience as well as of the arena, as I want to ob-

serve the people as well as the performance. If I had had $50 to give to see a bull-fight, I could have had a seat in a box, and enjoyed, on terms of perfect familiarity, for such is Spanish manners, the company of the overdressed, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, the underdressed, mostly ladies of the upper-tendom, who came here, as did their swarthy sisters centuries ago in the Eternal City, to enjoy the pastime of the arena.

O Rome, Rome, no wonder that thou art still howling! Never more than a savage in thy palmiest days, thy baleful influence is still abroad to curse the world!

The audience assembled, the time arrives, a bugle sounds, a gate opens, enter the bull-fighters (matadors) on foot, accompanied by their assistants on foot and on horseback (picadors). The applause is great, as they parade the arena, bowing right and left, then back, and, exit. In an instant, the bull-fighters, accompanied by their foot assistants only, reënter informally; in another instant, a gate at another part of the arena is opened, and in rushes a furious black bull, which my "libretta" has informed me is of the "Spanish type," furious by nature, and made more so by hunger and art. He makes a mad rush for his antagonists, who flee before his onslaught, taking refuge by jumping over a stout plank fence about six feet high, encircling the arena, beyond which is a space about four feet wide, the supports of the first tier of seats forming its outer boundary, and extending five or six feet above the top of the fence. This looks handsomely for the bull, as he has cleared the arena at the first dash, and he received great applause, the ladies clapping their hands, laughing heartily, and

waving their handkerchiefs,—all to the bull, you understand! One by one the fighters and their assistants on foot crawl back over the fence, if the bull has not gone over the fence after them, in which case, he is driven around to the gate, and reëntered there; and the first scene is then repeated. On the second onslaught, the fighter who is eventually to kill the bull, takes his red cape, and flaunts it; the bull rushes for the cape; the fighter steps aside, jerking the cape also in time to prevent its being carried off on the horns of the bull; but, if the rush is too wild, and the bull takes for his antagonist rather than the cape, it may again be necessary for the fighter to take refuge behind this barricade, the fence, and the bull has scored another; but the bull, like men, having a weakness for appearance rather than reality, charges the red with great impetuosity, which is always jerked out of his way just in time for him to miss it; and here we are again reminded of the doings of men. This flaunting of the cape and charging of the bull are repeated until his ardor commences to cool, and his body to tire, when he seems to reflect, as he comes to a stop, contemplating the red cape with an expression which seems to say: "This is all a joke, and there is nothing there anyway!" When this point is reached, the bull, having given up the fight with his imaginary red enemy, and will no longer charge, the fighter takes two iron rods about three feet long, with spearheads on the end, and the shaft trimmed with cut paper of various colors to make it conspicuous, takes his station about one hundred feet distant from the bull, having one of these lances (banderillos) in each hand, waves them in the air, attracts the notice of the bull,

until he makes a charge for the fighter, who runs toward the bull at the same time; and, just the instant before meeting, the fighter steps quickly aside, and plunges the lances into the shoulders of the bull as he lunges by; this is again repeated, four lances being placed in the shoulders of the bull, which swing at his every move, causing intense pain, so that, for a short time, the bull turns mad fighting, or trying to fight, these lances, as they swing from his shoulders; but soon turns his fury on his antagonist, and the red-cape performance is repeated until the bull again gives it up; then new antagonists are brought in, men on horseback (picadors), with their horses blindfolded, riding around to attract the attention of the bull, and again rouse him to do battle with the horse, which he plunges with his horn in the flank or breast, drawing great streams of blood, or opening the abdominal cavity, so that the entrails of the horse drop out and drag on the ground, while the horse, blindfolded, and not able to locate his slayer, protect himself, or get away, becomes frantic in his extreme peril. If, after this encounter, the horse is still able to go, he is quickly taken from the arena to be dispatched outside. Only three horses were allowed the honor of dying in the arena, while the number taken out, after being mortally wounded, must have been six or eight. One horse, in particular, charged madly across the arena, his entrails dragging on the ground, kicking at them as he went, as if at his tormentor, to the great, loud and prolonged applause of the spectators. Accustomed, as I am, to fearful sights, this was too much for me, and I carry a mental impression like a horrible nightmare, from which I will doubtless suffer the remainder

of my life. This over, the bull is again made to charge his red enemy, though not now the red cape of the matador, but a small scarlet cloth, which the fighter hangs on a stick about the length of a walking-stick, much resembling a flag, and this is repeated until the bull, again recovering from his madness engendered by his goring the horse, begins to tire, and to fall almost from exhaustion. We are now approaching the final act of the tragedy. The matador, taking his red flag in his left hand, projects it to his right side, having in his right hand a long, sharp-pointed sword; he flaunts the flag, in this position, at the bull, which charges; and, as he lowers his head, in an effort to gore the flag, the matador plunges his sword into his neck just in front of his shoulders on the right side, in a downward and backward line, in an attempt to pierce the heart, which, if he does, the bull falls instantly to the ground; but, if he miss the heart, which he almost always does, and pierce the lungs, the bull, suffering intense agonies, turns round and round, the blood streaming from his mouth; and, in a few moments, slowly sinks down to the ground, dying, while the audience is going wild with shouts and applause, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and becoming hysterical with transports of delight.

This terrible scene is soon closed by an assistant who runs up, takes a short, sharp dagger and plunges it into the bull's neck just back of the horns, severing the spinal cord, which gives a tremendous nervous shock; and the bull, struggling and quivering all over for an instant, expires. A team of mules is then hurriedly driven in, a chain thrown quickly around the bull's horns, the team attached, the carcass drawn

on the run from the arena, the gate closed behind it, and this terrible tragedy, which ought to make even the statue of Nero shudder, is over.

But, no, no; the performance is not over; five more bulls must be killed in the identical way, without the least variance from any of the particulars of the first; five times more must these horrors of hell be repeated, to the infinite gratification of the fiends, I will not say people, who fill this abyss, in order to complete the performance; and five more bulls, in succession, are brought in; horses gored to death, defenseless and blindfolded; blood flows in torrents; death is inflicted in the most cruel and agonizing ways, all to the greatest delight and entertainment, and pastime, if you please, of the spectators!

This arena, this hole, seems to me the abyss of hell, these performers archdemons, this audience fiends; and I imagine that I have, like Ulysses, made the descent into hell. I am steeped in blood; and, like Ulysses, long for the upper air; but I am detained, like him, by a ghostly apparition, another horror.

The programme is complete; for the last half of the performance, a cold, drizzling rain has been falling, and the spectators are becoming wet to the skin; but they are not willing to quit this terrible slaughter; cries of "otro!" (another), and "torro!" (bull), are so loud, long and persistent, that, notwithstanding the rain and the cold, a seventh bull must be brought in, and dispatched, in all particulars, like the other six. "Insatiable fiends!" I groan.

I have now seen a bull-fight, and I regret it, but, you know, I am an anthropologist, and came for scientific purposes. How would I know what a bull-fight was,

if I had not seen one? How could I philosophize on the frailties of man, if I had not lived in the world?

The nation, the people, the individuals, maintaining or countenancing such an institution are worse than savages, for no savages have ever done anything so foolishly cruel. Rome, that cradle of crime, can yet survey the devastation she has wrought; and her descendants, by no means confined to her ancient hills, are the most criminal and bloodthirsty in the world.

The doctor and the occasion for his profession are most closely related to the social condition.

Doctors are scarcer than lawyers in Mexico; the natives get along almost entirely without them; and I am afraid, the Spanish-Mexicans are in but little better condition with them. The profession of doctor, the very word being an equivalent of learning, is the most unlearned profession in the world. Recently I saw an article in a periodical, giving the number of persons graduating from medical institutions in the United States, and the number passing the official boards of examination, as only a few in excess of half; and the article went on to state that half of those passing were not qualified to practice medicine, which would bring the number of the efficient, under present laws, down to about one-fourth the number graduating. Casting out of the equation the influence of state boards of examination in the elevation of the medical profession as an influence on the student in college, we have the surprising result that prior to the establishment of the state boards, three fourths of all the practicing physicians were incompetent, assuming that all

graduates practiced; while, now, the proportion of incompetents is reduced to one-half the number of practitioners and the number of practitioners to one-half the total number of graduates, the other half failing to pass the state boards.

Nobody knows the truth of these figures better than the doctors themselves, and nobody at all, except themselves, appreciates the fact.

I was well treated by all the doctors I met in Mexico, and am under personal obligations to some of them; but I must not let that interfere with what I write; and, if I let such matters control my thoughts and what I write, I would be asking the attention and interest of my reader with a very bad grace, although we all do know of instances where writers have asked to be excused from telling the truth on account of courtesies extended or favors received.

I saw one prescription written, while in Mexico, and that was for acute alcoholism, consisting of equal parts of opium and morphine. The patient lived.

All the doctors I saw were Spanish-Mexicans, except one from the United States, and he wanted to come back to the United States.

What first called my attention to the state of the public health in Mexico was the very large number of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis—consumption, as we commonly say—everywhere present in the country, among all classes, and in all conditions.

Lack of proper clothing, food, shelter, fuel and sanitation, in an incongenial climate at a high altitude, arresting development, and producing a general physical weakness, is the full and complete explanation.

The remedy lies in the prevention.

Almost the whole category of diseases might be produced as the result of the deplorable condition in which the people live; but I will mention only those coming to my attention.

Next to tuberculosis, as a terrible factor in the condition of the public health, I think I am safe in naming the diseases of the alimentary canal, due to raw, unwholesome, improper and ill-prepared food and bad water. When I reflect on the amount of infection in their food and drink, I am greatly surprised that anyone can survive the vicissitudes of a year. On account of a very high impost on paper, rendering its use almost prohibitory, meats are handled without any covering, sometimes lying on a large leaf of a tree, but usually carried, suspended by a string; without ice also, except in a very few of the larger cities; but very indifferently cooked over a slow fire; and eaten, where the people can afford it, in large quantities. In one town of about twenty-five hundred or three thousand people, where I stayed, there being no hotel, I secured accommodations in a family residence, where I was treated royally, and shown a touch of high life to which I was not accustomed. At the Sunday dinner, served in banquet style, six courses of meats were served in succession; but I dropped out after the second, although the others at table held out for the six. Everything else was on the same scale; and I was figuratively the only person to be put under the table early in each series, which created a very bad impression as to what I had been used to; but I could not help it, as I had an intense desire to see the United States again before I died. Nobody, eating in this manner, even of good food, could expect to be healthy

or live long; but is likely to die at any time in a fit of gluttony. For the admiration of my temperance friends, I should say I did not find a wineglass by my plate, but only a quart bottle. Such gluttony presents a striking contrast with the general poverty and privation of the people.

When I touch upon domestic life, I shall have more to say about the manner of cooking and eating.

Water, for drinking and culinary use, is obtained from running streams, almost without exceptions; and I do not remember seeing a single well in the country, except for railroad supply. When the dry season has existed for such a length of time as to allow all surface-water to drain off, and only the supply from the deep springs remains, it is comparatively pure; but, during all the rainy season, it can only be abominable, and the great wonder to me is, that anybody can drink it and live. People might have deep well-water, that purest of all supplies, but they are living under the same customs, as, no doubt, did their ancestors in the morning of the world at the same places.

Following the alimentary diseases due to improper food and bad water, I will place smallpox, evidenced everywhere by the pitted face to the extent that one must conclude that it is prevalent in the whole country the year round.

A great deal of anxiety existed among the Americans in the city, while I was there, on account of a number of deaths due to smallpox in their ranks, occurring in rapid succession; and an American, with whom I traveled a few days, told me he had had it twice. I felt no alarm at the danger of death myself, because

I had occupied a traveling position by railroad for about eighteen years, and had never received a scratch.

Sanitation is the prevention for smallpox, provided everybody is obliged to keep clean.

Following smallpox, I place death from starvation, in which I will include all those deteriorating influences due to lack of proper clothing and properly warmed and ventilated shelter. The poor people of Mexico, and that means about ninety-five percent of them, live on the ground. Now, call over the acts of eating, sleeping, working, resting, and you have it, if you do not comprehend the full force of the statement that they live on the ground. They have simply appropriated a spot of earth around which, on the plateaus, they have built mud or stone walls, sometimes not as compact as a stone fence, usually with earthen roof; and, in the tierra caliente, or hot country, have walled themselves in with a stockade of sticks, cornstalks or sugarcane, but sometimes with rushes, with roofs usually of grasses. On the plateaus, where the climate is inhospitable, and, sometimes, severe, people have no fuel for heating purposes, but only a small amount of sticks, cornstalks, or such like, for cooking after the most primitive forms.

For clothing, they have one layer of a thin cotton cloth, and always a blanket, which serves as a wrap during the day and a bed at night. Folding themselves in this blanket, they lie down on the ground, or sit up against the wall, and sleep. Barefoot always, with the exception of the men who wear sandals of their own make, consisting of a piece of common sole-leather, attached to the foot with straps.

In the terribly big hat, the sombrero, is where we

strike their extravagance, but most of them, however, can only afford poor and cheap ones.

Their food is never sufficient to sustain life properly, and is often down to a sort of siege basis, so that they lack full growth and proper development; and the starvation, in the large sense in which I have employed the term, is of slow progress. Those who survive infancy and youth, with this insufficient and bad diet, frequently dry up, become mummified, in their old age. I have seen many old people of no perceptible frame except skin and bone, apparent mummies, presenting the most dejected and pitiable sight imaginable; but no state, however deplorable, has ever been too lamentable not to be the object of man's levity; and people say that these poor wretches are walking around to save funeral expenses. On the same principle, the French speak about the massacres of St. Bartholomew as the matins.

In infancy and in youth, the number of deaths due to lack of nourishment, if starvation seems too strong a term, is simply appalling. Think of an undertaker having, as his sign, a little coffin, swinging from a string over his door! This is the usual sign in Mexico.

The government of Mexico take notice! In France, in the greatness of the reign of Louis XIV, and in the pinnacle of his glory, one-fourth of the people were in a starving condition. The wrongs which thin the ranks of the people, whether from oppression or in useless wars, are the knell of nations, which we overlook, because they die more slowly than individuals; and their extreme activity, on approaching dissolution, is but abnormal exhibitions of strength produced by the powerful irritation from the severance of their cord.

After starvation, I place nervous degeneration from all the causes and conditions heretofore mentioned. People whose nerve degeneracy has knit their muscles into rigidity are very numerous. The doctors here would call this rheumatism, but it is not.

I have seen these poor wretches doubled up three-ply in absolute rigidity, their chin resting on their knees and their heels touching their buttocks. This is the bodily posture in which I have seen people fold themselves to sleep, to economize heat by contact, as well as to adapt themselves to the size of their blanket. This position frequently assumed and long continued has become fixed.

Next I place pneumonia, the prevalence of which can be understood by simply referring to the mode of life of the people and the climate of the plateaus already described.

Then I place acute alcoholism. In a statement of the number of deaths occurring in the City of Mexico during one week while I was in the country, seven percent were reported to have died from alcoholism. I have used the expression acute alcoholism, because they go mighty fast. Tequila and mescal do not let them linger long on the way, which I think not without their benefits, because, if a man is determined to become a snake-fancier, he ought to be furnished the facility to make it quick, and rid society, not only of his disgrace, but a useless man as well.

Some of the women of Mexico, notwithstanding their terrible physical condition, are creatures of very great beauty, of that full-tone effect, so necessary to expression of countenance, a countenance here of that

sadness which inspires pity, and mingles solicitude with admiration.

To northern Europe and their descendants in America, this is not the type of beauty any more than our type is acceptable to the southern countries, where our damsels are referred to as "the pale, unripe beauties of the north."

And now I am done with the public health, as I observed very little else, and, even if I had, the entering on minute details would be undesirable in a sketch of this kind.

The following account of a trip to Panindicuaro is taken, with slight changes, from a letter I wrote on the evening of my arrival at that place. I had intended to rewrite this account, to make the style correspond with that of the remainder of the work; but I found, on attempting to do so, that my new version sounded terribly flat, as compared with the letter, and is here given as showing the life of the people.

This letter, and the one giving an account of the bull-fight, are the only documents or memoranda I have used in writing this book. The proper way, I think, to write up a travel, would be to make a memorandum, each evening, of the experiences of the day, with the passing impressions, and, then, when one returned home, to condense by rewriting, and giving, also, the results of mature reflection; but I had not then thought of writing up my trip; and, therefore, made no notes at all for that purpose.

I arrived at Panindicuaro late Sunday, February 10, 1907, too late, indeed, for church, but not for busi-

ness, as Sunday is the great business day in Mexico. This place is nearly fifty miles from the nearest railroad station, and cost me two days' journey, the first being rather uneventful, but terrible on account of the dust, no rain having fallen since last October; but we must remember I am within the tropics. I slept last night on the moonlit side of a wall, with nothing beneath but the earth, and nothing above but heaven, as usual quite out of reach, when most desired, for I never had such a longing to go there as now. Starting early this morning, we had not proceeded far until all signs of a road had disappeared, and we had to make our way as best we could, often having to unhitch and lift our wagon over ditches and obstructions, and rather carrying it than its carrying us. Coming about noon to a hacienda in the mountains, we regaled ourselves, secured a new guide, and proceeded, with increased difficulties, to our destination. On arriving, I find we have brought into this town of nearly 3000 inhabitants, the first four-wheeled vehicle for about sixty years, at which time a stage line was abandoned as unprofitable. I will send my wagon, driver and guide back to-morrow morning, and ride out the first day's journey on a burro, as I had to walk almost the entire distance coming in today, over mountains as rugged as only lava can make them.

Thousands of people are to be seen here this evening, mostly engaged in the work of the fair or market day, not of the Mexican, but of the Aztec, for these people here are all Indians, native Indians, descendants of the Aztecs, Toltecs, Chichemecs, or, perhaps, the warlike Tlascalans, whom even the great Montezuma could not dislodge from their mountains, or conquer.

I went to the postoffice to mail a letter, and find no regular, or even irregular mail in and out, but just when anybody happens to go or come. The postmaster has a cigarbox which serves the entire uses of the office, for stamps, for letters, coming and going and all; yet 3000 people live here; and, I imagine, in almost the same condition, with the exception of a partial change of their religion and dress, as they have for untold ages, perhaps before Thebes, perhaps before Babylon, perhaps before the Table of the Sun was spread. When I compare their art and civilization, as I see them here in stone, with what I have seen in books of that of Egypt, I conclude this is older; but I may be too much impressed with my surroundings to be able to comprehend that anything in the world could be older. This similarity between the arts of early Egypt and those of Mexico is so striking that no one can overlook it, and it has been noticed from the earliest discoveries.

Some imagine that all manners, customs, habits and laws, differing from their own, are savage, or, at least, barbarous; but a little travel would convince them that some of the greatest monuments have been erected by savages, and that greatness is no criterion of merit.

A nation that has had just and equitable laws, courts with judges, independent of the crown, to enforce them, a government which protects the citizen, securing him in the possession of individual property, holds the rapacity of the merchant in check, has an organized army, sends and receives ambassadors, fosters and advances learning and the arts, even to the ascertainment of the cause of eclipses, is civilized,

although it lacks the engines of death of an Inquisition or the controversial philosophy of the Middle Ages. Yes, I believe that these people were civilized while Europe was yet savage; and I have Draper for my authority in saying that Spain, in the Conquest, destroyed a civilization greater than her own, and committed a crime on these people greater than the crime of eating human flesh.

While on the way today, I had plenty of time to sit down while awaiting the slow progress of what I had expected to be my conveyance, and, partly from fatigue and partly from the influence of the place, would lean my head upon my hands and mope, which some would doubtless call meditation.

Man has ever added terror to the difficulties of nature; and here I find no exception. Along this mountain-trail, more frequent than milestones, are seen crosses, anchored in piles of stones, or, sometimes, chiseled on the lava, with an inscription; and, I am about to admire the faith and virtue of humanity that can worship God in such a place, when inquiry suddenly transforms my feelings of reverence into terror; for I learn that these crosses of Christ here planted mark the places of murder and burial of some unfortunate adventurer or worthy citizen who fell at the hands of the descendants, in the New World, of the Castilian robbers of the Old; but I soon regain my calmness on hearing that this condition has now passed away; and I stop to read the inscriptions. On one, at the top of a mountain, just as the prospect of the lovely valley beyond presents itself like a picture, I pause a moment; but all that is left is I H S, only faintly discernible. This decayed and worm-eaten

cross, standing over this spot, reminds me of the top-mast of a sunken ship, projecting above the water, a monument of the wreck that lies buried beneath. I pause for an instant longer, and reflect, that here, as did I, some weary traveler, as he reached the summit of this mountain, and pause with awe, contemplating, or rather entranced with, the beauties before him, was stricken down by the hands of assassins and robbers, then infesting these mountain-trails; and I reflect again, that these robbers are still in Mexico, as in our own country, waylaying us, having only changed their habitat from the wildernesses to the cities, where they now rule over us in the name of the people, cajoling us with policies, where they formerly cudgeled us with clubs.

Let those who believe the world is getting better reflect upon the constitution of man, which, like time, is subject to progress, but not to change.

The considerate attitude of man to man, in the ordinary affairs of life, is always of great interest and importance.

In speaking of politeness in Mexico, I am referring especially to the manners of the descendants of the Spaniards, who, with considerable pride, refer to their customs as Spanish; and, as it so widely differs from our own, I will give some examples, because this is a subject where descriptions count for little.

Going into the City of Mexico from an outlying town, I took a sleeper, which I found crowded, only a few upper berths remaining. Two ladies and about twenty gentlemen made up the party. The usual stop was made at the supper station, which over, some of the

gentlemen assembled alongside the car, near the entrance, awaiting the time for departure. When the signal to leave town was given, these gentlemen commenced disputing among themselves as to who should have the honor of boarding the car first, and as to who should precede whom generally, until the train had started to move quite lively, followed by the crowd; and, then, running after, grabbing and scrambling, they got on pellmell, as best they could, without regard even to how much one encroached on the convenience or comfort of another. I watched this peculiar performance with great interest, and my curiosity was roused to know what would next happen. When aboard the car, a portion of them, as many as could, went into the smoking-room; and immediately one of the party took, from his pocket, a package of cigarettes, and passed them around, because, in Mexico, everybody, men, women, boys, girls, absolutely everybody, of the Spanish blood,—and I am now speaking of them in particular,—smoke cigarettes, myself and a dog being the only things in Mexico I saw showing a contempt for them, the dog refusing to take a morsel of food from his master's hand holding a cigarette, until the cigarette was changed to the other hand, while my disgust was expressed in the revolt of my feelings. This smoking party seated and the cigarettes passing around, as stated, everybody declined the honor of being first served, so that they kept going round until, at last, someone made the break, and, then, all partook readily. All served, the patron struck a match, passing it round to the right, but everyone declined to be the first to light his cigarette, so that the match burned out, while the dispute was in progress. Another match

was then struck, when, after a few hasty offers and refusals, someone also took upon himself the distinction of lighting his cigarette first, and, then, the remainder took their lights quickly; and all commenced to puff, inhale and swallow smoke, exhaling it through their mouths and noses simultaneously, so as to bathe every portion of the mouth, nose, air-passages, lungs, throat, gullet and stomach in smoke. At this point, my disgust became speakable, and I hurriedly left, muttering to myself those justifiable epithets which policy and safety, sometimes, do not permit in public declaration.

In church, is the only place in Mexico where people do not show a disposition for smoking. In the bodies of sleeping-cars, the practice is prohibited, but the enforcement of the regulation requires constant vigilance. Only think of a family around their table at dinner, eating, drinking and smoking all at once, and the whole family participating! This seems to me to be the acme of total depravity; yet the practice is obtaining in the United States, and is, in reality, not Mexican-Spanish, but European, the result of the prevalence, soon to be designated predominance, of European customs in the United States. When I contemplate the approaching condition, I shudder, and feel like denying my country in advance.

But I must finish about my sleeping-car party, crowded, as I have said. One of the ladies being assigned to an upper berth, the conductor made a canvass of the other passengers to ascertain if some gentleman, occupying a lower, would show this elderly lady the courtesy of exchanging berths with her; but, no, indeed, not by a jugful! All Spanish politeness, even

of the Castilian type, vanished upon the imputation that any individual comfort should be given up; and this poor old lady had to climb aloft on a stepladder, and undo and do her toilet, night and morning, as best she could.

Had not this lady been elderly, traditional gallantry, so repulsive as a substitute for courtesy, might have come into play to change the result.

So here is Spanish politeness; but, if my Spanish readers feel themselves aggrieved, I will call it Spanish politeness *a la Mexicano*, as I am personally unfamiliar with manners and customs in Spain, having only, aside from historic works, such information as I have obtained by reading Cervantes, Irving, and Prescott.

The thing to be known is, that the people who make the greatest pretensions to politeness, are the last to give up even the smallest personal comfort or convenience; so that, in reality, their ostentations are merely the cloak with which they cover their meanness. Opaque to the core, their outside is made to glitter by rubbing.

While I am talking of others, I will, also, say something about ourselves, because talk is so cheap, and writing costs nothing; and I will stick to my subject closely by saying something about courtesy or politeness among ourselves.

I must first separate the country into the East and the West, to conform to the prevalence of certain customs and manners which do not conform to political divisions, nor follow geographical lines.

Draw a line from Chicago, Illinois, to Louisville,

Kentucky, thence following the traditional Mason and Dixon's Line to the Atlantic. Coming back now to Chicago, the point of beginning, follow the chain of Great Lakes eastward to the east end of Lake Ontario, thence project a line due east to the Atlantic, rejecting all that part of the United States, lying north of this projected line, as immaterial in influencing the general result. The Atlantic on the east completes the boundary of what at this time, 1907, as to manners and customs, constitutes the East.

The East, thus outlined, is wedge-shaped, and it is wedge-shaped because its customs and manners are assuming a definite form. Physical and moral forces progress in the same manner, even as to form.

Commencing at Louisville, Kentucky, thence down the Ohio to the Mississippi, excluding all the state of Missouri, except Kansas City, continuing from the southwestern corner of Missouri, swinging in almost a semicircle to the south to the northeast corner of the Panhandle of Texas, thence west on the north line of Texas to New Mexico, thence on a sharply zigzag and indefinite line to the south line of the state of California, thence to the Pacific, all that part of the United States lying north of this line roughly constitutes the West, where customs and manners have not yet differentiated, and no wedge-shaped movement is discernible. Great and daring would be the man who would now undertake to say that here or there will be the definite movements in this yet undifferentiated mass; but movements there will be.

All the remainder of the United States, not above described as the East or the West, is the South, of

wedge-shape, also, because its customs and manners are fixed.

The East plus the West equals the North.

The West will take its models from the East, but the South will continue distinctive and peculiar. To the South, there is only a North; to the East, a West and a South; to the West, an East and a South.

These three great divisions of the United States, made by social conditions, are distinctive of the political conditions also; and distinctive moral elements and tendencies are not absent.

Now, having enlarged more upon this subject than I had intended, I will draw a comparison. In the South, much the same condition exists, as to sleeping-car politeness, but slightly tempered, as in Mexico; in the West, a great degree of politeness and courtesy in public exists, but could still be improved upon; and, in the East, people move like driftwood on a swollen stream, without regard to what they encounter, and apparently as oblivious. If they possess any human feelings, they do not show them.

Once more, as an incident on this part of the subject, and, then, I am done: In Mexico I saw a man, at his own impulse and inclination, and of his own motion, pick up a pitcher himself, fill his own glass, and say Gracias! (Thanks!). Inasmuch as he was a lawyer, and filled his glass with water, I think his name should become immortal, as an example of politeness and temperance to the profession; but I exceedingly regret that I have been unable to obtain his consent, without which I would be incourteous to divulge his name, a worthy example that true merit shrinks from notoriety.

Since writing the foregoing, as postscripts usually begin, I have made a long trip from the West to the East and back, and had such a parallel experience, with opposite results, if I may be allowed such an expression, illustrative of what I have said, that I here produce it.

On the going trip, approaching Chicago from the West, I arose late in the morning, as becomes a traveler seeking rest, entered the dining-car, was met smilingly by the steward, who politely helped me to a seat, whose smile I returned with a "Thank you," as I sat down to the table; and, to be agreeable as much as anything else, asked "Where are we this morning?" "Just left W——," was the reply; "a little late, but we have a good engineer, and will make Chicago on the dot." "Good!" I said, and I wrote out an order for a large breakfast, which I greatly enjoyed; and, while I ate, was accosted by "How are you getting along; everything all right?" Answer: "Swimmingly; splendid!"

We did not, however, get into Chicago "on the dot," but about one hour late; but what did I care for one hour late, or two, or three, so long as I was pleasantly circumstanced?

On the return trip, and coming into Chicago from the east, I arose late likewise at "The last call for breakfast in the dining-car!" entered the car, saw the steward standing at the opposite end, waited a moment for him to designate where I should sit; but, as he stood looking at me impassively, I made a gesture to him that I would sit down at a certain table; but he did not nod his approval, or make any other motion or sign, so I hung up my hat, and helped myself to a

chair. After waiting quite a while, the steward came, and handed me a menu; and, as professional travelers get in the habit of saying the same things, and asking the same questions under similar circumstances daily, I asked, pleasantly, I hope, "Where are we this morning?" as everyone sleeping soundly on a train overnight has a desire to get his bearings when he awakes next morning; but the answer was mumbled and unintelligible; and, continuing, thinking to get the information by another question rather than ask for a repetition of the answer, which is not always agreeable, I asked again with as agreeable a rising inflection as I could, "What time will we get into Chicago?" The answer came very gruffly and distinctly as well, "I don't know." Not theretofore suspecting the true temper and disposition of the steward, but now reflecting on his first answer, it came back like an echo as "On the track." This, in itself, was indeed gratifying, because, in my travels, both by rail and otherwise, I have not always been on the track; but that was not the specific information I wanted at that time. I still retained my temper, and said, "Of course you do not know when we will be in Chicago, but I thought maybe you could approximate the time." To which, as gruffly as ever, "That's hard to say." I ended the conversation by saying, "I see no reason why you should tell me anything if you are not agreeably inclined." He crushed me with the contempt of silence. I hastily ordered a light breakfast, and left the car as soon as possible. Never once, while I was eating, did the steward come near me; he had thrown me my bone, and I could gnaw it or not.

The waiter was equally indifferent; but, as I am

always experimenting with human nature, I thought I would see if I could warm up this crowd by a liberal tip, equal to half the price of my meal, to the waiter; but, no, indeed; he chucked it in his pocket without a word of thanks or a sign of pleasure or courtesy, stood by while I made a couple of unsuccessful hitches at my chair, hunted my hat, which one always forgets where he puts, set my chair back to its position at the table, and opened the door myself, although he was close by, and passed out.

On reflection, I do not know whether to feel indignant at the waiter or ashamed of myself. Being from the West, I may not know the size of an Eastern tip; and I do not know whether the waiter was uncivil or whether I offended him by the smallness of my donation; but I noticed, however, that almost everyone else gave nothing, which, if I assume the absence of a secret arrangement, makes my own case no more easily understood. I will experiment on this in the future; and the next time I am in the East, I will give the waiter double the amount I pay for my meal, and await the result; but, if this still brings no developments, I will the next time hand him a ten-dollar bill; and, in commanding tones, say, "Keep the change." This will doubtless have the effect of making the waiter think I am drunk; and, either from policy or custom or habit, will still remain mute and impassive, thus leaving me as much in the dark as before my expensive experiment.

Candidly, I now think courtesy and politeness are not in these waiters, and cannot, therefore, be *tipped* out of them.

We give these tips, not for the benefit of the tipped,

but for our own benefit, for the obeisance of the thanks, the courtesy, the bow, the scrape, all of which gratify our vanity, making us feel a superiority over others, and this feeling is as well satisfied by the homage of slaves as of monarchs; and, if we do not get it, we will not even pay ten cents; but we do expect it for as small a sum as ten cents, although it sometimes costs monarchs half their empire, and indeed they sometimes lose all in a vain attempt to perpetuate it, so that we are able to draw the general conclusion that vanity is common to all mankind, and is best gratified by homage.

Conditions are first individual, then social, then political, the religious, and the æsthetic, being but modifications of, and included in, these. I have presented the first two, and leave the determination of the third to the future.

The condition of the people of Mexico may be further inferred from the fact that, outside the towns and cities, as I was told, the whole country was owned by about 7000 people, which sounds quite odd in a country of 13,000,000 inhabitants; but, if I were to make my guess, after going over the country, I would reduce rather than increase this estimate.

I was also told, while riding through the State of Chihuahua, that I was passing a distance of about ninety miles north and south through a tract of land owned by a single individual, and that it was about one hundred and twenty miles in the east-and-west dimension. A statement like this, being beyond experience, is also beyond belief, and certainly not authentic; but I do know that the tract is a very large one.

The statement was also made, that this being the private property of one man, and no highways laid out across it, he was actually preventing people from passing over it.

Some of these great landed proprietors live in true oriental splendor and magnificence after the old régime, but now seldom found there in their pristine grandeur, as the Orient, beginning with inequality of condition, is drifting toward equality of rights, while the Occident, beginning with equality of condition, and, like all things human, unable to remain stationary, can drift only toward inequality, so that the cradle of liberty is now rocking on the other side of the world; and while the Sultan, shut up in his fortress, is fearful of the present, and anxious for the future, harems are openly indulged on some of the haciendas in Mexico.

That one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, is an old saying; but, notwithstanding, one would not now expect to find millions of people next door, living after what must be the most primitive methods in the industries, arts and sciences of man; yet this is what one finds in Mexico.

I saw a woman carry home two small ears of corn in the husk, remove the husk, shell it by hand upon a stone, take another stone and pound and roll it into flour, take up the flour in the palm of her hand, little by little, mix it into a paste with water, roll and manipulate it, pat it into a thin, a very thin, cake, bake, or rather dry, it on a hot lid, and eat it, as her sole food and only repast that day, in which feast I asked the very great privilege of joining, and thus I was transported back to the morning of the world. This cake is the tortilla (pronounced tor*tee*ya).

The use of the iron lid on which to bake these cakes is the only thing that saved the process from that first used by man; had the meal been allowed to remain in balls, and been thrown into hot ashes, and thus baked, the first process of man would have been repeated; had a stone been heated in the fire, and the flattened cakes been baked on this, the second process in the development of baking would have been seen; but, in the use of iron, as this woman employed it, the third, or iron age in cooking, was reached.

I saw here a chance to bring within my experience all the developments in the art of cooking, since the world began, for I had lived ten or more years of my life in boarding-houses, and I asked this poor woman to throw a little round piece of the moistened meal into the hot ashes, which, when baked, I took out and ate; and, I also took a stone, and put it into the fire, and, when hot, took it out, and laid upon it a little flattened cake about the size of a silver dollar, which, when baked I ate also; so that I now recount in my experience, in the art of cooking, all that the world has ever produced.

You now have an example of how the majority of the poor Mexicans live; and you ought to be able to pass judgment upon the conquering Spaniards, whose military operations, murders and oppressions have brought about, and are now perpetuating, this condition, which, I imagine, is the condition to which insatiable individual and corporate greed, as now exemplified in business, and domination, as uppermost in politics, until the reaction of the last year, would reduce the people of the United States.

Human motives and passions have always been the

same, and I see no escape from this conclusion, much as it might be decried.

Every saying, however ridiculously sounding to those unfamiliar with conditions, always has its foundation, and, sometimes, is the correct expression of fact.

That the Mexicans take a drink of water for breakfast, sit on the sunny side of the house for dinner, and smoke a cigarette for supper, provokes a smile, if not laughter, on the part of everyone unfamiliar with the fact; but what feeling, my silken-dressed and rosy-cheeked, comes over you, when I tell you that this is, too often, the expression of reality? I am afraid that you are too well fed, clothed and housed, too much humored and too much spoiled, to appreciate that anybody else in the world but yourself has feeling; that, for your own comfort, you make the most exacting demands, against the comfort, the health, and the general well-being of others; that your heart has not become, but has always been, and will always remain, hard; that no drop of human sympathy has ever been distilled within you by the dew of kindness; that, for a pretense only of kindness, but, in reality, to attract attention to yourself, you will indiscriminately press a pup or an infant to your breast, soon to cast away pup or infant to become self-supporting in the alley. I am also afraid, that, if you do not possess the feelings of kindness toward those of your own country and your own house, you cannot swell my tears and join me in sorrow for the people of Mexico. I am still further afraid that you yourself will be a bad example and an element for evil in your own country.

I first came in contact with the poverty of Mexican

life in New Mexico about six years ago, while driving over the country a long distance from railroad communication; and, coming to a ranch-house on the Pecos river, where the surroundings seemed somewhat pretentious, and where the occupants were doubtless lord of all they surveyed as a range for their stock, I stopped for dinner, which the good woman of the place kindly consented to prepare; but, after waiting more than two hours for it, I was at length invited to sit down to boiled beans, black coffee, and sad biscuits.

I remembered what a farmer, in poor circumstances, once said to me, by way of extenuation of his apology for the meal in which he had invited me to join him and his family, that I ought to be able to stand for one meal what they had to eat all the time, and I, therefore, ate with a relish and heartily, not forgetting to pay a good, round price for the accommodation.

But this was luxury compared with what one will encounter in Old Mexico, where I have seen houses bare of every utensil, of all articles of furniture and clothing, a pot hanging from a tripod outside, being the only thing of art to distinguish the place as the habitation of the anthropoid; and I thought, what a beginning here for my favorite study, Anthropology!

This statement is too short and bare to impress you with the full force of the situation; and I must say I found in these houses no stove, no pots, pans, or dishes, no tables, no chairs, no beds, no carpets, no pictures, except of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, sometimes stuck in the space between rocks, for these walls are often composed only of rough, surface-worn rocks or stones, laid up more like lattice-work than a wall, without mortar, a door without a closure,

more properly designated a hole, no window, poles supporting brush, grass or ground for a roof; the inhabitants sitting on the ground in the daytime, and lying on it at night, clad always in a blanket; the location on a bed of lava or among projecting rocks, and the picture is complete.

Man has taken everything from these people, and why should not Christ hasten his second coming, and remove the pictures from the wall, thus depriving them even of hope, that in the madness of despair they might rush again into being.

Man in a state of nature, without God or government, has never been thus poor, thus unfortunate, thus oppressed, but only where the Church has substituted itself for God, and individual rapacity has taken the place of government.

From this doleful, this most doleful of all pictures of human misery, you are invited to follow me to the castle of Chapultepec, with its military academy, its West Point, in the rear, overlooking the valley and City of Mexico, where power, magnificence and wealth are enthroned.

Those who have lived very long in the world and do not yet know what happens to a pompous dynasty maintained on the misery of the people may yet learn by reading the history of Egypt, of Persia, of Rome, of France, and those ignorant of all these countries have within them no basis for reflection on the affairs and future of Mexico; but they may yet read, may yet think, may yet act.

The future of Mexico, already, perhaps, sufficiently indicated, needs, in closing, a few words, to make the work complete.

During the personal government, I cannot say administration, and I would be discourteous to say reign, or rule, even, of President Diaz, which I hope may be yet long to accustom the people to peace, the country will enjoy tranquillity, as a government, and prosperity in its enterprises, at the expense, not to the profit or advancement, of the people, which status is and will be maintained by public compliance, but not consent to this tenure for life, with which the people would neither comply nor consent, if hereditary, so that we here plainly see the operation of that law of society and government, which makes a president more potent than a king, that law as broad as the human race, pleased with the first attempt, annoyed by the second, disgusted with the third, outraged by the fourth,—all of which is founded on the constitution of man, from which starting-point his acts might be determined in advance.

If President Diaz should resign, as I hope he will not, great confusion would occur, with unknown result; and, if he hold control of the government through a declining and helpless old age, unrest will arise, but the very power of his name will still govern.

When he dies, we have now come to the common point of all things human: his government will die with him, because he is the government, and aside from him *non est.*

All Europe, and France in particular, trembled at the terrible roar of Louis XIV, "I AM THE STATE!" but this was only the groaning of a ghost, then inhabiting the armor of his glorious ancestors, whose great heritage he was squandering and bringing to impotence and disgrace. Europe, at that time, was

afraid of ghosts; and the sepulchral sounds from this deserted house saved the monarchy, which would have been lost on the field.

The case of President Diaz is different and similar: different, in that his power is potent and personal, created, maintained, and perpetuated by himself, without obligation to ancestry or heredity; similar, in the triumph of individual will: "The king willeth," "The president desires."

Dissolution follows death so closely as to be synonymous. I am still following the course of nature, nature in the affairs of men as in their individual lives. Death and dissolution of President Diaz; death and dissolution of his government. In the same instant, we need not wait for time, will occur, not a resurrection, but the liveliest spirit of antagonism to all that just now died, now only an apparition.

The general scramble for place will beget factions; factions, parties; parties, rebellions; rebellions, revolutions; revolutions, anarchy; anarchy, governments; governments, debts; debts, discredit; discredit, repudiation; repudiation, intervention: and thus history repeats itself.

I am now done, and here we part company.

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