his enlightened policy that his country became an intelligent centre, which proved so beneficial to the barbarous Chichemecs.

Nopaltzin, following the example of Xolotl, compelled those of his subjects who still lived in caverns to build houses, live in communities, cultivate the land, and feed on prepared viands. He invited jewellers and lapidaries from Colhuacan to teach his people, instituting prizes for those who became proficient in mechanical arts, and also for those who made astrology, historical paintings, and the deciphering of ancient manuscripts their particular study.* And, lastly, in the closing words of Veytia’s account, he says: “Among the documents I possess for the completion of my work are several bearing on the Mexicans. I found no difficulty in reading the paintings and maps; but although they are systematically classified as regards events posterior to their arrival in the valley, it is very different with their antiquities, their origin, and their wanderings; their documents relating to this period being more rare and obscure than those of the Toltecs.”†

Having proved, and we think we have proved, the diffusion of Toltec arts and industries among the primitive populations of America, we will proceed to Teotihuacan.

* Mariano Veytia, tome ii. chap. x. † Ibid. chap. xii.
CHAPTER VII.

TEOTIHUACAN.


On account of its vicinity to Mexico, Teotihuacan has been so often described, that there is little or nothing to be said which has not been well said before. She was a flourishing city at the time of the Toltecs, and the rival of Tula; and like her was destroyed and subsequently rebuilt by the Chichemec emperor Xolotl, preserving under the new régime her former supremacy. In the opinion of Veytia, Torquemada, and other historians, Teotihuacan was a Toltec city; and my excavations in bringing to light palaces having nearly the same arrangement
as those at Tula, will confirm their opinion. The orientation of this city is indicated by Clavigero in the following passage:

"The famous edifices at Teotihuacan, three miles north of this village and twenty-five from Mexico, are still in existence."

The two principal pyramids were dedicated to the Sun and Moon, and were taken as models for building later temples in this region. That of the Sun is the most considerable, measuring 680 feet at the base by 180 feet high. Like all great pyramids, they were divided into four storeys, three of which are still visible, but the intermediate gradations are almost effaced. A temple stood on the summit of the larger mound, having a colossal statue of the Sun, made of one single block of stone.

Its breast had a hollow, in which was placed a planet of fine gold. This statue was destroyed by Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico, and the gold seized by the insatiable Spaniards. The interior of the pyramid is composed of clay and volcanic pebbles, incrusted on the surface with the light porous stone, *tetzontli*; over this was a thick coating of white stucco, such as was used for dwellings. Where the pyramid is much defaced, its incline is from thirty-one to thirty-six degrees, and where the coatings of cement still adhere, forty-seven degrees. The ascent was arduous, especially with a burning sun beating down upon us; but when we reached the top, we were amply repaid by the glorious view which unfolded before our enraptured gaze. To the north the Pyramid of the Moon, and the great "Path of Death" (*Micoatl*), with its tombs and tumuli, covering a space of nine square miles; to the south and south-west the hills of Tlascala, the villages of S. Martin and S. Juan, the snowy top of Iztaccihuatl towering above the *Matlacinga* range; and in the west the Valley of Mexico with its lakes, whilst far, far
away the faint outline of the Cordilleras was perceptible in this clear atmosphere.

If by an effort of the imagination we were to try and reconstruct this dead city, restore her dwellings, her temples and pyramids, coated with pink and white outer coatings, surrounded by verdant gardens, intersected by beautiful roads paved with red cement, the whole bathed in a flood of sunshine, we should realise the vivid description given by Torquemada: “All the temples and palaces were perfectly built, whitewashed and polished outside; so that it gave one a real pleasure to view them from a little distance. All the streets and squares were beautifully paved, and they looked so daintily clean as to make you almost doubt their being the work of human hands, destined for human feet; nor am I drawing an imaginary picture, for besides what I have been told, I myself have seen ruins of temples, with noble trees and beautiful gardens full of fragrant flowers, which were grown for the service of the temples.” This quotation goes far to prove that the ruins are not so ancient as some writers have maintained; but that temples and palaces were extant at the time of the Conquest, and that pyramids were repaired by the successive occupants of the soil, even during the wars which a displacement of races naturally entailed.

The outline of the pyramids is everywhere visible, and serves as a beacon to guide the traveller to the ruins of Teotihuacan, about thirty-seven miles north of Mexico. Besides these, there are some smaller mounds to the south, indicating that the ancient city extended as far as Matlacinga hill, which bounds the valley on this side, whilst it stretched six miles to the north.

We set out under the escort of an Indian, and soon reach an immense mound known as the Citadel, measuring over 1,650 feet at the sides. It is a quadrangular enclosure, consist-
ing of four embankments some 19 feet high and 260 feet thick, on which are ranged fifteen pyramids; whilst, towards the centre, a narrower embankment is occupied by a higher pyramid, which connects the north and south walls. The shape of the citadel bears a strong resemblance to a vast tennis-court, and if not the latter, it was in all probability used for public ceremonies, but never as a citadel. A little further we crossed a dry water-course, which becomes a torrent in the rainy season. The bed is full of obsidian pebbles, some transparent, some opaque green, but most of a grayish tint. On the opposite bank of the torrent we observed in some places three layers of cement, laid down in the same way, and consisting of the same materials, as I can certify, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary.

This cement is identical with that of Tula, except that there it was probably done for the sake of solidity, since it is only to be met with on the declivity of the hill; whereas here, where the city was demolished several times, it was due to the fact that the new occupant did not care to clear the ground of all the rubbish, but contented himself with smoothing down the old coating and laying a new one on the top of it. This supposition becomes almost a certainty when we add that numerous fragments of pottery have been found between the layers. This is, besides, amply exemplified in Rome and other cities, where ancient monuments are divided from later ones by thick layers of detritus; nor is it necessary for a long interval to have occurred between the two. On the other hand, if we suppose the soil between the coatings to have accumulated there by the work of time, an antiquity must be ascribed to these first constructions which would simply be ridiculous; and we think that if Mendoza had visited the ground, his conclusions would have been much modified. Traces of edifices and walls occupy
the base of the torrent, showing that the bed was narrower formerly than it is now, and that it was presumably embanked and spanned by several bridges. As we advance towards the Pyramid of the Sun, fragments of all kinds meet our eyes in every direction; the fields are strewn with pottery, masks, small figures, Lares, ex-votos, small idols, broken cups, stone axes, etc. I select for myself some masks which portray the various Indian types with marvellous truth, and at times not without some artistic skill. Among them are types which do not seem to belong to America: a negro (see plate), whose thick lips, flat nose, and woollen hair proclaim his African origin; below this a Chinese head, Caucasian and Japanese specimens; heads with retreating foreheads, like those displayed at Palenque, and not a few with Greek profiles. The lower jaw is straight or projecting, the faces smooth or bearded; in short, it is a wonderful medley, indicative of the numerous races who succeeded each other, and amalgamated on this continent, which, until lately, was supposed to be so new, and is in truth so old.

Some writers, on viewing the configuration of these massive mounds, have erroneously concluded that they were built for the same purpose as the Egyptian pyramids; but we cannot sufficiently impress on the reader that in America the pyramid was synonymous with temple, or used as basement for temples and palaces. People may have been buried in the former, as they were buried in the latter; but that is no evidence of any analogy subsisting between them. In Egypt the pyramid was a sepulchre and nothing more, which received additions each successive year, and assumed smaller or greater dimensions, according to the longevity of the sovereign who erected it. The gigantic pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus, correspond to reigns of sixty years each; the smaller correspond to short reigns in which kings were not given time for con-
structing great monuments. Now, the American mounds belong to one epoch, were built on one plan without any intermission. Architecture, whether civil or religious, entirely differs in the two countries. In Egypt palaces were built of wood; in America they were built of stone. Among Egyptians temples were colossal; among Americans, on the contrary, they were small, primitive, hardly more than altars. The temple was all-important with the former, the palace with the latter. In fact, the two polities were diametrically opposed, save on such points of contact as are common to all races in the early stage of their civilisation.
Some writers, arguing from the existence of a civilisation anterior to the Incas, concluded, with some show of reason, that there existed a pre-Toltec civilisation also; but a moment's reflection will show that no parallel exists between the two; for the former, in a climate eminently favourable to the preservation of monuments, has hardly left any trace, whilst the latter, in a climate peculiarly destructive, has left whole cities and monuments in almost perfect preservation. In Peru, the people who followed the earlier races used extant remains for the foundations of their monuments, as, for instance, at Cuzco; whereas in Mexico and Central America monuments were repaired and restored on the same plan as that on which they had been erected. It follows that in Peru edifices are totally different in character from the foundations and cyclopean walls which support them, unless the ruins of Las Casas Grandes be considered pre-Toltec; but even so they would be the remains of edifices constructed by the first Nahua tribes in their progress towards the south.

Our digression has sharpened our appetites, and we hasten to the "fonda" by a short cut across imposing structures and the remains of houses built by the Spaniards who first settled here after the Conquest. Although they tried to build on the same principles as the Indians, they succeeded indifferently, for their constructions are but a ruinous mass, in the courtyards and open walls of which the poor Indians have established their cabins. These cabins measure barely six feet square; yet within them whole families lie huddled up together on the beaten ground, nearly suffocated in summer, almost frozen in winter, nursing their misery. A few beans, a tortilla, is all the food they have, and often not even that. Their children are numerous, but more than half die in the first years for want of proper care. The men earn one shilling a day—one
shilling to feed, clothe, and house eight or nine people. What wonder if they are in tatters which leave them half uncovered, exposed to the mercy of the elements? Outside these huts—for the inside does not own so much as a wooden peg—stands

the *metate*, before which women are kneeling nearly the whole day grinding Indian corn for tortillas.

"Why don't you put a roof over these standing walls? You would get, at very small cost, a comfortable dwelling for your families."

"But, señor, we have no wood."

"What, with all those trees about?"
"Ah, señor, we should have to pay for them, and where is the money to come from?"

"Why, then, club together, three or four families of you. These huge houses are quite spacious enough for the purpose."

They only shook their heads incredulously; so simple a notion was quite beyond them. As their fathers lived before them, so they do, and will continue to do so for a long time to come. We gave a few coppers to the poor wretches to drink our health in pulque, which is excellent here, the maguey reaching sometimes twenty feet in diameter, and the leaves nine feet ten inches in length. I am told that some plants yield as much as 600 litres of liquid. The way the juice is extracted from the aloe is this: Every five years, just as the maguey is about to bloom, shooting up a long stalk crowned with its umbelliferous flowers, the cone forming the centre of the plant is taken out, leaving a hole, which soon fills with the sap of the leaves around it. Then a man with a bottle and a large skin plies daily from plant to plant, taking up the liquid with the bottle and pouring it into the skin, which, when full, he empties into an open receptacle, made of a bull's hide stretched out on four poles. When the juice is sufficiently fermented, bitter herbs are added, and the pulque is then ready for sale.

Mescal is a kind of brandy made from a smaller kind of aloe, not unlike a huge cabbage in shape. To prepare it, roots and leaves are left to soak until they are duly fermented; a calf's head or the best part of a chicken is added to the compound previous to distillation. In the first case it is called mescal cabecita; in the second, considered the finest in flavour, mescal pechuga. The best Indian cognacs are manufactured at Jalisco.
algunos objetos que él mismo escoge en mi pacotilla; pero su padre, que es un viejo pervertido a causa de una larga permanencia en el bajo Oyapock, exige además cuatro botellas de aguardiente y otros objetos.

Al remontar este afluente, a una jornada más lejos, hay una aldehuela de oyampys que fue visitada por Mons. Emonet.

11 de setiembre.—A las ocho cruzamos un pequeño salto sobre el cual veo unos cuantos árboles detenidos en el río, lo cual consiste en que el volumen de las aguas disminuye considerablemente más arriba del río Motura. Poco después penetramos en terrenos bajos y pantanosos en que la corriente es muy débil.

Durante el día de hoy Saba se siente aquejado de calentura. Es el primero que cae enfermo desde que estamos de viaje. Yo por mi parte me encuentro más animoso que á mi salida de Francia; sin duda me hallo bajo la influencia de esa excitación que se apodera de los europeos durante los primeros meses de residencia en las colonias. El viajero debe aprovechar este período para avanzar resueltamente, porque en breve desaparece esta fuerza puramente facticia, dejando tras de sí un estado de anemia que dificultará la ejecución de sus proyectos.

Hacemos alto en unas rocas graníticas situadas en medio del río, en un sitio descubierto desde el cual deseaba observar una ocultación de estrellas que debe tener lugar á eso de medianoche. No queriendo dormirme por temor de que se me escapara el momento oportuno, paso el tiempo tomando café y fumando cigarrillos, y unas veces paseándome por las rocas, y otras sentándome en una hamaca colgada del pataua. Estoy de buen humor porque preveo que mi viaje tendrá un resultado excelente. Apatú se siente más animado también desde que ve que estamos casi seguros de llegar á las fuentes del Oyapock sin correr riesgo alguno. Todas las personas á quienes había pedido informes le habían exagerado las dificultades de la navegación por este río que, en realidad, son mucho menores que las del Maroni.

Los indígenas, á juzgar por los que hemos encontrado, son tan apacibles y bondadosos, que me parecen mucho mejores de tratar que los hombres de mi tripulación, y eso que estos son gentes civilizadas ó por lo menos tienen la pretensión de serlo. Estos negros, que son incapaces de coger un pez ó de matar una pieza, se quejan continuamente del alimento, mientras que los indios, no obstante de pertenecer á una raza más inteligente, jamás exhalan la menor queja. Hoy han querido sublevarse mis negros so pretexto de que no tenían para comer más que bacalao y guisantes. El único argumento de que me he valido para calmarlos ha sido decirles que si no estaban contentos me marcharía sin ellos. Pero la impericia y la cobardía hacen de estos ganapanes los seres más fieles que encontrarse pueda; estoy seguro de que no me abandonarán; tendrían demasiado miedo de ahogarse al bajar por el Oyapock, y por otra parte se verían muy apurados para cruzar el mar á fin de regresar á su país. Si hubiera tenido que habérmelas con negros de la Guayana francesa, habría estado á merced de ellos porque habían conocido el camino para regresar á su casa. Así pues, por regla general, es preferible disponer de una tripulación compuesta principalmente de gentes extrañas al país que sirve de punto de partida.
S. Martin, where we are going to put up for the night, is situated on the driest spot in the valley, so that the only green things to be seen about it are its enormous hedges of aloe, shooting up from fifteen to twenty feet high, and so thick as to make them quite impassable. Our next stage is S. John of Teotihuacan, which was formerly a station for the numerous relays of mules plying to and from Mexico, when more than two thousand passed daily. Then every village had “mesones”* and an immense “corrale,” in which mules, horses, and donkeys were put up, whence the clapping of hands of the tortilleros was heard all day long, and copious libations to the Indian Bacchus were the reverse of edifying. But now all that is over. The railroad has turned S. Juan into a living tomb. The plaza is deserted, tiendas are silent, and windows only open when the tramping of some wretched donkey or a stray traveller disturb its solitude. Water, that first of commodities, is plentiful here, and great poplars, beautiful cedars, lend their cool shade, and make our walk to the church, which stands at the end of a noble avenue, quite enjoyable. This church is one of the finest to be seen in Mexico. The steeple, with its three orders of columns rising on three successive tiers, is striking for its elegance and fine proportions.

We alight here without much hope of being comfortable, for the only accommodation is a meson, with a courtyard giving access to bare rooms paved with bricks, devoid of any furniture, and where privacy is impossible, for anybody may come and lie alongside of you. Your ablutions have to be made at the well in presence of half the village congregated in the yard. When you are hungry you go to the “fonda” in the plaza, where the good man who keeps it does his best to cook you a nice

* Hostelries.
dinner, which we eat to spare his feelings rather than because we like his menu. But if the cuisine left something to be desired, it was amply made up to us by the Municipality, and it was owing to their kindly help that we were able, within a few hours, to muster men in sufficient numbers to begin our operations.
AFTER a brief survey I discovered traces of cement, which made it evident that part of the village is built on the site of the ancient city; so I made up my mind to try my luck here before venturing into the very heart of the ruins, which I wished to take time to study. I began by opening four trenches in a small square used for bull-fighting, not far from Plaza Mayor. The first two yielded nothing particular, the next gave more satisfactory results; for here we came upon some dozen children’s tombs, and five or six adults’, if we are to judge from vases and other objects we found, for nothing could be made of the bones, which crumbled into dust. The few vases we unearthed are made of black clay, with hollow lines, not unlike those at Tula. They
have flat bottoms from six to seven inches wide, with open brims, and from two to three inches high. Close to them were found traces of skeletons, which we know to have been those of poor people, for the bodies of the rich were burnt and their ashes placed in tombs. The vases were often found in couples; they are unfortunately so old, the ground is so hard as to form one mass with the vase, and so notwithstanding all our precautions, all our care in digging the ground and taking it up with daggers, they were broken to pieces, and I was only able to save a few. As to the bodies, they were so far gone, that it was impossible to ascertain their position; they were generally found from one foot three inches to one foot nine inches, and three feet three inches deep. The children were buried in a kind of circular vases, with upright brims; two of the skeletons were almost perfect, but the skulls, as thin as a sheet of paper, fell to pieces at my touch. On the same day I unearthed a goodly number of terra-cotta figures, a fine moulded mask, an axe, a few pots, one of which is ribbed and beautifully moulded, a number of small round pebbles, evidently marbles buried with the children; besides a large quantity of obsidian knives, by far the finest and lightest I have seen; round pieces of slate, presumably used as currency, bezotes, rings worn on the lower lip, arrow-heads, whilst numerous sheets of mica were found in every tomb.* Among human remains we also noticed those of the techichi, edible dog, parts of birds, and victuals, to sustain the dead on his long journey beyond the grave.

Leaving my men under my substitute, I went with Marcelino a little way beyond the village towards Pachucha, to visit the cuevas or pits of old quarries, which were subsequently used as catacombs; they are two miles and a half west of the Pyramid of the Moon. The first we visit has a circular aperture of considerable:

* Sheets of mica were used by Red Indians to cover human bones when falling into dust.
size, with three narrow low galleries branching off in different directions at an angle of forty to forty-five degrees. The first explorers of these caves found human remains side by side with those of ruminants. The next cavern, of far greater dimensions, is three hundred and fifty feet further off. We enter one of the galleries, and walk for ten minutes before we can see the end; my guide assures me that this gallery extends as far as the Pyramid of the Sun, three miles beyond; that the whole country around is undermined by these cuevas, the soil of which is conglomerate.

We now come to large halls,
supported by incredibly small pillars; the population round about use them as ball-rooms twice a year, and nothing can give an idea of the almost magic effect they then present. In this cueva the conglomerate is split up into gigantic isolated blocks of the most fantastic, weird shapes, in juxtaposition with a perpendicular calcareous formation. The next cavern we visit has a well and a rotunda in the centre; ghastly stories are told of the brigands who formerly used this cueva as a burial-place for their victims after having plundered them; wild suppositions which derive a colouring from the numerous human remains to be found everywhere, which are, however, undoubtedly the bones of the earlier Indians, as the thickness of the skulls sufficiently indicates.

From the cuevas we return to the ruins, where I look forward to bringing to light a house, that I may prove Teotihuacan to have been as much a Toltec city as Tula. Whilst casting about where to begin I noticed parts of walls, broken cement and terraces, north of the river, when forthwith we cleared away the rubbish until we reached the floor, following the walls, corners, and openings of the various apartments, as we had done at Tula; and when three days later the engineer, Mr. P. Castro, joined us, ten rooms, forming part of the house, had been unearthed. He was so surprised at our success that, stopping short, he exclaimed: "Why, it is our Tula palace over again!"

And so it was—inner court, apartments on different levels, everything as we had found before, save that here the rooms were much larger and most supported by pillars; one of these chambers measures 49 feet on one side, that is 732 feet in circumference. The walls, nearly six feet seven inches thick, are built of stone and mortar, incrusted with deep cement, sloping up about three feet and terminating perpendicularly. The centre of
the room is occupied by six pillars, on which rose stone, brick, or wood columns bearing the roof.

This is undoubtedly a palace, and these are the reception rooms; the sleeping apartments were behind; unfortunately they lie under cultivated ground covered with Indian corn, so we are not permitted to disturb them. In the large room we observed small stone rings fixed to the wall, and on each side of the entrance, also fixed to the wall, two small painted slabs. What had been their use? To support lights at night? But how was that possible? For even now the only lights the natives use are *ocoles*, pieces of resinous wood, whilst the slabs bear no traces of smoke. I had, it is true, met in the course of my excavations with terra-cotta objects which might have been taken for candlesticks, but to which I had attached no importance, when I suddenly recollected a passage in Sahagun
bearing on the subject: "The chandler who knows how to do his work first bleaches, cleans and melts the wax, and when in a liquid state he pours it on a wick and rolls it between two slabs; he sometimes puts a layer of black wax within a white layer," etc.* My first supposition had been right.

Here also the floors and walls are coated with mortar, stucco, or cement, save that in the dwellings of the rich, necessarily few, they are ornamented with figures, as principal subject, with a border like an Aubusson carpet. The colours are not all effaced, red, black, blue, yellow, and white, are still discernible; a few examples of these frescoes are to be seen in the Trocadéro. I am convinced that numerous treasures might be brought to light were regular excavations to be made, but the Mexican Government, which would have most interest in such a work, does not seem to care to undertake it.

Leaving my men under the direction of Colonel Castro, I return to the "Path of Death," composed of a great number of small mounds, Tlatelolcs, the tombs of great men. They are arranged symmetrically in avenues terminating at the sides of the great pyramids, on a plain of some 620 feet to 975 feet in length; fronting them are cemented steps, which must have been used as seats by the spectators during funeral ceremonies or public festivities. On the left, amidst a mass of ruins, are broken pillars, said to have belonged to a temple; the huge capitals have some traces of sculpture. Next comes a quadrangular block, of which a cast is to be found in the main gallery of the Trocadéro.

In the course of my excavations I had found now and again numerous pieces of worked obsidian, precious stones, beads, etc., within the circuit of ants' nests, which these busy insects had

* Sahagun, "Hist. de las Cosas de España."
extracted from the ground in digging their galleries; and now on
the summit of the lesser pyramid I again came upon my friends,
and among the things I picked out of their nests was a perfect
earring of obsidian, very small and as thin as a sheet of paper. It
is not so curious as it seems at first, for we are disturbing a ground
formed by fifty generations.

Glass does not seem to have been known to the Indians, for
although Tezcatlipoca was often figured with a pair of spectacles,
they may only have been figurative ones like those of the
manuscripts, terra-cotta, or bassi-rilievi, for there is nothing to show
that they had any idea of optics.

I now went back to my men, when to my great delight I found
they had unearthed two large slabs showing the entrance of two
sepulchres; they were the first I had yet found, and considering
them very important, I immediately telegraphed to Messrs.
Chavero and Berra, both of whom are particularly interested in
American archaeology. I expected to see them come by the very
next train, to view not only the tombstones, but also the palace,
which attracted a great number of visitors; but to my surprise one
sent word that he had a headache, whilst the other pleaded a less
poetic ailment. *Ab uno discere omnes;* most American writers speak
of ancient monuments from hearsay—from foreign travellers who
have visited them—they never having taken the trouble to travel
any distance to see them.

One of the slabs closed a vault, and the other a cave with
perpendicular walls; we went down the former by a flight of steps
in fairly good condition, yet it was a long and rather dangerous
affair, for we were first obliged to demolish a wall facing us, in
which we found a skull, before we could get to the room which
contained the tombs. The vases within them are exactly like
those we found in the plaza, except that one is filled with a fatty
substance—like burnt flesh—mixed with some kind of stuff, the
woof of which is still discernible, besides beads of serpentine, bones of dogs and squirrels, knives of obsidian twisted by the action of fire. We know from Sahagun that the dead were buried with their clothes and their dogs to guide and defend them in their long journey: “When the dead were ushered into the presence of the king of the nether world, Mictlantecuhtli, they offered him papers, bundles of sticks, pine-wood and perfumed reeds, together with loosely twisted threads of white and red cotton, a manta, a maxtli, tunics, and shirts. When a woman died her whole wardrobe was carefully put aside, and a portion burnt eighty days after; this operation was repeated on that day twelve months for four years, when everything that had belonged to the deceased was finally consumed. The dead then came out of the first circle to go successively through nine others encompassed by a large river. On its banks were a number of dogs which helped their owners to cross the river; whenever a ghost neared the bank, his dog immediately jumped into the river and swam by his side or carried him to the opposite bank.”* It was on this account that Indians had always several small dogs about them.

The speech which was addressed to the dead when laid out previous to being buried is so remarkable as to make one suspect that the author unconsciously added something of his own: “Son, your earthly hardships and sufferings are over. We are but mortal, and it has pleased the Lord to call you to himself. We had the privilege of being intimately acquainted with you; but now you share the abode of the gods, whither we shall all follow, for such is the destiny of man. The place is large enough to receive every one; but although all are bound for the gloomy bourn, none ever return.” Then followed the speech addressed to the nearest kinsman of the dead: “O

* Sahagun, Appendix to lib. iii. cap. i.
son, cheer up; eat, drink, and let not your mind be cast down. Against the divine fiat who can contend? This is not of man's doing; it is the Lord's. Take comfort to bear up against the evils of daily life; for who is able to add a day, an hour, to his existence? Cheer up, therefore, as becomes a man."*

But to return to our tombstones. They are both alike, being about five feet high, three feet five inches broad, and six inches and a half thick. The upper side is smooth, the lower has some carving in the shape of a cross, four big tears or drops of water, and a pointed tongue in the centre, which, starting from the bottom of the slab, runs up in a line parallel to the drops.

Knowing how general was the worship of Tlaloc among...

* Sahagun, Appendix to lib. III. cap. i.
the Indians, I conjectured this had been a monument to the god of rain, to render him propitious to the dead; a view shared and enlarged upon by Dr. Hamy in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences in November, 1882; and that I should be in accord with the eminent specialist on American antiquities is a circumstance to make me proud. I may add that the carving of this slab is similar to that of the cross on the famous basso-relievo at Palenque; so that the probability of the two monuments having been erected to the god of rain is much strengthened thereby.

As our slabs are far more archaic than those at Palenque, we think we are justified in calling them earlier in time—the parent samples of the later ones. Nor is our assumption unsupported, for we shall subsequently find that the cult of Tlaloc and Quetzalcoatl was carried by the Toltecs in their distant peregrinations. These slabs, therefore, and the pillars we found in the village, acquire a paramount importance in establishing the affiliation of Toltec settlements in Tabasco, Yucatan, and other places, furnishing us with further data in regard to certain monuments at Palenque, the steles of Tikal, and the massive monolith idols of Copan.

I next attacked the terraced court fronting the palace towards the Path of Death, and the amount of constructions and substructures we came upon is almost beyond belief: inclined stuccoed walls crossing each other in all directions, flights of steps leading to terraces within the pyramid, ornaments, pottery, and detritus; so much so that the pyramid might not improperly be called a necropolis, in which the living had their dwellings.

In a word, our campaign at Teotihuacan was as successful as our campaign at Tula. We were attended by the same good fortune, and the reader whom such things may interest will find a bas-relief of both Toltec palaces, and of one of the tombstones,
in the Trocadéro. The other I offered, as in duty bound, to the Mexican Government, which allowed it to remain in the village for eighteen months, when Mr. Cumplido, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, had it brought to Mexico, and sold it to the Museum for £10.

From what has been said it will be seen that the monuments at Teotihuacan were partly standing at the time of the Conquest.

Our next investigations will take us to the Sierra.
On my first visit to the country, three-and-twenty years before, I had gone to the Sierra for the purpose of making a collection of photographs of Popocatepetl and the hills surrounding it. As my men were getting my camera ready I amused myself in scratching the ground with my stick, when, to my great surprise, I discovered a bit of pottery and presently a whole vase; I next tried the
ground with my dagger and unearthed more vases, side by side with human remains. At that time, however, I was so absorbed by my photography, so ill prepared for gauging the importance of monuments and objects of antiquity regarding the country I was visiting, that I did not follow up my discovery; but now, deeply conscious of their interest, I returned to Popocatépetl, in the hope of finding the place as I had left it, and to be able to bring to light its hidden treasures.

Before going any further I wish to make the reader acquainted with my travelling companions. First in rank and importance stands Don Perez Castro, a Colonel of the Artillery, appointed by the Mexican Government to watch and share my labours and discoveries. Colonel Castro has taken part in all the battles and combats of his country during the Franco-Austrian empire of Maximilian; he is used to every climate, always ready to make the best of everything, blessed, moreover, with a perfect temper, a thorough good fellow, a caballero of the old school, with whom it is impossible not to get on. Next comes my private secretary, young Albert Lemaire, a promising topographer, a good draughtsman, who accepts cheerfully the hardships, privations, nay, the occasional perils of the expedition. Our servant, Julian Diaz, completes the list. He is a good specimen of a Calino, sweet-tempered, obliging, devoted, and indefatigable, and as simple and guileless as a child; he is never seen without his faithful dog d'Artagnan, a fine-looking animal, far too lazy to be any good against thieves or in the pursuit of game.

S. Lazarus is the station of a new line connecting Mexico with Morelos and Amecameca; here travellers must beware of the “cargadores,” who swoop down on the luggage like birds of prey, and if they are not more than quick in protecting their traps they will, in all probability, never see them again. Poor Julian learnt it to his cost, for in spite of all our vigilance, our fighting, our
rushing madly after our porters not to lose sight of our things, when we reached the platform Julian's trunk was gone. I was indignant, but he took his mischance quite philosophically, as though it did not concern him, lighting his cigar and taking his seat without a word of reproach against his unscrupulous countrymen.

The guard gives the signal, the whistle is heard, and we steam out of this squalid station, following the road by which Cortez entered Mexico. In the time of the Aztecs it was planted with beautiful trees, a glowing vegetation and pleasant groves clad the borders of the lake, over which glided a thousand light skiffs and floating chinampas; but now the waters which penetrated the city everywhere have receded so far as to be hardly visible, and the bright towns and hamlets, once washed by them, have been removed miles inland, leaving a barren strip of land with incrustations of salt on the surface. It is refreshing to abandon this unhealthy, horrible swamp to skirt S. Anita's Canal, with its grassy banks, great trees, pretty villas, and blooming gardens overlooking the water. We perceive a few Indians among the reeds of the muddy waters casting their small nets to get a white fish to be found here. We pass Peñon with its sulphureous springs, stop at Santa Marta, once the culminating point of the road, and we shall soon leave behind the basin of the lake once so animated, so full of life, but now mournful and desolate beyond redemption.

The inhabitants, with amazing stupidity, even since my first visit, have laid low the forests of sombre pines and ilexes which shrouded the slopes of the volcanic hills occupying the valley, and imparting to it so unique a character; and now torrential rains carry away the soil no longer held by roots, leaving the rocks bare, so that nothing grows excepting the prickly pear or the funereal opuntiums.
It is not very difficult to see where this state of things will end. We can approximately calculate the time when the requirements of the railway will attack the rare forests as yet crowning the higher hills, and their summits be denuded also!

After Ayotla the landscape somewhat improves. We begin to see a few gardens, a few olive-trees, immense plantations of aloe, affording at once drink and raiment, yellow maize ready to be gathered before the impending rains. We are approaching the mountains and have passed Compañía and Lake Chalco on our right, and go through Rio Frio, once a favourite station for brigands. On my first journey I fell a prey to them with a diligence full of people, when like a flock of sheep we all stood to be plundered by two wretched looking fellows one could have brought down at one blow. At that time, however, it was deemed wise to offer no resistance, for fear of unseen companions lurking
close by. Now Popocatpetl and Iztaccihuatl, bearing to heaven their snowy peaks, become more and more distinct; here is Tematla, and a few minutes more bring us to Tenango del Aire, "windy," where violent winds generally prevail. The line here leaves the old road which used to pass Tlalmanal, and for my part I regret it, as I miss seeing the remains of a convent built in the first years of the Conquest, which was never finished.

The ruins are composed of fragments of walls with a portico formed by five arches, supported by slender columns as finely sculptured as a Chinese ivory casket. Indian artists executed this beautiful carving after designs furnished by the Catholic Spaniards. I am told by the guard that when this line was open, hundreds of vases, statuettes, pottery of every shape and size were unearthed, none of which found their way to the Museum, the officials having shared the spoil among themselves. It is grievous to think that so many precious objects are lost to science, when it would be so easy for the Mexican Government to introduce a clause by which the contractors bound themselves to give up to the authorities any antiquities they happened to bring to light.

It was seven o'clock when we entered the station of Amecameca, having been four hours in performing a journey of some sixty-four miles. It was now pitch dark, so that our luggage was piled into the cart without our examining it, and it was not until we were in the house which was to take us in, there being no hotel in the place, that I perceived both locks of my portmanteau had been broken and £20 out of £60 taken. I naturally complained to the authorities, but as I could not say where the theft had taken place (though it must have been accomplished either at the station in Mexico or in the train) I obtained no redress, and I comforted myself with the thought that it would have been much worse had they taken the whole.

Amecameca is situated at an altitude of 626 feet above Mexico,
buscar alguna cosa en la cabaña, y que amarra de nuevo la hamaca, me vuelve a tender en ella y hace fumigaciones sobre brasas de carbon. Creía que quería desinfectar el aire, pero me dice que ha visto una serpiente que se escondía entre las hojas de la techumbre, y que está seguro de ahuyentarla quemando semillas de algodón.

Por último, a las cuatro se me pasa el acceso, voy á tomar un baño y digo á mis huéspedes, que estaban alarmados por mi enfermedad, que mi malestar es pasajero.

25 de setiembre.—Creía exagerar al tranquilizarlos así, pero después de pasar una buena noche, me encuentro bastante fuerte para ponerme en camino.

Continuamos atravesando una porción de corrientes, entre las cuales citaré tan sólo el río Yenuparau que costeamos algún tiempo. En los primeros momentos de marcha, siento cierta sequedad y una sed que no puedo mitigar, por más que bebo en todas las corrientes. Por último, a las diez y después de atravesar una montaña á buen paso, el sudor me cae por la frente y experimento algún bienestar.

Prosiguiendo nuestra marcha, atravesamos los ríos Timborau y Uruapi, que, como el Yenuparau, no tienen otro interés sino sus nombres que significan algo en la lengua de los oyampys. Yenupa es el nombre de un fruto, la *genipa americana*, que, cuando se le corta, se ennegrece al contacto del aire y da el color negro-azulado con que los indios se embadurnan el cuerpo. La palabra Timbo es el nombre del Robinia Nicu que sirve para embriagar á los peces, y uru significa cazabe.

Después de cuatro horas de marcha nos detenemos en una choza habitada por un tal Kiuoro, que es también el nombre de un ara rojo con manchas amarillas en las alas (*Ara Canga*).—Paso la tarde observando á mis huéspedes y estudiando su lengua. Observo un viejo que por excepción lleva toda la barba, es decir, unos cuantos pelos negros, escasos y bastante recios sobre el labio superior y la barbilla. Este hombre con su barba rala como la de la raza asiática, sus pómulos salientes, su tez amarilla y sus ojos oblicuos, se parece á un chino.

Los indios tienen la costumbre de arrancarse el pelo de la barba, cogiendo al efecto pelo por pelo entre una plaquita de bambú y el pulgar, y arrancándolo ó rompiéndolo dándole una media vuelta. Los oyampys llavan los cabellos muy largos y flotantes, pero cortados sobre la frente á la altura del arco superciliar. Las mujeres van peinadas del mismo modo que los hombres, pero nunca se ponen coronas para sujetarse los cabellos.

Me entretengo en copiar las figuras y los arabescos de que están cubiertas las gentes de la aldea, los cuales presentan mucha analogía con los grabados que he visto en algunas rocas. Ocurreme en seguida la idea de cortar un pedazo de carbon y dárselo al capitán Juan Luis, rogándole que dibuje algo en mi cuaderno al cual llama *careta*, así como da el nombre de *cusiuar* á los dibujos que ejecuta. Juan Luis apénas sabe dibujar; en cambio el joven Yami traza rápidamente, no con carbon, sino con lápiz, figuras de hombre, de perro, de tigre, y de todos los animales y diablos del país. Otro indio reproduce toda clase de arabescos que tiene la costumbre de pintar con janipa.

Al ver que regalo algunas agujas á mis dibujantes, todos me piden un lápiz para embor-
at the foot of Monte-Sacro, planted with beautiful trees; the air is cool even in summer and the climate good. This circumstance has made it a favourite resort for the rich Mexicans eager to escape from the excessive heat of the plain. But even in this favoured climate storms, rain, and winds prevail during several months of the year; hence perpendicular roofs have replaced azoteas, giving it the aspect of an Alpine village. No more enchanting scenery can well be imagined: to the south-east, great Popocatepetl rises to the enormous height of 17,852 feet above the level of the sea; fronting it to the east Iztaccihuatl, 15,208 feet, spreading its mantle of snow over its broad surface; and if yielding in bulk and height to its gigantic neighbour it is far more picturesque, surrounded by a belt of hills, with a thousand fantastic forms, broken peaks, massive rocks, and deep ravines, presenting a variety and richness of colouring unsurpassed anywhere. In the morning the plain is covered with a slight white mist, like a bridal veil, through which show the tapering stalks of Indian corn and the gloomy masses of trees. In this light the lower hills are of a tender peacock-green, deepening to the darkest blue in the barrancas, whilst the crests are tinged with a faint blush; but when storms, at this season very frequent, burst upon the gigantic and broken surface of these mountains, when clouds sweep across their slopes clashing against each other, and the lightning illumines the whole sky, when the thunder is re-echoed from all these peaks, from all these pinnacles, to die in the distant ravines, one understands how a primitive race peopled Popocatepetl with giants and evil spirits, whose agonies in their prison-house found expression in these convulsions of nature. But if at this season we have a succession of thunderstorms and torrential rains, if the sky is overcast at night and white exhalations rise from the plain, the mornings are bright and wonderfully calm.

The Municipality took measures some time since to have
Amecameca, which numbers 1,500 inhabitants, lighted with petroleum, their finances precluding gas; but, alas! they had counted without the *rateros*, who on the very first night spread over the city, put out simultaneously all the lamps and carried them off. But I hear some one ask, what is a *ratero*? A ratero is ubiquitous and essentially an American institution. His strength as a thief lies in being a member of a very “long firm.” He is always to be found in crowds, whether in the market-place, church, or theatre; he penetrates ill-closed houses, whence he takes anything valuable; he strips railway carriages of their fixtures, and railways of their wooden rails—the largest beams are not safe from his grasp; horses and cattle are frequently driven from one district to be sold in another by the ratero. Rateros hardly ever miss a party crossing the Cordilleras, and they take care to be in sufficient numbers to ensure victory. It was a ratero who carried off Julian’s box, and a ratero had eased me of £20.
The immediate attraction of Amecameca is Monte-Sacro, a volcanic hill, fire-rent, rising from the centre of the town to a height of 325 feet. There is a grotto which was turned into a hermitage at the time of the Conquest. The place soon acquired great celebrity for holiness on account of miracles which were performed thereat; chapels, churches, and a good road with the twelve stations of the Cross, were erected by the piety and for the accommodation of devotees who came hither from all parts, and who, not satisfied with visiting the Monte-Sacro during their lifetime, often desired to be buried in the cemetery fronting the church, so that it is over-crowded.

The tombs are covered with cement and perfectly flat, with rude drawings made by the friends of the dead, who scratch with their hands and bare feet certain figures whilst the plaster is soft; but although I inquired of several people, I could obtain no satisfactory answer regarding the origin of this peculiar custom. The branches of the surrounding trees, as indeed those on the road up to the Cross, are hung with ex-votos of the oddest description: small crosses, bits of thread, coloured stuff, dead flowers, tangled hair, reminding one of offerings around Japanese temples. The view from the top of the hill is very fine and extensive, and the ascent has been made both easy and pleasant by a winding road planted with cypress trees to the north, and to the south side with ilexes of enormous size.

We were detained here by the weather, which was simply abominable, and also by the difficulty of procuring saddle-horses, mules to carry our baggage, and men inured by long experience to live and work in this rarefied atmosphere.

It was not without a feeling of deep satisfaction that we saw our last mule and our last man loaded ready to start. Our two best men are brothers, both of whom have been
employed in the sulphur-mines of Popocatepetl, one as fore-
man for the last eight-and-twenty years, and the other even
longer. The five remaining Indians are also "volcaneros,"
accustomed to live at an altitude of 13,000 to 17,550 feet
above the level of the sea.

At last every man is at his post, and we begin slowly the
ascent of the mountain.
CHAPTER X.

TENENEPANCO AND NAHUALAC CEMETERIES.


With a good horse and a comfortable saddle, the ascent of Popocatepetl is a delightful ride. The road rises so rapidly that the view, which was confined to the charming valley of Amecameca, becomes finer and more extensive at every turn of the road, embracing at last the entire plateau.
The air is crisp, the sun, though hot, is bearable, and when, after three hours' march, we reach the high mountain ridge, we pause to admire in silence the finest panorama in the world: the two great volcanoes to our right and left, the plain of Puebla on our rear, whilst before us stretches the marvellous plain of Mexico, every detail of which is distinctly visible in this clear atmosphere.

We are so lost in contemplation that the guide has at last to remind us that, unless we resume our march, we shall be late for luncheon, which awaits us at Tlamacas; but when we did reach it we found that the only accommodation to be had was a shed, open to rain, wind, and cold. There was fortunately a table and a chimney, and with our camp-beds we managed pretty well.

As soon as we had seen to our luggage we sallied forth in search of the cemetery under the escort of the chief guide, and began the ascent of Monte del Fraile, 782 feet high, over a distance of three miles. This may appear a small matter—but a short walk; yet a climb performed at an altitude of 13,000 feet on moving sand, every step of which is painful, is no joke: the head aches, the pulse throbs, every breath drawn is a gasp, the throat is dry, every attempt to stoop makes one dizzy, rest becomes necessary every few minutes; and on reaching the crest of Tenenepanco rock we were thoroughly exhausted.

My impatience to find the cemetery was so great, that I could not stop long to contemplate the fine view to be seen here; we immediately began our search. But though I seemed to recognise the plateau, it looked somewhat different—strewn with flat stones I had not observed before—consequently I climbed higher, followed by an old Indian who had been with me in my first expedition, and who opened the ground in several
en una enmarañada cabellera de ramaje. Apatú dice que es preciso salir cuanto antes de este mal paso, porque ve que las aguas bajan considerablemente; y en efecto, estas raíces que deberían estar sumergidas, están a un metro sobre el nivel del agua.

Ocupado en trazar el plano del río, me expongo a chocar con las ramas de esas raíces de las que se desprende un limo seco o millares de insectos desagradables.

Por la tarde cambia enteramente el paisaje. A los arcos pintorescos sucede una confusa masa de bejucos enredados, entre los cuales desaparece del todo el camino, así es que para abrirnos paso, hay que hacer esfuerzos sobrehumanos. Al primer machetazo, se despierta sobresaltada una serpiente que huye rápida como un relámpago. En una distancia de cincuenta metros tenemos que abrir un verdadero túnel, invirtiendo dos horas y media en franquearlo. Los hombres han de relevarse en este trabajo difícil, y las embarcaciones turnan en abrirse paso. Cuassi, que trabaja con mucho ardor, se hace una profunda herida en una rodilla, y tiene que suspender su tarea: recompensa su celo regalándole el machete con que se ha herido.

A las once horas de lucha sostenida con aquella inextricable vegetación, llegamos a un claro donde juzgamos á propósito detenernos para pernoctar. Mientras cocemos un fluco botoro (botoros tigrinus) que he cazado, Cuassi, á pesar de su herida, se pone á pescar usando como cebo las vísceras de dicha ave. El botoro, notable por su delgadez, es muy común en los ríos de la Guayana: se alimenta de pecesillos que coge en los sitios poco profundos, huyendo al acercarse una canoa; no vuelta á gran distancia, y se le ve descansar en una roca ó en un tronco de árbol inclinado sobre el río. En menos de una hora ha sacado Cuassi á la orilla tres grandes aymaras que mata á machetazos. Esta pesca me causa gran satisfacción porque nos proporciona víveres para tres comidas: mañana no tendrá el ánimo intranquilo pensando en el alimento de mi tripulación.

Antes de seguir adelante debo decir que desde que nos embarcamos hemos recorrido una distancia total de nueve kilómetros bajando el Ruapir. Habiendo trabajado dos largos días para recorrer este trayecto, no hemos avanzado por término medio más que quinientos metros por hora. Lo que nos descorazona es que cuanto más adelante vamos, con mayores dificultades tropezamos, puesto que el primer día hemos avanzado cinco kilómetros en sólo ocho horas, al paso que el segundo hemos invertido once horas en cuatro kilómetros. El barómetro marca 739 milímetros.

1º octubre.—En el momento de partir echamos de ver que las canoas hacen agua de tal modo que es imposible seguir adelante sin efectuar en ellas grandes reparaciones. En vano es que Apatú les eche piezas que cose con las raíces adventicias sacadas de una planta llamada mami por los rucuyos y camina por los negros bonis. Todos los indios conocen esta especie de filodendron que se encuentra en toda la América ecuatorial, y de la cual se sirven á modo de cuerda para tirar de sus canoas al remontar las cascadas. Siendo más flexible que el aruma, los galibis y los rucuyos la usan también para sus obras de cestería.

Sentimos no tener estopa para tapar las grietas; pero Cuassi que anda un poco á pesar de su herida, nos trae una gran tira de corteza gruesa que acaba de arrancar de un gran árbol,
places. It was found very hard, compact, gravelly, without any appearance of ever having been disturbed; so after many fruitless attempts, I returned to the first place, when the old Indian, who had not breathed a word hitherto, said:

"Señor, this is the place where you found some vases the last time you were here."

"But how do these flags come here?"

"Oh, from subsequent excavations."

"Then I am sold, robbed, done out of my find," I cried in my disappointment, as though the cemetery were my property.

"But," objected the old volcanero softly, "only a few loads of detritus were taken away; there must be more to come out."

Acting on advice which seemed so reasonable, I soon discovered numerous tepalcates, fragments of vases, cups, and various potteries; we had lost so much time, however, in looking about, that we were soon obliged to abandon the mountain, trusting in what the morrow would bring forth.

A few words about our encampment may not be out of place here. The men occupied an open shed, with a huge chimney in the centre, where twice a day they prepared their own food, consisting of a small quantity of meat and the indispensable tortilla, the whole washed down with a good drop of mezcal. They slept on trusses of dry grass and mats. We were not better housed than the men, whilst our cooking was a great deal worse; if our shed was not quite so open, it was sufficiently so to admit the bitter night cold; the wind came in at all the windows unprotected by any shutters, through the thousand cracks of the ill-jointed enclosure, searing our faces and causing incessant sneezing. Although whole trees were burnt in the huge chimney, it made no appreciable difference in the atmosphere of the room, and as there was no tunnel we were nearly suffocated by the smoke, which, hovering about us, only
escaped through the roof. At this altitude, with six or seven degrees below zero (Centigrade) at night, our bed of gutta-percha felt like icicles, and every time I came in direct contact with it, I instantly awoke.

The food was plentiful, for the Tlacualero, our "errand-man," went twice a day to Amecameca to fetch what was required for the whole party; and although the distance was fifteen leagues over a mountain path, I never knew him late. But if provisions were abundant, Julian's cooking was so extraordinarily bad, that the only one who seemed to enjoy and thrive on it was the dog d'Artagnan; to him it was a matter of indifference if cutlets and beefsteaks were burnt to a cinder, if beans were transformed into sticks—nothing came amiss. As for us, not wishing to starve, we were obliged at last to do the cooking ourselves and confine our Calino to "washing up." Not that he was a bad fellow, far from it; he deserved in every respect the excellent character I had received with him for honesty, but a man may have given satisfaction as a sacristan, as no doubt he had, and yet be a sorry cook.

The chill nights were certainly trying, but they were made up to us by the glorious mornings; we rose with the first light of day; the sun, still invisible to us, was already greeting the summit of the great volcano, from which rose a light vapour. We watched the snow changing from a delicate pink to dazzling white; the crest of El Fraile, as yet wrapped in nocturnal mists, showed gray against a transparent blue sky, whilst its base, shrouded by a deep fringe of funeral pines, gradually emerged from their gloom at the sun's magic touch. To the east the plain of Puebla, and far away on the horizon the imposing cone of Orizaba, whilst in the middle distance the severe outline of Malinche seemed to divide the sky. The city de los Angeles, with her square massive buildings, her steeples, cupolas, the towers of the cathedral, the