THE RUINS OF MONTEZUMA.

Footprints of a Dead and Forgotten Race.

THEIR SILENT, DESOLATE HOMES

A Day in the Haunts of the Aztecs in New Mexico—Relics of Their Works of Defense—Miles of Lava Beds—A Strange Race.

The Home of the Aztecs.

GRANTS, New Mexico, June 25.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Leaving Grants I rode for several hours toward the south, crossing first a rugged lava bed and then a long stretch of dry, sandy country that appeared incapable of supporting anything save here and there a struggling and dwarfed cedar or pinon tree, and a few spreading cacti, whose long, keen daggers I fancied were capable of resisting even the elements. Directly in front, with its massive, irregular outlines, rose a high sandstone mesa (table land) that from its peculiar situation in an open country looked as though in ancient ages it had been carried on the bosom of a gigantic iceberg, which on suddenly dissolving left it a rugged, barren and precipitous mass of rock, sitting there alone. Indians perhaps there are now that could easily indulge their superstitious fancies to such an extent as to believe a certain watchful spirit, who ever had an eye to their well-being, caused this particular mesa to spring into its present location, in order that it might afford a natural fort for the safety of their ancestors, for which purpose it was evidently used. From directions received from settlers thereabouts I recognized in the giant walls and towering cliffs the objects that induced a lonely voyage, over a rough uninhabited country, and which, together with other features are known here as the ruins of Montezuma. After riding around the base, the distance of about a mile, in search of a trail or break by which I could make the ascent by animal and failing to find a place where I dared lead a horse, I dismounted and instituted all further explorations sometimes on foot, but frequently on all fours.

Scattered around the valley, at the base of the mesa were numerous old ruins, the disordered remains of large stone structures that, yielding from the accumulation of soil above them, long ago tumbled into decay. Judging from the difficulty one must experience in reaching the more unimpregnable citadel on the summit, I should infer that these lower abodes were occupied either by the people during their intervals of peace, or that their origin dates posterior to the erection of the others. Still another theory worthy of acceptance regarding them would be their utility in sheltering such live stock as those aboriginal people possessed. Although unacquainted with any history relative to the origin, customs or avocations of the Aztecs I can, from practical observations, safely assume them to have been a race of untiring energy and thrift. Every result of their labors remaining at the present day, even though shattered and rendered incomplete by the inroads of time, bears indisputable evidence of the vast power of physical force necessary for the continuation of such durable and pretentious stone buildings, while each structure remaining upright at the present time is a monument in itself to the rare mechanical ingenuity possessed and displayed by the erectors. Each stone is shaved and rounded to a nicity. The corners of some buildings are turned into an almost perfect half-circle, while in one instance I discovered the lower portion of a deep fireplace, the cap-stone of which had been cut into an arch. As old Mexican settlers have found a number of stone hatchets among these ruins it is reasonable to suppose them to be the instruments used in cutting or chisseling the rocks. The hatchets are made from a hard white or light blue flint of the same nature as we find in the ordinary Indian arrow-head. What tools were used in shaping these is not made very satisfactorily apparent, but the generally accepted theory is, I believe, that they were formed by similar pieces of flint, only larger, and held while in use by the hand. Going into a deep, rocky canon that penetrated on an incline into the main body of the mesa, and the three sides of which, after entering about one hundred feet, were smooth, impassable, perpendicular walls, I found a small spring of water that afforded but a very feeble flow indeed, which oozed out of a small crevice between the boulders. The liquid was quite cool and refreshing, however, though heavily impregnated with iron. About the spring the water had formed a soft, sandy mud, in which were sunk a number of deer tracks, showing, conclusively, that those timid creatures had found this solitary haunt, where they came, no doubt, to enjoy its quietude and drink, unmolested, of the water.

Retracing the canon and mounting a steep bank over grown with a dense under-brush of mesquite, sage and cedar, I came rather apruptly against another almost perpendicular mass of sand stone, bleached nearly white from so long facing the elements. In the very bosom of this massive wall, numerous indentures, following one above the other, still remained. They had evidently at one time been much deeper, and were undoubtedly excavated by human hands. By the aid of these uncertain foot-holds I was enabled to progress higher, and further examinations brought to light unmistakable evidences of an old, well defined and much used trail. Remnants of this pathway, which of course lead from the top, to the spring below, became conspicuous at short intervals, and the nearer the summit the better it retained its original shape. Some of the steps were formed by slabs of rock, being rolled into place just sufficient distance apart to facilitate an ordinary stride, while others were cut into solid stone. A close scrutiny proved the hollow places to be worn quite smooth, so much so as to completely obliterate all traces of the stone hammer. While the action of time has, as a matter of course, been instrumental in producing this effect, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to discern numberless imprints of moccasined feet of young Indian braves, or buck-skin clad maidens who, centuries ago, labored up the winding path bearing huge "tinajas" of water upon their heads from the spring below. And, by the way, certain it is also that in former times this same water source yielded a stream sufficiently large to supply the needs of many people, as it is now a well-proven fact that the Aztecs, when leaving any stamping ground, either from necessity brought about by hostile races or voluntarily, endeavored to conceal all traces of water, and covered the springs first (as I have personally found) with a thick layer of cement made from sand and wood ashes and then by innumerable stones, which they piled above, and often to such an extent as to form large mounds. To accomplish this required much labor, but by reason of so many workers was no doubt quickly completed. Their reasons for such an action becomes at once apparent when we consider that pursuing parties would be greatly hindered, if not entirely baffled, by having their water supply shut off along the line of march Pausing about midway the ascent to gain breath and view the surrounding country, I could but note how great and sad the change unknown circumstances had wrought about this once thriving pueblo. Here on this same precipitous trail perhaps, in past and busier times, many an ardent lad and dusky maiden paused on their respective ways, and, while the sun sank beyond yon distant peaks and gentle twilight spread apace o'er the quiet valley below, breathed the oft-told tale of love and affection where naught could have heard their passionate whispers save the mute, cold rocks. And those rough, beetling crags that now look so formidable and reach out into space as though ready to come crashing down to blot one out of existence, in the dim long ago perchance rang loudly with the echoes of merry laughter

Under a projecting ledge, near the summit, nestled a small house, which, from its position, I took to be a sentinel or look-out post. It certainly was an unimpregnable structure, as two walls forming the back and one side were part of the main mountain, just as nature had fashioned them, straight and solid. One small aperture barely wide enough to admit a man, answered for both door and window. The interior walls were plastered over quite smoothly with a fine, clinging mud, and cemented into the wall on one side some inches from the roof were short, straight fragments of a peculiar wood that apparently was as sound as the day placed there, which must have been at least 600 years ago.

The view from the little window was varied and grand, the elevation being sufficiently high to bring miles and miles of dark, burnt lava beds into sight on one side, and long sloping, sandy valleys on the other, and year after year perhaps, a watchful, keen-eyed sentinel sat in this small, rock-bound room anxiously scanning the surrounding country for signs of the enemy. The place had a very dry and musty odor about it, as though the inclosed air was laden with the breath of dim tradition, a circumstance which called to mind, in a strange, wierd way, the mountain-backed domicile or a long-robed monk or world-dispising hermit. The tumbled and shattered remains of buildings scattered around the broad, level summit formed a scene both wild and picturesque. In some instances only parts of an ancient edifice had collapsed, leaving one or two tall, grim walls that stood inanimate sentinels over the ruined pile. Large mountain rats scampered in and out among the rocks, and eagles have their nests hidden in the dark secluded nooks. Fragments of pottery, the glaze on which time has not worn, are scattered quite numerously about the ground. The former dwellers must have been experts at pottery-making, as the specimens found are superior in finish to that made by existing Indians. Most of it is striped with vari-hued colors, red and black being the most conspicuous. With the aid of a pick was unearthed an exceptionally large piece on which, portrayed in black, were the outlines of a gigantic bird, with legs so long as to leave part of them (this is merely guess work, however), clinging to the remaining portion of the vessel and buried no doubt beyond recovery. The outer edge of the mesa curved into a rude circle, and around the entire circumference—the distance of about a mile—a high massive wall built of small stones once stood, to defy advances from an enemy. Part of it yet remains and part has fallen hundreds of feet, into the yawning abyss below. Pinon and cedar trees have sprouted, grown and decayed upon the ground once trod as the floor of a family mansion and even since the fall of the walls.

It seems almost incredible that on this desolate mount, where nothing breaks the silence but the screech of wild birds or the mournful, ominous howl of a hungry coyote, a colony of human beings existed and made the giant rocks ring with their activity. All now is quiet and tomb-like,—tall, rank vegetation grows upon the family hearth, and the graves of men and women are destined to remain forever hid to mortal eyes and are covered perhaps, by the shattered ruins of the very houses their mouldering occupants helped to build. H. B.

EXPOSITION BUILDING COMPLETED.

And Everything in Readiness for the Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati.

The Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States will be opened to the public July 4th, 1888, at Cincinnati, and continue until the 27th day of October, day and night. The most extensive preparations have been made for this event, the citizens of Cincinnati alone guaranteeing its expenses to a million and fifty thousand dollars. The buildings, covering forty acres, have been erected in a central portion of the city, accessible by nearly all the street car lines, and as easily reached by a few minutes' walk. The preliminary arrangements have been completed, everything is in readiness, and the time for allotting space and receiving exhibits is near at hand.

Thus far there has not been a single hitch in the execution of the plans of the Commissioners.

The buildings, secure, capacious, and, in point of architecture, marvels of beauty and strength, were completed within the time specified, and were erected at a cost of $250,000. The furnishings and fittings are nearly all in place. In a word, such has been the order and energy displayed by the efficient Board, that the most extraordinary task of covering forty acres of territory, not with temporary structures, but with edifices which are in every point an honor to the city, has been accomplished without attracting ordinary attention.

The board of drainage of the valley of Mexico has made a contract for the building of the Toquixquiac tunnel. It will be 9,530 metres long, and will have a brick lining with an inner coating of cement. The cost is to be $2,350,000, and the job is to be completed in two and one-half years.

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ALL ABOUT PROMINENT MEN.

The Funny Situations in Which They Have Found Themselves.

WHAT THEY WERE THERE FOR.

How Jackson Got His Nick-Name—He Was Liberal—Fitz Simmons' Break—He Was No Business Man—A Dutch Indian.

He Was No Business Man.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts was lingering about the corridors of the Leland hotel the other day, says the Chicago Herald. He was apparently absorbed in his own meditations and was not paying the slightest attention to the excitement surrounding him. During one of his lengthy walks an Ohio man stepped up to him, and extending both hands effusively, greeted him:

"Why, Mr. Haskell, how do you do? I haven't seen you for the last ten years."

"That's all very well," said the dignified Mr. Hoar, "but Massachusetts men are perfectly acquainted with the bunco methods of Chicago, and you had better seek for Mr. Haskell elsewhere," and Mr. Hoar dignifiedly withdrew, while his would-be acquaintance murmured to himself: "—— his impertinence. I've been in business in Boston for twenty-five years, and I don't think I look much like a confidence man yet." And another Blaine vote was lost from the Ohio delegation.

On the Governor.

The New York Tribune's Washington correspondent relates the following of ex-Lieutenant Governor Brokmeyer, of Missouri: "When Thomas T. Crittendsn was to be inaugurated as governor of Missouri the senate chamber was, of course, crowded with people. Mr. Brokmeyer was in the chair. As the hour for the ceremony drew near expectation among the spectators was at its height. Just as the hands of the clock indicated the hour the doors of the senate chamber swung open and a pompous doorkeeper in a deep voice announced:

"Mr. President, the governor of Missouri approaches."

Lieutenant Governor Brokmeyer looked up lazily from the piece of paper on which he had been scribbling.

"Vell, let him come right along," said he, "dat's what we're here for."

The roars of laughter that greeted this announcement somewhat interfered with the solemnity of the occasion.

There were a number of Indians at the state capital, Jefferson City during Governor Brokmeyer's stay there. One day some one informed the barkeepers at the hotels that they must not sell any liquor to the Indians because there was a federal law against it. That evening Governor Brokmeyer strolled into the Madison house. There was a new bartender behind the bar. Governor Brokmeyer rested his elbow on the counter and called for some whisky and water. The barkeeper looked closely at the dark skin and straight black hair of the stranger for a minute, and turning his back on him said:

"Go on, now. You can't get anythin here."

"What's the matter with you?" said the governor, rather warmly.

"We don't sell liquor to Indians."

"Why, you tam fool, I'm a Dutchman," said the governor, angrily.

"Perhaps you are a Dutch Indian, but, all the same, you can't get any liquor here." And he did not.

Poor Miss Anthony.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was one of the callers upon Governor J. B. Foraker, says the Chicago Herald. The venerable female suffragist desired to interest the magnetic Ohio governor in her life work of woman suffrage and desired to secure his assistance in presenting an independent resolution in favor of suffrage to women before the convention. The governor, however, was tired and excited. He had made a speech and had been lionized on that account. He was, therefore, a great man, and he imperiously refused to see the venerable lady who had done him the honor of a personal visit. As Miss Anthony, not in the least abashed by her treatment from the youthful apostle of republicanism, swept from the room, an aged Ohioan, shaking his head significantly in the direction of the precocious governor, sorrowfully uttered the words, "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

Development of a Small Potato Patch.

Fifty years ago, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, Ignacio Inez lived in a little cabin on the bank of a creek in Santa Clara county, California. Ignacio kept a pig and raised just enough potatoes to support life. There was land enough lying around loose out of doors to raise ship loads of potatoes, but that would have required work and Ignacio never suspected that providence put him here to work. So he rolled his cigaritas and watched his few plants grow. Potato patches like Ignacio's were called "milpas" in the Greaser dialect, and Spanish law permitted the governor to issue grants to the holders of milpas in order to protect them from the cattle barons, who were in the habit of driving their herds across the country and devastating little farms that might be in the way. So Ignacio asked for a grant. The Alcalde looked at his milpa, and found it so small that in derision he nescribed it in his report as a "milpitas," or little potato patch. In a facetious spirit he called the ditches "creeks," and described the lines as running from a certain tree to a point on a creek, from one creek to another, etc. Governor Michael Toreno approved and issued to Ignacia Inez a grant for the Rancho Milpitas, and Ignacia was protected from the arrogant vaqueros and their lowing herds. When the territory came into the possession of the United States this country agreed to protect the rights of all landholders. Ignacio's grant said "from creek to creek." The facetiousness of the Alcalde was not appreciated, and Inez milpitas of two or three acres grew to the Rancho Milpitas of 48,000 acres, and was so patented under the laws of the United States. The heirs of Ignacio, the cigarita-rolling Greaser, became wealthy hidalgos and their daughters were sought in marriage by Gringo adventurers of enterprising spirit.

Passes Held Over.

"Did you hear of General Fitz Simmons' break at the convention on Saturday afternoon?" asked a Chicago railroad man of a Herald reporter.

"No. What was it?"

"Well, after the convention had adjourned, the general mounted the stage and in a loud voice announced: 'Gentlemen, on behalf of the railroad committee I beg to state that your passes will all be renewed and made good till after the convention.'"

This was received with loud applause, and then the general corrected himself. "I said passes, gentlemen, but I meant tickets," and then he jumped from the stage. "He came pretty near giving us away, though," added the railroader, "and if he hadn't made the correction we'd have had the inter-state commission down on us like a pile-driver." And the gentleman walked away to be prepared for the army of pass-holders whom he expected to call upon him during the evening.

He Was Liberal.

The late James Freeman Clarke by his very tolerance and broadness of thought, caused the only secession that his church has ever experienced. In 1845 he was bold enough to exchange with Theodore Parker. He had no sympathy with his theology. Mr. Parker himself said that no two men in the Unitarian body differed more in this respect, but Mr. Clarke said that he communed with men on account of their character, not on acconnt of their creed; and as everybody agreed that Mr. Parker was a religious man, Unitarians had no right to exclude him. A small number of the church seceded and established another society, which was afterwards united with the Second church. A few years ago, however, Mr. Clarke reaffirmed the principle on which he exchanged with Theodore Parker by inviting representative clergymen of all the prominent denominations—orthodox, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, etc.—to preach in his church on successive Sunday evenings and, expound the cardinal principles in their respective creeds.

General Jackson's Nickname.

During the Creek war, when General Jackson was suffering from a bad cold, his officers improvised a tent for him, covered with flakes of hickory bark, under which he slept comfortably. Next morning a drunken hanger-on of the camp came across the tent, and, not knowing who was in it, gave it a kick that tumbled the structure over. As the angry old hero struggled out of the ruins the toper cried out, "Hello! Old Hickory? Come out of your bark and join us in a drink." The general could not himself help joining in the laughter at the incident. As he rose and shook the bark from him he looked so tough and stern that the spectators gave him a hearty "Hurrah, for Old Hickory!" and the name clung to him ever after.

He Wouldn't Do It.

A good story is told in the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press on Superintendent Nash, of the railway mail service, who has just tendered his resignation. Fault has been found with him because his desire for an efficient service led him to be very slow in making removals. In the early part of his senatorial career, Bate, of Tennessee, called upon Nash with a friend to ask the removal of a republican postal clerk. "What charge have you to make against him?" asked Nash. "None, except that he is a republican," said the senator: "I want his place for a democrat." "There is a rule in force here," said Mr. Nash, "that no clerks are to be removed except for cause, and I can not comply with your wish, senator." Bate turned in a dazed way and walked out, and the friend from Tennessee, who had come in to be impressed with a sample of senatorial power, whistled and then said: "Well, I'll be d——d, Bate, if I was a United States senator and couldn't get a republican postal clerk fired out I'd resign and go home and get elected justice of the peace."

A Joke On Mr. Springer.

A Washington special to the New York World of a recent date says: A local paper tells this story of John R. Thomas, of Illinois, one of the grittiest men in the house: Mr. Thomas has been a very sick man for several years, and on more than one occasion his friends have thought he had made his last appearance on the floor of the house. But he has no idea of giving up, and if strong will and energy can carry him through he will be on hand again to take part in the debates. Last Sunday was a critical period in his illness. Mr. Thomas lay in what was believed to be a semi-conscious state, and the gravest fears were expressed by his physicians. One of them asked Mrs. Thomas to get a damp cloth and bring it to him. He said he wanted it just as thin as possible. Mrs. Thomas brought the cloth and the doctor, in a low tone of voice, thinking the patient could not hear, said:

"Is this the thinnest you have, madam?"

Mrs. Thomas replied that it was, when the sick man beckoned to his wife to come to his side.

"My dear," he whispered, almost inaudibly, "if you want something very thin, get one of Bill Springer's tariff speeches."

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Russian Religion.

M. Tsakni, a Russian writer, has just published an interesting work upon curious religious sects in Russia. It appears that in the empire there are no less than 15,000,000 of devout followers of insane and cranky notions of christianity; and new religions or sects are constantly springing up in spite of all the efforts of Russian authorities.

One of the sects is called the Runaways. They fly from their villages or towns. They believe in returning to a wild state of existence, destroying their identity as much as possible, and living like savages. Civilization they regard as the great curse of humanity. They also carry on a sort of brigandage, and one of their most sacret duties is to rob churches.

There is another sect calling themselves Christs. They adore one another. Crazy dancing forms part of their religious ceremonies.

The Skoptsys, another religious body, believe in self-mutilation. They are also expert dancers and tumblers. Barnum would be proud of such a set of acrobats.

There is another sect that never speak. They make signs skillfully.

Bloody sacrifices form part of the religion of other fanatics, and the butchering of sons and daughters to appease the wrath of the Lord is getting rather too common.

There are also missionaries who go around preaching the glories and beauties of suicide and its absolute necessity for salvation. A Mr. Souckhoff is the leader of the gang. He was arrested for murder some time ago, but managed to escape, and turned up in a village where he preached so hard in favor of murder and suicide that several of his followers cut each other's throats, and others shut themselves up in their houses and burned themselves to death.

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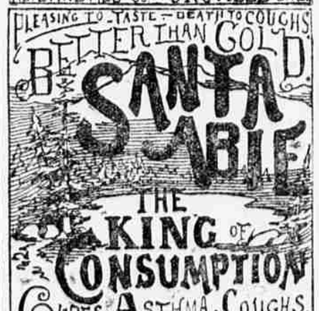

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