

THE MEXICAN HERALD

21 April 1901

AN ASCENT OF POPO.

NOTE: [Read](#) CSM's excellent essay on Crowley's climbing experiences in Mexico. It includes much background information and provides context for the *Mexican Herald* articles.

[Read](#) a complete set, arranged chronologically, of the *Mexican Herald* articles dealing with Crowley's time in Mexico.

"How are yez, Hennessey, me b'y," said Mr. Dooley as he came up the street walking by the assistance of a cane.

"Foiner 'n silk," replied Hennessey, "but why the stick; is it lame yez are?"

"Spake in whispers er not at all, an' oi'll be tellin' ye, fer as me ould frind, oi belave ye'll not bethray me. Oive ben away t' th' top iv Popeycapethel"

"But, Mr. Dooley"

"Hennessey, be throe to me. Me woife hez denied me bid an' bard, an' oim a por outchast in the worruuld, charged with havin' no sinse at all. Oi wint, Hennessey, in the inthrusts iv Seance, wid me former counthrymon, the Shivvyleer O'Rourke, an' his parthner-in-crime, Bar-ron von Eckenstein. Kape away from him, Hennessey, er ye'll be inveigle into some desperate skame be th' which ye'll be robbed iv yure bodily comfort an' fam'ly this. Th're a bloomin' pair iv human dayceivers who cahnt till th' diff'rence betwane hate and co'ld, upon me soul th' cahn't.

"We'll tike yez t' th' top, sid me spurious fellow-cithizen, Mister O'Rourke, er we'll know th' rayson ov it. It's th' top-most pint iv th' sachred mount oim afther tridden, sez oi, worruds oi hev larnt to raygrit with tears in me oyes."

"Did yez make the trip on becycles er be an autymobile, Mr. Dooley?"

"The S'int's preserve us, Hennessey! Hez the silver dog lost his lining? or hez the cloud hed its day? or hez the goulden chain ben busthed, or what th' divvle? Thir's no Passy dilly Rayformy laden to th' blarsted crather iv Popey, me b'y. It is a path iv Glury which lades but to th' ghrave, an' fr'm whose borne no traveler ivver hez a sickond birthday. It is a tist iv

morrul curridge an' shoe lither. It is not a pliseant dhrive iv a moon-light ave'nin, Mr. Hinessey. There's no canteenys er fiyher bids hung up be the way. Th' mounthin was kivvered wid althichude. Iverything ilse but th' dhust an' wind hed fled fer its loife. Th' wind hed blowed th' atmosphere into a foreign country, an' there was nothin' for th' brith iv man but the' althichude. Yez sthop ivery ither sthep to pull in a ghop of condensed air wid yure mouth, an' whin yez close in yer hide to rist yer shoulders on a brist filled wid air, yez'll find it soft an' unsusthainin', an' yer tongue rolls out an' flaps limply in the breezes, upon me honor it do, Hinessey.

"Th' Shivvyleer and th' ither professor sthrolled along wid hateful haze, an' whrote in books, th' divvle knows what, on th' althichude, the wind, an' so on, an' me wid me pick-axe hackin' off an exthra hunk of hair th' gale hed overlook. Th' closer hivven we crawled the harder it blew, an' whin it beggan whistlin' the sphots off me vist, oi sid in tones mint to traggick loike dith, Boys, lit me lodge in some vhasst Wilderniss; anyway lit me lodge! It eas niver intended thet oi shud tickle th' fate iv th' angels in hivven. Thir'fure, oi boot!

"It cannot was, sid the gay Shivvyleer. Our agraymint to tike yez t' th' top was saled be th' coorts iv hivven, an' up yez go. A rope was knotted to me lift laig, Hinessey, an' oi wint hippen' along, while th' Shivvyleer an' th' Bar-ron pl'yed chump th' rope achross th' boulders wid mesilf in th' centher iv tha' rope, tied fast. Oi pled as a fellow-counthymon, thin as a mon wid a woife an' childer an' me juty to thim. Thin, as me last brith hed gone out to th' hivvens, oi fell, swearin' be th' gods oi was a carpse, be the mouth iv th' terrible crather.

"Thir she was, Hinessey, sthamin' and frothin', an' sthinkin' loike a boiled owl, wid wather at th' botthum as grane ez th' damons iv purgathory. It was thot fur down thot she cudden't be sane without lookin' twice. Sez oi, Whar's th' cimmithry fer th' did, an' saylict a sphot, by's, fer oim brathin' me last, an' as oi spoke th' bones iv me body were rhenderin' a snare dhrum solo be the shivers iv th' wind.

"Be iv gude chare, me b'y, sid th' Bar-ron, th' top is not yit r'ached. Th' rist is onsartin in me brain, Hinessey. I recollect, wid me oyes soked in tears, the how I was jirked fr'm stunt' stun to th' peenackle iv th' crathur, an' hearin' th' Bar-ron announce in treeump that his bayrommethar sid we ware siventane thousan' eight hunert an' ninety fate above the say.

"If it's anny wurse siventane thousan' fate unner th' say, thin fade me carkus to th' waves ic the crathur, sez oi. Whither

th' did er didn't oi cannot now say. But lit us be movin', or th' polace 'll be on me thracks. Me woife hez tillygraphed my dayscription as bayin' a lunathic."