Closed to appear & change at about 4 o'c.,
usually there is no pain, but change in
climate may involve itching & discomfort.
Many causes have been suggested for
the humble, which is rarely of even cure.
Among these current there are bite of an
insect, drinking of certain waters, bathing
in certain pools, etc. The President of
the village took us to the jail, where the
persecutors were marched in file before
us & made to hold up hands & bare
feet for inspection. When we found
among them were subjects to examination
white; later we examined
some people cases as private houses:
It is very common for cases where the
face is purple blotched have bands &
feet with white spots. At other
places we saw many fine cases.

A calala was not to have been a
stopping place but it became an
enjoy. After a dreary ride, over a dry
road, involving a ferryage across a river
in a great canoe, a beyond 100 persons
in length, & swimming of our cavalcade,
alongside it as we came we reached their
dreamy town with animaly too tired to ad-
vancc. How terrible to think that the beau-
tiful mountain water, often plumbs a whole
population into a condition of actual misery.

Hardly had we settled at the home when
we were to stay when an idiot man of forty
with a great swelling in joints at the neck,
came to the door and with badly imperfectly
coordinated movements, signals and gesticula-
a message he could not speak. A few
minutes after he was gone a deaf mute
boy passed. As we sat at the door we
were the child playing violently
by the next house. Gire, deaf-mute
idiotic, panting, all are strangely common
here.

The only pleasant
ing thing about the town was the pillion. By
we sat near deck at the queen, we
traced a long bone on the cool breeze. It
came nearer so nearer so we soon saw a
dozen or fifteen persons, women ahead, chil-
dren behind singing an evering song
as they walked. Some had long Eaton to
help them, carried bundles of bedding
of clothes, sheets, food—all were tired.
and footsore with a long journey, but full of joy and enthusiasm. They passed on until they came to an open lot near the end of the town where with many others they built their evening campfires.

During the next day we constantly passed parties of these pilgrims, in one case consisting of many persons, coming from or going to the shrine, which is situated somewhat off the road between here and San Bartolo.

San Bartolo we visited because we had been told that it was a town of giardia people. We found plenty of cases, some quite notable but not as many as we expected. Thirty or forty years ago the disease was far more common but the people have learned to check their water supply with more care to bring it in to town properly piped. At present out of a population of about 2000 persons there are 200 cases so of which are notable. Nine at present exist so peacefully developed as the case of the former Secretary of the town president, who had one of these swellings so developed that when he sat down at a table to write he had to lift it with both hands to place it on the table before he could begin work. The effects of the past prevalence of this disease are still to be seen.
in the considerable frequency of death-mists here. There are some score or so of them, every one of about the children of the same parents. There are two already here one of whom had a quinine mother. Quin

ianism, while it exists among the Mexican mountain tribes is not, so far as I can find anywhere so common as among the Spaniards nor can it be at all an important factor in explaining the great number of sick persons in Mexican popula	
lization. The history of quinine is about the same as that of the Barilla; of all the towns we have seen a little Spanish town opened Anteaut, just before we reached San Bartolo, appears to show the greatest prevalence of this disease in an aggregated form. At Anteaut, in Guatemala, we found nearly everyone affected but few to a marked degree.


XXX XXX XXX XXX

We found San Bartolo of great and unexpected interest apart from its quinine. It is almost com-
pletely an Indian town and there for the first time we found the darkest set of town officials Indian and Latin. There were four of the Indians, who like their people are of full blood and wear native costume. This consists of a very loose tunic of thick white cotton, an upper garment, short and cut square across made of the same stuff with designs - lines of yellow, flower, geometrical devices, birds, animals, or men - with arms drawn in white red or green or yellow:
about the waist was a handsome bright girtle or a brilliance kerchief was wrapped about the head. They were a fine looking set of men; the alcalte was a white pinto. The women here wear pretty little waist garments, sometimes heavy & thick at other of a thin, open web, but in both cases frequently decorated with the line of pattern already referred to in colors or white. Their blouses or shirts are of heavy indigo blue (or blue-black) made of two pieces sewed together & buttoned except a pretty, narrow line of embroidery in color united at the line of junction of the two pieces. This is simply wrapped about the figure and tied by a girtle. The work takes some meaning done. Dr. is of the simple primitive kind so common throughout Southern Mexico & in use before the Conquest. We were surprised to find that the colored designs, which we have supposed embroidered are really woven in the weaving.

X X X X X X X X X X

Much of the roof from Don Saturno's cottage is over a cinnabar deposit of lime apparently made long ago by hot water. It is a large, porous & not very hard, that seems hollow under the leaves & feet. It contains much moss, leaves, & many branches crested with the lime. At many places, it forms great
Tears no longer came like those in summer in our
own Yellowstone District. Such tears are par-
ticularly rough and harsh upon the animal. The
solid limestone of older date a different origin
is nearly as bad. At the summit of this high
hill, we found a cave close to the road, which
we penetrated for some time or so. It contains
considerable display of stalactite and talcqnite.
Just before we reached it we met a traveler
on foot, weary and dusty, with his pack slung
upon a stick over his shoulder. He was after
a heavy waggons. Accepting me in Spanish
he asked whence we had come. On catching
a foreign accent in my reply, he asked "said
in very plain English? - yes, and where
are you going paid?"

After a hard days ride, through a crowd
of nooks and painfully stuck in winds
we got to the crest over-looking British.
The descent was almost precipitous. Near the foot
of the hill lay the town compact and
beyond most Mexican cities. Near it in a little
valley was the pretty cemetery; the road after
descending winds for some distance along the
mountain base to the town and we ended on
a line of scores of pack mules & their drivers,
swamped by distance as we to almost quitar

لا يمكن قراءة النص الأصلي من الصورة المقدمة.
my legs desire piquenique. From the town there stretched southward a broad, fine, level plain, gray with pine patches, as green pine, here and there. The farther edge of the plain was bordered with mound-topped hills, behind which were the blue mountains. Far in the distance to the north were to be seen the mighty mountains that set the world.

Descending to the town we found the annual festival in progress. The hotel keeper was running an extra stand. There he did not much care for custom. He had to put up as we could without service in our room or to go out for our meals to his new place. Comitan is the last town of any importance from Mexico. It is famous for its aguardiente, which is called Comiteno. It is a drink of much strength and is desired with great craving by Guatemalans. It is distilled from sugar, much of the purple or brown sugar leaves made here is consumed in making it. Smuggling of it into the southern Republic forms a lucrative business, where the risk of discovery & confiscation forms simply one of the estimated costs of production. There must be dozens of factories, or at least, of the stuff in the little city and many ladies are proprietors of stills & directors of the work.

* * * * * * * *
Between Texila and Comitan, Mexican "peso" money is useless. At Comitan we may with some little difficulty exchange it for silver. Here are taken, generally at Copper & Carpenter's may or may not be good. At a little ranchos, Rosario, between Acalco & San Bartolo, we got Guatemalan silver for the first time. This was about 30 leagues from the mission and from this on we never got a piece of Mexican silver in change. At San Bartolo, the Alcalde, when we went to buy cacao gave me two great pieces of change in my discerning he assured me not only that the money was good but that the people were Guatemalan. "No se dah le" there no Mexico. At Puebla, yes, there everyone is Mexican, purely Mexican. Here no. We are all Carne. Camara to say that they were Carne would be like a暑ember today saying that he was of Jack Brow. Camara, the full-blooded Indian, who held power in Guatamala in the stirring days of 1839 was an erratic and always wild being, who in the whole had a real love of his country & left a profound impression. He was at times a fugitive in Comitan and his name became familiar to all Indians of the region. Both here & in Guatemala his coin particularly are prized by the Indians as pieces for necklaces & earrings. Even an American we saw a Zap.
The woman with little gold coins of his for earning
we took the change and read our soldier news.
get a lecture on patriotism and told him that
he ought not to be of Canada. The way we got
all our money changed getting no advadvant
of exchange as we ought to have done. After
the deed was reported, going to the postoffice
to buy stamps we found ourselves obliged to
pay 1.32 instead of 1.05 because it was just
money at the change shop when we com-
plained at paying 50 cents for paper plates,
we were told that if we would pay Mexican
money we might have them at 37 cents! 

Had our little mule been in proper shape
we should have crossed the border reached
Monte vie one day's journey. As it was
only with difficulty did we make it into
the woods, passed through the beau-
tiful pachices of pines, & then began to ride
into a dreadful country of limestone hills.
The last half day we had to coax, threaten,
beat, drag & push the mule until midnight,
gone & carry were tired. When we passed
the border we found ourselves in a pine
hill region. We knew the fact that we wa

in Guatemala, by riding the Telegraph Line on our side, cut in form. As a result of this, the term immigration with Mexico. The mountain ahead, which had been invisible for two days began to look formidable. How would our mules ever get over? We were reminded of the remark of a poor fellow Com- trypman we met at Guatapita. He was back from Guatemala City on foot. He had said, when you are between Renteria and Chichenitza, you will come to a mountain that will make your heart sick. Just as dusk we looked down upon Renteria. It lies in a nice, flat valley, with a fine stream pretty broad, with the mountains rising steeply on every side. About the plaza are the Tobacco, bananas & offices of some officials. The "examination" was very simple. Our baggage was not opened nor were we asked what we had. We were only "registered" — name, address, age, profession.

XXX XXX XXX XXX

We were in Guatemala. The macks had done all we could to prevent our getting there. It was made to mind to prevent us going further. We saddled & bridled and got ready to
start. The lomo was watching our gall. We got safely to the foot of our hill. There the macho, Risco, bravado himself. We spoke kindly, cooly, draw—be mindful now. Finally we succeeded in tying him. Three times more he did the same in five minutes. He was a Mexican washerman of Guatemala. Patience ceased to be a virtue—we put the rope over his necks & tied to make him. With certain firmness the words, "Vale, viejo, yield." He gave a snort, a groan, a wrench & fell over, his head comminually, & his eyes seemed to die. The lomo below was watching, and came running up. We took off the halter & there lay the animal. The pity of the bystanders was exasperating, "Poor little mule—he dies!" Then they picked out his nobles spots—"ah, how charming!" "Such a heavy loss; oh, how theirs. Now we are not without pity. The macho was not nearly as rare as the kid beard in the lomo; he was not likely to die. He never had a load of more than 70 pounds; he ate the night before just as much as either of our horses. Having exhausted all their vocabulary of pity, however, they left us, particular-ly as the "poor macho" showed signs of coming to. We decided to hire a mngo to carry the
load over the mountains, to load the mules. That
however was a matter of time. One as last was
second who was willing to carry load, yet, but when he found he bad to lead the mule, he
depis not authority, refused to go. As he had
take we could not force them. We passed
Declaud I could not go back to him; Smither
back for. The beast refused to go and myself began to murmur. We coughed - looked up
shakes. Our misfortune back he got up. He
took a few yards up the trail when he braced
his feet. I desired. Then he ate some acat's
refusing some good hay. We went together further
up the hill until he decided to stop. Later we
went on a little further. Then we stopped again
to wait for our mules.

Just then a 10 yr. old Indian boy called in
great excitement from the cliff - Arfim, ran and
I climbed up over the wetig and found him
machete in hand near the foot of a tree, on
where leaffes branches were a false iguana
(lizard) something over two feet in length. Bits
of iguana steak which I have been fishing
to try cured my mind. The boy was disgusted to
find that I had no pistol with me to shoot
it. "Ah but if we had a cow", do I want him
down to the macho, to get a long thing from
a package there. Returning with it in triumph
he made a slip worse, but a long slender pole
to which he tied it to reach up-giving me
his machete in case the creature should join
he tried to slip it over its head. The boy did a
flying leap. I struck wildly at him with
the machete; it hit him, struck him quite
out of his course & threw it into the rocks
bellow. Before we could get to him he had made
good his mistake.

When I returned I found his macken emarntly
toting green & herbage by the roadside. Our moko
got around at about 30%. The day was was.
The way looked and we were ready to start. But
I had made a resolution. Before we lay the seine
mackey - punning upon us heartlessly. To get
that mule over them lands we would use our tools
& body. We regretted that he had not died; we
decided to part with him. We went to him that a mule & a saddle were for
sale & wanted. Curiosity hurried came. Much
haggling ensued. We demanded 15 pesos for
the mule - 10 for the saddle. We were of-
fered 10 & 5 respectively. But we came
out ahead & set our price. Our accele-
received for the mules will more than pay the expenses through our trip. There are those probably who do not like to think of human beings of burden. Personally I love to see them with their bridle, their harness, and their extra clothing, with burdens neatly put together and carefully adjusted. They please me. As they go up mountain sides, their muscles strain, their perspiration runs in streaming, but it is a magnificent struggle. Whenever they get to a resting place for a moment, they give a queer little sound, between a whine and a groan, take a fresh breath, close their mouths, and go on. They are not far behind even after a journey of ten or twelve leagues, they come in rear or ahead of us.

We slept at Santa Catalina. It is only a sugar ranch near a lovely stream, in a little valley. The cane fields are near by. We slept under a simple shelter and found the night cool. It was moonlight. The sugar mill ran until about 4 o'clock in the morning. The sugar will reach the United States. The mule trip...
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي في الصورة.
consisted of upright rollers. The power was transmitted from a water wheel to the rollers. The sap squeezed out ran through pipes into a large wooden tub. Here two men were engaged in a well, the great metal kettle fitting over it in which the sap was boiled, so the men's work. Into which the boiling sap is run. They consist of timber, like railroad ties with conical holes bored in them. The sugar coals, which come out are called panels. The sugar is very sweet, much like maple sugar but darker & by a peculiar flavor. We are fond of it & bought a lot here to eat on the road. We also drank some of the sweet sap & were treated to Chicha. Chicha really should be made of maize fermented; this was simply sugar sap boiled & fermented. It was much like a sweet cider just beginning to turn.

Great.

So far we had been going up hills only. Now we really began to assail mountains. The road, though narrow, was a fine one & led no time to its ascent. We were soon among the finest places. As we mounted we got ever finer backwards views. After going steadily for many hours we felt we had an
Selma at San ANGUS pretty location high

fern lush open. There a wonderful loan for

rich framed sweet pineapples, of which we

bought a stock to eat as noon, when we

did not wish to stop. Down by way of

Then is Jacaltינadora situated on an

side of a fine ravine or cañon. We had to

run up this a long ways past San ANGUS,
along the edge, until we found the head

we court in 8 then follow back along the

other edge to the town. At the head the

ravine is the meeting place of fine Cari-

ceiling streams. They then pretty little

cascades & tributary gaps. Where the three

creek come together part the way

running, there is a pretty big gulf

below the bridge. The water is of a clear

calm, white gray when shallower, light

green blue where deeper, & it deposits

a white crust on pillars or branches in

it. Both at Jacaltинadora where we

got new mugs & at San ANGUS where

we passed the night upon the schoolhouse

floor, we found the officials inclined
to take advantage of the Gringos best vin.
Both cases brought them to living. San Martin is at the head of one of the finest valleys anywhere to be seen. Oval, extensive, deep, surrounded by lovely mountains, which in many cases are cultivated to the summit, in the early evening drink it presents an attractive appearance. In the morning we passed from it, and into a great cañon up which we followed a road the good was to a bridge of pine tree beams, side by side where we crossed to Coos Deportes. Oh, for him to stay here over here of three plains Indiang. They are like children in their glee over same Saints we distributed. Their garments are like children so far seen. The men wear a shirt of Foneses made of white cotton with great checks of red stripes; this is worn in the place. Men wear especially at morning evening they wear a little short, loose shirt of black wool that comes to the waist, the most astonishing feature of the same material, sits along the lips in front of the mid.
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة.
breath check " real pantalony. From here we climbed up a surprisingly good but surprisingly steep road, very zigzag and direct, until finally we were at the very crest of the great Sierra Madre System—the inland range. Before us there was little, but as mountains rose in our view, those behind us we had been steadily rising for two days. We made here a fairly continuous descent over a region of pine trees with here and there stretches of dry yellow grass cropped close by sheep and goats. Passing an El Rosario the old ruins of an adobe church, we again ascended a slope for a considerable distance; from the summit a magnificent prospect lay before us—a great valley lying between the inland and the coast ranges of the Sierra. Its width is considerable, the forested hills beyond, the great ridge rising behind it made a pretty and grand picture. Back of the great ridge are some volcanic cones which add to the grandeur. To the right, about an hour's ride, is Sta. Maria/2,450 feet, a small town; to the left from here is San Miguel. The valley is spread
before us like a map, withbekmangk
clearly planted, the plains, which near it
were descending was trailing like a yellow
toad along a great ridge descending
to the plain.
paints blue, with a cross on the forehead; pig with green hindquarters, violet, green, red on the rest of the body, head violet cross; turkey comb & wattle of red plumage, with a patch of orange, red & green flowers, & flowers ornate on a long tail trailing of different colors but chiefly red & orange; lamb, black with flowers, especially roses, & a broad band of ribbon behind the forelegs & on the back; calf with colors, flowers red & white with flowers all along the tail; doggy with red trails behind forelegs & flowers on tail; a horse, black, with flowers and silver triangles sprinkled over his body; duck with red & purple streaks running lengthwise; rooster with red stripes & flowers on the head; woman with a baby in one arm & a little pig under the other; up on a balcony a green cot - a girl with a gay dress in a doll's dress & moving its little head uneasily; another girl had a duck also in a doll's dress; a boy with a parrot in a cage.
لا يمكن قراءة النص بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
us to Ajanta in the morning. Everything to done for us; we occupy the house making
our bed on two beds of bamboo strips. Our
only companion are two "dummys", figures of shell-like visage, and two
aminals of papier-maché stuck over
lights bamboo pillars frames and meant for
some fiesta. A large heavy table, a bench in
two, some wooden chairs make up the
furniture. One happy crowd looks on
while we eat, while we make up our
beds as we write our note. Finally we
suggest a desire to retire & cool them
out of doors. The wind is blwing a
hurricane, straight from the North.
The sky is half covered with a heavy
black cloud, with almost horizontal base.
The cold wind cuts like a knife & the
poor Indians shiver as they draw their
shrouds more closely about them. Still
later we shiver even more & wonder
if we were really born to freeze here
in the tropics? Santa Maria is a
last gadoioe town; tomorrow we strike the
territory.
1) San Antonioabad.
2) Camo de Cuez.
3) Hall of Monestary.
201 195
29 1809
402 57 Standards at Mita.
1829 69 view of Sanlunengo.

IV) Cactus gigante.

V) Santa Maria de Alvarado.
More than 50 years ago, John Stephens visited the ruins of Tikal near N. His visit was a very brief one and he reported the existence of two pyramids and a number of mounds. He also described a grave, lined with stone slabs, that had been opened and the objects of pottery that had been taken out. Mr. Stephens described the pyramids as being in a ruined condition and left the impression that they were of little interest. So strong was this feeling on our minds that we had no intention of visiting the ruins. We were delayed however in leaving Tikal with the American Photographic Mr. Keys walked our to the place one morning. Anticipating nothing, we had neither note books, tape lines, or other equipment for examination or notes. The ruins are about half a league from the town upon a height lying between two ravines. Besides Stephens two pyramids and some mounds, we pass...
a considerable series of pyramids, long rectangular constructions and mounds, all
arranged with reference to each other, in such a way as to enclose a series of regular
areas, most of which contained a single mound at their centre or a line of mounds. The pyramids had been lined
or stopped and plastered. They had been built of stones with filling of mud or clay
and carefully coated over with white plaster, which was usually, perhaps in most cases,
has been painted a dark red. Some of them show traces of walls, perhaps of small tun
nels that had been built upon them. The long rectangular earth-mills, related to
these pyramids were equally interesting
and had usually been smooth walls,
plastered and painted. The mounds were
mostly lower than the pyramids, were
round or elliptical structures and
were probably not as firm smooth
internally. There was evidence of a
We were at Papantla, just before the State of
Santo
a good deal of interest might do his deadly work, without much harm. There are unquestionable instances quite of interest: old ruins in Guatemala, but no good map, no comprehensive list, of their existence. There are even mentioned in American books. When published ill.

Bancroft's Native Races of the Pacific

Gannett summarized all our knowledge on this subject. On our rise from the isthmus to Guatemala we passed groups or arrangements of mounds and pyramids at the following places — Ahuacatlan, Nebaj, the heights across the river from Sacapulas, looking down upon the town, a great almost isolated bluff a league above Sacapulas on the river, Quiche where there are two groups or clusters, San Andres Sotama, a fine plain between and Santa Maria, and the valley of Guatemala itself between Mixco and the city. Quiche and the last are the only ones mentioned by Bancroft. Of the rest, the are up the river from Sacapulas, at San Andres Sotama, are the most interesting. Every
The porter of the sleeping car evidently considered me the joker of the party; so I suspect seriously thoughts of throwing me from the train. The last time because over the road together we were fifty six hours late. This time we were not so badly off but when we reached Silas it became painfully evident that we should not get the train West from Irapuato, that we were booked for the night there. Irapuato is interesting but not the most desirable of stopping places. It is the great center of watermelons along the line. At every train there is the crowd of sellers with the morning with their melons or their rebozas wrapped tightly about them to keep them warm. And such things for sale - linias or sweet garden teeth.
String us a triple line about a stick & offer us a whole, sunburnt or half
both large for real service & little for
toys, green jointed figures dresses
most grotesquely, liberate Japan in
jars with the heaviest of odors. But
of all things, the characteristic here
are the "japas", "japas", oysterberries, to
be had every day of the year. It is really
a mile from the station to the heart
of the town, where we got our room
& tried with fair success to sleep.
The sleep of the just. In the morning
we took an early walk through the
town. The streets are severely
crooked; the buildings quite compactly
built & low. The poor little Christmas
market was getting under way. Such
amusing things, such miserable
toys, such cheapness in price. It
was more than pitiful. Fine color paper
of bright colors was made up into the
most unnatural flowers—mostly morning glories—on was cut & folded into various shapes decorating; little houses made of slender shawls appeared to be a favorite; frightful scenarios—landscapes made of pieces of wood or stones set up in rich work, painted a deadly green and supplied here and there with little horses & figures; bits of chalcedony, of crystal, or of bright stones; mosses from rocks; trees & lichens with grains, little cups; a sort of moss or film on tops of animals green; resurrection plants from gathered, fully expanded, measuring up to one foot in diameter sold as $2 for 1 centavo, a centavo is little more than half a cent; curious stiff nopal (cactus) made of wood, whitened and painted green, for decorative made of the strongest materials, in the stiffest possible shape, with foliage for low green to look a bit like life; curious figures
of the baby Christ in wax or other material set into little tin vases with miniature landscape backgrounds that were too small for that figure; and such things in pottery! — toy vessels, dressing birds, priests & Christ; little pewter crucifixes, mayd cures & toys with gilt or crimson decoration on the pewter — these and many other things, not in one stall or booth but all over the market place. It was the sudden display of little poverty that can be imagined. It had to bring them to morning chocolate and bread. No one who has not tasted chocolate in Latin-American can really claim to know its possibilities. Chocolate was a —
our form of the word. But Mexican chocolate served at breakfast comes in all walks to a foam by a little wooden mixer made for the purpose. It is flavored with cinnamon. You must like it at first but it soon comes to seem the only proper way to have it. — Hungry to the skin we had a rather uneventful ride. The morning glory trees are all in bloom. The tree grows about 15 or 20 ft. high and have straggly loose branching. just now they have no leaves and their irregular foliage and gray bark are very conspicuous. The great white flowers grow at the tips of the branches. This is a great country for morning glory. The morning and climbing kinds occur in all shades of blue and purple. Our little car at present can be conspicuous has small but beautiful light sky-blue flowers. — We were
just in time for the midnight service at the Cathedral. Midnight mass is always celebrated as Christmas Eve.

The Cathedral has lately been redecorated inside. The body of the building is divided by two lines of great fluted columns into three sides, the middle being of course the higher. The ceiling is vaulted and ribbed. The only color used in decoration are white and gold and they give an effect as nice simple and rich.

At eleven o'clock people were already coming. In Mexican churches, there are few seats; here a few benches set along between the columns were soon filled. Most of the people knelt or sat upon the floor. Elderly women and children, whole families together were here. Many or most were the common bred; but many too were
rich and important. It is only within
the walls of the Catholic Church that
rich x porn vi this mild really touch
elephant. Music was going on; the
organ at the altar was playing
mingle with its music was a curious
combination of triangles x bird whistles.
At times Mend became prominent
and one could almost imagine the
vault of the cathedral filled with
tunes flying as they sang. Kind strange
took us with
fear of what the organ loft at
the rear of the church and here we
could watch the crowd below. During
our last few minutes before twelve,
people poured in in streams until the
great building was absolutely packed.
Many were standing; more were sitting
in the floor. Among those standing every
now and then in some part mild begins
some little singing; in a moment
a visible whirlpool of struggling
pushing; humanity could be watched
in all its eddying movements.

The service began promptly. Toward
the end of the mass many men, having
straightened themselves and extending
their arms formed a cross and stayed
floating motionless with faces upraised
for many minutes. It is a sight to
remember long. It was after one
o'clock when we got out into the
open air. Late as it was the little
open place before the Cathedral
was still occupied by the sellers of
ginger cane who had their wares
stacked up in conical piles along
the further sidewalk. Whatever the
hour, so long as the Common Mexi-
can is awake he must not leave his ginger cane. The little
booths where other goods were
sold were dismantled and their ames
lay in the open streets near them,
wrapt in their cloaks, fast asleep.
but not so the dealer in canes.

Lake Chapala gains in popularity. To reach it we took train Christmas morning, retracing our way for nearly five miles to Atayuyá. Then by Stage for five leagues. Through the great hacienda of Atayuyá we went up to the pass over the ridge. There the view is beautiful. The Lake Chapala is like a Swiss or Italian Lake. It lies with its blue water dotted with green islands, the grand background of mountains rising from its junction edge, and back of these where the air is clean rises Mt. Colima, one of Mexico's most lovely volcanoes. It is a long ride down to the town. And it looks quite mean. It is so people tell me — a mean little town, with its two low and church standing close to the water & with
...
it little plaza near by, three little means or "hotels," and two or three streets. The principal one of which is a long, winding, up and down affair running parallel to, but at a little distance from the Lake's Edge. Last summer Mr. Crow's "Monte Carlo" was the only country villa here. Today it belongs to the moon Rosca. Mr. Crow's building a place near by. B. M. Consul General Barden is building a veritable palace. Others are putting up places a contemplate doing and there is talk of a brand new hotel with 24 bedrooms! Of course it is all very nice for those who are interested in the growth of the near but Expect these "improvements" with dread. Dona Inesade's mean little lake,
in its natural beauty rivals as well Europe. However, there are other places we shall stick to. Dick Trinidad while we come to Chapala at all, when this becomes quite too fashionable.

After the dusk and heat of five leagues lie that stage the warm springs are lovely. A tank large enough for twenty summers, with walls more than to a man's neck, of the most delicious water. A tropical garden surrounds the place, oranges hang like on the trees, and the water, can sing songs, and their great gushes. A watchtower shelters and shade at one end, the birds fly over our heads to settle in the trees. Over the bulk of the tank is the blue sky of sunny Mexico. There are often battle scenes like
لدىِ أمثلة متصلة ببعضها البعض بين العائلات، بخصوصة بالكثير من العائلات.

أدرك مدى أثر هذه العائلات على المجتمع.

كنا نجتمع دائماً في هذه العائلات، ك obsł و فرح.

لكن في نهاية المطاف، تأتي الأمل في النهاية، سواءً في العائلات أو المريضين، أو السكان في المستشفيات.

وأخيراً، إذاً، فإن هذه الأفكار تمثل الأمل في النهاية، سواءً في العائلات أو المريضين، أو السكان في المستشفيات.

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road, little rain for nine months, but this great swimming hole is the best. The water is absolutely clean. No wonder the old time inhabitants feared to have the White Man know that these were here. The schoolmaster tells that when the coming of the Conqueroo was feared a priest of the old time gods asked that children should be sacrificed, a priest thought the place where the hot water flowed and the whole place covered over. It was done. After making great destruction they came, having suspected little. Having caught the fire for natural scarcity, they went on, leaving Chechale quite dirty. Only in their late years have the springs been re-opened. The school...
masëan saw plastic there and himself
in it bones of children! — The
schoolmaster is an oracle & I fear
a most surmise are. On the beach
there after storms the children find
are vessels of ancient pottery. They
are like little water jars but stand best
on rich in height. With them are
also found small spindle whorls of
clay and little dishes such as the
ancient might have used in Helen.
fisheries. When the water is very
low the stockkeeper steps up with
little things in quantity from the
bottom of the lake. Hundreds are found
and are naturally thick of their
lake dwelling village with homes
built on piles in the older times.
Our Masëan appears to Eulseae
for such. Why we ask the school;
masëan are the objects found here.
in the wāhi are so little? Were they toys for children? "Then he lets us think in the old times a god was un-
shaped here whose name was Peopilo. He was always represented as a child and hence the presents to him were little such as pleased a child god. The daily little things while found in quantities under wāhi are not common in the shell caches. There are however cunes found all through the neighborhood. We bought a "mox" or an Indian. He found in his garden a league back from the lake's edge. There was an old tree camphor.

When they come upon a grave they generally find a small wall of rough stone, just before the ground. Digging deeper the skeleton usually lies with the skull near the wall and the body stretching away
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
from it. Near the hands are usually vessels—one for food, one for drink.
At the head are two of their green piny—of clay about a foot in height. One repre-

erents a male the other a female. They are seated—squatting. The most striking

feature about them is the enormous

nose—large, aquiline, broad, all as men.
One would think it impossible that
such could ever have existed. Today,
they certainly are rare, but an orn
coach this morning was the man
with just such features, a man today
producing or preserving the ancient
type of Lake Chapala folk. — If
there is a submerged city here, we
must come again. The waters still
are high, unusually so for this season.
It is the digging for the little gods
wee gifts must wait a little longer.
Deity as Lake Chapala at Christm,
we had a chance to see the Ostros.
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة.
Mexico is a country great for popular fiestas and plays. Every turn celebrates its saints' day. In many places, certain days are celebrated with parades, music, or dance for that same reason of the aboriginal days. Other plays are historical; some religious. Argentina since July you had the Faroñees for many years—a curious mingling of barbarism and civilization. Spanish and Indian, a legend and tradition. An many an Indian town in Mexico are may see in Holywells, the "Pa. oin Play." So two in Christmas week are found as many parts the Pastors. It is really a miracle play from medieval Europe. Here of a thing from place to place in the larger cities becomes a theatrical performance with elaborate development of city stage effects. Here however it is a
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
The band that performs in this practice for weeks before hand. For several days near Christmas they gather at evening and go through the play in the plaza or in front of houses. People of the town may invite them in to a little feast of cakes or bread, some glasses of tequila and a few cigarettes. We saw its performed Christmas night in the plaza. The light was chiefly from the moon in it the movement and the columns gained grace and beauty. The sound of common violins fell around the ax or within upon the ground. All chews sugar cane. When the music ceased as quick came in the play and cards bear the steady crunching of the teeth upon them. The dramatic personae comprise sixteen or seventeen persons. The Pastor (shepherd) themselves are
They wear clean shirts & pants (both white) with girdle of blue; upon their heads are broad brimmed straw hats with paper flower decorations. Each bear a staff adorned above with bright paper decorating. There are perhaps a half a dozen - there are three devils, two Indians, a Negro, Bartolo, a gil, a van angel. The devil are the handsomest of all, in black velvet garments, striped with gild on silver with black veils on their faces a horn upon their head. Lucifer himself is there in his assistants: Nicodemus (Antichrist) & Peccat (Sin). The Indians wear broad hats, red jackets, manta, & carry each a great pincushion on which are pinned all tricks of one for another. Bartolo is a clown; he wear a green brown mask, carries a whip, an armadillo (artificial)
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
ride a Hobby horse made of a stiff cane with a small cardboard horse head. Hermelino (the hermit) is dressed in an ugly gray calico dress; wears an old straw hat; around his neck is a great many with cups and cups of pottery made of empty thread spools, string, or even a card. He wears a great mockery of a pottery mask that represents an old man. Two little girls take part as being the angels. They are dressed in white with ribbons, flowers, or veils. The play is supposed to announce the coming of Christ to the world. The actors march, sing, dance, discourse each usually his part face to face with that who have parts between these lines. Then as the beginning the two lines face each other. The three devil stand at one end. They all make a speech. Then they plan destruction to the world. They learn that Christ is to come. The play goes on along these lines.
There is a good deal of gay-play. Notwithstanding the serious nature of the theme, the excellence of the songs & the spirit in which the words are said, there is a good deal of coarse, almost obscene, jesting. This culminates with Baccio & the Hermits who delight the crowd by all sorts of comic actions in which a decided element of grossness exists. At one point several of the players dance in pairs down between the seats, two at a time, and then all act themselves to a marching dance in which the pastori lift their steps, turn them clumsily & bring down the lower end forcibly against the ground, at the same time falling a forward step with one foot with a jesting movement, then bringing up the other to it, then advancing the latter & bringing up the former. The effect is curious & rather pretty. One of the two men sings very sweet & the singing of them really good. The music was supplied by a blind harper who was at one end of the tavern.
end of the play Angel takes the part of Christ; the Esquimaux god. The flowers at the end of the line; all opposition has ceased. One after another the different persons advance kneel, make submission (under the influence of the fiend). The three angels do the same. (Then the Indians, the Baroro and the Henniains, follow the Paschas in passing. As Henniains and Baroro offer themselves, the passing of the two sides causes their crooks turning them backward and forward with a pretty movement. The whole thing ends with the solemn song to the esquimaux Christ during its singing handskeep and stretch across between the line serving back and forth like so many harrows.

The play occupies an hour, sometimes is given three or four times in a single afternoon or evening. After three days reading of the performance here the little company seemed to me in two neighboring villages. The whole thing is traditional.
I do not know whether printed versions may or not exist, but usually it is learned by
end of month. A few years since a young
fellow of that village learned this play in
Santa Cruz. He taught in here & personally
then taught & trained these players.
On the afternoon of Dec. 20th I saw again
at Guadalajara. A little after noon
when at a friend house I received the
following communication:

which being interpreted means:
The letter seemed strange to me for it was addressed to my friend's house and not to the Hotel and I could not see him a stranger would know my address there. The name also appeared a strange one. Taken altogether I doubted my "friend, little" somewhat. So I did not mend myself to the Palace as 5 30. I did however go by as 5 r again at 6 r saw nothing of my "little innocent." It was in fact a sequel to a joke played by a friend. Dec. 25th is the annual all fool's day. What my friend really means having dinner at the Palace is certainly enough. On this day an many little halls they will light little of pottery, containing what looks like pretty little curtains or masks. So near were them more attractive they often stuck up on them little bits of flags of the country. Had I meant to really meet the German he would have treated us by having us get our teeth into cot.
ton wool or wattled our faces over some nauseous mixture. The jokes played on this day are often of a fairly serious character. Friends living at a distance may be hastily telegraphed for to come to a sick room or on urgent business! A man may invite his friends to a "swell reception" and when the guests arrive they may find him about the house cold or they may be invited by the servant to partake of the commissary of sweets. This very year the Latero Thing took place at the City of Mexico. The friends, who appeared in their dress suits, anticipated a delightful entertainment and much outraged an threaten to whip the jokes or fights.

The Barranca is one of the attractive points near Guadalajara. Barranca is a general term for any gorge or cañon. The Barranca de...
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي في الصورة. إذا كنت بحاجة إلى مساعدة في شيء آخر، فأنا هنا لمساعدتك.
people live at about 5 miles distance from the city. It is a great cliff in solid rock said to be 3000 ft. deep. Its
deep is probably less but it is a handsome one. in descending it
are goes from temperate to tropical zone in a single hour. The trail down leads
through a dense forest. The path is very steep and dangerously
usually considered quite difficult. It is a delightful one however. Nearly
every foot brings some new and charming
bit of beauty. At one point we face an abrupt wall of rock apparatus over
which falls a slender thread of water
several hundred feet as a leap into
a well below. Just near this point of
water is very small but a pretty tree
bush is seen in the spray. Half way
down the trail is a wayside shrine
where passing Indians leave a little
cross of wood some flowers or a small
a great patch of bananas & palm here, an air was becoming much easier and we find ourselves soon in the chief valley with the Lerma River flowing through it. The Lerma is the longest river of Mexico. In summer it fills this channel with a surging turbulent flood which has a curious dark reddish brown color. Just now it has lost most of its mass and all its banks seem color. Here tropical heat prevails, great lacy butterflies slowly circle around, the noon of birds is heard now and now day, the quails and doves have, however mostly have their nests. A walk up this stream a little way takes us past a sugar-mill through sugarcane plantations, by hills, ramps & ditches. Sitting on the sand of the dune, under the great cactus, looking across at the green
clad slopes rising abruptly with a
profusion of trees clustering at its foot,

as the blue sky above one can almost
imagine the rest of the world, blown
out of existence!

fare there are
people here. Besides, the very indubitable
are as the are great horses, and the
Indians, living in their cane huts, there
are a number of soldiers. Once part of
this was had an exemplary reputation
and probably there is good reason for
these uniformed specie of the land.

There are no cutting here, but though we
had heard of such. The bandeiras
is of considerable extent and there
are unfortunately few that kind as San
Cristobal three miles away.

On our way down, just before
we began to descend we saw a party
of little lads in the gray linen
uniform, with the blue military
cap of the Escuela de Artes y Oficios.
It is a State School for orphans half
orphan boys. In it in military discipline
& the wearing of soldier uniforms. One
may see the lads at all times in the
barracks. There were more than a dozen
of them, scurrying about among the
rocks, climbing lice for guano to open
as to make ore shudder as the thought
of eating them. As we passed on our way
I wished them good day (good day) &
asked questions about the school. It
is still holidays & they are out for
a walk in the Cañon. Bidding them
good-bye & promising to see them &
the Cañon we began descent. They took
us one by one, walking down cuts over
the rock wall, & were at the bottom
long ere we were. There they sat on
the rocky waiting for us. We talked
over the school & their trades & their
students. We asked if they could sing
& they stood up & with laps of their the
لا توجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
Nacional Hymn. We told them we should like to see some Mexican games. They let themselves play at Obispo, a kind of leapfrog, at toso or bullfighting, and at Circus. In the Circus they did hand springs and made "the spider" or "the spider's web". We tried to get some fruit for the parties but none was to be had. So we agreed to meet at evening in the Plaza to have some dulces, just as we were leaving, after dinner without fright or fall, in the Meson, since we weren't told that there were caracaz at the top of the Barranca. It was agreed that they should all have caracaz if they beat us up to the top. It was a hard climb for some of them and our horses had to be judiciously restrained. It was a hot, humid and dusty climb, but happy that we kept cheering their spirits caracaz at the summit. In the evening it was an equally jolly bash.
rested party that gathered at the plaza to get纪律 and to practice an English
mind and to teach the strange Spaniards. It
took all the larcerns of the calabos as
the school to drag them away. In
the morning we entered the school. It
was just as the boys were to be set free
for the day. They were made to drill
for us. After the drill our dozen boys
armed with us while we saw the
arrangements of the school. Mexico
is truly paternal. Orphan boys, half
orphan and poor boys may go there.
They are very small to the great
which everyone knows
hospicio where they are kept until
ten or twelve years. Then they are sent
there. They are kept under military
discipline, are instructed in the
basis of common education, and taught
a trade. Boys rise to officers from
excellence in drill and conduct. A
dozen or so sleep in one dormitory
with an officer in charge. They made
their own beds! we had to personally
see the bed of each of our little friends.
It was very funny to see how slily
they would straighten the clothing when
we thought they were not looking. After
four or five years here, earning shows,
tailoring, printing, bookbinding, carpentry,
or other trade. They are ready to go back
to the roads. — probably you
Do not know what a teponastle is? Let
me tell you what a teponastle is. That morning
the old Mexicans had a very different
kind of drums. Among them were
the huchete and the teponastle. The
tillicum is an upright cylinder of
wood, made from a single section
of a tree, with a piece of hide
across the upper end. The teponastle
is a hollowed log. Tense it to a
unintelligible. The upper surface
is cut to do as to

Leave for
their lips free at the end which are near each other. Both luncheonets &
upstairs are always of the 'olden
line, but, are may occasionally find
them in use for picnics &. The are
we wanted was with an old costume
who had seen it from a church which
had failed to pay for same costume which
it rented & found not return. It is a good
specimen. We had to haggle for
seems an may not make temper.
the every day, only on Thursdays
5 times only an 6 in each year
may are well at them. After getting
it we were to do it be 2
musically a temaramble must be
given drink (weh its Whiskit, I supit)
The lips must be wet with Tequila
or Whisky or alcohol. Then it
will do well. Of all the
mouths of Guadalajara the sanatoria
wants to the menu. We have seen
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي في الصورة المقدمة.
In elsewhere. But we never weary of returning to it. Pass by the booths of the queer blockes carrying things—these strange goods & smells, the poor clothing & varied 2kgs. of pum. Go at five o'clock and stand in the open part of the little cheap. It is thronged with men, women & children—all with something to sell. A man walks around with a knife in his hand. "Who will buy? Very cheap? Very good?" A woman may have two or three old books; a boy may have in hand a pair of sandals just removed from his bare feet, here is a man with a sheet; there are with a hat,—so it goes. Each address everyone—"Do you want to buy? We watch them till dark & then turning to leave, we find ourselves near a large tent with open sides. At its centre is a long table covered with cheap articles of various kinds—attire, etc."
As one end is an elevated box with three musicians, tables are along both sides. At one end, course lunches are placed by three, all are full. It is lotto (loteria) such as our children play but here as home. Each player has a board before him upon which are pasted nine playing cards in three rows of three each. For this, all are tablets of silver. Tablets he pays one cent. At his hand is a box full of corn kernels. A bell rings, a crier comes in hand with a pack of cards in hand. He puts these cards are after another as any card upon his tablet is called the player places a grain of corn thereon. When he can count three cards covered in any one line, straight, the caller gets a receiving the price. To learn this game we back four bags. Winning three times we stop and calculate.
our gain = loss. We have had four tables for eight rounds, & have won three times, taking in about 12 cents.
32 + 12 = - 20. We stop. Just as we turn to leave a boy passes with a great sheet of what looks like a very thin, greasy, fried cake of dough irregular. It is a favorite here as we leave we treat our representative to the gambler. The stuff is really pampkin fried. It looks crisp but not unlike pie crust.
François "Marie de Tourville".生まれた時の
名前は"Louis-Marie de Tourville"でした。彼は
1625年8月20日にフランスのボーヌ県の
町で生まれました。彼は軍務に従事し、戦
後の1670年に"元老院議員"の地位を得
ました。彼の軍事的才能は非常に高く、彼は
複数の軍事行動で活躍しました。彼は1672年に
亡くなり、彼の死後は彼の功績が評価され
ました。彼の名前は現在も存在しています。
Letter I. In the Land of the Mixes.

Our mozo, who turned out to be a most less fellow was on hand promptly at 5 o'clock, and watched us saddle & load our animals with great interest. As he had assured us it was only three leagues to Ajijic, we had intended to take no coffee until our arrival there. Fortunately on the last moment we decided to take some & ate a tortilla on the go. A league to the hour is really all we can count on in these mountain roads. We left at 7. In several hundred feet our road went up the mountain side, along onto the side of a canyon. Along here a little misstep on the part of our leaders might be very unfortunate. Once at the top, we found our way to be an up & down trail that could scarcely be dignified by the term middle path. As soon as we got to the crest we found "Nineteen" on our full face. The wind blew a hurricane & was so cold that it went to our very marrow. Clouds hung on some of the higher mountain and now and then would come, driving in the gale, a drift of fine mist too faint & thin to shut out light or sunshine. At times on this
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي المكتوب الأحرف الصغيرة بشكل طبيعي. إذا كنت بحاجة إلى مساعدة في شيء آخر، فلتأتي بسؤالك.
mists as the sun set lights we caught glimpses of bits of rainbows.

Our first knowledge of the Mixes was last summer. Then when one day at dusk we saw a party of them on their way to the great market at Tacoluma with masks for sale. There were about thirty of them—all men, of little stature, dark mountain, broad faces, thick black hair. They had the dirtiest garments we had seen in Mexico and were the sluggest, wildest, most lookimg. Their great burden. They laid down with evident relief all of them, packed like herring in a box, asleep in their sarapes or carrying of sackling, lay down for the night under the corridor of the Stair of Mixes. For a few minutes they conversed in their cuaris, harsh, guttural tongue, until one by one they drifted off to sleep. Then it was that, learning that they lived not far from this, that they had the reputation of Cannibals, that they were at present surprisingly little known, we made up our minds to look for them some time. We knew they were mountain.

To tell the truth we hardly knew what to expect. We knew they were mountain.
لا أستطيع قراءة النص العربي في الصورة المقدمة. شكرًا لمساعدتك.
less that they were very shy: we knew that they kept much to themselves; we believed they knew little or no Spanish; we were told that it was very dangerous for outsiders to go among them. All that we knew or thought we did. We hoped to find redness in lips, pinched liveliness in dress, mere hutts, strange customs.

So we went with much expectation. We passed over a cold ridge covered with a thicker of purple leaves, ashes, which were completely overgrown with bromelias and cair plants.

We passed from here into a mountains and that beggars description. Four springs ago we spent some weeks in the mountains of North Carolina and the memory of that trip still lingers at a homesickness to revisit the place has often been upon us. It will never come again. The mountains of the Cherokee are lovely, the springs and streams are clear & pure, the heavens is a most lovely blue; but the missionaries are welcome to their "Land of the Veil": we have no land of the Mexia. The mountaineers are like these but they are grander & more majestic; here they rise 1200-12000 ft, high largely
from the plain; here that sky is bluer (you can be near 10) and is more clearly extend-
ed; there the slopes are clad with rhododendron
and azaleas, with "shrub" and with scarlet strawberries
in the grass; here we have avidly crowing
and calling that scent the air with the
odors of clover, green sheaths of blome of pink,
purple, yellow, blue; here we have magnifi-
cent keepers rising with limbs 20 ft. into
the air, unwinding graceful forms 10 ft.
in length; here are 50 species of delicate
ferns in a single menage 30 by
here are orchids; great sprays of Venus-
3ft or 4ft. in length waving your picking;
here are pine cones covering just such
drops with fragrant needles, as your
choicesh 36 by Carolina yield. These the
flora is the same; mountain after
here it varies with every hillside. And
springs, puling brooks, cascades —
and all are there — no better but
fully equal. And best of all — no are
will follow no here! Others will be satis—
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
fied with their "land of the sky"; they know no better.

Our surprise began with the first mile home. We were looking for some rush shelter, in the midst of the rocks. What we really found was this. Fine clearings on the hill-slopes, stretching even up to the very crest of the mountain itself; handsome fields of maize, of garden peas, of gourds and calabashes; the best cattle we have seen in Mexico, grazing hobbled in high meadows; fowls & turkeys falling for eating; log-homes of the most sub-
stantial construction, in fine repair, in the midst of neat little enclosures; men & women, dressed in white people's garments, busy at their farming life. So it went, astonishment deepening as we rode on. Clearing after clearing in the pinya - all telling the story of industry, thrift & prosperity. And there were our mescal. We could not have been so much surprised if we had entered the land from any other side, so we found it here.
is a peculiar bit. At last after five hours and a half of hard travel—we had intended but three—we rode up to Aiquila and drove as nice to the Casa. The good man was not at home, but the town was and more. It was market day in the people were in from a large distance around. As far as the sight of white strangers the men crowded around us. Some did not like our presence and looked at us with ugly glances; others feared us and us with dark suspicions; still others were curious friendly. One or two spoke a few words of Spanish. Telling the women at the house that we would stop there (they talked Spanish of course) we parleyed with the crowd. They felt us, our clothes, our saddles, our baggage. We asked the President sent for a go out our letter from the Gov. of the State commanding help to intern. The poor man was already half drunk; he could read no Spanish; he help timidly looked at the letter and then an us beg to have the Secretary called.
He came & shortly matters were straightened out & the most prospered.

We found the hotel actually around Gijot. It was on a hill high, with a pine valley before, and a height behind. There is a large church on it is roofless. The municipal house is a good building just below the terrace. In the calm above are present and two priests both for healing. The horses here are pretty little square structures of a rich olive from adobe; the little which have but the adobe from in front back are one covered with red tiles. Before the house, but under the roof is a little porch with mud hollowed down adobe at its forward edge. We walked about the village; toward evening returning we found a cluster of rather drunk Indians. One of

Here an albanese took off his hat, kissed my hand, & patted a dirty rag from his pocket, to ask therefrom three centavos which he pressed upon me. In vain I tried to reject the gift. Pocketing the money received even yet taken in Mexico we went in to the horse. We were
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
drawn our attention after dinner by a peculiar and melancholy music. Sitting before the Chief were four musicians, three with curious old-fashioned long simple Spanish horn of brass and one with a drum or tambour. The tambour was continually played but the rest were curiously played in pairs alternately. It appears that during the Semana of Candelas (the nine days before Easter) this music is played here in the early morning, and in the evening dusk. While we sat listening to this really weird and interesting music, the President came along. At anytime his Spanish is inadequate, but when he is very drunk it is quite unintelligible. However, he feared to bring him a chirimigua, when we came again and Nuñez left as we felt confident misunderstandings could rise if we stayed longer.

At the house we found the Fiscal very drunk. Over 150 years ago the good missionaries taught the people preparation religious books in their language. We tried to see some of Nuñez & the fiscal declared somewhat incoherently that he had none.
It was at his house we started with him. As we passed the musicians the President saw us and ordered a halt. The Fiscal was for going on. The chief officer stood hesitated. The delay was fatal. Staggering to us his honor said we should not go. "No! this man is drunk! he would harm you. Go not!" The Fiscal stood at a distance. "We go?" cried he? we moved toward him. Authority always "no, gentlemen, not tonight; he is drunk. You must go home!" he began to move us harem with a body guard of several. "Vamos!" (let us go) he called. The Fiscal. Malam (answer) the President. With our protection we got to our room. While the Fiscal stormed the President threatened to turn him into jail. With a smile of sincere satisfaction, the President barely able to laugh said that drunken men were dangerous he could not trust us to them. Then using his bottle he offered me something warm. It required some little tact to gently but firmly turn the President in his cups from this room. --- In the morning, scarcely
were we up, when both these worthy officers still drunk waited on us with the book. It was a Christian Doctrine of 1729, very curious. With the President were two stalwart men to handle the Fiscal in case he became dangerous as he chaffed me in confidence. When we had got rid of all, the President stood in the road to see the Fiscal safely start home & then left. As far as the Fiscal was concerned, the calumny was a bluff. In two minutes, the rumour of the house turned to us in turn. The Fiscal comes; don't let him lie! A moment later a terrible rap at the door; a hurried greeting, a mournful figure for admittance. The door barricaded, gave no encouragement. At intervals through the morning comes the praying maid; "he comes, let him not lie." Again the barricade, again the appeal for entrance. Soon at noon we rally, we are on the road to hear a cry behind. There comes the Fiscal on an unsteady run. We wait.
he approached inscrutably, out of breath.

"¿Se va?" (Do you go?) Dr. Soto. Off

came, his hat, carefully removed from his cigarette & given in such an

"Adiós, amigos."

When we left Ajijic, bound for Guatelca we
followed up a barranca sharply for a time.

When we finally rode into the pass a thing
unbearably beautiful light broke upon us.
A perfectly blue sky, without a cloud

& a brilliant sunshine. We were above us.

The crest on which we stood was clear in
every detail. Clad with foliage to the summit itself, it forms half of a magnificent ar-

phitheatre, whose sides are flanked up &
down by mountain torrents. To our left

a great spurn, projects from it, with crest

sloping gently downward. It forms an enclo-

sure on that side. Opposite us this real valley

is clearly bounded by fine distant mountains

perfectly clear, with lower peaks, nearly

parallel to them. The only matter from the

valley that is incident is around the spun
to the left. Well - this whole great valley

below us is filled with a vast level clothed

mass of many clouds that look like a

great lake covered with billows. This lake
is bounded by the mountain rise across the mountain rise and as islanding of the deeps. To the left a great river appears to flow around the open hill. A misty, cloud sea beyond that rises in vast direction above the highest mountains. The upper level of this unfruitful valley from his hundreds of feet below eg. It is hard to realize that it is not water. Dominating the sea of mist we plunge. As we reach its upper surface we are little into that mist or cloud rising upward along the little furred channels of the mountain side. The mountain top is flecked with wisps of mist which we have then we caught a pretty sunlit effect. But gradually gloom settled down. Denser and denser grew the fog. Drops of condensation now dropped finally from the hills. The cloud and mist were so dense when we reach the bottom that we could only see a few yard in any direction. We were passing along meadow line where of R.E. with grass, heather, heather, clover, wheat with fields of wheat and peas came & there. The
recenery whatever it may have been we
came. We hardly knew how little living
through which we passed was situated. We went
up, by steep ascents into narrow ridges, almost
like knife edges, with slopes on either side. On
these were nice level narrow walks running
through the midst of a thick, absolutely covered
with broad-leaved orchids. Fine fuchsias and
purple terrestrial orchids overshadowing the road
where we passed. One of the priests of those I plucked
and carried for a while. At the very top of
perhaps the highest of these ridges we came at
upon a quaint little stone building, round
topped, nearly whitewashed, without windows
and with only one door. Pushing this open we
 entered through a doorway so narrow that my
shoulders could not pass in so low that I had
to bend I found myself in a little room at
the end of which was a small table with a
cross and two or three saints pictures before
them some pious and had among plain vases
of lovely flowers still fresh. Adding our deli-
cate lovely spray of orchids, we went on
for three hours we have never risen above
the mists, never got a distant view, though
such views must be from these queer little
blade ridges. Turning to the left, at a leaf

rest house, we passed along a side ridge after
moments. Then we abruptly turned on a down
way and came out to our complete surprise
into the clear sunlight, under the bluest sky
above the level top mass of Clouds that had
announced us. In a moment more we were to a point
where the grandest view of a lifetime burst
upon us. (We stood at the edge of a valley.
The western sun was setting opposite us. Be-
tween us and the valley, we are on
the end slope, a great bend of mountain
side, furrowed here and there whole are great
twisting plains. To the right lies the Cloud
mass. Here & there and smooth surface
rise curling waves of cloud. The mass about
on the mountain slope and down the four
masses of Clouds, a perfect river. The cumu-
losus clouds toss & heave, form great whirling
pans in numerous sheets over the smooth
parts of the bed to break into spray against
projecting rock masses. The sheet of
Cloud rolls on majestically miles across
its upper edge where it makes its plunge.
The falling mass must be 1500 to 2000
feet in height. Niagara, which I have
seen, this lines is a pimple. All the great
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي المكتوب باليد. يرجى استخدام نص نموذجي أو نص مكتوب بالخط اليدوي بشكل واضح.
catastrophe of the world put together could
not equal it. Every movement of eddying
whirlpool, plunging water is here; the
rapids above toward the whirlpool, the
vast rush of whirlpool rapids, all are here; but
there is no roar. This gigantic flow is
less. We could have gone for hours, but
night was coming and leagues of road
lay before us. We see another great
catastrophe before us now. From both ends
the lake or ocean of this early afternoon
are shining downward nor into the
valley along whose side we creep. The
catastrophe before us is from the boundless
ocean. And here we plunge again down
into the mist. Night falls. The path is
hardly visible. We leave mostly to the
horses the task of finding it. The nightair
is chill and damp. At last, well again
back we ride into Guadilla Mine. The
Cueva has gone to bed. The mesa has no
room for us or no food for our beasts. Eno
looks for the Presidente's friends and with
Imperial CavaRs at the village.
On his telling that we wished some assist.
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
ance & that we had an order from the Governor
the Marshal came & became abusive & tried to as.

volve him. His companions had to hold him

to restrain him from violence. So we went

to bed on the floor of the courtroom & lived.

In the morning the President was gone away
on business & a very apologetic crowd of town
officials made abject apologies. We went

gone to the courthouse & served in everything.

We stayed several days at Iququila as we
found material of interest. There is a black
smith here who is said to have an idol.
he found in the pile which he worships.

However that may be there is still abun-
dant idolatry among the Mixes.

At Colcoson there is a little shrine, in which
there is an idol, to which offerings flow.

Tortillas, fowls & fruit are made. At a con-
siderable number of towns - Iququila among
them - an old time sacrifice is still kept
up. When the maize is planted a cock
is slain in the field. Either the fluttering
body (after the head is cut off) is allowed
to float about or it is swung around while

held in the hand. The object is to spill

the field with blood, that they may be
fruitful. As to the former cannibalism, it is not a myth, nor is it very ancient. It is said that when an ancient Micaya day an attractive-looking stranger passed, he would invite him to stay all night at his temascal (what we suppose to mean the sweat house) to keep warm. When the guest was in the sweat house, after he was asleep, chili peppers were burned. The suffocating fumes killed the stranger without bloodshed. He was then taken and eaten.

While at Jiquila we had the pleasure of seeing two of the most popular dances. One was the dance of the Conqueror, the other that of St. Mark. They went on simultaneously for two days of our stay. The dance of the Conqueror took place under a pretty green tree. It was a pretty dramatic performance, with much dancing, music, and little action.
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة.
on our celebration. The Conquest of Henry Cuney. Nine men and two girls take part with girls of the play; they, or many others, in the latter. These men and girls are supposed to represent Indians. With beautiful evening sunwhite dressing down plumes they carry in their hands rattle and wand of down with which they beat time. One of the men has brilliantly coloured plumes instead of white. He is Montezuma. The others are his councillors, the girls are the Malincheles. The first part of the performance consists of an elaborate shaggy real Indian dances of a very pretty Maypole dance. After about three hours of these cunning steps the second part comes. The first part has been included to show Montezuma, his court, and his old amusements. Seeing that the Spaniards are coming, he is filled with sorrow which their amusements are expected to soothe. After this part is over, Herman Cuney appears with soldiers. The dress of the Indians was more prettily made than is very common and unbecoming. These demands
that Montezuma recognized the king of Spain as the Christ. After a variety of conversation, demands a reply, battle of dances, (including some very pretty and dances), Montezuma has received yiel, the crucifix is handed to Lord and the feast ends. The Conquistador is by no means peculiar to the Mexicans; it is everywhere to be found among the Zapotecs, probably among other tribes.

While the Conquest was going on, the greenwood fire, the feast of San Manuel was being carried on in a great race.

A dozen took part, while the toymen players supplied musical music. Most of the dancers were dressed in dark houses slitting up the sides; colored handkerchiefs with points hanging down in front were worn around the waist; their crowns were plain but less beautifully than the dancing of the Conquistador; robins were worn in handkerchiefs curled about the neck. One player bore a tricolored flag and seemed a leader. Another represented a man in hoseback by creating into a
frame covered with cloth. They danced in the twilight sun for hours with hardly any intermission. The movements were varied, pretty and quite unlike those of the Caritics. Notable here were two outside characters who played the clown. One was a little lad, dressed in a garment intended to represent a "tiger," while over his face he wore a great heavy ancient wooden mask representing a bear ("bère?"). The other was much older and was dressed in leathern skin with a vacant looking human face mask. The other, the clown carried on various tricks and performances which were far more than a yard wide. The clown the pantomime and by play the part with delight of the audience near the clown tiger & clown alone danced together in the clearing. We got little satisfaction regarding the meaning of this dance. The Rude says it represents the conflict between Christianity &...
لا يمكنني قراءة النص العربي من الصورة المقدمة.
of the brigs too are situated as high as they can be perched. Either in the very crest, or a little distance, a few hundred feet from the crest, or on top of some open plain that just cut across the narrow ridge from the great mass – such are the usual positions of brig buildings we passed through, only are Guiria, was an all a valley town. More than that we saw a number of brigs as we passed, all on the ridge. By Ocotecompete to Degallepete was a beautiful and difficult ride. The schoolteacher to whom we had a letter gave us shelter & food. We spoke Spanish to the maestro and all these brigs in this only man are may be here to find who can do so. Does mediocrity contempt all Mexican? the blood of the Mexican!? Or sometimes seems so. Here was an intelligent & helpful man, who told us many things we knew not true. For example in asking of the brigs & people he told us that they killed cattle there everyday – sometimes two or three in one day, lie
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
when he served our dinner he remarked that we were lucky to come just now as there had been much killed today! It might be a month before there was much hunting.
As the next day was Saturday he decided to go on with us to the quintapoo, where we should lodge with his half-brother the chief
master here. This was a four months for six or seven leagues. After passing
Camotan we came out into a magnificent gap, along which side we climbed. Small pretty cascades made by the main stream
or some tributaries here were found. On the way we met the half-brother on his way to the road. He was a villain,
looking character. Finding what game his brother had bagged, he quickly turned
round back with joy. The town is on the very summit of a grand ridge. All around lies other mountainous areas
and valley is the Magaiato Mt. with San Maguiato as its summit. Opposite
upon another crest is Malacapoo.
Queen of all vies near here, for
a wonder with neither Fraud nor town
upon it. We sat for a little in the school house, eating dinner there, and then took a turn around the town. We were then transferred for the night to the Emptey Couracy. Just then Ensk discovered the mysterious disappearance of the vacate we had given our horses. We did not say so but there was little doubt that the two learned brothers had made away with it. We stormed over the malice how ever, and so the officials to bring more, & then Ensk van to watch it Eatin, in the gathering darkness. At around the cold wind from the North sprung up. Seated at the Couracy, I was writing, while Ensk was keeping watch. The horse under me was a & the mules under a great figure were all munching. Nor then as the wind howled, I could stop a minute. Suddenly my companion appeared in excitement. Our poor mule had had a narrow escape, without a moment's warning had come a crash. Down blew the great figure upon the poor mule crouching in to the earth. Fortunately it was absolutely unharmed, although it could not
more until the branches fallen with it had been cut away. Meanwhile were all the excitement. On the little hill up yonder south has been a deep Camp fire. These had been hidden by the wind into fresh fires which were now blazing in gay shades all along the mountain slopes.

On our way to the quintessence were two or three things of some interest. At two places we passed swing bridges made of lianas on long climbing vines. These are of use when the rivers are swollen. A few long lianas laid horizontally from the foundation for part of their length. Others are woven canopies; all are strung between the great lianes or anchor by long tresses binding them to higher branches. They are paid things when old; as first one had given way at various points, and I cursed it. I had to hold an careful at all available points as once. Even then it swung & crashed & crackled. Other seen lately were mere substantial. Of course everywhere along these mountains we find simple curves before...
لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
which the poor Indian carries about with himself as a prayer, to kiss it in token of a flower. I've seen Easter buns wore differently. About the base of each was a pile of little stones; each passer-bye threw a pebble at the heap.

Leaving them quite early we made our way through the last of our Maize Corns. It lies as it should lay up, if it is a wonderful road we followed to it. Maize in name, Maize in blood in part, there is surely a large admixture there of other peoples. This is known in several ways but strikingly by the men of the women. Bidding them farewell we shook the dust of Mike-Sam from our feet. We went rapidly onwards, into the Finkas (farms). As we descended we could feel the closing air of heavier air; a sullen, cramped feeling oppressed us. We were entering a Zapotec District; a region of great coffee plantations where men tried to make money whilst up furlongs.
mistakes and wrongs which were usually
friends of the Indians.

The school is affiliated to the Instituto
Agrícola de la Indigena. It is located on an
old hacienda about four or five miles from
the city. Passing all around the mountains
passing through a great many
hills on a very good road, one finds the property
perfectly situated within clear vision of the
City. The chance to reach the place at a
restful pace before going in to dinner.
Two tribes only are represented, Quiche
and Cakchiquel. There are about 200
boys, ranging according to regulations
from 12-16 years of age. There were really
some younger than this as smaller boys
who wish to come are allowed to do so. for
the other a certain number are al-
lowed to expect from each form. All
were playing marbles, jumping, or
otherwise having a good time. All
were dressed in the pretty uniform
of the school, partially in the
national colors, blue and white. The
uniform is patterned after Indian
dress. Each boy has a pair of white
give great open space in the middle of which is to be an elaborate and beautiful fountain. beside the main building there are to be special buildings for Museum, Electricity and Horticultural Displays. There will also be a number of smaller buildings for special purposes of more local importance. Among the matter already printed by the Committee is the Classification, contained in the Third Bulletin. With every kindness for the Exposition itself and only feelings of respect for its management we must admit that it is very bad. It is funny however to anyone who has had any experience at Classification this reading will be like a reading from Achilles and Bill M. While the Exposition is not only a Central American affair, and while no doubt much the greater part of the display will come from the 5 Republics there is to be a truly Sicilian where all the world will be invited. A number of Italian cheeses have indicated their intention to do so and it is to be hoped that our people may make a good showing. Medals proper are not given but Certificates of different grades are offered. Still more cash premiums, 92 in number, and ranging in value,
Hand as follows:

Cost.    Selling Price.
Mule  $4.5  15
Saddle   6     10

51   25

Our purses [initially] had been light; our heads certainly were. So was the heart of this bower of the mozo. At 4:30 we all gladly set off. We could only make 100 leagues that night but we were startled as our horses were no longer to be kept back by a stubborn mule. The money we had received was all in silver pesos. It illustrates a curious fact in Guatemalan currency. Guatemalan coins at present are silver. The smallest piece is the quinto, or 3 centavos piece. They are rarely found in circulation as the Indian women delight to wear them as ornaments. The medio or 6 c. piece is also not very common. The real or 12½ centavos is next. For medio may be cut ingeniously to make change. The general coin is the 2 reals or 25 centavos piece. Then there is the 4 reales or 50 centavos. Then there is the 8 reales or 100 centavos. Now in my twenty-five silver pesos there were
Teresco, & unre " Frederick. Oh yes. We have a Frederick too. He is coming. Sure enough they came about nine o'clock. Four little lads, all straight, well-built, decent little fellows as could be asked. "Laca, Pedrito, Pastolo, o Teresco." They were told to shake hands with me. Teresco particularly was put through an ordeal. "Vini, I com padre," I exclaimed for his name. Castolo however caught my fancy more. I genuinely inquired whether he could read & write. The fellow thought his thoughts, complained that the school was not good, that Castolo would learn if he had half a chance."
The matter however saw an open door. She spoke up vigorously, in Zapotec. "She says," said he, "that you may have Castolo, that you shall take him with you boy. Country & there can have him learn just what you wish." It was a delicate matter refusing such an offer!

The family then united, we began to think of bed. I was already hammocks, Enrico was in a bed; the man
his wife & little Feresia slept on the only other bed. The little girl & the three older boys climbed up the notched log to the left above. The old lady put the dooback up & piled an ocart or two more to give us light to unstore by. We drove some or ten as the case might be from the place was quiet.

We left early. It was yet dark as we made preparing. An old woman from the neighborhood came to beg me to see her sick son. On my examining, she caught up a great ocart, lighted it & started with its blade itself up, through the darkness to her house. He was a good looking young man but from months constant lying in his bed had reduced him & he was thin & pale. He coughed, had chills & fever & a great headache. So much I could see understand. What more might ail him I knew not. We returned to our own fires to meditate. To devise a harmless treatment; to help his confidence; to satisfy her need; to sustain our...
لا يمكن قراءة النص بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
There were the problems. At last treatment was decided upon. "Hot water to drink an
morning and evening; hot water only upon
the aching head; quinine (in small doses)
for the chills or fever; a bit of digestive
for the stomach. The medicine you are
using does no harm; better continue it; but it plainly does not go to
the root of the trouble. Therefore add
to it this treatment. "Our objections the
poor old soul asked our change. On
finding it, maybe we notice an instant
increase in the love of our host. A bit of
unusual cheese was added to the
milk and coffee. When we came down
and asked our bill, the hearty reply
was nada, senor nada. And when you come this way again come straight
to us, the door is always open."
For more than three weeks now we have been striking southward and are 10 have been for four
days past in the Republic of Guatemala; the
Land of the Quetzal. Nothing particularly ex-
citing has occurred and our journal of travel
is not much more varied and attractive to
the general reader than the boy’s diary—
“got up, washed, went to bed.”

We were at San Miguel, just at the border
of the Mica country. The night of Feb. 20 we had
performed our little medical practice and were
mounted and ready for an early morning start.
Little Tefreco — my campadre — had bid us
“good by”; as for the other three little lads, Lina,
Dento and Castelo, they had decided to
 accompany us some distance. They had a
business trip of their own on foot and were
going some 5 leagues or more, out to a Mr.
camp, where some mules were to be brought
in. They would walk out today and get the
animals, would stop on the way, during the
night, then return at evening of the next
day. The sturdy little fellows — 14 to 8 — ap-
ppeared to see nothing unusual in the idea; they
carried their little Tenaças (nets for hunters)
with food, smokying pipes, an extra garment on
him for warmth during the night on their backs
the little Peruvians carry the great musketry
machete, on great knives which men here un-
iversally carry. They felt very proud to follow
us, with great vigor we started from. They
breathed their grudges, sights about them v notes
along bravely. We soon met the low, long,
oppressive, malaria breeding coffee plant.
Came a fine bold mountain, the last of its
kind that we saw for many days. It was
like the Mike Mountain. Up and up, through
beautiful vegetation, past ferns, beautiful ferns,
hills ends with orchids v blossom. The body
guards kept up bravely but drop off before we
got to the top of this steep cliff. When we
reached the summit, we could see a level
line of blue in the distance, interrupted
here & there by some hill or mountain, that
we had not seen before. It was the Pacific
broad which we were now hastening. Some
hereon all beauty of the road for the next
two days disappeared. Down we went o
Wihui up to dry hot & dusty Peru. Then
when they call two leagues, been falsely I
am sure. Long up & down, weight, had,