wrote to Ruiz: he has Cousbachtus's reprint of Bucelasulina and called my attention to the fact that in his MS copy as in most there is one leaf missing. Cousbachtus believed that it occurs only in the MS copy from which his reproduction is made. Mrs. Molina when in Washington a year ago arranged with the Smithsonian Institution to edit an edition of the Dictionary of Motul to be printed by them. Regarding the little anonymous De-utina necessaria, he told me that he was its author; further remarks except that he & a friend, distilled over a MS. prepared badly for publication, prepared this one in its place. He took kindly enough to my proposition to photograph some title-pages and I arranged to call in the morning. Mud, mud, mud, everywhere and water! some of the streets are deluged with water standing from an inch to eight or ten deep. Many crossings are impassable; often to find a place of botom'd mud for crossing it is necessary to go to the middle of a block: coach and street cars horses furiously & the incautious foot traveler stands a head shrow: if he is teachable he soon learns that there is one side of the car in the rocks. Thus we descended and
slept remote from the canyons and that
donkeys and projecting windows form a true
when useful shelter. On the trail of the
Doctrina necessary I visited the Seminario
and found Father Uejas just finishing his break-
fast. He was the cleanest, most attractive, most
direct and incisive priest I have met in the
country. He at once sent for the little Manuel
I wanted and told me that its story was interest-
ing. Its author was a Father Puebla, a Spanish
priest who came here as Missionary; he soon
became interested in the language and asked
permission to devote himself to learning it:
his desire was encouraged and he was placed
as Missionary to the towns of the East. In
fourteen months he had learned the language
and wrote this little book. About this time
he went to Peto on his labors—then long before
the railroad went further: starting from Peto
in a coach, this was overturned and he was
thrown on his leg being caught and caught
between two stones breaking the bone. As I un-
derstand it he was carried to Texas and
sent back to Father Uejas who as rapidly
as possible hurried out with a physician.
They reached the place at 3 o'clock the day on
which at 2 he died. It was in February
1884 that Gabriel Puebla died. Now there is
Page 3
an interesting condition—two men claimed for
the authorship of a wee little book. In the first
statement of Don Lorenzo was not as all
a modified one. He wrote it. It was only as
I thought the matter over that I formed any re-
conciliation. At half past one I went back
to Tucumán to see the Bishop: both Gamboa
Guymán and Molina insist that there are
plenty of copies of Ruy Dermano and of
one or two others of his books at the Archivo
and that I probably could be given some
with the Bishop's approval. I explained
the case to him and he said the Secretary
was to be there that afternoon and he would
give orders to have the books looked for and
I might call tomorrow as the Obispado for
them. I met the boys at 4:30 p.m. and we
went to Aguilar's. We were still too early
and drank for some time till 3 when the old
gentleman appeared; he is rather a hard-
large man, with dark complexion, a fine
smooth, shaven face, and snowy hair. We
made the desired photographs and then went
back to wait for the car. We found ourselves
however close to the Cendie and decided to
take a bath all our. We passed through a
house into rather a pretty garden. Then
to a stairway—partly natural and partly
cut in the rocks. Thus we descended and
found ourselves in a natural cave with a pool of beautiful clear bluish-white water. A paved platform was at the foot of the stairs at midside and around its near edge was a bench of masonry somewhat similar. Benching ran along the side of the pool, and was partly cut from the living rock. In the clear water—even to the bottoms—we could see little black bull-heads. There was a curve in the pool at its end, in a part of the cavern not immediately visible from where we were, was another paved floor with benching. We had a really delightful swim but it was notable that there was great difficulty in drying ourselves: it seemed as if there was absolutely no ventilation. We walked home after all and reached the Plaza. I left the bags and went by the car out to La Ermita to see Padre Rojas (of whom Padre Juan had spoken as a great Maya scholar). He is a nice old man, with snowy hair, white-up of ninety years. He got to bed at 4 daily and I found him up. He has no admiration for any Maya book. So I do not think he knows any books. He has written enough but prides himself on his fluent, perfect, practical use of the language in which he claims he has
preached to the Indians for sixty years. I am to couple Manuel and the Thomspon to see if Mr. Thompson had returned: the night was clear and I almost gave up the trip. But we bought a candle and a box of matches and started out. Mr. Thompson has not returned: will be back tomorrow. He telegraphed, but we had quite a pleasant visit. Miss Thompson spoke among other things of a dance which formerly marked every Carnival season, called the X-Foles. The participants are of representatives Indians. The dance is peculiar, characteristic and original. A band or belt with shell plumes hung at the ends, woven of cotton, with colored figures, or interwoven: a crown made of a circle of wood, with feathers sticking upward, rattle consisting of an egg-shaped body set into a conical series of splints terminating downward in a handle, all colored with rather gay colors. The song they sing is to graces and weird music, the dance being in Maya. The little girl sang this for me. They use a banner on which is some symbol and Mrs. Thompson says her husband terminals the whole thing survival and thanks at least, with our works. Mr. Thompson is
much interested in it and has had a microscopic photograph series made of it and has the music in a phonographic record. He believes that the original dance is represented in the chamber of the bas-reliefs in Chichen-Itza. She also showed us the great reproduced photo from his negatives which were exhibited at Chicago.

At 9 o'clock we were at Reforma to make our negatives; he supplied the books I wanted but as his mayordomo was there to make his report we were not able to converse as I would have liked. — Going then to the Museo, Ramona Gayman gave me the promised Anadrade book; I then went to the Secularis, who has not yet looked up the Rey Bocas but would (Camagüey tomorrow!)

They gave me however one of Padre Dominguez’s protégés — Monsieur de Conpasa. While there I met and talked for a few minutes with Ignacio Peón. All of which represents time up to 2:30 p.m. Ramón has no grip at all; everyone who has seen him insists that he is not really ill and that he needs to assess himself. As a drugstore where I proposed determining a doctor when I described the symptoms of which he complains today they laughed me to scorn; said what he needed was a pulse not a
Doctor. As this concurred quite admirably with my own feelings, I took a dose and gave it to him with immediate and rather alarming effect. He had really eaten nothing for some hours: in a buffet, I think, whether he had been helped or not by one of the boys. He fell from dignity and the result was that he,

The servants were so scared that we sent for the doctor. He came at 1:30 being summoned at 10, and prescribed: he told me there was nothing the matter but a little melancholy & a good deal of genuine; he might have added, a lively plunge. He promised to come again in the morning. While I was waiting for the doctor Thompson called. On the 16th evening we had sent our boxes of plasters to the station; in the morning Manuel went to progress. Leaving at 7, we breakfasted in Progresso, then went to the Consulate. Dr. Solis was there & to my surprise admitted my communication had not yet gone: he also rather dejected me by remembering that this was the last day it could go; he advised us to apply for stamps. We went then to put our luggage as the wardens they at first refused to consider my weight and then as a favor...
consented to take the four boxes of packages for 12 pesos but would not say when: perhaps
soon, perhaps not for months! This completely
non-plussed me and I had poor Manuel carry
the stuff to the Consulado. We then went to
the via Augusta and got our stuff (1.20
stamps) and had it taken there also (1.70)
Solis was not there and the balance of the
time we spent hunting vainly for him to
give him the 1.50 for Stamps and urge him
to attend to the whole matter at once. We
met Grimmerstein: they hope to get away for
Havana tonight: he much prefers Porro's to
Merida and I concluded for a variety of
reasons to change our plans: to go to Porro tomorrow
take the ward line for Vera Cruz and Wednesday
and then the little boat for Coatzacoalcos.
On our way back we saw three iguanas
from the car windows: one, a small one, was
on the road near the railroad; the other two
were larger and were on stone walls. Stone walls
by the way are the usual dining places in
Yucatan. I hurried down to the din-
ning table to the Secretaria where I secured
a set of rather badly worn and tattered
books for 5 pesos. Aguilar, who had prom-
ised to sell me what of his books I
wanted...
...was struck all in a heap when he learned that I was going and crawled at his feet, yet solution, which I finally helped to revolution by crying—plainly he did not want to sell. I told him his price, if he ever reached a decision would be an entirely fictitious one, far beyond reach of a sane man's purse. —Summing time we began packing and at 4.30 we started with the stuff to the station. At about 5 o'clock the doctor came upon us, surprised not to find our infants playing around with the other children. He assured me there was really nothing to be treated but gave another prescription. He raised no objection to our leaving tomorrow morning, there was no reason why we should not do so. He was surprised that I was sitting here while the characteristic Carnival was in progress and urged me to hasten to the Plaza to see the allegorical cars. So I did and leaving word with Rana to send the boys there I hurried. A long walk for all there was very badly rewarded. There were several private carriages in line with gentlemen, ladies, and children in them. There were a few, very few with masked persons. There were five cars. One was a boat, broad with girls, which appeared very mechanical...
to rise and fall on a billowy sea. There was an astonishing Chac-mool—an Indian in the attitude of the god, with an olla held upon his stomach, while one or two other stools behind him as guard or companion. The best of all was a great square floe with the products of the state and several human figures grouped; one of a female figure, in a chair with Lenin, I did not see well or even uncertain regarding. The fifth was supposedly comic and represented Matrimonio a fuerzo and Matrimonio afecto: a vulgar couple with blandishments before, recrimination behind a partition. These were scattered at intervals through the lines. — During the morning Thompson had called but not found me; in the afternoon a merchant from born in Argentina, educated in Spain, had been a colporteur of the American Bible Society in Chiapas, Tabasco, and Yucatan for more than a dozen years. He came to tell me Chiapas to me: clarify that there is not a place in Chiapas or Yucatan where he has been; urges me not to neglect San Bartolomé and not to go to Eldorado. Days there are La Casaderas as a new village among
a Lake near Badajoz: that we can visit them and come as at Palencia and Monte Cristo for the boat. He thinks he remembers meeting me at Truxa Gutierrez in January 1896. He is a short and lively little man, very bad (blind?) eye and wears glasses. He was a pickpocket of Ramen, and it gave me pleasure to have him agree with Thompson / Berkeley. The Dr. of myself that. There is nothing there. 17th Sunday: Dolepsy in, writing as my note to, until at last I caught up. The bible, came after a disinterested look at Ramen gave me a farewell talk, wishing me a good journey. "Because I was not a Protestant" gave me a English Book of Prayers. In thanking him for this I told him my father no. Pech, my sister and my mother and his daughter was my sister's married such. This pleased him so much that he said "we were then of one family" and I had. Tended to add that I was not however very religious. "Ooh well" he said "that is all right, one must not be fanatico." Which appears to me a fair compliment piece to my state of Salter Nels or Memphis. By the way a Manuel at 31 day night met Padre Pio. Francisco in town; he has been away: The...
say it seems has the various and Ponce expects him to die, don't want to do so having
he predicts that they will all go. As for him,
Dora is good enough for him. I was a little
care in getting off to see Thompson. When I reached
the Plaza I just missed one car— in case it ran—
and another one did not appear after I had waited
a half-hour. As the battle of flowers was on, I decided
to give up Thompson and to send the boys out to
see the battle of flowers. This had no flowers of
course; it consisted of a procession of carriages,
mostly private: mostly good. The greater part of
the people in them were young people and well
dressed, a few only were masked: all were liberally
supplied with packages of cut paper which they
threw in showers— handfuls, upon the persons
in the carriages, filling in the opposite direction for
the procession was double. Usually girls and
ladies thus favored the opposite sex and vice
versa. Young ladies generally had their hair
carefully brushed and loose and fancy and no
hats: their hair was full of the paper. Besides
these they had long and narrow strips of colored
paper rolled up like ribbon and when these
would be launched— either as a projectile
course with no direct aim or huddled as some
special person as they unwound they trailed in
the air or the streamers were caught at by
poles. The most of poor children gathered...
Juels of the paper bits and the Langsdoners down to help or, in their turn, to build as passers. The balconies were free and the seats in the upper platform fronting the town house and the people in both raised down the paper and streamers on time in the carriages. Many children in the balconies were masqueraded but few grown people. On the whole, while characteristic and interesting this disappointed me; there was no abandon and liveliness in it: in was all quite reserved and respectable, unenthusiastic. Those who enjoyed them were the poor children in the streets and they showed little liveliness. — I had a letter written ready to send Thompson, when I sent Louis to get our hotel bill: finding that our good landlord proposed charging us for a fifth night — from nine to nine — is he day — and not being willing to pay for two nights in one, I tore up Thompson's note and told the boys we would stay another day. The day was dreadfully hot — equal to or more than anything we have had. It was so hot that I delayed my visit as long as possible. I was well I did for suddenly Manuelas the balcony called me: Hurrying there I saw a band of X Foles coming down the St.
For the next hour and more we were fully occupied; they would stroll along until they found some house into the ratio of which they were invited or permitted to come. There were fifteen dancers besides the standard bearer in the company; the dancers were equally divided between male and female - the female parts being taken by males. The female parts wore white dresses of the regular cut with decorations: necklaces of coral beads and gold chains with gold pendants: their breasts were indicated even in an exaggerated manner. The dress of the men was the usual white Camisa and calzoncillos but these had a red stripe down the side of the leg; jangling handbells of tin or brass were attached to various parts of their dress: a red faja at the waist. Almost all the dancers wore sandals. Two of the dancers were small children; the rest were young persons up to 35 or 40. All wore crowns upon the head: these consisted of a circle of tin from which rose two curling strips with two above the middle of the head; from the back rose four feathers - in most cases made also of tin, though in some real feathers were used. Two were particularly large; both were real feathers. This was the costume.
were of the king and queen. Under the cumboto, covering the top of the head and hanging down as a flap behind were grey handkerchiefs — red blue. All were masked. Nine of the masks were gimmuri: the rest were made of pieces of cloth, chiefly parts of old underclothing, of a brown color, with eye perforations, with nose chins, projecting, developed chiefly by lying with some badly applied color. The men wore a peculiarity on a belt which appears to be a real survival: it is square at the ends, and with a longitudinal slit in the central part through which the head passes. This belt is made of cotton and has various designs in colors, geometrical, animal, bird, etc. At the ends are hanging shells of a bivalve mollusk — Mrs. Thompson says the kind and locality of these are both rigidly prescribed. The rattles I have already described: The handle is made of the leg and foot of a turkey. The abanics have a wooden foundation and handle which is decorated with the tresses and has nine feathers of turkey. The leader carries a great cord of reins, slack is with which he whip three who do not do well. The musicians are two — one with a long pipe, which looks like a small mouth piece joined to a long tube by a wad of gum! The tube is open...
with several holes. The other man carried a drum - use a medium sized bough with the body
made of painted skin, across the top of which was
stretched a skin; this he played with his hand,
hung to the side of the drum, near the top
was a turtle-shell, upon which the same
player struck with a deer's horn. The standard
consists of a long pole, ornamented by a great
thin disk representing the man's face with large
projecting ears and pendent on the cotton burlm.

1900; the sun, two men dancing and a subject
were painted upon it. The leader of the dance
represented a woman. Hearing apparently the
delights their own musicking there was a band
in attendance which played similar music
to that of their own. This music was entirely
peculiar and to me was suggestive of actual
ancient Indian music. The band played before
and after the dance, vast the way from place
to place but not so much during the dancing
itself. The signals are given by the putu - una
por la musica: uno para que se paren: tres
o cuatro para bailar: cinco para parar.
The dance begins with rey-reina, hits of time
borne in the middle with dancers circling
in two circles around them. Then they fort
In two files facing alternately men and women, various salutes are given and pairs dance. My impression is that a man dances first with one woman, then with another, but only with his immediate neighbors. During a part of the dance the movements made are distinctly suggestive of sex imitations or solicitation. In the dance each dancer uses the fan and rattle with graceful movements among which crossing is frequent. The words used in the song are always after the dance there is a good deal of rough and ridiculous display of love making between the fictitious couples.

And then, at last, I got started for Thompson's promising the boys to be back early and directing them to go to dinner at 7. In case I did not appear by that time, I missed the 4:30 car (which probably did not run or anyway from its usual place and waited until after 5 for the next one). I had a chat in the Plaza with D. J. Fernandez. Though it was still very hot I decided to walk out and doing so arrived just before 5:30. To my surprise found them at table and took a cup of tea and a cracker. I was much interested in Mr. Thompson's work. I had never realized that it is his chosen life work. He has really done a great deal and has done it very well. His own house is built on an artificial and ancient mounds; there are a number of others in his place, two of
The lady little shrewd in making her place, and in keeping up her pretensions, has no peers in the family. She has a beauty not before thought of, and a grace of carriage, which is unexampled, and a talent for needlework, which is remarkable. She is now becoming exceedingly wealthy, and is likely to live to a great age.
mind me more of Egyptian work than any American work I have ever seen. Curiously enough, these striking and remarkable paintings or as a site in no other respect of any especial interest, he has a capital Italian plaster worker who has modeled or reproduced every interesting jar or vase that Thompson has been able to find in either public or private hands. He has done a lot of mould making and has a number of good ideas in regard to such. He has paid little attention to the books but collected them and has twenty-nine in his collection, which was however packed away beyond reach at such short notice. He has two more of great interest, both now bound to Ignacio Pérez: one is a hand-titled genealogical paper of the Dutch Xicé; the other is a Doctrina, made in hieroglyphs by some old Padre or Convent priest. To get a car I walked down to Calle Real de Sta. Ana, we walking with me to 66 and got in at 7.20. Going direct to the Restaurant I found Manuel waiting me and Louis, who through some misunderstanding he had missed. Ramón did not go to meals, took little and vomited it all, was weak and hopelessly restless all day. We got him up early and started him off with Louis on foot to make him exercise. The made Manuel and me race to catch up with
Negative List.

160. Octoles dance: Merida.
161. "
162. "
163. "
164. " a. b. c. d. e.
165. Cenote de Tulum: Merida.
166. Parish Cathedral: Merida.
169. "
170. "
171. " a. b. c. d. e. f. g.
172. " Turtles on wharf.
173. Tehuantepec: general view.
175. " Iguanas in market.
177. " Woman with head-dress.
179. San Jeronimo: general view.
180. " pottery.
181. " castella.
182. Union Hidalgo: group of children.
183. " Movie box exchange.
them before they got to the station: it was the
Chinese New Year and at 5:30 or so there had been
a great exploding of fire crackers at the nearest
Chinese bazaar. I bought some fresh bread on
the way to the train, which we all enjoyed but
Ramon. I thought he had eaten all his and felt
much encouraged: it was a false however for
the only ate a little of one & hid the rest all to
be allowed me two or three times to congratulate
him & us on his feast with no word of thanks
or explanation. He stood the trip all right
and at 8:22 we reached Progreso and walked
at once to the Estrella de Oro where I got a
room & assistencia for the three at 2½ a
day! I stayed until afternoon to see all well
settle & then took the 2:30 narrow gauge
road for Irida; arriving at 4:- I rode up
to the Hotel Concordia, where in desperation
I took the best vacant room, the only one
with air & ventilation, although it cost me
3 pesos. Nor did I then get immediate posses-
as the vacating guest had gone off with the
key. Leaving my valise I went to call on Senor Perd (Ignacio). He was at
home & received me pleasantly enough but
our account of his dependiente being at for a
bath we were somewhat delayed. He finally
showed me Thompson's paper. The Doctorid
is really very curious; it is the size of a small 16° and has 58 pages I think. It is loaded with tracts of little drawings schematically giving the Credo, Pater, Ave, Dominicales, etc. etc.

There are just enough Latin headings (otherwise) to give the clue necessary. It was bound in a clumsily cut cover of thick brown leather. I have rarely seen anything that has interested me so profoundly and I must confess to a strong desire to possess and to study and reproduce the little thing.

On going thence to the Plaza and sitting down
I saw Fernandez in the parlour opposite and
thinking he might be willing and able to go
with me tonight, walked over to speak to him.
"Where", he said, "you here! I thought you had gone
to Progreso." "I was there," said I "and have left the
buses there but am here for the night; I will leave
at 7 a.m." "But - that will be impossible; there are no trains tomorrow; all roads run
no trains; the notices have been in the papers
for many days." There was indeed a pretty kettle
of fish; I began thinking of all sorts of possibilities
in my Progreso family. Hurrying as it was too late
to take a return train tonight - to the Telegraph Office,
I made up my mind as I got there to assure
myself by sending a long telegram. So I went
to the Post Office and asked them to the great
question of names they replied that there were..."
none best or the special mention of Progress an
ounced, you than there were morning trains. No
others going there to the Telegraph Office to speak
question they declared there were none. I decided
to go to the station and inquire otherwise, how they
learned that the seven o'clock was run to Porto-
greto as usual returning from there early
as ten instead of at eleven-thirty as usual. Much
relieved, I started back to town and stopped as
a corner to see the last part of the Carnival
procession pass. There were all sorts of vehicles,
private carriages of all sorts with elaborate equip-
ment or with the ladies, gentlemen finely dressed,
some of the poor outfits were ridiculous as
fitful as the case might be. All the huckel
coaches of town were in line and some with fun-
ny occupants. Most of these were very full
four or five common people crowding in: one
would contain four brazen young carousers: an
other a grandmother, her family and some grand-
children - all complacently enjoying the
admiration that their best clothes were at-
tracting; not a few of these coaches were occu-
pied by pure Indians. Some of the finer pri-
vate coaches contained no one but one or
two Indian nurses or favored servants. Only
a few of all were really dashing, finely, or

feel: most of it was constrained, artificial, and sedate—something that had not to be gone through with. One poor little horse dragged an often lengthy or car which might well be that of a country doctor.

In it was the gentleman himself, common, and community, but with a whole family of little people: they were having a good time. Another happy party was a common cart, driven by its owner with his children, pretty the common dressed, as its only occupants were two or three carriages.

Then not particularly funny: there was a feast, marriage in the past: and marriage up to date.

— I learn, by the way—that there are two proces- sions always on Saturday, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon: that the first and processions are arranged by two parties or clubs of young people, and that of the morning arranged by the "Liceo" is usually best: the afternoon one, which I saw, was that of the other club, the "Union."—In the procession this ev- ning the liveliest and funniest piece was a common cart full of loud and boisterous boys, performing all sorts of pranks and operating all sorts of nonsense. I ate my supper at the Chi- naman’s. Then went around to my hotel: my room was still inaccessible & I sat in the corridor of the room. The place was hot and
and full of mosquitoes. I was in no agreeable frame of mind. The landlady had some friends visiting her & one of them, a lady, suddenly noticing something moving on the floor gave an alarm & with great excitement an enormous black bat came flapping around. Finally, toward eight o'clock, I was glad to see Dr. Fernández appear. He had said he would call & I had not spoken of my proposed call, so I now broached the subject and we were at once on the way. Taking a car to the Campana de Doña, we dismounted and were just about to turn up our narrow st. when someone touched his cap. He did not notice it, but I did and called his attention. It was Pérez, owner of the Funda on the corner, who knew him: after a greeting and some questions about the road we were ready and started with a final warning from Pérez that the road was bad. Hardly however were we on the way when a man, closely behind him, came running with a lantern to assist us. It was certainly good of him & we had ample reason to thank him. After some little hunting we found no. 491 where Gregorio Salazar lived. We heard the music of their dancing from a distance a way in a patio and were told that the company would next come to the house for their final dance for the night. Don Manuel was very friendly and voluble, greeting every company of girls or women that came in as “tias” and making some sort of friendly comment. He was as uneasy however...
a first act puntig, continually flaring around and asking repeatedly when Don Gregorio would come. When finally he did come our leader was pretty much insistent that he could not touch the matter until after tomorrow as the dances would not be over until then. Hastily pledging himself to come around and finish the matter with him on Wednesday in my stead Fernandez closed the candle or lantern and starting off at a break-neck pace we rushed down the dirty road looking to right and left and telling me that no doubt there were persons here who knew him and that they are fanatical that he has been stared on this very road. When we got near the main street he lowered his pace, said "now we are safe," and once more resumed his confident air. He had twenty-five minutes to wait for the car in Pere's friend. They talked over varnela and the Carnival. As to the former, Fernandez claims that there are eight hundred cases in town now. As to the latter, all have agreed that it was a half-hearted, unsatisfactory celebration this year and attribute it to the disease of this city in the year Carnival is really general or if not chronic indicates a really poor show. Up in the course of our remarks I mention the Doctrina Thompson has and my companion insists that he knows of such an one in a pueblo in Eastern Tehuacan. "I tried to hear things..."
in vain for securing it. We talked a little while after reaching the hotel after which I went to bed: heat, noise of bad springs prevented much sleep. I had a most uneasy and restful night. I rose at 5:30. I was, of course, at the station long before time. Fernandez came down to take me off and we left promptly at 7:30. The boys, of course, met me at the train at 8:33.

So far I have neglected to make any general observations on the Shaya type, and it certainly is not long enough after my measurements or observations for them to have no importance. The color of the skin is rather lighter than I expected to find: instead of all being at 16 as I supposed they often reach even to 23 and there is more range than expected. The eyes are rather widely spaced and are almost always slightly oblique inwardly. Some children are notably Mongolian in this matter. The nose is frequently aquiline though my prominence: The ridge is apt to end somewhere in a projecting extension beyond the wings. Giving more or less of what I sometimes call a cornate form to it: in the whole the nose may be called rather low, flat and wide. Chins are frequently not prominent: the back of the head is rarely so flat as frequently in the Austro-Caucasians. The head is clearly brachycephalic. There is a sub-type to which I give the name of 'snake.' It happens that one of these is one can find who...
would not be trusted: his name means snake. This type has large and round eyes, prominent and so widely spaced as to make them seem protruding from the sides of the face. Her nose projects little. The chin less so that a side view presents a rounder outline and the curve is almost continuous. The cleanliness of dress and person to which all travelers refer is to me very strange. I am not sure that it is commendable. The old Finkeney would lead us to suspect the ancient Egyptians to be especially subject to somnolence, perhaps, to save of the belief that their frugality attention to clean, handsome dress may be related to a survival of the old Finkeney: nor have I ever seen such a notable Finkeney elsewhere for boys and men to touch each other in the neighborhood of the private parts: when boys are playing, one meets by another, when a boy is doing some acrobatic feat, when in company the corner some joke is funny that seems to please the hand nudge or strikes the other then nowhere so much as here have I seen men and boys walking with arms around another's neck. Of course what we saw in the neighborhood of Carnival are not to be included here, then we saw dancing between man and woman that would have made "little Egypt" wild and in the streets and some other dances there were movements of the most suggestive sort. These are course were between people of the same sex and used to represent different sexes. As regards
The belly dances which we saw on the streets I would like to know whether they are modern due to the-themed Renaissance or whether they betray something good Moorish influence surviving. Certainly the Carnival at Progress was more interesting, more lively, and more enthusiastic than in Florida. As Manuel would say there were plenty of abuses. Men and boys went around the streets with ribbons of flowers in their hats, with their faces painted or daubed; many had their hands full of flour or blue flower with which they dashed the faces and clothing of those they met in the streets. Strolling bands of masked persons danced and occupied the street. Parties of boys nearly naked danced to a bronner horn and man noisily played too with me who was inside a frame of wood and cloth. A completely naked man, painted over his body, franced through the streets on all fours as a caballo. Young fellows dressed in women's clothing with faces covered or masked or painted made a noise and addressed people on the street in high falsettos with all sorts of later years material questions. One band of trained dancers was really pretty. They had a standard, leader, music prettier dresses. Each carried two balitos which they used in a variety of pretty forms and there was a song with Spanish words. Manuel called my attention to the fact that in movement it was
almost identical with the Xholes; he says the leader told him they were the same that one was the handa-
tion of the other & the impression given was that the
Xholes was the copy—a thing which seems to me
little likely. I looked forward to attending the Bal
de los Hilos in the evening as Solis had written
it was well worth while. It was to begin at 7. It
took place in the great colonnade of the Casino.
The spectators were early in place. I waited until
nearly nine o'clock but with the heat, perfume,
& smoke got almost sick and left. The boys
stayed and until about eleven. Ramo enjoyed
his misery all day but walked a good deal.
ate some. He complained so much of his debili-
ty that I tried the experiment of Pichips Extract.

Today—Fernandez tells me quite a lot of
stories about Chichapa some of which are inter-
esting. I am quite apt however to miss some
critical word in the stories he tells. He advises
ours passing Pueblo Nuevo on our way from Tuxte-
co to Jan Bartolome; he says it is a ruin made of bricks
from various places: that upon each house there
is a clay figure of some animal or bird, different
all. He gives story of Cancune a bad name (tells quite religious ignorance) he was there at a
time of viruela when many children were dying
one day he saw a line of thirty-five or forty men
women filling up to the neck with water. Each
load of wood on their back. Then came olded
carried it up to the house where during the night it was taken away—probably by some cat as I left my door open, until freed by the morning cold to close it. Next to me in a pen like my own, separated only by a simple partition only eight feet high, over which conversation might easily pass was an American sailor, whose place for the night was an American sea captain. Their conversation I could not have lost if I had tried. My only reason for mentioning him is that in their conver-
sation Thompson's name was mentioned. He proceeded to speak of Mrs. Thompson as "an ugly, skinny thing" and then said "he says she is not his wife but he lies—he is he says he never ma-
rried her." Then she began to rail at him and said "a man who has a wife ought to behave himself and take care of her but he is only a common dragoon anyway." The next day came and went and we made no progress.

There are three vessels of the Company and the least important of them is the Bladcarso it can best wait its turn in loading and unloading. We took another bath. The clay was fine and clear but there was a fresh breeze and a good surf. At one point—a few feet length of beach, which yesterday yielded nothing was today a rich and inter-
esting collecting ground: the leaves gathered pyn-
tas (paper) and bullas (?) until they were not
willing to take more. As far as I, there was a
shift of spongers and masses granular jelly
of all sorts of colors. Five species at least
of the former and a completely bewildering array of the latter which I don't understand at all. Are they "tunicates"? Some of the others are but others of a sort of thing-like shoots imbedded in the gelatine- like toughmess.

We were up before, packed and ready at eight o'clock sharp. We were loading our stuff onto a terrace and Dolis was around giving us the light glinting countenance. We got to the dock and they had a pretty stew over our "documents." It was not in the regular pile, and the man whose business it was to stamp it, signed it for the last time was not there. Finally we happened in it and - well, rescued it and got a seal. We then unloaded our stuff onto a little sailboat we had engaged and were soon - after a battle with our cargadores and our looks from our sailer, over the unexpected amount of our baggage, we were - bouncing out toward the Hidalgo. We saved, on the matter as we had the boss only for - instead of 1Z - which we would have had to give the man. We were soon loaded on and by 10:30 so far as we were concerned we were ready to leave.

By 3 o'clock we were ready as far as the boss was concerned. Then we lay waiting for the customs house papers until 5:45 when as last we got away with fair signs of arrivals at Coatzacoalcos on Sunday a.m. - Our Capt. is a Norwegian, 1st Officer a Mexican, Chief Engineer an American, Purser a Louis German.
Chief Steward a Caraqueño Indian. Cook a Filipino. The only thing nice about the boat is the fact that the first cabins are on the upper deck and there are enough seats, between chairs and benches for all of us to sit down at once. In other respects the boat was dreadful: dirty, reedy, easily cramped little berths, no water vessels, no sort of steward service without fighting for it and a table beneath contempt. Part of all these disadvantages are due to the fact that the table car are run by the Captain at his own expense o for his own profit. Perhaps he likes the cooking. Other first class passengers were two harmless little Greco-Ecuadorian gentlemen, one of whom was sick all the way, who are going to Minatitlan; two Americans, brothers, one with a full white beard a bald head, the other younger, stocky & deep on one side. Their names are Dorthea. The elder is President of the St. Louis Latin-American Club while the latter has seen a good deal of archaeology. We had rather a rough voyage, part of two months interfering with us. The second was really pretty bad & led to our putting out to sea Saturday night instead of continuing our course. The report Sunday morning was pretty discouraging. Perhaps at 11 a.m. we turned again on our course
Though we went very slowly, we had cloud all day and no observations were possible; hence we greeted a little clearing at sunset, which gave us a hazy glimpse of the mountains between Vera Cruz and Coatzacoalcos, with joy and relief and went to bed with promises of entering the harbor early in the morning in case the sea was calm. We really entered as night and 25th in the morning when, at 5 o'clock, I looked out and saw the lights and houses of Coatzacoalcos. Our Purser is, as I have said a Low German; he is really an intelligent and interesting man, who has read and thought and who dreams of an Imperial Germany which shall move the world. He has lived in Venezuela and in Texas and knows well the district of Tuxpan where he has a little plantation. He knows Tlatlapan but nothing special rights there of idols; he says at El Castillo there are still some; he spoke of a little mound within sight of the vessels, between Tuxpan and Tampico— which bears a name on the map where he has heard there are many antiquities. He gave me a nut which he has himself used which cures dyspepsia given to mice ceases appetite and makes them salivate. For the preceding it is nibbled or ground, very little
being necessary: for the latter he insists that a  
little is occupant, sufficient to cover a ten-cent 
piece which is taken internally: a little is also of 
plied externally. The name of this is something 
like citronella._ He told me much of interest 
in regard to his experiences with yellow fever 
mosquitoes that it can usually be cured & is usu-
ally cured by the old Indian & old women: No 
the deaths are usually with Doctor said be 
jects. He says - first a good purge, with castor 
oil into which lemon juice is squeezed (1/2 glass 
full): Then an anal suppository of salt & water. 
Then treatment with chaco or palomulato 
- the former being the name near Tuxpan, the 
other here or elsewhere. The first leaves are 
burned and in water, which may be lemonjuice 
& sugar: This gives a gummy liquid of 
which too much cannot be taken. Meanwhile 
no other medicine, no food: in the after hours 
hunger the greatest care is necessary not 
to permit its full satisfaction - it is a critical 
time needing strict treatment regulation. 
He himself was thus cured & has faith, from 
observation, in its almost universal efficiency.  
He showed me a queer thing which he claims 
is Indian in origin: a "so" in Placental as prepare 
an little thin, rectangular, packets done up in 
coarse print stuff. This is to be laid unopened up 
on a bite of string or any  sweet or venomous
insects. This has a wonderful reputation and is reputed to act promptly; it sells for a good price from its weight in the opinion of a German friend of his expressed, I am inclined to think it some mercurial preparation. — He told me of the method of treatment of disease practiced by an Indian (Aytec?) woman. She threw a handful of sage leaves into water and then, by inspection of the bubbles of air adherent to these, determined what his disease was; she then took bunches of a certain weed or plant and brushed him over the body, from above downward to remove the disease. — He owns a little property not far from Tuxpan, where he has done some planting and now has bananas, & a little guava; he has looked pretty carefully into some little side possibilities. He thinks a great thing might be done with bay rum — either to make it here or to prepare & bale the leaves and ship them to the States for manufacture; with a capital of 300-400 pesos he thinks he could make a nice profit in this. He thinks the cicimela (?) as a manufactured medicine — as a dyspeptic cure in the States, and as a cure for snake bites in India and South America would pay well. — We got safely off the boat at about nine o'clock; after some little difficulty I got canoatas for my
staff and sent some of it to the hotel where I rode to the station; very soon after obtaining these removals we were "held up" for my document. I shipped plastic, saddle, ammunition, &c., to San Geronimo. Said Mr. Carpenter also about shipping busts & Franks to Pueblo. There we got ready packed and labeled. I called on Mr. Aldridge, with Mr. Van Benthuysen's card, in the absence of Mr. Body, and by a second call, being sent to Mr. Van Benthuysen got my transportation. The day was hot, dry, windy, & dusty. Toward evening we all walked down to the beach and looked at the little crabs scurry across the sand into their holes and hunt "sand dollars" and made a Pompeii on the sand. On returning and before eating supper I took a little walk out. P.M. Kramer and confided to him various suspicions I had had regarding Ramic's case, which suspicions he agreed in with me. — Saturday night a terrific Norther arose; the next day was cool, dull, gray, & at times rainy. I hunted up Carpenter, as he did not show up in the morning and he came about 2 o'clock by appointment. I wrote letters, made up notes and packed hand baggage.
quite vigorously. Ramon has been sick for two weeks and today is more like himself than at any time with growing strength of energy and an insatiable hunger, which I am warned not to allow to be satisfied. In the boas Lovie had a bad time with a boil on the directly on his navel. This is improved, but the last two days he has had a miserable stomach trouble, which has given me more concern. He spent a bad night, last night, but appears better this afternoon. As for Manuel, he fell downstairs yesterday when we were landing, with the ball of ammunition upon his shoulder a pretty badly bruised his leg and arm from the fall. He made at first we feared he had broken something but he was fortunate enough to escape with a few rather ugly bruises. So we have had a pretty quiet crowd here this dull and dreary day. — We finally got our documents in shape about 5 o'clock but the Mexican will not receive cargo until tomorrow morning so we had to leave the four boxes and trunks at the hotel to be taken when she is ready. — We were up before in the morning and were on board by 7 1/2 the train nearly an hour before she was ready to start.
Palm Impressions.
Anderson: Mexico from the material standpoint. New York: 1884.


— Informe per— Cerro de El Tambor a.m. F. R. Mex. t. viii. 1882.
Mira que bonita es la muchacha
Mira que no se fonde
Biyaa scari' batacapa
Biyaa sin ru guindahalu
Biyaa que Tiempo que rididi
Para ganda guyahanu
Guinaa de na vadu roostila
Que ma saa ri chiquilune
Ne en vi luwe ni quibuya
Nee humi leca
Guigana xi vaca rari
Mas cadí nuaa huasa
Ah guda guda quichen de náa
Naanda que ni lüi
Jesus cadí guyahuná
Sangana
Nee cadí sagiudi luwe na la
Nee cadí sanda guyaa.
Sandunga  |  Song of Zapateas
Sàn-de-peto...
cross the Delaware and got in more than an hour late. We went at once to the Hotel Europa and then to the P.O. where I got less than I had expected—nothing later than the forwarding of January 25th. I spent the whole morning attending to my correspondence. In the afternoon I went to call, with the boys, at Dr. Castle's on our way to San Blas. We found the Dr. moved and Maria not at San Blas. On our way back I stops to see the Jeffopolitians and waited an hour at his office; finally I started away and in the next building found him drinking and drunk; he welcomed me most warmly and ordered me a beer; he spoke quite lively and addressed himself to quite a pretty Indian girl; she received him with great skill and raised him right and left. Just afterward a nice looking half-breed woman came into the place and after greeting her he ordered champagne which was taken all around. He was really too drunk for me to accomplish anything with. One moment he assured me that he should go into us in the morning himself at whatever hour, day or night. I wrote name: there meant tomorrow would not answer, etc. He would...
Bunt Denes.

83. "Xoghe: \( \Gamma \). 
84. " \( \Pi \). 
85. " \( \Pi \Pi \). 
86. " \( \Pi \Pi \Pi \). 
87. " \( \sqrt{\cdot} \). 
89. " 
90. " 
91. " 
92. " 
93. " 3mm. 
94. " 
95. " 
96. " 
97. " 
98. " 
99. " 
100. 
be busy but would go day after. He was greatly delighted over my old lady at San Mateo to whom I sent a picture and seemed to think it a great love affair. He was much talked over my being here for one thing: informed me that he had an "orden" from Mexico to send in bird skins of all the birds of the District for the Museo Nacional and that he had not known what to do in regard to it; that now he knew I must prepare them; if well, he would pay large but if I did not wish to do it he would compel it: that men died easy there, he then made some suggestive gestures that they were reported as accidentally killed or as dead of yellow fever. All of which drunken jocularity was of course highly appreciated by me. — At the Hotel Colon in Cazacoolos we saw Governor Pimentel, who was for Monday in the room opposite us. I delivered my letter, got another from him to his Lieutenant. He was hardly sober enough to know what he was doing. He had a great display of drinks on this table and the chamber-boy told us with great admiration that his bill for drinks was 150 pesos for one night. — At the Jefe's office we learned that the Maha of Sta. Maria Guadalupe has been
Arturo Dantibanes - $2 paid for one print letter sent from San Germaine ordering it mailed to the US.
photographed by a young man named Sanitén. My cousin of the Jefe, on looking him up, we found that his negative was not here but in Juchitán, and that copies could be had (printed) as 2 pesos. We ordered one to be printed and delivered to the Jefe. We were greatly surprised to learn that the negative was made at the wish of the Indians, and that many films have been sold to them. We also learned at the office that last season there was a dread scourge here of yellow fever: the first case was on June 8th. The natives and acclimatized foreigners were afraid, but recent ones foreigners died. Dr. Castle later described the conditions as horrible: he says Pearson's force was practically annihilated; dead men were picked up on the streets in pools of the black vomit: thus he asserts is really the rectified blood that they could not absorb. After leaving the Jefe, which was not altogether easy, I visited Dr. Castle. He was as interesting as ever. He has three hairless dogs, a marmoset, two macaws, two parrots, and some doves, two of which he has taught some tricks. His new quarters are near the hotel & more pleasant than his old ones. This morning Lottie and I met an Indian woman with two iguanas for sale. We bought
The largest one—a big black fellow, for 2 males it was alive and had its feet drawn back and tied together in pains upon the back, while the neck was tied closely shut by strings passed through slits made in the sides of the corn jars and then over the head. The boy was kept busy all the morning taking off the skin. The Dr. says there are three kinds of guavenas here: the largest is green, the rapidly changing to orange or gray, and is now brought into this market as its flesh is too sweet: it is however eaten on the Gulf Coast. The second is gray or black, of medium size; it is probably of this sort that Louis has. The third is the rarest, it is smaller, striped longitudinally, is oko, and is found among rocks nearer the coast. He loaned me a note book of his to copy some lines of a Japoste song (?) or poem. This he got long ago copying from Langston’s copy of it. After supper I returned his book taking the boys along with me. He called in his Russian woman to have her translate some real the “poem” but she weakened at the third line & ran off to see the baby; he discreetly did not call her back. Here we found that the haiden dogs cure rheumatism. This is believed here fully as Pueblo. If it swells the person three nights the cure is effected. They pay as high as ten pesos.
to buy such a dog. The napacatl looks very like our raccoon but the Dr. thinks it a different species. This is the crab-catching species. Dr. (this individual) is very tame and cute. The Dr. spoke of some Zapotec songs, one of which, the Sandunga, he semi-laughingly refers to as the national hymn. This and another he believes truly native though there are Spanish words mixed through them: They are both favorite band pieces and are played with native dances (?). He is inclined to think it was written after the La_notoria and in connection with the events of the outbattles here. He tells of the treatment then given to Pajareo Diaz’ brother: They (Serap) took him prisoner and played his feet: They then drove him along to a brook where he could no longer stand the pain and begged them to end his misery: They killed him and laid out his body in the Church at Pachuta, cutting off his private parts and sticking them in his mouth as he lay there: They killed the Jefe politico of the day and after dragging his body crouched left it in the Plaza, threatening to shoot anyone who attempted to carry it away for burial. He spoke also of the fearful punishment later inflicted on them and the shooting of 2000 (?) men in Peshistan alone. It is to these tribes that he is in-
clined to refer the Sandunga. He says it is a favorite at wedding celebrations, which may last for two weeks, each side trying to outdo the other—first the bride, then the groom's heavy indulging in festivities. He asserts that when the Sandunga is played in a horse any passer-by, even the meanest and poorest Indian may enter the horse and take part in the festivities—may even invite any lady present to dance and that she may not refuse. As regards the marriage custom mentioned in my notes, he has seen it here in full play since we talked over the matter before. Just now the Dr. is interested in cacti and is forming a collection of living specimens of all New Mexican species. He has ten only so far, but none of the larger forms; for these he is now making preparation. He says that the large green iguana is common along a stream we cross on our way to Juquila, and that whenever we see the great lizard basking on the branch of a tree, there we may see an alligator lying below, waiting for it. We were up early enough Monday in the morning to have made a good start. As it was, thanks to the Jeff's condition of yes—Thursday we did not get away until 9 1/2. We stopped at San Blas hoping to see Molina, but he was not there and is no longer secret...
Mapa de Antilopee: painted on a strip of coarse cotton with three colors—dull blue, faded brownish red, and black.

The mountains, hills, and all the hieroglyphs, the sea, the river, and the lagoon are all in blue; red is used only for division and enclosing lines—five straight horizontal and five lines enclosing four principal design: black outlines all the kings, horses, chariot, tiger, shield, two roads, etc. The two upper chief kings wear blue capes; the third has blue garments complete, the fourth crown garments of blue; all sit on black seats. In the group of eleven persons below or on one side of these four—the third one of the second line has a blue cape; the second.

Third of the lower line sits on black seat; the two individuals near them are backward as if in a wash of mud. The serrate base of the mountain near the sea is black. In front of the two figures enclosed in a triangle between road, river, sea are three very faint designs in dull blue: in the space above are two thin designs; in the other near theessel mountain is a device in the same faded color on either side of the black horse.

In the section of the shield a faint blueish design occurs in the lower corner near the road behind the figure. The horse. Beyond the lagoon the edge of the map is a design in blue, representing a little hill with a large cloud above it.
The lake near me, the meadow with a small brook, I could hear the echoes of the leaves rustling in the wind. The sun was setting, and the sky was painted with hues of gold and orange.

We sat by the lake, watching the leaves fall and the water glisten in the fading light. The ducks swam gracefully, and the geese honked in the distance. It was a peaceful evening, and we could feel the stress of the day vanishing into the calm of nature.

As the sun went down, we set up a tent near the lake and watched the stars come out. We sat around a campfire, sharing stories and laughter. It was a perfect end to a perfect day.

The night was clear, and we could see the Milky Way shining bright in the sky. We talked about the beauty of the universe and how small we were in comparison. It was a humbling experience, and we felt grateful for the moment.

As we drifted off to sleep, the sound of the lake lullaby lull us into a deep slumber. We hoped to wake up to another beautiful day, filled with wonder and awe.
as nearly what they wished as I could understand
20 to that unworthy individual. And one of their
comes to his house he will have no idea what
it means. Finally at 3 o'clock we left &
left our horses on a steady jog. We reached Don Alcadios, arriving
to his house to see him but with no result. It
was about 5 when we got home via the high
road. I made a brief call on Mr. Castle, see-
ing his cacti. He made some sort of an
unsatisfactory arrangement regarding the
matter of writing a certain Zapotec music
pieces. He has seen the Mafa at Tehuantepec.
It was several years ago and he was accom-
panied by Ill. Werner & a by a priest. They
succeeded in seeing it only by the initiative
of the latter who assumed the gigantic that
the Dr. was an American ingeniero who had
been commissioned to survey the line in di-
pute between them and the Indian. That it
was necessary for him to see it. Permission
was only given after a consultation of the pri-
ciples and no one of the priests was per-
mitted to touch the documents. Werner
made an expense but the negative, due
to the U.S. for development, was destroyed
never came into his possession. When
he showed the Mafa the Agent of the
See Lucio Fuentes in Deuhuan as we pass for more exact information regarding the maps here mentioned.
phrased the fact that he did it because "war
direct order from the Pope," instead of concealing it.
They are much worse that they have no titles.
This has been taken from them to Oaxaca (or
to Mexico) and they seem to have some diffi-
culty in securing its return.— She told
me that there was formerly a most interesting
map of all the Guate lands at Ixhuallah:
that this was gotten possession of by a former
Governor— Manuel Gongora—who, he thinks,
is now in Oaxaca. Ixhuallah is not a desolate
town as I had supposed but only a Guate-
town from which the Guates have been crowded
by the Zapotecs; he says the Zapotecs are
now expanding and have crowded in into the
native populations far down toward Tonalá and
other parts of Chiapas— just before we
went to Supper Don Arcadio appeared very
well on foot the evening. He was greatly
pleased to see me and we had a long talk.
He has only about eighty or ninety copies of his
2d edition (1000) left; these he will hold as
his Diccionario is still unfinished. He says
he has written twenty books but when we
set ourselves to make the complete list he could
only remember seven in Zapoteco. These are
Diccionario Zapoteco-Espanol
La Rosa del Amor
* Gramatica Zapoteca.
  Aritmethica Zapoteca.
  Antropologia pedagogica.
  Geometria Zapoteca.

Voices simonimas escritas en Zapoteca y Sp.

* Prints.

The Antropologia pedagogica is entirely in Zapotee; he has sold the copyrights to one of his fellow students for nine pesos, who has not yet ventured to print from doubt as to its reception. The voices simonimas is ready for publication and it seems to me the one best suited for the purposes of my "Library." It contains first Spanish synonyms and then the Zapotec Explanations. I asked him to think over the matter of letting me have it. He agreed to prepare me a list of Zapotec words with text, music, and translation. This I consider really important. He is now conducting a private and receiving much praise. Two pesos monthly, with which he is well content. He desires above all things to prove the high refinement and spirit of the Zapotec which he considers much greater than Spanish, Latin, or English. To my surprise I found that he really knows a little English, or is studying. His pronunciation is good. He says he also had several English books when they were destroyed in a fire which burned his house. He...
has written a Spanish Grammar in Spanish which I think is not published. He has a rather inglorious idea of the importance or value of his labors. He says the bulk of his writing was done while he was a youth, at his parents' house; now that he is himself a horse-head and parent things are different and it is not easy to indulge his literary propensities. We left on 6.50 2d vi the morning and had a simple view to Pangemanio. Here all was discouraging. Our freight has not arrived and we are told that after 15 days, a month, or more, we can expect freight to come. We were on the point of telegraphing to have it traced and expressed, when the Jefe de Estacién Told us a train was due in the evening & we decided to wait, as the stuff could not be sent anyway until Monday passenger. Worse yet, we found no coach; six days would be necessary with horses & mules; twelve of these @ $1 daily for twelve days (id de mula) and three mules as the same price made a bill of $180. Espinosa advised us to take carretas which would take nine or ten days at most & which would cost $360. If Ramon could stand the horseback journey I would have fallen horses thus the other in The whole thing would have been a complete loss of time. We were finally located at
the Hotel Europe, just in front of the Station.

1/2 a day. A heavy how wind blew all day. With
letters written we walked over an arm room
to the tram: the whole district is wind-swept.

The tram is spread over a long space; the huts
are rectangular, adobe, with steep-pitched
roof, mostly whitewashed. Funeral procession
with music in front. The little child coffins
caused by several, & the mother in corners
of grief, dead or stimulated, supported by two
women, made a notable sight. There was a
black flags among the mourners. We saw
a horse raising with a great pack of men
behind. Two neighboring horses had so many
women and in front to see the procession had
begun a feast for the women afterward. Much
pottery made here: The black-ray clay lies
in heaps by the horses, mallets are apparently
used to break or pulverize it: it is worked up,
plainly by hand-building, into enormous green
oats, a flat plate-like forms. These oats we
see everywhere: sometimes they are lashed
and canelag, apparently for carrying water.

I called for Mrs. Stewart (Toronto Inst. Rep.)
but she had left here some months past. They
appear to consider her a curiosity, though the
lady who informed me did not say that she
was an antique. — At 5 o'clock the freight
train pulled in & my stuff was unloads.
loaded or was "ferried" in the bodega. Manuel who was there to see they it was not unloaded, but there. However that may be we as once ap-
peals to Esperidio to arrange the matter of the carretas but he said it could not be done until "pasada manana." Monday.
3rd There was then nothing to do but wait. Still it did not turn out as badly as it is not an unhapp-
some place to wait: the little hotel, at 1.25 a day, is the best on the isthmus and today though hot, is not
windy. I made up my accounts, read, got out my freight and, after all, made my arrangements with my man before 9 o'clock this morning. We take two carretas at 28 pesos each: in response to close
questioning he agreed that we could get to Tuxte
in eight days - without counting today and I figured to give 5 pesos a carreta extra if he got us there on Monday the 11th. He said we would have to put up with some discomforts today but arrived at his
home, Sr. Hidalgo he would arrange our car-
retas magnificently. He promised to start at 4
p.m. We were ready but of course he was not: nor was he at 5 o'clock so we took supper. Finally
at 5:30 we started. We had four teams of carros as
far as Hidalgo with a lot of other freight. The
night was clear with an almost full moon and we
had a heavy sand road much of the way. The pass
Dr. Faltepec-Louis and I at foot at 8:30 we
waited till the dry river bed just beyond for two car-


We reached Espinal at 10 and lost three quarters of an hour there unloading freight. All went thereafter well until 2 a.m. We were then meeting many three heavy loads with timber, etc. The road was narrow and several times collinear, due to the sleeping of one or another of the two carriages were narrowly averted. Finally one came between our second and another; our axle was broken or the vehicle lay helpless. Two hours and a quarter were expended in repairs and elevating when, as is, we started on again. This was fatal to all hope of reaching Union Hidalgo at the time promised. Still worse we soon turned into my hatred, wide, dusty, hot, straight highway which I hoped we should never see again. The are which begins at junction. I took quite a long walk upon it and Lorie was out with his pen. He killed three parrots, a calandria, and a chacha

This was many other birds I passed - no doubt - where I formerly said my pear. They say that javanis are common here. Long before we reached Union Hidalgo it was hot. Arriving there hot, tired, hungry and sleepy at 9:45 we rode up to an empty horse and unloaded. Our carriage was far from

when we had been in some half hour or more. Manuel walked in hot and sweaty and rode the disabled car again. Broken down. We others delayed, are with a sick animal. They came straggling in later, the two together. I ate nothing or last we had breakfast after which we ca...
developed his plans which seemed to involve delay but were probably after all the wish. He will wait here until tomorrow afternoon. He will then leave at one. He says the animals are now hot and tired from this morning’s travel and is so unwell that we must defer our own plans. He promises absolutely unless God’s will should decree otherwise that we shall be in Tunta on time promised. This anxious expectation continued well from our meeting. He is a good fellow, who knows his business is ambitious to try another; he can swear through the most astonishing string of oaths and grievances imaginable. This by the way is a frequent accomplishment. The bulk of what they say is Spanish, but the part is English: I think an occasional word of Zapotec is distributed through but cannot be sure. It moves so quickly from the tongue that I thought at first it was all Zapotec and only later began to pick out the various parts. Louis claimed each of his birds as were serviceable and no checkable was cooled for supper: we had three meals after 9.45 a.m.!! At night I slept on a bed outside. Ramon in a loaded carreta, while Louis and Manuel at least ultimately slept in hammock inside. It was another beautifully clear night and the sky was clear. It soon turned cold.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a crying out, opening my eyes saw an Indian hatted shawler, yelling and the most dreadful impression of 

1. I thought at first it was 

2. I thought at first it was
going to some one in the house but both the horses were 
closed: Ravan covered with his fragada could attract no 
notice and I did not believe myself addressed. The 
crazy drunken cloud there for some time breaking 
out a torrent of abuse, invective and profanity 
with an occasional "Viva Mexico!" more 
patriotically Murmur in and then disappeared in 
the night but could be heard for some time after 
I believed an the whole it was wise to be providence 
intenders and rising pulled a stake out of one of 
the carts and laid it by my side on the bed At about 
five o'clock, I found myself as cold and the 
dew so heavy that I picked up my things and going 
to the house dressed myself and went until after 
daylight: just about 5:30 our drunken friend passed 
again a little less voluble but still vociferous — 

He and a nice looking old man, who was quite as 
drunk but no as loud or as bellicose appeared at 
intervals through the day: The younger one was as near 
a crazy drunk as one sees. During the day our carreta 
were prepared: in making his apologies for our incon 
veniences of yesterday our man had promised to fix 
up our cart "as fine as a church" and magnifico. 
We really did put a decent cover on it, then a lay 
of our sacs of plaster: Then a layer of Manoja de 
mais and overall of clean and new petate: to 
be sure the space left above was low for com 
fort: we were horrified when we saw him 
loading up the second one not only with our stuff.
null
but built up high with hay fodder and great red flag mohorces all as feed to last the animals. Moreover the churchly coach was to serve for four miles of two as I had intended - planning to let Manuel and Luis ride on the second - at least as night when they not suffer from the sun. Twice during the day we heard a woman crying in the house: The second time we found that she was the wife of a Carter who had been injured on the road - who wanted to find a carreta ad after him. They brought him in during the afternoon and receiving and lamentation the wife especially considering him as already dead. He was supported by two men and helped into the house where they set him in a hammock: he groaned with pain and the curious crowd pressed in at the door into the room. I examined him pretty carefully, with the help of one of his friends: it was easy to locate four broken ribs behind: he complained also of great bleeding internally. It seems that he went to jump up in the usual way onto the moving cart and that the stick which he held broke letting him fall to the ground where the wheel of the heavily loaded cart passed over his body. The first remedial treatment was to give him a great jar of fresh urine, I think: with the idea of thinning up the blood. Finally all was ready and at 4.40 p.m. we started: we were literally as tightly packed as sardines in a box and very uncomfortable: I did not try to sleep, neither lying down nor closing my eyes. Shortly after leaving town we crossed a running stream and from the further side mounted atis
...counter'vey which are turned interestingly but easily: a man from the horse accompanied us some distance, for other animals, which he left finally in their free pasture. Soon we went down into an arroyito from which our team drew us with some trouble. The other had a more serious time. They made the attempt several times, only to fail. Even though all hands tried, by pushing and bracing and encouragement to aid, we could see that there was a very real danger of stulting in such help as the slipping animals or back sliding cart threat to fall upon anyone pushing from behind and below. Finally the cart was propped, the old team removed and our row substituted; even then it was only with a hard tug and heavy help that final successor was gained. We crossed a fine strain of salt water quite like the Laguna at San Mateo; we then indeed noticed 2-3 leagues of as from San Domingo. The country from here on was pure classic for a long way. The clear moon continues a still as a light as day; cold wind from the West stirs in sheets of sand and dust that covered us an especially heavy piece. About 9 o'clock we stopped to rest. A little before this we happened on a bunch of six or eight carts drawn up for rest. The people were at their little fires warming themselves or cooking supper. This gypsy-like group was a Compania Carretera: we are beginning to realize more what this carreta life is, than ever before. After the sun rose we were in misery; the road was winding enough, but it was deep with dust and we were hungry, but...
and choking: the road was a succession of little jolts. We
most unpleasant for. We hailed the cross that marked
the beginning of the native ferreus with joy but it
was a long ride before we crossed the little streams and
into the village. It is like all these Zapotec towns but
"less so" on account of its lying in dust instead of on
sand. San Germano, Juchitán, and Espinal (also called
Nidalgo (Jewino) and here) are all one thing. A hard
wind swept sandy space with rectangular pole-framed house
with high pitch roof, many of them whitewashed, dis-
tributed over a considerable area. We went first to
the river where we took a very refreshing bath; we
then ate a very decent breakfast—coffee and bread,
fríjoles and eggs, and a dozen of agua-colored peaches
from Tuxtecutti. It was now 11 and we were a dinner for
2:30 as we were promised a start at 3.
Our cook was a buxom young Zapotec woman—
nerveless and rather quiet; instead of being a little late
as we had hoped she was ready and called us
in at 2. Where we had coffee and bread, fríjoles and cheese.
This town is the end of one of the regular jornadas.
There was a great crowd of carretas drawn up under
the trees as we were off many scenes of starting
arriving, packing and unpacking, Chaffing, etc. I called
on Lucio Fuentes as Dr. Castle had recommended
be told me when he could. He says there was former
a man here of the guane blood—(THAT THE LIFE
politics of some years ago Manuel Greg at one time
had the formable sense for & with whom this man was)
sent with them: that he never returned the map, which
we in Mexico in hands of the Government or may have been
privately disposed of. He does not know Goyen's address but
Dr. Castle thinks it is Oaxaca, according to the old man—
This was a philanthropically "made-town": the Government,
wanting to get the graves away from their location and fix
up to make start agriculturalist & labor of their gave.
This land to the people of San Francisco Hudnall & asked
them to remove here: few did so—only enough to make the
municipio. Since men Tapotecos, chiefly from Juchitán have
moved in and made up the town's population; he says there
are four or five Jivaro families here. The Tapotecos here call the Jivaro, Juches (Dr. Castle says this is irreconcileable
to them as they have the word jivaro in their language—
meaning among its colonies is Nuevo Hidalgo. They find many relics
here, especially at the river's bank, where after festivals
they are uncovered by the fall of the unsupported edge. Most
of them are fragments of pottery vessels, the commonest
form of which appears to be a tripod bowl with
the hollow, sometimes smiling, legs representing human
and animal heads. We found four of these at a
house where I had an interesting talk with the
women, the chief speaker of whom is a cousin of
our carretero's; she sent out for the relics and when
she found that they interested me sent to their house
for some modern clay figures: these are as rough
and crude as the Cholula makers figures for the feast
of the dead. We got a pot of sauce, a man on horse-
back, three female figures with babies, one without—
all which were of one style, a rough course, red, with some decorative streaking in white and blue. Another which greatly pleased me was a couple, in a warm embrace: crude as they were, the female figures were really interesting in showing the mode in which mothers carry their babies and the fact they two babies may often be nursed at one time. — Here too I saw first the mode of making Tortillas del Horno; for Tortillas about the size of a fruit plate are made in the usual way; a great earthen olla is sunk in the ground level; this may be covered by a conical or another olla and a good hot fire of coal is got in it; the Tortillas are stuck in around the side of the olla, inside, and left to bake; they are crisp and soft at the edges turn up in the baking making the tortilla on two corners. — We were at last ready and left at 4:30, we continued to ride on the hot, dusty road. There was a wonderful display of palms embraced by their parasites for in some places completely embedded in its gigantic buttressed trunk. There were also fruit cases of the network surrounding showing an earlier stage. Never have I seen so many flowers elsewhere; some trees have great rhododendron-like branches of a pale purple flower of tubular form that blooms as if it were summer but which falls readily; other trees cloaked as if covered with veils of simplified rather small flowers hung on them; some trees were a mass of golden bloom. I think little green blossoms about the size of a Cherry blossom on certain trees, yet leafless, I think, showed one or a few large, brilliantly white flowers, visible to a great distance on the rather tall plants. We saw few birds; one macaw, one Toucan (I think) were the most interesting birds.
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