

Frederick Starr Papers

Box 21

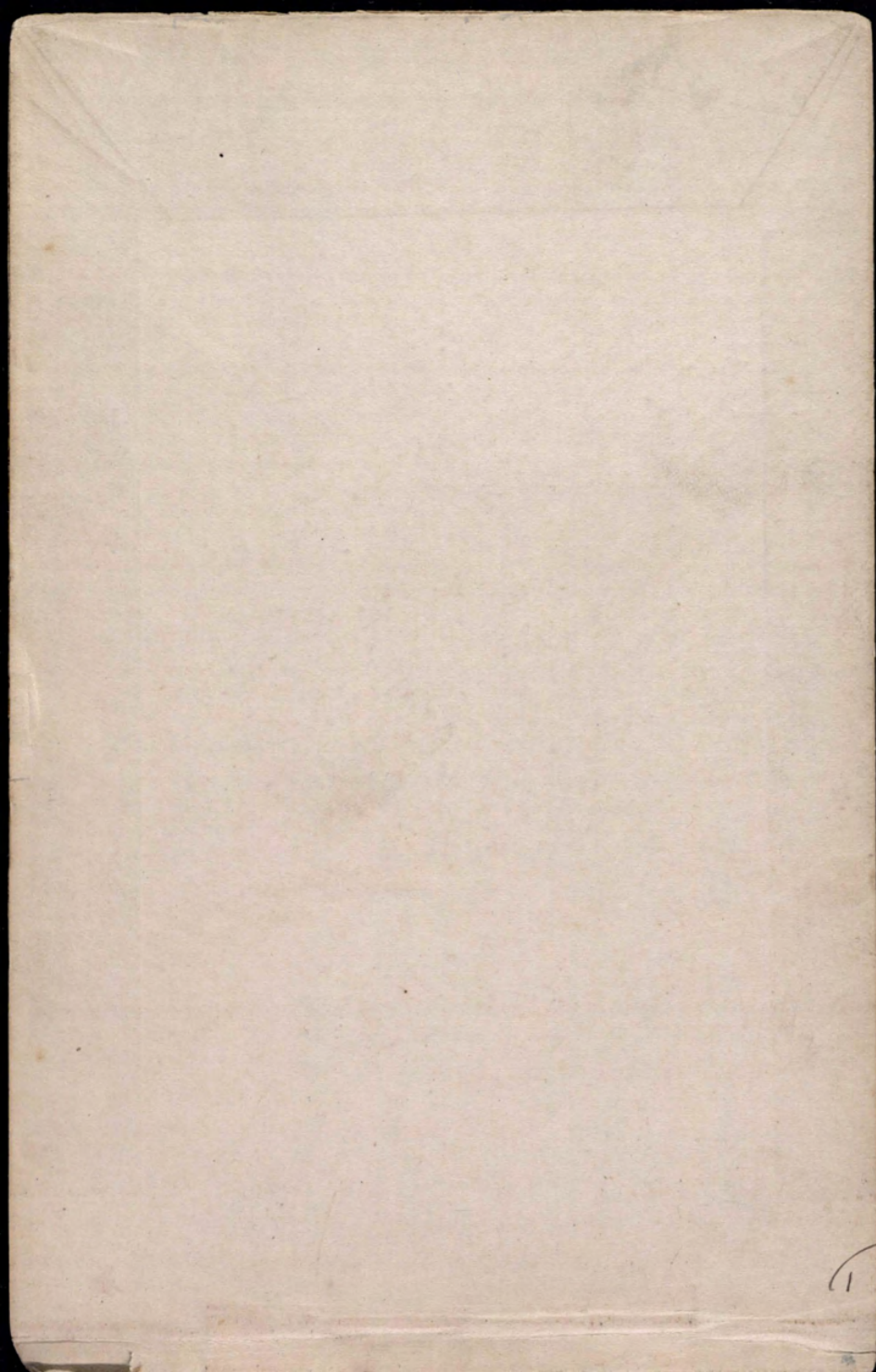
34 of 57 notebooks

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University of Chicago,
Chicago, Ills., U.S.A.*



works of Ruiz: he has Icazbalceta's reprint
of Buenaventura and called my attention to
the fact that in his (mis) copy as in most there
is one leaf missing. Icazbalceta believed that
it occurs only in the one copy from which
his reproduction is made. Mr. 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 Doc-
trina necesaria he told me that he was its
author: (further remarks suggest that he
& a friend, distributed 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 bottomed mud for crossing
it is necessary to go to the middle of a
block: coach and street car horses splash
furiously & the incautious foot traveler
stands a bad show: if he is teachable
he soon learns that there is one side of the
cur in the rocks. Thus we descended and

street remote from the car track and that
downways and projecting windows form a true
whar useful shelter. On the trail of the
doctrina necesaria I visited the Seminario
and found Father Mejia 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 Manual
I wanted and told me that its story was interest-
ing. Its author was a Father Pubill, 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 thither: starting from Peto
in a coach, this was overturned and he was
thrown out his leg being caught and wrung
between two stones breaking the bone. To un-
derstand it he was carried to Betanc and
word sent to Father Mejia who as rapidly
as possible hurried thither with a physician.
They reached the place at 3 p.m. of the day on
which at 2 he died. It was in February
1884 that Gabriel Pubill died. Now here was

an interesting condition - two men claiming for
the authorship of a wee little book. In the first
statement of Señor Molina was not as all
a modified one. He wrote it. It was only as
I thought the matter over that I found any re-
conciliation. At half past one I went out
to Itzimna to see the Bishop: both Gamboa
Guzman and Molina insist that there are
plenty of copies of Ruiz' Sermons and of
one or two others of his books at the Archives
and that I probably could be given or sold
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 at the Obispaado for
them. I met the boys at 43^d St. and we
went to Aguilar's. We were still too early
and sat 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 by the Cenote and decided to
take a bath all of us. We passed through a
house into rather a pretty garden, then
to a stairway - partly natural and partly
cut in the rocks. This 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 one side 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 bottom - 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 evaporation. We walked home after all and on reaching the Plaza I left the bag 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, whitening of ninety years. He goes to bed at 4 daily and I found him wrapped up. He has no admiration for any Maya books tho I do not think he knows of any but Ruy on whom he was particularly severe. He has written nothing 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. ^{Louis}
Louis to develop, Manuel and I ^{walked out}
to see if Mr. Thompson had returned: the night
was dark and I almost gave up the trip.
But we bought a candle and a box of matches
and started out. Mr. Thompson has not re-
turned: will be back tomorrow so he telegraphs
but we had quite a pleasant visit with Mrs.
Thompson. She spoke among other things
of a dance, which formerly marked every
Carnival season, called the X Foles. The
participants are ^{and} or represent Indians. The
dress is peculiar, characteristic and sur-
vival. A band or belt with shell plaques hanging
at the ends, woven of cotton, & with colored
figures, &c. woven: a crown made of
a circlet of wood & with feathers sticking
upward, rattles 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 grains and wind music, the words
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
thinks the whole thing survival and ^{traces}
at least, with sun worship. Mr. Thompson is

much interested in it and has had a kinetoscopic 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 photos from his negatives which were exhibited at Chicago.

15th. At 9 o'clock we were at Petron Molina's to make our negatives: he supplied the books I wanted but as his mayordomo was there to make his reports we were not able to converse as I would have liked. - Going then to the Museo, Gamboa Guzman gave me the promised Andrade book; I then went to the Secretario, who has not yet looked up the Rey books but would (come again tomorrow!) They gave me however one of Padre Dominguez's proteges - Mado de Confesar. While there I met and spoke for a few minutes with Sr. Ignacio Peon. All of which represents time up to 2.30 p.m.

Ramon has no grit at all: everyone who has seen him insists that he is not really ill and that he needs to assert himself. At a neighbor's where I proposed summoning a Doctor when I described the symptoms of which he complains today they laughed me to scorn & said what he needed was a purge & not a

Doctor. As this concided quite admirably with my own feelings, I took a dose and gave it to him with immediate & rather alarming effect. He has really eaten nothing for some hours: in a tip ^{from} the priory, whether he had been helped by one of the boys, he fell from diggers 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 malaria & a good deal of grime: he might have added, a lively purge. He promised to come again in the morning. While I was waiting for the Doctor Thompson called — In the 16th evening we had sent our boxes & plaster to the Station & in the morning Manuel & I went to Progreso. Leaving at 7. we breakfasted in Progreso & then went to the Consulate. Sr. Solis was there & to my surprise admitted that my communication had not yet gone: he also rather disturbed me by remembering that this is the last day it can go: he also says they demand 1.50 more for stamps. We went then to get our luggage: at the warehouse they at first refused to consider my freight and then as a favor

consented to take the four boxes to Tampico
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 angosta and got out our stuff (1.30
storage) and had it taken there also (1.50)
Solis was not there and the balance of our
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 Progreso to
Merida and I concluded - for a variety of reasons
& change in plans - to go to Progreso tomorrow
take the waistline for Vera Cruz on 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 division lines in
Yucatan. I hurried direct from the din-
ner table to the Secretaria where I secured
a set of rather badly worn and stained le-
mones for 5 pesos. Aguilar, who had prom-
ised to sell me what of his books I wanted.

-ed, was struck all in a heap when he learned
that I was going and crawled on his offer: res-
-olution, which I finally helped to resolution by
saying - plainly he did not want to sell. I said
that his price, if he ever reached a decision
would be an entirely fictitious one, far beyond
reach of a sane man's purse. - Hurrying
home we began packing and at 4.³⁰ the boys
went with the stuff to the station. At about
5 P.M. the doctor came & appeared 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 saying there was no reason
why we should not do so. He was surprised
that I was sitting here while the character-
-istic Carnival was in progress and urged me
to hasten to the Plaza to see the allegorical
cars. So saying and leaving word with Ramon
to send the boys there I hurried. A long wait
for all three was very badly rewarded. There
were several private carriages in line with
gentlemen, ladies & children in them: there
were a few, very few with masked persons:
there were five cars. One was a boat, bronght
with gills, 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 others stood be-
hind him as guard or companions. The best of
all was a great square floor with the prod-
ucts of the State and several human figures
grouped; one of a female figure, in a chair
with lions, I did not see well & am uncertain
regarding. The fifth was supposedly comic
and represented - Matrimonio á fuera,
and Matrimonio adentro: a vulgar couple
with blarneyments before, & recrimination
behind a partition. These were scattered
at intervals through the line. — During
the morning Thompson had called but not
found me: in the afternoon a Señor Fernandez
born in Argentina, educated in Spain, he
has been a colporteur of the American Bible
Society in Chiapas, Tabasco, & Yucatan for
more than a dozen years. He came to talk over
Chiapas to me: claims that there is not a
place in Chiapas & Yucatan where he has
not been: urges me not to neglect San Bartolomé
and not to go to El Salto. Says there
are Lacandonnes as a new village around

a Lake near Bachajon: that we can visit
them and come out as Palenque and Monte
Cristo for the boat. He thinks he remembers
meeting me at Tuxtla Gutierrez in January
1896. He is a stout and lively little man, with
one bad (blind?) eye and wears glasses. He
was a pickup of Ramon's and it gave me pleasure
to have him agree with Thompson & Neville &
the Dr. & myself that there is no right the matter
17th Sunday: I stayed in, writing as my notes
&c. until at last I caught up. The Bible man
came & after a disgusted look at Ramon gave
me a farewell talk, wished me a good journey
& then "because I was not a Protestant" gave
me an English Book of Palms! In thanking
him for this I told him my father was a Pres-
byterian minister and my mother his
daughter & that my sister was married
such. This pleased him so much that he
said "we were then of one family" and I hes-
itated to add that I was not however very
religious. "Oh well" he said "that is all right -
one must not be fanatic". Which appears
to me a fair compensation price to my stay
of Father's Isle of Memphis. - By the way
Manuel on Friday night met Padre
Poncio in town: he has run away: the

boy it seems has the vomito and Parcio ex-
pects him to die & don't want to do so himself.
He predicts that they will all go: as for him
Spain is good enough for him - I was a little
late 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 filing 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 flowing 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 now & then these
would be launched - either on a projectile
course with no direct aim or hurled at some
special person. As they unwound they trailed in
the air & the streamers were caught as they
passed. The mob of poor children gathered round

fuls of the paper bits and the long streamers, either
to keep or, in their turn, to hurl at passers. The
balconies were full and the seats in the raised
platform fronting the town house and the people
in both rained down the paper and streamers
as those in the carriages. Many children in
the balconies were masqueraded, but few
grown people. On the whole - while character-
istic and interesting this disappointed me.
There was no abandon and liveliness in it:
it was all quite reserved and respectable &
unenthusiastic. Those who enjoyed the show
were the poor children on the street and
they showed little liveliness. - I had a letter
written ready to send Thompson, when I sent
Louie to get an Hotel bill: finding that our
good landlady proposed charging us for
a fifth night - "from nine to nine" is her 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 worse than
anything we have had. It was so hot that
I delayed my visit as long as possible: It
was well I did for suddenly Manuel at
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 patio of which they were invited or permitted to come. There were fifteen dancers ^{including} ~~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: jingling hawkbells 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 curving strips intersecting above the middle of the head: from the band rose four feathers - in most cases made also of tin, though in some real feathers were used: Two were particularly large high with real feathers somewhat fairly chosen with

were of the king and queen. Under the circlets, covering the top of the head and hanging down as a flap behind were gay handkerchiefs - red or blue. All were masked: three of the masks were of iron wire: the rest were made of pieces of cloth, chiefly parts of old underclothing, of a brown color, with eye perforations, with nose & chin projections developed chiefly by tappings with some badly applied color. The men wore a peculiar band or belt which appears to be a real survival: it is square at the ends, wide 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 hung shells of a bivalve mollusk — Mrs. Thompson says the kind & 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 abanicos have a wooden foundation and handle, which is decorated with the tregolores and has wisch feathers of turkey. The leader carries a gear cord of Saint Francis with which he whips those who do not do well. The musicians are two — one with a long pito, which looks like a small mouth piece, joined to a long tin tube by a wad of gum! The tube is substituted

with several holes: the other man carried a drum - like a medium sized bushnet - the body made of painted tin, 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 consisted of a long pole, surmounted by a great tin disk representing the sun's face with tongue projecting and pendent: on the cotton banner itself were the words - Suburbio de Santiago, 1900; the sun, two men dancing and a serpent were painted upon it. The leader of the dance represented a woman - la reina apparently. Besides their own musicians 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 & after the dances & on the way from place to place but not so much during the dancing itself. The signals are given by the pits - una para la musica: uno para que se paren: tres o cuatro para bailar: cinco para parar. The dance begins with rey-reina, pits y tambour in the middle with dancers circling in two circles around them. Then they form

in two files facing: alternately men & women. Various salutes are given and pair 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 imitation 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 Maya. After the dance there is a good deal of rough and ridiculous byplay 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. Had a chat in the Plaza with Señor 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 mound: there are a number of others on his place, two of

considerable size he is now having excavated ~~by~~
-The by little. These I went out to see. He has been
at great expense in making his place what it
is: I think he said he had 80000 baskets of earth
built up on it in order to secure drainage. He
has had no fevers in the family since though
before these were constant. He has a barnyard
full of cattle, some blooded stock, and secure
abundance of fine milk. His farm at Chi-
-chen Itza is close to the ruins and he has built
it with some care and wants it to be a sort
of scientific centre & meeting and stopping place
for workers. E. W. Nelson and a companion are
now there working at rodents: the English lady
Miss Britain (?) is there I believe and young
Miss Thompson - both sketching and painting.
I had too little time to see all his work but
got a little idea of some of it: he employs the
greater part of the time of a very careful
native (mestizo) artist who has made hun-
-dreds of folio plates in colors, ^{India ink} representing
details of ornament, architectural details, ob-
-jects, &c. All of these he has made in duplicate.
Among these plates were several of wall paint-
-ings at —, his own discovery and yet
unpublished & unannounced: they are partic-
-ularly interesting as representing human
beings of different colors, & in other ways re-

-mind me more of Egyptian work than any American work I have ever seen. Curiously enough these striking and remarkable paintings occur at a site in no other respect of any especial interest. He has a capital Italian plaster worker who has modeled & 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 collects them and has twenty-nine in his collection, which was however packed away beyond reach at such short notice. He has two mss. of great interest, both now loaned to Ignacio Pen: one is a land-title genealogical paper of the Dutul-Xire: the other is a Doctrina, made in hieroglyphs by same old Padre & coming from Motul. To get a car I walked down to Calle Real de Sta. Ana, he walking with me to 66th 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. Ramon did not go to meals, took little & vomited it all, was weak & hopelessly newelless all day — We got him up early and started him 18th off with Louis on foot to make him exercise. The made Manuel and me race to catch up with

Negative List.

160. Xtoles dance: Merida.
161. "
162. "
163. "
164. " a. b. c. d. e.
165. Cenote de Tivoli: Merida.
166. Prog Cathedral: Merida.
167. Progreso: boat scenes. a. b. Candy box.
168. " Carnival.
169. " "
170. " "
171. " " a. b. c. d. e. f. g.
172. " Turtles on wharf.
173. Tehuantepec: general view.
174. " women in market. a. b. c.
175. " Iguanas in market.
176. " Manuel with Iguana. a.
177. " woman and head-dress.
178. Mapa de Huilotepic: a. b.
179. San Jeronimo: general view
180. " pottery.
181. " cart & olla.
182. Union Hidalgo: group of children.
183. " Drunkard exchange.
184. Carizal: carretas scene.

them before they got to the Station: it was the Chinese New Year and at 5:15 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 fallacy however for he only ate a little of one & hid the rest altho he allowed me two or three times to congratulate him & us on his feast with no word of denunciation 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 & asistencia for the three at 2:12 a day. I stayed until afternoon to see all well settled and then took the 2:30 narrow gauge road for Merida 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 possession as the vacating guest had gone off with the key. Leaving my satchel I at once went to call on Sr. Don Leon (Ignacio). He was at home & received me pleasantly enough but on account of his dependiente being out for a bath we were somewhat delayed. He finally showed me Thompson's papers. The Doctrina

is really very curious: it is the size of an ordinary
16° and has 58 pages I think. It is loaded with the
lines of little drawings iconomatically giving
the Credo, Salve, oracion dominical, &c., &c.
There are just enough Latin headings (or Span-
ish) to give the clues necessary. It was loosely
laid 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 portales opposite and
thinking he might be willing and able to go
with me tonight walked over to speak to him.
"What", he said, "you here! I thought you had gone
to Progreso: "I was there" said I "and have left the
bags there but am here for the night & 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 of-
fice, I made up my mind as I got there to assure
myself ere sending a long telegram. So I went
to the Post-Office and asked them. To the general
question of trains they replied that there were

none but on the special mention of Progress an-
nounced, ^{between here & there} that there were morning trains. No
others. Going then to the Telegraph office to repeat the
question they declared there were none. I decided
to go to the Station and inquire & there, hot & tired
learned that the seven o'clock would run to Pro-
gress as usual returning from there, leaving
at ten instead of at eleven-thirty as usual. Much
relieved I started back to town and stopped at
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 & with the ladies & gentlemen finely dressed.
Some of the poor outfits were ridiculous or
pitiful as the case might be. All the rental
coaches of town were in line and some with four
or more occupants. Most of these were very full.
Four or five common people crowding in: one
would contain four brazen young caradons; a
other a grandmother, her family & some grand-
children - all complacently enjoying the
admiration that their best clothes were at-
tracting: nor 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, lively, or beau-

ful: most of it was constrained, artificial, and
sedate - something that had got to be gone through
with. One poor bony horse dragged an open buggy
or cart which might well be that of a country doctor
& in it was the gentleman himself, common, ^{and}
commonly, 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, prettily tho
commonly dressed, as its only occupants.
There were few masked: two or three carriages -
then not particularly funny: there was a float,
marriage in the past: and marriage up to date.

— I learn, by the way - that there are two pro-
cessions always on Saturday, one in the morning
and the other in the afternoon: that the floats
and processions are arranged by two parties
or "clubs" of young people, and that that of the morn-
ing 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 eve-
ning the liveliest and funniest piece was a
common cart full of loud and boisterous boys
performing all sorts of pranks and ^{howling} ~~carrying~~ out all
sorts of nonsense. I ate my supper at the Chi-
namais & then went around to my hotel: my
room was still inaccessible & I sat in the
comidor of the patio idly. The place was hot, and

and full of mosquitos. I was in no agreeable frame of mind. The landlady had some friends visiting her - one of whom, a lady, suddenly noticing something moving in the floor gave an alarm & with great excitement an enormous black alacran was stamped on and killed. Finally - toward eight o'clock - I was glad to see Sr. Fernandez 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 Campaña de Oro we dismounted and were just about to turn up on Northern St. when someone touched his leg: he did not notice it, but I did and called his attention. It was Perez, owner of the Finca at the corner, who knew him: after a greeting and some questions about the road we were ready and started with a final warning from Perez that the road was slippery. Hardly however were we on the way when a man, sent by 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 Balan lived. We heard the music of their dancing some distance away 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 "lidas" and making some sort of friendly comment. It was a noisy however.

Handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and ink bleed-through from the reverse side. Some words like "and" and "the" are faintly visible.

a fish ask of water, continually glancing around & asking repeatedly when Don Gregorio would come. When finally he did come our leader was pretty drunk & insisted that he could not treat of the matter until after tomorrow as the dances would not be over until then. Hastily pledging himself to come around & finish the matter with him on Wednesday in my stead, Fernandez slipped the candle or lantern and starting off at a break-neck pace we rushed down the stony road looking to right and left and telling me that no doubt there were persons here who know him and that they are fanatical: that he has been stoned on this very road. When we got near the main street he lessened 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 Peres' tienda. They talked over vinela 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 & attribute it to the disease. This criticism of the year's carnival is really general & if not chronic indicates a really poor show. In the course of our remarks I mentioned the Doctrina Thompson has and my companion insists that he knows of such an one in a pueblo in Eastern Yucatan & I tried to put this

in time for securing it. We talked a little while after reaching the hotel after which I went to bed: heat, noise & bad springs prevented much sleep. I had a most uneasy and restless night & rose at 5:30 was, of course, at the station long 19th ahead of time. Fernandez came down to see me off and we left promptly at 7. The boys, all three met me at the train at 8:23 —

So far I have neglected to make my general observations on the Maya type and it certainly is long enough after my measurements & observations for them to have no importance. The color of the skin is rather lighter than I expected to find: instead of all being as 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 Mongoloid in this matter. The nose is frequently aquiline though rarely prominent: the ridge is apt to end downwards in a projecting extending beyond the lips & giving more or less of what I sometimes call a cordate form to it: on 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 Quastecans, though the head is clearly brachycephalic. There is a sub-type to which I give the name of "snakes". It happens that one of these is my Can man who

would not be busted: his name means snake. This type has large and round eyes, prominent and so widely spaced as to make them seem projecting from the sides of the face: the nose projects little & the chin less so that a side view presents a rounded outline } and the curve is almost a continuous one. The cleanliness of dress and person to which all travelers refer is to me very tiresome. I am not sure that it is commendable. The cleanliness would lead us to suspect the ancient Egyptians to be especially subject to sodomy, pederasty, &c. I am of the belief that their firming attention to clean & handsome dress may be related to a survival of this old tendency: nor have I ever seen such a notable tendency elsewhere for boys and men to touch each other in the neighborhood of the private parts: when boys are playing & are run by another, when a boy is doing some acrobatic feat, when in commencing or the corner some joke is springing that seems to please the hand nudges or strikes the other there. Nowhere so much as here have I seen men & boys walking with arms around another's neck. Of course what we saw in the rough sports of Carnival are not to be included here: then we saw dancing between man & marked man (like woman) that would have made "Little Egypt" blush and in the dances and some other dances there were movements of the most suggestive sort. These of course were between people of the same sex but supposed to represent different sexes. As regards

The belly dances which we saw in the streets I would like to know whether they are modern & due to the Midway Plaisance or whether they betray something of old Moorish influence surviving. Certainly the Carnival at Progreso was more interesting, more lively & more enthusiastic than in Merida. As Manuel would say there were plenty of abusos. Men & boys went around the streets with ribbons & flowers in their hats & with their faces painted or daubed: many had their hands full of flour or of blue paint with which they dashed the faces and clothing of persons they met on the streets. Strolling bands of masked persons danced and sang in the streets. Parties of boys nearly naked - & daubed to a brownish tint, many ~~national~~ played too with one who was inside a frame of wood and cloth. A completely naked man, painted over his body, pranced through the streets on all fours as a "Caballo". Young fellows dressed in women's clothing & with faces covered or masked or painted wanders about singly and addressed people in the streets in high falsetto with all sorts of glazes of woe and sad questions. One band of trained dancers was really pretty. They had a standard, leader, music - pretty dresses. Each carried two palitos 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 &c. it was

almost identical with the Xtoles; he says the leader told him they were the same that one was the hand-
tion of the other & the impression given was that the
Xtoles was the copy - a thing which seems to me
little likely. I looked forward to attending the Fête
de los Mesquos in the evening as Solís had insisted
it was well worth while. It was to begin at 7. It
took place in the great corridor 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 out until about eleven. Ramon rips
his misery all day, but walked a good deal &
ate some. He complains so much of his debili-
ty that I tried the experiment of Libby's Extra
Today ——— Fernandez tells me quite a lot of
things about Chiapas some of which are inter-
esting. I am quite apt however to miss some
critical word in the things he tells. He advises
our passing Pueblo Nuevo on our way from Tuxtla
to San Bartolomé: he says it is a town made of drift
from various places: that upon each house there
is a clay figure of some animal or bird, different
all. He gives those of Cancun a bad name &
tells of their 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 filing up to the church each with a
load of wood on their back & their arms raised

across their breasts, with heads bowed and in silence. These were parents, whose little ones had died, doing penance. He says one mother, half-crazed with grief went to the saint of her little one and vented it with the most opprobrious epithets, at the same time throwing centavos at it. "There! puta, take that, + that, + that: Take your centavos; why do you not spare me my child: puta." At Taxco. The Quiterrey, the bride, who is a nigger, carries a garland of flowers with her to the church, to the mass nearest her wedding: he says one who was not entitled to do so would not dare to carry this & considers it a great aid to morality. He says there they have many native musical instruments including the tinkul and the little skull guitar with three strings strung across it.

20th. Last night the signal flag - of a northern from Tampico was flying at the lighthouse. The night was not very cold however. On taking coffee, I hurried to the office of the Okaer Co. & found that the Hidalgo was in & would leave for Coahuacoalcos as soon as possible. We hastened to buy tickets and to hurry arrangements. We found that she could not leave today but had good hope held out for tomorrow. After packing up everything the boys and I went down to the Playa to take a bath and look for shells. I found a pretty little sea-horse cast up on the sand measuring perhaps six inches and nicely dried and perfect. I

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 forced 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 barlot, whose guest
for the night was an American sea-captain. Their con-
versation I could not have lost if I had tried. My only
reason for mentioning them is that in their conver-
sation Thompson's name was mentioned. She proceeded
to speak of Mrs. Thompson as "an ugly, skinny
thing" and then said "he says that she is not
his wife but he lies - she is: he says he never mar-
ried 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 drunkard anyway." — The next day
2nd came and went and we made no progress.
There are three vessels of the Company in and
the least important of them is the Hidalgo, so
it can best wait its turn in loading and unload-
ing. We took another bath. The day was fine & clear
but there was a fresh breeze and a good surf at
one point - only a few feet length of beach, which
yesterday yielded nothing was today a rich & inter-
esting collecting ground: the boys gathered pyg-
mas (paper) and bullas (?) until they were not
willing to take more. As for me there was a
drift of sponges and masses of animal jelly
of all sorts & colors. Five species at least

of the former and a completely bewildering series
of the latter which I don't understand at all: are they
tunicates? Some I think are but others show asteroid
-like spots imbedded in the gelatine-like tough mass.
22^d. We were up betimes, packed and ready: at eight
o'clock sharp we were loading our stuff onto a
~~trawler~~ and Solis was around giving us the light of his
countenance. We got to the dock and there had a
pretty stew over our "documents". It was not in
the regular file and the man whose business
it was to stamp it, sign it for the last time
was not there. Finally we happened on it our-
selves, rescued it and got a seal: we then un-
loaded our stuff into a little sail boat we had
engaged and were soon - after a battle with our
Cargadores and some looks from our sailor, over the
unexpected amount of our baggage, ~~we were~~
bouncing out toward the Hidalgo: we saved $\$7$ -
on the matter as we paid the boat only $\$5$ in-
stead of $\$12$ - which we would have had to give the
Moran. We were soon loaded on and by 10³⁰
so far as we were concerned were ready to leave.
By 3 o'clock we were ready so far as the boat
was concerned. Then we lay waiting for the
customhouse papers until 5⁴⁵ when at last
we got away with fair signs of arriving at
Coatzacoalcos on Sunday, a.m. - Our Capt.
is a Norwegian, 1st officer a Mexican, Chief
Engineer an American, Purser, a Low German,

Chief Steward a Oaxaqueño 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, rolls 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 &c are run by the Captain at his own expense & for his own profit. Perhaps he likes the cooking. — Other first class passengers were two harmless little Yucatán gentlemen, one of whom was seasick all the way, who are going to Minatitlán; two Americans, brothers, one with a full white beard & a bald head, the other younger, stouter & deaf on one side: their names are Donther & the other is President of the St. Louis - Latin American Club while the other has read a good deal of archaeology. We had rather a rough voyage - part of two northerners interfering with us. The second was really pretty hard & led to our putting out to sea Saturday night instead of continuing on our course. The report ^{Sunday} ~~Saturday~~ morning was pretty discouraging. Perhaps at 11 a.m. we turned again on our course

Though we went very slowly, we had clouds all day and no observations were possible: hence we spent a little clearing at sunset, which gave us a happy glimpse of the mountains between Vera Cruz and Coatzacoalcas, 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 at night and 25th in the morning when, at 5 o'clock, I looked out I saw the lights and houses of Coatzacoalcas. — 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 Tuxpam, where he has a little plantation. He knows Tlaxcala, but nothing especial right there of idols: he says at El Castillo there are still some: he spoke of a little mound within sight of the vessels, between Tuxpam 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, gives voracity of appetite & cures snake bite. For the preceding it is nibbled or gnawed, very little

being necessary: for the latter he insists that a
little is scraped, sufficient to cover a ten-cent
piece which is taken internally: a little is also ap-
plied externally. The name of this is something
like citronela? He told me much of interest
in regard to his experiences with yellow fever &
insists that it can usually be cured & is usu-
ally cured by the old Indian & old women: that
the deaths are usually with Doctor. candid re-
jects. He says - first a good purge, with castor
-oil into which lemon juice is squeezed: (1/2 glass
-ful): then an anal syringe of salt & water:
then treatment with chaco or palo mulato
- the former being the name near Tuxpam, the
other here & elsewhere. The fresh leaves are
wring out in water, which may be lemon juice
& sugar: This gives a gummy liquid of
which too much can not be taken. meantime
no other remedy & no food: in the after morning
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 "Dr." in Tlacotalpam prepares
a flat little, thin, rectangular, packet done up in
coarse pink stuff. This is to be laid, unopened, up-
on a bite of sting of any serpent or venomous

insects. This has a wonderful reputation and is
reputed to act promptly: it sells for a good price,
from its weight & the opinion which 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 maize grains 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 Tuxpam, where he has done some planting
and now has bananas, & a little guinea: he has
looked pretty carefully into some little side
possibilities. He thinks a great thing might
be done with bayrum - either to make it here,
or to prepare & bale the leaves and send 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 cidronela
(?) as a manufactured medicine - as a dys-
peptic 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 cargadores for my

stuff and sent some of it to the Hotel ^{where} to the station: very soon after beginning these removals we were "held up" for my documents. I shipped plaster, saddle, ammunition, & photo. plates to San Geronimo: saw Mr. Carpenter also about shipping boxes & trunk to Pueblo. These we got ready, packed and labeled. I called on Mr. Aldridge, with Mr. VanCantwerp's card, in the absence of Mr. Body and by a second call. being sent to Mr. Vanderpool got my transportation. The day was hot, dry, windy, & dirty. Toward evening we all walked down to the beach and looked at the little crabs scurry across the sand into their holes and hunted "sand dollars" and made a bonfire on the sand. On returning and before eating supper I took a little walk with Perry Kramer and confided to him various suspicions I had had regarding Ramon's case, which suspicions he agreed in with me. — During the night a terrific storm arose & the next day 26th was cool, dull, gray, & at times rainy. I hunted up Carpenter, as he did not show up, in the morning and he came around at 2 o'clock by appointment. I wrote letters, made up notes and packed hand baggage.

quite vigorously. Ramon has been sick just
two weeks and today is more like himself
than at any time with growing strength & energy
and an insatiable hunger, which I have
wanted not to allow to be satisfied. — On the
boat Lonie had a hard time with a boil or sore
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 down stairs yesterday when we were
landing, with the sack of ammunition upon
his shoulder & pretty badly bruised his leg
and arm: from the fuss 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 docu-
ments in shape at 5 o'clock but the Mexico will
not receive cargo until tomorrow morning so
we had to leave the four boxes and trunk at the
Hotel to be taken when she is ready. — We were
up betimes in the morning and were on board
27th the train nearly an hour before she was
ready to start. We had an uneventful trip at

Palae Impressions.

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Mira que bonita es la muchacha
Mira que no se farda

(40)

x = dj.

h between two a's - sort of break-guttural?

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Biyaá scarú baduxapa

Biyaá sin ru quindakatu

Biyaá que tiempo que rididi

Para ganda guyahamu

Quenaa de na vachu roostila

Lue ma sca ri chiquilune

Ne en vi luxa ni quikuya

Nee humi ~~hica~~ ^{hica}

Guigana xi vaca rare

Mas cadi nuaa huaraca

An guda guda quichen de naa

Naanda que ni lii

Jesus cadi guyalun ~~naa~~ ^{naa}

sangana

Nee cadi sagiuxi lue na la

Nee cadi sanda guyaa.

Sandunga } Song of Zapotecs.
São-de-pêto. }

-cross the Isthmus 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 28th 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 Molina not at San Blas. On our way back I stop to see the Jefe politico 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 grew quite lively and addressed himself to quite a pretty Indian girl: she received him with great skill and raised him up and left. Just afterward a nice looking Mexican 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 with us in the morning himself - at whatever hour day or night I might name: then that tomorrow would not answer, that he would

Bunt Series.

83. Xoque: I.
84. " II. 8
85. " $\frac{III}{IV}$.
86. " $\frac{IV}{V}$.
87. " $\frac{V}{VI}$.
88. Zet.
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93. Zund.
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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 tickled 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 here & he then made some suggestive gesturing & 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 Coahuacoalco 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 drinkables on his 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 Mapa of Sta. Maria Guayana has been

Arturo Santibanez - \$2. paid for one print.
Letter sent from San Geronimo ordering it
mailed to the U.S.

photographed by a young man named Santibañez, a cousin of the Jefe. On looking him up we found that his negative was not here but in Juchitán & that copies could be had (prints) at 2 pesos: we ordered one to be printed and delivered to the Jefatura. We were greatly surprised to learn that the negative was made at the wish of the Indians and that manuscripts have been sold to them. — We also learned at the office that last season there was a dreadful scourge here of yellow fever: the first case was on June 8th. The natives and acclimated foreigners were spared but recent come 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 street in pools of the black vomit: this he asserts is really the putrified blood that they could not absorb. — After leaving the Jefatura which was not altogether easy I visited Dr. Castle. He was as interesting as ever. He has three hairless dogs, a mapachtl, 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 Lorie 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 pairs upon the back, while the mouth
was tied closely shut by ^a ~~though~~ ^{though} passed through
slits made in the sides of the lower jaw 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 iguanas here: the largest is
green, tho rapidly changing to orange or gray, and
is not 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 rarer: it is smaller, striped lengthwise, &
is ~~common~~ ^{found} among rocks nearer the
Coast. He loaned me a note book of his to
copy some lines of a Zapotec song (?) or poem.
This he got long ago copying from Laquer's
copy of it. — After supper I returned his book
taking the boys along with me. He called in
his Indian woman to have her translate & cor-
rect the "poem" but she weined at the third
line & ran off to see the baby: he discreetly
did not call her back. Here we found that
the hairless dogs cure rheumatism. This is
believed here & fully at Puebla. If the animal
sleeps with the person three nights the cure
is effected. They pay as high as ten pesos

(45)

to buy such a dog. The mapachl looks very like an raccoon but the D. thinks is a different species: this is the crab-catching species. It (this individual) is very tame and "cute". The D. 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 Lactoria and in connection with the events of the outbreaks here. He tells of the treatment then given to Papirio Diaz' brother: they (Zapotec) took him prisoner and flayed 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 later laid out his body in the Church at Pochothla 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 around left it in the Plaza, threatening to shoot anyone who attempted to carry it away for burial. He spoke also of the fearful punishments later inflicted on them and the shooting of 2000 (?) men in Michoacan alone. It is to these times 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's} ~~groom's~~ + then the groom's people indulging in festivities. He asserts that when the Sandunga is played in a house any passer by, even the meanest and poorest Indian may enter the house and take part in the festivities - may even invite any lady present to dance and that she may not refuse. - As regard 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 Mexican species. He has ten only so far but none of the large 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 Tuxtla, and that whenever we see the great lizard basking on the branches of a tree, there we may see an alligator lying below, waiting for it. - We were up early enough Mon. morn in the morning to have made a good start. As it was, thanks to the jiff's condition of yester-
-day we did not get away until 9.15. We stopped at San Blas hoping to see Molina but he was not there and is no longer secret-

Mapa de Huilotepce : painted on a strip of coarse cotton
with three colors — dull blue, faded brownish red, and black.
The mountains & hills of all the hieroglyphs, the sea, the
river & the lagoon (are all in blue: red is used
only for division and enclosing lines — five straight
transverse and the line enclosing four principal
kings: black outlines all the kings, houses, church,
tiger, shield, two roads, etc. The two upper chief
kings wear pink capes, the third has pink garments
complete, the fourth crown & garments of pink: all
sit on black seats. In the group of eleven per-
sons below or at side of these four — the mid-
dle of the second line has a blue cape: the first &
third of the lower line sit on pink seats: the two
individuals near them are darkened as if with a
wash of india ink. 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 bird designs: in the
other near the nopal mountain is a device in
the same faded color on either side of the black house.
In the section of the shield a faint blueish design
occurs in the lower corner near the road behind
the figure & the house. Between the lagoon &
the edge of the mapa is a design in blue, probably
representing a little hill, tho' it looks almost like a patch

This has a word above it in black & from it a dull blue irregular wavy line, perhaps a boundary of water runs to the left to about the next red division line. It looks as if some of the inscribed names were done in mirror writing; try this in making out the words. The map measures 1555×840 mm. and on the whole is in good condition.

rio there. We left word for him and went on; we went the hot river bed road for some distance and stopped under a spreading green tree to rest. So taking it easy it was quite 12.45 when we arrived at the Municipio and our car-gators were already there. We sent for the Agente and Secretario - the former an old, the latter a young man. The errand we had come on was plainly not agreeable but it was submitted to. We sent for some breakfast & while it was coming were shown the Mapa. After inspecting it, we ate - then fastening it up, took a picture of it. While I was making my notes regarding it dismay filled the soul of the Agente & the one Principal, whom he had summoned. They talked long & earnestly with me, begged me to send word to the Jefe that the Mapa was not "autorizado" that it was "nudo" and ultimately to quiet their fears I prepared a document

as nearly what they wished as I could understand
to that unworthy individual. I am sure if Alvar
comes to his hands he will have no idea what
it means. Finally at 3 o'clock we left &
kept our horses on a steady jog reaching San
Blas at 4:30 We hunted Don Ricardo, even going
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 final call on Dr. Castle, see-
ing his cacti. He made some sort of an
unsatisfactory arrangement regarding the
matter of writing out certain Zapotec music
pieces. He has seen the Mapa at Chiloltepec.
It was several years ago and he was accom-
panied by Mr. Werner & by a priest. They
succeeded in seeing it only by the initiative
of the latter who assured the Indians that
the Dr. was an American Ingeniero who had
been commissioned to survey the line in dis-
pute between them and the Guaves & that it
was necessary for him to see it. Permission
was only given after a consultation of the pri-
-cipales and no one of the guests was per-
mitted to touch the documents. Werner
made an exposure but the negative, sent
to the U.S. for development, was destroyed &
never came into his possession. — When
he showed us the Mapa the Agente En-

See Lucio Fuentes in Exhuatlan as we
pass for more exact information regarding
the Mapa here mentioned.

phased the fact that he did it because of a
direct order from the Jefe - instead of concealing it.
They are much worried that they have no title.
This has been taken from them to Oaxaca (or
to Mexico) and they seem to have some diffi-
culty in securing its return. — The Dr. tells
me that there was formerly a most interesting
Mapa of all the Juave land at Ixhuatlan:
that this was gotten possession of by a former
Jefe politico - Manuel Gomez — who, he thinks,
is now in Oaxaca. Ixhuatlan is now a deserted
town as I had supposed but only a Juave
town from which the Juaves have been crowded
by incoming Zapotecs: he says the Zapotecs are
now expanding and have crowded in onto the
native populations far down toward Tonala &
other parts of Chiapas — Just before we
went to Supper Don Arcadio appeared & stay-
ed well on into 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
2^d edition (1000) left & these he will hold at \$2.
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 Zapotēca.

2

aritmētica Zapotēca.

Antropologia pedagógica

Geometria Zapotēca.

Voces sinonimas escuŕas en Zapotēca y Sp.

* Printed.

The Antropologia pedagógica is entirely in Zapotēca: 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 voces sinonimas is ready for publication and it seemed to me the one best suited for the purposes of my "Library". It contains first Spanish synonyms & then the Zapotec Explanations. I asked him to think over the matter of letting me have it. He agreed to prepare me a lot of Zapotec songs, with text, music, & translation. This I consider really important. He is now conducting a private school and receiving therefore money. Two pesos monthly, with which he is well content. He desires above all things to prove the high richness 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 & is studying. His pronunciation is good. He says he once had eleven English books but that 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 inflated idea of the importance & value of his Zapotec work but perhaps that is excusable. He says the bulk of his writing was done while he was a jester, at his parents house: now that he is himself a house-head and parents things are different and it is not easy to indulge his literary propensities. — We left at 6:50 2d in the morning and had a simple run to San Jeronimo. Here all was discouraging. Our freight has not arrived and we are told that after 15 days, a month, or more pass for such freight to come. We were on the point of telegraphing to have it traced and expressed, when the Jefe de Estacion 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 y vuelta) and three muzzos at the same price made a bill of \$180. — Espinosa advised us to take carreta which would take nine or ten days at most & which would cost \$60. If Ramon could stand the homback journey I would have taken horses but the other on the whole seems wiser tho a dreadful loss of time — We were nicely located at

the Hotel Europa, just in front of the station @
1:50 a day. A heavy hot wind blew all day, with
letters written we walked over an about noon
to the town: the whole district is wind-swept.
The town is spread over a large space: the houses
are rectangular, adobe, with steep-pitched
roofs & mostly whitewashed. Funeral procession
with music in front, the little child coffin
carried by several, & the mother in convulsions
of grief, real or simulated, supported by two
women, made a notable sight. There was a
black hint among the mourners. We saw
a horse-raising with a great pack of men & cabreros:
two neighboring horse had so many
women out in front to see the procession as to
suggest a feast for the workers afterward. Much
pottery made here: the black-ray clay lies
in heaps by the houses, mallets are apparently
used to break or pulverize it: it is worked up,
plainly by hand-building, into common great
ollas, & flat plate-like forms. These ollas we
see everywhere & sometimes they are lashed
into canetas, apparently for carrying water.
— I looked for Mrs. Stewart (Toronto Inst. Rept.)
but she has 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 either was un-

loaded or was "formed" in the bodega. Manuel who was there to see says it was not unloaded, but there. However that may be we at once appealed to Espindosa to arrange the matter of the carretas but he said it could not be done until "pasada mañana" - Monday.

3^d There was then nothing to do, but wait. Still it did not turn out so badly: This is not an unpleasant place to wait: the little hotel, at 1.50 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. He takes two carretas at 28 pesos each: in response to close questioning he agreed that we could get to Iuxtle in eight days - without counting today and I agreed 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, Union Hidalgo he would arrange our carreta 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 5.50 we started. We had four teams & carts as far as Hidalgo with a lot of other freight. The night was clear with an almost full moon. We had a heavy sand road much of the way. We passed Oxtaltepec - Louie and I on foot - at 8.30 we waited in the dry river bed just beyond, for the carts.

We reached Espinal at 10 and lost three quarters of
an hour there unloading freight. All went thereafter
well until 12 a.m. We were then meeting many carts
heavily loaded with timbers, &c. The road was narrow
and several times collisions, due to the sleeping of
one or another of the two carretters were narrowly
averted. Finally one came between our second cart
4th and another: our axle was broken & the vehicle
lay helpless. Two hours and a quarter were exhausted
in repairs and reloading when, at 4, we started a-
gain. This was fatal to all hope of reaching Union
Hidalgo at the time promised. Still worse we soon
turned into my hated, wide, dusty, hot, straight
highroad which I hoped we should never see again.
The one which begins at Guichitán. I took quite a
long walk upon it and Lorie was out with his gun.
He killed three parrots, a calandria, and a chacha-
lacca. We saw many other birds and passed - no
doubt - where I formerly saw my león. They say that
javalis 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 our carts
horse and unloaded. Our carreta was far ahead:
when we had been in some half hour or more
Manuel walked in hot and sweaty and reported
the disabled cart again broken down & the
others delayed, are with a sick animal. They came
straggling in later, the two together & the milker,
one last. We had breakfast after which the carts

developed his plans which seemed to involve delay
but were probably after all the wisest. He will
wait here until tomorrow afternoon! he will then
leave at once. He says the animals are now hot &
tired from this morning's travel and so on would
defeat our own plans. He promises absolutely
"unless God's will should decree otherwise" that we
shall be in Tuxtla at the time promised. This
pious ejaculation sounded well from our man's
lips: 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 grossities
imaginable: this by the way is a frequent accom-
plishment. The bulk of what they say is Spanish but
part is English: I think an occasional word of Zapotec
is distributed through but cannot be sure. It runs
so lightly from the tongue that I thought at first
it was all Zapotec and only later began to pick
out the various parts. Louis skinned such of
his birds as were serviceable and one chachalaca
was cooked for supper: we had three meals after
9.45 a.m.!! At night I slept on a bed outside
Ramon on a loaded carreta, while Louis and
Manuel, at least ultimately, slept in hammock
inside. It was another beautifully clear night
and the sky was cloudless. It soon turned cold.
In the middle of the night I was awakened by
a crying out & opening my eyes saw an Indian
hatter & shaver, yelling out the most dreadful
imprecation & oaths. I thought at first he was there

ing to some one in the house but both the houses were
closed: Ramon covered with his fragada could attract no
notice and I did not believe myself addressed. The
crazy-drunkard stood there for some time bawling
out a torrent of abuse, invective and profanity
with an occasional "Viva Mexico! muere Guatemala"
patriotically intoned in and then disappeared in
the night but could be heard for some time after
I believed on the whole it was well to be provided for
intruders and rising pulled a stake out of one of
the carts and laid it by my side on the bed. At about
five - or a little before. I found myself so cold and the
dew so heavy that I picked up my things and going
into the house dressed myself and wrote until after
daylight: just about 5.30 our drunken friend passed
again a little less voluble but still vociferous —
5th. He and a nice looking old man, who was quite as
drunk but no as loud or as belligerent appeared at
intervals through the day: The younger one was as near
a crazy drunk as one sees. During the day our carretas
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".
He really did put a decent cover on it, then a layer
of our sacks of plaster: then a layer of manojas de
maiz and over all a 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

but built up high with maize fodder and great reeds of
mazorcas all as feed to last the animals. In other words
the churchly coach was to serve for four instead of two
as I had intended - planning to let Manuel and Louis
ride on the second - at least at night when they wd.
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 send a
carreta out after him. They brought him in during
the afternoon amid weeping 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 be-
hind: 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 seized
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 glass of
fresh urine, I think with the idea of throwing 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 a bit

corduroy over which we bumped interestingly but easily:
a man from the house accompanied us some distance with
four other animals, which he left finally in their fine
pasture. Soon we went down into an arroyo 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 element of danger in such
help as the slipping animals & back sliding cart threaten
to fall upon anyone pushing from behind and below.
Finally the cart was propped, the old team removed &
our own substituted: even then it was only with a hard
tug and heavy helping that final success was gained.
We crossed a fine "esterá" of salt water quite like the lagoon
at San Mateo & were then indeed not far - 3 leagues at
most - from San Dionisio. The country from here on was
pure llano for a long way. The clear moon continues &
all was a light as day: cold winds from the West drift
in sheets of sand and dust that covered us and every-
thing deeply. At two o'clock we stopped to repack.
A little before this we happened on a bunch of six
or eight carts drawn up for rest & the people were
as their little fires warming themselves or cooking
supper: This gypsy-like group was a Compañía
Comica: 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 viriding enough,
but it was deep with dust & we were grining, ^{had}

and choking: the road was a succession of little jolts of
the most unpleasant sort. We hailed the cross that marks
6th the beginning of Exhucatan Terrenos with joy but it
was a long ride before we crossed the little stream & rose
into the village. It is like all these Zapotec towns, but
"less so" on account of its lying in dirt instead of on
sand. San Jeronimo, Exaltapex, and Espinal (also Union
Nidalgo (Guirino) and here) - are all one thing. A hard
wind-swept sandy space, with rectangular pole-daub houses
with high pitched roofs, many of them whitewashed, dis-
tributed over a considerable area. We went first to
the river where we took a most refreshing bath: we
then ate a very decent breakfast - coffee & bread,
Fritillas & eggs, and a dessert of agua-oriental peaches
from Tuxtla Gutierrez. It was now 11 and we ordered
a dinner for 2.30 as we were promised a start at 3.
Our cook was a buxom young Zapotec woman -
a veritable husher: instead of being a little late
as we had hoped she was ready and called us
in at 2. where we had coffee & bread, Fritillas & chicken.
This town is the end of one of the regular jornales &
there was a great crowd of carretas drawn up under
the trees as we were & many scenes of starting &
arriving, packing & unpacking, chaffing, etc. I called
on Lucio Fuentes as Dr. Castle had recommended &
he told me what he could. He says there was formerly
a map here of the grave land: that the jefe
politico of some years ago Manuel Gomez at one time
had the town title sent for & with them this mapa was

sent with them: that he never returns the Mapa, which may
be in Mexico in hands of the Government or may have been
privately disposed of. He does not know Goni's address but
Dr. Castle thinks it is Oaxaca. According to the old man
this was a philanthropically "made town": the Government,
wishing to get the Juaves away from their lagoons and fish
+ to make staid agriculturists + traders of them gave
this land to the people of San Francisco Ixcuatlan + asked
them to remove here: few did so - only enough to make the
Municipio: since then Zapotecs, chiefly from Juchitan have
moved in and make up the town's population: he says there
are four or five Juave families here. The Zapotecs hereabout
call the Juaves, Juapes (Dr. Castle says this is disagreeable
to them as they have the word juape in their language,
meaning among its colonies is Union Hidalgo. They find many relics
here, especially at the river's bank, where after freshets
they are uncovered by the fall of the unsupported edge. Most
of these are fragments of pottery vessels, the common-
est form of which appears to be a tripod bowl with
the hollow, sometimes rattling, 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 Carateros. 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 market figures for the Feast
of the dead. We got a sort of saucer, a man on horse-
back, three female figures with babies, one without,

all which were of one style, a rough, coarse, red ware
with some decorative streaking in white and blue. An-
other which greatly pleased them was a couple in a warm
embrace: crude as they were the female figures were eth-
nically interesting in showing the mode in which mothers
carry their babies and the fact that two babies may often
be nursed at one time. — Here too I saw first the mode of
making Fortillas del homo: for Fortillas, 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 conal or another olla and a good hot fire of coals
is got in it: the Fortillas are stuck in around the sides
of the olla, inside, and left to bake: they are crisp and good.
The edges turn up in the baking making the tortilla con-
cavo-conver. — We were at last ready and left at 4:05
we continued to ride over the hot, dusty, dusty road. There
was a wonderful display of palms embraced by their
parasite foe & in some places completely embedded in
its gigantic buttressed trunk: There were also fine cases
of the network surrounding showing an earlier stage.
Never have I seen so many flowers hereabouts: some
trees have great rhododendron like branches of a pale purplish
flower of tubular form that looks as if it were green
but which falls readily: other trees looked as if covered
with veils of purplish red rather small flowers hung over
them: some trees were a mass of golden bloom. I think
little pear blossoms about the size of a cherry blossom &
certain trees, yet leafless I think, showed are 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 toucan
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