stately pyramid of Cholula rose at our feet bathed in a flood of morning light.

The old Indian proved a true prophet; my predecessors had not removed everything; trenches branching off in every direction so as to embrace the whole plateau were at once made and brought to light wholly undisturbed tombs. The first was that of a woman whose head I was able to preserve intact: the bones of all the rest were unfortunately reduced to a gelatinous paste. The dead were buried at a depth varying from some two feet to four feet eight inches; the bodies doubled up, both chin and arms resting on their knees; hands and feet were gone. Within the tomb, over the head, was a sebile, or hollow terra-cotta plate, two small black earthen horns, besides several vases. The whole was damp and moist, the vases filled with earth and water, and the utmost care was required in taking up such fragile objects. They soon, however, hardened by exposure, when they could be easily and safely cleaned and packed. As far as could be judged from the bones and pottery, one of the tombs contained the bodies of a man
and a woman. Another, probably that of a chief, had no human remains left, but I found a great variety of precious objects, made of chalchihuitl, a hard green stone, which takes a fine polish, a kind of jade or serpentine, much valued by the Indians; besides these were numerous arrows of obsidian, beads for necklaces, some of hard stone, some of terra-cotta, and a few small figures. A singular circumstance marked this tomb; not a single bead, not a single ornament but was broken, presumably at the time of the burial, as a token of grief. It is at least the only plausible solution which can be given for so many hard and resisting objects having been systematically destroyed.

Moreover, by far the largest proportion of these granite or porphyry beads, whether owing to their great antiquity or their having lain in a very destructive soil, crumbled away at our touch. Broadly speaking, the tombs which had not been disturbed were two to one; the dead had been buried without any regard to their position.

We are not yet inured to our life at an altitude of 13,000 feet, and our daily ascensions are painful in the extreme; our faces literally peel in this sharp wind and hot sun, whilst our hands are frightfully chapped and almost paralysed. It would be difficult to bear up long against our hardships were it not for the stupendous result of our excavations: kitchen utensils, every variety of vases representing the Toltec god Tlaloc, fruit cups, jewel cups, with feet shaped like a duck’s bill or a boar’s head; chocolate cups with porpoise-like handles; beads, jewels, a whole civilisation emerges from these tombs, and carries us back to the life of this long-forgotten people. Here we have caricatures of ancient warriors; further on a water-carrier bearing his jars like the modern “aguadores;” next are toys and tiny terra-cotta chariots, some are broken, some still preserve their four wheels; they were, presumably, a fond mother’s memento who, ages
TENENEPANCO AND NAIIUALAC CEMETERIES.

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gone by, buried them with her beloved child. These chariots are shaped like a flattened coyote (a kind of long-bodied fox) with its straight ears and pointed face, and the wheels fit into four terra-cotta stumps; on my renewing the wood axle-tree, which had been destroyed long since, the chariots began to move.

Many more objects were brought to light from these tombs—richly ornamented "fusaioles," marbles, necklaces, baby-tables, which, like the toy chariots, represented some quadruped—resembling Greek toys. This coincidence between people so different and so far removed from each other is not surprising, for elementary ideas generally find a common expression. It should also be observed that these toys, however rude, do not necessarily mark a very ancient epoch. Early manifestations live on through ages and are found side by side with the highest civilisations, and are still to be met among the people long after the well-to-do possess objects of art.

The 9th of July was one of our best days. Out of ten tombs five were found intact and yielded sixty remarkable pieces, one of which is unique and of peculiar interest. It is a three-footed terra-cotta cup some six inches by three by one and a half at the
bottom inside; wonderful to relate, it emerged without a blot from its gloomy abode. Both the inside and outside are covered with pretty devices painted white, yellow, blue, green, and red, fused into a harmonious whole. The colours are in relief and like enamels. Next, one almost as beautiful but smaller, and covered with dirt, was found. These two lovely cups were put out to dry in the sun, when, to my horror, I saw that one was fast scaling off, whilst the brilliant colours of the other were fading visibly. To remove them into the shade was the work of an instant, but, alas! it did not arrest the work of destruction, which continued at an alarming pace. A photograph of the finest cup, as well as the colours of the paintings, was immediately obtained, but it only gives a faint idea of the beauty of this charming work of art.

From these tombs were likewise unearthed a number of diminutive brass bells, which were used both as ornaments and currency; besides large fat vases with a hand painted red over a black ground. This was a Toltec memento, either symbolic of Hueman or of Quetzalcoatl, so often seen on the walls of Yucatec palaces, and likewise on the monuments of some North American tribes. But our most curious “find” was a perfectly well-preserved human brain, the skull of which was gone. This cerebral mass had been protected from the pressure of its surroundings by a stout cup into which it was wedged. No doubt was possible: the two lobes, the circumvolution of the brain to the minute red lines of the blood-vessels, all was there.

The fact that a human brain could have been found in good preservation when the skull had disappeared, was received with Homeric laughter; all I can say is that it is so, that the finding of it was witnessed by my associates; that in every tomb where the skull should have been, was invariably observed a whitish substance, which at first was mistaken for lime, but which subsequently whenever it was met with, the men instantly cried out: “Aquí
_esta uno—he is one_ (body), and near it vases and fragments clearly indicating the presence of a tomb. These brains, however, not having been protected like the first, were all flattened into a white cake of some five inches by two in thickness. The only explanation I can offer is that at an elevation of 15,000 feet, close to the volcanic cone of Popocatepetl, in a soil saturated with sulphureous vapours (a film of sulphide always extended over my nitrate of silver washes), the same chemical combinations which destroyed the bones, may have acted as a preservative on cerebral matter. But it will be asked, why not have borne away that wonderful brain? I ought to have done so, no
doubt, but without alcohol the thing was impossible; besides, had I done so, should I have a better chance of convincing people at a distance?

The toy chariots found no better favour with the public. Our illustrations, however, will settle once for all this vexed question. As must appear to the most inexperienced eye, the character of these toys is exceedingly archaic, nor am I aware that any museum or private collection has anything to show at all approaching them. This was conceded, but it was denied that they were chariots at all—the wheels were only "malacates," i.e. "fusaioles"! Numerous spindles were indeed found by us in the cemetery. Profuse collections may be seen and compared in every museum, when the most ignorant must see that these wheels are quite different to "fusaioles" or whorls. It will be said that this toy was but the copy of a chariot brought in by the Spaniards; but a glance at the drawing will show how absurd is the assumption, and carry conviction to the most incredulous.

Granted that is so, what inference do you draw from it? That the Mexicans had chariots? Hardly, since all authorities are silent on the subject, and when we know that the only means of transportation was afforded by carriers. But if such chariots were not available in distant expeditions across rivers, over mountain paths, through immense forests, it was not so within the radius of a city having good roads; and what is there against the possibility of a hand-cart corresponding with ours having been in use?

I am far from affirming that it was so, although certain expressions and quotations might be adduced which would show the supposition to be not so far-fetched as it looks on the face of it. We read in the Ramirez manuscript, for instance, that Montezuma II. set out for his Huaxateca expedition with a
numerous army and carruages.* Why should the Indian writer have used an ambiguous word meaning both chariot and transport, when the former must already have been extant when he wrote—that is, after the Conquest? Farther, Padre Duran relates how this same Montezuma, wishing to erect a temalacatl, had a huge block quarried at Aculco, near Amecameca; and Plate XXV. shows this block raised by means of a rude chariot having clog-wheels, drawn by a multitude of Indians.† The text, it is true, does not specify a chariot; but if they were unknown, how do they come in his drawing? It is unaccountable, too, that no mention is made of the stone having been brought on rollers or wheels, seeing that it could not have come so great a distance by any other means. It is altogether a mystery.

Lastly, Juarros, in describing the battle at Pinar, fought against Alvarado, mentions war-engines, or what would now be called ammunition carts, moving on rodadillos, which were drawn by armed men wherever they were required. These carts were loaded with arrows, spears, shields, stones, slings, etc., and men, chosen for the service, distributed them as they

† Father Duran, “Hist. de las Indias,” tome ii. Plate xxv.
were wanted.* Does "rodadillo" mean here a clog-wheel or a roller? If these carts carried arms to combatants in different parts of the field of battle, does it not follow that they moved on wheels, since rollers would have made the diminutive "forts" immovable, contrary to the end proposed?

Should, however, both quotations and arguments seem valueless, it might be added that the toy chariots were perhaps of primeval Toltec invention, the use of which had been lost after their expulsion from the plateaux.

But to return to the cemetery. Whether it be considered Toltec or otherwise, whether ancient or comparatively modern, we hold to its antiquity, to its being essentially Nahua, dedicated to Tlaloc, the god of rain and plenty, the fertiliser of the earth, the Lord of Paradise, the protector of green harvests. We are in his dominions, for he was believed to reside where the clouds gather, on the highest mountain-tops.

The first plate shows the vases unearthed at Tenenepanco, five of which portray this god, with his prominent eyes, the drops of water streaming down his face, making up his teeth, his beard or moustachios; he holds in his right hand a writhing serpent, thereby representing the flash and the thunderbolt—his voice as heard in storms. In the Nahualac Plate four vases also figure the same god.

The nations who succeeded the Toltecs on the plateaux adopted this eminently Toltec deity, who was one of the most popular gods down to the Conquest. The later tribes, however, discarding the mild practices of the Toltecs, stained his cult with human sacrifices. We will add a few quotations showing how great was the analogy between the places consecrated to Tlaloc and the Tenenepanco cemetery.

Torquemada calls him the god of paradise and great delights; that his statue on the highest mountain of Texcuco represented a man seated on a square slab, having at the back a huge stone jar, into which *ulli*, maize, beans, and other vegetables were placed by the devotees, and that this offering was renewed every year. Ixtlilxochitl mentions, *inter alia*, that five or six young children were yearly sacrificed to this deity, their hearts torn out, and their bodies buried; and we read in Father Duran that Montezuma and the allied princes repaired on the hill on which a child seven or eight years old was sacrificed. This festival was celebrated in the month of April, when the maize was above the ground. The next quotation from Torquemada is by far the most interesting, for it mentions Popocatepetl and the surrounding hills where we are carrying on our explorations:

"Indians entertained a great respect for this mountain, whose climate was mild, and the abundance of whose waters made the land around unusually fertile, and here children and slaves were slain in honour of Tlaloc. To the south is another mighty hill, Teocuinani, 'the Divine Singer,' so called by the natives because whenever the clouds shroud its summit the volcano bursts forth in flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, spreading terror among the whole population, who hasten to the hill to offer men, incense, paper-crowns, feathers, plates, urns, goblets, cups, toys, and vases" (exactly what we have found). "Close by was a well-constructed house, *Ayauchcalli*, 'house of rest,' in which stood an idol of green stone, *chalchihuitl*, about the size of a child
eight years old. On the arrival of the Spaniards this idol was carried away and buried in the mountains by the Indians, together with numerous objects of gold, silver, and precious stones."

We have often seen clouds collected around the top of Teocuini (El Fraile), and many a time have we heard the dread voice of the Divine Singer; if our Tenenepanco cemetery is not the one spoken of by Father Duran, it is assuredly its nearest neighbour, and we are convinced that this site was once sacred to Tlaloc, consequently ancient, and that besides the victims sacrificed, both men and women were buried here as in consecrated ground, with their utensils, arms, and ornaments.

The foregoing quotations prove, moreover, that the surrounding mountains contain several funeral stations, which might be profitably explored; Mount Tlaloc alone would enrich the most greedy. As for us, we are satisfied with having discovered two and opened the way to others; and when we add that our excavations yielded three hundred and seventy pieces, our self-satisfaction will not appear out of place. The greatest care was taken in packing our treasure in four large huaca/es, "cases," and the freight reached safely Amecameca and Mexico, where the Government confiscated it.

In our two years' explorations the Mexican Museum had deducted a third from the best of our finds; now they illegally detained the whole, refusing to give up any part of it. Let future explorers do their work quietly, offering nothing to the Republic, which might adopt, as in our case, a singular mode of testifying its gratitude.

The next day after our return to the village, we set out for the Mispayantla grottoes, accompanied by a guide and three Indians

* Torquemada, tome ii. lib. vi. cap. xxiii.
provided with tools. These grottoes are situated in the barranca known as Mispayantla, at once the most picturesque and the most important in the Mexican Valley, extending from El Fraile to the east and west as far as the Amecan Valley. From rocks rising perpendicularly to some six hundred and nine hundred feet, the eye travels down into its depths, where the course of the river is lost in a glowing wilderness of vegetation. The road was so bad and unsafe that we got off our horses and walked up to the grottoes, where a great disappointment awaited us, for they are nothing but pent-houses, produced by the projecting rock; holes and notches, moreover, plainly testified that we had been preceded long since by other seekers. Broken skulls and bones, of no interest whatever, lay scattered about. We picked up, however, saucepan handles of every size, red earthen vases striped with black, a much injured idol of Tlaloc, a bit of an Indian flute. This had been, no doubt, a funeral station completely rifled. We came away with feelings the reverse of pleasant.

We were not more successful in attempting a teocalli in the heart of Amecameca, than we had been at Mispayantla; remembering, however, that cemeteries abounded in the mountains, I flattered myself I should find one towards Iztaccihuatl. "Tepalcates," potteries, I had been told, were to be met in various places, but small had been the result on my visiting the sites indicated. From inquiries and the promise of a good reward, I got an Indian to act as guide to Iztaccihuatl, which he knows well, having often been there for the same purpose as ourselves; a few preliminaries are soon settled, and taking some half-dozen men with me, we set out on our mountain expedition. The ascent is performed with great difficulty, for we are just in for the rainy season, and the path is simply abominable. Our horses slip, rear, fall, and we frequently risk breaking our necks; the mule, laden
with our instruments and luggage, refuses to move until he is relieved of half his burden.

Leaving Amecameca, we follow a very steep path overlooking frightful precipices, and reach the summit after a forced march of six hours. From this point may be seen the valley, some 3,900 feet long by 1,625 to 1,950 feet broad, bounded by the mountain range which to the west of Mexico makes it impassable. To the east are the peaks of Iztaccihuatl, covered with virgin snow, 650 feet below us; on the crest the barometer marks 12,512 feet, and 12,318 in the valley, that is as near as possible the altitude of Tlamacas.

This narrow valley is so completely closed in by perpendicular rocks, that it would be next to impossible to spy it out without a guide; it is fringed half-way up by gloomy pines, but above us the rock is quite bare. Stray cattle graze peacefully at the bottom of the valley, which owes its name to the nearest peak, "Nahualac." The latter must have been a far more important funeral station than Tenenepanco. Everything favours this assumption, whilst stone foundations make it probable that a temple or a sanctuary dedicated to Tlaloc once stood here, similar to that mentioned by Father Duran, of which no trace has been found by us. We descry, however, to the north-east of the valley, an artificial pond 195 feet in circumference; in the centre rose a monument, the foundations of which are still extant; and round the pond are similar but smaller monuments, pedestals, altars, or chapels, bearing the statue of Tlaloc.

In a few minutes my men unearthed no fewer than forty vases, several plates, goblets, in the same style as those found at Tenenepanco, save that the clay is coarser and the ornamentation more archaic. This beginning was so promising, that notwithstanding the bitter cold at night, only half-sheltered as
we were, my dreams were golden; and the next morning, after a hot cup of coffee mixed with a good dose of mezcal, we were eager to set to work again, when our "finds" were if anything more abundant, and similar to those of the previous day: idols, cups, three-footed goblets, pottery with Tlaloc's image; very few jewels, however, and no precious stones, whilst the total absence of human remains seems to indicate great antiquity for these remains.

It may be well to mention that a small cup, bearing the image of Tlaloc and placed in the centre of the Tenenepanco Plate, belongs properly to Nahualac. It forms a pendant to another cup also in my possession. Both are quite unique in their way, for nothing in the Aztec antiquities recalls either the material, the shape, the ornamentation, or the workmanship. If this cemetery were Aztec, therefore, it must date back to the early establishment of that tribe in the valley; but in all probability it is either Chichemec or Toltec, for had it been Aztec, human remains would have been found, whereas it is well known that the Toltecs offered only birds, feathers, and flowers to their favourite god, and this leads us to suppose that Nahualac was one among the primeval Toltec stations.

Our four days' explorations produced nearly eight hundred pieces of all kinds. Our sanguine hopes had been more than realised, and with jubilant feelings we bade the mountain adieu; but alas! our treasure, like its predecessor, went to fill up the shelves of the Mexican Museum.

If the ascent had been painful, the descent was even more so. Leaving the Indians to follow with our luggage, Colonel Castro and I went in advance; but we soon lost our way, and rolled rather than walked down the steep, precipitous slopes of the mountain, whilst our horses, which we were leading, came upon us like avalanches, and often threatened our destruction.
We reached the plain at last, and a few minutes brought us to Ameca.

Our excavations on the high plateaux are over; we leave for the warm region, to follow the Toltecs in their great migration at the beginning of the eleventh century.

We are once more at Vera Cruz, *en route* for Tabasco, where we are received, as on our first arrival, with the terrible Norte, blowing so hard that no steamer can get away; and to do something I visit the Public Library, which, besides some interesting works, contains also specimens of Totonac antiquities, and a good Indian map on calico.

The wind changes, and we are at last able to go on board the steamer which is to convey us to the mouth of Rio Tabasco, sometime known as Grijalva, after the Spanish explorer; and here we leave our large ship for the river boat. The banks of this river are exceedingly flat and uninteresting; some king-fishers,
some white and blue herons, now and then a crocodile, are the only things which break the monotony of this dreary scene.

We stop at a small unhealthy village called Frontera, where we have to change again for S. Juan. The heat is suffocating; our berths so close that we try the tops of our cabins, but no sooner are our mosquito curtains fixed, and ourselves, as we fondly imagine, settled for the night, than a shower of fiery sparks from the engine, which is fed with charcoal, sets our clothes on fire and obliges us to make a hasty retreat, the more so that the ship carries a large cargo of petroleum. Below, a lively night awaits us, and when from sheer weariness we fall asleep at last, we are rudely awakened by the cries of all the denizens of the forest.

A few habitations, a few fields under cultivation, some rare palm-trees, or a flock of sheep, warn us that we are getting near S. Juan. But all we can see at present from our steamer is a long line of low houses, nor is our first impression dispelled when we walk into this outlying, forlorn-looking town. Outward appearance, however, is proverbially deceitful; it is particularly so here, for S. Juan is in reality the great mart of the State, and carries on an extensive trade in cedar, mahogany, and other fine wood. The population is simple, obliging, civil, every house open to us: the Governor, a right good fellow, provides us with letters for the interior, and with men as guides and servants.

We have, unfortunately, just come in for the rainy season; the roads are turned into torrents, and so completely broken that we have to give up going to Comala by land and shall have to go by water. This will necessitate a very long detour; on the other hand it will give us the opportunity of visiting the interesting remains to be found at Bellote. Thus our misfortune will not be very great after all.
This point settled, we are soon ready to start for Tierra Colorada, a rancho some nine miles from S. Juan, on the banks of Rio Gonzales, where we are to find flat-bottomed canoas and bogas, "oarsmen." These canoas are hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, have no keels, and are rowed down stream, when the maximum speed is twelve leagues a day, and three up stream. Close to the landing-place is a wooden booth, where before going on board we get about the nastiest cup of coffee I ever tasted, served with pretty grace by a handsome Meztiza. We notice the cups, made of some fruit-shell shaped on the tree whilst growing, and I am so pleased with their shape and design that I buy two for my private collection.

Our canoas, which are of average size, do not allow two to sit abreast; the awning, toldo, which is to shelter us both against sun and rain, is so low that we have to crawl in on all-fours and sit Turkish fashion. This in a few hours becomes very painful.
and our position is greatly aggravated by mosquitoes. There is not a breath of wind, so that our progress is but slow, whilst the heat under cover is intolerable; but whenever I venture out I am forced back either by the scorching sun or pouring rain, and we must needs comfort ourselves as best we can with some excellent Tabasco cigars. We lose nothing, for this region is but an assemblage of savannas and stunted woods, which lie for months under water.

We soon arrive at Ceiba, a rancho, where we land to breakfast under a wide-spreadling tree by the river, depositing under its cool shade our provisions and our cramped, aching limbs. Here we are detained longer than we anticipated by our men, who, after refreshing themselves at the rancho, coolly walked some three miles further on to see their sweethearts. They hurry in at last looking rather sheepish, and we find on consulting our map that our next station is twelve miles distant, and that we shall not reach it till late in the evening. The heat abates as the dusk gathers in, when we are glad to leave our hateful toldo to breathe the freshening breeze.

We are now advancing amidst the islands which occupy the mouth of the river, clad with gigantic mangroves; all around is silent, and the moon, placid but not cold in these latitudes, sheds her magic light over the landscape, shaping out fantastic groves, fairy castles, and long lines of porticoes in the openings of the forest. We are so delighted with all we see that we are quite surprised, after a run of sixteen hours, to find ourselves at the rancho of Las Islas, where we spend what remains of the night, and early the next morning start for Paraíso.

Up to this time we have been going steadily north, but now our route bears to the west. We enter the lagoons to be found on this coast, intersected by narrow canals, and overshadowed by deep, gloomy paths. The murky water of these
canals, the silence of the forest, recall the Styx, or some forgotten circle of Purgatory in which the dead wander in endless solitudes. Beautiful large butterflies, speckled with black and blue, come flitting by, whilst a multitude of red hairy crabs glare at us out of some mangrove. Two hours' steady rowing brings us to Bellote Islands, when, stowing our boats on the sand, we hail the first man we see, and under his escort make for the

RANCHO AT BELLOTE.

cuyos, pyramids, walking by the shore of the island, the water of which is so transparent as to enable us to spy at the bottom of the lagoon a quantity of oyster-shells; presently we come upon a gigantic bank of them measuring several miles, by more than twelve feet high, kjækkenmædtings; the whole ground around is composed of these broken shells, over which a magnificent vegetation luxuriates.

The pyramids, which are the object of our visit, are three in number, from 195 to 325 feet at the base, by 37 to 43 in
height. The temples which once stood on the summit are but a mass of ruins. Thanks to excavations made by the owner of the rancho, one side of one of the pyramids has been cleared of the vegetation and now a good view can be obtained, enabling us to perceive that it is identical in all respects with those at Tula and Teotihuacan, save that this is much smaller, the baby pattern, so to speak, of those we have hitherto visited. On the terrace crowning the pyramid a fragment of wall on an incline is still standing, covered with hard cement. This facing was composed of four layers of lime and mortar, each coating representing figures and characters in bas-reliefs, modelled in the lime coating. On removing one of these the next was discovered, almost invariably at the cost of nearly the whole bas-relief. We were fortunate in taking away intact the fragment shown in our plate, a head with retreating forehead resting on the instep of a foot which lies on a cushion. The notable feature of this profile is its similarity with those on the bassi-rilievi at Palenque, proving in my opinion the unity of civilisation of the two countries, save that priority of date must be awarded to Bellote. Besides these reliefs we found a vast quantity of broken arms, hands, ex-votos, pottery, etc.

It should be mentioned that these pyramids, unlike those at Teotihuacan, were built with shells and mud, and that baked bricks were only employed in the partition walls and those of the temples. That such materials should have been used was natural in a region where even gravel is unknown.

In speaking of the Toltec chronology, it was observed that on the new fire being rekindled, all house furniture was renewed, every dwelling and every temple repainted. Is it beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine that this custom received here its highest development, that the walls of the temples were covered with hieroglyphic coatings commemorating the age
which had just elapsed, and that each succeeding century received a layer similarly inscribed? Were this presumption substantiated, a starting-point would be obtained, enabling us to state that at the Conquest in 1520, this monument was four Indian centuries, or 208 years old, plus the fraction of the century just begun. I am well aware that this hypothesis is not borne out by scientific facts, and that I cannot even claim the honour of being the first in starting it, for I was forestalled by Stephens, who says: "In the remotest corridor of the palace, the wall was coated with lime, and broken in various places; I counted as many as six coatings, every one of which bore traces of paintings. In a corner were characters which looked as though they had been written with black ink. In our efforts to reach this, the whole thing came down and obliged us to desist." *

Granting our theory, the six layers at Palenque would be equivalent to 312 years, plus the fraction of the current century, which might bring it to 330 years at the Conquest, and about 690 years old up to the present time, an antiquity which may be reasonably accorded to Palenque, as the sequel will show.

As may have been noticed, these monuments are identical with those observed by the early Spaniards, and so often described by their historians; and if it is borne in mind that

when the Toltecs were driven from the high plateaux they migrated south, and were found as early as 1124 established at Goatzacoalco, Tabasco, and Yucatan, by the envoys of Xolotl, the conclusion that the monuments under notice belong to this tribe must force itself upon every unbiassed mind.

We leave Bellote en route for Paraiso, following the course of Tomo, Largo, and calling at Ceiba, a small hamlet standing amidst a glorious landscape. Here once rose Cintla, a dependency of Tabasco, and this is the river which Grijalva discovered, which Cortez navigated, and on the banks of which he fought his great battle, against 40,000 or 50,000 Indians. Many are the proofs which can be brought to confirm our opinion: this river has but one mouth, and therefore can at no time have borne the name of Las Dos Bocas; we read that Cortez was obliged to use launches on account of its shallow waters, whereas vessels of great tonnage, drawing twelve feet of water, ply daily on it; the tide, moreover, advances farther in at Frontera than is reported by Diaz.* Herrera says that Cortez, whilst in this region, took up his position on an islet opposite the village: now there is but one very large island, and that nearly a mile below Frontera; that his soldiers crossed the river to reconnoitre, but the stream is so wide and so deep at that point, as to preclude the possibility of any fording-place; that the general traversed immense cocoa-plantations, yet none are to be seen about Frontera, whereas on Rio Seco, over which we float at this present moment, it is the principal cultivation. Herrera's account consequently is applicable in every respect to Rio Seco, with its two mouths, its impassable bar, and its fording-places; here was fought the great battle, not far rose the Indian capital, the name of which has not come down to us, but which

* Diaz del Castillo, tome 1. chaps. xxxiii. and xxxi
is known as Comalcalco at the present day; and we are of opinion that Ceiba, or Zeiba, is the village where Cortez, in the name of the king, took possession of the country.*

Cogolludo, in speaking of the first skirmishes of the Spaniards against the cacique of Tabasco, says: "They numbered over 12,000 entrenched behind some breastworks, but we made a sudden rush, forced them out of their defences, obliging them to fall back; this they did like good soldiers without turning their backs, raining showers of arrows on us, until they reached the outward buildings of some temples, from which they took all they could carry. The enemy being now in full retreat, Cortez stopped all further pursuit, and here, in the name of His Majesty, he took possession of the country, drawing his sword and making three large cuts at a huge tree, which is called Ceiba by the natives, and which grew on the terrace of the temple, exclaiming that should any one question his right, he was ready to make it good with his sword and shield."†

It may be objected that this quotation proves nothing at all, that ceibas grow everywhere, and that the taking of possession could be easily effected on any spot of the Mexican soil. Just so; yet a remarkable coincidence is this, that no ceibas grow about the village of that name, that the one cut by Cortez, owing to the rapid growth of such trees, must long since have disappeared, and that on my inquiring for "Ceiba" at the village supposed to be it, no one seemed to know.

It is a well-ascertained fact that an appellation given in honour of a great event to a certain spot lives on when the object which gave rise to it has perished. Is it so unreasonable to suppose

† Cogolludo, tome 1. lib. i. chap. ix.
that the Spaniards who settled later at Ceiba, a spot consecrated by the taking of possession, on identifying Cortez' tree, should name the village they erected after it? If I make a running comment on history, if I discover points of analogy at every step, I do so whilst visiting carefully the very places under notice, bearing in mind historical accounts. These details are of vital importance in affirming the existence of Comalcalco at the time of the Conquest, as also that Rio Seco was then a large river whose course was turned by the Spaniards to ruin the Indian city, which rose on its banks.

Of the beauty of the country between Ceiba and Paraiso no words of expression, no painter's brush could give an adequate idea: noble avenues of cocoa and palm-trees open out at almost every stroke of the oar; lovely plants of tender green, with light yellow clustering flowers, float down the rapid stream, forming fairy-like rafts which remind us of the Mexican chinampas. My admiration for this lovely scene around me, finds no echo among my travelling companions, who are either sleeping or differently engrossed. The longer I observe the high banks, the bed both wide and deep of this stream, now reduced to a torrent, the more firmly am I convinced that it was at some time a great river, whose course whether nature or man have altered within a comparatively recent period, and tradition here becomes historical truth.

We reach Paraiso at last; the name had prepared us for something better than the wretched hamlet where we land. It was destroyed, it seems, in a local affray, as the ruins, the fallen trunks of large trees sufficiently attest. Outward appearance is no sure index to gauge Paraiso or its "descalzado" inhabitants, who are in reality well-to-do. The good man who kindly offered to escort us about, is, for this country, quite wealthy; nor is he a solitary instance of friendliness, it seems
to pervade the whole community. The place has no hotel or inn of any kind, but a house is easily got to serve our purpose, as much food as we want is forced upon us by these good-natured people; and if it is not quite English hospitality, it is very near it. The Paraisians are perfectly satisfied with their condition in life; their wishes are few, and such as the fertility of the soil will easily meet; want is unknown, life easy, the climate admits of but the scantiest clothing, and if they have more than their share of rain, they are troubled with fewer mosquitoes than most of their neighbours. In fact, these charming people are fully convinced that all is for the best in this best of worlds, and that if Paraiso is not heaven itself, it is not far from it.
CHAPTER XII.

COMALCALCO.


The road from Paraiso to Comalcalco is no road at all, a veritable "Slough of Despond," in which our horses sink to the hocks, sometimes to the girths, but as the natives see nothing to find fault in it, there is little hope of improvement. The road follows the course of Rio Seco, ancient Tabasco to our right, and three hours' march brings us to Comalcalco, a little modern town situated on an island of the river, some ninety miles north-west of S Juan Bautista, and twenty-four, as a bird flies, from the
seaboard. The place, including the outskirts, numbers some two thousand inhabitants; the streets are straight, the houses low and built with bricks. The banks of the lagoons are clad with thick long grass, in which naked urchins and ducks innumerable seem to luxuriate all day long, alternating with plunges into the water, puffing at cigars nearly as big as themselves. Comalcalco is the very Elysium of life for both ducks and urchins.

Our "fonda" is not exactly luxurious, but the civility of the people, and the excellent cooking of our hostess, a handsome woman of five-and-twenty, combine to make life bearable. True, our beds are not water-proof, for the water gets in every time it rains, whilst the quacking of the ducks awakes us twenty times of a night; but as this seems to be the normal state of things, as nobody appears to mind, it behoves us not to be over fastidious in a country in which things are taken mighty easy. Salt, owing to the excessively damp climate, is liquid, and served in bottles. The terrible Norte is nearly as much felt here as in Vera Cruz; it brings invariably persistent rain, waterspouts, trebunadas, and frightful squalls. My camera has created a furor in this out-of-the-way place, and we are besieged all day with people wanting their portraits taken, to the delight of our "tendero"; meanwhile valuable time is spent in explanations and refusals before we can rid ourselves of these simple, troublesome people. No sooner, however, did our mission become known, than everybody was eager to come as guides, and workmen were obtained with the greatest facility.

The local doctor speaks enthusiastically of the ruins lying some six miles north-east of this place, and about a mile and a half from the river. Masks, pottery, idols of the description found at Teotihuacan, have been brought to light; but what was deemed far more important by the natives, an inexhaustible mine of baked bricks of every size, with which the houses of
the village have been built, and the main walk paved. When these excavations first began, statues, stones of sacrifice (indicative of later times), columns, huge flags, and cement were unearthed. Unfortunately the whole was destroyed by these ignorant people.

The ruins consist in groups of pyramids of different dimensions, so extensive as to cover twenty-four miles, and on this account are called the “Cordillera” by the natives. A country gentleman tells me that he has counted over three hundred of these artificial mounds on his own property, and that they were built with mud and baked bricks.

Besides these ruins others are to be met at Blas...o, situated on the Toltec march of migration, answering the description given by Bernal Diaz regarding Tonala. I hear from a montanero, who first discovered them, that an important Indian city formerly existed there, whose monuments, like those of Comalcalco, consist of caryatides, columns, and statues; but in this abominable weather it is utterly impossible to visit them. This city having the same origin, the same environment with Comalcalco, must have the same origin; and Toltec migration, Toltec civilising influence being admitted as well as proved, these two cities would be among the first built by them after their great migration, for the simple reason that they stand nearest their point of departure, as the most distant would mark their later settlements; and this our investigations will amply demonstrate.

We set out for the ruins, following for a time the right bank of the Rio Seco; then a path across fields, bordered with large yellow and red flowers. We notice to our right and left thick layers of cement, the remains of the old Indian road which connected the city with the river. We cross rivulets formerly spanned by bridges, of which bricks and a corbel vault are still visible.

On reaching the pyramid, we leave our horses and ascend
with some difficulty the terrace surmounting it; we wander about in semi-darkness because of the rank vegetation which mantles over it. Our men clear it of the most obstructive trees, to facilitate its measurement: the shape of this pyramid is irregular, being 975 feet at the base, by some ninety-nine feet in height.

Our plan gives the various monuments standing on its vast summit, measuring no less than 292 feet.

The principal monument (No. 3) was a great palace, the façade of which looked east and covered 231 feet, now reduced to a ruinous mass; fortunately a fragment of some twenty-two
feet (No. 4) enables us to reconstruct the edifice. Our first drawing is a view of the outside, showing the dilapidated condition of the wall and its brick and mortar composition; the next a view of the interior, with fragments of thinner walls which divided the various apartments of the palace, probably seven or eight in number, of different dimensions, and having the same characteristics as the monuments at Uxmal and Palenque. It is the governor’s palace with its double bay of rooms, the slightly concave vault of Palenque; and if in our section of the palace a greater obliquity is observable, in the frieze supporting the roof, than in edifices of the same kind already known, or to be studied subsequently, this sloping finds here its proper place, and proves the intelligence of the builder without destroying the similarity of the different monuments. In fact, we shall see the roof assuming a steeper or less steep incline, according to the climate; slightly oblique at Palenque where rain is frequent, it rises in the Yucatan
peninsula, where a dry climate prevails, until it forms a flat roof, resting on perpendicular walls; whereas at Comalcalco and on the borders of the Gulf, where rain is incessant, architects increase the slope of the roof to facilitate the out-flow of the water, the better to preserve their buildings.

If baked bricks mixed with thick layers of lime and mortar were substituted for stones, it is because none are to be found in that alluvial plain. As to the blocks necessary for the construction of columns, statues, altars, etc., they were brought by river from the mountains. But these modifications never destroy the typical outline of the Toltec calli, to be found in the chapter on Tula, and all the monuments which we shall meet with in our explorations will have the same type and the same architecture.

But to return. The walls of the palace were without any ornamentation, save a layer of smooth painted cement; they rose perpendicularly nine feet to a very projecting cornice.
then sloping in a line parallel to the corbel vault, they terminated in a second cornice less salient than the first, both serving as frame to a frieze richly decorated, so far at least as could be ascertained from the fragments strewing the ground. Above this, towards the centre of the roof, rose a decorated wall, a peculiarly Toltec device, which existed already in the temples of the high plateaux, and which we shall observe in most structures, whether temples or palaces, terra-cotta models of which are to be found in the Trocadéro.

The building, including the walls, measures some 26 feet, the walls are 3 feet 9 inches in thickness, the size of the apartments is about 8 feet, and the depth of the vault inside some 23 feet (see Plate). The palace was brightly painted, as may yet be seen in the north corner, which is of a deep red. The miscellaneous compound to be met at Tula and Teotihuacan is not observable here, where obsidian came from a great distance and was accordingly rare; pottery was consequently replaced by fruit-shells, which had the advantage of being more durable, cheaper, and lighter. These shells are worked into a variety of shapes differing in size and value: there are the jicaras, small cups, pure and simple; tecomas, large cups; atotoniles, cubiletes, cocos, etc.; then the jicara-flor, or half-shell cut crosswise; the most prized of all, the jicara-botón, half upper shell; the jicara-barba, or shell cut lengthwise. All these shells are given elegant shapes whilst growing on the tree, and when dry are ornamented with pretty devices either sunk or in relief. A calabash having a very large shell is also fashioned into a vase called atecomate by the Indians, and painted with fast colours of which the natives alone seem to have the secret.

But if few fragments were found in comparison with those unearthed on the high plateaux, I had the good fortune to pick up two bricks covered with curious sunk designs, most rare, for
Ha caído un chubasco durante la noche. Para que no llueva más, Apatú recomienda a Stuart que no lave la marmita por dentro: esta costumbre singular, practicada por los negros cimarrones de la Guayana, ha sido tomada sin duda de los indios. Y en efecto, cuando el inglés Brown viajaba por el Maroni preguntó un día a sus remeros por qué no lavaban la marmita en que se había de cocer el arroz, y le respondieron que si la metían en el agua, sería mucho más copiosa la lluvia que empezaba á caer.

Cerca del campamento oímos un ave que grita paragua... paragua... Es el paragua, al que los uayanas llaman aragtta considerándolo como ave de lluvia. Unica procura engañarle imitando su canto, pero echa á volar en el momento en que el cazador tiende su arco para dispararle una flecha.

Digamos de paso que las flechas que sirven para cazar al vuelo, tienen plumas junto á su punta más gruesa, al paso que las que se usan para cazar en el agua no están guarnecidas. He visto que estas últimas llevan á menudo un gancho hecho con una esquirla de radio de cuata; las destinadas á cazar aves y monos rematan en una punta de madera dura, armada de púas inclinadas hacia atrás para que al penetrar en la herida no se desprendan por efecto de su propio peso. Las plumas que se ponen en las flechas suelen ser de hocos, marayas, culuis, aras y pías. Para cazar pájaros, los indios de la Guayana terminan sus flechas en una maza bastante pesada, tallada en un hueso o en una simiente de auara. Los hombres son los que se dedican exclusivamente á fabricar arcos y flechas.

Está hecho el almuerzo: los indios sacan el pequeño caiman de la marmita, le ponen en una espata de palmera que constituye un plato muy cómodo, y luego colocan la perdiz en una escudilla de barro, hecha por una mujer rucuya. Tomó un poco de caldo, pero lo encontré horriblemente amargo, lo cual consiste en que Stuart, poco conocedor de la cocina de los bosques, se ha olvidado de tirar la cabeza del ave. El caiman tampoco vale nada, porque no tenemos pimiento para sazonarlo. Hace un mes que carecemos de sal, y pasamos sin ella, pero la privación del pimiento nos parece insoportable.

Mientras observo el sol al medio día, Apatú da un paseo por el bosque, y encuentra un bejuco más grueso que el muslo, y al cual dan los rucuyos el nombre de salisali (Robinia nicou): es tan pesado que ha aplastado el árbol al cual se enlazaba. Corto aquel tallo negro, y veo que mana de él un jugo parecido al agua, que Apatú me induce á probar, y aunque procedente de una planta tóxica es enteramente inofensivo. Cuando los indios atraviesan montañas, beben la savia de este bejuco, que es más fresca que el agua de las fuentes más claras. No se debe beber más que el primer chorro del líquido, porque en seguida sale un jugo blanco lechoso que tiene propiedades tóxicas. Yacuman hace gran provision del tallo del nicú, que podrá servirnos muy útil para coger peces. Esta planta cuando seca es casi tan activa como en estado fresco, pudiéndola conservar y servirse de ella por espacio de un año.

Las mujeres de esta región llevan los cabellos sueltos sobre los hombros, pero los hombres se los recogen formando un moño que les cae sobre la espalda; los sujetan con una especie de espiral echa con un bejuco flexible. Así pues, en el país de los trios, los hombres son los que llevan moño, al paso que en el de los galibis lo llevan las mujeres.
they were the only two specimens I could find of the kind. A concentric drawing covers the first, whilst the second bears the full likeness of a warrior, with feathers about his head—it is a rude drawing which was done on the soft clay before it was baked. Both bricks are in the Trocadero.

Some 35 feet to the south-east of the palace, on a cemented platform over 26 feet broad by 38 feet long, is a tower (No. 1 in our plan) which is supported and bound by the roots of large trees surrounding it. It is oblong in shape, most picturesque, and, save the base, similar to that at Palenque. This tower has three storeys, of which two are still standing, and it may be assumed from what remains that the second storey was divided into four compartments or small rooms, the dimensions of which are the following: two inner rooms, of 5 feet 7 inches on one side, correspond to other two, and form a kind of outward passage, having three openings, which are separated by two pillars of 2 feet on one side. The first storey underneath reproduced probably the same distribution. We penetrated in the only accessible room, measuring some 8 feet by 5 feet 8 inches.

The ornamentation of this tower must have been gigantic; the fragment which was found among a heap of rubbish, and which we reproduce, is no less than 6 feet. The figures or characters seen on the wall, and which recall Arabic inscriptions, are over 3 feet high, and in strong relief. This was obtained by applications of freshly-made plaster—a process belonging to the first epoch, and which we shall meet at Palenque, Tikal, and particularly Aké and Izamal in the Yucatan peninsula.

Tower No. 2, some 32 feet to the south-east of the palace, is a ruinous mass, but must have been far more important than the first. Nothing remains save fragments of walls, so shapeless as to make it difficult to draw an approximate plan of the building. To the north, however, a flight of steps
in fair preservation allows us to reconstruct the first storey. The four sides were probably similar, having doors opening on the stairs by which the terrace was reached, giving access to four rooms, now underground, of about 8 feet by 6 feet 8 inches. Our drawing gives the stairs and the entrance to one of the rooms. In this tower the ornamentation must have been as peculiar as that of No. 1, as shown by an enormous unbroken fragment of wall lying on the ground, representing the full-size figure of a man, whose fine proportions are very remarkable. The upper portion of the body, the fore-arm, and part of the leg are wanting; of the clothing nothing remains save the girdle and a bit on the thigh. The statue had presumably no other covering but the maxtli, as is the case at Palenque in the decoration of the inner wing of the palace.

This tower (No. 2), with its flight of steps and its platform on which rose the body of the edifice, answers the description of similar monuments at Cozumel and along the seaboard given by Oviedo and Grijalva's chaplain; and both towers and palaces, as also the temples we shall visit later, must have gleamed on
the astonished gaze of the Spaniards, as did those of the maritime cities in Yucatan. We know that the first were inhabited at the time of the Conquest; have we not the right to affirm as much for Comalcalco? And if Comalcalco was inhabited, what shall

be said of Palenque, where we shall find a far greater number of buildings in better preservation?

It seems to us a settled question. Why should monuments constructed in the same way, in the same country, amidst the same vegetation, be in ruins when others are partly standing?
Does this prove that they are of more recent date? The same causes acted on all. Everything points to their similarity, to their belonging to the same epoch, to their being the work of the same hand: and if the palaces and temples at Comalcalco were extant and inhabited at the Conquest (and everything seems to prove it), the temples and palaces at Palenque must have been in the same condition.

But the palace and the two towers were not the only monuments on the terrace of the pyramid. No. 5 and No. 6 indicate the site of other buildings now completely ruined, whilst the sides were occupied by small chapels, traces of which are still discernible. The pyramid was in itself a small village, or rather an immense lordly mansion, having a palace, temples, houses, and huts for priests and servants. Facing this pyramid, to the north, hidden by the luxuriant vegetation of a virgin forest (reproduced in our drawing), are three other pyramids, of which two rise to the height of some 22 to 26 feet, and the third from 39 to 45 feet. All were crowned by temples, the walls of which are still standing. The layers of demolished cement leave uncovered the body of the wall, in which I notice bricks ranging from 6 in. by 9 by 1 in thickness, and from about 1 ft. 4 in. by 1 by 1 in. thick, and 1 ft. 11 in. by 1 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 2 in. thick. The largest were used for the corners. Hundreds of other pyramids, every one occupied by palaces, stretch as far as the seashore, buried in the depths of the forest, presenting innumerable monuments to be brought to light, for which years, numerous workmen, an iron constitution, are required for the future explorers. I have shown the way—let others follow.

The stupendous ruins, of which we have had but a glimpse, imply an immense amount of labour, and, as a corollary, a dense population. It is quite clear that the present Tabasco, with a population of 100,000 inhabitants, could not produce monuments
so imposing as those at Comalcalco, and this is one of the chief objections brought against the recent date we ascribe to these buildings. But then the question arises, who built them ages before the Conquest, and what became of the numerous population which such monuments presuppose? The genius of the Toltecs which we have studied, the quotations of various authors relating to their southward migration, point to them as the sole and true creators of these buildings which we have even now visited, as also those we shall subsequently explore. They found—facts attest it—a numerous population, which they civilised, and which under their peaceful organisation rapidly increased. They had, at the very outset of their establishment, the cheapest, easiest labour ever known in these hardy, sober, submissive people, who, as we noticed before, could live on two tortillas a day, drink nothing but water, carry enormous loads, or work all day without showing fatigue.

If, then, due regard be had to their numbers, their endurance, and their frugal habits, if it be remembered that New Mexico was built in no time by Cortez, the whole city of Tula reconstructed in six years, most likely by statute-labour when great multitudes were pressed into service, directed by foremen who gave the final polishing touch to the work, the number and the bulk of the monuments they have left will not surprise. That such work could be achieved in a very short time is shown at Teotihuacan, where the pyramids are but an assemblage of mud and rude stones kept together by walls faced with coatings of polished cement.

Furthermore, it is an accepted fact that a high state of civilisation can only be developed in temperate regions; in torrid zones the heat, an almost spontaneous growth, the few wants of man, keep him idle and unfit him for work, and this consideration would, in the absence of any other proof, still point
to the Toltecs as the authors of the degree of civilisation observable in these regions. As an instance of the truth of our argument look at India, where a foreign race introduced and implanted a ready-made civilisation in the invaded country, using the conquered race for the construction of its buildings. This theory receives still greater weight when we remember how easily a people which has received its civilisation through another, falls back into its original state of barbarism as soon as left to itself; India, Cambodia, Java, are striking examples.

But it will be asked, What has become of the dense population you speak about? Where are the millions of men who peopled these regions at the time of the Conquest? The causes which contributed to their disappearance are not far to seek. First and foremost, the Spanish invasion and the consequent destruction of the Mexican empire, which so deeply disturbed the organisation of all these peoples as to be felt in the most distant provinces; it was a commotion followed by a profound discouragement and apathy, which told directly and radically on the fecundity of the race. Add to this the intense horror felt for the conquerors—a horror so complete as to cause the natives to abandon the places occupied by the hated foreigners—a stupor so great as to have persisted to the present day. Even now Indian villages are abandoned at the appearance of a Spaniard, and again occupied when he leaves, as was the case at Tayasal when taken by the Spanish general Martin Ursua. So much for moral causes.

As to physical causes, historians will tell us they were due to the unheard-of cruelty of the Spaniards—a cruelty all the more inconceivable that Mendieta ascribes to the natives a mild, simple, submissive, patient disposition, in fact all the Christian virtues so conspicuously absent from their hard taskmasters, who were guilty towards the poor Indians of daily savage acts which dis-
honour humanity, tearing them from their families and sending them to work the mines in the distant mountains, etc.*

Then there were epidemics which swept away vast numbers of Indians: 1st, small-pox in 1521, called by the natives *hueyzahuatl, “great leprosy”—half the population succumbed under it; 2nd, measles (*sarampion), in 1531, *tzpilonzahuatl, small leprosy; 3rd, syphilis; 4th, bloody-flux in 1545, when in Tlascala and Tula 250,000 Indians perished; lastly, the various epidemics of 1564, 1576, 1588, 1595, which carried off over 3,000,000 natives. The same epidemics were felt with greater severity in Tabasco and Yucatan.† Herrera gives likewise measles, small-pox, bloody-flux, fever, dysentery, as the main causes of the disappearance of the aborigines;‡ as does Motolinia, who mentions besides the great famine consequent on the taking of Mexico: “encomiendas,” and especially the heavy fiscal burdens imposed on the poor Indians by the Spaniards, burdens which had to be paid under penalty of being tortured to death.§ Other authorities might be adduced to show that the disappearance of the Indians, if unnatural, is to be explained, it being clear that the great cities, so thickly populated on the arrival of the Spaniards, were almost entirely abandoned, whilst the temples and palaces, left to the mercy of the elements and the ruthless efforts of man, were quickly destroyed. If we could wonder, it is that under such circumstances they resisted so long.

As structures, American monuments cannot be compared with those at Cambodia, which belong to nearly the same period, the twelfth century, and which, notwithstanding their greater and more resisting proportions, are found in the same dilapidated condition.

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† Ibid.
§ Motolinia, “Icazbalceta,” treatise i. chap. i.
But we must think of returning to S. Juan; we take leave of our Comalcalcan friends, leaving our "bogas," boatmen, to follow with our traps by water, and meet us at S. Juan, whilst we start on horseback by a shorter route, skirting Rio Seco on our right, with its islands clad with a glowing vegetation. On the opposite side fields of yellow maize, sugar, coffee, and cocoa, indicate the presence of ranchos and haciendas. We get glimpses of the red, yellow, and green madrina-berries peeping out of glistening foliage, and towards four o'clock we knock at a large hacienda, the property of Don Candido Verao, an amateur antiquarian, glad of an opportunity of showing his little collection. From him we learn that tumuli or basements of Indian chapels abound in the neighbourhood, and that many small figures are found, showing the country to have once been densely populated. Here we spend a charming evening, and on the morrow we start for El Carmen, on the left bank of the river Tabasco, belonging to a rich mahogany contractor, by name Don Policarpio Valenzuela. Thanks to his civility, we were able to procure canoes and be at S. Juan Bautista the next day.