that we had made a night-march over the mountain, was, "Thank God, there were no accidents!"

A smoking supper was soon on the table, and although our worthy hosts (who had not made a journey that day of near two thousand varas into the bowels of the earth,) were exceedingly anxious to prolong the chat after our cheerful meal, we slipped off, one by one, to our cots and sofas. We have travelled seven leagues to-day, besides our pedestrian excursion in the cave.

HACIENDA OF SAN NICOLAS.

23*rd September*. We left Tetecala this morning at eight o'clock, with the intention of passing to-night at the hacienda of St. Nicolas, which belongs to the Messrs. J——. For the present at least we seem to have done with the mountains, as our road to-day lay entirely over the plain. During the three last days, we have been wandering among gigantic mountains and over wild moors, where the solitude of nature reigns in all its majesty; but the picture varies in the direction of Cuautla. The mountains sink into the plain, and the plain is rich, fertile, and cultivated with the nicest economy.

About twelve o'clock we saw the hacienda lying in the distance, in the lap of the plain, with a small hill or two hard by, just large enough to vary the scenery. As we approached the white walled buildings, we could not help remarking the uncommonly neat appearance of everything about the estate. The sugar-fields were in capital order, the roads smooth, the fences had been put up, the cattle were under the care of men. The Indian village, inhabited by many of the laborers on the estate, was tidy and comfortable, and there was a cleanness and decency in the appearance of the people, that I had not seen elsewhere. Indeed, the whole view of this plain, hemmed in by the distant summits of the mountains, reminded me strongly of some of the pictures of rural beauty constantly presented to the traveller in New England; and I was the more forcibly struck with this, when I looked from the corridor of the hacienda over the whole expanse of country, and saw it dotted here and there with villages and haciendas, the white towers of whose chapels rose up beautifully from an unbroken mass of verdure.

We were received at this plantation by the administrador, or steward, who had been expecting us for an hour or more; and though he had already partaken of his dinner, (believing that we did not intend visiting St. Nicolas to-day,) he immediately ordered another, in the meantime showing us to a large and cool apartment, containing a number of beds, where we made a hasty toilet.

We took a *siesta* after dinner, and then walked with Don A. over the estate. The whole of the fields are planted with cane for a great distance around the house, which forms, by itself, a very extensive establishment.

First, there is the dwelling, a large two-story edifice, having in the basement all the offices, and the store where every necessary is sold to the Indians; above this are the kitchens, parlors, bedrooms, and an immense corridor on arches, looking toward the east, filled with caged birds, and hung with hammocks, where the family pass most of the long warm days of summer. In front is the *corral*, on the west of which are the store-houses and buildings to receive the crop; while on the east is another huge edifice where the boilers, engines, crushing machines, cooling vats, moulding apartments, &c., constitute the *trapiche* of the hacienda. It is a little city in itself.

At sunset, all the Indians employed on the premises assembled under the corridor on the basement floor, to account to the administrador for their day's labor and their presence. As he called their names, each one replied with "*Alabo á Dios*,"—"I praise God," and ranged himself against the wall in a line with those who had already responded. When the whole list had been examined, they were dismissed, and departed in a body singing an Indian hymn to the Virgin, the sounds of which died away in the distance as they plodded home over the level fields to their village.

At night we heard the sound of a clarionet, bass-drum, and flute, at some distance from the dwelling, and on inquiry, discovered that a band of musicians had been organized in an adjoining village, by the owner of the hacienda. We mustered a company and strolled over. The whole of a large hut had been appropriated for a musical hall, where the performers were just assembling; while others, who had already arrived, were engaged in tuning their instruments. The leader was quite a respectable-looking Indian, decently dressed, who played the violin; the clarionet player was fortunate in the possession of cotton drawers and a shirt; the bassoon had a pair of drawers but no shirit; the serpent was the wildest looking Indian I ever saw, with long dishevelled black hair, and eyes worthy of his instrument; the big drum was a huge portly old negro, who reminded me of many of our performers on it at home; while the octave flute was an urchin of not more than twelve, the wickedest little devil imaginable, but a fellow of infinite talent and a capital performer.

The night was rather too hot to permit us to remain long in the apartment with an Indian crowd; we therefore took our seats outside, where we were favored by the self-taught amateurs with several airs from recent operas, performed in a style that would not have injured the reputation of many a military band at home.

It may reasonably be argued, from a scene like this, that the Indians have talents for one of the arts requiring a high degree of natural delicacy and refinement. If it had been the care of all Spanish proprietors gradually to bring forth their latent dispositions, as the Señores J. have done, Mexico would now present a picture very different from that of the

degradation which fills its valleys with a slothful, ignorant, and debased multitude.

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When we returned to the house, we found that some travellers who passed in the course of the day, had given an account of robbers on the road we are to travel to-morrow. About two weeks since, seven armed and mounted ruffians attacked two Frenchmen and their servants near the hacienda of Trenta. One of the Frenchmen was severely wounded, but the other, aided by the two *mosos*, succeeded in beating off the robbers, who left one of their number dead on the field, and his horse and trappings as spoils for the victor.

CUAUTLA DE AMELPAS AND HACIENDA DE ST. INEZ.

24*th September*. We left the hospitable hacienda of San Nicolas at 4 o'clock this morning, and passed through a great number of Indian villages, and some haciendas of considerable extent, especially that of Trenta, which derives its name from the fact that it was originally purchased for the sum of thirty dollars. With its village, its church, (nearly a cathedral in size,) its immense sugar works and princely domain, I suppose it could not be acquired now for much less than half a million.

After enjoying a fine view of the volcano of Popocatepetl at sunrise, and passing the village of Tlaltisappan, we struck into the mountain gorges which we had been for some time approaching. The ground gradually rose, the glens and defiles became more numerous, and among the wild and tangled forests of these solitary mountains we passed many ill looking wretches, armed and mounted, but always in too small a number to attack our party. There is no doubt they were robbers, as several had their faces partly disguised, while their weapons were cocked and resting in their hands as they passed us. We cocked ours, also, and thus moved on fairly quits with the vagabonds.

On the sides of these mountains, there were continuous groves of that tall pillar-like species of the cactus, which is called "*organos*."

The heat became insufferable toward noon, and I felt, for the first time, weary of our journey among the lonely hills and defiles. Our impatience to reach Cuautla was increased by the accounts of the Indians we encountered on the road, who invariably added a league or half league to the distance as we advanced. At length, however, after passing through a very extensive corn-field, which I computed to contain at least five hundred acres, we reached the valley of Amilpas, and, in half an hour more, entered an Indian village bowered in the foliage of bananas and palms, through the midst of which ran a cool and sparkling streamlet. Here

we halted to refresh ourselves, as the sun was blistering our skins and we burned with a fever that was scarcely mitigated by profuse perspiration. After leaving this village, Cuautla appeared immediately on our left, with a rapid river running by it; while, in front, was the stately hacienda of Cuauwistla, belonging to the Dominican monks of Mexico, from the revenues of which a liberal sum is annually set apart for the entertainment of travellers.

By some accident, the chief of our party had neglected to obtain a letter of introduction to any of the haciendas in the neighborhood of Cuautla, and we expected to procure comfortable accommodations at the inn of the town. We therefore pressed onward, without stopping at Cuauwistla, where, I had no doubt, the general letter of introduction with which I had been favored by the Archbishop of the United States to all the Church in Mexico, would have procured us an immediate welcome.

Cuautla is a perfect Southern city. The houses are small and airy; clear water gurgles through the middle of the street; broad-leaved trees fling their branches over the low dwellings. The women loll, half-dressed, in the windows and doors, gazing at nothing or each other; the men seem to have as little to do as the women, and the whole has an air of the "dolce far niente," which prevails in this mild and tempting climate.

Passing through the square, we entered a bye-street and arrived at the door of the *meson*.

I remembered immediately my experience at Perote, and the account given by Latrobe of *his* experience at this very inn.

The gate of the court-yard was thrown open for us. In front lay a narrow lane, on one side of which was a shed, and beneath it a couple of sheep munching a stack of green corn in a corner, while a couple of turkeys picked up what they could find. On the roof a lot of sheepskins, recently taken from the animal, were spread out to dry in the sun. At the end of the lane was the kitchen of the meson, which seemed also to be the cobbler's stall of the burly landlord; who, tucking up his apron in front, ran out to salute us before we dismounted, followed by his stout wife, and a greasy scullion as fat, dirty, and disgusting as Maritornes.

We inquired if he could "accommodate us?" "Si Señores, si Señores!" said he, with a strong emphasis on the *si*, as if surprised at our even doubting for an instant the capabilities of his establishment.

It will be remembered that we now numbered twelve in the party. We asked him (still without dismounting) to show us the rooms.

From the end of the lane I have described, another struck off at right-angles with it, and both of its sides were adorned with a row of one-story windowless cabins, over the doors of which appeared, in true hotel fashion, the numbers 1.—2.—3.—4.—5.—6.

G—— got down to examine, and the landlord led the way. He first opened No. 3. It was eight feet long, about six wide, and ten high; in one corner lay a pool of mud on the earthen floor, and the walls were literally black with fleas. G—— at once objected to this, and the landlord said that it was of course not intended for the Señores, but for the baggage and the mosos. He had "another, more comfortable" for ourselves; and stepping across the street, opened No. 6, which, from its exterior, appeared to be of the same size of No. 3. Scarcely had he turned the bolt—when out walked a full grown ass!

But our discontent did not satisfy the landlord—he did not see why we could not be "accommodated in rooms that were good enough for other folks—and we might praise the Virgin if we got better in Cuautla!"

There was no time for discussion, however, and as we were hungry, and would rather betake ourselves to the fields and sleep under the trees than submit to the vermin of Cuautla, I proposed that we should return to Cuauwistla. In the meantime, however, Don Juan Black had bethought him of all his friends in the village, and discovered that the administrador of Santa Inez, was an old acquaintance who had often requested a visit in his journeys to the *tierra caliente*.

It is true that we made a formidable party, with horses and mules, besides our own ravenous appetites; but Black insisted that he knew the people of the country, and that we would undoubtedly be welcome at the neighboring plantation.

He was, therefore, at once put at the head of the troop; and we marched out of the court-yard under a shower of abuse from the cobbling host—as a set of "caprichosos Ingleses, who deserved to rot on the road-side." His spouse and Maritornes fell into their parts of the denunciatory trio, as the hoof of the last horse struck his abominable gate-sill.

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The hacienda of Santa Inez is situated in the midst of sugar-fields to the north of the town, and the works, residence, chapel, and Indian village, are bordered by a beautiful stream among some of the finest forest trees I have seen in the Republic. I shall never forget the kind reception of Don Filipe Vargas;—it was that of a tried old friend. Ample accommodations and beds were offered us; a meal (which, in apologizing for, he called a "penetencia,") was quickly spread on snowy damask, served with a fine display of silver and excellent claret; and the whole was seasoned with a welcome that will mark Don Filipe in my memory, as a man to be trusted in times of difficulty.

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It was Saturday evening, and after a walk in the charming groves that border the brook and Indian village, from which there was a noble prospect of the whole of Popocatepetl, with the sunset tinging its snows, we returned to the hacienda and took seats in the lower court, near the office where the clerk of the administrador was paying off the hands for their week's work. Here chocolate was handed us, served in the same tasteful style as our dinner.

The hands were all mustered, and came up with the usual "Alabo a Dios!" to receive their weekly wages, as on last evening at San Nicolas.

Don Filipe informs me, that all the ordinary expenses of this estate are $500 per week; but during the working season they rise frequently to $1200. Three hundred laborers are usually employed at two and a half to three *reals* a day, and the total production of the hacienda is about 40,000 loaves annually—the loaves averaging twenty-three pounds—or, in all, 920,000 pounds of refined sugar. Here, as elsewhere, the molasses nearly pays the expenses.

He complains greatly of the worthlessness of the Indians, and expresses hopes of improvement from the establishment of schools in Cuautla, where the young children learn rapidly, if they are allowed by their intemperate and gambling parents to continue in their classes. He alleges, that the greatest punishment for the Indians is to discharge and expel them entirely from the estate upon which they and their ancestors, from time immemorial, have worked; but he intimates that other punishments are resorted to for trifling faults and excesses, and I doubt not the whip is made to play an important part in the discipline of Mexican plantations.

Mr. Stephens, in his last work on Yucatan, gives a scene of this sort which he witnessed. "Looking into the corridor," he says, "we saw the poor Indian on his knees on the pavement, with his arms clasped around the knees of another Indian, so as to present his back fairly to the lash. At every blow he rose on one knee, and sent forth a piercing cry. He seemed struggling to retain it, but it burst forth in spite of all his efforts. His whole bearing showed the subdued character of the present Indians, and with the last stripe the expression of his face seemed that of thankfulness for not getting more. Without uttering a word, he crept to the major domo, took his hand, kissed it, and walked away. No sense of degradation crossed his mind. Indeed, so humbled is this once fierce people, that they have a proverb of their own: 'Los Indios no oigan sino por las nalgas'—the Indians only hear through their backs."

In what then is this Indian population, throughout the planting, farming and mining districts, equal to our slaves? Although not hereditary property by LAW, they are hereditary by *custom, and the force of those circumstances* which deny them the opportunity of bettering their condition, either by emigration to foreign countries, or by diffusing themselves over their own. They form a degraded caste. They are subjected to the control of masters and overseers, and although it is true that they are regularly paid for their labor and habitual degradation, yet they are ignorant, gambling, intemperate, and liable at any moment to be submitted to the lash,

against which, they have not the courage to offer the slightest resistance. With all the boast, therefore, of the authorities of Mexico, that no man is held in bondage within its limits, I still think that no candid person can inspect the condition of these laborers, without giving the palm to our negroes,—and exclaiming, indignantly, at the masked slavery which is carried on from year to year, without the slightest prospect of ameliorating the character or condition of the miserable natives.

If a man become *slave by descent*, under the well-established laws of a nation by which the institution is recognized, he has always a master, whose duty it is to afford him food, raiment and protection, in recompense for his toil; and although moralists may say that slavery is in its very nature deteriorating, yet it does not crush the very spirit from the negro, or tend always to his debasement. He is sober; he cares for his family; he feels the duties of the social relations, even in his "quarter;" and is ambitious of the degree of respectability he may acquire among his fellow slaves. His condition must, therefore, both physically and intellectually, be superior to that of the Indian who becomes a slave, in spite of the law, by the servility of his character and the loathsome vices that absorb his earnings, without a care for the comfort of his family, the education of his children, or even the personal appearance he presents among his fellows.

When we remember the degree of civilization that had been attained by these races, anterior to the Mexican conquest, it is impossible to believe that their present debasement is to be alone attributed to an enervating climate; nor can Mexico ever claim a high standing among nations, until she blots this stain of hypocritical freedom from the fairest portions of her territory. With the improvement of the lot and character of her Indians, (who number near four millions of the seven that compose her whole population,) the steady advancement of the nation will proceed; but until that occurs, her fondest admirers can have but little hope, either for her progress or even for her continuance as a nation.

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Señor Vargas, with true Mexican hospitality, had an excellent supper prepared for us at nine o'clock; but I was too much fatigued to partake of it, and retired to most comfortable quarters, having a bed entirely to myself, which I mention as a luxury.

CUAUTLA.

25th September. The next morning was Sunday. We arose early and went to the town of Cuautla, passing great numbers of Indians with *half-shaved heads*, on their way to the Sunday market, where they usually assemble in the Plaza to purchase and sell their commodities. As we reached the town, the bells were ringing for mass, and we strolled into several of the churches. One of them was being repaired, and the altars were filled with skulls and bones that had been taken up while the floor was undergoing the requisite renovation. In the *parroquia* or parish church, the stench from the dead bodies beneath the rough boards over which we trod, was so abominable that I hastened out of it, without examining some figures of Saints and Apostles done up in dresses that resembled very much the antique uniforms of the eighteenth century. Such anachronisms however are of frequent occurrence, and I have before alluded to them, in the instance where even our Saviour was represented in one of the most splendid churches of Mexico, in a blue velvet robe and a *Guyaquil sombrero!*

In the square, there were hundreds of Indians under cane booths, on mats spread with fruits, skins, rebosos, serapes, ices, orgeats, lemonade, vegetables, flowers, and all the varied products of the *tierra caliente*. I stepped into one and breakfasted on oranges, sponge cake and iced milk. The stores around the square were all open, and indeed I saw no cessation of the usual week-day occupations, except among the Indians, who thronged the Plaza. The women, as on yesterday, lolled in the broad window-sills; the men lolled opposite them, or leaned against the walls in the shade—and the excessive heat seemed to have predisposed every one, before ten o'clock, to a doze or a siesta.

In one of the stores (while Don Juan was bargaining for a horse,) the owner showed me a *centipede* of the *tierra caliente*, a horrible reptile of the scorpion kind, with which he says the old houses of Cuautla are infested. These and the *alacranes* (a sort of cross of the spider on the scorpion,) are the scourges of the warm country, and the bite of both frequently results in the extreme illness of adults, and the death of children.

As we were leaving the square, we met the cobbler landlord of the Cuautla inn. He was stumping along, with his apron rolled up, as on yesterday;—he bit his lip and shook his head, as much as to say, "Let me ever catch you out on the hills, alone, old fellows!"

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We returned to the hacienda of St. Inez about noon, where a sumptuous breakfast awaited us. After partaking of it, and bidding a most

reluctant farewell to our kind entertainer, we mounted and turned our faces northward, toward our home.

A wide plain skirts the foot of the sierra that hems in the Valley of Mexico, and runs from the valley of Cuautla into that of Puebla. Over it lay our road this afternoon, and after passing one of those strange and deep barrancas, down which plunged a cascade of clear water for some two hundred feet, we commenced the ascent of the range of mountains forming the last barrier between us and the Capital.

Scarcely had we mounted the hills, when it began to rain, for the first time during the day since we left Cuernavaca, and I experienced immediately a remarkable change in the temperature, from the scorching heat in the square of Cuautla. Our serapes were at once put on, and we wore them for the rest of the evening.

Santa Inez is on the limit of the *tierra caliente ;*—at five or six miles distance the culture of the sugar cane ceases, and the *tierra templada* commences.

We passed the beautiful Indian village of Acaclauca, with its green leaves, chapels, and churches, in front of one of which I saw the last tall group of palm-trees, standing out with their feathery branches relieved against the snow of Popocatepetl. It was a strange picture, mingling in one frame the tropic and the pole.

Near eight o'clock the distant barking of dogs announced our approach to the village where we designed resting until morning. Small fires were lighted before each door, and by their light we meandered through half a dozen crooked and hilly streets before we reached the house of the worthy Don Juan Gonzales, (an old friend of the Consul,) who, at a moment's notice, received us under his hospitable roof.

Don Juan is a man "well to do" in the world of his little village ;—he keeps store, rents a room to a club of village folks, who like a drop of aguardiente or a quiet game of *monté ;* and, above all, has the loveliest girl in the *tierra templada* for a daughter.

Don Juan ushered us ceremoniously into his long, low, back parlor. In one corner stood a picture of the Virgin with a lamp burning before it, while opposite was a table around which were gathered five of the neighbors in shirt sleeves, slouched hats, and beards of a week's growth, busy with a game of greasy cards, in the light of a dim "tallow." Ever and anon, the little sylph of a daughter brought in the liquor for the boors. It was Titania and Bottom—Ariel and the Clown ;—and I longed for the pencil of Caravaggio to sketch the gamblers, or of Retzsch to embody the whole spirit of the scene.

After a frugal supper of tortillias and chocolate, we retired to feather beds and clean sheets on the floor,—but I was glad when we were called to horse at three in the morning. It had been a night of sore encounter ; an army of fleas attacked us, the moment we retired, with a vigor and earnestness that did justice both to their appetite and our blood.

AYOTLA.

26*th September*. We were off at half-past three, by the moonlight of a cold and frosty morning, and at the first streak of day found that we were winding high up the spur of hills that juts out from the sides of Popocatepetl, which was in full view, with the clouds rolling off from its lofty head as the sun rose.

Behind us, for near twenty leagues, the *tierra caliente* extended distinctly until the view was bounded by a bold and craggy sierra. We wound upward through the hill farms, hanging against the sides of the mountains, and among the pine forests, through whose branches a cold autumn wind was whistling. The road was *lined with crosses*, many of them recently erected, and hung with garlands and flowers ;—it is a dangerous pass and infested by hordes of robbers, who attack the travellers either passing from Cuautla to the Valley of Mexico or returning with the proceeds of their sales.

Beyond the village of Hoochietipec we lost sight both of the plain of Cuautla and the *tierra caliente*, and soon afterward the Valley of Mexico appeared to the west.

At Tenango we stopped for breakfast and to wait for Pedro, who had been missing for the last two hours, having lingered behind with a lame horse.

Our inn was a small rat hole of a *meson* for muleteers, with a corral of a couple of acres ; but the whole establishment bore the sounding name of the "*Purissima Sangre de Christo!*"

We found, to our sorrow, that we were no longer in the land of rich haciendas and hospitable administradors. The old song of "no hai!" had recommenced. Tortillias, chilé, mollé, pan, pulqué, agua ?—"no hai." With a little coaxing, however, we got one of the women of the house to seek out the remnant of corn from their breakfast, which was soon ground into tortillias. As we were beginning to devour them, Don Juan espied an Indian bearing a couple of earthen jugs of milk, with one of which and our leathery cakes, we managed to stay our stomachs till dinner. Pedro had not yet come up with us, and as it was decided to wait for him, I laid down on a rock at the door of the meson and slept soundly.

After an hour's delay, during which the servant did not appear, and presuming that he might have passed by some other road (as he was well acquainted with this part of the country,) we again mounted, and descending by a series of inclined planes, speedily reached the level of the plain of Mexico.

This valley is exceedingly different from the *tierra caliente*. Although the temperature is milder, yet everything is dry, parched, withered and volcanic. The hill-sides and mountains are stripped of their forests—the

fields are arid—the grain small and unproductive—and the whole has a waste and moor-like appearance. The Indians seem even dirtier, if possible, than those we have left behind us, and the patient mules travel over the long and dreary sands as if in a new Arabia.

Passing through several mud-walled villages, we came at length upon the Vera Cruz road and reached the town of Ayotla, seven leagues from Mexico, about four in the afternoon. Here we found Pedro waiting for us at the door of the inn, having passed through the village of Tenango while we were enjoying our tortillias and milk within doors.

We rest here during part of to-night, and to-morrow at daylight we intend to reach home, after a journey of just three hundred miles on horseback, without robbery, accident or illness.

There are no beds for us to-night, so I shall stretch myself on the floor with my saddle-bags for a pillow. How relative are all our comforts, or ideas of comfort! If a man is really hungry he can eat unbuttered bread. If a man is really sleepy he can repose on a floor, and the hardness of the planks will never wake him. We begin life by finding nothing soft enough but our mother's bosom—we go on to the cradle—we rise to the crib—we aspire to the cot—and, at last, arrive at the dignity of a French bedstead with mattress and tambour! We think we never can sleep out of this last extreme of modern comfort—and, scarcely even out of "*our own.*" Yet nothing is easier. I commenced this journey, little more than a week ago, by sleeping on a sacking-bottom—and, after going through all the variations of tressels, canes, beds, cots, and hammock, at last came down to the floor and my saddle-bags, where I slept just as soundly and refreshingly.

Yet I would recommend every one who is about to travel through the *tierra caliente*, to procure a hammock of Sisal grass. With this, he is entirely his own master; and surely no mode of sleeping is more luxurious in a hot climate. You swing it from the rafters of the room—it is above the floor, clear of the walls and free from insects—it bends to each motion of the body, fitting neatly to every part of your frame—you set it in motion, and while it swings you to sleep, it fans and refreshes by its gentle waving through the air.

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Besides the beautiful scenery through which I have passed during this journey, nothing has impressed me so favorably as the unaffected hospitality we met with everywhere, whether we came introduced or not. The old phrase "Mi casa, Señor, está muy à su disposicion:" "My house is entirely at your service," was not a phrase of course—a mere formula to be gone through and forgotten. Their houses, their animals, their servants and themselves were all at our command, and with a cordiality that forbad the idea of an *arrière pensée*.

Living in the country, at a distance from large towns, with but little literature and few and irregularly received newspapers, the haciendados and their administradors are glad to welcome the traveller as a guest to their doors. With ample means of accommodation and entertainment, they enjoy as well as confer a favor, and are as thankful for your visit, as you are to them for their repasts and attentions. You feel that the account is fairly balanced, and that the other little elegancies and assiduities which are thrown in for your comfort are the result of *genuine hospitality*, and the promptings of excellent hearts. They are noble, liberal, generous gentlefolks; and I hope again to travel in the *tierra caliente*, and meet a few Señor Sylvas, Don Antonios, and Don Filipes.

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HOME.

27th September. We left Ayotla at half-past two this morning, and arrived at the city gates just after sunrise, as the cannons were firing in honor of the day which is to be celebrated by the "*entombment of the remains of Santa Anna's leg, that was shot off at the battle of Vera Cruz in* 1838!"

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The principal streets were covered with an awning; the military came out in all their finery; the chief functionaries of the Government united in the procession; and thus, the limb of the President—cut off in 1838—buried since then at Vera Cruz—disinterred and brought to the Capital in 1842—and now, laid in a crystal vase—was borne to the cemetery of Santa Paula, where it was deposited in a monument erected to receive it by the Commissary-general of the Mexican army!

A solemn eulogium (on the President—not the leg) was then pronounced by Señor Sierra y Rosa, and the ceremonies in honor of the precious relic were concluded.

A caustic "*Protest of the dead bodies of the cemetery against the reception of the limb among them,*"—was soon afterward found on an adjacent tomb.