

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EMBARKATION—AN INUNDATED PLAIN—RIO CHICO—THE USUMASINTA—RIO PALISADA—YUCATAN—MORE REVOLUTIONS—VESPER—EMBARKATION FOR THE LAGUNA—SHOOTING ALLIGATORS—TREMENDOUS STORM—BOCA CHICO—LAKE OF TERMINOS—A CALM, SUCCEEDED BY A TEMPEST—ARRIVAL AT THE LAGUNA.

At seven o'clock we went down to the shore to embark. The boatmen whom the juez had consulted, and for whom he had been so tenacious, were his honour himself and another man, who, we thought, was hired as the cheapest help he could find in the village. The canoe was about forty feet long, with a toldo or awning of about twelve feet at the stern, and covered with matting. All the space before this was required by the boatmen to work the canoe, and, with all our luggage under the awning, we had but narrow quarters. The seeming lake on which we started was merely a large inundated plain, covered with water to the depth of three or four feet; and the juez in the stern, and his assistant before, walking in the bottom of the canoe, with poles against their shoulders, set her across. At eight o'clock we entered a narrow, muddy creek, not wider than a canal, but very deep, and with the current against us. The setting-pole could not touch the bottom, but it was forked at one end, and, keeping close to the bank, the bogador or rower fixed it against the branches of overhanging trees and pushed, while the juez, whose pole had a rude hook, fastened it to other branches forward, and pulled. In this way, with no view but that of the wooded banks, we worked slowly along the muddy stream. In turning a short bend, suddenly we saw on the banks eight or ten alligators, some of them twenty feet long, huge, hideous monsters, appropriate inhabitants of such a stream, and, considering the frailty of our little vessel, not very attractive neighbours. As we approached, they plunged heavily into the water, sometimes rose in the middle of the stream, and swam across or disappeared. At half past twelve we entered the Rio Chico or Little River, varying from 200 to 500 feet in width, deep, muddy, and very sluggish, with wooded banks of impenetrable thickness. At six o'clock we entered the great Usumasinta, 500 or 600 yards across, one of the noblest rivers in Central America, rising among the mountains of Peten, and emptying into the lake of Terminos.

At this point, the three provinces of Chiapas, Tobasco, and Yucatan meet, and the junction of the waters of the Usumasinta and the Rio

Chico presents a singular spectacle. Since leaving the sheet of water before the Playas we had been ascending the stream, but now, continuing in the same direction and crossing the line of junction, we came from the ascending current of the Rio Chico into the descending flow of the Usumasinta. Working out into the middle and looking back, we saw the Usumasinta and Rio Chico coming together, and forming an angle of not more than forty degrees, one running up and the other down. Amid the wildness and stillness of the majestic river, and floating in a little canoe, the effect was very extraordinary; but the cause was obvious.*

At this time, away from the wooded banks, with the setting-poles at rest, and floating quietly on the bosom of the noble Usumasinta, our situation was pleasant and exciting. A strong wind sweeping down the river drove away the mosquitoes, and there were no gathering clouds to indicate rain. We had expected to come to for the night, but the evening was so clear that we determined to continue. Unfortunately, we were obliged to leave the Usumasinta, and, about an hour after dark, turned to the north into the Rio Palisada. The whole great plain from Palenque to the Gulf of Mexico is broken by creeks and streams. The Usumasinta in its stately course receives many, and sends off others to find their way by separate channels to the sea.

Leaving the broad expanse of the Usumasinta, with its comparative light, the Rio Palisada, narrow, and with a dark line of forest on each side, had an aspect fearfully ominous of mosquitoes. Unfortunately, at the very beginning we brushed against the bank, and took on board enough to show us the bloodthirsty character of the natives. Of course that night afforded us little sleep.

At daylight we were still dropping down the river. This was the region of the great logwood country. We met a large bongo with two masts moving against the stream, set up by hauling and pushing on the branches of trees, on her way for a cargo. As we advanced, the banks of the river in some places were cleared and cultivated, and had white-washed houses, and small sugar-mills turned by oxen, and canoes were lying on the water; altogether the scene was pretty, but with the richness of the soil suggesting the idea how beautiful this country might be made.

At two o'clock we reached the Palisada, situated on the left bank of the river, on a luxuriant plain elevated some fifteen or twenty feet.

* The Usumasinta being at this time of the year at a higher level than the Rio Chico and the adjacent plains of Las Playas, the waters of the great Usumasinta flow up the latter river until the level is restored. At other seasons of the year both rivers flow downwards in the same direction. I have recently observed the same phenomenon, but on a much larger scale, at the junction of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers, in Oregon Territory.—F.C.

Several bungaloes lay along the bank, and in front was a long street, with large and well-built houses. This, our first point, was in the State of Yucatan, then in revolution against the government of Mexico. Our descent of the river had been watched from the bank, and before we landed we were hailed, asked for our passports, and directed to present ourselves immediately to the alcalde. The intimation was peremptory, and we proceeded forthwith to the alcalde. Don Francisco Hebreu was superior to any man I had yet found at the head of a municipality; in fact, he was chief of the Liberal party in that section of the state, and, like all the other officials in the Mexican provinces, received us with the respect due to an official passport of a friendly nation. We were again in the midst of a revolution, but had not the remotest idea what it was about. We were most intimately acquainted with Central American politics, but this was of no more use to us than a knowledge of Texan politics would be to a stranger in the United States. For several months the names of Morazan and Carrera had rung in our ears like those of our own candidates for the presidency at a contested election; but we had passed the limits of their world, and were obliged to begin anew.

For eight years the Central party had maintained the ascendancy in Mexico, during which time, as a mark of the *sympathy* between neighbouring people, the Liberal or Democratic party had been ascendant in Central America. Within the last six months the Centralists had overturned the Liberals in Central America, and during the same time the Liberalists had almost driven out the Centralists in Mexico. Along the whole coast of the Pacific the Liberals were in arms, waging a strong revolutionary war, and threatening the capital, which they afterwards entered, but, after great massacre and bloodshed, were expelled. On the Atlantic side, the states of Tobasco and Yucatan had declared their independence of the General Government, and in the interior of both states the officials of the Central Government had been driven out. The seaports of Tobasco and Campeachy, garrisoned by Central troops, still held out, but they were at that time blockaded and besieged on land by the Federal forces. All communications by sea and land were cut off, their supplies were short, and Don Francisco thought they would soon be obliged by starvation to surrender.

The revolution seemed of a higher tone, for greater cause, and conducted with more moderation than in Central America. The grounds of revolt here were the despotism of the Central Government, which, far removed by position, and ignorant of the condition and resources of the country, used its distant provinces as a quartering place for rapacious officers, and a source of revenue for money to be squandered

in the capital. One little circumstance showed the impolicy and inefficiency of the laws. On account of high duties, smuggling was carried to such an extent on the coast that many articles were regularly sold at the Palisada for much less than the duties.

The revolution, like all others in that country, began with pronunciamientos, *i. e.* declarations of the municipality, or what we should call the corporation of a town, in favour of any particular party. The Palisada had made its pronunciamiento but two weeks before, the Central officers had been turned out, and the present alcalde was hardly warm in his place. The change, however, had been effected with a spirit of moderation and forbearance, and without bloodshed. Don Francisco, with a liberality unusual, spoke of his immediate predecessor as an upright but misguided man, who was not persecuted, but then living in the place unmolested. The Liberals, however, did not expect the same treatment at the hands of the Centralists. An invasion had been apprehended from Tobasco. Don Francisco had his silver and valuables packed up, and kept his bungo before the door to save his effects and family, and the place was alive with patriots brushing up arms and preparing for war.

Don Francisco was a rich man; had a hacienda of 30,000 head of cattle, logwood plantations, and bungaloes, and was rated at 200,000 dollars. The house in which he lived was on the bank of the river, newly built, 150 feet front, and had cost him 20,000 dollars, or 4,000%. While we were with him, dinner was about being served, in a liberal style of housekeeping unusual in that country, and, with the freedom of a man who felt sure that he could not be taken unawares, he asked us to join him at table. Don Francisco had never travelled farther than Tobasco and Campeachy, but he was well acquainted with Europe and the United States, geographically and politically; indeed, he was one of the most agreeable companions and best-informed men we met in that country. We remained with him all the afternoon, and toward evening moved our chairs outside in front of the house, which at evening was the regular gathering-place of the family. The bank of the river was a promenade for the people of the town, who stopped to exchange greetings with Don Francisco and his wife; a vacant chair was always at hand, and from time to time one took a seat with us. When the vesper bell struck, conversation ceased, all rose from their seats, made a short prayer, and when it was over turned to each other with a *buenos noches*, good evening, reseated themselves, and renewed the conversation. There was always something imposing in the sound of the vesper bell, presenting the idea of an immense multitude of people at the same moment offering up a prayer.

During the evening a courier arrived with despatches for Don Francisco, bringing intelligence that a town which had "pronounced" in favour of the Liberals had pronounced back again, which seemed to give both him and his wife much uneasiness. At ten o'clock an armed patrol came for orders, and we retired to what we much needed, a good night's rest.

In the morning, Don Francisco, half in jest and half in earnest, told us of the uneasiness we had given his wife. Pawling's Spanish, and constant use of idioms well known as belonging to the city of Mexico, had excited her suspicions; she said he was not an American, but a Mexican from the capital, and she believed him to be a spy of the Centralists. Pawling did not like the imputation; he was a little mortified at this visible mark of long absence from his country, and not at all flattered at being taken for a Mexican. Don Francisco laughed at it, but his wife was so pertinacious, that, if it had not been for the apparent propriety of my being attended by one perfectly familiar with the language of the country, I believe, in the state of apprehension and distrust, Pawling would have lost the benefit of his birth-right, and been arrested as a spy.

We passed the next day in a quiet lounge and in making arrangements for continuing our journey, and the next day after, furnished with a luxurious supply of provisions by the señora, and accompanied to the place by Don Francisco, we embarked on board a bungo for the Laguna. The bungo was about fifteen tons burden, flat-bottomed, with two masts and sails, and loaded with logwood. The deck was covered with mangoes, plantains, and other fruits and vegetables, and so encumbered, that it was impossible to move. The stern had movable hatches. A few tiers of logwood had been taken out, and the hatches put over so as to give us a shelter against rain; a sail was rigged into an awning to protect us from the sun, and in a few minutes we pushed off from the bank.

We had as passengers two young Central Americans from Peten, both under twenty, and flying on account of the dominion of the Carrera party. Coming, as we did, direct from Central America, we called each other countrymen. We soon saw that the bungo had a miserable crew. Up river the men were called bogadores or rowers; but here, as they were on board a bungo with sails, and going down to the seacoast, they called themselves marineros, or sailors. The patron, or master, was a mild, inoffensive, and inefficient man, who prefaced all his orders to his breechless marineros with the conciliatory words—"Señores, haga me el favor;" "Gentlemen, do me the favour."

Below the town commenced an island, about four leagues in length,

at the end of which, on the main land, was a large clearing and farming establishment, with canoes lying on the water. All travelling here is along the river, and in canoes. From this place there were no habitations; the river was very deep, the banks densely wooded, with the branches spreading far over.

Very soon we came to a part of the river where the alligators seemed to enjoy undisturbed possession. Some lay basking in the sun on mudbanks, like logs of driftwood, and in many places the river was dotted with their heads. The Spanish historian says, that "They swim with their Head above the water, gaping at whatsoever they see, and swallow it, whether Stick, Stone, or living Creature, which is the true reason of their swallowing Stones; and not to sink to the bottom, as some say, for they have no need to do so, nor do they like it, being extraordinary Swimmers; for the Tail serves instead of a Rudder, the Head is the Prow, and the Paws the Oars, being so swift as to catch any other fish as it swims. An hundred Weight and a half of fresh Fish has been found in the Maw of an Alligator, besides what was digested; in another was an Indian Woman, whole, with her Cloaths, whom he had swallowed the Day before, and another with a pair of Gold Bracelets, with Pearls, the Enamel gone off, and Part of the Pearls dissolved, but the Gold entire."

Here they still maintained their dominion. Accidents frequently happen; and at the Palisada, Don Francisco told us that a year before a man had had his leg bitten off, and was drowned. Three were lying together at the mouth of a small stream which emptied into the river. The patron told us that at the end of the last dry season upward of 200 had been counted in the bed of a pond emptied by this stream. The boatmen of several bungoes went in among them with clubs, sharp stakes, and machetes, and killed upward of sixty. The river itself, discoloured, with muddy banks, and a fiery sun beating upon it, was ugly enough; but these huge and ugly monsters, neither fish nor flesh, made it absolutely hideous. The boatmen called them *enemigos de los Christianos*, by which they mean enemies of mankind. In a canoe it would have been unpleasant to disturb them, but in the bungo we brought out our guns and made indiscriminate war. One monster, twenty-five or thirty feet long, lay on the arm of a gigantic tree, which projected forty or fifty feet, the lower part covered with water, but the whole of the alligator was visible. He was hit just under the white line; he fell off, and with a tremendous convulsion, reddening the water with a circle of blood, turned over on his back, dead. A boatman and one of the Peten lads got into a canoe to bring him alongside. The canoe was small and tottering, and had not proceeded fifty

yards before it dipped, filled, upset, and threw them both into the water. At that moment there were perhaps twenty alligators in sight on the banks and swimming in different parts of the river. We could do nothing for the man and boy, and the old bungo, which before hardly moved, seemed to start forward purposely to leave them to their fate. Every moment the distance between us and them increased, and on board all was confusion; the patron cried out in agony to the señores, and the señores, straining every nerve, turned the bungo into the bank, and got the masts foul of the branches of the trees, which held her fast. In the meantime our friends in the water were not idle. The Peten lad struck out vigorously toward the shore, and we saw him seize the branch of a tree, which projected fifty feet over the water, so low as to be within reach, haul himself up like a monkey, and run along it to the shore. The marinero, having the canoe to himself, turned her bottom upward, got astride, and paddled down with his hands. Both got safely on board, and, apprehension over, the affair was considered a good joke.

In the meantime, our masts had become so locked in the branches of the trees that we carried away some of our miserable tackling in extricating them; but at length we were once more in the middle of the river, and renewed our war upon los enemigos de los Christianos. The sun was so hot that we could not stand outside the awning, but the boatmen gave us notice when we could have a shot. Our track down the river will be remembered as a desolation and scourge. Old alligators, by dying injunction, will teach the rising generation to keep the head under water when the bungoes are coming. We killed perhaps twenty, and others are probably at this moment sitting on the banks with our bullets in their bodies, wondering how they came there. With rifles we could have killed at least a hundred.

At three o'clock the regular afternoon storm came on, beginning with a tremendous sweep of wind up the river, which turned the bungo round, drove her broadside up the stream, and before we could come to at the bank we had a deluge of rain. At length we made fast, secured the hatch over the place prepared for us, and crawled under. It was so low that we could not sit up, and, lying down, there was about a foot of room above us. On our arrival at the Palisada we considered ourselves fortunate in finding a bungo ready, although she had already on board a full load of logwood from stem to stern. Don Francisco said it would be too uncomfortable, and wished us to wait for a bungo of his own; but delay was to us a worse evil, and I made a bargain to have a portion of the logwood taken out behind the mainmast, so as to admit of a hatch on deck, and give room below. But

we had not given any personal superintendence; and when we came on board, though the logwood seemed of a rather hard species for sleeping on, we did not discover the extreme discomfort of the place until forced below by the rain. Even the small place engaged, and paid for accordingly, we had not to ourselves. The Peten lads crawled under with us, and the patron and señores followed. We could not drive them out into a merciless rain, and all lay like one mass of human flesh, animated by the same spirit of suffering, irritation, and helplessness. During this time the rain was descending in a deluge; the thunder rolled fearfully over our heads; lightning flashed in through the crevices of our dark burrowing-place, dazzling and blinding our eyes; and we heard near us the terrific crash of a falling tree, snapped by the wind, or, as we then supposed, shivered by lightning.

Such was our position. Sometimes the knots in the logwood fitted well into the curves and hollows of the body, but in general they were just where they should not be. We thought we could not be worse off, but very soon we found our mistake, and looked back upon ourselves as ungrateful murmurers without cause. The mosquitoes claimed us as waifs, and in murderous swarms found their way under the hatches, humming and buzzing—

“Fee, faw, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman,
Dead or alive I will have some.”

I now look back upon our troubles at that place with perfect equanimity; but at the moment, with the heat and confinement, we were in anything but an amiable humour, and at ten o'clock broke out furious, upbraided the patron and his lazy señores for not reaching the mouth of the river before night, as is usually done, and as he had been charged by the alcalde to do, and insisted upon his hauling out into the stream.

The rain had ceased, but the wind was still furious, and dead a-head. By the misty light we saw a large bungo, with one sail set, seemingly flying up the river like a phantom. We made the patron haul out from the bank, but we could not keep the river, and, after a few zig-zag movements, were shot across to the opposite side, where we brought upon us new and more hungry swarms. Here we remained an hour longer, when the wind died away, and we pushed out into the stream. This was a great relief. The señores, though more used to the scourge of mosquitoes than we, suffered quite as much. The clouds rolled away, the moon broke out, and, but for the abominable insects, our float down the wild and desolate river would have been an event to

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live in memory; as it was, not one of us attempted to sleep; and I verily believe a man could not have passed an entire night on the banks and lived.

At daylight we were still in the river. Very soon we reached a small lake, and, making a few tacks, entered a narrow passage called the Boca Chica, or Little Mouth. The water was almost even with the banks, and on each side were the most gigantic trees of the tropical forests, their roots naked three or four feet above the ground, gnarled, twisted, and interlacing each other, grey and dead-looking, and holding up, so as to afford an extended view under the first branches, a forest of vivid green. At ten o'clock we passed the Boca Chica, and entered the lake of Terminos. Once more in salt water, and stretching out under full sail, on the right we saw only an expanse of water; on the left was a border of trees with naked roots, which seemed growing out of the water; and in front, but a little to the left, and barely visible, a long line of trees, marking the island of Carmen, on which stood the town of Laguna, our port of destination. The passage into the lake was shoal and narrow, with reefs and sandbars, and our boatmen did not let slip the chance of running her ashore. Their efforts to get her off capped the climax of stupidity and laziness; one or two of them pushing on poles at a time, as if they were shoving off a row-boat, and then stopping to rest and giving up to others. Of what could be done by united force they seemed to have no idea; and, after a few ineffectual efforts, the patron said we must remain till the tide rose. We had no idea of another night on board the bungo, and took entire command of the vessel. This we were entitled to do from the physical force we brought into action, and we were altogether four able-bodied and desperate men. Juan's efforts were gigantic. From the great surface exposed, the mosquitoes had tormented him dreadfully, and he was even more disgusted with the bungo than we. We put two of the men into the water to heave against the bottom with their shoulders, and ourselves bearing on poles all together, we shoved her off into deep water. With a gentle breeze we sailed smoothly along until we could distinguish the masts of vessels at the Laguna rising above the island, when the wind died away entirely, and left us under a broiling sun in a dead calm.

At two o'clock we saw clouds gathering, and immediately the sky became very black, the harbinger of one of those dreadful storms which even on dry land were terrible. The hatches were put down, and a tarpaulin spread over for us to take refuge under. The squall came on so suddenly that the men were taken unawares, and the confusion on board was alarming. The patron, with both hands extended,

and a most beseeching look, begged the señores to take in sail; and the señores, all shouting together, ran and tumbled over the logwood, hauling upon every rope but the right one. The mainsail stuck half way up, and would not come down; and while the patron and all the men were shouting and looking up at it, the marinero who had been upset in the canoe, with tears of terror actually streaming from his eyes, and a start of desperation, ran up the mast by the rings, and, springing violently upon the top one, holding fast by a rope, brought the sail down with a run. A hurricane blew through the naked masts, a deluge of rain followed, and the lake was lashed into fury; we lost sight of everything. At the very beginning, on account of the confusion on board, we determined not to go under the hatch; if the bungo swamped, the logwood cargo would carry her to the bottom like lead. We disencumbered ourselves of boots and coats, and brought out life-preservers ready for use. The deck of the bungo was about three feet from the water, and perfectly smooth, without anything to hold on by, and, to keep from being blown or washed away, we lay down and took the whole brunt of the storm. The atmosphere was black; but by the flashes we saw the bare poles of another bungo, tossed, like ourselves, at the mercy of the storm. This continued more than an hour, when it cleared off as suddenly as it came up, and we saw the Laguna crowded with more shipping than we had seen since we left New York. In our long inland journey we had almost forgotten the use of ships, and the very sight of them seemed to bring us into close relations with home. The squall having spent its fury, there was now a dead calm. The men took to their sweeps, but made very little headway; and, with the port in full sight, we had great apprehensions of another night on board, when another squall came on, not so violent, but blowing directly from the harbour. Tremendous rain accompanied it. We made two or three tacks under a close-reefed foresail; the old bungo seemed to fly through the water; and, when, under full way, the anchor, or, to speak more correctly, stone, was thrown out at some distance below the shipping, and brought us up all standing. There were breakers between us and the shore, and we hallooed to some men to come and take us off, but they answered that the breakers were too rough. The rain came on again, and for half an hour we stowed ourselves away under hatches.

As soon as it cleared off we were on deck, and in a little time we saw a fine jolly-boat, with a cockswain and four men, coasting along the shore against a rapid current, the men at times jumping into the water, and hauling by ropes fixed for the purpose. We hailed them in English, and the cockswain answered in the same language, that it

was too rough, but after a consultation with the sailors they pulled towards us, and took Mr. Catherwood and me on board. The cockswain was the mate of a French ship, and spoke English. His ship was to sail the next day, and he was going to take in some large turtles which lay on the beach waiting for him. As soon as we struck, we mounted the shoulders of two square-built French sailors, and were set down on shore, and perhaps in our whole tour we were never so happy as at that moment in being rid of the bungo.

The town extended along the bank of the lake. We walked the whole length of it, saw numerous and well-filled stores, cafés, and even barbers' shops, and at the extreme end reached the American consul's. Two men were sitting on the portico, of a most home-like appearance. One was Don Carlos Russell, the consul. The face of the other was familiar to me; and learning that we had come from Guatemala, he asked news of me, which I was most happy to give him in person. It was Captain Fensley, whose acquaintance I had made in New York, when seeking information about that country, and with whom I had spoken of sailing to Campeachy; but at the moment I did not recognise him, and in my costume from the interior it was impossible for him to recognise me. He was direct from New York, and gave the first information we had received in a long time from that place, with budgets of newspapers, burdened with suspension of specie payments and universal ruin. Some of my friends had been playing strange antics; but in the important matters of marriages and deaths I did not find anything to give me either joy or sorrow.

Don Carlos Russell, or Mr. Charles Russell, was a native of Philadelphia, married to a Spanish lady of large fortune, and, though long absent, received us as one who had not forgotten his home. His house, his table, all that he had, even his purse, were at our service. Our first congratulations over, we sat down to a dinner which rivalled that of our friend of Totonicapan. We could hardly believe ourselves the same miserable beings who had been a few hours before tossing on the lake, in dread alike of the bottom and of another night on board the bungo. The reader must have gone through what we had to form any idea of our enjoyment.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAGUNA—JOURNEY TO MERIDA—SISAL—A NEW MODE OF CONVEYANCE—VILLAGE OF HUNUCAMA—ARRIVAL AT MERIDA—ASPECT OF THE CITY—FÊTE OF CORPUS DOMINI—THE CATHEDRAL—THE PROCESSION—BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF THE INDIAN WOMEN—PALACE OF THE BISHOP—THE THEATRE—JOURNEY TO UXMAL—HACIENDA OF VAYALQUEX—VALUE OF WATER—CONDITION OF THE INDIANS IN YUCATAN—A PECULIAR KIND OF COACH—HACIENDA OF MUCUYCHE—A BEAUTIFUL GROTTO.

THE town of Laguna stands on the island of Carmen, which is about seven leagues long, and which, with another island about four leagues in length, separates the lake of Terminos from the Gulf of Mexico. It is the dépôt of the great logwood country in the interior, and a dozen vessels were then in port awaiting cargoes for Europe and the United States. The town is well built and thriving; its trade has been trammelled by the oppressive regulations of the Central government, but it had made its pronunciamiento, disarmed and driven out the garrison, and considered itself independent, subject only to the State government of Yucatan. The anchorage is shoal, but safe, and easy of access for vessels not drawing over twelve or thirteen feet of water.

We could have passed some time with satisfaction in resting and strolling over the island, but our journey was not yet ended. Our next move was for Merida, the capital of Yucatan. The nearest port was Campeachy, 120 miles distant, and the voyage was usually made by bungo, coasting along the shore of the open sea. With our experience of bungoes this was most disheartening. Nevertheless, this would have been our unhappy lot, but for the kindness of Mr. Russell and Captain Fensley. The latter was bound directly to New York, and his course lay along the coast of Yucatan. Personally he was disposed to do all in his power to serve us, but there might be some risk in putting into port to land us. Knowing his favourable disposition, we could not urge him; but Mr. Russell was his consignee, and by charter-party had a right to detain him ten days, and intended to do so; but he offered to load him in two days upon condition of his taking us on board, and, as Campeachy was blockaded, landing us at Sisal, sixty miles beyond, and the seaport of Merida. Captain Fensley assented, and we were relieved from what at the time we should have considered a great calamity.