

every donkey remembers that great hour of his ancestors: "When there were shouts about his ears and palms beneath his feet."

In Mexico everyone carries something. We saw groups of women carrying pottery in baskets, and one had a green parrot riding on her head. In Mexico City we saw one man carrying a chest of drawers and four chairs on his back, and a woman with live chickens swung around her neck and waist, and even strapped on her forehead. She came through the traffic safely, a moving mound of feathers, heads and claws, advancing on two bare feet.

In Cuernavaca, forty-seven miles south of Mexico City, we stayed at the Borda Hotel which was once the Royal Palace of Emperor Maximillian and his wife, Carlotta. Cuernavaca is the place where the elite of Mexico City have their homes, and it was a dream of loveliness that spring day in 1938, with its glowing bougan-villea in purple and crimson, bermudja in fiery red, bridal bells in white, and many other blossoms never seen by us before. We were delighted to see many geraniums and even the humble nasturtium.

In the palace we ate on the wide piazza, looking into the garden with its fountain and great swimming pool now dry and cracked. In a high-ceilinged drawing room behind us, we saw Carlotta's grand piano, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, now closed and silent, and heard again the story of the hapless man and woman who had been sent to Mexico by Napoleon to defeat the efforts of the Mexicans to set up their own government. Carlotta had died shortly after the great war, mercifully oblivious to all her troubles and believing to the last that she was still the Empress of Mexico.

Now her palace is thronged day by day with tourists like ourselves, who buy postcards and eat enchalatos and tortillos on her wide verandahs, and look out into the