tensive buildings which had in them idols and sanctuaries. These edifices were built of lime and sand. On the walls were enormous serpents, and near them paintings representing their idols, round a kind of altar stained with drops of blood still quite fresh. On one side of the idols were painted human figures massed in the shape of a cross. We were amazed at the sight of things so strange, as we watched numbers of natives, men and women, come in to get a sight of us with smiling, unconcerned countenances."* But the scene soon changes; osier braziers, for burning copal, are brought, and the priests tell the Spaniards to leave the shore immediately under penalty of death. The Spaniards sailed away, and did not settle at Campeche until 1541.

These ancient mounds, these temples, with their ceremonial and gory priests, carry us back to Mexico; but it would be vain to look for traces of such buildings along the coast, or in the proximity of Spanish settlements. In process of time Campeche became the most flourishing city of the peninsula, and was plundered several times by French and English privateers. To stop these frequent devastations, a strong wall was built around to enable its inhabitants to rest in peace. But the wall, built for safety, seems now to oppress the town, which has outgrown it, and is spreading outside, where wealthy merchants have "quintas," in whose gardens the rich tropical flora displays its magnificence, casting a multicoloured belt about the town.

Campeche, with its tortuous suburbs, its drawbridges, its unsymmetrical high buildings, is the least Eastern-looking place in Mexico, and boasts no monuments worthy of mention. Our steamer stopped some hours here, giving me the opportunity to

* Bernal Diaz, tome i. chap. iii.
Palacio del gobernador en Uxmal. (De fotografía)
pay a long-promised visit to Don F. Ferrer, a charming correspondent, under whose hospitable roof I spent one of the pleasantest days I can remember, amidst music and pleasant talk. We returned to our steamer en route for Carmen in the afternoon, and I looked forward to having the whole boat to myself, when a large canoe full of people rowed up alongside just as we were settling down comfortably. "Oh dear!" I thought, "three days' voyage with a surplus of eighteen people, not counting half-a-dozen curs and parrots! If the norte gets up, what is to become of us?" They were strolling actors who had long secured all the available accommodation, so that we were given the choice of the deck, and it was with difficulty that I obtained for Lucian, who was prostrated with a severe attack of fever, a wee corner below. Presently his moans attracted the attention of the women. "What is the matter with the gentleman, is it yellow fever?" they inquired. "I shouldn't wonder," was my reply; whereupon the whole band made off and left us in undisturbed possession of our berths, where we slept the sleep of the just, and arrived at Carmen as fresh as larks. This place is the great depot for woods known as Campeche, and drives a brisk trade.

I found my old friend Don Benito, who owns an island called Chinal on the Usumacinta, having mounds, tombs, or maybe basements of temples. Some excavations were made in them, when terra-cotta guns, 4 feet 11 inches long, with bullets likewise of terra-cotta, were brought to light. I was presented with some bullets, which are now in the Trocadéro. The only plausible explanation I can give for the presence of these guns in an Indian mound, is that after the great battle of Centla in Tabasco, in which Cortez' artillery wrought so much destruction, the natives tried to copy this new war-engine, but being unacquainted either with iron or the effect
of powder, they reproduced them in the material most familiar to them, fondly imagining that the result would be the same, and buried them later with their chief.

The journey from Carmen to Frontera takes twelve hours, where we land the very day twelve months after our first visit, and put up again at the detestable fonda. We learn that small-

pox and yellow-fever have decimated and are decimating the town, but nothing daunted, for these epidemics seem to spare foreigners, I fill up the time I must wait here until a steamer calls, by collecting ancient pottery. Indian idols are of frequent occurrence in Central America, but up to the present time no one has cared to collect them, and the Mexican Museum does not possess a single specimen. Among those I picked up are various figures resembling more or less those of the table-land, while
their differences of style connect them with the idols at Palenque. Our drawing shows the two best preserved, and although very rude in make, they are not devoid of interest. The figure to the left is a Quetzalcoatl, easily recognised from the serpent surrounding his head, and is the facsimile of a stone idol at Capan; while the larger to the right may have been meant for a priest or a "tecuhtli" knight.

We are in full carnival, the entire population parading the streets in ludicrous travesties, making merry with music, jokes, and quips. The Señoritas come to our fonda to get subscribers for the dance; we give our names and follow the stream. The ball is kept up with much vigour, and Julian is soon in great requisition by all the pretty Señoritas, to the annoyance and mortification of Lucian, who ends, however, by declaring that he can well forgive his success, for he is an obliging fellow and such a hand at polishing his boots. These words are drowned in the tumult and cries of the dancers pressing round a man who has just been shot by his less favoured rival. The would-be murderer is taken to the police station, while his victim is conveyed home by his friends and the ball goes on more briskly than ever.

At last a steamer bound for the Usumacinta is in sight. We get on board with alacrity, and are soon at Jonuta; but here the captain, on seeing the low ebb of the river, declares that his ship cannot go any further. After much parley he is persuaded to go on, but we are startled by a tremendous bump in the middle of the night, and find that we are stranded. We wait for the day, when, with a great deal of difficulty, we succeed in getting her off, and push on to Monte-Cristo, where the captain _nolens volens_ lands us, protesting that his ship cannot go another yard. But our troubles do not end here. We are requested to show our passes, and as Monte-Cristo is not mentioned, we are in danger
of having the whole of our property confiscated. Fortunately I had a letter from the Home Minister, recommending me to all the authorities of the Republic. I took it to the Mayor, who gave me full leave to continue my journey unmolested.

And now we turn our thoughts how to get to Tenosique; we find that it takes four or five days by water, and some twenty-four hours by land. We procure a canoa, in which we deposit our baggage, under the management of our faithful Julian, who will follow as quickly as possible, while Lucian
and I, with a guide, take the road through the woods. We are soon left behind, and do not see our guide again until six hours later, when we find him reposing by the side of a running stream.

"Where is our lunch?" I roared out.

"What lunch?"

"Why, the parcel we put up before we started."

"Oh! I didn't know what it was, and I left it behind."

Expostulations were more than vain, and we had to satisfy the cravings of hunger with a draught of rum and water!

We press on as best we may, and some hours later we reach a rancho where fresh eggs, poultry, and a beverage made of Indian corn, somewhat restore our jaded frames. Here we cross the river on to the right side, and arrive at Cabecera early in the evening, and put up at two old dames', who regale us with chicken broth and fried fish, which, seasoned by hunger, we find delicious. The next day early we are at Tenosique, three miles distant, where we take up our quarters in a vacant hut, but, do what we will in the way of scraping and sweeping, we cannot get rid of mosquitoes, garrapatas, and other insects, which eat us alive. As to the food, an old man does his best, and I still remember that to give us some salad he had recourse to turnip-leaves; these naturally enough were hard to the bite, and hardly improved with bitter orange juice by way of vinegar. But the dearth of any green food made us gulp it down with a will to like it, and we almost succeeded.

This poor hamlet dates back to 1535, when a Spaniard, Don Gil by name, settled here. It seems to have kept its native character to the present day; for Don Saturnino tells me, that thirty years ago it had still a cacique, "tropiles" (subs), and a picoté. Of late it has acquired some importance, from
its being the great entrepôt of ebony wood, sought for in the remotest parts of the State.

We hear the most conflicting reports with regard to the ruins I wish to explore, lying some fifty miles distant on the other side of the Sierra, on the left bank of the Usumacinta. They were visited twelve years ago by the mayor of this place, "when they were still held in high esteem by the Lacandones. A guard was placed over the temples and on stated days religious ceremonies were performed, but since the fall of a favourite idol, whose head lies now among the rubbish, the building has been abandoned." Cheered by this piece of good news, I direct all my energies to procure men, mules, and horses; the former we obtain with the promise of double pay, as for the latter we have to wait for their return from Peten. But when they arrive at last and I see their wretched condition, and the ghastly wounds
which cover them, I feel great misgivings as to their performing the arduous journey which is in store for them. Their owner assures me that with a week's rest the animals will be all right. I must needs accept his word for it, hoping the best, for there is nothing else to be done.

To reach the ruins, a space of some five leagues of forest will have to be cleared on the right side of the river, which will take us opposite the ruins, but a canoe must likewise be made to ferry us across. For this purpose I despatch some men in advance, while we fill up the weary time of waiting by trying to catch some fish. Curiously enough, a number of sea-fish is found here in the Usumacinta, 100 miles from its mouth; and when swollen by rain it brings from distant Guatemala large quantities of lobsters, together with pumice stones.

We set out on the 15th of March, 1882, and are soon in a tangle of wood and beset with obstacles of every kind; while the mules get unloaded, go astray, tarry in green pastures, and are altogether very troublesome.

We have left behind us the low marshy level, and are nearing the Cordillera, bearing to the south-east on the Peten road. The forest seems absolutely interminable with magnificent cedar and palm-trees, over 100 feet high, the trunks of which almost disappear under flowering lianas, while the broad-leaved Palmyra palms commingle with Brazil wood, and form boundless domes of verdure. It would be pleasant enough could one get used to being eaten up by mosquitoes and garrapatas. The stations where we encamp, although not possessed even of a hut, are carefully marked in the maps for the benefit of muleteers; they are always on rising ground, in the vicinity of water and ramon for the animals, their staple food on the march. Our day's journey has told already on them; the men disperse to cut down ramon. Julian is putting up our camp-beds, while cook
is busy with our supper, which usually consists of a kind of Scotch broth, made of dried meat, rice, and black beans, a round of biscuit, and a cup of coffee, except on days when our larder has been replenished on the way by a wild duck, a peccari, and sometimes a monkey!

In the evening the men, grouped round the fire, indulge in a social weed, while recounting adventures more or less authentic, then we all retire behind our mosquito curtains and rest our weary limbs on soft green leaves. Our slumbers are often interrupted by the roar of the wild beast, the plaintive cries of nocturnal birds, and howling monkeys. We rise before day-break, and what with breakfast, saddling and loading our animals, the sun is high on the horizon before we can continue our journey. No incident breaks the wearisome monotony of our progress, but towards noon I notice to our right traces of buildings, vast esplanades, the stone edges of which are still intact, whilst the guide says that towards the valley of S. Pedro, to our left, are entire monuments still standing—the town of Izancanac, perhaps. Indeed, the whole country is covered with ruins, to study which a lifetime were not too long.

The region is full of the memory of the conqueror. He must have travelled this very road on his march to Honduras. It was in these woods that, under pretext of a conspiracy, he caused Guatemozin to be executed. The young Aztec prince displayed the intrepid spirit of his better days; he reproached Cortez for his want of faith, protesting the while his innocence. A tardy monument has just been raised to the upholder of Indian independence in that Tenochtitlan which he defended as long as there was stone upon stone, whilst not even a bust marks the presence of his murderer.

The region we now traverse, covered with immense forests, was cultivated and inhabited before the Conquest; great cities
rose in this trackless labyrinth, the vestiges of which have been noticed by us, whilst frequent mention of them is found in various authors. On this route Cortez saw "a great city," with strong buildings of stone on the summits of mounds, just as at the present day. This city, known as "Bitza," had been abandoned on the approach of the Spaniards, but provisions of all kinds were left. When its inhabitants returned, Cortez asked why they had fled.

"Because we were afraid."

"What is the meaning of all these provisions? Why are all the crops gathered in?"

"Because if the Lacandones, with whom we are at feud, had come and conquered us, we would have done away with everything to starve them out. But on the contrary had we prevailed, we would have given hot pursuit and lived at their expense."

Next Cortez passed a town, the environs of which were peopled with deer so tame, that the Spaniards could catch them by riding after them. The country must, therefore, have been open to allow of the Spanish cavaliers giving chase.

Cogolludo calls the region between Yucatan, Chiapas, and Guatemala, Prospero, and says: "The natives of Prospero have their ears and nostrils bored; they wear in the latter a vanilla pod or a carved piece of wood; their hair, of which they are vain, is worn long and adorned with feathers; they also practise tattooing. They told father Simon that the country round was more densely populated than Yucatan, that they went by the name of Locenes, which means apart, and spoke the Maya language; that the other tribes were the Mopanes, Lacandones, Ahabes, Cihaches, Chimanitas, etc.; that the town of Locen numbered eight hundred

† Ibid. chap. vi. p. 43.
houses; that the inhabitants were known for their clear complexion, their good looks; that they wore gold collars round their necks; and, finally, that many ancient buildings with stone idols in them, were found in the Sierra."*

Meanwhile our journey becomes more and more harassing; we have been obliged to leave one of the horses and a mule to the jaguars, and not to overload the others, Lucian and I ride in turn the only remaining horse. We cross the Arroyo Yalchilan† on the Guatemala border, not far from Locen, and leaving the Peten road, we steer to the south-east-south, on the path cleared by our men, and encamp on the bank of the running stream in which we lave our dust-travelled limbs.

The next day we climb the range of hills which divide us from the upper Usumacinta, and which are almost impassable for loaded animals. The sharp stones destroy the leather of our boots, and cut the mules' feet to pieces, while we are in danger of being lost down the ravines and precipices. The better to ease the mules' backs, we leave here such provisions as we shall not require, for game will not be wanting on our way, and everything will be safe until we return. A scaffolding supported on poles fixed to the ground is made, on which wine, biscuit, salt meat, and beans are deposited.

Here we encamp for the night—the sixth since we left Tenosique—and the next day we begin the ascent of Mirador and Aguila; the latter, although not more than 1,300 to 1,400 feet in height, is exceedingly steep and arduous. We meet an old montero, Don P. Mora, who left his native village three months since, and is living in the Sierra with two Indians, whose business is to mark mahogany trees ready for the market.

* Cogolludo, tome 1. lib. xii. cap. viii.
† See note at end.
Don Pépé has built himself a hut on the Chotal river; he shoots whatever comes within the range of his muzzle, for the support of himself and his companions. The poor old fellow is reduced to a deplorable state by marsh fever; he volunteers some valuable hints, which I repay with a glass of wine and a few cigars.

Some hours more and we reach the broad level, and set up our tents on the Chotal, a tributary of the Usumacinta. The forest round is teeming with life; parrots and aras fill the air with their shrill cries, yellow-crested hoccos* move silently among the higher branches, while howling monkeys peer inquisitively at us, and herds of wild boars rush madly

* The Hocco, or Powise (Crax alator), is a bird nearly the size of a turkey, and much prized for its delicate flesh.—Transl.
past us. We are in the country of the Lacandones; here and there traces of cultivation are still visible, and huts which have been abandoned on the approach of timber merchants, plainly show that they were inhabited not long ago. We raise our "camp," en route for the Yalchilan Pass, and arrive in the evening on the right bank of the Usumacinta.
CHAPTER XXII.

LORILLARD TOWN.


PASO YALCHILAN is a geographical point, meaning any given place on the right bank of the Usumacinta, dividing Mexico from Guatemala. We reached it so late that we had barely time to unload our animals and get them some fodder before the night set in. But now I discovered that the mule carrying the material for our squeezes had lagged behind; but it was
too dark, the men declared, to go hunting for him in the insecure forest, next morning would be time enough. In the night we were rather startled by cries of “Al tigre! al tigre!” (the tiger). It turned out to be only a jaguar, but it served to remind us to keep a fire burning. The next day some of the men set to work at our cabins, whilst others went in quest of the wretched mule, which they found almost dead with fatigue and want of food. They also brought to the general larder a nice young boar, which was received with joyful shouts, immediately cut up, roasted, and eaten at our mid-day meal down to the last morsel.

Our shots brought the canoeros I had sent in advance to construct a canoe. My inquiries as to the work done were met with the unsatisfactory answer that nothing was finished; they had been unlucky in the choice of timber, etc. I immediately set out to see how it was, and to my great annoyance I found that hardly any progress had been made. In fact, the men had taken it mighty easy, had lived like lords on the supplies I had given them, varying their fare with fish from the river and game from the forest; causing me a delay which might ruin my expedition, for our supplies would not last out if this was the way they went to work. I was returning with head downcast, looking at the broad river, here over 500 feet across, pondering on the distance which divided me from the goal of my expedition, when I spied ahead of us a boat manned by a Lacandon, who on perceiving us veered quickly round. Fortunately one of our men spoke Maya; he hailed the man, promising him a great reward if he would steer towards us. He came to our encampment, and when I heard that he was a chief, I showed him the presents I had brought, telling him they would be his and any of his people’s he should bring to me. We learnt that he had two more canoes he was willing to let us have
for a consideration, and I congratulated myself on being able to attain my end so easily.

We were now waiting with some impatience for the cayucoes, when a large canoe manned by three white men loomed in the distance; a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind, that they were men belonging to another expedition, who had forestalled me. The canoe came near, and I learnt that they had been on a foray expedition among the Lacandones, but had been unable to obtain anything except a few tomatoes, and were now returning to the ruins to join their master, Don Alvaredo, and that their provisions were running very short.

"Have you another canoe?" I inquired.

"Yes, much larger than this."

"Look here, my good fellows, take my card to your master with my compliments, together with half a wild pig, salt meat, rice, biscuits, and in return ask him to lend me his large canoe, which these men I send with you will bring."

The strangers rowed away, and I began to prepare for the next day's expedition, in which Lucian and six men would accompany me, leaving the rest behind to take care of our heavy luggage under the superintendence of Julian. But in the morning early I had a severe attack of malaria, which threatened at one time to delay our journey. A few hours' rest, however, and a good dose of quinine, restored me sufficiently to allow of my setting out for the long-sought, long wished-for ruins, which we reached in three hours, landing near an enormous pile of stones—a kind of votive pillar—rising on the left bank of the river, which has withstood the buffeting of the waters for several centuries. This stone mound was described to me at Tenosique, as having formed part of an old bridge which spanned the river at this point. But what we know of the natives' method of building makes this supposition impossible, for the river is too
Hasta me atrevería a aconsejar que nadie se haga explorador; tantas son las dificultades que ante mí surgen, viendo a entorpecer mi marcha. Recibo á la vez tan contradictorias noticias sobre las ruinas cuyo descubrimiento persigo, que empiezo á sospechar que hay en esto un terrible engaño ó una sensible mala inteligencia. Y sin embargo, las ruinas existen: así me lo asegura terminantemente el individuo que las vió por vez primera. Están léjos, á cincuenta leguas de aquí, al otro lado de la Sierra y á la orilla izquierda del Usumacinta; no hay ningún camino, pero el itinerario es conocido. Mi hombre, que hoy es jefe político de Tenosique, añade: «Descubrí esas ruinas hace doce años, en cuya época los lacandones las tenían en gran veneración; ponían guardias para custodiarlas y en ciertos días del año celebraban en ellas ceremonias religiosas. No permitían que se tocaran los palacios ni los templos; pero desde la caída de un gran ídolo que adoraban muy particularmente, y cuya cabeza yace hoy entre los escombros, han abandonado los palacios.»

Esta minuciosa aseveración me reanima, y voy á ocuparme todavía con más ardor en hacer mis preparativos. Mas ¡ay! me siento impotente.

A mi llegada iba provisto de cartas de recomendación para las dos casas comerciales del pueblo, en las que me hicieron toda clase de promesas, pero no cumplieron ninguna. Necesitaba por lo menos quince hombres, catorce mulas y tres caballos; envié á buscar los primeros en un radio de veinte leguas, ofreciéndoles doble salario; en cuanto á las mulas, me decían que esperase un convoy que, de vuelta de Petén, podría ponerse en marcha después de descansar algunos días. Tenía víveres: sacos de arroz, habichuelas negras y galleta, pero faltaba carne. Compré dos toros, que me vendieron de mala gana, y después de muertos se partió su carne en tiras, que se salaron y secaron tres días al sol. Esto se llama tasajo, y la carne preparada de este modo se conserva indefinidamente.

Mientras tanto había logrado reunir algunos hombres y me respondían de tener los que faltaban, pero las mulas con tanto afán esperadas, no llegaban. Por fin, una tarde, al octavo día de mi detención forzada, oí gritos, pisadas de caballerías en el suelo lleno de yerba de las calles, y salí presuroso de mi domicilio: ¡eran las mulas! Las conté, y me dije que había doce, y me di por salvado. Pero no, no lo estaba, porque á la mañana siguiente, cuando pude examinar despacio aquellos animales en el patio de la casa, se me presentaron en todo el horror de su inutilidad. Estaban en los huesos, llenas de asquerosas mataduras, medio podridas y casi muertas en su mayoría, en una palabra, de todo punto inservibles para soportar un viaje tan largo y penoso.

Pero su amo me aseguraba que, cuando hubiesen descansado ocho días, podrían emprender la marcha, con la condición de no llevar más que media carga. El muy tunante se creía tanto más autorizado á decirlo así cuanto que sabía que la mayor parte de sus mulas se quedarian por el camino y que las haría pagar como buenas, lo que sucedió en efecto más adelante. Pero yo no sospechaba nada de tan infame combinación, y seguí ocupándome en mis preparativos de marcha.

Los hombres iban llegando; mandé hacer bastes y aparejos para las acémilas, pues los que tenían se caían á pedazos; se prepararon las cargas bajo la vigilancia del arriero en jefe
broad, and on the other hand, had a bridge formerly stood here, remains would be found either on the opposite side or in the bed of the river. There is very little doubt that for all the purposes of daily life, the inhabitants of this city used "canoas" just as they do now.

We had made but a short way among the ruins lying in every direction, when we were met by Don Alvaredo, whose fair looks and elastic step showed him to be an Englishman. We shook hands; he knew my name, he told me his: Alfred Maudslay, Esq., from London; and as my looks betrayed the inward annoyance I felt:
“It’s all right,” he said; “there is no reason why you should look so distressed. My having had the start of you was a mere chance, as it would have been mere chance had it been the other way. You need have no fear on my account, for I am only an amateur, travelling for pleasure. With you the case of course is different. But I do not intend to publish anything. Come, I have had a place got ready; and as for the ruins I make them over to you. You can name the town, claim to have discovered it, in fact do what you please. I shall not interfere with you in any way, and you may even dispense with mentioning my name if you so please.”

I was deeply touched with his kind manner, and I am only too charmed to share with him the glory of having explored this city. We lived and worked together like two brothers, and we parted the best friends in the world.

This town, which I shall call “Lorillard,” in honour of the munificent man who partly defrays the cost of the expedition, rises on the left bank of the Usumacinta in the 17th degree lat. (see Map), in a region hitherto unclassified, between Guatemala, Chiapas, and Tabasco. (We are able to determine approximately its position from the bearings we took along our route.)

It was discovered twelve years ago by Suarez of Tenosique, and has been visited at different times by monteros and by Balay de Palisada. It has been called “Phantom city,” from a passage in Stephens’ Journal,* in which he reproduces a conversation with the merry “Cura” of Santa Cruz del Quiché, who told of “a great Indian city four days’ journey from Santa Cruz, on the road to Mexico, as being densely populated, and in the same condition as other places of Central America. He

* Stephens, second vol. of “Central America and Yucatan.”
had heard of it at Chayul many years before, where he had ascended the Sierra, whence the vast panorama of Yucatan and Tabasco to the sea could easily be distinguished, and that he
had seen in the far distance a city occupying an immense space, its white towers shining in the sun."

I do not think that this mysterious city, if ever it was in existence, is Lorillard, for its bearings do not agree with those of the American traveller; but there are many others in the forests, and monteros may come upon palaces which will answer the description of the "cura," who assured Stephens that the palaces of Santa Cruz del Quiché, which in 1841 were found in an advanced state of dilapidation, were in a perfect state of preservation thirty years before, and that they had reminded him of the buildings of his own country; that at Coban, in the province of Vera Paz, stood an ancient city (Utatlán) as large as Vera Cruz, now deserted, but almost as perfect as when its inhabitants had abandoned it. He had walked in the silent streets, among its colossal buildings, and found its palaces as entire as those at Vera Cruz."*

The number of buildings in good preservation at Lorillard was supposed to be twelve, of which six were "casas cerradas," and six without doors. Balay in his ground plan places monuments on the right bank of the river, these we were unable to discover; but we found more than twelve monuments on the left bank, three or four of which are still standing, having no trace of doors, just like those at Palenque where they were also supposed to exist. Owing to the distance from all inhabited centres and the luxurious vegetation which overruns these ruins, a complete exploration of them is almost impossible. Their extent is not known; but to judge from other Indian centres, the number of the monuments may be estimated at fifteen or twenty, consisting as usual of temples, palaces, and the huts of the lower orders. These buildings, some 65 feet distant

* Stephens, "Travels in Central America."
from the river, are like those at Palenque, supported on terraces rising in amphitheatre and resting on natural hills, which the builders made use of to save labour. They are, as usual, faced with stones, have a central flight of steps, but they are fewer, of smaller dimensions, and not so richly decorated as similar edifices at Palenque; but the materials employed, the inner decorations, the figures on the bas reliefs with retreating foreheads, are the same, although more rudely built. The outline, however, resembles some of the Yucatec structures. It should be remarked that it is difficult to give a correct description of these monuments, for all trace of outer decoration has disappeared.

The first monument we study—of which a drawing and a ground plan are given—is a temple. It stands at a distance of 487 feet from the river, on a mound about 120 feet high. I call it temple because it contains a great stone idol and niches which must have supported other idols, and that the walls are black from the smoke of offerings. The idol's head is lopped off, and lies amidst the rubbish; the face is completely mutilated, which seems to show that in the frequent inter-tribal wars, the town was taken and plundered, the temple demolished, and the vanquished gods destroyed. This we see in the Mexican manuscripts, where the defeat of a nation is always represented by a small edifice with a prominent cornice, which is entered by the invader a lighted torch in his hand.
But when was Lorillard destroyed? I think Villa Gutierre Soto Mayor* gives us an approximate date when he says: "That the Izaes of Peten were at enmity with the Lacandones; that in 1694—two years before the fall of the city by the Spaniards—the former were making expeditions with fleets of canoes on the Usumacinta and Rio Tabasco, and that they plundered and destroyed the towns situated on the river." But if we follow Boyle,† the destruction of Lorillard would be much later, for we read: "The Lacandones are of the same race as the Manchus and very numerous; they were quite civilised a hundred and fifty years ago" (1730).

This idol is very beautiful and unique of its kind, for nothing like it has been found either in Tabasco or Yucatan. It represents a figure sitting cross-legged, the hands resting on the knees. The attitude is placid and dignified, like a Buddha statue; the face.

† "Boyle's Ride," vol. 1. pp. 14-17, quoted by Bancroft.
oscuridad de la noche su encuentro no tiene nada de agradable. Cogí pues mi revólver, un
bull de gran calibre, y lo disparé en dirección del intruso que huyó sin aguardar á más.

Esta aventura anodina nos hizo vivir alerta, y resolvimos tener todas las noches encendida
una hoguera que uno de los indios se encargaría de alimentar por turno.

Al otro día los indios se pusieron á trabajar para establecer definitivamente nuestra
vivienda; otros marcharon en busca de la acémila perdida, á la que encontraron á dos leguas
de distancia, tumbada en el suelo, con su carga encima y medio muerta de cansancio, de
hambre y de sed. Los indios le quitaron la carga, repartiéndosela entre ellos, mas aquello
sólo proporcionó un alivio momentáneo al pobre animal, porque el cazador que acompañaba
á los peones, mató un hermoso jabalí que el asendereado mulo hubo de llevar al campa-
mento.

La llegada de aquella pieza de caza fué acogida con exclamaciones de contento; con ella
teníamos carne fresca, y yo creía que duraría muchos días; pero no contaba con el apetito de
mi gente, pues no bien se hubo descargado el jabalí, lo desollaron, descuartizaron y asaron,
de suerte que por la noche ni memoria quedaba de él; el enorme animal había pasado á sus
éstomagos como si fuese un conejo. Por fortuna el bosque era abundante en caza, y fácil nos
fué repetir más de una vez el mismo festín.

A eso de medio día, y cuando los indios acababan de almorzar, llegaron los canoeros,
atraídos por los tiros y los gritos de sus compañeros. Les pregunté al punto por el estado en
que se encontraba su trabajo y por la canoa que se habían comprometido á construir.

El carpintero me contestó con cierto embarazo que aún no estaba concluido nada; que
habían cortado muchos árboles cuyos troncos, después de desbastados, resultaron impropios
para la construcción de la canoa; que era un contratiempo del que ellos no tenían la culpa,
pero que en pocos días terminarían su tarea. En seguida, los acompañé á un astillero que
habían instalado un kilómetro más allá, y en efecto, vi dos árboles en tierra, uno de los cue-
les, labrado á hachazos, presentaba la forma vaga de una canoa, pero aún no estaba vaciado
el interior, y si aquellos tunantes habían necesitado seis días para hacer tan poco trabajo,
calculé que necesitarían más de ocho para terminarlo. Lo que comprendí en último resultado
fué que se habían burlado de mí y que habían pasado el tiempo en cazar, en pescar y en darse
buena vida sin preocuparse poco ni mucho de mi expedición, poco ménos que comprometida
por su culpa.

Ocho días de retraso, era la ruina para mí; porque, á pesar de tener á mi gente á racion,
las provisiones se agotaban á ojos vistas, y aun cuando las calculé para cuarenta días, era
indudable que no durarian veinte. Volví pues al campamento muy inquieto y sin saber qué
hacer; yendo por la orilla del río, podía llegar enfrente de las ruinas que estaban al otro lado
de la orilla izquierda, pero teníamos que abrir una senda de diez y ocho veinte kilómetros
en lo más intrincado del bosque, y cuando llegara á las ruinas tendría que construir una balsa
para cruzar el río. En este caso no podría llevar conmigo más que una parte del material, y
tampoco tenía la seguridad de que todos mis hombres quisieran seguirme. Había contratado
los hombres y las caballerías para el paso de Yalchilan y no irían más allá, porque cuando les
now mutilated, is crowned by an enormous head-dress, of peculiar style, presenting a fantastic head with a diadem and medallions, topped by huge feathers like those on the columns at Tula and Chichen-Itza. The bust is admirably proportioned; while the dress consists of a rich cape embroidered with pearls, a medallion on each shoulder and in front, recalling Roman decorations. The same ornamentation is seen on the lower part of the body, having a much larger medallion and a fringed maxtli. The arms are covered with heavy bracelets. Round

the idol, and in every apartment of the building, are a number of bowls of coarse clay of some 4 or 6 inches in diameter by 2 inches in height. The borders are ornamented with masks representing faces with flat or aquiline noses, utterly devoid of artistic feeling. Nevertheless the difference of type is noteworthy, and may point to two different races. These bowls were used as censers, for some are still filled with copal. Our cut shows two specimens. Similar bowls are found in all the buildings which were used as temples.

This temple is pierced by three openings, with stone lintels fairly carved; its façade is about 68 feet by 19 feet 6" inches
long, its height to the decorative wall is 17 feet to 19 feet; the latter, of lattice-work, is 14 feet high, and recalls similar structures at Kabah, and more particularly the Pigeon House at Uxmal. The decoration must have been very rich, for in the central upper wall is a large panel which was occupied by a figure sitting on a bench which is still standing. The masonry which formed the body of the statue is yet visible, while a narrow long stone to the right formed the shin-bone of the figure's left leg; a method of working which we pointed out at Palenque, Izamal, and Aké, and called the "cement epoch." Below in the great frieze forming the body of the edifice, three large panels were also occupied by statues, which were still standing. In the central panel to the right, the masonry which formed the bodies before the fall of the plaster is still visible; while eight niches, in groups of two each, contained idols of smaller dimensions.

On the first esplanade of the pyramid is another building, which to judge from its inner arrangement was the priest's house. This temple is neither stately nor ancient, for hardly any rubbish has accumulated at the foot of the building.

We give here the drawing of a diminutive ancient temple in terra-cotta, to be seen in the Trocadéro, and which we found on the Uplands of Mexico. It consists of a pyramid with three or four stories, and a temple crowning its summit, with projecting cornices surmounted by a decorative wall, pierced by holes exactly like the temple at Lorillard, at Tikal, and the Pigeon House at Uxmal. The most prejudiced mind cannot but acknowledge the resemblance and similarity of design in the religious architecture of the plateaux, and that of Chiapas, Tabasco, Yucatan, and Guatemala.

To the rear of the temple, on a much higher pyramid, stands the loftiest and largest monument at Lorillard. On its vast esplanade were six palaces, forming a rectangle. One of these
palaces, having stone lintels finely sculptured, is still partly standing, but so decayed that we could do nothing with it. As for the other buildings, they are a ruinous heap. The narrow openings had stone lintels, while those of the large entrances were of wood; this was probably owing to the difficulty of procuring blocks of stone of sufficient size for the main doorways. Remains of wooden lintels and zapoté wood are still found in the walls. This building, whether it was the cacique's residence or a fortress, is admirably situated, and from the upper terrace a magnificent view extending over boundless woodlands is obtained. It should be borne in mind that in an unhealthy, burning climate, dwellings on the summits of pyramids were a necessity for health, pure air, absence of mosquitoes and other disagreeable insects; that is the reason why we invariably find buildings of any dimensions supported on mounds and terraces.

The palace we inhabit is below the temple and on the first grade of the hill or amphitheatre. What remains of its decorations is like that of the temple, but ruder and more dilapidated. The doors are irregular, of different size, with slanting or perpendicular jambs and niches distributed without any order. The decorative wall which crowned the building has fallen in; the frieze is but a confusion of holes, niches, and projecting stones. The inner arrangement is rather peculiar, being a maze of narrow passages, small apartments having platforms of masonry covered over
with plaster, which may have been used as beds. Another long narrow platform, occupying the centre of the main passage, we thought was the dining-room, and was used as such. To the rear, in a subterraneous portion which is reached by a very steep passage, are two narrow apartments filled up to the ceiling, which were probably tombs. They reminded me of similar chambers at Palenque, in which I found skeletons and vases.

The façade of this building is 65 feet by 52 feet long. Two fragments of sculptured columns, about 2 feet in height, the use of which is not known, but which may have been altars supporting household gods, or pediments for censers, are found in the front yard. On clearing the edifice of its vegetation, I found that the average of concentric circles, showing the age of the trees, were ten or twelve a year, just as at Palenque.
I may remark that virgin forests have no very old trees, being destroyed by insects, moisture, lianas, etc.; and old monteros tell me that mahogany and cedar-trees, which are most durable, do not live above 200 years. In our passage through the forest, even on days when there was not a breath of wind, trees were falling in every direction. In a storm they fall about in hundreds, and the journey is then most dangerous. Monuments cannot be gauged, therefore, from the size of the trees growing in and over them. Another feature of virgin forests is that they do not strike the mind as anything particular, and I know none which can at all compare with Fontainebleau.

To the south-west of our residence is another great pyramid, having circular buildings, which must have been a temple, for we found a great number of vases for perfumes, both on the ground floor and in the upper portion of the edifice. The body of the monument is of the usual type, but the first story (a side of which is shown in our cut) affords a new specimen of the Indian mode of building. We think this but an extension of the decorative wall; it consists of a narrow apartment and a receding passage extending from end to end, terminating at each extremity with the peculiar opening seen in our drawing.

We have also noticed a greater variety in the triangular vaults (arches) of these buildings, which are either straight, concave, or convex; sometimes the latter vault has no key, and the two walls meet with an acute angle, whereas in Tabasco and Yucatan, they are straight or concave only. Lintels are more numerous and richly sculptured than in Yucatan, but they are only found in edifices which we suppose were temples or palaces. The best carved are small, and seem to replace both the slabs covered with inscriptions, the rear of altars, and the sculptured pillars of the buildings at Palenque.

The first we give occupies the central door of the temple, and
is 3 feet 9 inches long, by 2 feet 10 inches wide. Two figures with retreating foreheads form the main subject, having the usual high head-dress of feathers, cape, collar, medallion, and maxtli like the idol; while their boots are fastened on the instep with leather strings, as similar figures at Palenque. They are of different size, and represent probably a man and a woman per-