

Chiantla,
Guatemala
1913, November 15

[My dear Gordon

the last I wrote you was on October 20, from here. I have been in this quiet little town, at the foot of the mountains ever since.

I enclose you a continuation of my list of articles picked up for the museum. I suppose the most interesting things are numbers 128 and 129, the old mill stones. You hardly notice what an artful thing the common hand-mill is, till you see such a thing as this. Mill stones, more or less ancient, are fairly common finds; but they are usually so much like the modern stones, or one pattern or other, that an Indian who finds one entire, will be likely to take it to his house and use it. He wouldn't do so with these stones. They are the only ones of the like, that I have seen.

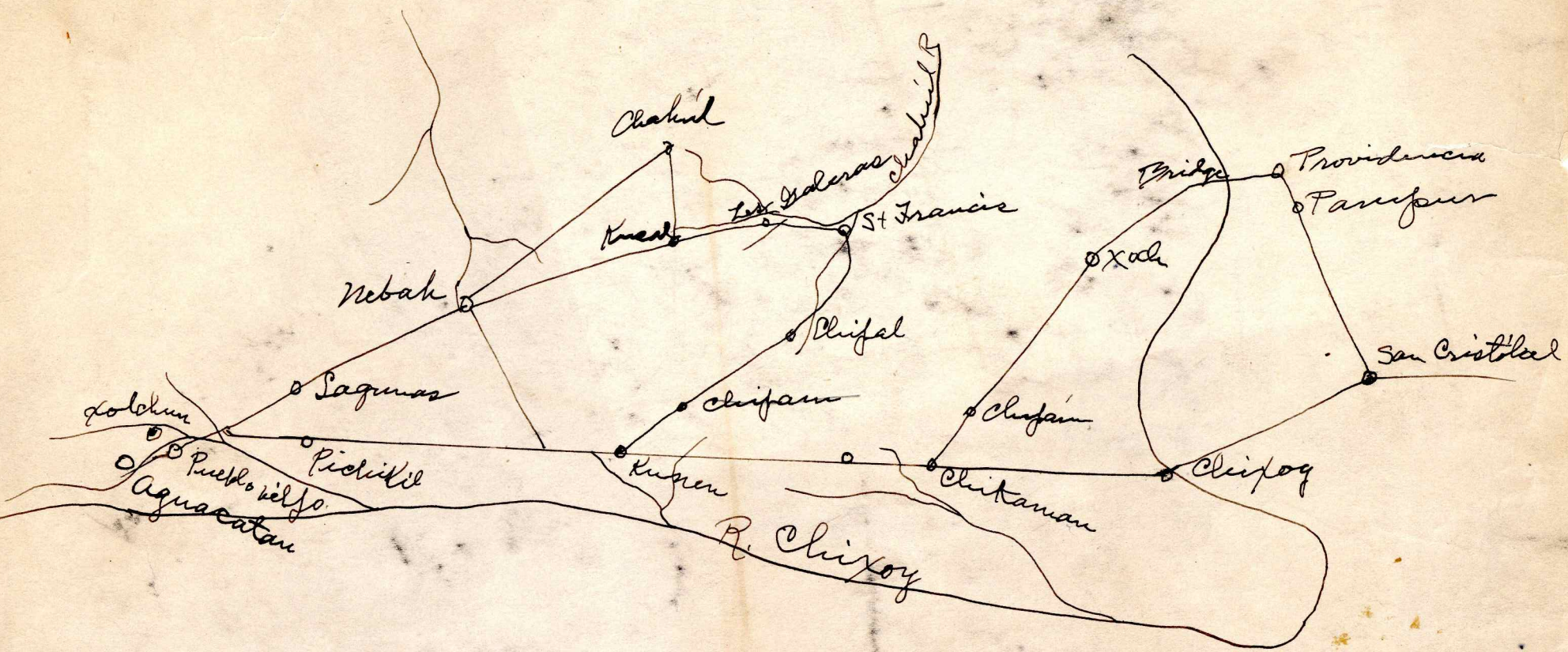
The large pot, No 127, has nothing pretty about it. It is interesting, simply

as a kitchen article from a cave. — The pottery No 130 to 135 has some pretension to being ornamental; both in shape and colour. I have since visited the ruins where that pottery was found. I'll tell you about them, presently.

It is a small list of things, this that I am sending you. The reason is, that since I crossed the big river I have almost given up active collecting. My attention at once became turned to ruins; and ruins, in one way or other, have taken practically all my time since.]

The ruin region I've gone through, is that of the Eastern and middle Cuchumatans; before they turn to the North. I can now recommend you some particular places to dig at; and I can give you precise — and I hope useful — information about them. At least I shall try. Part of the information, however, is in the form of drawings, made to scale; three equilateral perspectives, and one plan; which I send you under another cover.

* The ruin places that I wish to speak



Copy - Berket

3
or, or at least six:

Xoch	Chichél
Chipál	NeGáh
Saint Francis	Xolchún **

[Before going any further, I see that all but one of these names are Indian; and I dare say I shall be writing other Indian names, and people will ask you how to pronounce them. — In names of more than one syllable, put the accent where the accent is marked. It is usually the last syllable; but anyhow, I shall mark it. As for the letters, pronounce X like sh in Dish. In this, I follow the custom of the country; which is the custom of old Spanish. The advantage of it, is to avoid confusion. I may have to write SH in some names; and if I do, it is not to be read like sh in Dish, but like sh in Dishearten. For all the letters besides X, use the simple rule of the government of India: Pronounce the vowels as in Italian (or Spanish), and the consonants as in English.

The result will not, as a rule, be the exact Indian pronunciation, but it will

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be the best imitation of Indian you can have with English sounds; and quite near enough for an Indian to understand you.]

* Xolchún, the last place I put down, is much the most important of the six. But the order in which I have put them down is not intended to be the order of their importance. It might very well be the order, though, in which you would find it convenient to go to work at them. It is the order in which you would get to them, as I did, coming from the Atlantic side. Xoch is the furthest East, and Xolchún the furthest West.

It is easier to tell you how to pronounce the names of these places, than it is to tell you exactly where the places are. NeGáh is the only one you would find on a map.

** I don't know what map you may be using. * There is no really good map of Guatemala, though some are better than others. A map that has been popular is the large map of Paschke, published in Paris in 1889. Another is Bianconi's pirated map, also published in Paris. Those maps made no great changes in the old, settled parts or

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the country, the South and Southwest; but for the northern part, they simply made the older maps look ridiculous. — Then there was Au's map. It was never a popular map, but it had the peculiar merit or distinguishing points that had been astronomically fixed. Interior points; the coast was right even on old maps, owing to the charting of foreign admiralities. Then there was Sappers' map, which made improvements in the provinces of the Alta Verapaz. Afterwards came Hedges's map; and that is the map that I happen to be using. It is dated 1902, published in Washington, by what appears to be a government office, the Bureau of the American Republics. Hedges's map is perhaps, on the whole, as good a one as I've seen. It evidently takes some account of Sappers' improvements; and what is important, it lays down the Mexican boundary, determined scientifically by the boundary commission towards the end of the century. It may be supposed that anything on the boundary line is in the

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right place.

But while the outline of the country is first, the interior, to a great extent, is not; whether by Hedges's, or any other map; and especially not, in the north and north west. And the most uncertain part of the North west is precisely the country of the Cuchumatán mountains, and the tract or country beyond them, to the Mexican boundary; including the course of the big river Chixóy.

The outside line of the Cuchumatán, on the map; the southern line of them, that you see running east and west; is placed, I suppose, more or less right. The southern front of the Cuchumatán is a very definite line. And at any reasonable distance, it is a very distinct line to the eye. This picture [not rec'd] shows you a piece of the southern front, in this neighbourhood. You are looking north, or course; with the town of Huehuetenango between you and the Cuchumatán. At a distance of twenty or thirty leagues, the effect of unity, in the long mountain front, is very striking. Riding from Kiché to Totonicapán, for instance, you see the Cu-

chumatams as a great blue barrier on the north. The barrier seems to be penetrated here and there by black gorges. But there is no rift, or opening, that you can see through. The general appearance is that of a solid frowning rampart, rising to a very even height, and long stretcht out.

You wonder, as you look at it, what there might be behind. When you get behind that southern front, the face of things is entirely changed. You forget about the front. There is nothing, almost, to remind you of it.

For one thing, instead of the bare, and more or less desert looking country to the south, what you see now, is a green country, covered to a great extent with woods. — And when you look back south, you don't see anything to remind you of the long mountain range, you saw from the other side. There is no definite north front, as there is a south front. On the north side you seem to get into a mess of mountains ramifying in all directions. There are some great mountain

masses to be seen, and tops apparently higher than anything on the outside range. And there are wide basins, and pieces of rolling country, even high up. And there are endless spurs, and ridges, and hills behind hills, and rivers between. — Finally the hole-mess — the hole system, I suppose a geography would call it — sinks down to the hot country of the Mexican border, and the river Chixoy.

In a general way, all this is represented on the map. But only in a general way. Not exactly enough to be of use to a traveler. To give you a notion of the inexactness, look at some of the towns, or villages. There are very few villages marked in that country, and in fact there are very few to mark. But consequently those few are important. Look at the relative positions of Nebáh, Kusál, and Chahúl; or as they will be spelt on the map, probably, Nebaj, Cotzal and Chajul. You will see the places put something like this:

Nebáh ○

○ ~~Chahúl~~
Kusál

○ Chahúl
○ ~~Kusál~~

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And the fact is, they are something like this:

o Chahúl

o Kusál

Nebáh o

Nebáh, for anything I know, may be in the right place, on the map. But ~~both~~ the other places are more or less North east or it. And Chahúl is not south of Kusál; Kusál is south of Chahúl; and the two are not comparatively far apart, but near together. - I haven't got Bianconi's or Paschke's map, to look at, but if I remember right, you will find those places more correctly arranged on those maps than on Hedges's. - And what is more important, in a way, than places, the course of rivers is laid down uncertainly. You get wrong notions of the lie of the land. The waters of Chahúl and Kusál are not separate, as Hedges's map represents them. Neither of them joins the Nebáh water, nor runs off to the north. The Chahúl and Kusál waters join together, and run off east to fall into the Kopóm river, and so

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to the Chixóy.

I have tried to mark the ruin places on Hedges's map, but with very little success. The map doesn't fit the places. The places are distributed along the southern rim of the Eastern Cuchumatáns, that you see marked on the map; and the last place, Xolchún, is on the south side of that rim; and is the only one of them that is in the province of Huehuetenango, the others being all in Kiché. ~~And~~ when I have said that much, I have said nearly all that it is worth while trying to say, by reference to the map.


So I will let the map alone. But I am going to try and tell you about the places, and tell you how to get to them; and in so doing, I shall probably give you an idea of where the places are; the same sort of idea that I have myself.

To get to these places, you would start from San Cristóbal Verapaz. - I don't know whether you were ever there. You get there from Panzós, going up the valley of the river Polochic. There is a

little ramshackle railway that goes - not up to Tukurá, as the map makes it, but to a point two or three leagues below. From that point on you have to ride. There is a cart road that goes on to Cobán. You follow that muddy cart road, and climb up out of the hot country into what is called cold. You pass through the little squalid villages of Tukurú and Tamahú, and on and up to the equally squalid village of Taktik, where you would probably stop the night. The one redeeming feature of the place is, that there is a fairly comfortable little inn there. Taktik is where the old road from Guatemala comes in. It was the place selected for an atrocious political murder ~~one~~ one night, some years ago; arranged something like the death of Mr. Madero lately in Mexico. Here you have a snapshot of the little village square on market day. From Taktik you go on about level. It is nearly always raining about there, and you splash through unusual quantities of mud. Two or three leagues on from Taktik, how-

ever, you leave the mud, and leave the Cobán cart road at the same time. - Speaking of leagues, a league is supposed to be 5000 yards of the country, and a yard of the country is by law 830 millimetres; and it works out that a league is very close to 4 kilometres. It is between two and three miles. But kilometres, and miles, even, are too precise for here; leagues are what everybody speaks of. In the Alta Verapaz, on the ordinary bad roads, and on an ordinary beast - also bad - you will make about a league an hour. On the cart road you will do a little better. And on the dry roads of the Pacific side you will do about two leagues an hour.

Two or three leagues on from Taktik, as I was saying, you leave the Cobán cart road, and take to another cart road that goes off to the left. You will find the going on that road to be a good deal better. The road takes you through an open country sprinkled with trees, scrub oak, and pine. Two or three leagues or that, and of a sudden, almost, as you come round a corner, you see

a range of high wooded hills, ahead of you, in the west. And at your feet, between you and the hills, you see a wide sheet of water, with an edge of meadows and marshes. The water is the lake of San Cristóbal. The only lake in the Alta Verapaz; and a queer place for a lake, on top of a table land, 1400 metres above the sea; almost. The water is always at the same height, and is said to be very deep; and it is full of a small red fish. I stopped a moment one evening, coming from Taktik, and took this picture . It is looking west. You see the hills I spoke of, and the lake below. There is a storm coming on.

The town of San Cristóbal is at the far shore of the lake, at the middle of the picture, but it is hidden by bush and shadows. The road goes round the left hand side of the water. The town, as you come into it, is rather a tidy looking little place. A long street round the meadows, by and by some pavement; and finally the usual square with the church facing west, and the market in front. There is no inn, I believe,

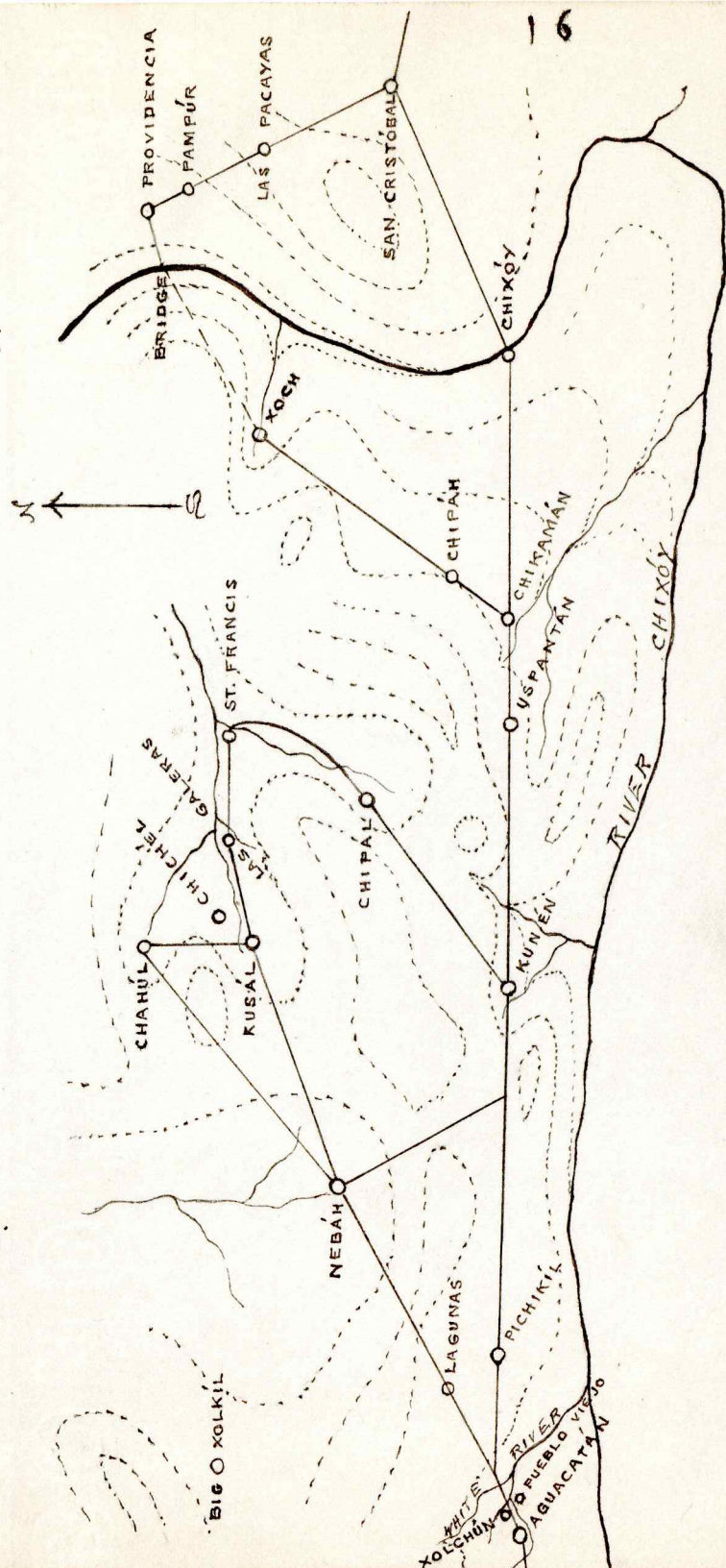
at present, but you will find friends to put you up.

San Cristóbal is a pleasant cool climate, and it doesn't rain quite so much as in other parts of the Alta Verapaz. The town was founded, or at least named, by Bishop Las Casas, who seems to have been partial to Saint Cristóbal. He gave that saint's name to several places, including the chief town of Chiapas. The Alta Verapaz town is called for distinction San Cristóbal Verapaz; sometimes San Cristóbal Kahkóh. - Kahkóh is the Indian name of the place, probably referring to the lake.

There is a cart road to San Cristóbal for the same reason as there is to Cobán, to get the coffee out. San Cristóbal is a coffee centre, though on a much smaller scale than Cobán. I dare say it ships 12 or 15 thousand bags a year; grown to a great extent on small Indian holdings; and the coffee, from that little town, gets nearly the highest price in the world.

That won't interest you. What I was going to say, was, that anything you might bring from the Cuchumatán ruins, would

be got somehow to ¹⁵ San Cristóbal, and from there would go out by that same coffee cart road, probably in the coffee carts. These carts of course have good tarpaulin covers. The carts are drawn by oxen, with Indian drivers. They travel slow. They will take a week or more to get down to the railway; depending on the state of the road. The road below Tak Tik, at last accounts, was in a very bad state, and the road near Cobán was even worse. When I was in Cobán, there were no carts getting in or out. There ^{were} about four leagues or mud holes to go through. The carts were doing nothing but breaking chains and bolts, and killing oxen. A cart would stick in a mud hole for a week at a time. Cobán was almost in a state of siege. They were saying, at the time, it was Adrianople. All for want of a little intelligent road mending. The only decent piece of the hole road, is that little branch that takes you to San Cristóbal; simply because there are fewer carts over it. - But good road or bad road, of course the coffee gets out, and your things would get out with the coffee.



San Cristóbal is the end of cart roads, and of German shops, and of regular posts, and regular anything, till you get to the other side of the country. - From San Cristóbal on, the map as I have said, is nearly useless; and I have constructed this diagram for you, instead.

The diagram does not pretend to be a map. Roads are represented as straight lines, and the course of rivers, and contour lines, is also merely representativ. But as far as distances from place to place are concerned, the proportions, I think, are not altogether misleading. The diagram would probably answer roughly, in most distances, to a scale of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a centimetre ^{traveling} to a league; or $1 \text{ cm} = 5\frac{1}{3} \text{ km}$.

The usual road from San Cristóbal, going west, and the only public road, is the road that crosses the Chixóy river at the place called Chixóy, about 5 or 6 leagues from San Cristóbal; and about 500 metres above the sea. The road is down hill, or course, and the latter part, very steep. There are also many steep places in the climb up on the other side. But steep places are a matter of course. The public roads, as a rule, especially west of the Alta Verapaz, though the natives consider them good, are not really laid out roads. They are merely improved footpaths, and if you have any re-

spect for your beast's back, you will often get off and walk.

The really vexatious thing about the Chixóy road is, that there is no bridge at the river. There have been several bridges, stone and iron, but they have all been carried away. The river is subject to great floods. And it is not fordable, even when it is down. It is a rushing body of water with steep rocky banks. When the water is specially low, you cross on a raft, secured by a rope. At other times you sit in a sling, which is slung from a cable, about 30 feet above the water, and they haul you across in the air. The cable is stretched between two towers, the remnants of a former bridge. Baggage in the same way. And your beasts are roped, and swum across. It is all very tedious and clumsy, and in spite of ropes and everything, if the river is high, you are in danger of losing beasts.

I didn't come by Chixóy this time. I decided to cross the river at a point about 10 leagues or so lower down. I had learned of the existence of some sort of bridge at

that point; and I understood that by going that way I should get to a place called The Xoch; where there were ruins that I had heard of, and wish to see. I left San Cristóbal, consequently, by the road marked on the diagram as going off to the north west.

The road is a little up hill, at first; as far as a hamlet called The Pacayo. My aneroid there marked 1490 metres. Then you go down hill. You go up and down, but the downs gain on the ups. At the place called Pampar you drop 600 metres; and down to the river, you drop 600 more; the country getting warmer, of course, all the time.

And there is a sudden change of surroundings, a little after you begin to go down hill. You get into the woods, and you don't get out of them again, till you get to the Xoch. There is a great wedge of forest country, that sticks in from the north, between the settled parts of the Alta Verapaz and the settled parts of Kiché; and this road takes you across the small end of the wedge.

That forest country is a rainy country. When you can get a look out over it, you're pretty sure to see a shower somewhere. And towards evening, as a rule, it comes on to rain all over. It rained on me the greater part of the way.

The road in the woods is a muddy lane between trees. On the way down to Pampar there are only two or three places where you can get a look at the country. When you do get a look, you see that you are going down round a mountain, with the mountain on your left. The mountain comes to an end, in the distance, with the ravine or the river. The far side of the ravine is another mountain, high and steep and covered to the top with woods. That mountain seems to be dead ahead of you; and in fact you have to climb it by and by in getting to the Xoch.

That mountain is the most striking thing in sight. But most of the country you look out over is to the right of it; an expanse of hills and valleys, stretching away to the horizon, West and north. For ~~at~~ some distance in that expanse

Below you, you can trace the hollow or the big river. It seems to make a great turn to the west, not shown on maps. You cant see the river itself, anywhere, and you cant make out anything with certainty, in what you ar looking at. You cant see the face or the ground. Its all nothing but a surface or woods; shadowy and uniform. You cant tel where anything begins or ends in it. — It puts you in mind or Chateau Briand — *La cime indéterminée des forêts.*

Ther ar people living in the woods, here and there; though you dont see where, til you come on them. Indians, mostly; immigrants from the settled parts or the Alta Verapaz; running away from plantation work, and the opressions or the government, or the authorities. Theyv formd a number or little hives, or settlements, up and down the river. But they dont very long escape vexation. Somebody buys the land, and puts the inhabitants to work; or else they hav to run away

further.

One or these settlements iz Chamd. Another iz Pampur and Providencia, close together on this road that I took. Pampur iz where the ancient mil stones I spoke or, wer found. Ther iz a water-fall. The water comes out or a hole in the side or the mountain, falls fifty feet or so, into a pool; and then disappears into another hole. That limestone country iz full or caves and underground streams; and though it iz soaked with rain, you may travel leagues and not come to a surface water that you can water ~~at~~ a beast at. Evidently the water, at Pampur, attracted the ancient inhabitants, just az it does the modern.

Providencia, az the owner calls it or Xolyuk, az the Indians call it, iz a little further down. Thers some coffee and hennekin planted. The man or the place iz a hospitable German, and Providencia iz a good place to stop.

It iz owing to Providencia that thers a bridge, down below. The

Bridge is not a public affair. Providencia has men on the other side of the river, and the bridge is to get them over to work. The place of the bridge is said to be the narrowest place in the hole canyon of the river. There happened to be rocks sticking up, that piers could be built on; and close enough to lay beams. You can see what the bridge is like from this snapshot³, though I couldn't get the hole bridge in it. It's a narrow bridge, not meant for beasts. But beasts can cross it, if they don't balk. The only thing to look out for is, that there's no rotten cross sticks. The man at Providencia, very kindly, sent and had all the bad sticks changed for me, and my animals went over without the slightest trouble.

Very few people seem to know about this bridge; or care to use it, if they do know. Partly because it's so out of the way, for most people. But mainly, no doubt, because the road from

Providencia to the Xoch is not a riding road. Saving a little at the beginning, and at the end, the road is a mere Indian mountain trail; steep; like a staircase, almost; and being under the woods where the sun ~~is~~ never shines, it's a staircase of mud. You can drive a beast over it, but not with a load. I got an Indian to take my pack mules pack, and the beasts had nothing but their saddles.

I don't know how far it may actually be, from Providencia to the Xoch, ^{probably not far;} but it took me about fourteen hours; with very little stopping. — You go steep down to the bridge, and then immediately up again; up the face of that mountain, that I said you would have to climb. You get up to about 1600 metres at one pull; a good deal higher up than San Cristóbal is. You don't go quite to the top. You circle round it, to the south. And then you go down again. You go down a ridge, and come to a small settlement called Chi Pitibot; which means, At the foot of the ridge. Then, continuing to circle the moun-

Tain, you go up it again, to a higher point than before; and then, finally, down to the Xoch. If you care for the barometer heights, here they are -

860 (Providencia)	}	1280 (Chi Ritibol)
230 (Bridge)		1720
1570		1100 (Xoch)

Not feet, metres. - When they got to the Xoch, my men shouted for a drink. I don't mean a drink of water.

^{Journal p 46} → The Xoch - or Soch, as I believe the owner rites it - is a settlement like Chamá or Providencia, settled by Indians from the eastward. The diagram indicates the Xoch as a valley; and it is a valley. A small fertile valley that lies about East and west, and ~~runs~~ runs down steep to the Chixóy. The north side of the valley is overhung by the mountain you have come round; and the south side is ^a wooded ridge.

There is a small coffee plantation in the Xoch. The owner of the plantation and of all the upper part of the valley, in-

cluding the ruins, is a well-to-do native; Rafael Cobian, by name. He lives away in Sololá, however, and never comes now to see the place. The manager is a German and a very obliging chap; went with me several times to the ruins, took a man with an ax, to help, and so on. I was with him several days.

The ruins are up the valley, in the bottom; about half a league above the coffee. The height above the sea turned out to be 1350 metres, at the ruins. The place looks like an abandoned pasture, overgrown with bush. The ruins are hidden in the bush. You have to look for them. And you have to look for them with an ax, or a cutlass. You can't get about among them without chopping. At least when I was there. There was some talk of having the place cleared for a cornfield. But for the moment, it was all a tangle of bush and briars; you could hardly put your hand on a stone.

I took one picture, the picture I sent you already, ^{3a} or the carved stone. I had the bush cut away to let in some light, and the moss scraped off. -

Photos not received

The stone is a slab of limestone. There is no carving on the back side. The stone is partly cracked, as you see; and a strip on one side, the right side as you look, seems to be entirely missing. You can judge its size by the Indian crouching behind, but I can give you measurements. It is 1.45 metres high, and 0.82 across the middle. — It stands at the end of a plaster floor 10 cm. thick; covered of course with earth; and ~~at~~ a little to one side of ^{the image,} the right hand side as you look, there is a long sunken yard, or floor, parallel to the floor of the image, and about 2 metres lower. That lower floor was about 15 metres wide, in the middle, and about 45 metres long.

I began to take some measurements of the ruins, but I stopt. I could measure the sides of things, here and there; but with the bush, I couldn't see in the least how things stood, the alignments and arrangements of them; and the job of clearing the place, of course, was beyond

me. And consequently, I have no drawing of the Xoch ruins to give you.

But there is no question about the nature of them. They are of that same general nature as the ruins of Chipál, or Saint Francis, that I do send you drawings of. If you could see a drawing of the Xoch ruins, you would see that they did differ from those others, in some points; but only as those others differ ~~amongst~~ between themselves. You would say at once that the Xoch ruins had the family look. And they are of the same order or magnitude as Chipál and St Francis. And there are the same sort of remains of plaster images, as in the other places; and the same sort of masonry and workmanship, and even of details or ornament in the masonry.

And though the Xoch ruins have not been dug at, there can be no doubt but the pots and things you would find in digging, would be of much the same nature as what you would find, and as what has already been found, in Chipál. **

I told you I had got hold of some

Chipal pottery — Nos 130 to 135 or my list. I ran across it in Uspantán. But I have seen much better things from Chipal, that I've not got hold of; a collection in possession of the owner of the place. — I didn't get hold of them, because the man was a hard man to bargain with, about his collection. He couldn't make up his mind what price he wanted. I made him an offer, and left him pondering. He was to write to me, but he hasn't written. — Well, among the things he had, were what I suppose to be incense dishes, similar to No 133; also articles of pottery, which he called frying pans, and cullenders; undoubtedly lids for those incense dishes. — And I might say, that after seeing those lids, I have no doubt that such a fragment as No 59, for instance, that I called a foot or handle or something, is the handle of one of those lids. — And the man had other pottery, of various shapes. In particular I remember a couple

of tall jars or urns, something the shape of a waste paper basket, only much narrower. And one of those jars — which I suppose ~~it~~ would be worth all the rest of the collection together — had a very striking ornament on the side, a face in relief, surrounded by a wheel of plumes, as I remember it, painted in bright colours; an ornament, which I am sure any potter, who saw it, would like to copy.

Besides pottery, there were the usual beads of green stone; also a strange looking mother of pearl thing, shaped like a long spike, but artfully made to represent a rabbit, I think it was, with its ears laid back. And there were some copper trinkets, which we spoke of as earrings.

* The things were not found in Chipal by any intelligent search. They were found in the course of demolishing a certain part of the ruins, to build a house with the stone. It was only a small part of the ruins, that was demolished, and I should suppose that the things already found in Chipal would be only a small part of the hole — whatever you call it, the hole inveniendum, the hole

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deposit. Anyhow, whatever you suppose the Chipal deposit to be, you must suppose the Xoch deposit to be notably similar.

Besides those principal ruins of the Xoch, there are several smaller ruins in the same valley. And on the north side of the valley there are some caves to examine. Some years ago, a large earthen ware image, the manager says, was taken from one of those caves. The image represented a human figure, squatting, I believe; and might have been about half the height of a man, as the manager described it. Old Cobian carried it off, and has it in his house, near Solola.*

In case you decided to start work at the Xoch, my notion of going at it, would be to go to San Cristobal; and stop there long enough to pick up two or three boys to go with you; or even three or four. You wouldn't be lucky enough, probably, to get Indians; unless merely for the journey, to carry packs. In any settled part of the country, the Indians are all engaged. You might as well look

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for a horse without an owner, as look for an Indian without some sort of owner, or person he has to work for. Boys to go on and stay with you, would have to be natives; ladinos, as they call themselves.

To get on easily in the Xoch, some of them, at least, ought to speak Kekchi, which is the leading language of the Xoch. The language of San Cristobal is Pokomchi, but most people there, both Indians and others, have a working knowledge of Kekchi. One of the boys ought to have some notion of cooking, and besides cooking for you in the Xoch, he would look after your beasts, etc., when not otherwise engaged.

You would probably have at least two beasts, one for yourself, and one for your luggage. On more extended journeys you would need another for the driver, or he wouldn't keep up with you.

At the Xoch, the boys would hunt grub and lodging for themselves in the cabins of the Indians. By and by they would have a cabin of their own. There is likely to be an abandoned cabin or two near the ruins, that might easily be made habitable, and your first job would be to fit up one or

those for yourself, or make a new one.

The manager would be glad to have you at his house, but it is too far off.

You would depend for your grub, mainly, like your men, on the resources of the place. Things in tin, that you wanted, or any supplies from San Cristóbal, you could get weekly or fortnightly from the German shop there, making probably some arrangement with the man in Providencia. You could easily get Indians in the Xoch to go to Providencia and back.

You would start clearing and cleaning the ruins, and when you wish to increase your force, there are two sources of labour, near at hand, that you could draw on.

One would be the hamlets of Chikamán and Chipáh, and other little places along that road; you would find native boys there that you could pick up.

The other source of labour would be the Indians of the Xoch itself. I spoke to the manager about that. On the Xoch, as on most plantations, the Indian tenants don't work for the planta-

tion all the time. They come for a week at a time, usually, and then for a week or two they are free. The manager or the Xoch would have no objection to your getting the plantation men to work for you in their free time. A good many of them wouldn't wish to, but offering what they would consider good pay — a mere trifle with exchange at 20 for 1 — you would soon be getting more men than you needed.

Pots, or stones, or whatever you carried off from the ruins, would not be lost at the Xoch. They would be packed out by Indians, in the Indian way, to San Cristóbal, where you would store them, and San Cristóbal would be the place for boxes and boxing.

And I wouldn't let things accumulate in the Xoch. Pack them off at every opportunity. Get them beyond the reach of local authorities.

There's an old law that declares ruins to be government property. Practically, the law is a dead letter. Planters and landowners are continually digging things up, and keep them, or sell them, or do as they

wil, and nobody dreams of interfering. It would be practically impossible to interfere. It would be impossible as a rule, to keep an eye on what a man was doing in his own land. But your case would be a little different; and some busy body, who wisht to bother you or black-mail you, might take the trouble to stir up the authorities; the governor of the province, or some functionary in Guatemala, and wake up the old law.

The governor would send out a comission, or send an order to the alcalde or the nearest town, Usphantán, to go and see what was doing at the ruins, and if they found any of your plunder, they would be authorized to grab it. But if the stuff was already in San Cristóbal or Providencia, or any where beyond the river, it would be in another province, and perfectly safe. The province of Kiché, and the authority of the governor, only extend to the river. The comission wouldnt think of going beyond. They would

find nothing to grab, and they would have to report accordingly. If you had a bottle or whisky at hand, to console them, you might edit the report yourself.

I dont think its at all likely, whether in the Xoch, or in Chipal, or in any of the ruins I am telling you of, excepting in the great ruins of Xolchún, that you would have any of this annoyance. But get your stuff out of the province you are working in, and any attempt to grab the stuff afterwards, would be a game or blind mans buff. There would be no attempt, probably. — Of course when it comes to exporting things, you have to pass the customs, and thats another affair. You will probably have to square somebody.

As for the permission of the owner, to let you work at the Xoch, if by chance Cobian was on the spot, I've no doubt you would get his permission. You might offer him so much a month — a few hundred dollars, in this money — to let you do what you would, with the ruins. But if he was not there, I wouldnt bother going to see him; much less write to him. I should guess from the managers general talk,

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that this Cobián was an ignorant, capricious old curmudgeon, and suspicious, like most natives. Riting to him would only make him think ther was some scheme to do him; make him think perhaps that between you and the manager, you wer taking men away from the plantation work, or something. The manager says ther would be no objections at all from Cobián, any more than from himself. I think it would be no harm to take the managers word for it, and go ahead.

Its not as if it wer going to be a long affair. I suppose you would be done with the place in a few months. And even if you did hav to leav before you wer done, you would stil hav the results or what you had done, and you would simply move on to another place.

From the Xoch on, the road iz a riding road. The Xoch iz the edge or the woods. The road from the Xoch to Chikamán, south west, and from Chikamán straight on west, takes you through a pastoral country, more or less cleared, and

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more or less dry. Four or five leagues from the Xoch, getting up to about 1500 metres, you come to the little hamlet or Chipáh; half a dozen cabins along the road. Besides getting boys to work, from Chipáh, as I said, you would probably get pottery and Indian antiquities there. Asking people at the place, it appeared that a great many things had been dug up there, especially just a few years ago, as the result or somebody offering rewards for such things. I should judge that the things wer got in grave mounds, disturbed in the course or farm work.

A little further on, and a little lower down, you come to the hamlet or Chikamán, not quite so minute a place as Chipáh. At Chikamán you come into the regular Chixoy road to San Cristóbal. Heading west on that road, you go a couple or leagues, and get up to the village or Uspantán. Uspantán iz aretched little place about the size or Taktik, and reminds me or Taktik. But it iz higher and colder; 1750 metres, about, above the sea. On the north side or the village thers a range or wooded mountains, the eastern end

eg
or the Kuchumatáns, and the village is on
a swell or ground at the foot of them. A
bare bleak, windy place, in the middle
of sheep pastures. There is no inn, but
you can get something to eat. The best
lodging, if it is empty, is the cloister of
the little church.

There is a foot path from Uspantán
to Chipál, over the mountains; and la-
bour that you might get, for Chipál, from
Uspantán or Chikamán, would go that way.
But in order to ride to Chipál, you have
to go on west to Kunén, and then
double back north east.

It is about five leagues to Kunén.
All the way you have the Kuchumatán
tops on your right. There is a great
shoulder that sticks out, and a good
part of the way is taken up in skirting
it. That shoulder, or salient mountain,
as it is, rises to a ^{little} peak of its own, which
is conspicuous ~~from Kunén, and though~~
looking back on it from Kunén; and the
Indians venerate the mountain, under
the name of Wukú' Xikín, or Seven

40
Ears. It is curious, there is another moun-
tain of that name in the Quezaltenango
neighbourhood.

Running out from the base of Seven
Ears, there is an important southern spur
of the Kuchumatáns, and the highest
part of the road is where you get over the
neck of that spur; about 1900 metres.
From there you go steep down, about 600
metres, to a river, and then up again, to
Kunén.

Just before going down, I took this
picture ⁴ the last time I came. It was
about 5 o'clock in the evening. It is look-
ing west. The picture is in three pieces
that overlap. The great hollow ahead of
you is at the west of Seven Ears. It is
the hollow of the river, or torrent, below
you; that goes out to the Chixóy on the
left. The village of Kunén is behind
the middle ridge, that you see in the right
hand piece of the picture.

Kunén is about 1800 metres above
the sea, about the same as Uspantán,
and consequently cold country. It is cold
enough not only for sheep, which abound,
but for wheat. There wheat grows, all

along in those uplands, and in Kunén there's a couple or small miles. Kunén is not much bigger than Uspantán, but it is in a pleasanter place, a sheltered bay or the hills, and strikes you as a more thriving place. ⁵ Here you have a look down at Kunén, early in the morning, from the Chipál road. The road to Aguacatán, and the west, goes over the hills in the distance.

There's no inn in Kunén, but you can easily get accommodation. Besides, the owner of Chipál lives, or has a house, in Kunén. The usual place for travelers, in these villages, to stay over night, is the school house, if there is one, or the court house. There are no foreigners except Spaniards. - I believe in Kunén, lately there's a party of protestants, working a mission; Americans, probably; but I didn't go near them.

The road to Chipál takes you over the crest of the Kuchumatáns, at the lowest point, I suppose, that can be found there; which is about 2400 metres above the sea. It is not a sharp crest,

where you go over. It turns out, in fact, to be a table land, that takes you half an hour or more to cross. Then you begin to go down north. And when you begin to go down, you strike the woods again. Not the scrub oak and pine, that's sprinkled all over the south country, but the old forest, that stretches away to the Xoch, and away north. You go on down hill, and the first big clearing you come to is Chipál; about 4 or 5 leagues from Kunén, and about the same height ^{from Kunén} above the sea.

In Chipál, you have hills all round you. You seem to be down in a deep bowl. The bowl looks as if it might be 1000 or 1500 feet deep, and a league across the top. The bottom is cleared, and the clearings go some distance up the sides. Then woods, all round, up to the sky. But the amphitheatre or hills is not really closed. I suppose it's something of a horse shoe shape, with the opening towards the north east; the opening being a deep, winding ravine, that you can't see down. In the bottom of the amfi-

Theatre, or course there a river flowing, that goes out through that ravine.

If you look at my Chipal sheet or drawing, you will see, in my sketch or the situation, that the ruins are not near the river, or bottom or the amphitheatre, but close to the north west side, almost overhung by a mountain ridge. A little neck or ground runs out to join a foothill; and the ruins are on that neck.

The near end or the ruins, the left hand end, on the paper, is ^{at} the foothill end or the neck. The far end is the ridge end; and the terraces, or platforms, at that end, are made on the rising ground, where the neck springs up towards the ridge. The whole length or the ruins, as you might discover by scaling, is about 130 metres.

The ruins, and the neck or ground they are on, are in the middle or a rough pasture. Very uneven ground all over, and runs off into bush. And the ruins themselves, from the outside, look simply like a clump of bush.

When you get inside, however, you see that they are not completely choked

with bush, like the Xoch ruins. The principal yards, and wide places, are fairly clear — the cattle keep them clear; and the grouping or things, the general idea, such as my drawing is meant to show, is fairly visible; if not exactly visible, as a whole, it is easy to put together from what is visible.

But nooks and corners and passages are packed with bush; and so are the tops, and upper parts or things, where the cattle don't get. For instance the tops and upper parts or the platforms IX and X, and or XII and XVI, are all bush; and the pyramid V, and other things. And everything or course, is covered with earth and rubbish.

And in Chipal there is a more trouble some obstacle than either bush or rubbish and that is the modern stone fences, with which the ruins are disfigured, and disguised. — The owners have made use of the ruins, in past times, as a cattle pen. In all that part from the pyramid to the terraces, the owners completed the enclosure, by joining ruins together with stone walls — not stone and mortar, but piled stone fences; and not merely joined

ruins, but overlaid them; raising their height, or making them steeper, or plugging up stairways, or what not. - And now, when you come on stone work, especially about the outside, and covered as it is with bush, you can't tell, without a great deal of clearing and examination, what it is you're looking at; whether it's ancient or modern; or where the ancient begins and the modern ends. It's mainly for that cause, that the conclusion of various walls and platforms, along the outside, ~~is~~ left indeterminate, in my drawing.

And the worst of it is, that the stone, for the fencing, was taken from the ruins. - The owners are not the people to have any compunction about destroying ruins. Quite the contrary.

The owner of the place is a Spaniard, Plácido García; and his brother has been ~~to~~ with him. And they have brought their old father and mother out, lately, and their sisters. The family lives mostly in Kunén. They were farmers in Spain, and they're farm-

ers again in Guatemala. Very decent quiet people. But the notion of preserving ruins would never occur to them.

One group of ruins in Chipal - not the ruins of my drawing, but another group - the Garcías used as a quarry. They've built a tidy little three room cottage, that they're very proud of, with the stone they took. The ruins of my drawing were not used for the cottage, because the others were closer at hand; but the ruins ~~of~~ of the drawing were used, as I say, ~~of~~ as a cattle pen, and the owners patched them up, for that purpose, with any handy stone they could dislodge. The ruins as there to be used, in the owners' opinion; and it would be a shame not to use them.

Besides the destructive use they've made of the ruins, these Garcías have done some haphazard destruction, in the hopes of finding buried treasure. - Every Spaniard seems to be born with the idea of buried treasure. The treasure of Mexico and Peru. They never quite get over the idea. When a Spaniard sees one of these Indian ruins, his

4)
first thought is, Whereabouts is the treasure? And if it weren't so much work, he would instantly scatter the ruin, to find the treasure.

If you look at my drawing, you will see that in the far square, at each side of the block XIV, there is a row of three little pillars sticking up; the middle one round, and the other two square. Now on the ground, there is nothing to be seen, almost, of those little pillar things, except the foundations. You don't see them sticking up. I have represented them as having some height, because old Garcia, who showed me over the place, told me that such had been the case, before he smashed them. — He smashed them, he told me, because it was as easy to smash them as not; and there was always the chance of finding the treasure — the money, as he called it, in his simple language. And he kept pointing out to me what he considered to be likely spots. — Fortunately, these people haven't the least knowledge

4-8
or likely spots, and the ruins will take a great deal of battering; too much battering for the owners to think of attempting; and in fact now they don't think of it.

6
This picture gives you an idea of the actual state of things, in what I've been calling the far square, or far yard. You are standing somewhere about the near corner of that square — about in the place that is hidden by the top corner of X; and your looking towards the stairs. You can see plainly the place of the right hand bottom stairs filled with a stone wall to keep cattle in. — The affair in the left foreground, covered with bush, is the altar — or whatever it may have been — mark XIV. — In the rubbish on the ground, you can see nothing — not even the foundations — or the three little pillars, or pedestals, that were smashed as possible treasure boxes. But the round white thing you see, with a couple of short legs, or feet, stood originally, according to Garcia, on what is represented in the drawing, as the round pedestal. That round thing with feet, is made of plaster, or rather, of stone and mortar plastered over. It is so broken and battered

you can't be sure what it was. It might have been a basin, or cistern; in fact the Garcías call it The font. They call all that part of the ruins The church; the pier XX being The high altar.

This other picture shows you what you could see of the box affair marked VII. The same sides of it as the drawing represents. The Garcías call that The castle. There are certain ornaments - I suppose them to be - stuck on the parapet like crenelations, and you can see that some of them have holes through them; which struck the Garcías fancy as loopholes, for shooting through. The box, inside, is half choked with plaster and mortar rubbish. I've an idea that that plaster and mortar rubbish is the remains of a plaster and mortar image, that stood in the box. The box was a shrine. There's a box just like it - or very like it - in the Xoch, with ~~undoubted remains~~ ~~or~~ undoubted remains of plaster images, about it. - what the drawing represents as the small block No II,

would seem to have been the pedestal of a plaster image, or of some plaster thing.

The two photos show you nearly all the stone ^{work} at the ruins, that a photo could give you any view of, without a great deal of clearing. - In some places there's a good deal of plaster left on the stone. You can see it in the picture, on the face of pier XX; and all over the box VII. - And the floors of plaster. At least, the whole yard, from the pyramid to the terraces, has a plaster floor; though mostly covered over with earth.

The group of ruins that the owners built their cottage from, is to the west of the ruins of the drawing, and within hailing distance of them. It was in that other group of ruins - or in the comparatively small part of them that was demolished for the cottage - that nearly all the pottery and things, I spoke of, were found.

Those ruins are not on any flat piece of ground, like the others, but on a steep slope; the slope of the ridge itself. They are so lost in bush, now, that you can't make out what they're like, exactly. But it's plain they're something quite different

from the ruins or the drawing.

As you might expect from the nature of the ground, there's nothing like court yards or aisles; nothing, in fact, adapted to public ceremonies; nothing, even, that you would call a platform. What there is, seems to be a number of cubes, or blocks, or masonry, higher than a man. The blocks are close together, and seem to form two or three tiers on the hillside. — The blocks put me in mind, somehow, of those oven graves of New Orleans; only these Chipál blocks are rather bigger things. There's a great deal of plaster about them, and they're more or less ornamented, in simple ways. — In front of one or them there are remains of plaster statues, or images, that the Garcías threw down, on the chance of finding the money, under them.

The pottery stuff, or the best part of it, was come across in a hole, or vault, — even, the Garcías call it —

not inside, but underneath, one of the blocks. Old García told me about their making the find. He and his son, it seems, were there. The son was quarrying, and suddenly tumbled into a hole. Then he shouted to his father, and immediately began to hand out pottery. They had struck the money at last. And they put their hands into the pots, and found only a few beads, or bones.

I spoke by chance of the New Orleans graves; but I've an idea that a graveyard, or some sort, is what those block ruins may be. Graves of important persons, perhaps, priests or others, who in life, had something to do with the goings on at the ruins or the drawing. That would make ~~that~~ those block ruins a very likely ground. I suppose, for the sort of buried treasure that you museum people are after.

Besides the two principal groups of ruins, in Chipál, there are various small outlying ruins. And there's a cave of some interest. The cave is near the ruins, but lower down. — In my sketch

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or the situation, there a small stream
represented as starting near the ruins.
The stream comes out of the cave. The
entrance to the cave is not where the water
gets out, but a few feet higher on the
hill side. The entrance is low; you have
to crouch. When you get in, you see
a big pool of clear water below you,
with a sandy bottom; a fine place for
bathing, on a hot day. The cave is not
a big cave; ten metres high perhaps,
and two or three times as long. You get
down to the water by a flight of stone
stairs; twelve or fourteen stairs. — The
entrance, low as it is, is made still more
inconvenient, by a stone about the length
of a man, lying lengthwise in the en-
trance, on the floor. The stone may be
a ^{natural} projection of the floor, but it struck
me there was something artificial about
it. — The entrance is not only low, but
narrow; and at each side of it, where
you go in, there is a rude human figure,
about half a metre high, or so, sketched

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on the face of the rock.

The owner of Chipal would have no
objection to renting you the ruins, and if
you wish you could lodge at his house
there — the cottage I spoke of. You
would have to put up a shed for your men
and perhaps find it necessary to wire fence
the ruins to keep cattle out.

You would get labour in the same
way as at the Xoch, only you couldn't
get Indians from Chipal itself, because the
owners don't give any free time. But there
are plenty of other Indians. For instance
just before you go down to Chipal, you
go through a place called Chinimakim,
with a lot of Indians on it. It belongs to
a Pacific coast coffee plantation, and the
Indians go to work there once a year, for
a month or two, and are free the rest of the
year. — But if you had already worked
at the Xoch, it is probable you wouldn't
have to find many men. You would
already have a following.

Anything you took from Chipal, you

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would probably pack out with Indians
by way of Usbantán and Chixóy. But
if you were afraid of breakage at Chixóy,
or wight a more secluded route, you
could send by the Saint Francis road,
and the Indians will have a way to get
through from Saint Francis to the Xoch,
or directly to the bridge. It's all woods,
but there are paths in it. That would
be the route, anyhow, if you were working
at Saint Francis.

Chipál and Saint Francis are close
together, and as far as transport and
labour were concerned, it would hardly
matter which place you started first,
and possibly, after a little, you would
be working both places at once.

Chipál to Saint Francis is down
hill, two or three leagues, on a bad road.
In a general way you follow the Chipál
river, which you cross twice.

This picture ⁸ I took at a high point
on the road, at about halfway. You are
looking about South West. You are on the
other side of the river from the ruins, and

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looking across the ravine. You see a few
Indian cabins in a clearing; here and there
a tree or the forest left standing.

From that point you go down again to
the river and cross back to the side you
started on, the left side. You are then in
Saint Francis. Just below the crossing, the
Chipál river joins the Chakul river from
the west; so that you are between two
rivers.

The place of the Chipál ruins is about
1750 metres above the sea. Saint Francis
is about 1100; and consequently a different
climate. You can sleep under a sheet in
Saint Francis, when you need a blanket
in Chipál.

The thing about Saint Francis, what
has made it a centre of settlement - both
now, and I suppose, anciently - is the
junction of the rivers, or rather, the
land at the junction; a little fertile flat.
Hills rise up steep all round. - The owner
of the flat has Saint Francis has
turned a great part of the flat, between
the rivers, into a cane field. He makes
brown sugar, and sends it up to ~~Ne Gáh~~
~~Ne Gáh~~ on mules. This owner is an

57
Italian subject, Mr Peter Brob, a very pleasant sensible man. He doesn't care a button about ruins or antiquities, but understands that other people may; and if they wish to come and explore the ruins on his land, he will be happy to see them come, and if they find any buried treasure, they can have it. - He even offered to give the men that might be needed. But he probably changed his mind on that point, when he understood that the exploration would not be an affair of days, but of months.

The Saint Francis ruins, that I saw you the drawing of, are in the cane field in the flat. They were the only ruins I could measure, in Saint Francis, but they are not the chief ruins.

The chief ruins are on the big hillside to the north, on the far side of the Chakul river. They are in a north westerly direction from the cane field ruins, and not far off; about twenty minutes walk by the actual roundabout path.

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Those hill ruins are on the hillside, but they don't stand on a slope. There is a wide shelf in the hillside, not far from the bottom, and the ruins are laid out on that shelf; about 50 metres above the level of the flat.

The shelf is an old clearing, and has been used as a pasture, but it is overgrown with bush. I couldn't see over the ground, and couldn't form an idea of the arrangement of the ruins, but I can say that the extent of ground they occupy is much greater than that of the ruins of Chipal.

The ruins seem to be composed principally of platforms; and the typical platform not oblong, but rather square, eight or ten metres on a side, and the sides vertical. Low blocks of masonry, in fact, is what these platforms are; sometimes two story platforms; and under block, and a smaller block on top. But nothing very high; nothing that would be more than, perhaps, twice the height of a man. Some of the walls had the plaster still on them; and there were remains of inserted plaster images - or whatever the things may have been.

By I couldnt see the arrangement
 or the ruins, I couldnt be sure that
 ther was an arrangement. But prob-
 ably ther iz. At least ther iz to this
 extent, that the blocks ~~that~~ I took
 the bearings or, seemd, az near az I
 could tel, to be all on the same bearings,
 all paralel.

On the same hillside az those ruins
 but a good deal further west - about
 half an hours walk, or more - ther ar
 some other ruins. These other ruins
 ar at a little higher level than the first,
 and the shelf theyr on iz a comparatively
 small place. It haz been cleared or
 woods at some time in the past, but
 its tall bush now, getting to be woods
 once again. Its impossible to see the
 ruins except in one or two spots. Not
 on account or the shade, but on account
 or the depth or vegetable rubbish that
 lies over everything. The ruins dont
 take up much ground; theres not much
 ground for them to take up. At one
 spot, in fact, the ground waznt enough; the

edge or the shelf iz built out, with a
 high wall under it, down the bank.

Its at those ruins that the stone
 and mortar idol iz, that I already sent
 you a picture or. The idol iz 72 centi-
 metres high, and 43 centimetres iz the
 width or the face. It iz on top or a
 ruin heap or some sort; and sits loose on
 whatever iz under it; az if it had been shift-
 ed; perhaps shifted by the Indians, who
 come and burn incense and candles to it.

At the edge or the bush, to the
 west or those ruins, ther waz another im-
 age, or the same sort, but much smaller,
 lying on the ground. Somebody had
 tried to carry it off to sel, I heard,
 but had found it too heavy.

The ruins or the drawing, the cane-
 field ruins, ar in the flat on the left hand
 side or the Chipal river; and close to
 the river. The length or them, from end
 to end, iz about 45 metres.

For the purpose or my measurements
 these ruins wer reasonably visible. But
 they wer not visible for the purpose or ta-
 king a picture. They ar treated az part
 or the cane field, and wer covered with

waving cane. This picture was taken from the yard at the base of platform I. You are looking straight at ~~the~~ XIII, between IV and V. You can't see much but the cane.

In my drawing, you will notice that the conclusion of some platforms, especially on the right hand side, is not even conjecturally indicated, but left indeterminate. It's not the cane that's to be blamed for that, but the fact that the place has been cultivated for a long time.

The right hand side, as you look, the south westerly side, is the hill side of the ruins; the other side is the river side. And with the wash or rain, and the continual tillage of the ground, the ruins have acted as a dam. The earth has filled up, on the hill side, to about the level of the platforms. The bottom of them, on the outside, is ~~quite hidden~~ buried. And the top lines being much obliterated, you can't tell now, without digging down, where the outside was.

On the other side of the ruins, there

less of this uncertainty. The wash or earth is naturally away from the ruins, and on that side there are places where you can even see the foundations. And the drawing represents that, at the bottom of platforms I and II.

There are traces of plaster images, or something of the sort, at the altar - or whatever it may have been, marked IX, and of an inserted plaster image - or something - at the middle of the outside bottom step of platform I. And the yard is paved with plaster, at least where I dug for it, and there are many patches of plaster still left on the walls. All horizontal surfaces are covered with earth deep enough to plant cane and are much disturbed by planting; whether they were all plastered originally, I couldn't tell.

This picture ¹⁰ is looking more or less in the opposite direction to the other. It is taken from the top of a stump in the cane at a distance behind XIII. XIII appears as a mound with cane on it. The big hill side, ahead of you, is the hill side of the other ruins. The place of the westerly ruins, where the idol is, is away

to the left, on that hillside, and not in sight from the cane field ruins. But the easterly hillside ruins, if it wasn't for the bush about them, would be in full sight. If you stood on top of XIII, those ruins would be dead ahead. That is to say, ~~if you lookt at beyond~~ in looking at them, you would be looking over the middle of platform I. The cane field ruins seem to be aiming at those on the hill.

It is a curious coincidence that the bearings I noted for the hill ruins - about NW by N, one way, and NE by E the other; or the opposites of them - should also be the bearings of the cane field ruins. The cane field ruins are not only aiming at those on the hill, but are laid out on parallel lines with them.

Leaving Saint Francis, the road turns sharply to the west. - In getting to Saint Francis, you have come down the Chupál river to its junction with the Chahúl river. Now you have to go up the Chahúl river. St Francis is the end of riding roads down stream. You

go west, now, and go up. And in doing so, you leave the woods behind you. St Francis is a place like Chi Xoch; it is on the fringe of the woods. Not that the country you are getting up into, however, is a bare country. It is not. You still see plenty of woodland all about; especially in ravines and on steep places, and on hilltops; sometimes large tracts, even, of wood. But the continuous forest is gone. The clear part is the continuous area. It is a settled country.

It is the country of the people who speak Ixil. I said that there was a wedge of forest between the settled parts of the Alta Verapaz, and the settled parts of Kiché. The language on the east of that wedge is Kekchí; on the south, two languages, Pokomchí and Kichechí; and on the west, Ixil. All Maya languages; and the two on the south quite closely related, ^{to each other} comparatively; but all mutually unintelligible.

The Ixil country takes in the villages of Nebáh, Kusál, and Chahúl; also the hamlet of Uóm, two days to the

north. And ^{6^r} Xill iz the language or forest settlements on its own side or the forest, including Chipál and St. Francis.

The ruins or Chichél ar wel into the settled country. - Coming out or St Francis, up the ravine or the Kusál, or Chahúl, river, you hav the river on your right. The far side or the ravine iz ~~wooded land~~ woods. About two leagues up, you catch sight or a water fall in those woods. Its the Chahúl water. It falls down into the ravine, and joins the Kusál water in the bottom.

You go on a few steps after seeing that water fall, and you come to a gully, the gully or a tributary brook. You go down and cross the brook, and go up on the other side, and you find yourself on a sort or high promontory; a promontory or land in the angle between the brook and the main stream.

The gully iz behind you, and the valley or the Kusál river ahead. The place iz calld The Sheds (Las Galeras). Ther ar one or two tumble down sheds

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at the side or the road. General some body and his forces, at the time or some revolution, was captured in those sheds; or was not captured; I've forgotten the story. But the high narrow promontory would be a good place for posting a look out.

From there up, the valley or the Kusál water iz no longer a ravine, its a comparatively wide valley. And looking up that valley, you can see in the distance, on the far side, not the ruins or Chichél, but the slopes among which those ruins ar hid.

The ruins ar about a league, or a league and a half from Las Galeras. Thers no ~~riding~~ riding road to the ruins, from any where. But thers a foot path from Las Galeras to Chahúl, and that path goes close to the ruins. That way the way I took to get to them. I establish myself in Las Galeras; not in the general sheds, but in a little white washt house close by, that happend to be empty; and engaged a half breed on the place to show me the way to Chichél.

The ruins or Chichél ar about 1500

metres above the sea. I send you a drawing of these ruins. You will see by my sketch of the situation, that the ruins are situated on a shelf, or table, or land, overlooking the Kusal river valley. On the side away from the valley, the shelf is partly split off from the ground about it by a gully, with a small stream at the bottom. The shelf is made a peninsula, or promontory, on the side of the valley.

It is a flat topped promontory, with steep sides. The sides are wooded. But the flat top has long been a favourite place for corn fields, and the growth that covers it, is mostly only weeds and young brush. As soon as you see the place, from above, you see that there are mounds on it which look as if they might be ruins.

You can see that much in this picture. I took it one evening as I was leaving. It is looking west, over the promontory; and consequently more or less opposite to how you are looking in my perspective drawing.

ing. The Kusal river valley is on your left in this picture, but not ^{seen} in the picture. The high hills on the right, and the wooded country under them, is all on the far side of the gully. The line of the gully is nothing distinguishable. - The long parallel shadows on the flat are mainly the platform IX and X. Further off you see XII. The clump of woods, beyond, is at the tip of the promontory. Under those woods there are some small outlying ruins.

The biggest single object in the ruins is not in the picture at all, but behind you; rather to your left, and rather higher up. That object is the pyramid; the direction of which is pointed out in my drawing.

The pyramid is off to one side from the main body of the ruins, and stands on higher ground. It is about at the junction of the promontory with the hill side behind. If it had not been for my guide, who had once lived at Chichel, I should probably never have suspected the existence of that pyramid. The pyramid - unlike

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the other ruins, is covered with a tangle
of brush, and looks like any other small
hill. I couldn't measure the pyramid.
I couldn't even get a decent sight of it. But
I estimated that on the side I climbed it,
it was about ten metres high. - We
chopt our way to the top; and on top
found a stone and mortar idol; very like
the Saint Francis idol, that you have the
pictures of, but about two thirds the size.

The length of the main body of the
ruins, from the back of XII to the far
end of I, is a little over 120 metres;
the width, including what is visible of
XI, is about 80 metres. - In the per-
spective drawing, the near side of the
ruins, or the northerly side, is the gully
side. The brow of the gully is indicated.
The gully, along there, is not far from its
beginning, and is not deep; ten metres
or so.

The ruins come out to the very brow.
Even where there are no platforms, the
brow of the gully is defined by a line of
stone work. The stone work is carried

down for a short distance, as a facing to
the steep slope of the gully. - Whatever
the age of the ruins may be, they're not
older, in that part, than that little gully.

You will notice that along the brow
of the gully, there's a middle stretch left
indeterminate. It was covered with a thick
mat of tough brush, and I couldn't make
out just how the stone work went. - Parts
of the platforms X, XI, and XII, are also
left indeterminate. In their present
state, they simply slope off into the surround-
ing ground, and I could find no stone
corners or anything, to conjecture how
the things ended.

On the right hand side of the ~~box~~
VIII, you get out of the yard by a couple
of stairs. On the left hand side, at
either end of VII, you get out by a short
slope. That's how it is on the ground, and
I've represented it so on the paper. I've
represented the slopes as mere slopes, in-
clined planes; because that's all I could
make them out to be.

But you will understand that the hole
place is covered with sod, and has been
~~very much~~ tilled over and over, and
trodden by cattle; and it might very well

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be, that those slopes were the remains of stairs, and should have been so represented. — That passage between VII and IX is a place I shall forget in a hurry. I can say that it took me a day to measure the width of it. I was at The Sheds, one morning, running over my notes, or Chichel. I supposed I was done with the place, and I was about to start away. They were saddling the beasts. All of a sudden, I gave the order to stop. Take off the saddles. I had just found that I had not written down that measurement. I might have worked it out somehow, by additions and subtractions, but I wanted to satisfy myself about that particular passage, and that took another day.

The thing marked V is simply a slab of stone, standing on edge. The stone is not ~~direct~~ dressed, but the edges and sides are about parallel. There is not much doubt in my mind but that the stone has fallen down; that originally it stood on end; and that it stood on top of the round pedestal stone in VI. But the case is like that of the inclined planes.

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I have represented the actual state of things, though it may be misrepresenting the idea of the ruins. Even if I ventured to set up the stone, on paper, I could not conjecture in what direction it faced.

I might add something of the same sort about the two blocks on top of the compound platform XII. The front block, the big one, has some traces of having perhaps had a smaller block on top of it; some superstructure. And the back block was a pedestal for something. You can trace the base of a plaster image on it, or something of that nature.

The box — or whatever you call it — marked VIII, seems to have been the place of some plaster idol affair. It is choked up with plaster rubbish, and I could not exactly see what the box was shaped like, on the inside. The inside drawing is merely representative.

And on the outside, there are ornaments and details not shown. In particular, some narrow horizontal mouldings, or ledges, running round. And my guide told me a curious thing. On a certain ledge, or shelf, at the back of the box, that is to say

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facing IV, there used to be a row of smooth balls, or plaster, or mortar. And they were attached with mortar to the shelf where they stood. The balls were bigger than a man's head, and they had something the shape of a man's head. When my guide lived at the ruins, and had a cornfield on them, he had often noticed these round ornaments, as he considered them, and one day he had the curiosity to break one of them off from the shelf. And he was surprised to find that the thing was not nearly so weighty as it looked. Evidently it was hollow. And with some trouble, he broke it open with his cutlass, and found, inside, a human skull. The skull was encased in a thick layer of mortar. And so it was with all the other balls. That was a number of years ago. There are now no remnants of those ornaments to be found.

Chichél is not a hamlet, it is simply the place of the ruins. The land it belongs to a native, a Mr. Cristino de León; a captain in the army, and employed on the President's staff in Gua-

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temala. The land is looked after — it is a small bit of land with a few cornfields on it — is looked after by the man's brother. The brother, however, doesn't, or at least didn't, actually live at Chichél, but in the neighbouring village of Chahúl. I thought I might as well go and look at him. It wasn't far. A couple of leagues from The Sheds to Kusál, and a couple more to Chahúl.

It is more or less up hill all the way. The Sheds are about 1400 metres above the sea; Kusál — a village about the size of Usbantán — 1800 metres, and Chahúl about 2000. Chahúl is a cold wet place. It is on the south side of a range of wooded hills. If it is not raining, there is a wide view to the south, the basin of country that Chahúl and Kusál are both in, and beyond that, a high mountain ridge; the mountain between Kusál and Kunén. But it is mostly raining or misting.

As for the village, it is a mud hole on the side of a hill. It is amusing, when you are in one of these places, Chahúl, or Usbantán, or Taktik, to look at the maps, and see these poor pelting villages put

down as ^{the} Important Cities. Chakul is nothing but two or three dirty lanes, radiating from a dingy church. All the signs of life are a not or drunken Indians somewhere. An occasional dog tail woman with a water jar on her head; pigs and goats going about to keep the weeds down.

And yet it happens that this out of the way village of Indians, is able to attract travelers, in great numbers, and from distant places. The dingy, dilapidated looking church is a noted shrine; a Guatemala Sainte Anne de Beaupré. Many miracles are attested. The great day is the second Friday in Lent. Pilgrims are there from as far as Mexico and Salvador. The hovels of the inhabitants are full of strangers. Crowds are camped in the open places under tents and booths. The mud hole has one moment of strange importance.

But it's only a moment. There were no crowds the evening I got in from the Sheds. Nothing but silence and rain. I cast anchor in an empty out building or the church. There was not even a resident

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priest. I had difficulty in getting supper. My attendant reported, No supper anywhere I had to go prospecting myself; and finally got supper. But it cost me a dog bite. I was at the door of a house talking - or rather listening - to a woman, telling me the usual tale; She was sorry; impossible to get me anything at that hour; Come in the morning; and so on; and at that point a dog rushed out of the house barking, and got a nip at me before I could turn, and then rushed back to where she came from; a savage bitch that had evidently just had pups. - But the interruption somehow changed the lady's thoughts. From that moment, I began to be an interesting person to her, and she ended by giving me supper and everything else.

Well, the point is, I saw the Chichell man. He turned out to be the clerk of the court house in Chakul, and for the time being, a very influential person. The alcalde being an Indian, not able to read or write, and speaking very little Spanish, and drunk after ten o'clock in the morning, he has to go very much by what the clerk tells him. The clerk is the grand vizier.

He turned out the jail for me to photograph. Here's the picture ¹²; seven men, and a woman. What they were in jail for, most or them, was getting money from plantation agents, and then not going to work it out. They're all Chichil Indians. The men's jackets are red, red cotton; a reminiscence, probably, or something that may have been fashionable in Spain, or used by Spanish soldiers, two or three hundred years ago. Indians are very conservative. Even Spanish words that they use, they pronounce, not as in modern Spanish, but according to the pronunciation of the conquerors. — The front man, standing, has a black woolen kapixáy, as it is called, over his jacket. The woman has a row of brass earrings in her ear. You see the women with those tokens with as many as half a dozen earrings in an ear. — And that might account for the fact that in various Indian languages an earring is called by the same name as a necklace, or is called an ear necklace. — Well, this clerk was a man

about thirty. He gave me to understand he wasn't making much out of his job, and had thoughts of throwing it up, and going to live at Chichil. Far from objecting to your working at Chichil, he would throw himself into your plans; give you the new thatched house that he was putting up for himself close to the ruins; and offered to give up the men on the place to you. It would be better business for him than pottering at whatever little farming he may be doing on the place now.

In making business arrangements with owners of ruins, it would be a good plan to stipulate that rent, or pay, whether in the lump, or by instalments, must not be in advance. Because if you paid in advance, and didn't get what you paid for, you couldn't very well make a fight. You couldn't make a legal agreement that would hold, and that you could rely on, because if it came to the point, your own business or ruin work would be considered against law.

If you found the Chichil men were not enough for you, you could get plenty in the neighbourhood. You could get them

from the Galeras land. That land is another like Chinimakin, that I mentioned in connexion with Chipal. The Indians have to go to work periodically at a Pacific coast plantation, and at other times are free.

I think, too, you would find some antiquarian work to do at the Sheds. Not long ago a quantity of interesting pottery was found there. I had great hopes of getting it for you. But I found the owner or the place had gone, and taken the pottery with him. And furthermore, that he was no longer the owner. He had just sold out to the present owners. But these present owners would give you leave to explore. One of the owners, I believe, is an American with large business interests in Guatemala. - The pottery that was found, was found in one small mound that was pointed out to me. It is on the top of the promontory, as I've called it, a few steps from the house I lodged in.

You can see by my diagram, that the way to pack things out from Chichel and the Sheds, would be on Indians,

by way of Saint Francis and the Providencia Bridge. But the direct way for riding, from San Cristobal, would be by Chixoy, Kunen, and Kusab. There is a riding road, though a bad one, from Kunen to Kusab, straight over the mountain.

The direct way to Nebah, is also by Kunen. You go through Kunen and branch off to the right, as the diagram shows. You get over the Kuchumatán top through a gap. Kunen to Nebah is about five leagues.

Nebah is about the same height above the sea as Chahil, but not nearly so rainy, and the situation is more inviting, a fine tract of rolling country, sheltered by mountains. The village of Nebah is the most important place there is, between San Cristobal and Huehuetenango; and it is the only place north of the Kuchumatán line, in those parts, that has a telegraph wire.

Years ago, when I first visited Nebah it was a different place from what it is now. There were very few natives in sight; and they were evidently in some one of the

Indians. The massacre of Soloma was still in peoples minds. A foreigner was a rare visitor. There was an Italian priest — since dead, poor man — who took me in, and roasted a fowl for me with his own hands. For forage and guides and so on, I had an order in my pocket from the governor; in case there was any body who could read it. — The priest was a Neapolitan; and I remember he remarked, it was a long way from Naples to Nebah.

But Nebah today is quite a civilized place. White washed houses, natives with collars and neckties, the alcalde no longer an Indian, a telegraph station, a shop that sells penknives, as well as hoes and cutlasses; and above all, an unceasing coming and going of labour contractors and plantation agents, getting out gangs of Indians for the Pacific coast.

And there rum. The place stinks of it. The Indians are drunk from morning till night. — There is a distillery in Nebah. The black sugar that comes up from Saint Francis, and other places where sugar cane grows, is melted back into water

in Nebah, and distilled into rum. But that rum is not enough. Rum has to be brought in from other places.

An Indian in the woods, or on his land, is not a drunkard. He couldn't be. If he had any rum he would drink it up at once and be done with it. But in town he has no chance. In the days I was in Nebah you could hardly see an Indian on the street, after nine o'clock in the morning, who wasn't already dizzy. I used to think that Chichicastenango was the drunkenest town in the country, but now I think it's Nebah.

My plans at Nebah were upset by rum. There are two ruin places, that I know of, that are to be got at from Nebah, and I did nothing at either of them; and one of them I never even saw. The Indians I was going to take were never sober.

The ruins that I saw, may be called the ruins of Nebah. They're on the south west side of the town, at about ten minutes ride. They occupy a small table ground. They seem to consist mainly of a group of platforms; long, high, mounds, with flat tops, and ~~sloping~~ sloping sides.

Those ruins don't resemble any that I have so far described. What they resemble is a certain group of ruins in Xolchún; the group of platforms that I've numbered xxxiv to xxxix.

The Nebáh platforms, like those of Xolchún, were covered with sod. But in Nebáh there was no stone peeping out from the sod; no signs of stairs up the sides of the platforms; and, whether the modern inhabitants have robbed the ruins of stone, or whatever may be the reason, there were no walls or masonry visible anywhere in the ruins; nothing but those big green platforms.

At a little distance from the platforms however, there was at least one mound of another sort. It was a small round mound, four or five metres across, made of earth. It was dug into, some years ago, by a couple of treasure hunters. They dug a deep pit in it. They found no gold or silver, but they found some pottery, which is now, I believe, in Guatemala. My curiosity, No 137, was the result of some subse-

quent poking in the same pit. There was nothing valuable found there.

The ruins that I did not see, were some stone ruins at a place called Xolkil, or rather Big Xolkil. There is a Big and a little Xolkil. Big Xolkil is a hamlet north west of Nebáh, five or six leagues off. There are lofty precipitous mountains in that direction, and Big Xolkil is at the foot of them, on the Nebáh side. The alcalde of Nebáh, very obligingly, placed three or four Indians at my disposition, to go with me to the place, as guides, and choppers, and baggage carriers. There is no riding road to the place. But I never got there. I never started. I made my preparations overnight, but in the morning, the Indians didn't turn up. The alcalde sent out to find what the matter was, and after some hours, it appeared that the men had got too drunk, the afternoon before, to get ready for the trip; and were still in no state to get ready. The alcalde thought the best thing, then, was to appoint other men, for the next morning; and they were notified. But the morning came, and not the men. By and

By, one man did come; but too late to start; and all his preparations for the trip appeared to consist of half a bottle of rum. He was slammed into jail. And so were the others, one by one. Before evening the alcalde had them all in jail. But that did me no good. I thanked the alcalde, and told him I had decided to go on to Xolchún. I would come back to Nebáh at some ~~of~~ more favourable moment.

No doubt I had struck the place at a specially bad moment. The plantation agents were at the height of their activity, scattering money, advance pay for work, and every Indian was able to buy rum. The rum business and the coffee business work together in this country, automatically. The plantation ~~agent~~ advances money to the Indian, and the rum seller takes it away from him, and the Indian has to go to work again. Work leads to rum, and rum leads to work. It doesn't matter that the work happens to be plantation work. It might as well be excavating ruins. But to ~~get~~ get results

from the system, the rum and the work have to be in different places. That's the moral I drew from my experience at Nebáh.

Nebáh to Xolchún is south west. It's about seven leagues; up one side of the mountain and down the other. The gap where you cross the top, is not the highest point of the road, it would seem. According to my barometer, the highest point on the road, about 2500 metres, is at a point ~~at~~ that you climb to on the southern face of the mountain, before going down hill for good. The lowest point is about 1600 metres; at a point between the white river - so called because it's a foaming torrent - and the Saint John. Kunén to Xolchún, the direct road, there's no such great up and down. There's no mountain to cross. The distance may be about ten leagues.

Xolchún is so far west, however, that for any body coming from abroad to look at it, the shortest way would be to take the railway from Port Barrios to Guatemala and thence to Saint Philip, under Quezaltenango. From St. Philip, you can drive to Huehuetenango. Then hire a

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mule to the ruins; its only five or six leagues; you can do it in four hours, easy.

Xolchún is about 1750 metres above the sea. It is a warmer country than places of the same height on the other side of the Cuchumatáns. But what strikes you most, looking down on the Xolchún ^{and} all the neighbouring regions, is that it is a bare, desolate, dry looking country; and a sunbaked country. It is not really baked by the sun. I was a good deal hindered in Xolchún by rain. But coming from the woods, this southern country has a brown, sunbaked look. It looks hotter than it is.

In one important respect, Xolchún is a place like Saint Francis. It is a flat at the confluence of two rivers. But the Xolchún place is much bigger and more open. I send you a plan of the ruins of Xolchún, with a sketch of the situation. The two rivers, as you see, are the Saint John river, and the river of Aguacatán; the flat of Xolchún is in the upper angle between them.

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Here you have a picture of where the rivers meet. You are standing on the flat of Xolchún and looking down stream. The river on your left is the Saint John. The river on the right is from Aguacatán. The hills on the left are the foot hills of the Cuchumatáns. The hill top on the right is Pueblo Viejo; so called apparently, because there are some ruins there. That Pueblo Viejo top is about 100 metres above the river. The low ground in front of you is often overflowed. It is the tip of the Xolchún flat. The ground you are standing on, and all the flat behind you, is several metres higher, quite out of reach of floods. — And that is the ground the ruins are on. The ruins ^{are} all behind you. The picture is taken from platform VIII, looking east.

The flat of Xolchún, you may imagine as roughly speaking, triangular; bounded on two sides by the two rivers; and on the third by those heights, that I have marked in the sketch as the heights of Chalchitán; which are about the same height as Pueblo Viejo. The Chalchitán

height has the Aguacatan river valley on one side, and the Saint John valley on the other; and the two valleys join in Xolchün.

The Saint John river, or at least the main body of it, comes out of a hole in the ground, a short distance above Xolchün. The Aguacatan brook, which is a smaller stream, is much longer. A little beyond Aguacatan, you cross that brook, going to Huehuetenango.

Aguacatan, which is a village about the size of Uspantan, or smaller, and consists mainly of one street, is about half a league from Xolchün. Xolchün and Aguacatan are included in what is called Chalchitan. Chalchitan is the whole stretch of land on the left side of the brook, from the Saint John river up, both bottom land and heights.

The language of Chalchitan and the surrounding country, is related to all the neighbouring languages, but distinct from them. Indians of the other languages cannot understand the Chal-

chitan language, and vice versa.

Xolchün is not a village, nor a hamlet even. It is simply the place of the ruins. But there are people living about, and the place is all cleared, and farmed. The ruins themselves are a scene of cultivation. The ground amongst them is all cornfields and beanfields and canefields. Village is carried up to the base of every ruin, and the tops or platforms are tilled. Only the sides escape. And the tillage of the ground has evidently gone on for a long time. There are low stone fences here and there, dividing the ground into fields. And where the fence can act as a dam, where the fence lies across the drainage of the flat, you find the ground on the upper side filled up to the level of the fence. And the ruins themselves have acted as dams. The ground is nearly always a little higher on one side than on another, and the height, the exact height to be ascribed to a ruin is a matter of judgment.

There is almost no bush to bother you. The only place for bush is on fences and on the sides of mounds. And there is not

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not much bush on the mounds. There are too many goats and sheep. Wherever there are no standing crops, goats and sheep are led about, and very little bush can make head against them. There are nettle trees and prickly pears on the ruins, and here and there there may be a formidable thicket of them. But on the whole, the ruins are clear of bush. They are hidden only by the sod; you can see the artificial nature of them as far off, almost, as you can see them at all.

The general appearance of the place, as I saw it, you can judge from this picture; it is three pieces ¹⁴ in the middle piece you are looking more or less as you were in the first picture; looking down the hollow of the united rivers, the Cuchumatanes on the left, and the Pueblo Viejo hill on the right. And you can just see the water about the confluence of the rivers. But instead of having the ruins behind you, as before, you now have the greater part of them in front of you. The picture is taken from the top

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of the two story platform XXXI. The sweep of the hole picture is from a little left of XXIII to a little right of XXVII.

You see the mounds, with the tufts of bush on them. The big mound on the left is of course Number III. And you see the fields or stubble all about. The yard XXV is itself a stubble field, the bush in the middle of it being XXVII.

The ruins of Xolchún, as you will find on my plan, measure about 925 metres, north and south; and about 425 metres, east and west; that is to say, in round numbers, about 1100 feet one way, and 1400 the other. I have forgotten the measurements of the ruins of Copán; but within the limits of Guatemala, at least, it is probable the ruins of Xolchún are much the most extensive that exist. It is a long time since I've seen the ruins of Kiché, but I think you will find they occupy much less ground than the ruins of Xolchún; while as for the amount of building work in the two places, there is more work at Xolchún in the single pyramid Number III.

than in all the ruins or Kiché together.

It was a long business measuring Xolchún, even in the rough way that I measured. — When I set out on this trip, I had no idea of actually measuring ruins at all; much less of constructing plans and perspectives. I had the idea of ruins in my head; but no precise notion of what shape my report might take. My notion was, that the camera would convey all the visual ideas necessary; and that if anything should seem to be wanting, here and there, it could be supplied by talk.

I got rid of that notion at the first ruins I tried to fotograf. If any ruins had been reasonably clean, and in addition there had been a good point to view them from, something might have been done with a camera. But as it was, it was plain that I might fotograf the ruins from every point of the compass, and talk about them for a year; and as far as the main thing was concerned, the system of the ruins — you would have

no more notion of ~~them~~ ^{it} at the end, practically, than you had at the beginning. There was nothing for it but measuring and drawing.

So I measured and drew. But with a pocket tape for all my surveying instruments, the measurement of Xolchún and so big a place as Xolchún was tedious, especially with raw Indians. — I had ~~two~~ two or three Indians daily from Aguacatán. I gave them some multiple of a metre to measure with. And they had to learn how to measure. At the end of each length they stuck a cutlass in the ground; and they had to learn to stick it at the end, and not somewhere within a hand's breadth. And they had to count. When they stuck the cutlass they had to sing out. I was usually some distance ahead. And they would continually skip numbers; they would sing out Four, Five, Seven; or Eleven, Fourteen, Fifteen. It bothered them to count in Spanish. They would say things like Twenty eight, Twenty nine, Twenty ten; and then get confused. Afterwards I had them sing out in their own language, and

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The counting improved. - They learned, presently, that a distance had become out the same, backwards or forwards. And I believe their errors in ~~then~~ the end hardly amounted to one part in 1000. The tendency, I think was to diminish distances. Its probable the true scale of my plan is not actually 1 in 1000, but something like 1 in ~~1000~~ 1001.

Besides the great extent, and number, of the ruins, there another peculiarity about them, especially troublesome to a man without a theodolite. The layout of the ruins is not rectangular; at least you cant depend on its being rectangular. The lines of VIII, for instance, dont turn out parallel, or at right angles, to those of XXXVIII; or again to those of XIX; and so on.

In any of the other ruins I measured, you could assume that all the plan lines were either parallel or at right angles to each other. And besides, there a great deal of symmetry or arrangement to help you. In Xalchín, it is probable

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that most of the mounds are in themselves rectangles, but in the arrangement of them, there neither rectangularity nor symmetry, to any useful extent.

The absence of symmetry, the absence of any ~~the~~ simple arrangement, is plain enough to any body who looks at my plan. But its not so plain on the ground. I wasted several days, I suppose, ~~tramping up and down~~ ~~tramping~~ ~~up and down~~ ~~tramping~~ ~~up and down~~, looking for lines or arrangement. Simple lines; which I supposed must exist, if I could only see them. My Indians followed me about with armfuls of range poles. If three or four things looked as if they might be in line, I tested them with range poles. But it always turned out the things were not in line, or if the centres were pretty nearly in a line, ~~it would turn out~~ ~~to be not~~ ~~parallel~~ ~~to the side lines~~; or something of the sort. I used up a great many range poles. I had the mounds looking like hedge hogs, almost, before I was done; but without finding any arrangement such as I was looking for.

Its evident, or course, that there is arrangement. The mounds and things are not thrown about, higgledy piggledy. For one thing, there are evident groups. And if the mounds, and lines, are not exactly parallel ~~to each other~~, or at right angles to each other, throughout, yet they are usually pretty nearly so; nearly enough to deceive any casual spectator. And the very aberrations, often, suggest intention. But whatever the intentions and arrangements may be, they are not clear enough to be any help in measurement. It is they themselves that have to be discovered by measurement.

I haven't discovered them. The discovery of them would need exact measurements, and I couldn't take exact measurements. Not really for want of a theodolite, however, but because the ruins are ~~so~~ covered with sod. There are almost no sharp lines to measure to.

Underneath the sod there is stone; stone stairs, usually; running all the way

round, and all the way up; so that the building is more or less like a truncated pyramid, oblong or square, but narrowing in to the top. These stairs make a great many stone lines to go by, if you could see them. But the stairs are filled with rubbish, and covered with sod. The stone work peeps out here and there; but usually more or less ruinous, or dislocated; and almost never enough of it to establish a line. All you have is a grassy - or sometimes stony - mound, with indefinite, rounded outlines.

And its things of that shape that you see represented, predominatingly, on my plan. I don't, in the main, pretend to represent stone lines. All that I attempt to represent or locate, as a rule, is the mound, the visible envelope, in which the stone ruin is embedded.

I measured the length and breadth of the mounds, both bottom and top; that is, as near as I could judge the limits, bottom and top. And I took great pains about the direction of the mounds. If there was a fair stone line, I took the direction from that.

If there was no acceptable stone line, then I usually took the base line or the mound, if the base line was anything definable; otherwise the top side-lines, or an average middle line.

But trying to be exact about the mounds, as they are, is bound to be more or less lost work. No two people, probably, would agree about the lines or even the visible mound; and if they did agree, they could still never be sure how near the visible surface tallied, or didn't tally, with the stone underneath. If you cleaned the mounds enough to survey the stone, and corrected my plan of the ruins accordingly, my opinion is that the position or ~~centres~~ centres would not be seriously altered; but the mounds would in many cases be rotated. The rotations would be slight. But in tracing the recondite arrangements of Xolchún, those slight rotations would probably be important.

My plan is ~~only~~ what I say it is: Approximate. It couldn't be anything else. And I hesitated greatly about measuring

Xolchún. But it happened, that besides the ruins being practically clear or bush, it was a moment when there were ^{almost} no standing crops on the place. A more favourable moment might never come. And considering the importance of the ruins, I thought the Museum would be glad of even an approximate plan.

In my numbering of the ruins, I don't intend to indicate any theory or grouping them. The numbering winds about, merely in what seemed to me to be as easy a way as any for the eye to pick up the numbers.

The southern part of XV is left indeterminate, because the mound there is in a state of great ruin, or incompleteness, and merges indeterminately in the adjacent ground. So again with the southern part of I; and the eastern part of ~~XXXV~~ XXXI.

The top of II is not in the middle, because the ground is higher on one side, than on the other; as you see in the profile. So again with XXIX, and XXXVIII. XXXVIII is a mound that has acted as a dam, the ground filling up on the south side. The crooked west base line of XIX is partly

due to ruin, but mainly to a wave in the ground. The crooked line is the intersection of the mound-slope with the wave.

In the top platform of XIX, the south side, in most of its height, is a visible wall; indicated on the plan by a black line. So also there are visible walls on the south sides of V and VI; on three sides of XXXI; and, to some extent, on three sides of the yard XXV; and in XIX, again, there some wall visible on the east side, under the brow of the lower platform. On most of the walls visible, there is a good deal of plaster preserved.

The north side of XXI is shown as a waving black line. It is not a wall, but neither is it a slope. The mound is torn down, or ruined, more or less vertically. So again, the west sides of VIII and XII, and the north end of XXIII.

You can say, I suppose, that the ruins of Xolchún were never measured, till they were measured for your museum. But the museum has not been the first investigator of them. There have been at least two investigators, or a certain sort,

before you; and they have done some damage. My information about them, I got mostly at the ruins themselves, from a farmer in whose house I lodged. He is the owner or part owner of the place, and he has been living there for some thirty years. He's now a man of fifty five or sixty.

The first investigator he tells about was a certain Colonel Elgueta, Manuel García Elgueta, who lived in Totonacapan. He died just a few years ago. He was a man of antiquarian tastes, ^(I should say) but without much knowledge. Like most of these people, he had no taste for exactness. He wrote some pamphlets about Indian, that I've seen; full of absurdities.

This man came, it seems, at two different times to the ruins of Xolchún, and dug at them. The first time was in the latter eighties or last century, or the early nineties. He made a great many finds — I don't know what, exactly — and part of them, at least, were exhibited at Chicago in 1892; and were reported to be worth a great deal of money. What the fate of the exhibit was, I don't know, but I've an impression that some of

the things found their way to California, and others to Paris. You could probably find out.

Elgueta's second digging was some time about the end of the century; and again he got a great many things. My landlord saw the things, but his account of them was never very intelligible. There were some things made of steel, according to him; but he went on to describe the metal as of a whitish yellow colour. And there was some little machine for boring holes in stone; you gave two or three turns to something, and in a jiffy there was a hole started in the stone.

In these last diggings of Elgueta's there was a partnership between him and my landlord. My landlord was the owner of the site, and I think, gave Elgueta the necessary men, and Elgueta managed the work. Elgueta and my landlord were to go halves on the finds, or on the proceeds of the finds; Elgueta was to sell them somewhere.

The work at Xolchín was getting on famously, when of a sudden, Elgueta had to take to his heels. The law I told you of

was put in motion against him. An armed commission arrived one night, with orders to seize him, and bind him, and take him to Huehuetenango. Some how or other Elgueta got a few moments warning of the commission, and managed to get away. He remained in hiding, I believe, for a long time; and he never came back to Xolchín.

As for the finds that had been made, that were going to be fortune of the partners, Elgueta had always kept sending them off to Totonicapán, my landlord believes it was; and that was the last my landlord ever knew of them. He regards himself as having been swindled by the colonel.

The spots where Elgueta worked as indicated on my plan. I don't know the order of them, exactly; but it was he that demolished the eastern side of XXXI. We made the excavation round IV, V, and XI. IV, V, and VI are flat topped masses of masonry. It looks as if IV and V, at least, were originally one mass, and Elgueta had demolished the middle of it. We also made the hole between that place and VII. Almost his last job was to tear down the west

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side of VII. He had just begun to tear down the east side of III, when his operations were put a stop to. All the damage he did to III is where you see a piece of black line, at the inside of the long platform.

About half a dozen years after the flight of Elgueta, the second investigator appeared; a man called García; a Mexican, I believe. He's now living in Huehuetenango, and I've spoken to him. He confirms what my land lord had to say.

García is a man who has been a miner, and a cattle dealer, and a publican, and I don't know what else. He has no pretensions to being an antiquary. — But he had heard of things being dug up at Xolchun, and he thought he might find things too, and get some splendid price for them. It was a mining enterprise.

He got permission from the governor, somehow, to go and dig. He found

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absolutely nothing. The only place of his that I've troubled to mark, is where he broke through the middle of XXIV. — Besides that, he dug a little hole in XXX, at the middle of the north side. There remains there that indicate a plaster image, or something of the sort. — He also thought corners might be worth trying; he sank holes into the two south corners of III. — García, like most people of the country, regarded archaeology as a branch of mining; and I suppose it is, to some extent. But it was a branch of the business that was new to García. He found an unfavourable opinion of it, and soon went away.

I am not sure, but I think it was at the time of Elgueta's first diggings, and at Elgueta's instance, that the affair market XXVII was destroyed. What's left of the affair now is a pit half filled with loose stone, and a ruin border round the pit. What it contained formerly, was a great square cistern, or rather, cubical cistern, cut out of

one stone. It was dislodged with great labour, and dragd on a sledge, little by little, to Aguacatán. It took seven yoke or oxen to drag it, on a level road. The cistern was placed, and now stands, in the middle of the little village square. The cistern, on the outside, is about 1.5 metres long; 1.1 wide; and 1.1 high; and the sides are about 20 cm. thick. It is flat bottomed; and on one side, near a corner, there is a vent, or bung-hole, flush with the inside bottom. And that struck me as very strange; because Indians who knew the cistern or old, and helped to dislodge it, declare, with one voice, that it was sunk in the ground, almost to the brim.

There seem to be some other sunken cisterns on the place. XVI, XVII, and XL are squares or visible stone. You will see by the table of heights that they rise very little above the ground. And they are probably all hollow, like square wells. In XVI and XL the mouths

and top surfaces are hidden ~~under~~ ^{under} by the loose stone, piled up high on them by the modern tillers of the soil. But XVII is not covered, its only choked, with loose stone. The mouth is visible; you can measure the thickness of the four sides. They are about 20 cm. thick. — XL is possibly a single stone, like the cistern taken from XXVII. The other two are built masonry.

On top of ^{the pyramid} III there is a hole; also on top of VII; and through the top of XI there is a trench. The holes are more or less rectangular. The sides are more or less vertical; but they are rough, as if they were the work of some excavator. There is no doubt the trench is an excavation.

I could not learn the history of any of the three. None of them was made by García, because I asked him. My Xolchún landlord, who lives on the spot — his house is just south of VIII — says that the hole on top of III has been there forever; that is since any body remembers. As for the hole in VII, he

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didn't know of its existence. We had possibly never been to the top. The mound is very steep and stony, and a place of snakes.

In the middle of the east side of III, down at the bottom, you see a hole, or passage, indicated. It goes down hill into the mound, and goes under the platform, like a cellar; as you can see in the profile.

To look at it, you would take that rough hole, or cellar, to be somebody's excavation; but my landlord says it's not. According to him, ~~it~~ it belongs to the original structure; and only looks now like an excavation, because there was a falling in, some years ago, of the original roof and sides.

We say the passage used to lead down to a well or water; a square stone well, or cistern; or bath, as he himself sometimes called it — or beautiful clear water. Where the water came from, he didn't know. But there it was. And he supposes it's there yet; buried up under the stone that ~~fell into~~

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caved in.

When I think of that stone well, with its constant supply of water, I can't help thinking of the cistern torn out of XXVII, with the bung hole at the bottom. And I can hardly doubt that if you cleaned out XVI, XVII, and XL, you would find bung holes at the bottom of them too. There must be channels leading to those bung holes. I won't go on speculating.

It was shortly after Elguetas's first descent on Xolchün, I believe, that the cave-in at III took place. According to the Indians, the mound fell in, and buried things, because it was angered at Elguetas's doings.

The Indians have a belief that the cellar is inhabited by a mysterious snake; and they respect its habitation. The entrance was choked with brush. And I had to take a cutlass and go in myself before the men would follow me. There was no snake. *Unania arcana*.

There are three pyramids — so to call them — on the place; III, VII, and XI. XI is so shapeless with rubbish and sod

that you can hardly see what way it faces, or where the corners are; or even whether it has faces or corners. You might almost think it was meant rather for a cone, with a round base. On the north side of the base, however, at the west end, there is a little bit of stone work visible, and it shows what must have been a straight line.

That stone work is a bit of stair, and except for that bit, I shouldn't have known there were stairs at all on XI. I didn't notice any signs of stairs on VII. But the stairs on III are quite traceable in many places, especially on the west side. I couldn't exactly measure them, but they would be about a metre high. - I tried to use the pieces of stair visible to get the direction of III, but had to give it up. All the sides of the mound have bulged, and the stair ~~lines~~ lines have bulged too. Within certain limits, you could get any direction you pleased from the stairs.

That pyramid is the great feature of the place; to the casual eye. Roughly speaking, it's over 170 feet high, and

(about 170 feet square. - And that pyramid is an object of veneration to the modern Indians. Not to mention the snake in the cellar, the Indians are continually going on top, to burn incense. They do it for luck. And the doctors and wizards recite their gibberish up there; and take their patients up with them - or the relatives of their patients - and whip them up there on top, and so on. - At the same time, the nature of their belief about the pyramid doesn't hinder the Indians from pasturing their sheep over it with perfect indifference.

When you stand in the cellar of III, and look round, you see that the pyramid is not a heap of earth, inside, but a heap of stone. The stones are not very big stones; bigger than a man's head, though, usually; thrown together anyhow; and forming - at least in that part of the structure - a compact mass. There may be some little earth in the chinks between stones, but very little; what you see is an almost pure mass of stone.

VII, on the other hand, judging from Elguetas demolition, seems to have a good deal of earth in it, both top and bottom.

Stone, with earth between the stones, is also what you see, in looking at the demolished parts of XXIII, XXIV, and XXXI, and in other places. But IV, V, and VI, are solid masonry; stone and mortar.

There is a curious thing about the inside of XXIV. When you look at the sides of the breach that García made in it, you can see, that some distance below the present platform, there was an older platform, with a plaster ~~top surface~~ ^{floors}. The present building is an improvement, or heightening of an older one. — It is evident that Xolchún is the work of different generations of men.

The owner of the eastern part — and greater part — of the ruins, is the man I've been calling my landlord. His name is Anastasio Sáenz. Besides farming his bit of land, he is also a labour recruiter on a small scale. He would have no objection to renting you his ruins, and would help you in every way, as a matter of business; give you board and lodging, if you wish, and probably give you men. — The western part of

the ruins is owned by various Indians, who live a little further up the Saint John valley. There would be no difficulty with them either.

In order to get done with Xolchún within any reasonable time — 3 or 4 years, I suppose — there would be times, at least, when you would need a considerable force of men. If you found you weren't getting enough voluntary Indians, or other labour, your plan would be to go to a labour recruiter. There are several of them in Aguacatan Aguacatán alone. There are several in Kunén. They are all over the country. Every self-respecting native, almost, in those parts, is either a rum seller or a labour recruiter. — Most of the labour recruiters owe money to the plantations, and are under obligation to send men to them. But you wouldn't have much trouble in getting some labour recruiter to send men to you instead. — The labour so got might cost you anywhere from 2 to 5 cents gold a day.

While working at Xolchún, you would probably do a good deal at various ruins in the neighbourhood. — Some of the neighbouring ruins, if they were not so

those ruins, if they were not in the neighbourhood of Xolchún, would themselves, I suppose, rank as important ruins.

There are ruins on the Chalchitán heights. Those heights are more or less flat on top, forming a long table. ~~It~~ that it is practically bare or bush. And on that bare table there are various ruins strung out; covered with grass and sod. The most considerable of them is in a direction north westerly from Aguacatán, and has a strong resemblance to the Saint Francis ruins, that you have my drawing of.

On the Pueblo Viejo heights, which are also a sort of bare flat table, there are also ruins. Ruins of a peculiar kind. The principal objects are a number of square mounds, or squarish, rounded mounds. They might be about four metres square on the average, ~~and about the same~~ and about four metres high, with a surface of stone and rubbish. They are stuck about, ^{groups} without any apparent order; and my notion is that they are graves; that they might have the same relation, perhaps,

to the ruins of Xolchún¹¹⁶, as the group of blocks in Chipál, that I spoke of, may have to the ruins of the drawing. If that guess is right, anybody who broke into those Pueblo Viejo mounds ought to make a great haul. - There are also ruins at Pichikil, about 2 or 3 leagues off on the road to Kunén, and at Lagunas, on a mountain shelf on the way to Nebáh.

In all the ruins from the Xoch to Xolchún; as I've already said, I think; I don't believe you would need to bother with government permission for your work; until you came to Xolchún. At Xolchún, I should say that you had better begin by getting government permission.

It is probable, if the truth were known, that the arrest, or attempted arrest, of Elgueta, had political motives at the bottom of it. The main thing was not to protect the ruins, but to get Elgueta arrested. Nobody really cared, I believe, or cares now, about the ruins. You don't see anything done, for instance, to hinder the owners of the place from taking stone from the ruins to build fences; or from continuing the ruin of the ruins by planting on them.

But the affair of Elgueta has made

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it a local tradition, or great force, that the ruins or not to be investigated. If you began to work at them, the first thing the aguacatan authorities would think or would be to stop you, or to blackmail you. And anyhow there would be people who would hurry to inform the governor against you, and you would be in a mess.

The thing would be to begin by getting the governor's leave. That's what I myself did just now. I went to Huehuetenango and saw the governor, before I began to measure. I had no trouble with him. I explained my object, and he went an order to the local authorities not only not to interfere with me, but even to help me. I believe that ~~you~~ you would get leave for your work too. Your work or course would be spade work, ~~or~~ or one sort or other, and there might be a little more humming and hawing about giving leave for that, but I think you would get it. Garcia got it. I didn't raise the point, in talking to the governor, because the governor, by your time, might be another

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man. Each man would have his methods. You might have to square somebody.

Having got the governor's leave, you could go ahead without much anxiety. It's probable, in the end, that the magnitude of the work, and the numbers of men employed, would attract public notice, and interference might come from Guatemala. However, there's nobody in Guatemala that can't be squared. — I wouldn't dream of getting a public concession to work, unless every other means failed. A legal concession would cost you — unless you could bring diplomatic influence to bear — no end of time, and expense, and swearing, and then you would be sure to have some objectionable stipulations about giving a share of your finds to the state, and you would have to pay again to get the stipulations winked at. — But that's all too far off at present to think about.

Well, I've now run over the various ruins with you, that I was going to speak of, and told you nearly all that I had to tell. — I suppose ~~that~~ ^{after all} what will have made the clearest impression on

your mind will have been the drawings -

You will understand, though, that the drawings are not meant to show details. Details, as far as possible, are ignored. Compare for instance, in the Chipal ruins, the drawing of the Cox VII, with the photograph showing the ornaments I spoke of, the Garcías battlements and loop holes, ignored in the drawing.

And details that are not ignored may be merely representative. In flights of stairs for instance, in their present state it is often impossible exactly to count the stairs; much less, get their several heights and treads. Take the stairs in Chipal, going up from the yard just in front of XIV. In my drawing you would find, if you took the trouble to examine, that I've drawn in five stairs on each side of the pier. But you see in the first Chipal photograph, as I said when I introduced it, that the stairs are blocked up with modern stone fencing. I don't know how many stairs there are; and don't

know any of their measurements; except their length. The thing is that there are, or were, stairs there. I thought it was important to represent stairs. And I've represented them. But I don't mean you to count them. - I've put you on your guard in such cases, by using dotted lines.

Those poor drawings of mine, situated as I was, cost me indescribable trouble. - First of all I had to put my notes together. My original notes of each ruin were on various scraps of paper, all dirty and rain soaked. I put the notes together on one intelligible ground plan. Then on another paper I plotted the plan, or the corresponding perspective, on the scale I wanted. Then I pricked that through, and finally inked it, on the white paper I send you. - By a miracle I was able to get some white paper in Huehuetenango. I always have a metric rule in my saddlebags. I manufactured a triangle, small but workable, out of a visiting card. But I never knew before what it was to work without a drawing board and a T square.

The drawings must have taken me, on the average, near a fortnight apiece. — And now that I take them out of the hole that I worked in, and look at them in the sunshine, I see that the drawing leaves much to be desired. — But it doesn't matter. The drawings succeed in telling you unmistakably, I think, what I meant them to tell, and what photographs couldn't do.

It's possible, in view of the importance of its subject, that you may wish to preserve my plan of Xolchún. In that case, you ought to have it copied. The drawing is all done with a common writing ink, such as is obtainable here, and is likely to fade. In fact it seems to be showing signs of fading already. — In copying the plan, it wouldn't be hard to improve the looks of it; even if the copying was photographic. You will have noticed that besides being a poor speller, I'm no hand at lettering; and it wouldn't be much trouble, among the mounds, to rub out my Roman numerals. None of them are written on top of the mounds;

I've written them out side, on purpose.

In talking about the ruins, I've left the drawings, as much as possible, to talk for themselves. If I were to take it upon myself to talk for them — I'm no archaeologist — I ~~don't~~ should speak of some few points that happen to have struck me in comparing one ruin with another. They're points that anybody might notice.

First of all, as to bearings. There's no visible rule. The bearings of the ruins are various; and in Xolchún there are several oscillations of bearing. You might say, however, that the bearings of Chipál, Saint Francis, and Chichel, agree roughly in being not far from NE and NW, or the opposite. While the several bearings of Xolchún agree roughly in being not far from N and W, or the opposite. — It happens too that the bearings of the Xoch ruins are about N and W.

2. There's likely to be a pyramid building, somewhere. — In Xolchún, there's a group of pyramids. — But in Saint

Francis there none.

3. In Chipál, the pyramid V is on one axis with ^{the structures} I, II, III, VI, and VII.

In Xolchún, the pyramid VII is remarkably oblique to the neighbouring mounds.

4. In the Chipál ruins, consider the two plat forms IX and X. You see that they are two parallel plat forms, on opposite sides of a passage, and of equal length and height. And the sloping sides of those plat forms, facing each other, are not stairs, but smooth masonry slopes, as if to prevent any body from getting up.

And you see the same thing over again in all the other ruins. The twin plat forms of Saint Francis are IV and V; in Chichéb, IX and X; and in Xolchún XXIII and XXIV.

In this picture you see what the inside slope of XXIII actually looks like. You are looking in a south westerly direction from the other side of the passage, and looking at the southern half

of XXIII. The south end is much ruined. But you see the stone slope. It was originally a plaster slope. You see the patches of plaster still on it.

5. At the foot of each of the twin plat forms, in Chipál, and on the inside, that is to say, ~~towards~~ on the passage side, you see an attached lower platform — you might call it a side walk — running the whole length of the main plat form.

And you see the same side walk plat forms in Saint Francis, and in Xolchún. In Chichéb I didn't happen to find them. But the hole floor there is deeply disturbed by planting. You would probably find the side walks by continued searching.

6. The passage, in every case, opens, at each end, on a yard. The two yards are joined by the passage; ~~and~~ the passage is in fact part of the yards; ~~being on the same~~ the yards and the passage are all ~~the same floor as~~ one floor.

In the case of Xolchún, I'm considering as one of the yards — though it's not much enclosed — the space south of XXII. In the Xoch, I have little or no doubt

that the long sunken yard, or floor, that I spoke of, would turn out, if cleared, to consist of what I've been calling the passage, with the yard at each end. ~~The~~ And that the idol is on top of what answers to one of the twin platforms.

7. One of the end yards is bigger than the other.

In Chipál, for instance, the yard round XIV, is bigger than that round VIII.

8. In Saint Francis there is a complication. The bigger yard may be said to be divided in two. The main division of it, round IX, is separated from the passage by a small ~~intermediat~~ intermediat yard, about equal to the small yard at the other end. And there is a step up, as you see, as well as a barrier, between the intermediat yard and the ~~bigger~~ main one.

9. I should consider as homologous platforms, N° I of Saint Francis, XI of Chichéb, and XXII of Xolchún.

The smaller of the two yards is

clozed — or commanded, as you might say, in the case of Chichéb — by a comparatively low platform, opposite the end of the passage.

Chipál is an exception. Perhaps because the ground doesn't give room. By the drawing indicates, the ground falls away on one side, opposite the end of the passage.

10. The larger of the two yards is a square, or very nearly a square.

In Chipál, for this purpose, I don't consider the larger yard to include XII and XVI, but to stop at the end of its own floor.

In Saint Francis, I have to throw the ~~main and the~~ two divisions into one, and say that the sum of their widths doesn't differ very much from the length of the main division.

In Xolchún the 'Square' is not rectangular.

11. The sides of the square are equal to the length of the passage.

In Saint Francis, I have to say that it is the sum of the widths of the two divisions ~~is the~~ that is equal to the length of the passage.

And in Xolchún, the proposition doesn't hold. In Xolchún, you might say that the

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sides of the big yard were about equal to the length of the passage plus the width of the smaller yard.

12. In Saint Francis, the length of the passage (or of the twin platforms) is equal to the extreme width across the platforms, from outside to outside. The platforms and the passage together, form a square.

13. I should regard as homologous buildings, XIX or Chipál, XIII or Saint Francis, and XXX or Xalchún.

The big yard is closed, and commanded, at the side opposite the passage, by a two or three story platform, a compound platform, with stairs up from the yard.

14. In Xalchún, for this purpose, I have to consider XXX, and that part of XXVI that it stands on, as together forming one compound platform. You will see ~~my~~ what my notion is, better in the profile than in the plan.

There are no stairs represented, either in plan or profile; but in front of XXX, where the side of the yard is only dotted in, I think that if the place was cleared,

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stairs would be found, going down to the yard. That place, as it is, is a ~~platform~~ slope of rubbish and ruin.

15. As for Chichél, I should hesitate to regard IV as the homolog of the platforms I've been speaking of. It's true, IV is a compound platform; but there are no stairs. I should suppose rather, that the homolog was VII, though not placed opposite the passage.

16. The stairs, in question, are in two parallel flights.

In Xalchún the stairs are not visible, supposing them to exist.

17. In Saint Francis and Chichél the stairs don't start up from the floor of the yard, but from the lower platform.

18. In Saint Francis, there also are back stairs. The back stairs are a single flight; of the same width as the interval between the two front flights. Those back stairs only go down to the foot of the little platform.

19. The centre of the big yard is occupied by a block, or box, or masonry; an altar, or a shrine, or whatever it may have been; some evidently important,

though comparatively small, thing.

20. But what the particular thing is, varies from place to place. In Chipal the thing is a block. The box is somewhere else. In Saint Francis the thing is also a block; and there no box anywhere. In Chichel the thing is a box, and there no block anywhere. In Xolchun the thing seems to have been neither a block nor a box. ~~The only apparent things in Xolchun that would be~~ The only block in Xolchun is XL1; unless you counted IV V and VI. X is an excessively low block.

The central thing in the yard, XXV, or Xolchun, the thing that was in XXVII before it was gutted, was, as I've said, a cistern; at least the cistern is all I hear about. You might think it worth noticing, that in Chipal, the block XIV has a number of satellites, and that two or them, as I've said, the round ones, may have been cisterns, or big basins.

21. ~~No. XII~~ No. XII or Chichel, and XIX and XXXI or Xolchun are more or less lonely compound platforms, with a

certain resemblance to each other.

XII or Chichel and XXI or Xolchun have, in addition, a certain resemblance or situation, with respect to what I've been calling the big yard.

In XIX or Xolchun, the front, or easterly, side, or the lower platform, is oblique to the other sides; somewhat as if it were meant to face the mound XX.

~~22.~~ 22. In all the ruins you have to reckon with unexpected departures from symmetry, or regularity, even in details.

In Chipal, if you look at the satellites or XIV, you will see that one or them, the one furthest to your right, is not in line with its companion on the other side.

In Saint Francis, in the compound platform XIII, one flight or the front stairs is wider than the other.

In the same compound platform, you can count at least five stories, if you wish; and you will find that the insets, by which a story is made shorter than the one below it, are not bound to be equal at the two ends.

In Chichel, in the yard, you will see that the corner of X is not so simple

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as that of IX. — And it is easy to see that the platform XI is not in the middle, opposite the end of the passage, or of the yard.

In Xalchún, both in XIX and XXXI, the top platform is not in the middle of the bottom platform. — The top of XXIII is wider than the top of XXIV. — XXVIII seems to be not a parallelogram; the long sides converging a little toward the north. — The long axis of XXXVII bisects XXXVI, apparently, but not XXXV. — And so on.

So much for the drawings. Naturally, there are things to be seen at the ruins, and some of them very interesting subjects of comparison, on which the drawings are silent.

At all the ruins there are plentiful remains of plaster and mortar. And the remains make it evident that the buildings, originally, were completely plastered over. There is little or no dressed stone; facing stones may be brought roughly to shape, as you can see in the last picture. But for smoothing the surface, the builders

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depended on mortar.

The mortar, at least the surface mortar, has now mostly disappeared. — It is the ordinary effect of weather, no doubt, partly; but more weather, I should say, was not the main cause. — The mortar itself, I should say, was not good mortar; no good sand in it. And then the sustaining masonry is like all the Indian-tuin masonry I've ever seen, its poor masonry. It can't help settling, and bulging, and becoming deformed; and the plaster cracks off. But worst of all must have been the fires that have swept over the ruins; the annual fires, that are a part of Indian agriculture. No mortar could stand those fires.

The plaster and mortar images, and similar things, of which there are evidences at every place, from the Xoch on, are also nearly all destroyed. The only mortar images I saw that were in any sort of preservation were the two or three that I mentioned in connection with Saint Francis and Chichel; and two or three at the Xoch.

There has been plaster and mortar, as I say, in-

stead of cut stone masonry, in these ruins. And you have plaster and mortar images, instead of images of carved stone. I only came across two stone carvings. One of them is that that you have a foto of, the stone slab in the Xoch. The other was in Xolchún. It was equally crude carving, and less interesting to look at.

It happens, in the last foto of Xolchún, you can see the stone in question. It's a black stone that you see standing on the ground, not in the middle of the picture, but rather to the right. It's a little less than a metre high; to be precise, 90 cm. It was lying in the rubbish there, and I set it up. What you can make out, of the carving, if you look sharp, is down at the bottom. There are two eyes, looking straight at you, and a nose between. One of the eyes, unluckily, is obscured by a twig.

The stone is cut across flat, both top and bottom. The face doesn't go below the nose. The stone was evidently one section of a sectional image. The carving is shallow, like that in the Xoch;

hardly more than sketching on the stone; and the back of the stone is not worked.

These clumsy, primitive carvings are in strange contrast with such things as the great cut stone cistern of Xolchún. They are also in strange contrast with things that show the intelligent geometry of the ruins; and with things that show the level of taste that you see, for instance, in the pottery of Chipal. What can be the explanation?

I don't know. But I've a notion that the key to it may be another strange thing that I noticed.

When I was cleaning the image in the Xoch, to fotograf it, I noticed there were little bits of plaster sticking on it. It struck me as very odd. ~~Why~~ Why should an image have been plastered over? Some accident perhaps. But you can fancy my astonishment, in looking over the Xolchún image, when I saw spots of plaster on that image too. You can make out some of the spots in the foto, in the upper part of the face. — I gave up the notion of an accident. Both of those primitive carvings had been plastered over. Why?

Because they were primitive. In order to improve them. Old things were improved, or renovated. The old platform under XXIV was improved by having a new one built over it. And the old idols were improved. The primitive stone idol became the core of a grand new plaster idol. The plaster has since crumbled away, leaving the old stone bare again.

But why keep the old stone, even as a core? Its not like keeping the old platform to build on.

The old stone was kept because it was sacred. — You see in Churches, today, how pious peasants, in spite of the popes ordinance, persist in overlaying, and — as they consider — beautifying, sacred images, with new and incongruous dressings. The proceeding of the Indians was something similar.

The stone images were the relics of an earlier day. Sometimes the sacred stone was not even carved. That plain slab V, in Chichel, that I spoke of, would be an instance. There's another slab, very like it, in the Xoch; and I've seen others

in the Alta Verapaz. And when there was carving, the carving was clumsy and rude.

The Indians of a later day were bent on improvement. The old stone looked ugly to them. At the same time, it was — so to speak — a god. They had no notion of throwing it away. What they did, was to cover the ancient lineaments out of sight, and — like modern liberals — bring the divinity up to the standard of the age. — That's the theory I offer you about the plaster spots.

This is the longest letter I ever wrote. I hate writing. It makes me impatient. I want to speak. On the 10th or November, when I sat down to write to you, I actually thought, that probably I could say nearly all I had to say, in the course of an afternoon. — And so I could have done, if it had been a question of talking. But I find I have no facility at putting my ideas on paper. I suppose because I'm not used to it; or because the ideas are of a new kind to me. This writing, that I thought I should do in an afternoon, or a day or two at

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the most, has actually taken me six weeks. Its now the 28th of December. - I suppose its not fair that you should suffer for my defect. I will charge you no salary for that time.

I shall probably write to you again from San Cristóbal or Venahué, and send you an expense account. Your £100 is practically at an end. - Before going back, however, I want to find out something about the price of a large and valuable collection of Indian idols and antiquities, four or five days from here. I know that the owner has a notion of selling, and I suppose you would wish to be informed. - A question of thousands of pounds. - When I get to San Cristóbal I shall box what may remain to be boxed of my little collection, and despatch the boxes to the coast.

And then, I believe that I shall have to terminate my engagement. - I find that this business takes up all my time; and much as I might wish to, I

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cant give all my time. I havnt had a free moment, practically, since I set out; and to all appearances I never should have, as long as the engagement ~~might~~ lasted.

I dont think your interests will suffer. Its been on my mind for a long time, that any intelligent young chap you might pick up would do this ruin work just as well as I can. And you will have noticed, in the course of the information I've attempted to give you, that much of it is of the nature of practical memoranda, put down on purpose to be useful to any body who might take my place.

If I seem to have left out any information that you want, please let me know, and I will supply it if I can. I hope you will take up work at some of the places I have gone over, and I should be glad to be of use.

I believe my pay was to be £100. a month. It would be convenient if I could find £30 or £40 of it in San Cristóbal - £10 drafts, as before. Letter to be adrest to me, and - Recomendada á Thierner y Cia, San Cristóbal Verapaz;

without registry or seal. — By the time I get to San Cristóbal or Cobán there may be one or two desirable small collections waiting to be shown to me. There would be a certain competition for them. I should like to buy them for you, and you could settle with me afterwards.

I shall send this letter registered. The unusual size and shape of it would attract attention anyhow. For the same reason I shall register the drawings. They will be in a cardboard cylinder about half a metre long.

I have no letters or yours to answer. By the by I believe I never acknowledge the receipt of your Chilam Balam book. I am much obliged for it. I had no time to examine it properly before setting out. I could see of course that it was some Maya language; and that the photographic copying was beautifully done.

Yours very truly
Robert Burkhitt

George B. Gordon Esq.

Pennsylvania University Museum.