LETTER XIII.

COURT CEREMONIES. GENERAL SANTA ANNA. DIPLOMATIC DINNER.

For some time after the installation of General Santa Anna as Provisional President of Mexico, under the system known in the political history of that country as the "Plan of Tacubaya,"* a difficulty existed between the Government, and Ministers of foreign nations, as to the etiquette which was to be observed on public occasions when it became necessary for them to meet ceremoniously. To such an extent had this variance of established rules been carried, that upon the consecration of the present Archbishop, the Envoy from France deemed it proper to mark his disapprobation, by retiring with his legation from the Cathedral.

These matters, which to us republicans seemed of no very great moment except as they had been rendered so by the Mexicans themselves, were, however, at length satisfactorily arranged; and on the first of January, 1842, the members of the different missions were invited to meet the President in the morning, for the purpose of exchanging the usual courtesies of the day, and to partake of a dinner in the evening. This invitation was sent with all due form through his Excellency, Mr. De Bocanegra, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. As the system of entertainment at table is quite a novelty in Mexican diplomacy, the invitation was entirely unexpected; and it was hailed by the whole corps as indicative of an agreeable change in our future intercourse.

Accordingly at noon on the first of January, the diplomatic body, in full uniform, met at the apartments of the Minister of Foreign Relations in the Palace. Here again, some trifling question of etiquette was started relative to the precedence of the Archbishop, which being arranged, the corps, as soon as it had been joined by the Ministers of State, was ushered to the hall of audience by an aid-de-camp of the President. Passing

*The revolution of 1841, after several fruitless battles, in which victory seems to have crowned neither side, and several as fruitless interviews of the Chiefs and messengers of the different parties, was at length terminated by a meeting of commanding officers at Tacubaya on the 28th of September, when a plan was agreed upon and signed by 191 persons, by means of which the existing Constitution of Mexico was superseded. By this system, or "Plan of Tacubaya," consisting of 13 articles, a general amnesty was proclaimed—a call of a new Congress to form a Constitution agreed upon—and a *Junta* created, to be named by the General in Chief of the Army. The Junta was to elect the Provisional President, who, by the 7th article, was clothed "*with all the powers necessary to reorganize the nation and all the branches of administration*;" or, in other words, with supreme power. That General was Santa Anna. He selected the Junta, and the Junta returned the compliment by selecting him!

along several balconies hung against the wall of the inner court-yard, we soon reached an antechamber filled with all the chief personages, both military and civil, of the Republic, and we were at once conducted to the reception-room. This is a large and newly furnished apartment, plainly painted in fresco; its walls are hung with ordinary oil pictures of the history of Napoleon, and the floor is covered with a rather common carpet.

At the south end of the room a Chair of State, with the flags and arms of Mexico richly embroidered in gold and colors on its velvet cushions, was placed for the President, under a canopy of crimson edged with gold. On either side of this, against the wall, were chairs for the four Ministers, and, immediately in front of the President's seat, running the length of the room, beneath the great chandelier, were ranged two rows of chairs facing each other, for the diplomatic corps. Here we took our stand, according to the rank and length of residence of the respective Envoys in the country.

In a few moments, the Ministers of State (who had retired after we were placed,) entered from a room behind the audience-chamber, and were directly followed by General Santa Anna, in the full uniform of the Chief of the Army—blue and red, richly embroidered with gold. You are aware, that at the battle of Vera Cruz with the French, in the year 1838, one of his legs was shattered by a cannon-ball, as he pursued the enemy on their retreat to their boats. The limb was badly amputated, and of course he limps along on a wooden substitute, with the aid of a cane. But the defect does not take from the dignity and manliness of his air and carriage.

He advanced to his chair under the canopy; his Ministers placed themselves on either side of him, and the room, which had hitherto been only occupied by ourselves, was, at a signal to the aid-de-camp in waiting, filled with a brilliant *cortège* of officers in full dress uniforms.

As soon as silence and order were obtained, the President bowed gracefully to us, and received an obeisance in return. Mr. Pakenham, the British Envoy, as the oldest resident Minister, then advanced, and in the name of the diplomatic body, made an address of congratulation in Spanish.

The General listened with attention and interest, and when the Minister had concluded, replied briefly, but with considerable hesitation of manner and an awkward twisting of his cane and chapeau, showing that he was, at least on that occasion, more of the soldier than the speaker. As he seated himself after concluding his reply, he motioned us to our chairs, while the rest of the spectators still remained standing. A short conversation then followed between him, Mr. Pakenham, and Mr. Olivér, the Spanish Envoy, who were immediately in front of him; and at the first pause we rose, advanced to him singly and bowed; walking slowly to the door at the north end of the apartment, we turned on its sill and bowed again, both of the salutations being gracefully returned by him: and thus ended the morning visit of ceremonious congratulation!

I have been so minute in repeating to you the details of this ceremony, not because I deem any account of bows and formal speeches interesting to a reader; but because such a scene has occurred in a *Republic*, before the President of a *Republic*, and in a National Palace surrounded with soldiery, amid the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and all the paraphernalia of a court. Such a detail sounds oddly to one who—entering a door often opened without a porter—passing through no lines of grim guards—amid no military pomp or parade—approaches the President of our own more favored land, and finds him seated in his plain parlor, by a comfortable grate, habited in neat but homely dress; and ready, without ceremony, to grasp your hand and welcome you to his fireside.

* * * * * * *

We left the Palace at one o'clock, and entering our carriage, proceeded to pay the customary visits of form to all our friends, on the first of January. We found numbers of people at home, and left a corresponding quantity of cards for those who were engaged in the same duty as ourselves.

It was a pleasure to reach home once more, and to get rid of the stiff uniform in which my limbs had been cased for several hours. Accustomed all my life to the plain and easy coat of civil life, and donning gold lace that day for the first time, I felt, I suppose, very much the sensations of "the hog in armor;" and I was glad after that essay, to find but few occasions on which full dress was requisite.

As the bell tolled for Oracion, Mr. Ellis and myself mounted the carriage once more, and soon reached the Palace.

In the anteroom, two aids-de-camp of the President met and conducted us to the audience-room, now brilliantly lighted with lamps and chandeliers. The saloon was sprinkled over with a gay company of officers and diplomats in full dress. Santa Anna soon entered from his private apartments, and taking a seat near the upper end of the room, his friends gathered sociably around him. As soon as all were seated, Mr. Ellis presented me privately to him. He took my hand in both of his, and with an air of great cordiality and a winning smile, addressed me some complimentary words, inviting us to take seats near him.

The total repose and quietness of the company was precisely what I desired. It afforded me an opportunity to take a sort of *mind portrait* of the Warrior President; and seated for an hour within the sound of his voice, at the distance of a few feet, I had an excellent opportunity to do so. His demeanor in conversation is mild, earnest and gentlemanly. He uses much gentle gesture as soon as he becomes animated, and seems to speak with all his soul, without losing command over himself and his feelings.

I have since seen Santa Anna in his coach, surrounded with guards and all the pomp of the military, at the review of 8000 troops; in church

at prayer; in the ball-room; in the cock-pit, betting; in the audience-room; at the banquet; and in private interviews of delicate diplomacy, when the political interests of the two nations were at stake. No one can easily forget him; and I have delayed describing him until now because I have been unwilling to deceive myself or others. According to public opinion, he is a riddle in *character;* he surely is not so *in appearance*, and if his person and his manners are not, as with others, to be taken as a fair index of the man, he is either an arch-hypocrite, or a capital actor.

In person, General Santa Anna is about six feet high, well made, and of graceful bearing, though he stumps along on an old-fashioned wooden peg, rejecting, as uncomfortable, all the "mock legs" with patent springs and self-moving inventions, which have been presented to him by his flatterers from all parts of the world. His dress, as I have said before, is on all public occasions that of a high officer of the army; and his breast is covered with richly-gemmed decorations.

His brow, shaded with black hair somewhat sprinkled with gray, is by no means lofty, but narrow and smooth. Although his whole head is rather small, and perhaps rather too long for its breadth, it has, however, a marked and boldly-defined outline, indicating talent and resolution. His nose is straight and well shaped, and his brows knit in a line over close and brilliant eyes, which are said to flash with fire when aroused to passion. His complexion is dark and sallow, and his temperament evidently bilious. His mouth is the most remarkable feature. Its prominent expression, when at rest, is that of mingled pain and anxiety. In perfect repose, you would think him looking on a dying friend, with whose sufferings he was deeply but helplessly sympathizing. His head and face are those of an attentive, thoughtful, melancholy but determined character. There is no ferocity, vindictiveness, or ill-temper in his expression; and when his countenance is lighted up by pleasant conversation, in which he appears to enter eagerly though with a timid and subdued voice; and when he puts on that sweetly wooing smile, which seems too tranquil ever to ripen into a laugh; you feel that you have before you a man, who would be singled from a thousand for his quiet refinement and serious temper; one who would at once command your sympathy and your respect; a well-bred gentleman, and a resolute soldier, who can win by the solicitation of an insinuating address, or rule by the authority of an imperious spirit.

Such is a portrait of the man who, since the outbreak of the Mexican Revolution, has played a chief part in the drama of the time, and has fought and forced his way to eminence from the humblest rank. The destroyer and builder up of many systems and men, he has not always been on the side of republicanism, according to the liberal and enlightened notions of the North; but it is sincerely to be hoped, that he is too deeply pledged as an old soldier and brave fighter in the cause of liberty, now to shrink back into the folly of despotism.

While the hour passed in which I sat looking at and listening to this remarkable person, the company in the saloon gradually thickened. Here a newly made Colonel, the child of the *new* revolution, in as new and bright a uniform; there a veteran General, in the time-stained dress, tarnished trappings, and old cut coat of the *ancient régime*. Here a knot of European diplomatists, blazing with their stars; and there the old Archbishop, with his venerable gray locks falling on his violet robes, while another dignitary of the church stood by him in velvet and lace, with a cross of large diamonds and topazes hung round his priestly throat by a collar of gems, and "ever and anon" taking snuff, in a manner that displayed a finger which almost blinded by the flash of its diamonds. The dress of every person in the room, in fact, was rich and tasteful, except that of one distinguished citizen of Mexico, and a priest in attendance on the Archbishop—who adhered, amid all the show, to humble and respectable black.

After an hour's delay, which added to the sharpness of our poorly stayed appetites, dinner was announced. Santa Anna led the way, and in the dining-room we found our places indicated by cards on the soup-plates.

The table-service was tolerably good, although there was no such display either of silver, porcelain, or cut-glass, as we see on hundreds of less courtly tables in the North; nor were there any "gold spoons" for Congressmen to cavil with. The cookery (French and English,) was capital, and the courses innumerable.* The wines and the conversation went off with spirit; and, indeed, the whole entertainment was most agreeable, except, that during the repast *six of the President's aids-de-camp stood behind his chair*. Their position was, I feel confident, most painful, (at least to all the foreigners;) and although they performed no menial offices, yet the act was inelegant, unrepublican, unnecessary, and in excessively bad taste. I hope never again to be forced to witness such a scene, nor to sit at table while such men stand.

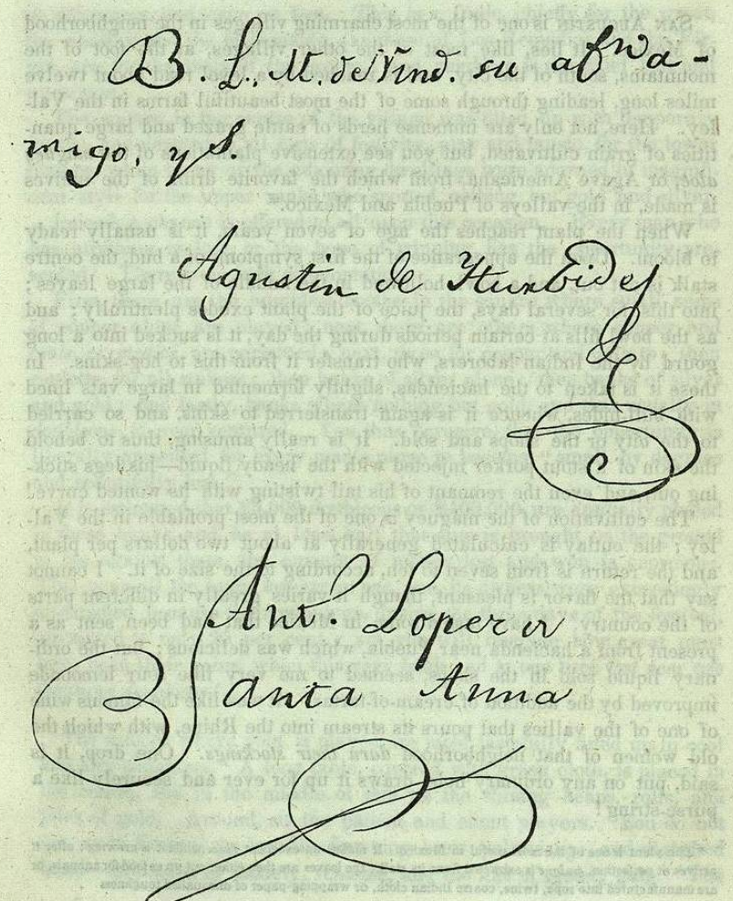
Thus passed two hours and a half, enlivened by the military bands of the Palace, playing gay airs with remarkable taste and skill in the pauses. Near ten we all retired (without the *universal* cigar) to the reception-room, where tea and coffee were handed before we departed.

As we passed the windows of the dining-room, we saw the *aids-de-camp* at dinner in our lately deserted places; and I sincerely trust as they had so long but feasted on the fumes of our earlier dinner, that they had something more substantial than the cold and broken remains of our splendid repast.

In the palace yard below, hundreds of soldiers were lolling drowsily on the stone seats, or bundled up in their blankets stretched on the pavement within the gateways; and as we left the portal, the band in the balconies above sent over the still square the parting strains of its beautiful music.

*This entertainment was prepared by a celebrated French cook in Mexico, who charged the moderate sum of $25 a head for forty persons, *exclusive* of the wines.

I made several efforts while in Mexico, to procure a portrait of General Santa Anna for the purpose of presenting it to you; but I could find no engraving or lithograph, and the oil pictures were most wretchedly executed, without doing justice to his very characteristic face. In this age of autographs, however, when all persons collect, and some few even undertake to read a man's mind in his signature; I have thought that those of the President and of the late Emperor Iturbide, might not be uninteresting, and I therefore subjoin them. That of Santa Anna is a firm, clear, and distinct one; while Iturbide's, though strong and decided enough in its lines, has still a straggling manner, which indicates perhaps too much the weakness of many parts of that hero's character.



LETTER XIV.

ST. AUGUSTIN DE LAS CUEVAS, AND THE FEAST OF SAN AUGUSTIN. GAMBLING AND COCK-FIGHTING.

San Augustin is one of the most charming villages in the neighborhood of Mexico. It lies, like most of the other villages, at the foot of the mountains, south of the city, and is reached by a level road about twelve miles long, leading through some of the most beautiful farms in the Valley. Here, not only are immense herds of cattle grazed and large quantities of grain cultivated, but you see extensive plantations of the *maguey aloe*, or Agave Americana, from which the favorite drink of the natives is made, in the valleys of Puebla and Mexico.*

When the plant reaches the age of seven years, it is usually ready to bloom. Upon the appearance of the first symptoms of a bud, the centre stalk is cut out, and a bowl hollowed in the middle of the large leaves; into this, for several days, the juice of the plant exudes plentifully; and as the bowl fills at certain periods during the day, it is sucked into a long gourd by the Indian laborers, who transfer it from this to hog-skins. In these it is taken to the haciendas, slightly fermented in large vats lined with bull-hides, whence it is again transferred to skins, and so carried to the city or the shops and sold. It is really amusing, thus to behold the skin of a stout porker injected with the heady liquid—his legs sticking out, and even the remnant of his tail twisting with its wonted curve!

The cultivation of the maguey is one of the most profitable in the Valley; the outlay is calculated generally at about two dollars per plant, and the return is from seven to ten, according to the size of it. I cannot say that the flavor is pleasant, though it varies greatly in different parts of the country. I have tasted some in Mexico that had been sent as a present from a hacienda near Puebla, which was delicious; but the ordinary liquid sold in the shops, seemed to me very like sour lemonade improved by the addition of cream-of-tartar. It was like the famous wine of one of the vallies that pours its stream into the Rhine, with which the old women of that neighborhood *darn their stockings*. One drop, it is said, put on any ordinary hole, draws it up for ever and securely like a purse-string!

*This plant is one of the most useful in Mexico. It makes an excellent *fence* while it is growing; after it arrives at perfection, *pulque* is extracted from its stalk: the leaves are then either cut up as food for animals, or are manufactured into rope, twine, coarse Indian cloth, or wrapping-paper of unequalled toughness

The road to St. Augustin is remarkably insecure from robbers; many persons have been attacked, and there are still several suspicious spots where the rascals are supposed to hover on the watch. I therefore never ventured out except with a large company, or on days when some public amusement was likely to fill the country with strangers.

The 16th of May is set down in the calendar as the day of the year dedicated to St. Augustin, and this village is appropriated by the Mexicans to the celebration of his festival. Yet, unlike most other festivals, this one appears to have little or nothing to do, either with religion or the saint, unless they have a version of his story unknown to other nations.

As on the occasion of the Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the road was filled, after daylight, with passengers in coaches, on horseback, in diligences, and even on foot. This is a frolic, chiefly for the great, the wealthy and the fashionable, (as those of Los Remedios and the Virgin, are for the mass of the people,) and *gambling* is the chief bait and attraction.

The square in the centre of the village was fitted up with temporary booths, and devoted to all sorts of festivity, play and music, for the lower classes, while many of the adjoining dwellings were adorned in magnificent style for the upper ranks who sported nothing but gold and silver.

Indeed, a chance is offered to all upon this occasion. Every man who has anything to lose, or the hope of winning, has the opportunity presented. There is no lack of temptation.

First, there are the humblest booths in the square where small sums of copper alone are played; next, there are others where copper and *reals*, or *medios*, are permitted; next, those for copper and dollars; then roulette, for all stakers; then banks of silver alone; then banks of silver and gold; and lastly, banks where nothing but gold, and that usually in *doubloons*, is ever ventured. You thus perceive, that the opportunity is liberally presented for every man's purse to become "small by degrees and beautifully less."

It is estimated that 25,000 doubloons or $400,000, are annually placed in these banks, and, as at least half that sum is brought on the ground to bet against them, the amount of money lost and won is enormous. This year *all the banks lost except one*, and its owners were exceedingly dissatisfied because their winnings, during the three days of the festival, amounted to only 25 per cent.; yet you will imagine how great must have been their gains, when this very bank had at one time *lost near two thousand doubloons!*

The saloons where gold is played are most tastefully fitted up in cool and airy situations. A long table, covered with green cloth, is placed in the centre, and in the middle of this lie the shining heaps, rolls, and piles of gold. Around, sit the patient and silent players. You do not see, as in France, the iron lip, frowning brow, pale visage, and clenched hand—indicative of anxiety, remorse, and the lust of greedy gain. The

Spaniard takes it with the *nonchalance* of eastern fatalism. Nothing disconcerts, disturbs, or forces him to utter an exclamation of pleasure or a sigh of pain—but he sits in stoic silence receiving his *ounces*, if he win, without eagerness, or seeing them swell the bank without sorrow, if he lose.

The game of *monté* has become part of the very nature of the inhabitants of Southern America. Accustomed in the olden times under the Colonial Government, to immense wealth, "wealth (as the old people describe it,) in which they literally swam," gold lost its value and became but a counter, by means of which they passed their idle hours in an agreeable excitement that never ruffled or elated them. This habitual regard for the game has descended from sire to son, and the keeping of a table, or its ownership, is not esteemed disreputable, as in other countries. On the contrary, the largest sums are avowedly furnished by most respectable bankers, and the sport is held to be a species of legitimate trade.

Yet, great is the distress produced in Mexico by gambling. While a hundred establishments are opened in St. Augustin for three days, there are not less than *hundreds*, in the city of Mexico, open *daily* during the whole year! The consequence is, that although the wealthiest and boldest betters, who venture their 200, 400, or even 1000 doubloons on a single card at St. Augustin, play only there, or but once or twice a year; yet the constant drain on the small gamblers is kept up day after day and night after night in the Capital. Is it to be wondered then, amid a nation of such habits—so prodigal, proud, and easily ruined, that persons who venture and lose their all on a single stake, or habitually live by the risks of fortune, betake themselves at last to the road, and rob with the pistol instead of the cards? Both are short cuts to fortune or the gallows.

We adjourned, at two o'clock, from the gambling-houses to the Cock-Pit. The President, General Santa Anna, and General Bravo, with their suites, occupied one of the centre boxes of the theatre, while the rest were filled with the beauty and fashion of Mexico. It is the vogue for women of family and respectability to attend these festivals, their great object being to outshine each other in the splendor and variety of their garments. The rage is to have one dress for mass at ten o'clock, one for the cock-pit, another for the ball at the Calvario, and a fourth for the ball in the evening. *These again must be different on each succeeding day of the festival!*

The cocks were brought into the centre of the pit within the ring, the President's fowls being generally those first put on the earth. They were then thrown off for a spring at each other, and taken up again before the betting began. Brokers went round, proclaiming the amount placed in their hands to bet on any particular fowl. Whenever a bet was offered

against Santa Anna's bird, the broker was called to his box and an *aid-de-camp* covered it. Besides these bets, the General usually had some standing ones agreed on beforehand with the owners of other cocks; and in this manner five or six thousand dollars were lost or won by him in the pit daily. Seven mains of cocks were fought each day—the President seeming to relish the sport vastly, while his aids were highly excited, and the ladies looked on with evident gusto.

Nothing can be more grossly mean than a passion for cock fighting. A bull fight, brutal and bloody as it is, has still something noble in the contest between the man and the animal; there is a trial of skill, and often a trial for life. Horse racing is a beautiful sport, it is both exciting and useful; and the breed of a noble animal is cherished and improved by it. But to see grown men, and among them the chiefs of a nation, sit down quietly to see two birds kick each other to death with slashers and spurs, in order to make money out of the victory of one of them, is too contemptible to be sanctioned or apologized for in any way, except by old traditionary customs. Such were the old customs of Mexico. Their fathers gambled—they gamble. Their fathers fought fowls—they fight fowls; and if you speak to them of it, they shrug their shoulders, with a "*pues que?*"—"what will you?"

It is with pleasure, however, that I record one pleasant scene at least in this festival of St. Augustin. On the second day I did not go out early in the morning, but took a place in the diligence at half-past two P. M., reaching the village in a couple of hours. Disgusted with the gambling scenes and the cock-pit, I went only to see the Calvario, or ball given every afternoon at the Calvary, which adjoins the village on the west.

We walked to this spot through beautiful lanes of Oriental-looking houses, bowered among groves of orange and jasmine, and arrived about six o'clock. As the people were just assembling we strolled up the green hills, traversed by streams of crystal water, until we reached an eminence above the village, bosomed in an eternal shade, from which peeped out the white walls of the houses and azotéas, covered with the most beautiful and fragrant flowers. Across the valley, the eye rested on the silvery line of Tezcoco, and as the slanting rays of the sun fell over the soft midland-view, and athwart the hills through the gaps of the western mountains, lighting the ravines, and throwing the bold peaks in shadow; I thought I had never beheld a more perfect picture drawn from fancy of the peace and beauty of a "Happy Valley." It was soon enlivened by figures, and became a scene worthy of the fairy fancy of Watteau.

From the top of Calvary, the hill-side sloped down amphitheatrically to a level meadow, a bow-shot in width, closed on the east and west by trees in their freshest foliage, and terminated at the north by a garden and azotéa just peeping over the leaves of an orange grove. On the side of

the hill, seats had been placed for ladies, which were speedily filled by them attired in full dress for the evening. The fine military band of the garrison struck up directly in the centre of the sward, and in a moment the dancers were on foot. Galopades, waltzes, cotillons, Spanish dances —succeeded each other rapidly. It was difficult to say which was the more beautiful display—that of Mexican beauty tripping it with gay cavalier "to music on the green," or that of Mexican beauty lining the hill-side, and watching the festive scene with its pensive gaze.

The dance continued until twilight, when the crowd moved off to town, in carriages and on foot. In a moment all was bustle, and as I gained the road, I was a little astonished to see the hosts of beggars who were there to meet the returning mass of roystering lads, and gleesome fair ones. Nor were these, alone, the beggars of St. Augustin—the city had poured out its complement; all my well-known acquaintances were present, anxious to pick up the "crumbs from the rich man's table," and, for ought I know, to venture some of them slyly in the booths of the square. As this tide of joyous life swept home, I could not help noticing one of these wretches, who threw himself actually in the pathway of the returning multitude, and *rolled* along the road in such a manner that it became impossible to pass without treading on or over him. It was the old howling beggar of the Alameda: kicks, cuffs, stumbles availed nothing; still he rolled, and still he howled.

Such is the contrast presented continually between enormous wealth and squalid misery in the Republic of Mexico!

LETTER XV.

REVOLUTION. WAX-FIGURES. VISIT TO THE MUSEUM. ANTIQUITIES.

It was just after the conclusion of the Revolution of 1841, which resulted in placing General Santa Anna at the head of the Government, that I arrived in the city of Mexico, and found the marks of the struggle that took place on that memorable occasion, yet visible in the streets. For a month the city had been in a state of siege; General Bustamante, the Constitutional President, occupying the National Palace, and holding possession of portions of the town with his troops, while General Valencia controlled the citadel, from which he cannonaded and threw shells into the city. During all this time the work of slaughter went on; but the chief injury was inflicted on harmless non-combatants, who happened at times to pass exposed places, or to cross streets which were raked by the artillery. Numbers of poor laborers, and laborers' wives, bringing them food, were thus destroyed; and during the whole of the period I remained in the Capital, the scars and indentations made by the balls and bullets in the walls of the *Calle Refugio*, were never repaired. From the tops of houses, too, death was dealt by the insurgents. Screening themselves behind the parapet walls of azotéas, and frequently in church-towers, they shot down, indiscriminately, all who passed, and made the sureness of aim a matter of boast and joke. In the Revolution or *émeute* of the previous year, General Valencia had thus well nigh fallen victim to some reckless marksman. As he passed along one of the streets, at the head of his troops—at a moment, too, when no attack was meditated—a solitary rifleman sent a ball from a steeple through his *chapeau*. The General keeps the hat as a sort of military trophy.

Upon the azotéa of the house occupied by the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, a man was slain early one morning, by a shot from the azotéa of the opposite convent of the Profesa; yet, so incessant was the firing, that the family was prevented from coming to his succor or removing the body for several hours.

Thus did that fearful struggle degenerate into murder within the city walls, while the horrors of civil war were enhanced by a bombardment and cannonade from the citadel, under a commander who, until within a few days, had enjoyed the highest confidence of the Constitutional Government.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that the lesson taught at this epoch has disgusted the nation with these bloody turmoils. There appears among the