

flight. Hundreds of people did so, and the roads were crowded with processions of mules, horses, and Indians loaded with luggage. On Sunday everybody was going, and early on Monday morning guards were placed at the barriers. Hundreds of passports were applied for, and refused. Again a decree was published that all should take up arms. The militia were again mustered. At ten o'clock on Tuesday night it was said that Carrera was at Palencia, at eleven that he had gone to suppress an insurrection of his own bandits, and on Wednesday night that he was at a place called Canales. On Sunday, the 4th of March, a review took place of about 700 men. The Antigua sent 350 muskets, and ammunition, which they did not consider it prudent to keep, as there had been cries of "muera Guatemala, y viva Carrera!" and placards bearing the same ominous words had been posted on the walls. At this time a letter was received from Carrera by the government, telling them to disband their troops, and assuring them that he was collecting forces only to destroy a party of 400 rebels, headed by one Galvez (the former chief of the state, whom he had deposed), and requesting two cannon and more ammunition. At another time, probably supposing that the government must be interested in his fortunes, he sent word that he had narrowly escaped being assassinated. Monreal had taken advantage of an opportunity, seduced his men, tied him to a tree, and was in the very act of having him shot, when his brother Laureano Carrera rushed in, and ran Monreal through with his bayonet. The government now conceived the project of inducing his followers, by the influence of the priests, to surrender their arms on paying them five dollars apiece; but very soon he was heard of stronger than ever, occupying all the roads, sending in imperious proclamations to the government, and at length the news came that he was actually marching upon the city.

At this time, to the unspeakable joy of the inhabitants, General Morazan, the president of the republic, arrived from San Salvador, with 1,500 men. But even yet party spirit was dominant. General Morazan encamped a few leagues from the city, hesitating to enter it or to employ the forces of the general government in putting down a revolution in the state except with the consent of the state government. The state government was jealous of the federal government, tenacious of prerogatives it had not the courage to defend, and demanded from the president a plan of his campaign; passed a decree offering Carrera and his followers fifteen days to lay down their arms, which General Morazan would not permit to be published at his headquarters; two days afterwards annulled it, and authorized the president of the republic to act as circumstances might require.

During this time one of Morazan's piquets had been cut off and the officers murdered, which created a great excitement among his soldiers; but, anxious to avoid shedding more blood, he sent into the city for the Canonigo Castillo and Barundia, deputing them as commissioners to persuade the bandits to surrender their arms, even offering to pay fifteen dollars a head rather than come to extremities. The commissioners found Carrera at one of his old haunts among the mountains of Matasquintla surrounded by hordes of Indians living upon tortillas. The traitor Barundia had been received by Morazan's soldiers with groans; his poor jaded horse was tied up at Morazan's camp a day and a half without a blade of grass; and, as a farther reward of his treason, Carrera refused to meet him under a roof, because, as he said, he did not wish to plunge his new lance, a present from a priest, into Barundia's breast.

The meeting took place in the open air, and on the top of a mountain. Carrera refused to lay down his arms unless all his former demands were complied with, and unless also the Indian capitation tax was reduced to one-third of its amount; but he softened his asperity against foreigners to the demand that only those not married should be expelled the country, and that thereafter they should be permitted to traffic only, and not to radicate in it. The atrocious priest Padre Lobo, his constant friend and adviser, was with him. The arguments of the Canonigo Castillo, particularly in regard to the folly of charging the government with an attempt to poison the Indians, were listened to with much attention by them, but Carrera broke up the conference by asserting vehemently that the government had offered him twenty dollars a head for every Indian he poisoned.

All hope of compromise was now at an end, and General Morazan marched directly to Matasquintla; but before he reached it, Carrera's bands had disappeared among the mountains. He heard of them in another place, devastating the country, desolating villages and towns, and again, before his troops could reach them, the muskets were concealed, and the Indians either in the mountains or quietly working in the fields. Mr. Hall, the British vice-consul, received a letter from eleven British subjects at Salama, a distance of three days' journey, stating that they had been seized at night by a party of Carrera's troops, stripped of everything, confined two nights and a day without food, and sentenced to be shot, but finally ordered to leave the country, which they were then doing, destitute of everything, and begging their way to the port. A few nights after, at ten o'clock, the cannon of alarm was sounded in the city, and it was reported that Carrera was again at the gates. All this time party strife was as violent as ever;

the Centralists trembling with apprehension, but in their hearts rejoicing at the distraction of the country under the administration of the Liberals, and that one had risen up capable of inspiring them with terror; and the divided Liberals hating each other with a more intense hate even than the Centralists bore to them; but the excitement became so great that all the parties drew up separate petitions to General Morazan, representing the deplorable state of insecurity in the city, and begging him to enter and provide for its safety. Separate sets of deputies hurried to anticipate each other at General Morazan's headquarters, and pay court to him by being the first to ask his protection. General Morazan had become acquainted with the distracted condition of the city, and was in the act of mounting his horse when the deputies arrived. On Sunday he entered with an escort of 200 soldiers, amid the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and other demonstrations of joy. The same day the merchants, with the Marquis of Aycinena and others of the Central party, presented a petition representing the dreadful state of public feeling, and requesting Morazan to depose the state authorities and assume the reins of government, and to convoke a Constituent Assembly, as the only means of saving Guatemala from utter ruin. In the evening deputies from the different branches of the Liberal party had long conferences with the president. Morazan answered all that he wished to act legally, would communicate with the Assembly the next day, and be governed by their decision. The proceedings in the Assembly are too afflicting and disgraceful to dwell upon. So far as I can understand the party strife of that time, after wading through papers and pamphlets emanating from both sides, General Morazan conducted himself with probity and honour. The Centralists made a desperate effort to attach him to them, but he would not accept the offered embrace, nor the sycophantic service of men who had always opposed him; nor would he sustain what he believed to be wrong in his own partisans.

In the mean time, Carrera was gaining ground; he had routed several detachments of the Federal troops, massacred men, and increased his stock of ammunition and arms. At length all agreed that something must be done; and at a final meeting of the Assembly, with a feeling of desperation, it was decreed without debate,

1. That the state government should retire to the Antigua.
2. That the president, in person or by delegate, should govern the *district* according to article 176 of the Constitution.

Amid these scenes within the city, and rumours of worse from without, on Sunday night a ball was given to Morazan; but the Centralists, displeased at his not acceding to their overtures, did not attend.

Galvez, the chief deposed by Carrera, made his first appearance since his deposition, and danced the whole time.

Though Morazan was irresolute in the cabinet, he was all energy in the field; and being now invested with full power, sustained his high reputation as a skilful soldier. The bulletin of the army for May and June exhibits the track of Carrera, devastating villages and towns, and the close pursuit of the government troops, beating him wherever they found him, but never able to secure his person. In the mean time, party jealousies continued, and the state government was in a state of anarchy. The Assembly could not meet, because, the state party not attending, it was incumbent on the vice-chief to retire, and the oldest counsellor to take his place. But there was no such person; the term of the council had expired, and no new elections had been held; and while Morazan was dispersing the wild bands of Carrera, and relieving the Guatemalians from the danger which had brought them to their knees before him, the old jealousies revived, and incendiary publications were issued, charging him with exhausting the country in supporting idle soldiers, and keeping the city in subjection by bayonets.

About the first of July, General Morazan considered Guatemala relieved from all external danger, and returned to San Salvador, leaving troops in different towns under the command of Carvallo, and appointing Carlos Salazar commandant in the city. Carrera was supposed to be completely put down; and to bring things to a close, Carvallo published the following

"NOTICE.

"The person or persons who may deliver the criminal Rafael Carrera, dead or alive (if he does not present himself voluntarily under the last pardon), shall receive a reward of fifteen hundred dollars and two cabellerias of land, and pardon for any crime he has committed.

"The General-in-chief,

"Guatemala, July 20, 1838.

"J. N. CARVALLO."

But the "criminal" Carrera, the proscribed outlaw, was not yet put down. One by one, he surprised the detachments of Federal troops; and while the city exhibited the fierceness of party spirit, forced loans, complaints of the expense of maintaining idle soldiers, plans to abolish the state government and form a provisional junta, its actual prostration, and the organizing of a Constituent Assembly with M. Rivera Paz at the head, Carrera with still increasing numbers, attacked Amatitan, took the Antigua, and barely waiting to sack a few houses, stripped it of cannon, muskets, and ammunition, and again marched against Guatemala, proclaiming his intention to raze every house to the ground, and murder every white inhabitant.

The consternation in the city cannot be conceived. General Morazan was again solicited to come. A line in pencil was received from him by a man who carried it sewed up in the sleeve of his coat, urging the city to defend itself, and hold out for a few days; but the danger was too imminent; Salazar, at the head of the Federal troops (the idle soldiers complained of), marched out at two o'clock in the morning, and, aided by a thick fog, came upon Carrera suddenly at Villa Nueva, killed 450 of his men, and completely routed him, Carrera himself being badly wounded in the thigh. The city was saved from destruction, and, the day after, Morazan entered with 1,000 men. The shock of the immense danger they had escaped was not yet over; on the morrow it might return; party jealousies were scared away; all looked to General Morazan as the only man who could effectually save them from Carrera, and, in turn, begged him to accept the office of dictator.

About the same time Guzman, the general of Quezaltenango, arrived, with 700 men, and General Morazan made formidable arrangements to enclose and crush the Cachurecos. The result was the same as before: Carrera was constantly beaten, but as constantly escaped. His followers were scattered, his best men taken and shot, and he himself was penned up, and almost starved on the top of a mountain, with a cordon of soldiers around its base, and only escaped by the remissness of the guard. In three months, chased from place to place, his old haunts broken up, and hemmed in on every side, he entered into a treaty with Guzman, by which he agreed to deliver up 1,000 muskets, and disband his remaining followers. In executing the treaty, however, he delivered only 400 muskets, and those old and worthless; and this breach of the convention was winked at by Guzman, little dreaming of the terrible fate reserved for himself at Carrera's hands.

This over, Morazan deposed Rivera Paz, restored Salazar, and returned to San Salvador, first laying heavy contributions on the city to support the expense of the war, and taking with him all the soldiers of the Federal Government, belying one of the party cries against him, that he was attempting to retain an influence in the city by bayonets. Guzman returned to Quezaltenango, and the garrison consisted only of seventy men.

The contributions and the withdrawal of the troops from the city created great dissatisfaction with Morazan, and at this time the political horizon became cloudy throughout the republic. The Marquis of Aycinena, who had been banished by Morazan, and had resided several years in the United States, studying our institutions, by a series of

articles which were widely circulated, purporting to illustrate our constitution and laws, hurried on the crisis; Honduras and Costa Rica declared their independence of the general government: all this came back upon Guatemala, and added fuel to the already flaming fire of dissension.

On the 24th of March, 1839, Carrera issued a bulletin from his old quarters in Matasquintla, in which, referring to the declaration of independence by the States, he says: "When those laws came to my hands, I read them, and returned to them very often; as a loving mother clasps in her arms an only son whom she believed lost, and presses him against her heart, so did I with the pamphlet that contained the declaration; for in it I found the principles that I sustain, and the reforms I desire." This was rather figurative, as Carrera could not at that time read; but it must have been quite new to him, and a satisfaction to find out what principles he sustained. Again he threatened to enter the city. All was anarchy and distraction in the councils, and on the 12th of April his hordes appeared before the gates. All were aghast, but there was no rising to repel him. Morazan was beyond the reach of their voice, and they who had been loudest in denouncing him for attempting to control the city by bayonets now denounced him for leaving them to the mercy of Carrera. All who could, hid away their treasures and fled; the rest shut themselves up in their houses, barring their doors and windows: at two o'clock in the morning, routing the guard, he entered with 1,500 men. Salazar, the commandant, fled, and Carrera, riding up to the house of Rivera Paz, knocked at the door, and reinstalled him chief of the state. His soldiers took up their quarters in the barracks, and Carrera established himself as the guardian of the city; and it is due to him to say that he acknowledged his own incompetency to govern, and placed men at the disposition of the municipality to preserve the peace. The Central party was thus restored to power. Carrera's fanaticism bound him to the Church party; he was flattered by his association and connexion with the aristocracy, was made brigadier-general, and presented with a handsome uniform; and, besides empty honours, he had the city barracks and pay for his men, which was better than Indian huts and foraging expeditions; the last, too, being a resource for pastime. The league had continued since the April preceding my arrival. The great bond of union was hatred of Morazan and the Liberals. The Centralists had their Constituent Assembly, abolished the laws made by the Liberals, revived old Spanish laws, and old names for the courts of justice and officers of government, and passed any laws they pleased so that they did not interfere

with him. Their great difficulty was to keep him quiet. Unable to remain inactive in the city, he marched toward San Salvâdor, for the ostensible purpose of attacking General Morazan. The Centralists were in a state of great anxiety; Carrera's success or his defeat was alike dangerous to them. If defeated, Morazan might march directly upon the city, and take signal vengeance upon them; if successful, he might return with his barbarians so intoxicated by victory as to be utterly uncontrollable. A little circumstance shows the position of things. Carrera's mother, an old woman well known as a huckster on the plaza, died. Formerly it was the custom with the higher classes to bury in vaults constructed within the churches, but from the time of the cholera, all burials, without distinction, were forbidden in the churches, and even within the city, and a campo santo was established outside the town, in which all the principal families had vaults. Carrera signified his pleasure that his mother should be buried in the Cathedral! The government charged itself with the funeral, issued cards of invitation, and all the principal inhabitants followed in the procession. No efforts were spared to conciliate and keep him in good temper; but he was subject to violent bursts of passion, and, it was said, had cautioned the members of the government at such moments not to attempt to argue with him, but to let him have his own way. Such was Carrera, at the time of my visit, more absolute master of Guatemala than any king in Europe of his dominions, and by the fanatic Indians called *el Hijo de Dios*, (the Son of God,) and *nuestro Señor*, (our Lord).

When I entered the room he was sitting at a table counting sixpenny and shilling pieces. Colonel Monte Rosa, a dark Mestitzo, in a dashing uniform, was sitting by his side, and several other persons were in the room. He was about five feet six inches in height, with straight black hair, an Indian complexion and expression, without beard, and did not seem to be more than twenty-one years old. He wore a black bombazet roundabout jacket and pantaloons. He rose as we entered, pushed the money on one side of the table, and, probably out of respect to my coat, received me with courtesy, and gave me a chair at his side. My first remark was an expression of surprise at his extreme youth; he answered that he was but twenty-three years old; certainly he was not more than twenty-five; and then, as a man conscious that he was something extraordinary, and that I knew it, without waiting for any leading questions, he continued, that he had begun (he did not say what) with thirteen men armed with old muskets, which they were obliged to fire with cigars; pointed to eight places in which he had been wounded, and said that he had three balls then in his body. At this time

he could hardly be recognised as the same man who, less than two years before, had entered Guatemala with a horde of wild Indians, proclaiming death to strangers. Indeed, in no particular had he changed more than in his opinion of foreigners, a happy illustration of the effect of personal intercourse in breaking down prejudices against individuals or classes. He had become personally acquainted with several, one of whom, an English doctor, had extracted a ball from his side; and his intercourse with all had been so satisfactory, that his feelings had undergone an entire revulsion; and he said that they were the only people who never deceived him. He had done, too, what I consider extraordinary; in the intervals of his hurried life he had learned to write his name, and had thrown aside his stamp. I never had the fortune to be presented to any legitimate king, nor to any usurper of the prerogatives of royalty except Mohammed Ali. Old as he was, I gave him some good advice; and it grieves me that the old lion is now shorn of his mane. Considering Carrera a promising young man, I told him that he had a long career before him, and might do much good to his country; and he laid his hand upon his heart, and with a burst of feeling that I did not expect, said he was determined to sacrifice his life for his country. With all his faults and his crimes, none ever accused him of duplicity, or of saying what he did not mean; and, perhaps, as many self-deceiving men have done before him, he believes himself a patriot.

I considered that he was destined to exercise an important, if not a controlling influence on the affairs of Central America; and trusting that hopes of honourable and extended fame might have some effect upon his character, I told him that his name had already reached my country, and that I had seen in the newspapers an account of his last entry into Guatemala, with praises of his moderation and exertions to prevent atrocities. He expressed himself pleased that his name was known, and such mention made of him among strangers; and said he was not a robber and a murderer, as he was called by his enemies. He seemed intelligent and capable of improvement, and I told him that he ought to travel into other countries, and particularly, from its contiguity, into mine. He had a very indefinite notion as to where my country was; he knew it only as *El Norte*, or the North; inquired about the distance and facility for getting there, and said that when the wars were over, he would endeavour to make *El Norte* a visit. But he could not fix his thoughts upon anything except the wars and Morazan; in fact, he knew of nothing else. He was boyish in his manners and manner of speaking, but very grave; he never smiled, and conscious of power, was unostentatious in the exhibi-

tion of it, though he always spoke in the first person of what he had done and what he intended to do. One of the hangers-on, evidently to pay court to him, looked for a paper bearing his signature to show me as a specimen of his handwriting, but did not find one. My interview with him was much more interesting than I had expected; so young, so humble in his origin, so destitute of early advantages, with honest impulses, perhaps, but ignorant, fanatic, sanguinary, and the slave of violent passions, wielding absolutely the physical force of the country, and that force entertaining a natural hatred to the whites. At parting he accompanied me to the door, and in the presence of his villainous soldiers, made me a free offer of his services. I understood I had the good fortune to make a favourable impression; and afterward, but, unluckily during my absence, he called upon me in full dress and in state, which for him was an unusual thing.

At that time, as Don Manuel Pavon told me, he professed to consider himself a brigadier-general, subject to the orders of the government. He had no regular allowance for the maintenance of himself and troops; he did not like keeping accounts, and called for money when he wanted it; and, with this understanding, in eight months he had not required more than Morazan did in two. He really did not want money for himself, and as a matter of policy he paid the Indians but little. This operated powerfully with the aristocracy, upon whom the whole burden of raising money devolved. It may be a satisfaction to some of my friends to know that this lawless chief is under a dominion to which meeker men are loth to submit; his wife accompanies him on horseback in all his expeditions, influenced by a feeling which is said to proceed sometimes from excess of affection; and I have heard that it is no unimportant part of the business of the chief of the state to settle family jars.

As we were returning to my house, we met a gentleman who told Mr. Pavon that a party of soldiers was searching for a member of the Assembly who was lying under the displeasure of Carrera, but a personal friend of theirs; and as we passed on we saw a file of soldiers drawn up before his door, while others were inside searching the house. This was done by Carrera's orders, without any knowledge on the part of the government.

CHAPTER XII.

PARTY TO MIXCO—A SCENE OF PLEASURE—PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE PATRON SAINT OF MIXCO—FIREWORKS—A BOMBARDMENT—SMOKING CIGARS—A NIGHT-BRAWL—SUFFERING AND SORROW—A COCKFIGHT—A WALK IN THE SUBURBS—SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS—RETURN TO THE CITY.

IN consequence of the convulsions and danger of the times, the city was dull, and there was no gaiety in private circles; but an effort had been made by some enterprising ladies to break the monotony, and a party, to which I was invited, was formed for that afternoon to Mixco, an Indian village about three leagues distant, at which the festival of its patron saint was to be celebrated the next day with Indian rites.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I left my door on horseback to call on Don Manuel Pavon. His house was next to that of the proscribed deputy, and a line of soldiers was drawn around the whole block, with the purpose of preventing an escape, while every house was searched. I always gave these gentlemen a wide berth when I could, but it was necessary to ride along the whole line; and as I passed the house of the deputy, with the door closed and sentinels before it, I could but think of his distressed family, in agony lest his hiding-place should be discovered.

Don Manuel was waiting for me, and we rode to the house of one of the ladies of the party, a young widow whom I had not seen before, and who, in her riding-dress, made a fine appearance. Her horse was ready, and when she had kissed the old people good-bye, we carried her off. The women-servants, with familiarity and affection, followed to the door, and continued farewell greetings and cautions to take good care of herself, which the lady answered as long as we were within hearing. We called at two or three other houses, and then all assembled at the place of rendezvous. The court-yard was full of horses, with every variety of fanciful mountings. Although we were going only nine miles, and to a large Indian village, it was necessary to carry beds, bedding, and provisions. A train of servants large enough to carry stores for a small military expedition was sent ahead, and we all started. Outside the gate all the anxieties and perils which slumbered in the city were forgotten. Our road lay over an extensive plain, seeming, as the sun went down behind the volcanoes of Agua and Fuego, a beautiful