

visible; and, suspended by a string, was as easily carried as a basket. The young man sighed over the miseries of the country, the distress and ruin caused by the wars; and represented the pit at Grenada as being in a deplorable condition; but in Leon he said it was very flourishing, on account of its being the head-quarters of the military. The building, too, did honour to the city: it was only open on Sundays; but he knew the proprietor, and could at any time make an arrangement for a match. He made many inquiries about the state of the science in my country; told me that he had imported two cocks from England, which were game enough, but not sufficiently heavy for theirs; and gave me, besides, much valuable information on this subject, of which I neglected to make any memorandum.

Before dark we reached Pueblo Nuevo, and all went to the same posada. His companion was not so much of a sportsman, though he knew the qualities of a good bird, and showed a familiarity in handling them. It was the first time I had fallen in with travellers for the night. I have avoided details in all places where I was partaking of private hospitality, but this was like a hotel at home, in the main point, that all were expected to pay. We had for supper poached eggs and beans, without plate, knife, fork, or spoon. My companions used their tortillas to take up an egg, and also, by turning up the edges, to scoop out frigoles from the dish; withal, they were courteous and gentlemanly. We had a species of chocolate, made of pounded cocoa, and sweetened, and served in kickories, which, having bottoms like the ends of large eggs, could not stand on the table. My companions twisted their pocket-handkerchiefs, and winding them on the table in circular folds, set the kickories inside the hollow, and one of them did the same with my handkerchief for me. After supper the younger of the two dressed the birds in their *robes de nuit*, a cotton cloth wound tight around the body, compressing the wings, and then, with a string fastened to the back of the cloth, so that the body was balanced, hooked each of them to the hammock. While he was preparing them the woman was showing horn combs, beads, earrings, and rosaries, and entrapped the daughter of the host into the purchase of a comb. The house had an unusual influx of company. The young man, the female merchant, and I do not know how many of the family, slept in a back room. The elder traveller offered me a hammock, but I preferred the long chest, made from the trunk of a tree, which in every house in Nicaragua served as sort of cupboard.

CHAPTER XX.

BEAUTIFUL PLAIN—LEON—STROLL THROUGH THE TOWN—BANEFUL EFFECTS OF PARTY-SPIRIT—SCENES OF HORROR—UNPLEASANT INTELLIGENCE—JOURNEY CONTINUED—A FASTIDIOUS BEGGAR—CHINANDEGA—GULF OF CONCHAGUA—VISIT TO REALEJO—COTTON FACTORY—HARBOUR OF REALEJO—EL VIEJO—PORT OF NAGUISCOLO—IMPORTANCE OF A PASSPORT—EMBARKING MULES—A BUNGO—VOLCANO OF COSEGUINA—ERUPTION OF 1835—LA UNION.

AT two o'clock we were awakened by the crowing of the cocks, and at three the cargo-mules were loaded, and we set off. The road was level and wooded, but desperately dusty. For two hours after daylight we had shade, when we came upon an open plain, bounded on the Pacific side by a low ridge, and on the right by a high range of mountains, forming part of the great chain of the Cordilleras. Before us, at a great distance, rising above the level of the plain, we saw the spires of the Cathedral of Leon. This magnificent plain, in richness of soil not surpassed by any land in the world, lay as desolate as when the Spaniards first traversed it. The dry season was near its close; for four months there had been no rain, and the dust hung around us in thick clouds, hot and fine as the sands of Egypt. At nine o'clock we reached Leon, and I parted with my companions, but not without a courteous invitation from the younger to take up my rest at the house of his brother. The suburbs were more miserable than anything I had yet seen. Passing up a long street, across which a sentinel was patrolling, I saw in front of the quartel a group of vagabond soldiers, a match for Carrera's, who cried out insolently, "Quita el sombrero," "Take off your hat." I had to traverse the whole extent of the city before I reached the house to which I had been recommended. I dismounted, and entered it with confidence of a warm reception; but the lady, with considerable expedition, told me that her husband was not at home. I gave her a note with which I had been furnished, addressed to herself; but she said she could not read English, and handed it back. I translated it word for word, being a request that she would give me lodgings. Her brow actually knit with vexation; and she said she had but one spare room, and that was reserved for the English vice-consul from Realejo. I answered that the vice-consul did not intend leaving Realejo for the present. She asked me how long I intended to stay; and when I replied, only that night, she said that if such were the case I might remain. The reader will perhaps wonder at my want of spirit; but the fact is, I was loth to con-

sider any incivility personal. My only alternative was to seek out the young man whose invitation I had declined, and whose name I did not know, or to ask permission from door to door.

It is said that women are governed by appearances, and mine was not very seductive. My dress was the same with which I had left Grenada, soiled by the ascent of the Volcano of Masaya, and now covered with dust. Making the most of my moderate wardrobe, on my reappearance I was more favourably received. At least I had a capital breakfast; and as it was very hot, and I wanted to rest, I remained in doors and played with the children. At dinner I had the seat of honour at the head of the table, and had made such progress, that, if I had desired it, I could have ventured to broach the subject of remaining another day; and I owe it to the lady to say, that, having assented to my remaining, she treated me with great civility and attention, and particularly used great exertions in procuring me a guide to enable me to set out the next day.

After dinner Nicolas came to my room, and with uplifted hands cried out against the people of Leon, "*Gente indecente, sin verguenza;*" literally, "Indecent people, without shame." He had been hooted in the streets, and had heard such stories of the state of the country before us that he wanted to return home. I was extremely loth to make another change, and particularly for any of the assassin-looking scoundrels whom I had seen on my entry; but I did not like the responsibility of taking him against his will, and told him that if he would procure me two honest men he might leave me. I had advanced him more than was due, but I had a security against his deserting me in his apprehension of being taken for a soldier.

This over, I walked out to take a view of the town. It had an appearance of old and aristocratic respectability, which no other city in Central America possessed. The houses were large, and many of the fronts were covered with stucco ornaments; the plaza was spacious, and the squares of the churches and the churches themselves magnificent. It was the seat of a bishopric, and distinguished for the costliness of its churches and convents, its seats of learning, and its men of science, down to the time of its revolution against Spain; but in walking through its streets I saw palaces in which nobles had lived dismantled and roofless, and occupied by half-starved wretches, pictures of misery and want; and on one side an immense field of ruins, covering half the city.

I must confess that I felt a degree of uneasiness in walking the streets of Leon that I never felt in any city in the East. My change of dress did not make my presence more acceptable, and the eagle on

my hat attracted particular attention. At every corner was a group of scoundrels, who stared at me as if disposed to pick a quarrel. With some my official character made me an object of suspicion; for in their disgraceful fights they thought that the eyes of the whole world were upon them, and that England, France, and the United States were secretly contending for the possession of their interesting country. I intended to pay a visit to the chief of the state; but, afraid of being insulted or getting into some difficulty that might detain me, I returned to the house.

By means of the servants, Nicolas had found two men who were willing to accompany me, but I did not like their looks, or even to let them know when I intended to set out. I had hardly disposed of them before my guide came to advise me not to set out the next day, as 500 soldiers, who had been making preparations for several days, were to march the next morning against San Salvador. This was most unpleasant intelligence. I did not wish to travel with them, or to fall in with them on the road; and calculating that their march would be slower than mine, told the guide to ascertain their time for starting, and we would set out two hours before them. Nicolas went out with him to take the mules to water; but they returned in great haste, with intelligence that piquets were scouring the city for men and mules, and had entered the yard of a padre near by and taken three of his animals. The lady of the house ordered all the doors to be locked and the keys brought to her, and an hour before dark we were all shut in, and my poor mules went without water.

At about eight o'clock we heard the tramp of cavalry in the streets, and gathering inside the doorway, saw about 600 men taking up their line of march. There was no music, no shouting, no waving of handkerchiefs, to cheer them as defenders of their country or as adventurers in the road to glory; but in the dark, and barefooted, their tread seemed stealthy; people looked at them with fear; and it seemed rather the sally of a band of conspirators than a march by the soldiers of a republic.

My muleteer did not return till daylight the next morning. Fortunately for us, he had learned that the troops were destined on another, but even a more inglorious expedition. Expenses had been incurred in sending troops into Honduras, of which Grenada refused to pay its portion, on the ground that, by the constitution, it was not liable except for expenses incurred in defending the borders of its own state. This was admitted; but the expense had been incurred; Leon had fought the battle, and had the same materials with which she gained it to enforce the contribution. In order that Grenada might

be taken unawares, it was given out that the troops were destined for San Salvador, and they were actually marched out on the San Salvador road; but at midnight made a circuit, and took the route for Grenada. War between different states was bad enough, but here the flame which had before laid the capital in ruins was lighted again within its own borders. What the result of this expedition was I never heard; but probably, taken unawares and without arms, Grenada was compelled by bayonets to pay what, by the constitution, she was not bound to pay.

Outside of Leon, and once more on the back of my macho, I breathed more freely. Nicolas was induced to continue by hearing that there was a vessel at Realejo for Costa Rica, and I hoped to find one for Zonzonate. The great plain of Leon was even more beautiful than before; too beautiful for the thankless people to whom the bounty of Providence had given it. On the left was the same low ridge separating it from the Pacific Ocean, and on the right the great range of Cordilleras, terminated by the volcano of the Viejo.

I had passed through the village of Chichuapa when I heard a cry of "caballero" behind me, and turning, saw divers people waving their hands, and a woman running, almost out of breath, with a pocket-handkerchief which I had left at the house where I breakfasted. I was going on, when a respectable-looking gentleman stopped me, with many apologies for the liberty, and asked for a medio, sixpence. I gave him one, which he examined, and handed back, saying, "No corre," "it does not pass." It was always, in paying money, a matter of course to have two or three pieces returned, and this I sometimes resisted; but as in this land everything was al reverso, it seemed regular for beggars to be choosers, and I gave him another.

My stopping-place was at the house of Mr. Bridges, an Englishman from one of the West India islands; and, as usual, my first business was to make arrangements for continuing my journey. My whole road was along the coast of the Pacific, but beyond this the Gulf of Conchagua made a large indentation in the land, which it was customary to cross in a bungo, sending the mules around the head of the gulf. I was informed that the latter was hazardous, as the Honduras troops were marching upon San Salvador, and would seize them. I might save them by going myself; but it was a journey of six days, through a country so desolate that it was necessary to carry food for the mules, and as I had still a long road beyond, I felt it necessary to economise my strength. I was loth to run the risk of losing my mules, and sent a courier to El Viejo, where the owners of the bungoes lived, to hire the largest, determined to run the risk of taking them with me. The

next morning the courier returned, having procured a bungo, to be ready the next evening, and with a message from the owner that the embarkation must be at my risk.

Early the next morning I sent on an ox wagon with the luggage, and a stock of corn and grass for the mules during the voyage, and, after a pleasant ride of a league, reached the Viejo, one of the most respectable-looking towns in Nicaragua. The house of the owner of the bungo was one of the largest in the place, and furnished with two mahogany sofas made by a Yankee cabinet-maker in Lima, two looking-glasses with gilt frames, a French clock, gilt chairs with cane bottoms, and two Boston rocking-chairs, which had made the passage round Cape Horn. Don Francisco went over to the commandant. He, unluckily, had received his orders direct from the government, and dared not let me pass. I went over myself with Mr. Foster, the English vice-consul. The order was positive, and I was in agony. Here I made a push with my official character, and after an hour's torment, by the warm help of Mr. Foster, and upon his undertaking to save the commandant harmless, and to send an express immediately to Leon for a passport from the chief of the state, it was agreed that in the meantime I might go on.

I did not wait long, but, taking leave of Mr. Foster and Don Francisco, set out for the port. It was seven leagues, through an unbroken forest. On the way I overtook my bungo men, nearly naked, moving in single file, with the pilot at their head, and each carrying on his back an open network containing tortillas and provisions for the voyage. At half past two we reached the port of Naguiscolo. There was a single hut, at which a woman was washing corn, with a naked child near her on the ground, its face, arms, and body one running sore, a picture of squalid poverty. In front was a large muddy plain, through the centre of which ran a straight cut called a canal, with an embankment on one side dry, the mud baked hard, and bleached by the sun. In this ditch lay several bungoes high and dry, adding to the ugliness of the picture. I had a feeling of great satisfaction that I was not obliged to remain there long; but the miserable woman, with a tone of voice that seemed to rejoice in the chance of making others as miserable as herself, desisted from washing her maize, and screeched in my ears that a guarda had been sent direct from the capital, with orders to let no one embark without a passport. The guarda had gone down the river in a canoe, in search of a bungo which had attempted to go away without a passport; and I walked down the bank of the canal in hope to catch him alone when he returned. The sun was scorching hot, and as I passed the bungoes, the boatmen asked me if I had a pass-

port. At the end of the canal, under the shade of a large tree, were two women; and they had been in that place three days, waiting for one of their party who had gone to Leon to procure a passport.

It was more than an hour before the guarda appeared. He was taken by the eagle on my hat, and while I told him my story, said, "Si, señor," to everything; but when I talked of embarking, said, "Señor, you have no passport." I will not inflict upon the reader the details of all my vexations and anxiety that afternoon. I was most eager to hurry on. To send a courier to Leon would keep me in suspense insufferable. Some difficulty might happen, and the only way for peace of mind was to return myself. I had already made a longer journey than is ever made in the country without an interval of rest. The road before me led through the seat of war, and four days' detention might throw me into the midst of it. (In fact, the result proved that one day would have done so.) I walked with the guarda to the hut, and in greater anxiety than I had felt since my departure from home, showed him my papers—a larger bundle, perhaps, than he had ever seen before, and with bigger seals, particularly my original passport from my own government—jumbling together his government and my government, the amicable relations existing between them, and trying to give him an overwhelming idea of my importance; but he knew no more what it meant than if I had repeated to him in English the fifth problem in Euclid. The poor man was almost in as great perplexity as I was. Several times he assented and retracted; and at length, upon my giving him a letter promising him the protection of Mr. Foster and the commandant at Viejo, he agreed to let the bungo go.

It was about an hour before dark when we went down to embark the mules. My bungo was at the extreme end of the canal, and the tide had risen so that she was afloat. We began with the grey, by casting a noose around her legs, drawing them together, and throwing her down. The men then attempted to lift her up bodily over the side of the bungo; but failing in this, took off the rudder, and leaning it against the side, hauled the mule up it, then tilted the rudder, and dropped her into the boat. In the meantime the macho stood under a tree, looking on very suspiciously, and with fearful forebodings. The noose was put round his legs, with a rope before and behind to pull on, and struggling desperately, he was thrown down, but hardly touched the ground before, with a desperate effort, he broke the ropes and rose upon his feet. A second attempt was more successful; but the two abreast made a close fit, and I was obliged to leave behind the luggage mule. I paid the guarda to take her to Mr. Foster, but whether she reached him or not I have never heard.

We were assisted by the boatmen of another bungo, and I ordered supper and *agua ardiente* for the whole. This was furnished at the hut by the guarda, and when it was over, the men, all in good spirits, commenced taking the luggage on board. At this time some who were detained were grumbling, and a new man entered the hut, as he said, direct from the Pueblo, who croaked in my ears the odious order, and the guard again made objections. I was excessively vexed by this last interruption; and fairly bullying the new comer out of the hut, told the guard that the thing was settled, and that I would not be trifled with, took up my gun, and told the men to follow me. I saw beforehand that they were elevated by their good cheer, and that I could rely upon them. The guard, and all those compelled to wait, followed; but we got on board, and my crew were so tipsy that they defied all opposition. One push cleared the bungo from the canal, and as she was passing out a stranger unexpectedly stepped on board, and in the dark slipped down under the awning with the mules. I was surprised and a little indignant that he had not asked leave, and it occurred to me that he was a partisan who might compromise me; but to return might lead to new difficulty, and, besides, he was probably some poor fellow escaping for his life, and it was better that I should know nothing about it. In the midst of my doubts a man on the bank cried out that fifty soldiers had arrived from Leon. It was pitchy dark; we could see nothing, and my men answered with a shout of defiance.

In the meantime we were descending rapidly, whirling around and hitting against the branches of trees; the mules were thrown down, the awning carried away, and in the midst of darkness and confusion we struck with a violent crash against another bungo, which knocked us all into a heap, and I thought would send us to the bottom. The men rose with roars of laughter. It was a bad beginning. Still I was overjoyed at being clear of the port, and there was a wild excitement in the scene itself. At length the men sat down to the oars, and pulled for a few minutes as if they would tear the old bungo out of the water, shouting all the time like spirits of darkness let loose. The pilot sat quietly at the helm without speaking, and dark as it was, at times I saw a smile steal over his face at the wild sallies of the boatmen. Again they began rowing furiously as before, and suddenly one of the sweeps broke and the oarsman fell backward. The bungo was run up among the trees, and the men climbed ashore by the branches. The blows of machetes, mingled with shouts and laughter, rang through the woods; they were the noisiest party I met in Central America. In the dark they cut down a dozen saplings before they found what they wanted,

and in about an hour returned, and the shattered awning was refitted. By this time they were more sobered; and taking their sweeps, we moved silently down the dark river until one o'clock, when we came to anchor.

The bungo was about forty feet long, dug out of the trunk of a Guanacaste tree, about five feet wide and nearly as deep, with the bottom round, and a toldo, or awning, round like the top of a market-wagon, made of matting and bulls' hides, covered ten feet of the stern. Beyond were six seats across the sides of the bungo for the oarsmen. The whole front was necessary for the men, and in reality I had only the part occupied by the awning, where, with the mules as tenants in common, there were too many of us. They stood abreast, with their halters tied to the first bench. The bottom was rounding, and gave them an unsteady foothold; and when the boat heaved they had a scramble to preserve their centre of gravity. The space between their heels and the end of the log, or stern of the bungo, was my sleeping-room. Nicolas was afraid to pass between the mules to get a place among the men, and he could not climb over the awning. I had their heads tethered close up to the bench, and putting him outside to catch the first kick, drew up against the stern of the bungo and went to sleep.

At half past seven we weighed anchor, or hauled up a large stone, and started with oars. My boatmen were peculiar in their way of wearing pantaloons. First they pulled them off, folded them about a foot wide and two feet long, and then suspended them over the belts of their machetes like little aprons. At nine o'clock we reached the mouth of the river. Here we hoisted sail, and while the wind was fair, did very well. The sun was scorching, and under the awning the heat was insufferable. Following the coast, at eleven o'clock we were opposite the volcano of Coseguina, a long dark mountain range, with another ridge running below it, and then an extensive plain covered with lava to the sea. The wind headed us, and in order to weather the point of headland from which we could lay our course, the boatmen got into the water to tow the bungo. I followed them, and with a broad-brimmed straw hat to protect me from the sun, I found the water was delightful. During this time one of the men brought sand from the shore to break the roundness of the bottom of the boat, and give the mules a foothold. Unable to weather the point, at half past one we came to anchor, and very soon every man on board was asleep.

I woke with the pilot's legs resting on my shoulder. It was rather an undignified position, but no one saw it. Before me was the volcano of Coseguina, with its field of lava and its desolate shore, and not a living being was in sight except my sleeping boatmen. Five years

before, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and at the foot of Mount Etna, I read in a newspaper an account of the eruption of this volcano; little did I then ever expect to see it; the most awful in the history of volcanic eruptions, the noise of which startled the people of Guatemala 400 miles off; and at Kingston, Jamaica, *eight hundred miles* distant, was supposed to be signal guns of distress from some vessel at sea. The face of nature was changed; the cone of the volcano was gone; a mountain and field of lava ran down to the sea; a forest, old as creation, had entirely disappeared, and two islands were formed in the sea; shoals were discovered, in one of which a large tree was fixed upside down; one river was completely choked up, and another formed running in an opposite direction; seven men in the employ of my bungo proprietor ran down to the water, pushed off in a bungo, and were never heard of more; wild beasts, howling, left their caves in the mountains, and ounces, leopards, and snakes fled for shelter to the abodes of men.

This eruption took place on the 20th of January, 1835. Mr. Savage was on that day on the side of the volcano of San Miguel, distant 120 miles, looking for cattle. At eight o'clock he saw a dense cloud rising in the south in a pyramidal form, and heard a noise which sounded like the roaring of the sea. Very soon the thick clouds were lighted up by vivid flashes, rose-coloured and forked, shooting and disappearing, which he supposed to be some electrical phenomenon. These appearances increased so fast that his men became frightened, and said it was a ruina, and that the end of the world was nigh. Very soon he himself was satisfied that it was the eruption of a volcano; and as Coseguina was at that time a quiet mountain, not suspected to contain subterraneous fires, he supposed it to proceed from the volcano of Tigris. He returned to the town of San Miguel, and in riding a short distance, felt three severe shocks of earthquake. The inhabitants were distracted with terror. Birds flew wildly through the streets, and, blinded by the dust, fell dead on the ground. At four o'clock it was so dark that, as Mr. S. says, he held up his hand before his eyes, and could not see it. Nobody moved without a candle, which gave a dim and misty light, extending only a few feet. At this time the church was full, and could not contain half who wished to enter. The figure of the Virgin was brought out into the plaza and borne through the streets, followed by the inhabitants, with candles and torches, in penitential procession, crying upon the Lord to pardon their sins. Bells tolled, and during the procession there was another earthquake, so violent and long that it threw to the ground many people walking in the procession. The darkness continued till eleven o'clock the next day, when the sun was partially visible, but

dim and hazy, and without any brightness. The dust on the ground was four inches thick; the branches of trees broke with its weight, and people were so disfigured by it that they could not be recognised.

Towards evening my men all woke; the wind was fair, but they took things quietly, and after supper hoisted sail. About twelve o'clock, by an amicable arrangement, I stretched myself on the pilot's bench under the tiller, and when I woke we had passed the volcano of Tigris, and were in an archipelago of islands more beautiful than the islands of Greece. The wind died away, and the boatmen, after playing for a little while with the oars, again let fall the big stone and went to sleep. Outside the awning the heat of the sun was withering, under it the closeness was suffocating, and my poor mules had had no water since their embarkation. In the confusion of getting away I had forgotten it till the moment of departure, and then there was no vessel in which to carry it. After giving them a short nap I roused the men, and with the promise of a reward induced them to take to their oars. Fortunately, before they got tired we had a breeze, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon the big stone was dropped in the harbour of La Union, in front of the town. One ship was lying at anchor, a whaler from Chili, which had put in in distress and been condemned.

The commandant was Don Manuel Romero, one of Morazan's veterans, who was anxious to retire altogether from public life, but remained in office because, in his present straits, he could be useful to his benefactor and friend. He had heard of me, and his attentions reminded me of what I sometimes forgot, but which others very rarely did, my official character; he invited me to his house while I remained in La Union, but gave me intelligence which made me more anxious than ever to hurry on. General Morazan had left the port but a few days before, having accompanied his family thither on their way to Chili. On his return to San Salvador he intended to march directly against Guatemala. By forced marches I might overtake him, and go up under the escort of his army, trusting to chance to avoid being on the spot in case of a battle, or from my acquaintance with Carrera get passed across the lines. Fortunately, the captain of the condemned ship wished to go to San Salvador, and agreed to accompany me the next day.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOURNEY TO SAN SALVADOR—A NEW COMPANION—SAN ALEJO—WAR ALARMS—STATE OF SAN SALVADOR—RIVER LEMPA—SAN VICENTE—VOLCANO OF SAN VICENTE—THERMAL SPRINGS—COJUTEPEQUE—ARRIVAL AT SAN SALVADOR—PREJUDICE AGAINST FOREIGNERS—CONTRIBUTIONS—PRESS-GANGS—VICE-PRESIDENT VIGIL—TAKING OF SAN MIGUEL AND SAN VICENTE—RUMOURS OF A MARCH UPON SAN SALVADOR—DEPARTURE FROM SAN SALVADOR—LA BARRANCA DE GUARAMAL—VOLCANO OF IZALCO—DEPREDACTIONS OF RASCON—ZONZONATE—NEWS FROM GUATIMALA—JOURNEY CONTINUED—AGUISALCO—APENECA—MOUNTAIN OF AGUACHAPA—SUBTERRANEAN FIRES—AGUACHAPA—DEFEAT OF MORAZAN—CONFUSION AND TERROR.

AT five o'clock the next afternoon we set out for San Salvador. Don Manuel Romero furnished me with letters of introduction to all the Gefes Politicos, and the captain's name was inserted in my passport.

I must introduce the reader to my new friend. Captain Antonio V. F., a little over thirty, when six months out on a whaling voyage, with a leaky ship and a mutinous crew, steered across the Pacific for the Continent of America, and reached the port of La Union with seven or eight feet water in the hold and half his crew in irons. He knew nothing of Central America until necessity threw him upon its shore. While waiting the slow process of a regular condemnation and order for the sale of his ship, General Morazan, with an escort of officers, came to the port to embark his wife and family for Chili. Captain F. had become acquainted with them, and through them with their side of the politics of the country; and in the evening, while we were riding along the ridge of a high mountain, he told me that he had been offered a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and was then on his way to join Morazan in his march against Guatemala. His ship was advertised for sale, he had written an account of his misadventures to his owners and his wife, was tired of remaining at the port, and a campaign with Morazan was the only thing that offered. He liked General Morazan, and he liked the country, and thought his wife would; if Morazan succeeded there would be vacant offices and estates without owners, and some of them worth having. He went from whaling to campaigning as coolly as a Yankee would from cutting down trees to editing a newspaper. It was no affair of mine, but I suggested that there was no honour to be gained; that he would get his full share of hard knocks, bullets, and sword-cuts; that if Morazan succeeded he would have a desperate struggle for his share of the