

the man's energy, but his expression and manner precluded all courtesies; and though he looked at us for an answer, we said nothing. The old man answered that he was too old to fight, and the officer told him then to help others to do so, and to contribute his horses or mules. This touched us again; and taking ours apart, we left exposed and alone an object more miserable as a beast than his owner was as a man. The old man said this was his all. The officer, looking as if he would like a pretext for seizing ours, told him to give her up; and the old man, slowly untying her, without a word led her to the fence, and handed the halter across to one of the lancers. They laughed as they received the old man's all, and pricking the mule with their lances, galloped off in search of more "contributions."

Some time after dark we reached the hacienda of Guaramal, and before day-light the next morning we were in the saddle. In the evening we arrived at Izalco, and I again heard the deep rumbling noise of the volcano, sounding like distant thunder.

Early in the morning we started, arrived at Zonzonate before breakfast, and rode to the house of my friend M. de Nouvelle. It was exactly two months since I left it, and, with the exception of my voyage on the Pacific and sickness at Costa Rica, I had not had a day of repose.

I was now within four days of Guatemala, but the difficulty of going on was greater than ever. The captain could procure no mules. No intelligence had been received of Morazan's movements; intercourse was entirely broken off, business at a stand, and the people anxiously waiting for news from Guatemala. Nobody would set out on that road. I was very much distressed. The rainy season was coming on, and by the loss of a month, the journey to Palenque would be prevented. I considered it actually safer to pass through while all was in this state of suspense, than after the floodgates of war were opened. Rascon's band had prevented my passing the road before, and other Rascons might spring up. The captain had not the same inducement to push ahead that I had. I had no idea of incurring any unnecessary risk, and on the road would have no hesitation at any time in putting spurs to my horse; and on deliberate consideration, my mind was so fully made up that I determined to procure a guide at any price, and set out alone.

In the midst of my perplexity, a tall thin, gaunt-looking Spaniard, whose name was Don Saturnino Tinocha, came to see me. He was a merchant from Costa Rica, so far on his way to Guatemala, and, by the advice of his friends rather than his own judgment, had been already waiting a week at Zonzonate. He was exactly in the humour

to suit me, very anxious to reach Guatemala; and his views and opinions were just the same as mine. The captain was indifferent, and, at all events, could not go unless he could procure mules. I told Don Saturnino that I would go at all events, and he undertook to provide for the captain. In the evening he returned, with intelligence that he had scoured the town and could not procure a single mule, but he offered to leave two of his own cargoes and take the captain's, or to sell him two of his mules. I offered to lend him my horse or macho, and the matter was arranged.

In the evening we were again in the midst of tumult. Two of Captain D'Yriarte's passengers for Guayaquil, whom he had given up, arrived that evening direct from Guatemala, and reported that Carrera, with 2,000 men, had left the city at the same time with them to march upon San Salvador. Carrera knew nothing of Morazan's approach; his troops were a disorderly and tumultuous mass; and three leagues from the city, when they halted, the horses were already tired. Here our informants slipped away, and three hours afterward met Morazan's army, in good order, marching single file, with Morazan himself at their head, he and all his cavalry dismounted, and leading their horses, which were fresh and ready for immediate action. Morazan stopped them, and made them show their passports and letters, and they told him of the sally of Carrera's army, and its condition; and we all formed the conclusion that Morazan had attacked them the same day, defeated them, and was then in possession of Guatemala. Upon the whole, we considered the news favourable to us, as his first business would be to make the roads secure.

At three o'clock the next morning we were again in the saddle. A stream of fire was rolling down the volcano of Izalco, bright, but paler by the moonlight. The road was good for two leagues, when we reached the Indian village of Aguisalco. Our mules were overloaded, and one of Don Saturnino's gave out entirely. We tried to procure others or Indian carriers, but no one would move from home. Don Saturnino loaded his saddle-mule, and walked; and if it had not been for his indefatigable perseverance, we should have been compelled to stop.

At one o'clock we reached Apeneco, and rode up to one of the best houses, where an old man and his wife undertook to give us breakfast. Our mules presented a piteous spectacle. Mine, which had carried my light luggage like a feather all the way from La Union, had gone on with admirable steadiness up hill and down dale, but when we stopped she trembled in every limb, and before the cargo was removed I expected to see her fall. Nicolas and the muleteer said she would

certainly die, and the faithful brute seemed to look at me reproachfully for having suffered so heavy a load to be put upon her back. I tried to buy or hire another, but all were removed one or two days' journey out of the line of march of the soldiers.

It was agreed that I should go on to Aguachapa and endeavour to have other mules ready early the next morning; but in the meantime the captain conceived some suspicions of the old man and woman, and resolved not to remain that night in the village. Fortunately, my mule revived and began to eat. Don Saturnino repeated his "sta bueno," with which he had cheered us through all the perplexities of the day, and we determined to set out again. Neither of us had any luggage he was willing to leave, for in all probability he would never see it again. We loaded our saddle-beasts, and walked. Immediately on leaving the village we commenced ascending the mountain of Aguachapa, the longest and worst in the whole road, in the wet season requiring two days to cross it. A steep pitch at the beginning made me tremble for the result. The ascent was about three miles, and on the very crest, embowered among the trees, was a blacksmith's shop, commanding a view of the whole country back to the village, and on the other side, of the slope of the mountain to the plain of Aguachapa. The clink of the hammer and the sight of a smith's grimed face seemed a profanation of the beauties of the scene. Here our difficulties were over; the rest of our road was down hill. The road lay along the ridge of the mountain. On our right we looked down the perpendicular side to a plain 2,000 feet below us: and in front, on another part of the same plain, were the lake and town of Aguachapa. Instead of going direct to the town, we turned round the foot of the mountain, and came into a field smoking with hot springs. The ground was incrustated with sulphur, and dried and baked by subterranean fires. In some places were large orifices, from which steam rushed out violently and with noise, and in others large pools or lakes, one of them 150 feet in circumference, of dark brown water, boiling with monstrous bubbles three or four feet high, which Homer might have made the head-waters of Acheron. All around, for a great extent, the earth was in a state of combustion, burning our boots and frightening the horses, and we were obliged to be careful to keep the horses from falling through. At some distance was a stream of sulphur-water, which we followed up to a broad basin, made a dam with stones and bushes, and had a most refreshing warm bath.

It was nearly dark when we entered the town, the frontier of the State and the outpost of danger. All were on the tiptoe of expectation for news from Guatemala. Riding through the plaza, we saw a new

corps of about 200 "patriot soldiers," uniformed and equipped, at evening drill, which was a guarantee against the turbulence we had seen in Izalco. Colonel Angoula, the commandant, was the same who had broken up the band of Rascon. Every one we met was astonished at our purpose of going on to Guatemala, and it was vexatious and discouraging to have ominous cautions perpetually dinned into our ears. We rode to the house of the widow Padilla, a friend of Don Saturnino, whom we found in great affliction. Her eldest son, on a visit to Guatemala on business, with a regular passport, had been thrown into prison by Carrera, and had then been a month in confinement; and she had just learned, what had been concealed from her, that the other son, a young man just twenty-one, had joined Morazan's expedition. Our purpose of going to Guatemala opened the fountain of her sorrows. She mourned for her sons, but the case of the younger seemed to give her most distress. She mourned that he had become a soldier; she had seen so much of the horrors of war; and, as if speaking of a truant boy, begged us to urge General Morazan to send him home. She was still in mourning for their father, who was a personal friend of General Morazan, and had, besides, three daughters, all young women, the eldest not more than twenty-three, married to Colonel Molina, the second in command; all were celebrated in that country for their beauty; and though the circumstances of the night prevented my seeing much of them, I looked upon this as one of the most lady-like and interesting family groups I had seen in the country.

Our first inquiry was for mules. Colonel Molina, the son-in-law, after endeavouring to dissuade us from continuing, sent out to make inquiries, and the result was that there were none to hire, but there was a man who had two to sell, and who promised to bring them early in the morning. We had vexations enough without adding any between ourselves; but, unfortunately, the captain and Don Saturnino had an angry quarrel, growing out of the breaking down of the mules. I was appealed to by both, and, in trying to keep the peace, came near having both upon me. The dispute was so violent that none of the female part of the family appeared in the sala, and while it was pending Colonel Molina was called off by a message from the commandant. In half an hour he returned, and told us that two soldiers had just entered the town, who reported that Morazan had been defeated in his attack on Guatemala, and his whole army routed and cut to pieces; that he himself, with fifteen dragoons, was escaping by the way of the coast, and the whole of Carrera's army was in full pursuit. The soldiers were at first supposed to be deserters, but they

were recognised by some of the townspeople; and after a careful examination and calculation of the lapse of time since the last intelligence, the news was believed to be true. The consternation it created in our little household cannot be described. Morazan's defeat was the death-knell of sons and brothers. It was not a moment for strangers to offer idle consolation, and we withdrew.

Our own plans were unsettled; the very dangers I feared had happened; the soldiers, who had been kept together in masses, were disbanded, to sweep every road in the country with the ferocity of partisan war. But for the night we could do nothing. Our men were already asleep, and, not without apprehensions, the captain and I retired to a room opening upon the courtyard. Don Saturnino wrapped himself in his poncha, and lay down under the corridor.

None of us undressed, but the fatigue of the day had been so great that I soon fell into a profound sleep. At one o'clock we were roused by Colonel Molina shouting in the doorway, "La gente viene!" "The people are coming!" His sword glittered, his spurs rattled, and by the moonlight I saw men saddling horses in the courtyard. We sprang up in a moment, and he told us to save ourselves; "la gente" were coming, and within two hours' march of the town. My first question was, What had become of the soldiers? They were already marching out; everybody was preparing to fly; he intended to escort the ladies to a hiding-place in the mountains, and then to overtake the soldiers. I must confess that my first thought was "devil take the hindmost;" and I ordered Nicolas, who was fairly blubbering with fright, to saddle for a start. The captain, however, objected, insisting that to fly would be to identify ourselves with the fugitives; and if we were overtaken with them we should certainly be massacred. Don Saturnino proposed to set out on our journey, and go straight on to a hacienda two leagues beyond; if we met them on the road we should appear as travellers; in their hurry they would let us pass; and, at all events, we should avoid the dangers of a general sacking and plunder of the town. I approved of this suggestion; the fact is, I was for anything that put us on horseback; but the captain again opposed it violently. Unluckily, he had four large, heavy trunks, containing jewellery and other valuables, and no mules to carry them. I made a hurried but feeling comment upon the comparative value of life and property; but the captain said that all he was worth in the world was in those trunks; he would not leave them; he would not risk them on the road; he would defend them as long as he had life; and, taking them up one by one from the corridor, he piled them inside of our little sleeping-room, shut the door, and swore that nobody should get into them without

passing over his dead body. Now I, for my own part, would have taken a quiet stripping, and by no means approved this desperate purpose of the captain's. The fact is, I was very differently situated from him. My property was chiefly in horse-flesh and mule-flesh, at the moment the most desirable thing in which money could be invested; and with two hours' start I would have defied all the Cachurecos in Guatemala to catch me. But the captain's determination put an end to all thoughts of testing the soundness of my investment; and perhaps, at all events, it was best to remain.

I entered the house, where the old lady and her daughters were packing up their valuables, and passed through to the street. The church bells were tolling with a frightful sound, and a horseman, with a red banneret on the point of his lance, was riding through the streets, warning the inhabitants to fly. Horses were standing before the doors saddled and bridled, and all along men were issuing from the doors with loads on their backs, and women with packages and bundles in their hands, and hurrying children before them. The moon was beaming with unrivalled splendour: the women did not scream, the children did not cry; terror was in every face and movement, but too deep for utterance. I walked down to the church; the cura was at the altar, receiving hurried confessions and administering the sacrament; and as the wretched inhabitants left the altar they fled from the town. I saw a poor mother searching for a missing child; but her friends, in hoarse whispers, said, "La gente viene!" and hurried her away. A long line of fugitives, with loaded mules interspersed, was moving from the door of the church, and disappearing beneath the brow of the hill. It was the first time I ever saw terror operating upon masses, and I hope never to see it again. I went back to the house. The family of Padilla had not left, and the poor widow was still packing up. We urged Colonel Molina to hasten; as commandant, he would be the first victim. He knew his danger, but in a tone of voice that told the horrors of this partisan war, said he could not leave behind him the young women. In a few moments all was ready; the old lady gave us the key of the house, we exchanged the Spanish farewell with a mutual recommendation to God, and sadly and silently they left the town. Colonel Molina remained a moment behind. Again he urged us to fly, saying that the enemy were robbers, murderers, and assassins, who would pay no respect to person or character, and disappointment at finding the town deserted would make them outrageous with us. He drove his spurs into his horse, and we never saw him again. On the steps of the church were sick and infirm old men and children, and the cura's house was thronged

with the same helpless beings. Except these, we were left in sole possession of the town.

It was not yet an hour since we had been roused from sleep. We had not been able to procure any definite information as to the character of the approaching force. The alarm was, "La gente viene;" no one knew or thought of more,—no one paid any attention to us,—and we did not know whether the whole army of Carrera was approaching, or merely a roving detachment. If the former, my hope was that Carrera was with them, and that he had not forgotten my diplomatic coat. I felt rejoiced that the soldiers had marched out, and that the inhabitants had fled; there could be no resistance, no bloodshed, nothing to excite a lawless soldiery. Again we walked down to the church; old women and little boys gathered around us, and wondered that we did not fly. We went to the door of the cura's house; the room was small, and full of old women. We tried to cheer them, but old age had lost its garrulity; they waited their fate in silence. We returned to the house, smoked, and waited in anxious expectation. The enemy did not come, the bell ceased its frightful tolling, and after a while we began to wish they would come, and let us have the thing over. We went out, and looked, and listened; but there was neither sound nor motion. We became positively tired of waiting: there were still two hours to daylight; we lay down, and, strange to say, again fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

APPROACH OF CARRERA'S FORCES—TERROR OF THE INHABITANTS—THEIR FLIGHT—SURRENDER OF THE TOWN—FEROCITY OF THE SOLDIERY—A BULLETIN—DIPLOMACY—A PASSPORT—A BREAKFAST—AN ALARM—THE WIDOW PADILLA—AN ATTACK—DEFEAT OF CARRERA'S FORCES—THE TOWN TAKEN BY GENERAL MORAZAN—HIS ENTRY—THE WIDOW'S SON—VISIT TO GENERAL MORAZAN—HIS APPEARANCE, CHARACTER, ETC.—PLANS DERANGED.

It was broad daylight when we woke, without any machete cuts, and still in undisturbed possession of the town. My first thought was for the mules; they had eaten up their sacate, and had but a poor chance for more, but I sent them immediately to the river for water. They had hardly gone when a little boy ran in from the church, and told us that "la gente" were in sight. We hurried back with him, and the miserable beings on the steps, with new terrors, supposing that we were friends of the invaders, begged us to save them. Followed by three or four trembling boys, we ascended to the steeple, and saw the Cachurecos at a distance, descending the brow of a hill in single file, their muskets glittering in the sunbeams. We saw that it was not the whole of Carrera's army, but apparently only a pioneer company; but they were too many for us, and the smallness of their numbers gave them the appearance of a lawless predatory band. They had still to cross a long plain and ascend the hill on which the town was built. The bell-rope was in reach of my hand; I gave it one strong pull, and telling the boys to sound loud the alarm, hurried down. As we passed out of the church, we heard loud cries from the old women in the house of the cura; and the old men and children on the steps asked us whether they would be murdered.

The mules had not returned, and, afraid of their being intercepted in the street, I ran down a steep hill toward the river, and meeting them, hurried back to the house. While doing so I saw at the extreme end of the street a single soldier moving cautiously; and watching carefully every house, as if suspecting treachery, he advanced with a letter directed to Colonel Angoula. The captain told him that he must seek Angoula among the mountains. We inquired the name of his commanding officer, how many men he had, said that there was no one to oppose him, and forthwith surrendered the town. The man could hardly believe that it was deserted. General Figorcia did not know it; he had halted at a short distance, afraid to make the attack at night, and was then expecting immediate battle. The General himself could