

This difficulty over, the major-domo promised us a guide before daylight for the next village. At three o'clock we were awakened by the creaking of the sugar-mill. We waited till daylight for a guide, but as none came we bade farewell to our kind host, and set out alone. The name of the hacienda is San José, but in the hurry of my movements I never learned the name of the proprietor. In the constant revolutions of Central America, it may happen that he will one day be flying for his life; in his hour of need, may he meet a heart as noble as his own!

At a distance of five leagues we reached the rancho of Hocotilla, where Don Saturnino and our men had slept. The road lay in a magnificent ravine, with a fine bottom land and noble mountain sides. We passed through the straggling settlements of Oratorio and Leon, mostly single huts, where several times we saw women snatch up their children and run into the woods at sight of us. Bury the war-knife, and this valley would be equal to the most beautiful in Switzerland. At twelve o'clock we came upon four posts with a thatched roof, occupied by a scouting-party of Cachureco soldiers. We should have been glad to avoid them, but they could not have judged so from the way in which we shouted "Amigos!" We inquired for Carrera; expected to meet him on the road; Figoroa had told us he was coming; Figoroa had entered Aguachapa; and, taking special good care not to tell them that Figoroa had been driven out, we bade them good-bye and hurried on.

At twelve o'clock we reached the Rio de los Esclavos, a wild and noble river, the bridge across which is the greatest structure in Central America, a memorial of the Spanish dominion. We crossed it and entered the village, a mere collection of huts, standing in a magnificent situation on the bank of the river, looking up to a range of giant mountains on the other side, covered to the top with noble pines. The miserable inhabitants were insensible to its beauties, but there were reasons to make them so. Every hostile expedition between Guatemala and San Salvador passed through their village. Twice within one week Morazan's party had done so; the inhabitants carried off what they could, and, locking their doors, fled to the mountains. The last time, Morazan's soldiers were so straitened for provisions, and pressed by fear of pursuit, that huts were torn down for firewood, and bullocks slain and eaten half raw in the street, without bread or tortillas.

At two we set off again, and from the village entered a country covered with lava. At four we reached the hacienda of Coral de Piedra, situated on the crest of a stony country, looking like a castle, very large, with a church and village, where, although it rained, we

did not stop, for the whole village seemed to be intoxicated. Opposite one house we were hailed by a Cachureco officer, so tipsy that he could hardly sit on his horse, who came to us and told us how many of Morazan's men he had killed. A little before dark, riding through a forest, in the apprehension that we were lost, we emerged suddenly from the woods, and saw towering before us the great volcanoes of Agua and Fuego, and at the same moment were hailed by the joyful shouts of Don Saturnino and our men. They had encamped in a small hut on the borders of a large plain, and the mules were turned out to pasture. Don Saturnino had been alarmed about us, but he had followed our parting injunction to go on, as, if any accident had happened, he could be of more service in Guatemala. They had not met Morazan's troops, having been at a hacienda off the road when they passed, and hurrying on, had not heard of the rout of Figoroa.

The rancho contained a single small room, barely large enough for the man and woman who occupied it, but there was plenty of room out of doors. After a rough ride of more than fifty miles, with the most comfortable reflection of being but one day from Guatemala, I soon fell asleep.

The next morning one of the mules was missing, and we did not get off till eight o'clock. Toward evening we descended a long hill, and entered the plain of Guatemala. It looked beautiful, and I never thought I should be so happy to see it again. I had finished a journey of 1,200 miles, and the gold of Peru could not have tempted me to undertake it again. At the gate the first man I saw was my friend Don Manuel Pavon. I could but think, if Morazan had taken the city, where would he be now? Carrera was not in the city; he had set out in pursuit of Morazan, but on the road received intelligence which induced him to turn off for Quezaltenango. I learned with deep satisfaction that not one of my acquaintance was killed, but, as I afterwards found, not one of them had been in the battle.

I gave Don Manuel the first intelligence of General Morazan. Not a word had been heard of him since he left the Antigua. Nobody had come up from that direction; the people were still too frightened to travel, and the city had not recovered from its spasm of terror. As we advanced I met acquaintances who welcomed me back to Guatemala. I was considered as having run the gauntlet for life, and escape from dangers created a bond between us. I could hardly persuade myself that the people who received me so cordially, and whom I was really glad to meet again, were the same whose expulsion by Morazan I had considered probable. If he had succeeded, not one of them would have been there to welcome me. Repeatedly I was

obliged to stop and tell over the affair of Aguachapa; how many men Morazan had; what officers; whether I spoke to him; how he looked, and what he said. I introduced the captain; each had his circle of listeners; and the captain, as a slight indemnification for his forced "Viva Carreras!" on the road, feeling, on his arrival once more among civilized and well-dressed people, a comparative security for liberty of speech, said that if Morazan's horses had not been so tired, every man of Figoroa's would have been killed. Unhappily, I could not but see that our news would have been more acceptable if we could have reported Morazan completely prostrated, wounded, or even dead. As we advanced I could perceive that the sides of the houses were marked by musket-balls, and the fronts on the plaza were fearfully scarified. My house was near the plaza, and three musket-balls, picked out of the woodwork, were saved for my inspection, as a sample of the battle. In an hour after my arrival I had seen nearly all my old friends. Engrossed by my own troubles, I had not imagined the full extent of theirs. I cannot describe the satisfaction with which I found myself once more among them, and for a little while, at least, at rest. I still had anxieties; I had no letters from home, and Mr. Catherwood had not arrived; but I had no uneasiness about him, for he was not in the line of danger; and when I lay down I had the comfortable sensation that there was nothing to drive me forward the next day. The captain took up his abode with me. It was an odd finale to his expedition against Guatemala; but, after all, it was better than remaining at the port.

Great changes had taken place in Guatemala since I left, and it may not be amiss here to give a brief account of what had occurred in my absence. The reader will remember the treaty between Carrera and Guzman, the general of the state of Los Altos, by which the former surrendered to the latter 400 old muskets. Since that time Guatemala had adopted Carrera (or had been adopted by him, I hardly know which), and, on the ground that the distrust formerly entertained of him no longer existed, demanded a restitution of the muskets to him. The State of Los Altos refused. This State was at that time the focus of Liberal principles, and Quezaltenango, the capital, was the asylum of Liberals banished from Guatemala. Apprehending, or pretending to apprehend, an invasion from that State, and using the restitution of the 400 worthless muskets as a pretext, Carrera marched against Quezaltenango with 1,000 men. The Indians, believing that he came to destroy the whites, assisted him. Guzman's troops deserted him, and Carrera with his own hands took him prisoner, sick and encumbered with a great coat, in the act of dashing his horse down a deep

ravine to escape: he sent to Guatemala Guzman's military coat, with the names of Omoa, Truxillos, and other places where Guzman had distinguished himself in the service of the republic, labelled on it, and a letter to the government, stating that he had sent the coat as a proof that he had taken Guzman. A gentleman told me that he saw this coat on its way, stuck on a pole, and paraded by an insulting rabble around the plaza of the Antigua. After the battle Carrera marched to the capital, deposed the chief of the State and other officers, garrisoned it with his own soldiers, and, not understanding the technical distinctions of state lines, destroyed its existence as a separate State, and annexed it to Guatemala, or, rather, to his own command.

In honour of his distinguished services, public notice was given that on Monday the 17th he would make his triumphal entry into Guatemala; and on that day he did enter, under arches erected across the streets, amid the firing of cannon, waving of flags, and music, with General Guzman, personally known to all the principal inhabitants, who but a year before had hastened at their piteous call to save them from the hands of this same Carrera, placed sideways on a mule, with his feet tied under him, his face so bruised, swollen, and disfigured by stones and blows of machetes that he could not be recognised, and the prisoners tied together with ropes; and the chief of the state, secretary of state, and secretary of the Constituent Assembly rode by Carrera's side in this disgraceful triumph.

General Guzman was one of those who had been liberated from prison by General Morazan. He had escaped from the plaza with the remnant of his forces, but, unable to endure the fatigues of the journey, he was left behind, secreted on the road; and General Morazan told me that, in consequence of the cruelties exercised upon him, and the horrible state of anxiety in which he was kept, reason had deserted its throne, and his once strong mind was gone.

From this time the city settled into a volcanic calm, quivering with apprehensions of an attack by General Morazan, a rising of the Indians and a war of castes, and startled by occasional rumours that Carrera intended to bring Guzman and the prisoners out into the plaza and shoot them. On the 14th of March intelligence was received from Figoroa that General Morazan had crossed the Rio Paz and was marching against Guatemala. This swallowed up all other apprehensions. Carrera was the only man who could protect the city. On the 15th he marched out with 900 men, toward Arazola, leaving the plaza occupied by 500 men. Great gloom hung over the city. The same day Morazan arrived at the Coral de Piedra, eleven leagues from Guatemala. On the 16th the soldiers commenced erecting parapets at the corners of the plaza; many

Indians came in from the villages to assist, and Carrera took up his position at the Aceytuna, a league and a half from the city. On the 17th Carrera rode into the city, and with the chief of the state and others, went around to visit the fortifications and rouse the people to arms. At noon he returned to the Aceytuna, and at four o'clock intelligence was received that Morazan's army was descending the Questa de Pinula, the last range before reaching the plain of Guatemala. The bells tolled the alarm, and great consternation prevailed in the city. Morazan's army slept that night on the plain.

Before daylight he marched upon the city, and entered the gate of Buena Vista, leaving all his cavalry and part of his infantry at the Plaza de Toros and on the heights of Calvario, under Colonel Cabanes, to watch the movements of Carrera, and with 700 men occupied the Plaza of Guadalupe, depositing his parque, equipage, a hundred women (more or less of whom always accompany an expedition in that country), and all his train, in the Hospital of San Juan de Dios. Hence he sent Perez and Rivas, with 400 or 500 men, to attack the plaza. These passed up a street descending from the centre of the city, and, while covered by the brow of the hill, climbed over the yard-wall of the church of Escuela de Cristo, and passed through the church into the street opposite the mint, in the rear of one side of the plaza. Twenty-seven Indians were engaged in making a redoubt at the door, and twenty-six bodies were found on the ground, nine killed and seventeen wounded. When I saw it the ground was still red with blood. Entering the mint, the invaders were received with a murderous fire along the corridor; but, forcing their way through, they broke open the front portal, and rushed into the plaza. The plaza was occupied by the 500 men left by Carrera, and 200 or 300 Indians, who fell back, closed up near the porch of the cathedral, and in a few moments all fled, leaving the plaza, with all their ammunition, in the possession of the assailants. Rivera Paz and Don Luis Bartres, the chief and secretary of the state, were in the plaza at the time, and but few other white citizens. Carrera did not want white soldiers, and would not permit white men to be officers. Many young men had presented themselves in the plaza, and were told that there were no arms.

In the meantime, Carrera, strengthened by masses of Indians from the villages around, attacked the division on the heights of Calvario. Morazan, with the small force left at San Juan de Dios, went to the assistance of Cabanes. The battle lasted an hour and a half, fierce and bloody, and fought hand to hand. Morazan lost some of his best officers. Sauches was killed by Sotero Carrera, a brother of the general. Carrera and Morazan met, and Carrera says that he cut

Morazan's saddle nearly in two. Morazan was routed, pursued so closely that he could not take up his equipage, and hurried on to the plaza, having lost 300 muskets, 400 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and all his baggage. At ten o'clock his whole force was penned up in the plaza, surrounded by an immense mass of Indian soldiers, and fired upon from all the corners. Manning the parapets and stationing pickets on the roofs of the houses, he kept up a galling fire in return.

Pent up in this fearful position, Morazan had time to reflect. But a year before he was received with ringing of bells, firing of cannon, joyful acclamations, and deputations of grateful citizens, as the only man who could save them from Carrera and destruction. Among the few white citizens in the plaza at the time of the entry of the soldiers was a young man, who was taken prisoner and brought before General Morazan. The latter knew him personally, and inquired for several of his old partisans by name, asking whether they were not coming to join him. The young man answered that they were not, and Morazan and his officers seemed disappointed. No doubt he had expected a rising of citizens in his favour, and again to be hailed as a deliverer from Carrera. In San Salvador I had heard that he had received urgent solicitations to come up; but, whatever had been contemplated, there was no manifestation of any such intention; on the contrary, the hoarse cry was ringing in his ears, "Muera el tyranno! Muera el General Morazan!" Popular feeling had undergone an entire revolution, or else it was kept down by the masses of Indians who came in from the villages around to defend the city against him.

In the meantime the fire slackened, and at twelve o'clock it died away entirely; but the plaza was strewn with dead, dense masses choked up the streets, and at the corners of the plaza the soldiers, with gross ribaldry and jests, insulted and jeered at Morazan and his men. The firing ceased only from want of ammunition, Carrera's stock having been left in Morazan's possession. Carrera, in his eagerness to renew the attack, sat down to make cartridges with his own hands.

The house of Mr. Hall, the British vice-consul, was on one of the sides of the plaza. Mr. Chatfield, the consul-general, was at Escuintla, about twelve leagues distant, when intelligence was received of Morazan's invasion. He mounted his horse, rode up to the city, and hoisted the English flag on Mr. Hall's house, to Morazan's soldiers the most conspicuous object on the plaza. Carrera himself was hardly more obnoxious to them than Mr. Chatfield. A picket of soldiers was stationed on the roof of the house, commanding the plaza on the one side, and the courtyard on the other. Orellana, the former minister of war, was on the roof, and cut into the staff with his sword, but

desisted on a remonstrance from the courtyard that it was the house of the vice-consul. At sundown the immense mass of Indians who now crowded the city fell on their knees, and set up the *Salve* or hymn to the Virgin. Orellana and others of Morazan's officers had let themselves down in the courtyard, and were at the moment taking chocolate in Mr. Hall's house. Mrs. Hall, a Spanish lady of the city, asked Orellana why he did not fall on his knees; and he answered, in jest, that he was afraid his own soldiers on the roof would take him for a *Cachureco* and shoot him; but it is said that to Morazan the noise of this immense chorus of voices was appalling, bringing home to him a consciousness of the immense force assembled to crush him, and for the first time he expressed his sense of the danger they were in. The prayer was followed by a tremendous burst of "Viva la Religion! Viva Carrera! y muera el General Morazan!" and the firing commenced more sharply than before. It was returned from the plaza, and for several hours continued without intermission. At two o'clock in the morning Morazan made a desperate effort to cut his way out of the plaza, but was driven back behind the parapets. The plaza was strewn with dead. Forty of his oldest officers and his eldest son were killed; and at three o'clock he stationed 300 men at three corners of the plaza, directed them to open a brisk fire, threw all the powder into the fountain, and while attention was directed to these points, sallied by the other, and left them to their fate. I state this on the authority of the Guatemala official account of the battle—of course I heard nothing of it at Aguachapa—and if true, it is a blot on Morazan's character as a soldier and as a man. He escaped from the city with 500 men, and strewing the road with wounded and dead, at twelve o'clock arrived at the Antigua. Here he was urged to proclaim martial law, and make another attack on the city; but he answered, No; blood enough had been shed. He entered the *cabildo*, and, it is said, wrote a letter to Carrera recommending the prisoners to mercy; and Baron Mahelin, the French consul-general, related to me an anecdote, which does not, however, seem probable; that he laid his glove on the table, and requested the *alcalde* to give it to Carrera as a challenge, and explain its meaning. From that place he continued his retreat by the coast until I met him at Aguachapa.

In the meantime Carrera's soldiers poured into the plaza with a tremendous *feu-de-joie*, and kept up a terrible firing in the air till daylight. Then they commenced searching for fugitives, and a general massacre took place. Colonel Arias, lying on the ground with one of his eyes out, was bayoneted to death. Perez was shot. Marescal, concealed under the Cathedral, was dragged out and shot. Padilla,

the son of the widow at Aguachapa, found on the ground, while begging a Centralist whom he knew to save him, was killed with bayonets. The unhappy fugitives were brought into the plaza two, three, five, and ten at a time. Carrera stood pointing with his finger to this man and that, and every one that he indicated was removed a few paces from him and shot. Major José Viera, and several of the soldiers on the roof of Mr. Hall's house, let themselves down into the court-yard, and Carrera sent for all who had taken refuge there. Viera was taking chocolate with the family, and gave Mrs. Hall a purse of doubloons and a pistol to take care of for him. They were delivered up, with a recommendation to mercy, particularly in behalf of Viera; but a few moments after Mr. Skinner entered the house, and said that he saw Viera's body in the plaza. Mr. Hall could not believe it, and walked round the corner, but a few paces from his own door, and saw him lying on his back, dead. In this scene of massacre the Padre Zezena, a poor and humble priest, exposed his own life to save his fellow-beings. Throwing himself on his knees before Carrera, he implored him to spare the unhappy prisoners, exclaiming, they are Christians like ourselves; and by his importunities and prayers induced Carrera to desist from murder, and send the wretched captives to prison.

Carrera and his Indians had the whole danger and the whole glory of defending the city. The citizens, who had most at stake, took no part in it. The members of the government most deeply compromised fled, or remained shut up in their houses. It would be hard to analyse the feelings with which they straggled out to gaze upon the scene of horror in the streets and in the plaza, and saw on the ground the well-known faces and mangled bodies of the leaders of the Liberal party. There was one overpowering sense of escape from immense danger, and the feeling of the Central Government burst out in its official bulletin: "Eternal glory to the invincible chief, General Carrera, and the valiant troops under his command!"

In the morning, as at the moment of our arrival, this subject was uppermost in every one's mind; no one could talk of anything else, and each one had something new to communicate. In our first walk through the streets our attention was directed to the localities, and everywhere we saw marks of the battle. Vagabond soldiers accosted us, begging *medios*, pointing their muskets at our heads to show how they shot the enemy, and boasting how many they had killed. These fellows made me feel uncomfortable, and I was not singular; but if there was a man who had a mixture of uncomfortable and comfortable feelings, it was my friend the captain. He was for Morazan; had left

La Union to join his expedition, left San Salvador to pay him a visit at Guatemala, and partake of the festivities of his triumph, and left Aguachapa because his trunks had gone on before. Ever since his arrival in the country he had been accustomed to hear Carrera spoken of as a robber and assassin, and the noblesse of Guatemala ridiculed, and all at once he found himself in a hornet's nest. He now heard Morazan denounced as a tyrant, his officers as a set of cut-throats, banded together to assassinate personal enemies, rob churches, and kill priests; they had met the fate they deserved, and the universal sentiment was,—So perish the enemies of Guatemala! The captain had received a timely caution. His story, that Morazan would have killed every man of Figoroa's if the horses had not been so tired, had circulated; it was considered very partial, and special inquiries were made as to who that captain was. He was compelled to listen and assent, or say nothing. On the road he was an excessively loud talker, spoke the language perfectly, with his admirable arms and horse equipments always made a dashing entrée into a village, and was called "muy valiente," "very brave;" but here he was a subdued man, attracting a great deal of attention, but without any of the éclat which had attended him on the road, and feeling that he was an object of suspicion and distrust. But he had one consolation that nothing could take away: he had not been in the battle, or, to use his own expression, he might now be lying on the ground with his face upward.

In the afternoon, unexpectedly, Mr. Catherwood arrived. He had passed a month at the Antigua, and had just returned from a second visit to Copan, and had also explored other ruins, of which mention will be made hereafter. In our joy at meeting we tumbled into each other's arms, and in the very first moment resolved not to separate again while in that distracted country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RUINS OF QUIRIGUA—VISIT TO THEM—LOS AMATES—PYRAMIDAL STRUCTURE—A COLOSSAL HEAD—AN ALTAR—A COLLECTION OF MONUMENTS—STATUES—CHARACTER OF THE RUINS—A LOST CITY—PURCHASING A RUINED CITY.

To recur to Mr. Catherwood's operations, who, during my absence, had not been idle. On reaching Guatemala the first time from Copan, I made it my business to inquire particularly for ruins. I did not meet a single person who had ever visited those of Copan, and but few who took any interest whatever in the antiquities of the country; but, fortunately, a few days after my arrival, Don Carlos Meany, an Englishman from Trinidad, long resident in the country, proprietor of a large hacienda, and extensively engaged in mining operations, made one of his regular business visits to the capital. Besides a thorough acquaintance with all that concerned his own immediate pursuits, this gentleman possessed much general information respecting the country, and a curiosity which circumstances had never permitted him to gratify in regard to antiquities; and he told me of the ruins of Quirigua, on the Motagua River, near Encuentros, the place at which we slept the second night after crossing the Mico Mountain. He had never seen them, and I hardly believed it possible they could exist, for at that place we had made special inquiries for the ruins of Copan, and were not informed of any others. I became satisfied, however, that Don Carlos was a man who did not speak at random. They were on the estate of Señor Payes, a gentleman of Guatemala lately deceased. He had heard of them from Señor Payes, and had taken such interest in the subject as to inquire for and obtain the details of particular monuments. Three sons of Señor Payes had succeeded to his estate, and at my request Don Carlos called with me upon them. Neither of the sons had ever seen the ruins, or even visited the estate. It was an immense tract of wild land, which had come into their father's hands many years before for a mere trifle. He had visited it once; and they too had heard him speak of these ruins. Lately the spirit of speculation had reached that country; and from its fertility and position on the bank of a navigable river contiguous to the ocean, the tract had been made the subject of a prospectus, to be sold on shares in England. The prospectus set forth the great natural advantages of the location, and the inducements held out to emigrants, in terms and phrases that might