houses and convents. Yesterday, one of the president's party singled out a soldier in the citadel, shot him, and then began to dance the Enanos, and in the midst of a step, he was shot, and rolled over, dead.

We shall write again from San Xavier.

LETTER THE FORTY-FIFTH


SAN XAVIER, 16th September.

After a morning of fatigue, confusion, bustle, leaving-taking, etc., etc., a coach with four mules, procured with the utmost difficulty, drove up to the door; the coach old and crazy, the mules and harness quite consistent, and the postilions so tipsy that they could hardly keep their seats. But we had no time to be particular, and climbed in amidst bows and hand-shakings, and prophecies of breaking down and of being robbed by a band of forgats headed by a Spaniard, who are said to be scouring the country; who are said to be, for just now, seeing is believing, and few reports are worth attending to. However, we took two servants on horseback, by way of escort, and rattled off, the coach creaking ominously, the postilions swinging from side to side, and our worthy housekeeper, whom we had carried off from the smoking city, screaming out her last orders to the galopina, concerning a certain green parrot which she had left in the charge of that tender-hearted damsels, who, with her rebozo at her eyes, surrounded by directors of the mint, secretaries of legation, soldiers and porters, had enough to do to take charge of herself. The city looked very sad, as we drove through the streets; with closed shops, and barred windows, and cannon planted, and soldiers riding about. At every
village we passed, the drivers called for brandy, tossed off a glassful, which appeared to act like a composining draught, as they gradually recovered their equilibrium. We were glad to arrive at San Xavier, where we received a most cordial welcome, and to be removed, at least for a while, from sights and sounds of destruction. A great part of the road to Tlanapantla, the village near which San Xavier is situated, leads through traces of the ruins of the ancient Tenochtitlan.

This part of the country is extremely pretty, being a corn and not a maguey district. Instead of the monotonous and stiff maguey, whose head never bends to the blast, we are surrounded by fields of waving corn. There are also plenty of trees; poplar, ash, and elm; and one flourishing specimen of the latter species, which we see from the windows in front of the house, was brought here by Mr. Poinsett. The hacienda, which is about three leagues from Mexico, is a large irregular building in rather a low situation, surrounded by dark blue hills. It belongs to the Señoras de F——a, of the family of the Marquis de A——o; millionaires—being rich in haciendas and silver-mines; very religious, very charitable, and what is less common here, extremely learned; understanding French, English, German, and even Latin. Their education they owe to the care of their father, one of the most distinguished men in Mexico, who was banished twice, once for liberal opinions, and the second time for supporting the "Plan of Iguala," in fact for not being liberal enough. In these emigrations, his family accompanied him, travelled over a great part of Europe, and profited by their opportunities. They returned here when the independence was accomplished, hoping for peace, but in vain. Constant alarms, and perpetual revolutions have succeeded one another ever since that period.

The hacienda has the usual quantum of furniture belonging to these country houses; and it is certainly no longer a matter of surprise to us, that rich proprietors take little interest in embellishing them. A house which will in all probability be converted once a year into a barrack, is decidedly better in a state of nature, than encumbered with elegant furniture. This house has been entirely destroyed in that way more than once, and the last time that it was occupied by troops, was left like an Augean stable. We have here the luxury of books. My room
opens into a beautiful chapel, covered with paintings representing saints and virgins holding lilies, where mass is said occasionally, though the family generally attend mass in the village church of Tlanapantla. Before the house is a small flower-garden filled with roses and peculiarly fine dahlias, pomegranate-trees and violets, which, though single, have a delicious fragrance. This stretches out into an immense vegetable-garden and orchard, terminating in a shrubbery, through which walks are cut, impervious to the sun at noon-day. There is also a large reservoir of water, and the garden, which covers a great space of ground, is kept in good order. There are beautiful walks in the neighbourhood, leading to Indian villages, old churches, and farms; and all the lanes are bordered with fruit-trees.

Tlanapantla, which means in Indian, between lands, its church having been built by the Indians of two districts, is a small village, with an old church, ruined remains of a convent, where the curate now lives, a few shops, and a square where the Indians hold market (tangis they call it) on Fridays. All along the lanes are small Indian huts, with their usual mud floor, small altar, earthen vessels, and collection of daubs on the walls; especially of the Virgin of Guadalupe; with a few blest palm-leaves in the corner; occupied, when the men are at work, by the Indian woman herself, her sturdy, scantily-clad progeny, and plenty of yelping dogs. Mrs. Ward’s sketch of the interior of an Indian hut is perfect, as all her Mexican sketches are. When the women are also out at their work, they are frequently tenanted by the little children alone. Taking refuge from a shower of rain yesterday, in one of these mud huts, we found no one there but a little bronze-coloured child, about three years old, sleeping all alone on the floor, with the door wide open; and though we talked loud, and walked about in the cottage, the little thing never wakened. A second shower drove us for shelter to a farmhouse, where we entered a sort of oratorio attached to the house; a room which is not consecrated, but has an altar, crucifix, holy pictures, etc. The floor was strewn with flowers, and in one corner was an old stringless violoncello, that might have formed a pendant to the harp of Tara.

However, the most remarkable object of the rancho is its proprietress, a tall, noble-looking Indian, Doña
Margarita by name, a mountaineer by birth, and now a rich widow, possessing lands and flocks, though living in apparent poverty. The bulk of her fortune she employs in educating poor orphans. Every poor child who has no parents, finds in her a mother and protectress; the more wretched, or sick, or deformed, the more certain of an asylum with her. She takes them into her house, brings them up as her own children, has them bred to some useful employment, and when they are old enough, married. If it is a boy, she chooses him a wife from amongst the girls of the mountains, where she was born, who she says are "less corrupted" than the girls of the village. She has generally from twelve to twenty on her hands, always filling up with new orphans the vacancies caused in her small colony by death or marriage. There is nothing picturesque about these orphans, for, as I said before, the most deformed and helpless, and maimed and sick, are the peculiar objects of Doña Margarita's care; nevertheless, we saw various healthy, happy-looking girls, busied in various ways, washing and ironing, and sewing, whose very eyes gleamed when we mentioned her name, and who spoke of her with a respect and affection that it was pleasant to witness. Truly, this woman is entitled to happy dreams and soft slumbers! The remainder of her fortune she employs in the festivals and ceremonies of the church; in fireworks, in ornaments for the altars, etc.

9th.—Every day a messenger arrives from Mexico, bringing news of the pronunciamiento, which are eagerly waited for, and read with intense interest. It is probable, now, that affairs will soon come to a crisis. A step has been taken by the president, which is considered very imprudent by those who are looking on in this great game. General Torrejon, who with nine hundred good soldiers kept Santa Anna in awe at Perote, has been sent for to Mexico, Bustamante wishing to reunite his forces. These troops, together with those of Codallos (the Governor of Puebla) brings up his army to three thousand five hundred, or some say to four thousand men, all effective, and of which nine hundred are good cavalry. Bustamante being now at the head of the army, Hechavarria exercises the executive power, according to the constitution, in his capacity of president of the Council of State, (Consejo de Estado); the Mexicans having no vice-president.
Santa Anna, who had until now remained in Perote with his unorganized troops, no officers on whom he could depend, and a handful of miserable cavalry, has moved forwards to Puebla. Arrived there, his numbers were increased by one hundred men of the Tobacco customs, (brought him by Señor ———, who, with a rich Spanish banker went out to meet him,) forty horsemen seduced from the escort of Codallos, and a company of watchmen! As yet, no movement has taken place or seems likely to take place in his favour in Puebla. Señor Haro is named governor of that city in the place of Codallos, who was sent for to join the president in Mexico; and Puebla, which used to be the great theatre of revolutions, has remained on this occasion in the most perfect neutrality, neither declaring for one party nor the other; probably the wisest course to pursue at this juncture. Every one is of opinion that five hundred troops sent by Bustamante, would instantly put this mongrel army of Santa Anna’s to flight; for though he has collected about a thousand men, he has not three hundred good soldiers.

On the other hand, General Paredes is marching in this direction with General Cortazar, his orders from Santa Anna no doubt being to keep the president in play, and to divert his attention by treaties or preliminaries of treaties, whilst he continues to march with caution towards the capital. The great event to be dreaded by the government is a junction of the pronunciado forces. As long as they are separate, it is in no immediate danger; but like the bundle of rods, what can easily be broken separately, will assume strength when joined together. I make no further excuse for talking about politics. We talk and think of little else.

21st.—Yesterday (Sunday) we were startled by the intelligence, that Generals Canalizo and Noriega had arrived at the village in the middle of the night, with a large troop, and that General Bustamante himself had made his appearance there at five in the morning: so that the peaceful little Tlanapanlita had suddenly assumed a warlike appearance. As it lies on the direct road to Guanajuato there could be no doubt that they were marching to meet Paredes. C——n immediately walked down to the village to pay his respects to the president, who was lodged at the curate’s, and meanwhile General Noriega came to the hacienda to see the ladies. C——n found the
president very much fatigued, having passed fourteen days and nights under arms, and in constant anxiety; General Orbegoso was with him.

After breakfast we went down to the village to see the troops, who were resting there for a few hours. The cavalry occupied the square, the horses standing, and the men stretched asleep on the ground, each soldier beside his horse. The infantry occupied the churchyard. Dreadfully fatigued, they were lying some on the grass, and others with their heads pillowed on the old tombstones, resting as well as they could with their armour on. Before they started, the curate said mass to them in the square. There was a good deal of difficulty in procuring the most common food for so many hungry men. Tortillas had been baked in haste, and all the hens in the village were put in requisition to obtain eggs for the president and his officers. We sat down in a porch to see them set off; a melancholy sight enough, in spite of drums beating and trumpets sounding. An old soldier, who came up to water his own and his master’s horse, began to talk to us of what was going on, and seemed anything but enthusiastic at the prospects of himself and his comrades, assuring us that the army of General Paredes was double their number. He was covered with wounds received in the war against Texas, and expressed his firm conviction that we should see the Comanche Indians on the streets of Mexico one of these days; at which savage tribe he appeared to have a most devout horror; describing to a gaping audience the manner in which he had seen a party of them devour three of their prisoners. . . .

About four o’clock the signal for departure was sounded, and they went off amidst the cheers of the people.

22nd.—Great curiosity was excited yesterday afternoon, when news was brought us that Bustamante, with his generals and troops, had returned, and had passed through the village, on their way back to Mexico! Some say that this retrograde march is in consequence of a movement made in Mexico by General Valencia—others that it has been caused by a message received from General Paredes. We paid a visit in the evening to the old curate, who was pretty much in the dark, morally and figuratively, in a very large hall, where were assembled a number of females, and one tallow candle. Of course all were talking politics, and especially discoursing of the visit of the
president the preceding night, and of his departure in the morning, and of his return in the afternoon, and of the difficulty of procuring tortillas for the men, and eggs for the officers.

23rd.—We have received news this morning of the murder of our porter, the Spaniard whom we had brought from Havana. He had left us, and was employed as porter in a fabrica (manufactory), where the wife and family of the proprietor resided. Eight of General Valencia’s soldiers sallied forth from the citadel to rob this factory, and poor José, the most faithful and honest of servants, having valiantly defended the door, was cruelly murdered. They afterwards entered the building, robbed, and committed dreadful outrages. They are selling printed papers through the streets to-day, giving an account of it. The men are taken up, and it is said will be shot by orders of the general; but we doubt this, even though a message has arrived, requiring the attendance of the padre who confesses criminals; a Franciscan monk, who, with various of his brethren, are living here for safety at present.

The situation of Mexico is melancholy.

24th.—News have arrived that General Paredes has arrived at the Lecheria, an hacienda belonging to this family, about three leagues from San Xavier: and that from thence he sent one of the servants of the farm to Mexico, inviting the president to a personal conference. The family take this news of their hacienda's being turned into military quarters very philosophically; the only precaution on these occasions being to conceal the best horses, as the pronunciados help themselves, without ceremony, to these useful quadrupeds, wherever they are to be found.

26th.—This morning, General Bustamante and his troops arrived at Tlanapantla, the president in a coach. Having met C——n on the road, he stopped for a few moments and informed him that he was on his way to meet General Paredes at the Lecheria, where he hoped to come to a composition with him. We listened all day with anxiety, but hearing no firing, concluded that some arrangement had in fact been made. In the evening we walked out on the high-road, and met the president, the governor, and the troops all returning. What securities Bustamante can have received, no one can imagine, but
it is certain that they have met without striking a blow. It was nearly dusk as they passed, and the president bowed cheerfully, while some of the officers rode up, and assured us that all was settled.

Sunday, 27th.—Cavalry, infantry, carriages, cannon, etc., are all passing through the village. These are the pronunciados, with General Paredes, following to Mexico. Feminine curiosity induces me to stop here, and to join the party who are going down to the village to see them pass...

We have just returned after a sunny walk, and an inspection of the pronunciados—they are too near Mexico now for me to venture to call them the rebels. The infantry, it must be confessed, was in a very ragged and rather drunken condition—the cavalry better, having borrowed fresh horses as they went along. Though certainly not point-device in their accoutrements, their good horses, high saddles, bronze faces, and picturesque attire, had a fine effect as they passed along under the burning sun. The sick followed on asses, and amongst them various masculine women, with sarapes or mangas and large straw hats, tied down with coloured handkerchiefs, mounted on mules or horses. The sumpter mules followed, carrying provisions, camp-beds, etc.; and various Indian women trotted on foot in the rear, carrying their husbands' boots and clothes. There was certainly no beauty amongst these feminine followers of the camp, especially amongst the mounted Amazons, who looked like very ugly men in a semi-female disguise. The whole party are on their way to Tacubaya, to join Santa Anna! The game is nearly up now. Check from two knights and a castle—from Santa Anna and Paredes in Tacubaya, and from Valencia in the citadel. People are flying in all directions, some from Mexico, and others from Guadalupe and Tacubaya...

It appears that Santa Anna was marching from Puebla, feeling his way towards the capital in fear and trembling. At Rio Frio a sentinel's gun having accidentally gone off, the whole army were thrown into the most ludicrous consternation and confusion. Near Oyotla the general's brow cleared up, for here he was met by commissioners from the government, Generals Orbegoso and Guyame. In a moment the quick apprehension of Santa Anna saw that the day was his own. He gave orders to continue the
march with all sped to Tacubaya, affecting to listen to the proposals of the commissioners, amusing them without compromising himself, and offering to treat with them at Mexicaliingo. They returned without having received any decided answer, and without, on their part, having given any assurance that his march should not be stopped; yet he has been permitted to arrive unmolested at Tacubaya, where Paredes has also arrived, and where he has been joined by General Valencia; so that the three pronunciado generals are now united there to dispose of the fate of the republic.

The same day General Almonte had an interview with Santa Anna, who said with a smile, when he left him, "Es buen muchacho (he is a good lad)—he may be of service to us yet."

The three allied sovereigns are now in the archbishop's palace at Tacubaya, from whence they are to dictate to the president and the nation. But they are, in fact, chiefly occupied with their respective engagements and respective rights. Paredes wishes to fulfil his engagements with the departments of Guanajuato, Jalisco, Zacatecas, Aguas Calientes, Queretaro, etc. In his plan he promised them religious toleration, permission for foreigners to hold property, and so on—the last, in fact, being his favourite project. Valencia, on his side, has his engagements to fulfil with the federalists, and has proposed Señor Pedraza as an integral part of the regeneration—one whose name will give confidence now and ever to his party. General Santa Anna has engagements with himself. He has determined to command them all, and allows them to fight amongst themselves, provided he governs. Paredes is, in fact, furious with Valencia, accusing him of having interfered when not wanted, and of having ruined his plan, by mingling it with a revolution, with which it had no concern. He does not reflect that Valencia was the person who gave the mortal wound to the government. Had he not revolted, Santa Anna would not have left Perote, nor Paredes himself passed on unmolested.

The conservative body has been invited to go to Tacubaya, but has refused. The majority desire the election of Paredes, or of any one who is not Santa Anna or Valencia; but Paredes himself, while drawing no very flattering portrait of Santa Anna, declares that he is the only man in the republic fit for the presidency—the only
man who can make himself obeyed—in short, the only one capable of taking those energetic measures which the safety of the republic requires. He flatters himself that he, at the head of his division, will always keep Santa Anna in check; as if Cortazar, who deserted Bustamante in a moment of difficulty, could be depended on!...

Meanwhile they are fortifying Mexico; and some suppose that Bustamante and his generals have taken the rash determination of permitting all their enemies to unite, in order to destroy them at one blow. . . .

29th.—There being at present an armistice between the contending parties, a document was published yesterday, fruits of the discussion of the allied powers at Tacubaya. It is called "las bases de Tacubaya," and being published in Mexico by General Almonte, many expected and hoped that a new pronunciamiento would be the consequence; but it has been quietly received, and the federalists welcome it as containing the foundations of federalism and popularity. There are thirteen articles, which are as follow:

By the first—It is the will of the nation that the supreme powers established by the constitution of '36 have ceased, excepting the judicial, which will be limited in its functions to matters purely judicial, conformably to the existing laws.

By the second—A junta is to be named, composed of two deputies from each department, elected by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army, Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, in order that they may be entirely free to point out the person who is to hold the executive power provisionally.

By the third—This person is immediately to assume the executive power, taking an oath in the presence of the junta to set for the welfare of the nation.

By the fourth—The provisional executive power shall in two months convoke a new congress, which, with ample powers, shall engage to reconstitute the nation, as appears most suitable to them.

By the fifth—This congress extraordinary shall reunite in six months after it is convened, and shall solely occupy itself in forming the constitution.

By the sixth—The provincial executive shall answer for its acts before the first constitutional congress.

By the seventh—The provincial executive shall have all
the powers necessary for the organization of all the branches of the public administration.

By the eighth—Four ministers shall be named, of foreign and home relations, of public instruction and industry, of treasury, and of war and marine.

By the ninth—Each department is to have two trustworthy individuals to form a council, which shall give judgment in all matters on which they may be consulted by the executive.

By the tenth—Till this council is named, the junta will fulfil its functions.

By the eleventh—Till the republic is organized, the authorities in the departments which have not opposed, and will not oppose the national will, shall continue.

By the twelfth—The general-in-chief and all the other generals promise to forget all the political conduct of military men or citizens during the present crisis.

By the thirteenth—When three days have passed after the expiration of the present truce, if the general-in-chief of the government does not adopt these bases, their accomplishment will be proceeded with; and they declare, in the name of the nation, that this general, and all the troops who follow him, and all the so-called authorities which counteract this national will, shall be held responsible for all the Mexican blood that may be uselessly shed, and which shall be upon their heads.

30th.—To the astonishment of all parties, Bustamante and his generals pronounced yesterday morning for the federal system, and this morning Bustamante has resigned the presidency. His motives seem not to be understood, unless a circular, published by General Almonte, can throw any light upon them.

"Without making any commentary," he says, speaking of the document of Tacubaya, "upon this impudent document, which proposes to the Mexican nation a military government, and the most ominous of dictatorships in favour of the false defender of public liberty, of the most ferocious enemy of every government that has existed in the country, I hasten to send it to you, that you may have it published in this state, where surely it will excite the same indignation as in an immense majority of the inhabitants of the capital, who, jealous of the national glory, and decided to lose everything in order to preserve it, have spontaneously proclaimed the re-establishment of the federal
system, the whole garrison having followed this impulse. There is no medium between liberty and tyranny; and the government, relying on the good sense of the nation, which will not see with indifference the slavery that is preparing for it, puts itself in the hands of the states, resolved to sacrifice itself on the altars of the country, or to strengthen its liberty for ever.

"I enclose the renunciation which His Excellency Don Anastasio Bustamante makes to the presidency," etc.

3rd October.—Though a very democratic crowd collected, and federalism was proclaimed in Mexico, it appears that no confidence in the government was inspired by this last measure. Some say that had Bustamante alone declared for the federal system, and had sent some effective cavalry to protect the pronunciados of that party all through the country, he might have triumphed still. Be that as it may, General Canalizo pronounced for federalism on the second of October, but this is not followed up on the part of the Generals Bustamante and Almonte, while the vice-president, Hechavarria, has retired to his house, blaming Almonte for having published an official document without his knowledge. Everything is in a state of perfect anarchy and confusion. The léperes are going about armed, and no one remains in Mexico but those who are obliged to do so. It is said that in Tacubaya great uneasiness prevailed as to the result of this new movement, and Santa Anna offered an asylum there to the congress and conservative body, although, by the ultimatum from Tacubaya, published on the twenty-eighth, the constitution of '36 was concluded, and of course these authorities were politically dead.

I had hardly written these words when the roaring of cannon announced that hostilities have recommenced.

5th.—For the last few days, we have been listening to the cannon, and even at this distance, the noise reverberating amongst the hills is tremendous. The sound is horrible! There is something appalling, yet humbling, in these manifestations of man's wrath and man's power, when he seems to usurp his Maker's attributes, and to mimic his thunder. The divine spark kindled within him, has taught him how to draw these metals from the earth's bosom; how to combine these simple materials, so as to produce with them an effect as terrible as the thunderbolts of heaven. His earthly passions have prompted him so
to wield these instruments of destruction, as to deface God's image in his fellow-men. The power is so divine—
the causes that impel him to use that power are so paltry!
The intellect that creates these messengers of death is so
near akin to divinity—the motives that put them in action
are so poor, so degrading even to humanity!

On the third, there was a shower of bombs and shells
from the citadel, of which some fell into the palace, and
one in our late residence, the mint. An engagement took
place in the Virga; and though Bustamante's party were
partially victorious, it is said that neither has much reason
to boast of the result. General Espinosa, an old insurgent,
arrived at the village last night, and sent to request
some horses from the hacienda, which were sent him with
all convenient speed, that he might not, according to his
usual plan, come and take them. In exchange for some
half-dozen farm horses in good condition, he sent half
a dozen lean, wretched-looking quadrupeds, the bones
coming through their skin, skeletons fit for dissection.

News have just arrived to the effect that last night, at
three o'clock, Bustamante suddenly left the city, drawing
off all his troops from the turrets, and leaving General
Orbegoso in the palace, with one hundred men. It was
generally reported, that he had marched into the interior,
to bring about a federal revolution; but it appears that
he has arrived at Guadalupé, and there taken up his
quarters. A loud cannonading has been kept up since
ten o'clock, which keeps us all idle, looking out for the
smoke, and counting the number of discharges.

6th.—A messenger has brought the intelligence that
there had been more noise and smoke than slaughter; the
cannons being planted at such distances, that it was
impossible they could do much execution. Numerous
bulletins are distributed; some violently in favour of Busta-
mante and federalism, full of abuse and dread of Santa
Anna; others lauding that general to the skies, as the
saviour of his country. The allied forces being in numbers
double those of Bustamante, there is little doubt of the
result.

7th.—A capitulation. Santa Anna is triumphant. He
made his solemn entry into Mexico last evening, Generals
Valencia and Canalizo being at the head of the united
forces. Not a solitary cry was heard as they passed
along the streets; nor afterwards, during his speech in
congress. *Te Deum* was sung this morning in the cathedral, the archbishop in person receiving the new president. We have just returned from Mexico, where we went in search of apartments, and with great difficulty have found rooms in the hotel of the Calle Vegara; but we shall remain here a day or two longer. There is no great difference in the general appearance of the city, except that the shops are reopened, and that most of the windows are broken. Immediately after the morning ceremony, Santa Anna returned to the archbishop’s palace at Tacubaya; which residence he prefers to the president’s palace in Mexico. His return there, after his triumphant entry into the capital, was very much *en Río*—a retinue of splendid coaches with fine horses, going at full speed; the general’s carriage drawn by four beautiful white horses—(belonging to Don F—— M——; the very same that were sent to bring us into Mexico) brilliant aides-de-camp, and an immense escort of cavalry. Thus concludes the revolution of 1842, though not its effects.

The new ministry, up to this date, are Señor Gomez Pedraza for Foreign and Home Relations; Castillo, *un petit avocat* from Guadalajara, said to be a furious federalist and Latin scholar, for Public Instruction; General Torrel for War and Marine; and Señor Dufoo for the Treasury. Valencia proposed Paredes for the War Department; but he declined, saying, “No, no, General—I understand you very well. You want to draw me from off my division.”

Those who know Bustamante best, even those who most blame him for indecision and want of energy, agree on one point; that the true motives of his conduct are to be found in his constant and earnest desire to spare human life.

**LETTER THE FORTY-SIXTH**


8th.

The Revolution has lasted upwards of thirty-five days; and during that time, though I have written of little else,