

Muleback Impressions of Guatemala

Rapid Railroad Building for Central America—A Fine Map in Cement—The Old City Under the Water Volcano—Frenzied Financiering of Spaniards Many Years Ago

GUATEMALA CITY, April 29.—The Guatemala Northern Railroad, intended to connect Guatemala city with Puerto Barrios, and thus secure for the valuable coffee and sugar of the coast an Atlantic shipping port, has been constructed from the coast up to El Rancho, a distance of over 100 miles. As work on it was begun only about twenty years ago, this route is quite untraveled for Spanish America.

Two of three different companies have been shipwrecked in the enterprise, and the prospects of carrying it to a conclusion seem dark, until a group of American capitalists intimately connected with the United Fruit Company undertook the task. Work is now being pushed and it is quite likely that within two years the traveler will be able to make the entire journey from the coast to the capital by rail.

At present one must cover the seventy-five miles between El Rancho and Guatemala on muleback, a trip which under favorable weather conditions is of considerable interest for the excellent opportunities it affords to become acquainted at first hand with the nature of the country and the ways of thought of the inhabitants thereof. Riding alone is always a cheerless sort of affair and I was glad enough to find that three of my fellow passengers on the train were also bound for the capital. With the natural courtesy of their race, they invited me to join their party and I lost no time in accepting their offer.

We reached El Rancho at 11 A. M. and soon secured the necessary saddle and cargo animals, with a couple of mules to look after the latter; and at 3 o'clock set out in a glaring, dazzling, blinding heat for the village of Sanarate, twenty-five miles distant. For a good part of the way the trail followed the recently completed roadbed of the railway, beaten hard by the passing of hundreds of pack animals, but at intervals we took short cuts by steep bridge paths over the hills, from whose summits charming bits of scenery rewarded our gaze, or through gloomy ravines, overshadowed by dense tropical foliage, alive with the hum of millions of insects.

From time to time we were able to look in through the doors of tiny, thatched, cane houses, where naked children suspended their frolicking to gaze at us with wide wonderment, while lean, mangy curs leaped forth to snap and snarl at our heels. Now and then we stopped at one of these huts to ask for water, which was always tendered with alacrity and with many excuses for the primitive vessel in which it was conveyed; and as we started on again the giver never failed to wish us courteously a pleasant journey. And these are people who cannot read or write.

Shortly after dark we reached Sanarate; where we secured excellent accommodations in a clean little hotel, run by a German-American from Chicago. When he found I was from New York I was as his long lost brother, and he immediately set me up in fact, he repeated this operation so often that he forgot to call us on time the next morning, and it was after 7 when we got away, mine host waving a tearful adieu.

We passed through the tiny village of San Antonio about 10 o'clock, where at the ancient fountain a dozen Indian girls, the bright colors of whose garments compensated for their scantiness, were engaged in filling the same kind of water jar that their ancestors used since time immemorial. Soon afterward we made the little pueblo of Agua Calientes; where we halted for breakfast.

Our host could only supply us with frijoles and tortillas, these, however, in abundant quantity, and as Don José María had thoughtfully brought along a roast chicken

and bread, while Don Enrique was provided with sausage and cheese, and I had a bottle of brandy, we did famously. After clearing up everything in sight, we lay around in vague attitudes of listlessness, "to make the digestion," as the Spaniards say, and, through clouds of tobacco smoke, watched the mules contentedly nibbling at the dried cornstalks scattered on the ground in the grateful shade of a spreading acacia.

The heat during the early part of our afternoon's ride was excessive, for in addition to that generously distributed by Old Sol himself, and which surged up again with increased force from the dusty road, we had to contend with a haze of hot smoke from the surrounding haciendas where they were burning off the stubble in preparation for the coming rainy season. Conversation was suspended, and we pushed on at the best pace our beasts could afford, until, after about two hours of this sort of work, we emerged on the main carriage road leading to Guatemala, discovering at the same time an inviting *café*, whose supply of cool beer simultaneously began to diminish appreciably.

Three hours more over an excellent road past flourishing haciendas and pretty houses and we clattered up the cobble-paved streets of Guatemala, well lighted by arc lamps, and thankfully drew rein in front of the hospitable portals of the Gran Hotel.

Guatemala is a pleasant city. The majority of its streets are fairly broad and possess the advantage, often lacking in Spanish America, of good sidewalks. There are numerous and well appointed stores and at least two restaurants where one can enjoy an excellent meal.

The theatre is an imposing building with a well planned interior, and for the further recreation of the inhabitants there are two small parks, the Plaza de Armas and the Plaza de la Concordia, where a very good military band plays four times a week. During the winter a series of bull-fights is given, generally directed by competent Spanish *espadas*, but I was unfortunate enough to arrive after the season was over—a fact which I regretted very much; for, truth to tell, I love a good bull-fight.

Besides these places of amusement there is at one end of the city the Paseo de la Reforma, modelled on Mexico's famous

drive—but not comparable with it for beauty. It is a wide avenue, with four driveways, the inner two of which were at some former time macadamized—through only traces of this pavement now remain. The same neglect is apparent in all of the surroundings—grass, trees, statues, foot-paths—all uncared for.

At the opposite end of the city is a shorter and more presentable drive, terminating in the Temple of Minerva, a replica of the ancient Roman edifice, and the Hippodromo. The latter is the somewhat fancy name given to the five-furlong racetrack, fronted by two commodious, though dilapidated, stands.

Races are held in August and September; and in October occur the Fiestas de Minerva, instituted by the President, and regarded as the great festival of the year in Guatemala City. At this time the university graduates assemble in the Temple, in the presence of Guatemala's best society, to read their theses and receive their degrees; while for three days all business is suspended and the city gives itself over entirely to pleasure.

Near the Hippodromo is laid out a work well calculated to excite the interest of the engineer or the student of topography: a relief map of the republic, constructed of cement, and measuring, roughly speaking, some seventy-five feet square. It is the work of a native engineer and is deserving of the highest commendation.

The mountain ranges, rivers, lakes and towns are all faithfully delineated, and although the mountains are necessarily shown out of scale, all altitudes are indicated by a complete series of horizontal lines. Furthermore, the railways, with their wooden ties and iron rails and bridges,

are all in their proper places, while a system of piping supplies the lakes and rivers and the two oceans with water. Guatemala's elevation of 4,800 feet above the sea gives it a delightful climate, and as living is cheap it will no doubt be largely patronized some day by Americans fleeing from the rigors of a northern winter. One need not even speak Spanish, for the hotels, restaurants and shops always have English speaking employees. A poor man from the States can also experience here the unaccustomed sensation of wealth, when he converts \$100 into paper money, receiving \$1,100 in exchange.

Some five leagues to the west of Guatemala City the imposing cone of the volcano de Agua soars up into the clouds and on its further slope is situated the ancient capital of the country, Antigua Guatemala, or as it is generally called here,

La Antigua. A visit will well repay the traveller. One may go by diligence as the road is fairly good, but it is preferable to make the journey on one of the excellent mules easily to be obtained in Guatemala. The ride occupies about five hours and a start should be made about 6 o'clock in the morning, both to avoid the noonday heat and to see the apparently interminable file of Indian women bringing produce to market.

As I swung out from Guadalupe Viejo across the gently rolling plain, they seemed to be coming from all points of the compass, looking at a distance for all the world like a procession of leaf cutter ants. The heavily laden baskets were balanced with perfect ease on their heads, while they pushed onward at the untiring little dog trot that will carry them marvellous distances in the course of the day.

At one place on the road I passed a good sized meadow, or inn, on either side of whose wide doorway squatted an ancient Indian stone idol. Their hands were folded over their bulging pouches, while their countenances diffused the cheerful idiotic grin that is the invariable accompaniment of the Aztec monkey.

Passing through the quaint little town of Mico, I was overtaken by a young mozo, mounted, and leading another horse loaded with bandboxes and parcels of many shapes. He politely inquired if I was going to La Antigua, and on my replying in the affirmative offered to show me where some short cuts could be effected, provided I would permit him to accompany me, as he was also bound thither.

Needless to say I agreed; and my curiosity being somewhat excited by the unusual nature of the cargo of the led horse, I inquired as to the contents thereof. It developed that my *humble servidor* was the factotum of a large hacienda near La Antigua and had recently accompanied his master to Guatemala. The *amo*, who was soon to be married, had been obliged to proceed to another distant town, and by way of keeping peace in the family, had sent my guide back with a small cart load of hats, sunshades and other things incomprehensible to the ordinary masculine mind, as presents to the *novia*. Truly, womankind is the same in all countries.

Standing on the steps of the *cabildo*, or jail, looking over the plain, one is struck by a most animated scene is presented to the eye. The large square is filled with Indians, men and women, in their colored costumes, and the *cañales* on the ground, with their wares in a large shallow basket before them. Others, with more perishable goods, are busy selling them by a tiny square of *cañales*, while some even boast of a little stall, where they calmly sit all day long, mechanically brushing away flies, and, with their faces and hands unconcerned as to whether anybody buys or not.

One keeps up a conversation with his nearest neighbor. They all speak in the Indian dialect, and the sharp clicks and harsh gutturals only add to the picturesque quality of the scene. In the background behind the gloomy old palace, the gigantic Volcans de Agua sweeps up into the blue heaven, to bury his head in a mass of fleecy cloud, pink tinged by the setting sun.

can run Alcedema, which he can't put one square inch of it, jumping on his horse. "Halt! Spight, the hero of Fort Fisher! I yield to no man in my reverence for him. Why, it was only a few days ago I instructed Buffum here to see what we could arrange for him."

"I won't do, Senator, we know what we know and we didn't come 2,000 miles to be talked out of it, either. Now, this is flat either neck that worthless scoundrel out of his job and give it to Spight, or Alcedema will go hellbent against you."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to recommend my old friend Spight as Ninth Auditor," protested the Senator suavely, "and I feel sure the President would appoint him in case of my resignation; but there must be charges preferred against Youre, and I am still in ignorance—"

"It isn't necessary for you to know," snapped old Neddy. "We've attended to the vacancy all right—"

"A tramp along the corridor without, regular in cadence, lesser in volume, yet increasing. In marbled with military precision three venerable men ranging themselves with the severe solemnity of a firing squad after an execution.

The most venerable of them extended an open paper. It was Youre's resignation, explicit, to take effect at once.

"Good!" cried the Senator. "It couldn't be better. Salutory, effective beyond a peradventure, though I don't know how—"

A case of moral suasion, Senator, squawked the Nestor gravely.

"I haven't a doubt of it. And now, boys, we'll go over to the President. He will delight in doing you honor; and before night, my word for it, Spight will be Ninth Auditor."

After the party had gone, in the heat of good feelings, I stood idly at the window. Presently I saw old Spight shuffling along the avenue to his cheap luncheon, a shrunken, even pathetic, figure under the burden of submission.

The last person in the world, one would say, to affront, to appal; and yet, when Youre, who also was passing by, caught sight of him he dared not pass him, and drove off at top speed. And that is what I realized what a rigging Youre must have received from those three fathers in Israel, culminating in an ultimatum of summary vengeance to be successfully and collectively administered did he not do what he was told and keep his mouth shut about it.

BUFFUM'S REMINISCENCES

The Ninth Auditor.

He came into the office a scowling and shrunken figure in a dingy suit with his left sleeve pinned up, pathetically appealing.

"Senator Savage is not in, is he?" he asked in the tones of one used to disappointment.

I explained that the Senator was at the Capitol—which he wasn't—but that I, as his secretary, would be glad to act in his stead.

"It is in this way," said the man. "My name is Spight, and I've been a citizen of old Sequoia ever since I staked out my homestead lands just after the Rebellion. The Senator knows me, at least he ought to, for I've gone home to vote every year, religious. But p'raps he's getting too high and mighty to remember."

"Not at all," I interposed. "It is one of Senator Savage's characteristics never to forget a face or a favor. You are here in office, I presume; is anything wrong?"

"It is just this way," Spight continued, chewing his cud as if extracting the information. "I've been holding down an ornery little job in the Ninth Auditor's office for years, and there I just stick. I've seen old rebels, cigarette smoking boys, idling women and silly girls shoveled up over me, until, I tell you, I can't stand it no longer."

The man's sallow face flushed thickly, and his right hand worked great knots under the surface.

"But that ain't all," he went on with a fish. "This new auditor, Youre, he's at all the time—and him from the same State! It ain't so much that he turned me down flat for Congressmen Merrifield went to the Secretary himself for a raise, but what with finding fault with my old work, which I can do and no one better, if I say it myself, and piling on new work I've got no license to do it, it's common talk in the office that he'll have me down and out. Well, when I am I won't be the only one, mark that."

"What's the matter with him? Pure cussedness?"

"That, of course; it goes with the position. But he seems to have some sort of grudge. I can't say just what; I don't know that I want to find out. Some things are all the better for not being surmised. I remember during the Rebellion every one of the boys carried some sort of a little packet

he wanted; stung my words to the sympathy of his empty sleeve; but it was no use.

"Oh, I know the fellow well enough," said Mr. Savage with a shrug; "a reincarnation of one of Cromwell's ironclads. If the shell that took off his arm in the fort he might have been immortal."

"But he has lingered superstitious on the stage, and there's but one step from the pantheon to the porchouse. You told him we'd see about it, didn't you? Very well, we'll see."

"As for Youre, now that's another matter. Such a cool, level headed proposition never wastes his energies in serving pique or dislike. If he's been ballyragging the old man he has a good and sufficient reason up his sleeve; and I want a glimpse of it, Buffum."

"Youre is a man of parts, or I should never have asked the President to appoint him. He carries Alcedema county in his pocket; and knowledge is the sort of power that will compel him to carry it now for me. You are acquainted with a lot of those department people; just circulate among them, and let them tell you what they think they know."

It was, truly, easy enough to execute this mission. The clerks at Washington are like an island community, separated from the world by immeasurable seas, living within and among themselves. Gossip is their intellectual food, developing, and strengthening observation and inference.

All one had to do was to drop a question in the slot and the phonograph would run on and on. I soon had my fill and more of the odious advances, the resentful persuasion, which a pure and lovely young girl had endured in silence rather than rouse her father's violent passions.

The more I heard of Salome Spight, and I heard naught but good, the more set was my original resolve not to mention her name to Mr. Savage. Why should I risk a helping hand which might raise him from the ditch only to drag her through the mire?

I was hurrying along the worn stone pavement of the Treasury's upper story one day at noon when a convulsive clutch brought me to a stop. It was old Spight, trembling with excitement and rage. He drew me into the embrasure of one of the corner windows.

"Have you heard about Youre's latest move?" he demanded.

"Why, no," I answered. "I was rather hoping that things had quieted—"

"He went before the Congressional investigating committee and testified that for the proper running of his office there should be three additional \$1,500 positions and two \$1,500 positions, and that one \$1,200 clerkship should be abolished. Don't you see his game? That clerkship is me."

"Oh, well, we can block that all right—"

"Block nothing! He's got a hundred

diffident holds, he's bound to throw me. See, here he comes now—"

A dapper looking man with a mean mouth and inquisitive eyeglasses slipped noiselessly around the corner.

"You know you have no business, Spight, loitering in the corridor with a stranger," he snapped.

"How's that?" I demanded. "Isn't this the non recess; and do you mean to say that the Senator's secretary can't see one of his Senator's constituents at any time?"

Youre grew deferential, yet in a sullen sort of way.

"Oh, I didn't know," he explained. "Of course that puts a different aspect on the case. I suppose you are with our new Senator—Billings? After a little you will learn the ropes and understand how hard it is to enforce proper discipline."

"I'm not with Billings," I answered tartly, "and I know the ropes when you were punching cows. Now let me tell you something in return for your condescension. There are 5,000 G. A. R. men, veterans in Alcedema county, who have asked Senator Savage to interest himself in the welfare of this gallant old veteran—"

"They can't be more friendly to him than I am; and so you can assure the Senator," protested Youre mockingly. "I was only speaking for his own good. My best compliments to the Senator."

And off he glided, bowing and scraping, but his lips twitching as he smiled.

"Hooroo!" cried Spight exultantly. "You did it the trick that time, Mr. Buffum, and no mistake. By—but I think you've got him in your hands. And it's God's honest truth, too. Everything is as right as right can be; I could only get myself to ask 'em."

"Poof," I retorted, for my mettle was up; "that's only a starter."

It is a familiar and a pretty sight, at noon recess, to see the women stroll up and down the corridors, in pairs, with arms entwined, for all the world like their happier sisters at boarding school. Presently a helping hand which might raise him from the bend, the younger of the two disengaged herself to spring forward impulsively, her pale cheek flushing, her black eyes shining and lay a protecting hand on old Spight's arm.

"Oh, father," she cried, "I hope you haven't done anything rash. We just passed Mr. Youre; he looked so angry!"

"Everything is as right as right can be; Salome," reassured the veteran. "This is Senator Savage's secretary, Mr. Buffum, a good friend of mine. He brought up Youre lively, and then sent him off with a flea in his ear. By—but it's no wonder he was hopping."

"Yes, yes, I know," the girl went on unhesitatingly, in her intense anxiety, "but they have important duties; and he is here all the time, watchful, persistent. He'll promise anything, but he'll do—he'll do—"

Here a brisk young man came up with some large sheets in his hand.

"I've been looking everywhere for you, Spight," he said shortly. "This stuff is all wrong, as usual. I never saw such ruling, such footings. You'd better get busy; I give you full warning."

And off he strutted like a barnyard victor.

Poor Spight looked defiantly at me, imploringly at his daughter. She put her finger to her lips; she shook her head in mute entreaty. He hurried away with his task, more shrunken, more bowed under the intolerable weight of submission.

"You see," said Salome bitterly. "That is his diversion chief—a creature of Youre's. What can poor father do? Undoubtedly he was instructed to do it in exactly that way—"

"I understand," I interposed gently. "It's the old game of freeseout; but the process isn't patented; it might be used by any one holding the cards. Tell me, now, frankly—Lord, Miss, I'm old enough to be your father—Youre is really working on your filial devotion, isn't he? He hopes to reach you through your affections, your fears—"

She flushed so vividly, so painfully, that I turned away ashamed. Then a restraining hand was laid upon my arm, and she looked up bravely through her tears.

"Oh, it is worse, far worse than ever you think, than even that wretched plan," she whispered. "He hopes to force me to interfere, to intercede, to sacrifice myself for poor father's sake."

"But he doesn't dream of the risk he is running himself. I know how the old soldiers feel; why, I was brought up among them—they called me the child of the encampment, before there was a split in the post, and father resigned."

"They all have the war fever in their blood, Mr. Buffum, no matter how good and gentle. Isn't it natural that the great, heroic period of their lives, of which they are so proud, which makes them a part of history, should rule their impulses and emotions?"

"Sometimes I think that father forgets when his anger is roused. He believes that the Rebellion is raging; that he is back with his regiment on the fighting line before Richmond."

"And then, and then, should the sense of wrong give the command, he would shoot, shoot to kill, as at his country's foe. Don't you see; don't you see?"

"Tell me, I interrupted rapidly; "was I right just now? I told Youre that the Grand Army men out there were all hot for your father."

"Yes, yes; but he has kept a part, he wouldn't ask—"

"Ah, but you might. Suppose you should go to them, those gallant old men, good, gentle, as you fear to go to your father. Don't you think they would exert their power to protect you, to save him?"

"The campaign is about to open, they

hold the balance in Alcedema; why, Senator Savage would out of Youre's head and send it to them on a silver charger, at the slightest sign. Don't object; there are difficulties, details. I'll have them all smoothed. I'll have them all arranged before you are ready to start."

"Talk about drawing the awful circle of our Church! Why, old Richelieu wouldn't be in it with them!"

One morning about two weeks later I was busy opening and sorting an unusually large mail when Senator Savage entered with a shade of fretfulness on his brow and a sheet of telegrams in his hand.

"Something has broken loose in Alcedema; Buffum," he complained. "I can't understand it. Just when I depended on the county to steer and hold the State convention, just when that fool man over in the Treasury—what's his name? Youre—has been assuring me that things are all serene, there's nothing but kick, complaint, revolt. Look at this mass of stuff. Have you anything there?"

"I have nothing else," I answered readily. "Confidential reports from every township agree that there are fierce mutterings among the old soldier—you know how they settled up Alcedema after the war, all over lack of consideration and positive discrimination in the public service. The worst of it is that not one of our lieutenants can learn any definite cause or demand; but they all fear the loss of the county."

"Damnation!" growled my Senator. "I can foresee well enough the great matter this little squawk might kindle. It must be stopped at once, at any cost. Have we any of those people here?"

"There's old Spight. Don't you remember—"

"Well, I told you to see about him, didn't I?"

A tramp along the corridor without, regular in cadence, increasing in volume, yet increasing. In marbled with military precision a score or more of aged men, worn, shrunken, bearing many a pathetic mark and maim, yet grim, implacable of expression as they ranged themselves as if in line of battle.

"Well, this is a delightful surprise, to be sure," exclaimed Senator Savage radiantly, "springing to my feet; it was open to me, of dear old Sequoia itself. Jenkins, Roth, Dolliver, Manley, and old Neddy Smith, of all things! Do you remember the time we had at Chicago in 1850, Neddy?—well, I shall renew my youth, like the eagle. The town is yours, gentlemen, all—"

But old Neddy Smith himself stepped forward with an ominous shake of his thin, white locks.

"It won't do, Senator," he retorted. "Soft words are your business, but your deeds don't square with 'em. What you want to know, and mighty quick, too, is why our old comrade Ralph Spight has been kept stuck in a \$1,200 hole, with some henchman of yours named Youre, who thinks he

can run Alcedema, which he can't put one square inch of it, jumping on his horse. "Halt! Spight, the hero of Fort Fisher! I yield to no man in my reverence for him. Why, it was only a few days ago I instructed Buffum here to see what we could arrange for him."

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The Difficulty.

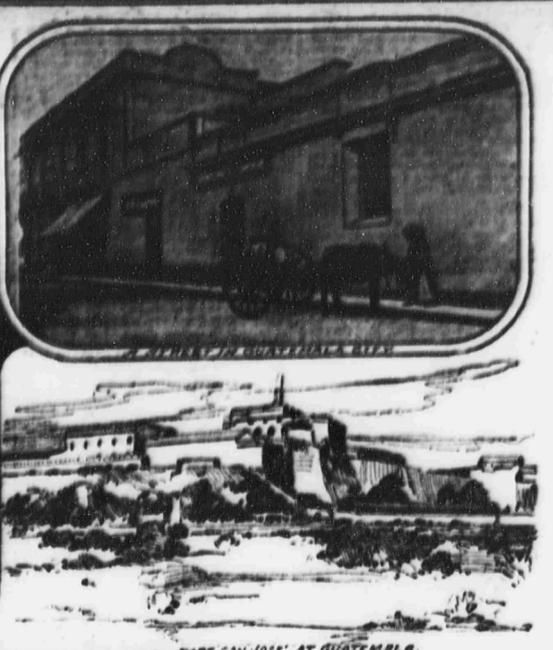
From the Washington Star.

"Do you think a mathematician is likely to make a good business man?" asked the student.

"Not necessarily," answered Mr. Dustin Starr. "A mathematician can pile up a row of figures. The hard part of the trick is to get the dollar mark in front of 'em."



PREPARING FOR THE START.



FORT SAN JOSE AT GUATEMALA.



CHURCH OF MUESTRA SEÑORA DE LA MERCEDE.

During the Spaniards' rule the leadership of the city was in the hands of the "mayor" or "alcalde" who was elected by the citizens. The Spaniards, under the leadership of the "mayor" Juan de Ovando, Alvarado y Capitan General del Reino, as he is called by the old documents, first took possession of the country; they founded the "Mayo Viejo y Mayor Viejo" of Guatemala, at a point about six miles from the present site of La Antigua, and a little higher up on the slope of the Volcans de Agua. This was in 1543; but 22 years later, while Alvarado was absent on an expedition against some of the still unconquered tribes, a huge lake, which had formed in the crater of the volcano, broke out, and sweeping down into the town, wiped it out of existence.

In this disaster Alvarado's wife was killed, and he himself was shortly afterward slain in single combat with an Indian chief. This incident gave the volcano the name by which it is still called.

The survivors of the ruin immediately set to work to rebuild and so the city of Antigua came into being. For 150 years this was the capital of the province, and grew in power and importance, until in 1773 it is said to have counted 125,000 inhabitants and to have surpassed Mexico in riches and beauty. By this time a succession of profligate governors and spendthrift courtiers had so entangled the municipal finances that most of the public buildings were mortgaged for their value to the money lenders. Then Providence sent to the debtors a most opportune, if somewhat unusual, aid in the shape of an earthquake that practically levelled the whole city to the ground.

The Governor and his friends, not at all slow to take advantage of this opportunity, made effective representations to the King of Spain that it would be unsafe to reconstruct the city on its former site, and having received the necessary permission, they built the present city of Guatemala and removed the capital thither. One can imagine the Governor cheerfully informing the creditors that it would be impossible to pay off the mortgages, but that they could have the buildings—what was left of them!

As all three capitals of the country have been called Guatemala they are now distinguished by the names Ciudad Vieja (Old City), Antigua Guatemala (Old Guatemala), and Nueva Guatemala (New Guatemala)—although in the last case the "Nueva" has been generally dropped in the last few years.

Although a large part of La Antigua still remains as the earthquake left it, there are still standing many fine examples of Spanish colonial architecture, notably the Church of Nuestra Señora de la Merced, the *cabildo*, and the Palace, which last, though much damaged by the earthquake, was restored within recent years. Among the ruins, also, one finds many specimens of admirable sixteenth century ecclesiastical architecture, and if one were to judge from the remains of these old buildings, which are conspicuously scattered all about the place, La Antigua must have consisted principally of churches, there hardly seems to be a block without one.

Standing on the steps of the *cabildo*, or jail, looking over the plain, one is struck by a most animated scene is presented to the eye. The large square is filled with Indians, men and women, in their colored costumes, and the *cañales* on the ground, with their wares in a large shallow basket before them. Others, with more perishable goods, are busy selling them by a tiny square of *cañales*, while some even boast of a little stall, where they calmly sit all day long, mechanically brushing away flies, and, with their faces and hands unconcerned as to whether anybody buys or not.

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