INTERESTING FROM THE PACIFIC.

News from South America—The Cities of La Union and San Carlos—Government, State and Condition of those Cities—The Volcano of San Miguel—General State of the adjoining Country—Interesting Information and Narrative of Adventure.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

BRIG SIDI HAMET, AT SEA, PACIFIC OCEAN, January 15, 1852.

My last communication was written from the city of San Miguel, State of San Salvador, C. A., under date of Nov. 28, which I left on board H. B. M. schooner Cockatrice at port La Union, whose gentlemanly officers kindly offered to forward our letters by the steam frigate Amphitrite, daily expected, which communication I trust you received in due time.

I left San Miguel on the 1st December, and arrived at La Union the same day, where I remained two weeks, which time I passed in viewing the town and country. The town is an old fashioned, quiet and lonely place; there seemed scarcely any life in the inhabitants, and business very dull. There were ten foreign vessels in the port, principally English—five were loaded with merchandise. A quantity of cerooms of indigo and silver ore were piled upon the beach for shipment to England, in all, probably 350 cerooms; with this exception, there was no appearance of business in the shipping line, and as to amusements, they were scarce, save now and then a fandango in some thatched hut about town.

The country around San Carlos is rather fine, oranges and other tropical fruit being in abundance. The land is fertile, needing only to be cultivated to raise a variety of vegetables. This the inhabitants are too indolent for, and choose to swing in their hammocks, and live upon what nature provides spontaneously, rather than to make an exertion to raise a variety of luxuries. There are no public houses in the town for the accommodation of strangers. The only resort is at the adobe house of a tall, lean, lank, big-eyed, shad-faced, middle aged Senorita, cross as a butcher's dog, whose eyes would sparkle at the chink of silver, getting which in her possession, it was doomed to be severely rubbed, and tightly pinched between her bony thumb and fingers, then deposited where it would remain safe until her mortal existence shall terminate. Having made a bill with her, for a meal of victuals and claret, paying which, and needing change in return, she would immediately give evident symptoms of going into a spasmodic fit; sufficiently recovering herself, there being no resource, she would at last return the change, and quite exhausted sit down. She is known as the Queen of Clubs.

The currency of the country is silver, which is in all sorts of shapes and sizes, and from three cents to one dollar in value. The silver was first pounded out in flat bars, and cut off as most convenient, then stamped; it is round, square, and long, three-cornered, four-cornered, six, and eight-cornered, thick and thin, concave, convex, &c., &c., and according to their dates, over a hundred years old, and coined in Lima. It is very annoying and difficult to obtain small change for daily use. Any one travelling through this country should be well supplied with Spanish coin, as it will pass in any part without dispute. The weather being very warm, there is considerable sickness on ship board among the vessels in the harbor, principally fevers, and several deaths; yet it does not seem to be unhealthy in the interior, and is mostly confined to foreigners who are not acclimated. It is, however, unhealthy in any of the Central American ports. There is a custom house built of stone, thirty feet by a hundred feet in size, two stories high, whitewashed, and roofed with tiles; it has a balcony extending round the whole building, save one end; it stands upon the beach, at the foot of a gentle rise, at the end of a pier, (which is to be erected.)

The tide here rises several feet, and at low tide a beach of mud, soft, and of unknown depth, extends into the harbor some two hundred feet, at which time there is no communication between ship and shore. There is not the least accommodation for landing at low water. A stench thirty feet in width has been commenced and in progress some five years. The only laborers at present are a few convicts in a chain gang, who start in the morning with a small hand wagon, and some time during the day return and deposit about a dozen stones of the size of one's head, at which rate, probably in the course of fifty years, they may get out sufficiently for the purposes of a dock.

There are a few soldiers stationed in the custom house; and the greatest or most consequential personage in the place seemed to be the commandante, (who occupies a portion of the custom house,) and appeared to be the government embodied in the person of a medium sized man about forty years of age. He seemed to be governor, judge, jury and all other requisites the canto belonging for the "I am" of the port of La Union and city of San Carlos. Having some business with the hombre of whom I obtained horses for San Miguel, about a saddle which was taken through mistake by a merchant of San Miguel, at whose yard our horses were stabled, in place of which I obtained a new American saddle, of four times the value of his old sawborse, hide-covered native one, to be kept and used until his was returned, he demanded six dollars for his trouble in exchanging them, which amount I consented to pay, and when about doing so, he demanded more. He had followed me about the town every time I came on shore. At last I threatened to cane him if he did not leave me; whereupon he ran immediately to the commandante, entering a complaint for my assault. It was high time, and being on my way to the ship, and the boat waiting for me, I leisurely left the shore, when four armed and equipped soldiers came running down and commanded me to return, which command I did not obey. The next day, having an invitation to dine on board the Italian ship St. George, in company with General Savines, lady, and several others from San Miguel, I gave the affair to Capt. Anderson to settle for me. He appeared before the commandante, with the complainant, and offering to pay the original demand, but the hombre insisted on more than double the amount, and the commandante ordering the payment, the captain considered it an imposition; and after a long talk, and getting out of patience, he at last offered them the original amount, giving them time enough to consider upon it, after which time he would not pay them a farthing. With his watch in hand, he walked the floor until the time expired, and putting the watch and money in his pocket, told the commandant and all the rest that they might go to Blackenack, for he was going to sea, and bidding them adieu left, thus rather turning the tables upon the authority of the commandante and all. There seemed to be great doings on shore during the day, with ringing of bells, firing guns, &c., and at night, a general illumination with torch-light procession of men, women, and children, with a band of music, (naked drum and fife, guitar and violin,) headed by an image of the Virgin Mary, under a canopy of flowers carried by four men, which was at last deposited in front of the altar in the Church, where I inspected it. It turned out to be a church feast day. The feast was for sale in front of the Church on the grand plaza, where a large number of women were assembled by torchlight to dispose of it. I feasted on board the St. George, and at night attended a fashionable soiree on shore.

The following day we sailed down to the Narrows at the entrance of the harbor, where, for the want of a breeze, we anchored, the following day, Dec 14th, without hearing anything farther from Mr Commandante, as we expected—we weighed anchor, spread our canvass to the breeze, and stood out to sea, *en route* to Guatemala.

In sailing out of the harbor of La Union and gulf of Fonseca, we passed several beautiful islands laying to the S. E.; they are quite high, and covered with green foliage. In the back scene rose the bold peak of Tigre Island, towering high above its neighbors. Upon the other side was the main land, with its extinct volcano towering high, and covered with green foliage. In the distance was the volcano of San Miguel, and before us the waters of the wide Pacific were rolling in their mighty surges, that were breaking with the noise of thunder upon the rocky shore. The scenery, in entering the port of La Union, is very beautiful. All is in a state of nature, and one can view the same scenery that presented itself to the vision of the pioneers who first explored the harbors upon this coast. We were now at sea, sailing along the coast, which presented one unbroken chain of volcanoes. After passing the volcano of San Miguel, we came suddenly upon an extensive shoal, not marked upon the chart, extending out to sea from twelve to fifteen miles; in some places the surf was breaking mast high; in taking soundings, found it getting gradually more shallow as we advanced, until there was three fathoms. The wind being light, tacked ship and stood out to sea, but not without being obliged to anchor for a breeze. The coast pilot says of this coast, that there are no shoals, and forty fathoms of water to within one mile of shore. At intervals, during the night, in the distance, we could see the fire issuing from the volcano of Izalco. In the morning we stood in for shore; made the port of Acajutla, the most northerly of the State of San Salvador, and at about 2 o'clock, P. M., anchored in the same, about one mile from shore. Here we found at anchor the Italian bark Central America, the English bark Alexander Robinson, and the American schooner Merchantman. The port of Acajutla (if port it can be called) is scarcely more than an open roadstead. There is a gradual curve in the land, of some ten miles from one point to the other. The surf rolls in from the ocean unobstructed, and with irresistible force breaks thundering upon the shore. It is dangerous, and by no means either a pleasant or agreeable operation to effect a landing. Boats are often upset in the breaking surf, and several lives have been lost. A short time previous to our arrival, three Englishmen lost their lives here in making the attempt. The boat from our brig, as well as that from the English bark, and schooner Merchantman, were upset; no lives were lost; some were severely bruised, and of course all got a good ducking.

From the deck of the brig I counted the peaks of nine volcanoes, commencing at the northwest of the coast, with the two of the Antigua, in Guatemala, in the distance, and following the chain down the coast to the southeast. The mountain range is about fifteen miles from the beach, to which the land is a perfect level, and covered with verdure to the water's edge. At the northeast, and immediately back of this port, is the volcano of Izalco, in a state of eruption, and at intervals rolling out a volume of smoke. It is a guide to mariners entering the port, by its smoke by day and flame at night. As it is customary for the captain of the port, or some officer, to board a vessel previous to any one going on shore, it was not until the following morning that he came off, immediately after which, we got into the boat and approached the beach. The surf was rolling fearfully high, and breaking upon the sandy beach, and I must confess I trembled at the sight; we entered upon the breakers; each wave, as it came rolling in, impelled us onward, until there was no resistance; and we were thrown upon the beach amid the foaming waters, when the succeeding wave gave us the benefit of a bath. It requires skill in steering any but a surf boat through to the shore. As soon as a boat grounds, there is a rush of nearly naked natives to its side; and if you wish to land with dry feet, you must mount upon the bare, greasy back of one of them, and thus be backed off.

After passing over a sandy beach, some hundred yards, you arrive at a barrier of perpendicular rocks, fifty feet in height, through which an inclined road has been cut to the surface. This was the work of the Spanish, it being the only avenue, and leading into the interior of their fortification, with their barracks upon one side, thus calculated to be well guarded. I observed the ornamental work in relief cut in the rock upon the side of the road, of four ancient tombs, probably the resting places of some of the Spanish; they were sealed with cement, except one, which was broken open. I looked within, but nothing remained.

After passing through this avenue, of twelve feet in width, you arrive at a level surface. Upon the brink of the precipice are the remains of a fort, and originally a wall extended around the whole space of about two acres. A portion of the wall is still upon the back part. All merchandise and people landing here must pass through the square and out at the guarded gate. Upon the south side is a long, ancient, one-story adobe building, occupied as a custom house, storage, barracks and forts, with a few soldiers, and chain gang of convicts. A corridor extends around the inner sides, fronting the inner court, which was occupied by the convicts, soldiers, and lazy, lounging natives, with piles of bales, boxes, pack saddles and trash, while horses, mules and cattle, were fastened to the posts. Their manner of securing convicts for the night, I observed, was, by securing one foot in a huge trap or stocks—a mammoth one of two pieces of timber twenty-five feet in length, secured by a lock when their legs were in. Two small, old, rusty iron cannons were pointing from the corridor on the end of the building towards the sea, over which was the balcony in front of the room, occupied by the commandante and captain of the port, underneath which room was that occupied by the soldiers.

The town of Acajutla contains about a dozen or fifteen buildings, and probably one hundred inhabitants. They are mostly situated in one street, which is the *camino real* from the gateway to the interior of the country. Very little business is transacted in the place, and it is kept in existence by having the custom house located at the port, and from the limited shipping business, in supplying provisions and vegetables, or that from persons engaged in packing goods, the trading depot for the port being at the city of Zonzonate, six leagues distant, inland. In passing one of the buildings near the gate, I observed the grizzly grey, woolly head of a nearly toothless old negro protruding through a window, who looked as though he ought to speak English. Being anxious to make some inquiries about the country, I addressed him in that language, and he replied in the same. I entered the adobe building, facing the door of which a bar stood out in bold relief, covered and cased with mats, in the shelves of which was quite a display of junk bottles, and upon the counter a trough of cold rolls, eggs, &c., which indicated that catables and drinkables could be procured. There was only one large room, with four doors and one window, bare tile roof, from the rafters of which a profusion of dirty cobwebs were hanging in baneful festoons, with a brick floor, one mahogany table, two benches, four high, straight back antediluvian looking old chairs, and in the centre of the room a hammock. One side of the room was filled up with bags of corn, onions, sweet potatoes, and yams; in one corner, back of the bar, a sick woman was lying upon a bed, with poultry making free with her. I took possession of the hammock, and having chat with the "old darkey," found that he had been in the country several years; was originally from the island of Martinique. He knew everything I wished to know, and was a perfect embodiment of information. He had been many years at sea, and more on land; had served in the army during the revolution, under General Morazan, and now, being bent under the weight of years, was not thought to outrun to be, as he ever had been, *non compos pedibus*. Wishing to visit the interior of the country, he provided horses for us, and on the following day, at 4 P. M., accompanied by Mrs. A. and our guide, we mounted our horses and galloped off to Zonzonate. We entered immediately upon the Carmine Real, which was a smooth, level, and beautiful road, about fifty feet in width, shaded from either side with a luxuriant growth of tropical foliage. It was in the cool of the day; a gentle breeze was blowing in from the ocean, and with the beautiful green foliage and the solitude and silence of a forest scene, I never enjoyed a ride so much. Arriving at our place of destination, it seemed the shortest eighteen miles I ever passed over. There are very few plantations until you get in the vicinity of Zonzonate. The estate of San Antonio, situated about half way, is very extensive. It contains 24,000 acres. 1,000 is cultivated for the indigo plant, 800 with sugar cane, and 200 for grain and vegetables, with an abundance of mahogany and cedar trees, as well as fruit. It has the finest sugar mill in the country, a saw mill and other works which are propelled by water power from an artificial stream running through the estate. It has fine, substantial buildings, well stocked and, with its present improvements, one of the largest and best in the State. It was first set out and brought to its present state by Dr. Trevino, an Englishman, now residing at Zonzonate (to whom we had the pleasure of an introduction, and at whose house we had a pleasant interview,) who has recently disposed of it.

Soon after passing this estate, we overtook a gentleman on horseback, going the same way with us. Having bowed, and eyeing each other closely, I thought, from his appearance, he was not a native of Central America. I addressed him in English, and looking at me somewhat surprised, taking me to be a Spaniard, he replied in the same language, and I had the pleasure of a conversation with Mr Colburn, a native of Massachusetts, originally from Boston, and who has been in this country eighteen years. In a few moments we came to his residence. He was building a circular saw mill, to be propelled by water power, which he had brought in a canal, at the side of the road. He had a good frame building erected, which was finished, and appeared to be used for furniture making. He resided in one end, in bachelor state, doing his own cooking, washing, &c. There was a blacksmith's forge and bellows, anvil, &c., and from the numerous variety of tools hanging around and lying around, it had the appearance of a Yankee general trade shop. He was pleased at our calling upon him, asked a thousand questions about the East, news, &c., and desiring a paper, which he rarely gets, I regretted much not having a few numbers of the HERALD for him. He said it was hard living in this country; as everything was low and money scarce, it took a long time to lay up a few dollars. Laborers get only from two to four shillings per day, and as there is no market for the sale of produce, it is of very little use, in this warm climate, to exert themselves to raise it. The land is exceedingly fertile. He said he lived upon plantains, bananas, and other fruit and vegetables, with the universal tortilla, like the natives, yet it was a long time before he could get accustomed to it. At this season of the year, it being just after the rains, it seems the country looked beautiful; but in travelling through a country, the changing of the seasons must be taken into consideration in forming an opinion. In a short time, there being no rain and beneath a vertical sun, all is heated, dry and dusty, when this place only calculated for the lean, lank, tough-hide natives. Two crops are the yearly products of the soil.

After all that has been written—the beautiful description that has been given, with the Paradisical poetic effusions, borne down from Mount Parnassus, of the pleasures of wandering amid groves of the orange, the citron, and the vine—I say after all this, give me a place in the mountains of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, with the music of the summer songs of the robin, the lark, and the linnet, and in the winter, the whistling of the winter wind, with my mug of hard cider, apples, and dough-nuts, and other "Yankee things," with tropical fruit brought to my door, in preference to a life in the scenes and amid the music of the South, with oranges, tortillas, and other tropical luxuries of the bright sunny South. It is a pleasure to look upon the hardy, robust, rosy-cheeked yeoman of the North; and the reverse, upon the spare, sallow people of the South.

From 11 A. M. to about 4 P. M. throughout Central America, the heat is so intense, that men, beasts, and birds seek refuge in the shade, and a Sabbath of silence reigns supreme. Meal times are twice a day, at 8 to 9 A. M. and 4 to 5 P. M., with the indispensable and universal cup of coffee immediately upon arising in the morning and after dinner. The place for taking meals is, in all well built houses, upon the open corridor, where there is a circulation of air, if it is to be found.

From the residence of Mr. Colburn to Zonzonate, a distance of about two miles, the land upon either side of the road is under cultivation, with fences in front, which are rare, and, ever and anon, a large, framed, mahogany, covered gateway, suitable for the entrance to a gentleman's park, with, perhaps, the owner's name upon it. The fields of corn, sugar cane, and vegetables appeared very fine. There were many orange trees loaded with their golden fruit. Spreading their long leaves gracefully above all were the beautiful cocoanut trees, interspersed with the usual variety of tropical fruit and flowers. Tropical scenery, when all is in bloom, with its variety of foliage, fruit, and flowers—when the air is made fragrant with the perfume of flowers, wafted upon each passing breeze, and the forest made vocal with the songs of the sweet feathered warblers—it is then a place where angels might love to dwell; but it is of short duration—after which, they would wing their flight to other worlds.

At sunset we approached the town, which had an imposing appearance from the road, being a little more elevated. The ruins of two large churches, with their moss grown, mouldering domes, rose conspicuous above the white, tile-roofed adobe buildings; also, the domes of several churches, not in ruins, were conspicuous. The chain of mountains clothed in green, rose high in the background, and the city appeared to be quietly reposing in the midst of a tropical grove. On our right stood the desolate volcano of Izalco, belching forth a column of black smoke, with a distinct roar, like distant thunder. We approached the town over a very fine paved stone bridge, some fifty feet in height, with one arch of heavy masonry thrown over the Rio Grande, a small but rapid stream, and entered the town over paved streets, and in a few moments found ourselves passing through a large gateway into the inner court of the caza of Nasario Tregaros, opposite the ruins of a large stone church standing at the head of the plaza. We were conducted to a room, for our quarters. It was the most comfortable and well-furnished we had yet found, being ceiled. The furniture was of mahogany, and, although ancient in style, with its peculiar carving, indicated that it once was of the best and most fashionable; it consisted of a sideboard, bureau, table, stand, and two chairs; a few ancient oil paintings of saints, or somebody else, were hanging upon the walls, and conspicuous among them a small wooden cross. In an adjoining large room, in the centre thereof, stood a billiard table; numerous colored lithographs of the battle scenes of Napoleon, &c., &c., were hanging upon the walls, with the usual billiard machinery. After tea, a number of men and women came in to have a peep of Mrs. A., and, as we could converse but little in Spanish, an interpreter was sent for, who soon came. He was a colored man, named Phillip, of Boston, and had lived in the country fourteen years; had a family, and resided in the suburbs of the town.

Having decided to visit the village the following day, I engaged Phillip for our guide. After being treated to some Spanish music by three gentlemen, upon a guitar, flute, and with singing, it being late at night, and feeling fatigued, we retired. The following morning, at five o'clock, Phillip being on hand, we were again in the saddle, and accompanied by the hostess of the house (a very pleasant, middle-aged, fleshy Senorita, who was going to the town of Izalco, two leagues distant), we crossed the bridge, and were galloping briskly forward. This Senorita was a female speculator. She owned two buildings in Zonzonate, and the one at the port kept by the "darkey." She was going to the town to purchase corn, pigs, &c., to take to Acauitta. Meeting a native driving two pigs tied with a rope round a hind leg, she stopped him, made a purchase, sent them onward, and again we galloped off. The road was through the woods, narrow, and much worn by pack mules. Two miles from Zonzonate we came to the village of Sonsecate, a native village of thatched huts scattered among the trees, with a very small adobe church on the side of the road; after passing which there very few huts, and all seemed in nature's state. We met and passed a large number of natives, male and female, on their way to Zonzinate, with various articles to sell in the market place; such as hog's lard in small calabashes, starch in small cakes, &c., &c., with various kinds of curious "fixings" in the eating line, which I could not save. These were conveyed in wooden troughs carried by the women upon their heads, while the men had a load of fruit and vegetables in sacks upon their backs. They bring these articles several miles, and the whole stock of many would not amount to more than fifty cents. In travelling the six miles, I believe we passed at least two hundred natives, in Indian file; they were dressed in native style, the females with a skirt or piece of calico tied around the waist, raised and fastened up at the sides to keep them from the dirt, with nothing on their necks, shoulders, arms, or head, (except the trough); the men were dressed, some with pants and no shirts, others with shirts and no pants, and some with only a piece of cloth around their loins; while the smaller ones wore nothing but the garment which nature provides for all the human family, (varying in color.) They were mostly well formed, rather under the medium size, in physiognomy and color resembling the northern and western Indians. At half-past seven A. M. we entered the town of Izalco through a crooked street, rather uneven and dirty. Thatched buildings were scattered upon each side, and the natives lying about. We turned a corner and entered a broad paved street, with adobe buildings, at the end of which stood the church of St. Nicholas, and immediately behind it the volcano, belching forth its smoke and ashes with a tremendous noise, that made the whole town tremble.

Our hostess conducted us to the house of an acquaintance. While waiting for our breakfast, we strolled through the town, followed by a number of naked, dirty children, and gazed at by all. It soon spread through the town that a North American lady had arrived, and all seemed anxious to get a peep. Phillip informed me that she was the first American lady that had visited that place. The town is divided into two parts—St. Nicholas on the north, and Concepcion at the south. It contains, in both sections, 20,000 native inhabitants. Each part has its church; that of Conception is a fine large building, standing at the side of the ruins of a very ancient church, with but a small portion of its brick and stone walls remaining. I was informed that its history is unknown. A portion of the front wall, with its towers, still remains, immediately in front of which is the foundation of what is supposed to have been a tower or belfrey, at the side of which is a column recently built, which is the time-piece of the town, or sun-dial. A few feet upon the other side is a thatched roof supported by four posts, under which three bells are suspended. One in the centre is very large, with inscriptions upon it which I could not read, but its date was 1735, and weight 100 quintals, or 10,000 pounds. It is in perfect order, and is only rung upon particular occasions; the others are badly cracked. We called at the residence of the Padre, being desirous of seeing the interior of the church, but he was on a visit to Zonzonate, and had the keys in his pocket.

We walked to the church of St. Nicholas, at the other end of the street; a side door being open, we entered. It is a large, dilapidated, old stone church, having suffered severely from earthquakes. It has an old broken organ, on a stage quite aloft; the altar was quite plain, with two large images in niches; an open, portable box, standing upon the left of the chancel, contained a dirty, sorrowful, morbish looking effigy, bearing upon its shoulders a huge cross; two other altars, one upon either niche of the church, with gildings, paintings and images, two confessional chairs, two benches, crosses and rigging for illuminated night processions, with two rows of pillars to support the roof, made up the sum total of the interior. The walls are cracked in several places, while a portion of the two small towers upon the front are thrown down. This church is for the second class people. The town is laid out in irregular streets, and, excepting the principal one, are unpaved. The buildings are mostly thatched, and scattering among the trees: some are in front, others in the rear; they are sideways, endways, cornerways, and any other way to suit the builder. The streets are uneven and dirty, and altogether it is the worst looking city I have seen. Being so near the volcano, it is covered with ashes and sand; and having frequent shocks of earthquakes, I should choose some other place for a residence in preference. There is very little business transacted in the town, and it seems to be a real native headquarters. But everything began to vanish, for I had not had my breakfast. In a few moments we sat down to a sumptuous supply of chickens, eggs, coffee, soft bread and tortillas, served up by two very pretty senoritas. While eating, the house was fairly besieged with people; they filled up the doors; a number of heads were gazing through the windows, and some had come inside; at last they were driven away, and closing the doors and windows, we ate in quietness and peace. At 8 o'clock we were again in the saddle, *en route* to the volcano, a distance of two leagues by the road.

We entered immediately into a narrow, much worn, made path through the woods; now through a deep cut, just wide enough to ride in single file, with the banks far over our heads; now through a thicket; at last, about half way, we forded a small stream, over which a single log was placed, and on which several natives were crossing, bound for the market; then turning off from the beaten track into a blind path, we were brought to a dead halt, in a short time, by arriving at a fence built across the path; we beat a retreat of about a mile; turned into another path which was ascending, and over ragged rocks, through a dense thicket with many zigzags, windings, and abrupt turns over the sharp rocks, among the roots and broken lava. In many places it was so steep and rough that it seemed almost impossible to continue with our horses, but as Phillip led the way without remarks, we silently followed.

After about two hours perseverance, twisting, turning, bowing, and dodging among branches, to save our eyes and brains from being knocked out, at last we came to an opening without a bush, where cattle were feeding, and at our left, in full view, stood the dark, barren and desolate looking volcano of Izalco. Looking back, an immense wooded plain extended to the sea shore, and beyond were the waters of the boundless Pacific. Not being satisfied in viewing the volcano from that place, I at once determined to approach, and if possible to ascend it. Accordingly we entered a piece of woodland, about a mile in width—an almost impenetrable thicket, without a path. We were obliged to dismount, cut away the vines hanging around like ropes, and after an hour's seige, we came suddenly to a barrier of fallen trees, against which rose a wall of lava five feet in height, which in rolling down had found its way thus far into the woods, carrying with irresistible force all before it. We tied our horses, and ascended the barrier of lava, when a scene of magnificence, grandeur, and desolation presented itself to our view. The volcano was now in full view, belching forth at intervals of about five minutes, with a roar of thunder, a huge column of black smoke and a mass of stones and ashes, which fell upon its sides, and came rolling down the mountain. An immense bed of lava lay in irregular rolls like waves of the sea, with deep chasms yawning between, and extending its desolation far into the valley; and for miles in extent, a tremendous mass of burnt stone was hanging upon the side of the mountain, that seemed to be detached, and with threatening aspect; and upon all sides the entire mass of lava seemed about to roll down, as it shook and tumbled at each eruption. The volcano rises from near the foot of a mountain to a height of over 3,000 feet. It is said to have commenced forming, and continued in constant action, for upwards of sixty years. It being the first active volcano I had visited, and as I was now standing on the lava upon its side, although in a state of eruption, and dangerous, I could not resist the inclination of attempting its ascent; and, accordingly, with Mrs. A, commenced the undertaking. The lava was sharp and rough; much of it small, loose and porous like sponge, with a succession of ridges and deep chasms. It cut the shoes of Mrs. A. so much, and being fatigued, she was obliged to stop in the shade of a mass of lava, but had succeeded in ascending half way. I continued the ascent, and I arrived at the summit. The lava was an immense mass, forming a cragged wall around the mountain. Above this, it was composed of loose ashes and sand; and the remaining distance to the top could not have exceeded 100 feet. Seating myself to view the scene of desolation, I was obliged to keep an eye upon each eruption. The heat was oppressive; I sought refuge beneath the shade, in a chasm, but upon arrival at the bottom, felt the heat penetrating through the soles of my boots. Placing my hand in a crevice upon a piece of lava, it burnt my fingers; I quickly withdrew my hand, and considering that place to warm for me, retreated. At each eruption the whole mass upon the peak appeared red with heat; the force was so great, with the violent trembling of the mountain, that I was fearful the whole mass might be precipitated upon me.

While resting preparatory to my descent, and musing upon the scene of beauty stretched out in the green plain, with its towns interspersed, and the ocean beyond—or upon the awfully grand and wide spread scene of desolation before and around me—there seemed to be an unusual rumbling and shaking of the mountain; immediately a sheet of flames, lighting up a column of dense black smoke, spouted forth from the centre, accompanied with a fearful hissing, and an explosion like the heaviest thunder; a huge mass of stones were hurled in the air, with a violent shaking of the mountain; my feet were thrown from under me, and I was precipitated over the cragged mass into a chasm, with a quantity of loose lava after me, together with the hot stones thrown out by the eruption falling around. I fancied that the whole top of the mountain was tumbling upon me, and that I was about to be ushered into the presence of Pluto forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter, as I could distinctly hear the three headed monster, Cerberus, (guarding the entrance thereunto), growling fearfully at my approach. I soon arrived at a stopping place, recovered my footing and my hat, which had gone on before me, and although being severely scratched and bruised by the fall, the way I descended would have been a caution to pedestrians on burning mountains.

I arrived safely at the place where Mrs. A. and Phillip were waiting anxiously for me, with a whole head, but not so of my boots. You cannot get a native to ascend; they are very superstitious about it, considering it the abode and assembling place of evil spirits; but I should call it the head quarters of the "king of evil spirits." It is impossible to ascend higher than I did, and I was informed it had never been done (save once by an Englishman) to the height I attained. I could light a segar from the bed of lava at my feet. I think Mrs A. is the first lady who has made the attempt to ascend it. Visiters generally ascend the mountain behind the volcano, which, being higher, affords a view of the interior of the crater. I became perfectly satisfied in ascending the mountain itself. Although the ascent affords a scene of magnificence, grandeur, and desolation beyond description, I would not advise an attempt, as it is both dangerous from falling stones and avalanches from the top.

Upon the mountain, back of the volcano, there is a native settlement, containing from 200 to 300 buildings, or huts, and a large fresh water lake, with quantities of fish. The natives raise cabbages, potatoes, &c., which they bring down and exchange for fruit and other products of the valley, it being too cold there for fruit. After resting, we passed through the woods, mounted our horses, and, in descending, performed some feats of skill in horsemanship, in the intricate windings, turnings, and dodgings among rocks, roots, and trees, as well as precipitous descents over sharp, cragged, perpendicular rocks, that would have cast the celebrated feat of Gen. Putnam in the shade. At five P. M. we arrived at Izalco, and being nearly worn out with fatigue, I threw myself into a hammock.

After eating, contrary to the earnest persuasion of the ladies of the house for us to remain, we mounted our horses, and in company with our hostess, set off, and after dark arrived at our quarters in Zonzonate. The following morning we walked through the city. It is situated upon the bank of the Rio Grande; is well watered by a number of springs, and occupying high ground, is quite free of filth. It is regularly laid out, with good streets, which are paved. The builings are one story adobe, with several large private residences. The buildings are whitewashed, and the streets are clean. It contains 6,000 inhabitants. There are eight churches, three of which are in ruins. It contains a plaza, with the ruins of a large stone church at its head; this church, with one other of the same size, was built less than a hundred years ago, and belongs to the friars of St. Francisco. They had unroofed them, and were about to repair them with a new roof, ornaments, &c., when the revolution broke out, and the funds and ornaments of value belonging to the church were seized by Morazan, and devoted to the use of the government—the friars being driven out of the State, and now reside in Guatamala. They do not return, fearing other revolutions, when they might again be driven out. The churches are going to ruin fast; but the property belongs to them perpetually, and cannot be disposed of, or lawfully used without their sanction. In the front yard of the one standing in a back street, I observed the city were laying the foundation for a building, to be used as a school house. This church, and adjoining buildings belonging to it, was used by Morazan, as barracks, &c.; at the present time the adjoining adobe buildings are used for a hospital. We entered the principal church of the city, (which is built of stone, and in excellent condition), the interior of which is richly decorated. It has a large gilded altar, occupying the end of the building, and reaching to the dome, containing a beautiful image of the Virgin Mary, standing in a niche in the centre, dressed in rich silk, with a profusion of tinsel and spangles. On the left, in an open portable case, was a full sized image of Christ, bending under the weight of the cross; it was dressed in a dark bombazet gown tied around the waist. Upon the right of the arch, in front of the altar, in an open case set in the wall, was a beautiful full length image of the Virgin Mary, laying in state; she was dressed in a light blue figured satin, with a white embroidered silk tunic. Her hair was beautifully curled and decorated with a wreath of flowers, white satin slippers were upon her feet, and a profusion of flowers strewn about her. On the other side, was a full length representation of Christ, as taken from the cross, showing a ghastly face of death, with half closed eyes and mouth, streams of blood upon his forehead, the wound upon his cheek, and bloodshot around the eyes. It was covered with a sheet, (save the head), and presented a ghastly death scene. Over this was a standing image in a niche, with a curtain before it, which I could not make out. Upon either side of the church were two ornamental gilded altars, with the usual representation of saints and apostles. There was an organ in the gallery at the end; two rows of pillars supported the roof, while confessional chairs, crosses, and fixings for illuminated night processions, made up the sum total of the interior.

Considerable business is transacted in the city, it being the depot for the northern part of the State. There are several fine stores, finished in good style, and with large and well selected stocks of goods, kept principally by Frenchmen. The Plaza is occupied as the market place, where there is a daily promiscuous assemblage of native women, under the shade of mats and hides, to sell their wares, &c. The city is the best built and neatest I have seen in the country. We visited a school, where about a dozen little girls were learning to read and work with the needle. The mistress showed us some embroidered handkerchiefs done by little girls from six to ten years of age, that were very well done. Schools are being generally established throughout the State, which certainly speaks well for the future.

At five P. M. we were again in the saddle, and long after dark arrived at Acajutla, where we remained until the 26th of December, when we hoisted sail, and with a gentle breeze stood out upon the waters of the Pacific, *en route* to the Society Islands. We were much pleased with our visit to Central America, and found the people generally friendly and hospitable.

While at Acajutla, I became acquainted with young Morazan, son of the revolutionist and President, with whom I was much pleased, finding him intelligent and active, but, as I learned, not popular, in consequence of his father's acts.

The officers of the port seemed desirous to please, and exerted themselves to make our stay pleasant and agreeable. The people throughout the country are unanimous in their desire for the protection of the United States, and look forward to that time with faith. Our government and people are exceedingly popular here, while an almost unanimous dislike seems to be manifested towards the English. They are rank republicans, and ready to defend its laws, principles, and institutions.

You may expect a communication from the South Pacific, or other parts of the world. F. B. A.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1852.

The Hon. John Barney and M. Sartiges—The Cartel—Letters to Prince Jerome Bonaparte, &c., &c., &c.

The following correspondence will be found interesting. It consists of Mr. Barney's cartel to M. Sartiges, the French Minister; and also, a copy of Mr. Barney's letter to Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, giving an explanation of the difficulties with M. Sartiges. It cannot be denied that M. Sartiges' course throughout the whole of this matter has not been blameless. Moving in the same circles as Mr. Barney, he had no right to insult that gentleman, and then deny him either an apology or satisfaction. If he was not prepared to do so he should have avoided the necessity, and not shielded himself behind his diplomatic cloak.

It is stated on sufficient authority, that M. Sartiges declares if Mr. Barney attacks him he will shoot him down. Of course, Mr. Barney never contemplated attacking him in any other way than at a distance of ten paces, where there was to be no monopoly of the shooting, as it would be equally divided.

As for Mr. Barney, his character as a quiet and courteous gentleman, is well known; and nothing but rudeness and insult could have provoked him to the correction of M. Sartiges' manners.

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1852

To MONS. SARTIGES, MINISTRE DE FRANCE:—

SIR—I enclose, for your information, a copy of a letter this day addressed to a former friend, Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, now President of the Senate of France. If, in shadowing forth a faint outline of the infamy of your character, I have given you cause for offence, my friend, General ———, is authorized by me to receive and respond to any communications you may desire to make.

The person of an ambassador is sacred, or I should long since have corrected your impertinence by wholesome chastisement.

The stringency of the laws of the District of Columbia in regard to personalities, has and will prevent my noticing you there in any way. I shall remain here until Thursday, 4 P. M., to learn and conform to your wishes.

I have the honor to be, JOHN BARNEY.

Not having received any reply from Mons. Sartiges on the 11th, I forwarded a corrected copy to the Prince President of France, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, through our minister, the Hon. Wm. C. Rives.

BALTIMORE, May 3, 1852.

SIR—I desire to recall to your memory the period when first I had the honor to meet you in my father's house, in Baltimore. As an officer of the revolution in America, and *chef de division* in the service of the republic of France, he claimed, and had the honor to receive, you and your suite.

The enclosed documents will evidence who I now am, and what I have been.

For more than thirty years the representative of my native city in the councils of the State of Maryland, and in the Congress of the United States; the personal friend of the late marshal, Count Bertrand as is certified by the annexed letter. I claim your attention in representing the degraded character of your minister to these United States.

For twenty-seven years I have enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with the diplomatic corps in Washington, and I bear willing testimony to the amenity, courtesy, propriety, dignity, and polite civility of all—commanding the respect, esteem, and confidence of the polished society of Washington. Mons. Sartiges presents the solitary exception; shunned and avoided as a low, rude vulgarian; impertinent and insulting to ladies; universally despised. In proof of which I present the following array of facts, the truthfulness of which I aver of my own knowledge:—

His early notoriety was established in amusing himself, frightening the women and children in the neighborhood by shooting at a mark, and at cats and rats on Sunday, while others were going to church. When implored to desist, and finally threatened with an appeal to the police, he claims protection and immunity from officers of the peace and constables entering his premises—being protected in his domicile by his ambassadorial privileges.

He is often seen driving through the streets in an open carriage, smoking segars, which is never done by an American gentleman.

At a brilliant ball given by Senator Gwin, of California, the rooms were rather crowded; and to manifest his contempt, he deliberately took a segar out of his pocket, walked up to the chandelier, suspended from the centre of the room, lighted it, and walked out, puffing volumes of smoke in ladies' faces.

Subsequently, at a distinguished dinner party, when the ladies and gentlemen were taking coffee, he repeated this aggression. Both in my presence.

In twenty instances he has selected one fair bud to form his bouquet of choice flowers; invites her without father or mother, sister or brother, totally oblivious that if this disrespect could be pardoned, propriety forbids a young lady visiting a bachelor's establishment, without a protector or inmate of her own household.

His general deportment to ladies is rude and impertinent. He announces that he hopes it is understood that he cannot consent to take an American wife.

That he invites as few married ladies as possible to his parties, and no ugly women.

Not admiring the taste, in dress, of a young lady, he said he hoped that she would not come to his party. "Have you invited her?" "Oh, no; but American women do not wait for invitations."

I would weary you in extending the record of his impertinences. I long since decided to permit him to speak to me. He may aver that I invited him to a dinner with the members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, Judges of the Supreme Court, &c. I then was ignorant of his inherent and incorrigible vulgarity.

"Among the grand dinner parties of the season has been one by the Hon. John Barney, of Baltimore, so public almost, that I may be allowed to speak of it. Every member of the cabinet, I believe, was there, and several distinguished Senators and Representatives. It was, I hear, a sort of parting dinner to Governor Foote, who was going off the next morning, via New York, for Mississippi. The Governor