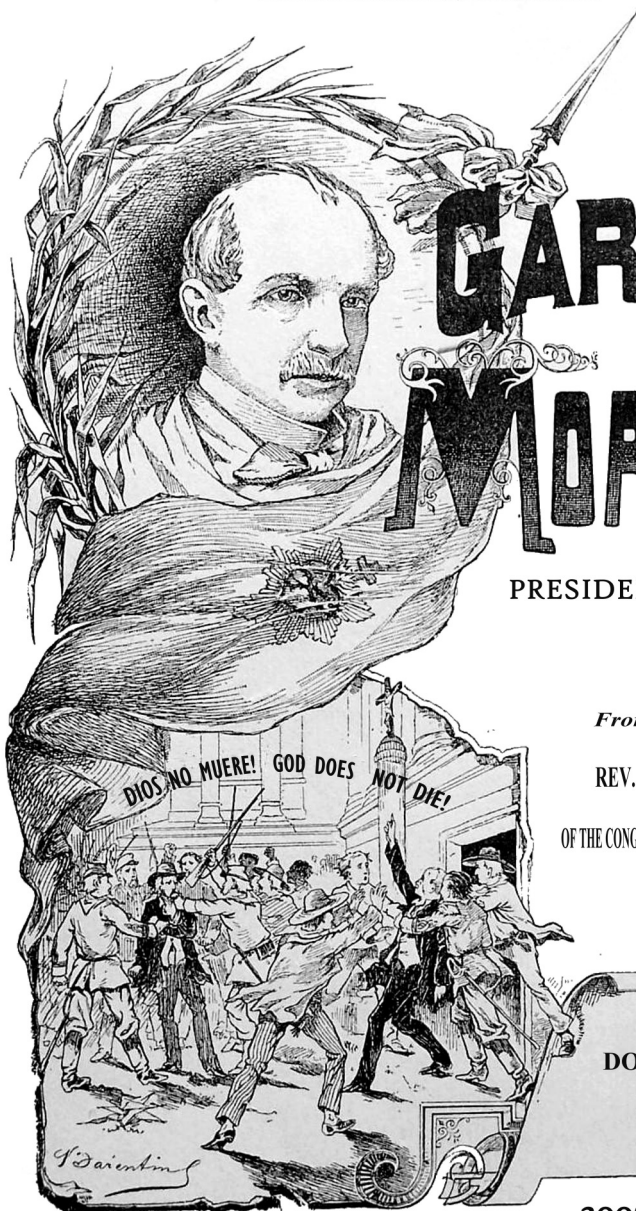


AVENGER AND MARTYR
OF CHRISTIAN JUSTICE



GARCIA MORENO

PRESIDENT of ECUADOR

1821-1875

From the French of the

REV. FR. AUGUSTINE BERTHE

OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST HOLY REDEEMER

by

LADY HERBERT

DOLOROSA
PRESS

2006

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(García Moreno)

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
PREFACE	i
INTRODUCTION	1

FIRST PART

THE CHAMPION OF THE RIGHT

Chapter:

I-HIS EARLY YEARS	60
II-HIS LIFE AS A STUDENT	66
III-HIS LIFE AS A LAWYER	71
IV-FLORES	78
V-"THE WHIP"	83
VI-"THE AVENGER"	88
VII-THE DEFENSE OF THE JESUITS	92
VIII-URBINA	99
IX-A VOICE FROM EXILE	105
X-PARIS	109

SECOND PART

THE ANTI-REVOLUTIONARY CRUSADE

I-THE REAWAKENING OF THE NATION	115
II-PARLIAMENTARY OPPOSITION	119
III-THE NATIONAL RISING	124
V-THE DRAMA OF RIOBAMBA	129
V-NEGOTIATIONS AND BATTLES	137
VI-THE TAKING OF GUAYAQUIL	140
VII-GARCÍA MORENO AS PRESIDENT	151
VIII-REFORMS	156
IX-THE CONCORDAT	162
X-THE REGENERATION OF THE CLERGY	168
XI-THE DEFEAT OF TULCÁN	172

XII-A VIOLENT REACTION	176
XIII-THE CONGRESS OF 1863	180
XIV-THE EXCOMMUNICATED MOSQUERA	185
XV-ONE AGAINST ALL	189
XVI-THE FIGHT OF JÁMBELE	197
XVII-THE ONE NECESSARY MAN	209
XVIII-THE ASSASSIN VITERI	212
XIX-THE FALL OF PRESIDENT CARRIÓN	218
XX-THE CATASTROPHE AT IBARRA	223
XXI-THE FALL OF PRESIDENT ESPINOSA	229

THIRD PART

A CHRISTIAN STATE

I-A PRESIDENT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF	238
II-THE CONSTITUTION	244
III-THE ASSASSIN CORNEJO	249
IV-THE CLERGY, THE ARMY, AND THE MAGISTRACY	252
V-PUBLIC EDUCATION	259
VI-WORKS OF CHARITY	265
VII-MISSIONS	270
VIII-FINANCES AND PUBLIC WORKS	274
IX-THE MAN	280
X-THE TRUE CHRISTIAN	294
XI-THE STATESMAN BISHOP	306
XII-HIS RE-ELECTION	311
XIII-HIS ASSASSINATION	315
XIV-THE MOURNING	326

EPILOGUE

ECUADOR AFTER GARCÍA MORENO

I-PRESIDENT BORRERO	338
II-THE DICTATOR VEINTIMILLA	341
III-THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED HEART	346



Map of Ecuador

(Courtesy of the General Libraries,
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PREFACE

On January 16, 1599, Our Lady of Good Success appeared to Venerable Mother Mariana of Jesus Torres, Abbess of Royal Convent of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, in Quito, Ecuador. Our Lady told Mother Mariana these prophetic words, “In the 19th century a truly Christian president will come, a man of character, to whom our Lord God will give the palm of martyrdom in the plaza on which this convent is located. He will consecrate the Republic [of Ecuador] to the Divine Heart of my beloved Son and this consecration will sustain the Catholic religion in the subsequent years, which will be ill-fated for the Church. In these years, in which Masonry, that accursed sect, will seize control of the civil government, there will come a cruel persecution of all the religious communities and it will rage against mine.”¹

This great Catholic statesman can only be Gabriel García Moreno. He was assassinated in the square in front of the Cathedral called the *Plaza de la Independencia*, which adjoins Quito Cathedral, the Presidential Palace, as well as the Conceptionist Convent of Mother Mariana. As President of Ecuador, he had officially consecrated his country to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by a decree of Congress in 1873. He is the first of two key figures who would be special apostles of the Kingship of Christ in these modern times of global apostasy and revolution. He would be a “bishop in the world” of Catholic politics.

The coming of a second apostle of Christ’s kingship was foretold on February 2, 1634, when Mother Marianne was

¹Cadena y Aleida, Luis E., *Mensaje Profético de la Sierva de Dios, Sor Mariana Francisca de Jesús Torres y Berriochoa*, (Quito, Jesús de la Misericordia, 1985), pp. 68-69.

told by the Mother of God of the present crisis of the Church and of a “Prelate” who would restore the priesthood.

Priests will abandon their sacred duties and will depart from the path marked out for them by God. Then the Church will go through a dark night for lack of a Prelate and a Father to watch over it with love, gentleness, strength and prudence, and numbers of priests will lose the spirit of God, thus placing their souls in great danger. Pray constantly...that my Most Holy Son...have pity on His ministers and that He put an end to such fatal times, by sending to His Church the Prelate who will restore the spirit of His priests.

Upon this my beloved son, whom my Divine Son and I love with a love of predilection, we shall heap many gifts of humility of heart, of docility to varying inspirations, of strength to defend the rights of the Church and of a heart with which he will, like a new Christ, take possession of the mightiest of men as of the lowliest, without scorning the least fortunate amongst them. With a wholly divine gentleness he will lead consecrated souls to the service of God in religious houses without making the Lord’s yoke weigh upon them. He will hold in his hand the scales of the sanctuary for everything to be done in orderly fashion for God to be glorified. This Prelate and Father will act as a counterweight to the lukewarmness of souls consecrated in the priesthood and in religion.²

The late Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre directly referred to this prophecy during his sermon for the consecration of four bishops for the Society of St. Pius X on June 30, 1988:

² St. Thomas Aquinas Seminary, *Apparition of Our Lady of Good Fortune in Quito, Ecuador, 1634*, (Winona, MN). The statue of Our Lady of Good Success was canonically crowned with the permission of the Holy See on February 2, 1991. (Cadena y Almeida, Mons. Dr. Luis E., *Memorial de la Coronacion Canonica a la Sacrada Imagen de Maria Santissima del Buen Suceso*, (Quito, Librería Espiritual), pp. 27-28).

Just recently, the priest who takes care of the Society priory in Bogota, Colombia, brought me a book concerning the apparition of Our Lady of “*Buen Suceso*,”—of “*Good Fortune*,” to whom a large church in Quito, Ecuador, was dedicated. They [the prophetic words of Our Lady] were received by a nun shortly after the Council of Trent, so you see, quite a few centuries ago. This apparition is thoroughly recognized by Rome and the ecclesiastical authorities; a magnificent church was built for the Blessed Virgin Mary wherein the faithful of Ecuador venerate with great devotion a statue³ of Our Lady, whose face was made miraculously. The artist was in the process of painting it when he found the face of the Holy Virgin miraculously formed. And Our Lady prophesied for the twentieth century, saying explicitly that during the nineteenth century and most of the twentieth century, errors would become more and more widespread in Holy Church, placing the Church in a catastrophic situation. Morals would become corrupt and the Faith would disappear. It seems impossible not to see it happening today.

I excuse myself for continuing this account of the apparition, but she speaks of a prelate who will absolutely oppose this wave of apostasy and impiety—saving the priesthood by forming good priests. I do not say that prophecy refers to me. You may draw your own conclusions. I was stupefied when reading these lines but I cannot deny them, since they are recorded and deposited in the archives of this apparition.⁴

Hence by Our Lady’s prediction of these two great leaders, she specially singled them out as model defenders of Her Son’s Church in our perilous modern times. In return

³ The French word that the Archbishop used was *image* and it can mean a picture or a statue. Since it was actually a statue, the translation has been revised here.

⁴“The Sermon of His Excellency Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre on the occasion of the Episcopal Consecrations,” *Angelus*, 11 (July, 1988), pg. 33.

for their heroic opposition to these errors, García Moreno was assassinated and Archbishop Lefebvre was excommunicated. They remain, nevertheless, as beacons of the true social doctrine of the Catholic Church and models of heroic virtue in their personal lives.

These great men were both ultimately attacked by the same enemies of Christ: the secret societies of Freemasonry. The Catholic Encyclopedia explicitly says this of García Moreno: “It was, on the other hand, notorious that certain [Masonic] lodges had formally decreed the death of García Moreno who, in a letter to the pope, used about this time the following almost prophetic words, ‘What riches for me, Most Holy Father, to be hated and calumniated for my love for our Divine Redeemer! What happiness if your blessing should obtain for me from Heaven the grace of shedding my blood for Him, who being God, was willing to shed His blood for us upon the Cross!’”⁵ Likewise in 1978 Archbishop Lefebvre foresaw who would be the motivators of his excommunication ten years later: “If one day they shall excommunicate us because we remain faithful to these theses we shall consider ourselves excommunicated by Freemasonry. Our consolation will be that we remain in the company of God and of all the martyrs who have given their lives to keep the Faith.”⁶

Just as Archbishop Lefebvre drew the wrath of the fifth column of Freemasonry within the Church by consecrating four bishops in 1988 as the necessary means of passing down the Catholic priesthood to future generations, so García Moreno had especially angered the Masons by his exemplary Concordat of 1862. Here are some of its most important articles:

⁵ “Gabriel García Moreno,” *Catholic Encyclopedia* (1909 ed.), vol. 6, pg. 381.

⁶ Ordination Sermon at Ecône of June 29, 1988.

Article 1. The Roman Catholic Apostolic religion will continue to be the only religion of the Republic of Ecuador, and the State will always protect all the rights and prerogatives that it ought to enjoy according to the laws of God and canonical dispositions. Consequently there will never be permitted in Ecuador a dissident cult or any society condemned by the Church.

Article 3. The instruction of the youth in Universities, Colleges, Faculties, and public and private schools will be in all things conformed to the doctrine of the Catholic religion... (and) the Bishops will exercise freely the right to prohibit books contrary to religion and good customs.

Article 4. The Bishops will take care that there shall be no instruction contrary to the Catholic religion and good customs. With this aim no one can instruct in any public or private institution in the subjects of theology, catechism, or religious doctrine without the Bishop's permission.

Article 6. The ecclesiastical Ordinaries of the Republic can govern their dioceses with full liberty, convoke and celebrate provincial and diocesan councils, and exercise the rights which belong to them by virtue of their sacred ministry, without suffering interference in the performance of their sacred duties.

Thus the Government of Ecuador will assist the Bishops when solicited, particularly when they are confronted with the evil works of those people who seek to pervert the spirit of the faithful and corrupt their customs.

Article 10. Out of respect for the majesty of God who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, the immunity of church buildings will be respected in so far as public security permits.

Article 19. The Church will enjoy the right to acquire property freely and by any just title, and the properties now in its possession or acquired later will be guaranteed by law.

Article 20. The Bishops can freely and without exception admit and establish in their respective dioceses new Orders or Institutes approved by the Church in conformity with the necessity of the people. To facilitate this the Government will lend its aid.

Article 21. After the Divine Offices in all the churches of the Republic of Ecuador, the following prayer will be said: *Domine salvam fac Rempublicam; Domine salvum fac Praesidem ejus.*⁷

Article 22. The Government of the Republic of Ecuador is obligated to employ all proper measures for the propagation of the faith and for the conversion of people found in that territory, and to favor the establishment of the missions.⁸

Ecuador like Portugal was specially chosen to exemplify how effective public recognition of our Lady's Sorrowful and Immaculate Heart would one day be. Our Lady of Fatima restored Portugal in return for the Portuguese bishops' consecration of their country to her Immaculate Heart, and Ecuador too became a showplace of Our Lady's powerful and maternal intercession soon after its consecration by almost unanimous decree of the Legislature to her Immaculate Heart. The impetus for this pious act came from the Servant of God, Father Julio Matovelle,⁹ who was a member of the Legislature.

Only two years later, however, the Freemasons retaliated and in 1895 overthrew the government. At the turn of the century they further manifested their anti-Catholic hatred by decreeing the "de-consecration" of the Republic to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. "Confiscation of the temporal goods of religious Communities, destruction of their civil rights, expulsion of some of them, the closing of their schools and colleges, immoral propaganda, laws against Catholic marriage and favorable to divorce followed." In

⁷ "God save the Republic; God save His President."

⁸ "Raccolta Concordati" of 1919, pp. 983-999, quoted by Felix Gros, "God Never Dies, *Angelus Press* (October, 1992), pg. 26.

⁹ Father Julio Maria Matovelle was a diocesan priest and founder of the Oblates of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; he was born in Cuenca, Ecuador on September 8, 1852 and died there on June 18, 1929. His heroic virtues were officially recognized in 1994 as a step leading to his beatification.

1906 the leaders of the anti-Catholic government, Eloy Afaro and Leonidas Plaza, declared, “We have come to destroy theocracy.”¹⁰

It was then that that the Mother of God intervened miraculously. On the 20th day of April, 1906, before a group of students of the Jesuit College at Quito, an appealing picture of Mary in her solitude, with her Heart transpierced by seven swords, opened and closed its eyes for a period of a quarter of an hour. In the month after the rigorous canonical process, the picture was borne in triumph through the Capital. During the solemn Novena that was held, the Sorrowful Mother repeatedly performed the miracle before all types of people, many of whom returned to God.

From that time forward the dying Faith revived. The campaign for Catholic education became manifest by the continual establishment of Catholic educational institutions. The vacant sees were filled, and public manifestations of piety gave proof that neither Alfaro nor Plaza ‘had destroyed theocracy.’

It was the miraculous picture of the Sorrowful Mother of the College, become famous since the prodigy of 1906, which really restored the Faith to the nation. That picture, together with that of the Heart of Jesus, designated by Garcia Moreno to be the one used by the Martyr President for the Consecration of the Republic, has filled the world with its reproductions.

When the miracle took place everyone saw in the picture the true response of the Maternal Heart of Mary. She chose an image in which her Heart was pierced with swords. And had not the people of Ecuador chosen her for their Patroness?¹¹

¹⁰ Alfonse Escobar, S.J., “Ecuador and Portugal,” *Fatima Findings*, (May, 1966).

¹¹ *Ibid.*

The Jesuit College of San Gabriel, in which these miraculous happenings first took place, had been founded by Gabriel García Moreno himself and named after him by the Archbishop of Quito during his lifetime.

The miraculous picture is an oleograph representing our Most Sorrowful Mother holding in her hands the crown of thorns and three nails, while her Heart is displayed aflame with love and pierced with seven swords. The picture is of medium size, very devotional and especially expressive of the great sorrow which diffuses Our Lady's countenance as she gazes sadly upon the onlooker.

Six weeks after the first prodigy, the miraculous image was transferred in procession from the College Chapel to the adjoining Jesuit Church where a triduum was to be celebrated...At the church the prodigy was repeated several times before the spectators. Many conversions followed. Shortly after the triduum, a novena was made to implore Our Lady's help for Ecuador. The prodigy was repeated for three successive days and witnessed by many.

The See of Quito was vacant at the time of the first prodigy. The Most Reverend Frederick Gonzales Suarez, the Bishop of Ibarra, was named to fill the vacancy. The new Archbishop took possession of the See on July sixth, when the prodigy was repeated three times. The third time it occurred was at two in the afternoon at the very moment that the Archbishop was entering the city and the choir was singing:

*Vuele otra vez, Maria,
Los maternales ojos,
A los que aqui de hinojos
Te piden compasion.*"¹²

The Blessed Virgin in the picture slowly moved her eyes. Then the background of the picture faded and her figure stood out in relief. Her complexion was that of a living person. She opened and shut her eyes. Twice she lifted them towards heaven on high. At times she seemed to make an effort to suppress her tears. Then she became pale, her face waxen, as though she were about to expire. The people in dismay broke out into cries and sobs, imploring pardon and mercy, until finally our Blessed Lady resumed her serene countenance and her natural color returned.

In Riobamba the prodigy took place in one of the reproductions of the holy image. The members of the leading families of the town, more than 25 in all including the town president, beheld the eyes open and shut quite distinctly.¹³

To encourage the faithful to pray before this holy picture of Our Lady of Quito and to propagate it, His Holiness Pope Pius X, by his own hand, granted on October 12, 1907, to all the faithful who shall recite three Hail Marys before it an Indulgence of 100 days.

García Moreno had commissioned a picture for the consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart on March 25, 1873. In the picture Our Lord holds a scepter while standing next to the globe of the world. On the top of the globe is Ecuador, receiving the rays of light that shine from His Heart. Thirty-three years later, in 1906, it became the standard for yet another apostle of the Kingship of Christ, Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey, SS.CC., the founder of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart Crusade.

¹³ "Our Lady of Sorrows in Quito," *Fatima Findings*, (May, 1966).

¹⁴ Rev. Francis Larkin, SS.CC., *Enthronement of the Sacred Heart.*, (Fairhaven, National Enthronement Center, 1974), pg. 181.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 181-182.

The picture of the Sacred Heart was installed in the place of honor in the House of Parliament as an outward sign of Ecuador's consecration to the Sacred Heart....¹⁴

Naturally, this remarkable public act of faith and love—so unusual in this age of skepticism and public revolt from the authority of Christ—infuriated His enemies, of whom the chief were the Freemasons....¹⁵

Following Moreno's death, a revolution broke out. Twice attempts were made to burn the Sacred Heart painting. Providentially it was saved from the hands of enemies by members of Moreno's family and was entrusted for safe-keeping to a Father of the Sacred Hearts from Chile who was then in Ecuador on vocational work. The picture was then given in trust to the provincial of the Sacred Hearts Fathers in Valparaiso.

Years later, young Father Mateo was helping his provincial to arrange his archives. Going through a trunk, he came upon a rolled-up canvas. He spread it out and was struck by what he saw. The picture seemed to symbolize everything he was working for: the recognition of the sovereign rights of Jesus the King, ruling over every phase of society by the power of His love, through His Heart.

Eagerly he asked his superior where the picture came from. In amazement and with a feeling that García Moreno was handing over to him the standard of the King of Love to carry on the fight for the recognition of His rule over men and nations, he listened to the story. He asked if he might have the picture. The permission was granted on condition that he have it framed and that it be kept in the possession of the Sacred Hearts Fathers.

A friend, Señora Sara Vives Pomar, readily paid for the rich frame that the young priest selected. The picture was then installed in the place of honor in the new law building, where it remained until the now famous earthquake....¹⁶

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 183-184.

One sunny, quiet day in August, the day after the Feast of the Assumption, Father Mateo was with a group of fellow priests in the courtyard of the Sacred Hearts College taking recreation. The bell had just rung to announce the end of the recreation period. As they were about to enter the building, the earth suddenly began to tremble violently beneath their feet. They threw themselves to the ground, expecting to be crushed at any moment by falling walls. It was all over in a short time, but what havoc had been wrought in that short period of time! Scenes of destruction everywhere met the eye. The huge steeple of the beautiful collegiate church had crashed into the sanctuary, and untold damage had been done to the college buildings. But none of the religious had lost his life, although the death toll in the city ran high.

Standing in the midst of the ruins of what had been his beloved school of law, Father Mateo was tempted to ask, "Why did You let this happen?" But he didn't. He made an act of blind faith in the infinite Wisdom of God. He says he never regretted it. In fact, he now thanks the Sacred Heart for having permitted the earthquake: "Were it not for that fact, I might never have become the 'globe trotter' of the Sacred Heart. One of the few things in the Sacred Hearts College not damaged by the earthquake was a large oil painting of the Sacred Heart. It was found hanging at a crazy angle from a beam, dust-covered but unharmed...This picture had been painted by an outstanding Ecuadorian artist by the order of Gabriel Garcia Moreno, and was used for the solemn consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart in 1873."¹⁷

This famous picture is now kept in a small private chapel attached to the Basilica of the National Vow of the Oblate Fathers in Quito and has as two guards, two hearts preserved in crystal glass vessels. On the right side of the picture is the heart of Garcia Moreno and on the left side is that of the Servant of God, Archbishop José Checa y Barba.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 179-180.

Near the heart of the ex-President is a note written by hand that says, "Don Gabriel, you are closer to God, pray for us."

Archbishop Checa, born in 1829, was a model prelate, just as he had been a model priest in the first years of his religious life. He braved the political upheavals which followed the assassination of García Moreno and continued to uphold the Catholic cause by valiantly combating the abuses and persecutions of the Church by the subsequent revolutionary government of Veintemilla. But then, on the morning of March 30, 1877, while celebrating the Mass of Good Friday in the Cathedral of Quito, he fell to the ground as though struck by lightning while drinking the wine from the sacred chalice, which had been poisoned with arsenic. The assassins were never discovered but there was strong evidence that Veintemilla himself orchestrated the crime through his accomplices. Thus the indignant populace held him responsible. The government brought further disgrace upon itself by accusing a priest named Andrade of the crime. This propaganda campaign, however, failed to convince the indignant populace, and Veintemilla at the very moment of his death asserted yet again that he had nothing to do with the crime.

The hearts of Archbishop Checa and Garcia Moreno were discovered on March 8, 1975 in the convent of the Good Shepard Sisters in Quito by Francisco Salazar Alvarado, a great nephew of General Francisco Javier Salazar Arboleda, a man very close to García Moreno. These two hearts were carefully hidden together with documents of identification in 1913 in the columns on either side of the altar in the convent chapel. They both are still preserved in alcohol within matching crystal vessels. The hearts have a whitish color because they no longer have blood. The heart of García Moreno is large, robust, and spotless. The heart of Bishop Checa has one spot, according to the explanation of doctors, because he was poisoned to death.

A week later Francisco Salazar also discovered the body of García Moreno, buried secretly by his son Gabriel in the presence of Rev. Fathers Vacas y Galindo and Juan María Reira in the year 1895, in the convent of the Saint Catherine Mothers. His body had been buried firstly beneath an altar and then reburied for greater security beneath the floor of an entrance way to the convent chapel. The casket contained a glass encased picture of García Moreno as well as documents authenticating the remains. The relics were solemnly transferred with great solemnity to the Cathedral on August 6, 1975, the centennial anniversary of his death.¹⁸

The reader may ask himself whether García Moreno may be considered a martyr. The following interview of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quito in 1958 gives an official answer to this question. Here is the complete text:

What are the conditions that the Church demands to give a title of Martyr to a Christian hero?

The canonical conditions are:

The victim accepted the real and voluntary death unless God were to miraculously prevent it.

¹⁸ Fracisco Salazar Alvarado, *Encuentro con la Historia; García Moreno: líder católico de Latinoamérica* (Quito, Margaria Borja/ Yanko Molina Editores, 2005), pp. 19-42. Note however that according to Sr. Mercedes, now sub-prioress in this convent and who was present at the finding of the body when she was still a novice, Mr. Salazar was in fact in the sacristy signing an official document stating that the body could not be found in the convent. For it seemed to them that they had dug almost everywhere. It was precisely at the same the time that a Sr. Juanita suggested that a worker dig in the place where the body was found. She said, "They have dug everywhere else, why have they not dug there?" Sr. Mercedes said that she thinks this was "an inspiration." Word was immediately sent to the sacristy to tell Mr. Salazar that the body had been found. This information is based upon an interview in a meeting that Fr. Kimball had with Sr. Mercedes in April, 2006.

The tyrant or perpetrator of the death he had caused was unjustifiable.

That the cause or motive of sacrifice of the victim is the hatred of God, of the Church, of the Catholic religion, of some Christian virtue, or the rights and prerogatives of the church.

Did the Church verify all of these conditions in the death of Garcia Moreno, the great President of Ecuador?

Garcia Moreno knew very well that they [the enemies of the Church] tried to victimize him and he was preparing for his sacrifice...“The enemies of God and the Church can kill me: but God does not die. I am going to be assassinated: I am going to be happy to die for the Holy Faith.” (Quote of Garcia Moreno)

Who killed Garcia Moreno?

There is no doubt that the (Masonic) lodges and the rest of the enemies of the Church are at fault.

Why did they assassinate him?

They assassinated him because, in him, they saw the model of the Catholic Government.

How did Pius IX and Leo XIII judge the death of Garcia Moreno?

Pius IX said, “Garcia Moreno has fallen under the steel (knife) of the assassin, victim of his Faith and his Christian Charity.” Leo XIII said, “He fell below the steel of the impious for the Church.”

Do you mean to say that Garcia Moreno did not have any fault or defect?

No. Even the great saints had their faults and for this they did penance.

How can the martyrs wash away all of their sins?

By shedding their blood for the love of God, they are perfectly purified, immediately rising to Paradise.

Are there many that agree with Garcia Moreno and give reverence to him?

All of the Catholic people, the best of Ecuador and all of the Catholic people outside of Ecuador that hold the true faith give reverence to Garcia Moreno.

Can one implore divine favor and ask miracles for the intercession of Garcia Moreno, making devout use of his image or his relics?

Yes, but only in private, and in order to obtain favors. One should inform in great detail one's superior or spiritual advisor in the Church. This way one gives glory to God through His servants.

P. Ricardo Vázquez S.J.¹⁹

“In 1924, the ecclesiastical authorities began to juridically examine the question of Garcia Moreno's martyrdom. Mgr. Polit, Archbishop of Quito, prepared the diocesan process.”²⁰ The canonization process was sent to Rome in

¹⁹ Questions about the Martyrdom of García Moreno answered by the Archbishop of Quito: Cardinal de la Torre, printed January 21, 1958, quoted by Our Lady of Good Success Apostolate (<http://www.ourlady-ofgoodsuccess.com/gabriel-garcia-moreno-questions.html>).

²⁰ Rev. Fr. Alphonse Ritzenthaler, C.Ss.R., *Le R. P. Auguste Berthe Redemptoriste: Apôtre par la Parole et par la Plume*, (Paris, Librairie Pierre Téqui, 1927), pg. 182.

²¹ “The process of canonization... is said to have demonstrated the miracle of two persons: a 21 year old man and a 47 year old woman both declared terminally ill by the doctors and who were taken to the dead body of Garcia Moreno on the day of his funeral in the cathedral and they were cured. It is for this reason and for the service that he rendered to the Church that the process of canonization was begun and so now his cause depends upon the College of Cardinals. But due to questions of a political nature and as it was sidelined by two movements, Liberalism and Progressivism, it can not be permitted that the ‘tyrant’ be elevated

the 1950's, but there it stopped.²¹ The winds of time had changed. It was now the decade of the Second Vatican Council when Catholic governments and union of Church and State were no longer promoted by the liberal "conciliar church." It was just before this time, however, that a prayer for canonization of Garcia Moreno was given an indulgence by the aforementioned Cardinal. It is as follows:

O Holy Virgin of Lourdes, remember that thy servant García Moreno promised to defend thy Immaculate Conception. Remember that he belonged to thy sweet Archconfraternity, and that he fervently prayed thy Holy Rosary. Pope Pius IX, who officially proclaimed thy exemption from original sin, declared that García Moreno "died a victim of the Faith and Christian Charity for his beloved country."

O Holy Virgin, obtain for us the canonization of this exemplary ruler so that powerful men arise in works and words for the cause of the same Faith and of our beloved country. Finally, please grant this special intention (make request), if it is for the good of my soul. Amen

With Ecclesiastical Approval (300 days Indulgence)

C.M. Cardinal de la Torre, Archbishop of Quito

January 21, 1958 ²²

to the altars. These documents are in the Metropolitan Chancellery of Quito." (Letter of Edison Egas to Fr. Paul Kimball, May 22, 2006) Mr. Egas was a personal friend of a previous Archbishop of Quito and so had access to the Curial Archives in Quito wherein he read the documents of the canonization process that had begun there.

²² Courtesy of Our Lady of Good Success Apostolate. (<http://www.ourladyofgoodsuccess.com/gabriel-garcia-moreno-novena.html>).

Finally, heaven has given its special seal of approval to Mother Mariana by the miraculous preservations of her remains.

On February 8, 1906, the year of the miracle of the maternal love of the Sorrowful Mother of the College, whose eyes cried owing to the foreboded de-christianization of the children and Ecuadorian youth, would also be the year of the resurrection of the gratitude and of the love of our people for its guardian angel, for the cornerstone of our life of belief, for the vital nucleus of the worship and devotion to the august Mother of Good Success, the servant of God Mother Mariana Francisca of Jesús Torres. 207 years after her temporal death, by God's permission, the virginal and incorrupt body of this good fortunate spouse of Christ, had to leave her original tomb located in one of the walls of the lower choir of the monastery to be put— as it is now— in a glass sarcophagus constructed in the small chapel of the Most Holy Virgin of Mount Carmel, at the feet of her Blessed Mother, as daughters used to do at the feet of their mothers.²³

Regarding the source of this biography, Reverend Father Berthe wrote this book in French and it was published in Paris by Retaux-Bray, Libraire-Éditeur in 1887. The first edition was eight hundred pages long and its second edition was published in two volumes. Two years later he condensed the work and published a popular edition in 400 pages. Lady Elizabeth Herbert of Lea translated this latter edition into English in 1889. At the same time it was also translated into Spanish by Don Navarro Valloslada and into Italian by Mr. Balbo. The English translation has not been republished since then. There was, however, a still further condensed version produced by Hamish Fraser, the editor of

²³ Cadena y Almeida, Luis E., *Mensaje Profético*, (Jesús de Misericordia, Quito), pg. 7.

the publication *Approaches*. Mr. Fraser showed his high esteem for García Moreno by naming his home in Scotland after him, "Casa García Moreno." Because Lady Herbert's translation has been out of print, very few libraries possess a copy. The copies that can still be found are usually in very poor condition. For instance, in all of North Dakota, only one public library in Bismarck has a copy, but it is so decrepit that no copy of it is permitted to be made. In Minnesota there seems to be only one library copy, and that copy is in the library of Carleton College, a Methodist College, which had inherited the text from an estate. It is in slightly better condition, and the staff graciously copied the text on a special copy machine with ridged glass so that this new edition could be made.

But how did Father Berthe gain such a detailed knowledge of García Moreno? He gained some of his information from Bishop Ordoñez of Riobamba, an intimate friend of Garcia Moreno. This bishop had narrowly escaped death from being poisoned by somewhat of a miracle. Because of this, he took refuge in Paris where he awaited better days while receiving medical treatment. Brought then by divine Providence to Paris he was there interviewed by Father Berthe many times. Another source was Father Hengbart, also a French Redemptorist, who went to Ecuador and brought back to Father Berthe collections of newspapers that Garcia Moreno had written at the beginning of his political career. Other sources were Mr. Raphaël Borja, one of the devoted friends of the president, and Mr. Sarrade, governor of Latacunga, who provided him with invaluable notes and memories. Sadly, however, one of Father Hengbart's shipments of documents was lost in a shipwreck, and it was not the least interesting, because it contained the intimate correspondence of Garcia Moreno. His parents and friends had simply given to Father Hengbert the original letters, without retaining a copy of them. Father Berthe must

have deeply regretted this loss. For these intimate letters and writings would have shown his hero as an affectionate son and husband, a tender and devoted father, a faithful and delicate friend.²⁴

The life story of Lady Herbert is also worthy of mention. She converted from Anglicanism despite the opposition she received because of her status of English nobility. Her husband, Sidney Herbert, son of the second son of the Earl of Pembroke, was made Secretary of War during the Crimean campaign, and shortly after being created Baron Herbert of Lea, died, leaving her a widow with four sons and three daughters. She converted through the influence of Cardinal Manning but was forbidden by Parliament to bring her children to Mass, lest the heirs to the Earldom of Pembroke become Catholic as well. Only one daughter followed her into the Catholic faith.²⁵

A refutation of Reverend Father Berthe's biography was written in 1889 by the ex-President Borrero, who is the subject of the first chapter of the Epilogue below. Borrero was a liberal Catholic who betrayed the trust that García Moreno had shown him. He was soon himself betrayed by the Radicals, who half-heartedly supported him long enough to prepare the way for Veintimilla, a fully revolutionary successor. The title of his book is *Refutation del Libro de Rvdo. Padre A. Berthe Titulado "García Moreno, Presidente del Ecuador, Vengador y Mártir del Derecho Christiano."*²⁶

²⁴ Ritzenhaler, pp. 161-162.

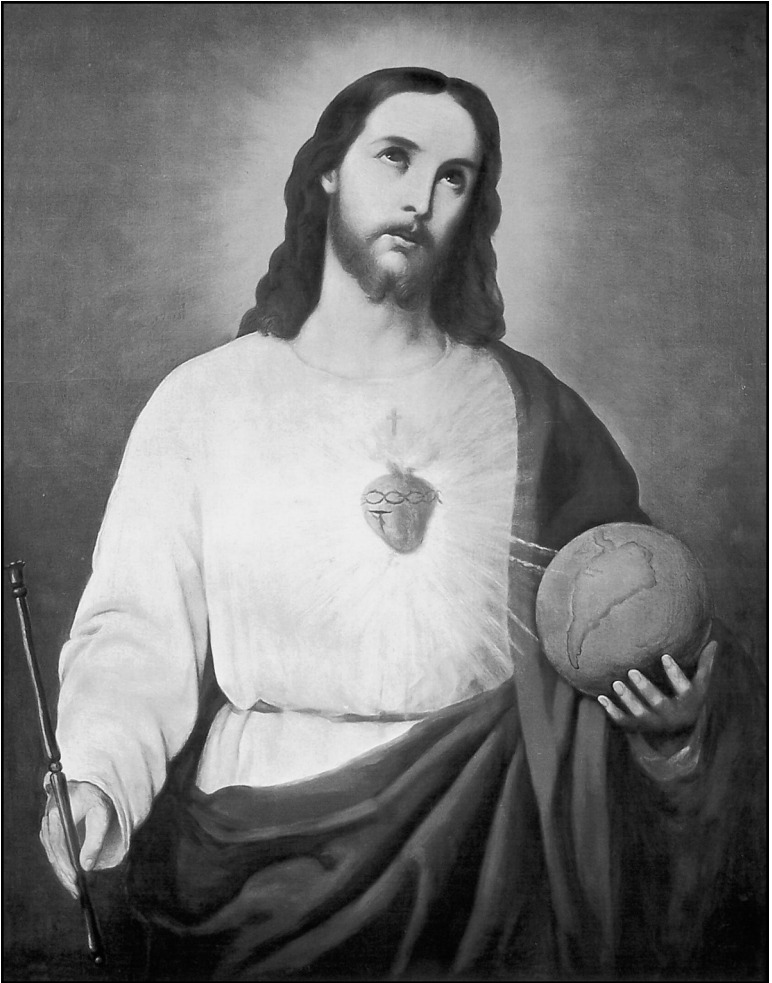
²⁵ "Lady Elizabeth Herbert of Lea," *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, (1914 ed.), vol. 16, pg. 44; Herbert Alfred Cardinal Vaughan, *Letters of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan to Lady Herbert of Lea*, (London, Burns & Oates, 1942).

²⁶ *Refutation of the Book of Rev. Father A. Berthe Titled "García Moreno, President of Ecuador, Avenger and Martyr of the Christian Rights."*

First published in three volumes in 1889, it has been reprinted many times since then in 1956, 1960, 1968, 1989, and so forth. It feebly endeavors to refute systematically Reverend Father Berthe's definitive biography chapter by chapter. Is it not a mark of honor that the enemies of the Apostles of Christ's kingdom on earth singled this work out as worthy of their attack? Now, if Christ's enemies are so diligent in countering the truth, so much the more is it now necessary that this book be republished and once again made available to all those who wish to proclaim publicly the social Kingship of Christ.

Special thanks are here given to the Sisters of the Society of St. Pius X in Browerville, Minnesota for their careful proofreading of the text, to Mr. Graham Harrison for his translation of Father Berthe's original introduction, and also to Byran Zalesak for his charitable help in preparing the artwork of this new edition.

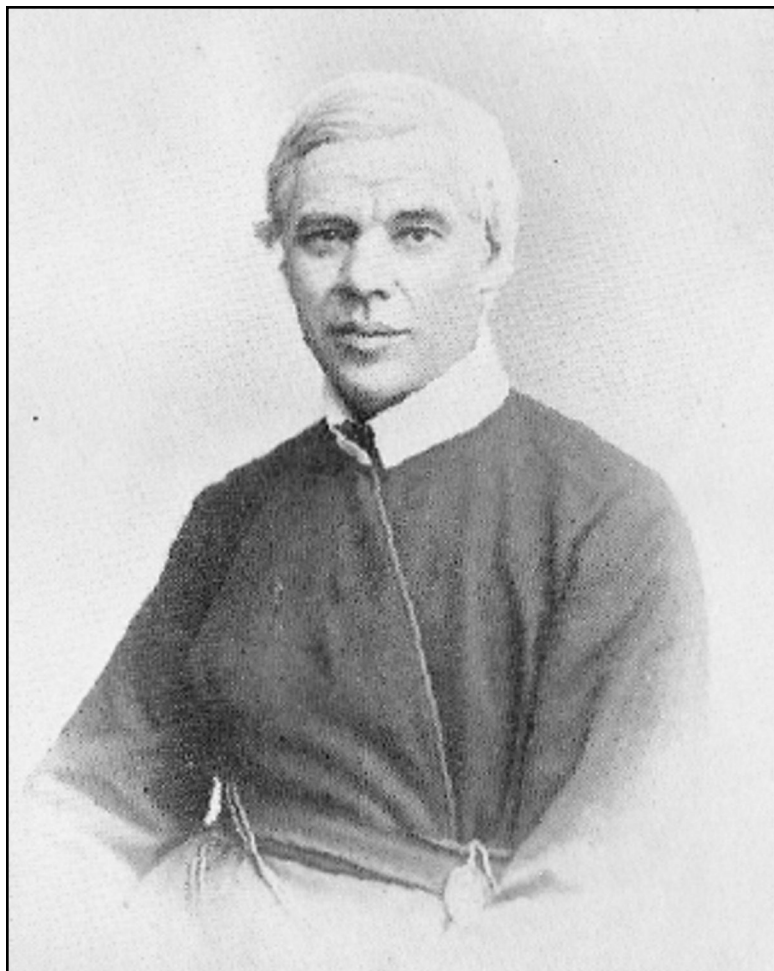
Father Paul M. Kimball
August 6th, 2006



García Moreno had commissioned this picture to be painted for the consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart on March 25, 1873. It later inspired Father Mateo to initiate his crusade of the home enthronement to the Sacred Heart.



Above is the famous picture of Our Lady of Quito. The eyes in the image opened and closed for more than fifteen minutes in front of forty boarding students in Saint Gabriel's College, named after Garcia Moreno who brought the Jesuits back to this college. The effect of this miracle was the restoration of Catholic education in Ecuador.



Reverend Father Augustine Berthe (1830-1907) CSsR wrote the first edition of this book in French in 1877. The second edition appeared in two volumes. He gained some of his information from Bishop Ordoñez of Riobamba, an intimate friend of Garcia Moreno. This bishop narrowly escaped death from being poisoned by somewhat of a miracle. He took refuge in Paris while receiving medical treatment. There he was interviewed by Father Berthe many times. This was just one source of his information.



Lady Herbert of Lea (1822-1911), the translator of this book. She was the wife of the Secretary of War in Great Britain, Baron Herbert of Lea, and later converted from Anglicanism to Catholicism. She promoted Catholic charities, and wrote and translated a large number of books.

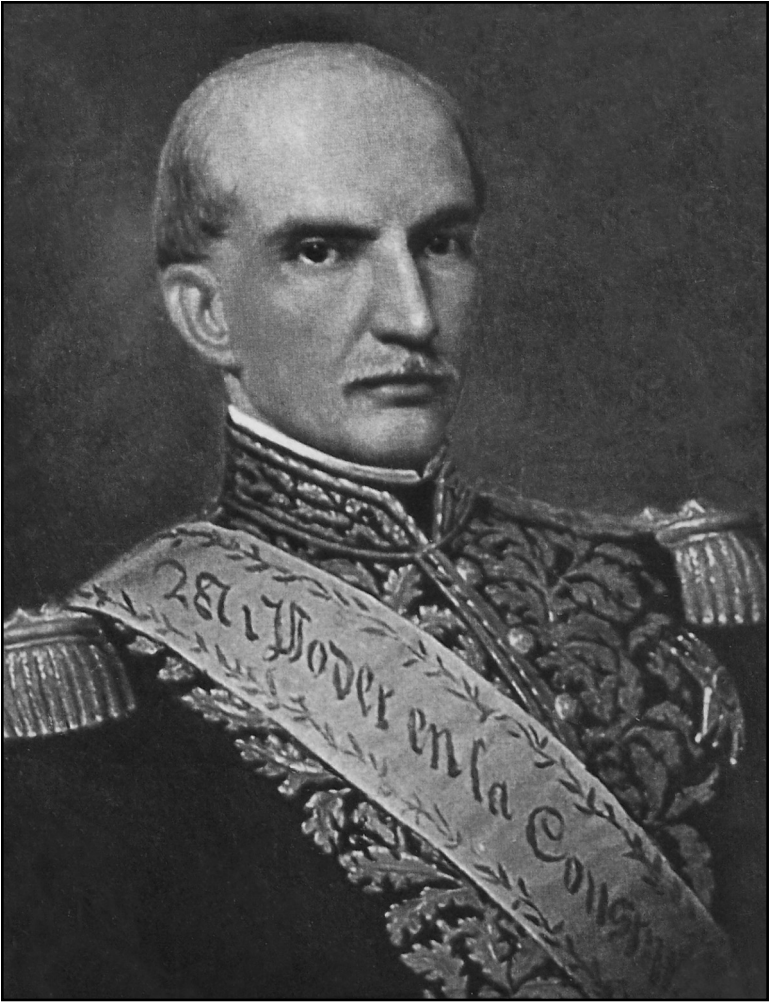
(© National Portrait Gallery)



Royal Convent of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, in Quito, Ecuador on the corner of the Grand Plaza where Garcia Moreno was assassinated as foretold by Our Lady of Good Success to Venerable Mother Mariana of Jesus Torres in 1599.



The incorrupt bodies of Mother Mariana and three other founding Mothers of the Royal Convent, in the small chapel of the Most Holy Virgin of Mount Carmel. All seven incorrupt bodies of the founding Mothers were discovered in 1906.



Gabriel Garcia Moreno, ex-President of Ecuador. He was called by our Lady of Good Success in 1599, “a man of character” who would perform the consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart that would sustain the country in the troubled years that would follow.



Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre. He had been Apostolic Vicar of Dakar, Senegal, first Archbishop of Dakar, Bishop of Tulle, Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers and founder the Priestly Society of Saint Pius X. He is clearly “the Prelate” foretold by Our Lady of Good Success in 1634 to come to restore the priesthood during the present crisis of the faith. He was the defender of the social kingship of Christ in the Church as Garcia Moreno was its defender in the the Catholic state of Ecuador.



“To ascend the Cordilleras one has to spend several days penetrating the forests, surrounded by wild gorges.”

ECUADOR BEFORE GARCIA MORENO

I

THE LAND OF GARCÍA MORENO

Having crossed the Atlantic, traversed the isthmus of Panama and undertaken a further ocean voyage of seven hundred and fifty miles southward, the traveler finally arrives at Guayaquil, the principal port of the Republic of Ecuador. If he then turns to the east, he will have before him, between the United States of Colombia to the north and Peru to the south, the country of the hero whose story we are about to write.

The Republic of Ecuador is washed by the Pacific Ocean for a distance of six hundred miles. From the extremities of this western frontier two lines proceed eastwards, joining nine hundred miles from the coast, thus forming an immense triangle of three hundred and thirty thousand square miles, practically almost as large as the current territory of France. Nonetheless Ecuador is the smallest of the states of South America, vanishing almost to nothing in comparison with the empire of Brazil which bounds it on the east; thus the New World offers nothing to the eye but immensities, and we feel that we would have to be giants, at least in imagination, in order to come to grips with them.

Traversed along its entire length by the double chain of the Andes, the Republic of Ecuador reveals to the astonished tourist three regions that are absolutely distinct: the coastal plain, the high mountain plateau and the wild region of the east. In order to form an idea of this abundant and grandiose

natural environment we must first examine these three regions.

On the magnificent plain that extends for fifty to sixty miles from the coast to the Cordilleras, the sun pours forth its torrid rays; but since they irradiate an excellent soil watered by streams and rivers coming from the high mountains and moistened by daily rainfall over long months, the vegetation here is luxuriant. Everywhere there are immense forests that have hardly been touched by the axe, gigantic trees compared with which our European oaks would look like miserable dwarfs; everywhere there are the most varied and most precious species, such as the amarelle, mahogany, cedar, pepper-plant, fig, orange tree, nopal, and the huge palm tree. Almost without effort the terrain produces many plants, the export of which constitutes the country's principal wealth, such as cotton, sugar cane, coffee and cocoa, without counting a multitude of delicate and tasty fruits. The eye is spellbound by the sight of an immense variety of the most brightly colored flowers, while legions of dazzlingly-plumed birds mingle their joyous concerts with the bel-lowing of the animals that wander through the undergrowth.

Having crossed this enchanted plain, the traveler arrives at the foot of the Andes. Both Alps and Pyrenees shrink in the presence of these giant mountains, whose height is surpassed on the globe only by the Himalayas. The inhabitants of Guayaquil, under the burning equatorial sun, can see Chimborazo always covered in snow ninety miles away. Its peak rises twenty thousand feet above the vessels moored in the port. To ascend the Cordilleras one has to spend several days penetrating the forests, surrounded by wild gorges, rushing torrents, crevasses and precipices where, infallibly, a man would die if he had not the services of a sure-footed mule with marvelous instincts, placed in his path by Providence. But what an amazing sight greets the exhausted traveler when he finally arrives at the plateau of the Andes!

At his feet, beside the ocean, stretches the plain he has just left, a veritable Eden with its alternation of forests, rivers, green prairies, and villages situated on hills or in the deep valleys, against a backdrop of the limitless Pacific Ocean. To the east, about seventy-five miles away, appears the second chain of the Andes, with its majestic peaks rising into space under their mantle of eternal snows, with their complement of volcanoes—Cayambo, Cotopaxi, Sangai—whose craters reach a height of nearly twenty thousand feet, sometimes exhaling smoke, burning lava or clouds of ash, or deluging water upon the surrounding country. Before this tableau, its solemn grandeur surpassing anything the imagination could dream of, mere man falls to his knees and instinctively repeats the song of the Prophet-King: “Rivers and seas, valleys and mountains, and you, shining sun, bless the Lord!”

The plateau situated between the two parallel chains of the Andes extends for a distance of four hundred and fifty miles and averages a width of thirty to forty-five miles; it is a splendid oasis, placed by the Creator at a height of ten thousand feet above sea level. The greater part of the population of Ecuador is concentrated in this mountain perch where, on the line of the Equator, it enjoys the favor of a perpetual spring. Here we find Quito, the country’s capital city, and the important towns of Cuenca, Riobamba, Ambato, Ibarra, Loja, together with many villages and hamlets. Here are the properties called *haciendas*, sometimes as vast as one of our cantons or administrative regions, supporting herds of three or four thousand cattle, of fifteen or twenty thousand sheep.

Descending the eastern side of the Andes, after five or six days’ march through frightful mountain passes strewn with rocks and precipices, one arrives at the immense plain which runs right to the frontier of Brazil. Here we see nature in all its wild majesty. There are endless empty regions,

virgin forests inhabited by gigantic trees that support interlaced climbing plants and lianas, even when their own dead roots no longer attach them to the earth; rivers as broad as estuaries, slicing up—in all senses—this fecund earth, before debouching into the Amazon, which is the Mediterranean Sea of this southern continent. Such is the aspect of this beautiful and rich territory, which could nourish millions of men but which shelters two hundred thousand savages. Children of nature, these poor Indians, lost in the forests, live by hunting and fishing or from the fruit that a beneficent sun causes to ripen for them at every season of the year. This region is called the Eastern Province or the Napo, from the name of one of these enormous water-courses traversing it, from one side to the other, before rushing to join the Amazon.

This is the majestic stage for the great tragedy of which García Moreno will be both the principal actor and the glorious victim. However, in order to understand the role he believed it was his duty to take in the different stages of this drama, it is necessary to give the reader a grasp of the particular temperament, the religious customs, the political ideas, in a word, the particular civilization of the Ecuadorian people. We shall give a rapid summary of the revolutions that have rocked this country in the last four centuries and introduce the reader to the different races of which it is composed; this will present a moral portrait, not only of Ecuador, but of all the South American Republics whose history will often be involved in what we shall recount.

II

SPAIN IN AMERICA

Tradition—more or less authentic—asserts that the Kingdom of Quito goes back to the first centuries A.D. Various tribes, coming from the north, are said to have established themselves on the Andes plateau, and the most powerful, that of the Quitus, are thought to have absorbed the others; hence the name of Quito was given to the chief's principal residence.

At all events, in the middle of the 15th century the Inca,¹ that is, the Emperor of Peru, defeated his over-restive neighbors in a bloody battle and annexed them to his immense domain; furthermore, in order to keep them under his control, he abandoned his ancient capital and moved to Quito, where he reigned for thirty-eight years, just as skilful in administering the people as he had been valiant in conquering them.

Outside the forests of the Napo, where none but savage tribes dwelt, the Indians of Ecuador, numbering five to six million, enjoyed a certain degree of civilization under the Incas. As simple and docile as children, they followed wordlessly their chiefs' commands and unquestioningly adopted all the idolatrous beliefs and superstitions fostered by the country's traditions or by political calculation. Their great god was the sun, continually darting its rays perpendicularly upon their heads; its spouse was the moon, and the Incas who governed them were the august sons of these two luminaries. Instinctively their princes had sensed that, if obedience were to be obtained on earth, authority must come down from heaven. Society was divided into four classes:

¹ Huanacapac.

nobles, officials, farmers and artisans. Above them all was the Inca, a mysterious, quasi-divine personage; no one appeared before him unless with bare feet, downcast eyes and profoundly bowed head. The Inca gave good and prompt justice, and kept a close watch on the magistrates at all levels of the hierarchy. Gold and silver were abundant in this land with its inexhaustible mines. The Indians used it to make jewelry and for the embroidering of precious cloth, artifacts which, even today, defy imitation. Their temples and fortresses prove that they had a certain knowledge of architecture. At the same time, their main occupation was working in the fields: the Incas had the good sense to regard agriculture as the fecund source of wealth and happiness.

However, despite the splendors of their sun-god, these peoples, ever since their origins, had remained in the shadows of idolatry, bent low beneath the burdens of the most degrading vices, until, at the end of the 15th century, their heavenly Father was pleased to reveal to them Jesus Christ, Redeemer and Savior of all nations, the divine Sun who illuminates and purifies all souls. But who would be the chosen apostle to bring the Cross to these poor Indian tribes? God looked to his eldest sons, the Christians of Europe. But instead of messengers apt to spread his realm, he found apostate princes on almost all the thrones, openly at war against His Church. In Germany the emperors had been persecuting the Roman Pontiff for several centuries; in France the kings had developed only too well the seeds of revolt sown by Philip the Fair, the persecutor of Pope Boniface VIII; England was seeing the rise of Henry VIII; everywhere the sovereigns were proclaiming absolutism, thus heralding the crimes of Luther and the antichrists who have come after him.

Europe still had one true knight of the Cross: the Spanish people. Descendants of the Asturias and their king Pelagius, the Spaniards, in a crusade lasting eight centuries,

had reconquered, foot by foot, the land usurped by the Saracens. Saints were counted among their kings and the Cid Campeador among their glories. The Spaniards passionately loved the Catholic Church, her bishops, her priests, her churches, her sacred ceremonies; nor could they regard with anything but horror the deicide Jew, the renegade heretic, and the odious sons of Mohammed whom they had just ejected from Granada, their last playground.

To this profoundly Catholic people God entrusted the evangelization of those millions of his children who, until then, had been plunged in the depths of a *sea of shadows*. For eighteen years Christopher Columbus, the strange genius to whom God had given the presentiment of the existence of unknown worlds, had been wandering from kingdom to kingdom looking for a prince desirous of being Christ's messenger; but everywhere, in Genoa, in Venice, in France and in England, he had been regarded as a visionary and an adventurer. Finally God led him to the court of Spain, where Catholic Isabella, no less zealous than he for the salvation of souls, looked favorably on his expedition. Subsequently Columbus discovered America and the Sovereign Pontiff, in the name of Christ—King of all peoples under the sun—gave the kings of Spain entitlement to all the new islands and continents, "on condition that they would make Jesus Christ known in these distant lands and, for that purpose, send to the aforesaid islands and territories good and god-fearing men, filled with doctrine, wisdom and experience, to instruct the inhabitants in the Catholic faith and fashion them in good conduct" (Bull *Inter extera* of 1493).

The kings of Spain faithfully carried out the august mission entrusted to them by the Vicar of Jesus Christ. As Christians, their first concern was the salvation of their subjects; as political men, they understood that no colonization was possible without the fusion of the races, and no fusion

without a religion that was common to all. Each vessel, therefore, that left the coast of Spain carried with it, alongside the colonizers, new missionaries of the Cross, bishops, secular priests, Dominicans, Franciscans, Sisters of Mercy, Jesuits, Augustinians. The bishops established a new pastoral center, the secular priests recalled the colonizers—and the Indians who had already been baptized—to their duties, and the missionaries set off to find the nomadic tribes.

Who will tell of the voyages, sufferings and martyrdom of these heroes of Christendom, who were worthy of the first apostles? Surrounded by these immensities, these great rivers, these mountains, these virgin forests, without roads, under the burning sun, they, like Christ, ran after the wandering sheep. In 1582 St. Turibe, Archbishop of Lima, wrote to Pope Clement VIII: “I have visited my diocese several times. I have preached to the Spanish and to the Indians, to each in their own language. To do this I had to make a journey of seventeen thousand four hundred miles (some say twenty-one thousand miles), most often on foot, along intractable and difficult paths. I had to cross exceedingly wide rivers, traverse high mountains, with a great lack and need of everything. Often I could find nothing to eat or drink, and I had to sleep on the bare ground. Nonetheless I was able to penetrate the most remote regions of these provinces, where there are converted Indians who live in a constant struggle against infidels and savages.”²

Through the efforts of workers like this Francis Xavier of America, who confirmed more than a million men with his own hand, in less than a century the Cross was planted in Peru, Ecuador, New Granada and Chile, wherever the conquering race established its power. America became a

² Fr. Bérangier, *Life of St. Turibe*.

new Spain where, as if in a fairy tale, many new towns arose, as well as flourishing universities, colleges, schools, and religious establishments for the propagation of the benefits of education and charitable assistance. The Christian life developed in a remarkable way in all classes of society through the pious confraternities of men and of women. Soon the eye of God could discern, on these mountains that had been the stage of odious superstitions, truly saintly souls, heroic priests, missionaries constantly searching for a soul to save, religious like St. Martin de Porres and St. Peter Claver attending at the bedside of the plague-ridden, virgins who had attained the summit of Christian virtue, like St. Rose of Lima and St. Mariana of Jesus whom her contemporaries called "The Lily of Quito."³

Thus the Spanish monarchs, faithful to their divine mission, made the New World the land of the Holy Cross, *Tierra de Santa Cruz*, as it was called in the 16th century. Having conquered these peoples by the sword, they gave them the true faith and true civilization, and they so anchored this faith in men's hearts (we shall often see the proof of this) that it seems impossible to wrench it from them. Why, then, is it that, having set down this just homage to the kings of Spain, these first colonizers of the world,⁴ we are obliged to enumerate the mistakes that deprived them of these admirable colonies, the finest jewel of their crown?

³ St. Mariana of Jesus (1628-1645) was canonized in 1950. [Editor's note]

⁴ "There is a great difference between the colonies founded by the French, Portuguese and Spaniards, and those established by the English and the Americans of the United States. The first three nations left abundant germs of Catholicism and civilization everywhere, whereas, if the English and Americans were to withdraw from their possessions, they would leave nothing behind them but ruins in a desert and the night of error." (Manning, *Mill Hill Address*, 1869) Today's colonizers of Algeria and Tonkin should take note.

III

REGALISM AND REGICIDE

It must be said, first of all, that the kings of Spain can be reproached for having failed to realize the gravity of Columbus's warning when he said that "Your Highnesses must not permit any Spaniard to go to America unless he is a true Christian, for this enterprise has no other aim but the glory of the Catholic religion." Along with the zealous pastors of souls whose sublime devotion we have described, Spain sent to the colonies men avid for gold, bands of adventurers, and sometimes even real bandits, who brought dishonor on the conquest by their cruelty and exactions. No doubt the kings did not intend the crimes committed in their name, but they were the indirect cause of them by their culpable lack of foresight.

The consequence of this defect was the more or less disguised enslavement of the Indians. Despite the immortal protestations of the heroic Dominican, Bartolome de Las Casas, these unfortunates, without becoming slaves absolutely, were mercilessly condemned to the labor of the mines. The passion for gold drove the colonists to a yet more monstrous crime. As the indigenous population, puny and lazy, was quickly exhausted in this hard toil, the colonists had recourse to the black slave trade. Slave-dealers bought them on the coasts of Africa by the thousand, crammed them into the holds of vessels and sold them in the American ports. In vain did the Sovereign Pontiffs, Leo X, Urban VIII, Benedict XIV, forbid this infamous trade; it is sad to record that the kings of Spain were deaf to all their protests. The Church alone defended the Negroes as she had defended the Indians.⁵ The Church became a mother to

⁵ The Church was also the only voice to reproach the Spanish monarchs; as for the other kings of Europe and the philosophers, so quick to pour

them, their teacher and their support. At Cartagena St. Peter Claver, who signed himself "Peter, eternal slave of the Negroes" stood by "his dear masters" as they disembarked. He embraced them, consoled them, gave them biscuit and brandy, baptized their children, cared for the sick, and won for God these poor souls that, too often, were ulcerated by suffering.

To this first assault on the liberty of the children of God, the kings of Spain added another, namely, the greedy and unjust exploitation of the colony. For three centuries the Spanish colonial system was "Everything by the Metropolis, everything for the Metropolis." The colony remained perpetually in a state of infancy under the tutelage of the king of Spain, represented by his viceroys. The Grand Council of the Indies, established in Madrid, decided all matters, civil, commercial, ecclesiastical or military. The territory, which was the king's domain, was distributed according to his good pleasure to concessionaries who exploited both Negro and Indian. The "Metropolis" relieved the traffickers of the majority of their profit through license fees, tithes, tariffs, monopolies, prohibitions and other vexatious taxes. This resulted in poverty for everyone. Agriculture was abandoned in favor of the search for gold. In order to prevent smuggling, Spain had to maintain a veritable army of customs officials, ruining itself by administration costs for the stupid pleasure of ruining those it administered.

Despite all these sufferings the colonies remained loyal to the motherland as long as she herself stayed faithful to Jesus Christ and His Church. Humble petitions were addressed to the kings, but no one thought of raising the standard of revolt against them until they themselves had

their invective upon Catholic Spain, they themselves participated in the abominable trade. The English and French colonies were full of African slaves. Voltaire himself engaged in the slave trade. Mably proposed that slavery be introduced into Europe to improve agriculture.

declared themselves independent of God. The kings committed this third and last assault in the middle of the 18th century, an evil time when they did not blush to treat the Church as they had treated the colonies and the Negroes.

This was the time when, under the impetus given by Luther and Machiavelli, continued by men such as Buchanan and Pithou, the ancient caesarism raised its head once more under the name of "regalism." The princes, forgetful of Christ and ancient Christian law, gave the crown precedence over the tiara and proclaimed themselves free, on earth, of all control. Germany, Switzerland, England, Sweden and Denmark had broken with the Pope and founded their national churches under the jurisdiction of the king, who was now once again the *imperator et pontifex* of the old paganism. The monarch's whims became the laws of the state, according to the execrable formula of absolutist jurisprudence: "What pleases the king has the force of law" (*Quidquid placuit regi, legis habet vigorem*). The pontiffs, in the name of the law of God, protested against this new invasion of a despotism that had been considered dead and gone. Louis XIV, in his Four Articles of 1682, told them "that the popes have no direct or indirect power on the king's temporal authority, and moreover the council is superior to the pope, whose acts are restricted by the sacred canons and whose judgments are reformable." This represented the confiscation of papal authority in favor of royal absolutism.

The Spanish princes, true descendants of Louis XIV, adopted these pagan maxims. Abusing the right of patronage benevolently granted them by the Roman pontiffs, they persecuted bishops and priests, sometimes imposed unworthy prelates on the Church, and committed all sorts of attacks on ecclesiastical persons and goods. This regalist tyranny was

displayed in a particularly disgusting manner in the way King Charles III acted towards the Jesuits.

It is well known how iniquitously the Company of Jesus was treated in the second half of the 18th century. Jansenist parliaments had the effrontery to condemn constitutions that had been approved by the Church, and Madame de Pompadour's courtesans had the gall to accuse the holy religious of moral laxity. The truth is that the Jesuits, who were educators of the young, preachers, writers and missionaries, were giving immense service to the Church, to the state, and to families. Their detractors could say nothing against them but that they had prosecuted an ardent and brilliant defense of the papacy for the previous three centuries. Therefore Protestants, Jansenists, *légists*, Gallicans, all swore to exterminate these "lifeguards" of the Roman pontiffs—as Voltaire called them. The King of Portugal, obsessed with the odious Marquis de Pombal, began this evil work in his own realm and in his Indian colonies, Brazil and Paraguay. Then, between two orgies, sad Louis XV signed the savage arrest warrant; finally, in this massacre of the innocents, the real Herod stepped forth in the person of His Catholic Majesty, Charles III.

The Company of Jesus was the glory of Spain and the Spanish colonies. South America had more than a hundred colleges, directed by 2500 Jesuits. In the deserts, 500,000 Indians, who had been converted by these admirable missionaries and lived under their guidance, enjoyed a patriarchal civilization recalling the finest hours of the Church's history. Now, however, without due process, and without even consulting the Sovereign Pontiff, King Charles III issued this edict, written in his own hand, to all the provincial governors of Spain and its colonies:

"I clothe you with my whole authority and royal power that you may make war, with a strong hand, against the Jesuit congregation. You are to seize all the religious and

have them brought within twenty-four hours to the nearest port, where they will be embarked on specially commissioned vessels. On arresting them, you will affix seals to the house archives and the papers of individuals, not allowing any one of them to take anything with him but his prayer books and what clothing is strictly necessary for the journey. If, after this embarkment, a single Jesuit—even sick or dying—remains in your governmental department, you will be punished by death: so orders the King of Spain.”

Is this the decree of a Christian or of a Caribbean? And what horrors accompanied its execution? On the appointed day, April 2, 1767, at the stroke of midnight, the Jesuits everywhere—in Spain, in America, in the islands—were seized and thrown pell-mell into ships, like Negroes destined for slavery, and soon they were deposited, dead or alive, in the Papal States. That very day the King signed an edict declaring “that the reasons for this proscription would remain wrapped in his royal heart” and prohibiting anyone “from speaking or writing in criticism of it, under pain of being treated as guilty of treason, since no man may judge or interpret the sovereign’s will.” Nero would not have bettered this act.

When the pope learns of these crimes he writes to Charles III: “*Tu quoque, fili!* Thus the Catholic king, always dear to Our heart, fills up the chalice of Our sufferings, plunges Our venerable age in tears and hastens Us towards the grave!” In response, the heartless despot abandons six thousand of his victims on the coast of the Papal State. The pope excommunicates him. The King offers him an alternative: either he withdraws his Brief of Excommunication or he will invade his States. “Do as you please,” replies the intrepid Clement XIII, “and treat the pope as the least of men; he has neither arms nor cannon; you may take everything away from him, but he is outside human power; no one can make him act against his conscience.” The conspirators

wrest Venice from him. Clement XIII dies of sorrow. These miserable despots demand that his successor, Clement XIV, suppress the Company of Jesus, or else, like Henry VIII, they will drag their subjects into schism. In the face of this threat, the pope signs the Brief of Suppression, dying six months later, crying out in his death agony: "They forced me! *Compulsus feci!*" He was the last victim of regalist despotism.

"You should be afraid," Clement XIII had said to Louis XV, "for Jesus Christ will himself avenge his outraged Church!" The avenger in this case would be the Revolution, and, by logical necessity, regalism gave birth to regicide. Monarchy, as God had made it, *i.e.*, subject to the Church and controlled by it, guaranteed all the laws: people simply obeyed a king, who in turn obeyed God's commandments. But monarchy without the Church was merely the will of an omnipotent and irresponsible man; arbitrariness and injustice were divinized, and the nations were thrown defenseless into the hands of a Tiberius and a Nero. The Revolution's theoreticians, Rousseau and his consorts, opposed the *Rights of Man* to the rights of the king; and to Louis XIV's four articles on the absolute sovereignty of kings they responded with four articles on the sovereignty of the people, which may be summarized thus:

Article 1. —Since kings have repudiated the sovereignty of God, exercised by His Church, no sovereignty remains but that of the people. Thus all monarchies are abolished in principle. Republics shall be established everywhere and, if kings have to be tolerated in certain countries, republican monarchies will be created in which the king reigns but does not govern.

Article 2. —The will of the people will be the only law of the republics. We declare that the people are absolutely sovereign, and so they are above God and religion, and even above justice itself, and above reason. The people do not need reason to validate their acts.

Article 3. —Since the multitude itself cannot govern, the people will be represented by a certain number of individuals, to be elected by universal suffrage. The people's representatives will make laws on the principle of majority voting, and this legality will be imposed as supreme justice, even if it is contrary to the laws of God, of the Church, and of nature itself.

Article 4. —These principles of the new law, which are absolutely set to destroy throne and altar, are entrusted to the keeping of a secret society, the Freemasons. This society will cause these principles to triumph in the lodges, clubs, newspapers, and in the popular and legislative assemblies; it will employ all methods—including the dagger—to disarm any opposition.

This was the Revolution's response to the princes who had revolted against the Church. As a revolutionary writer said, "The declaration of 1682 changed nothing as regards the necessity of the right of control. It removed this right from the pope and transferred it, at first, to parliament, and then to the multitude. The nation observed that the independence of kings amounted to the enslavement of the people. Since there was no one to judge the royalty, the nation made itself the judge, and excommunication was replaced by arrest leading to death."⁶ In fact, Charles I, King of England, was haled before parliament, which judged him and had him beheaded. The descendant of Louis XIV, the pious Louis XVI, left the bar of the National Convention only to ascend the scaffold. His son was martyred; his brothers were exiled. The other kings of Europe, so proud of their omnipotence, were crushed by the "horseback revolution." Their thrones exploded wherever the Emperor

⁶ Louis Blanc, *Histoire de dix ans*.

passed by—with the banner of liberty in one hand and a naked sword in the other.

Nor did the King of Spain escape punishment. The revolutionary tornado inundated his realms like a raging sea, robbing him of his American colonies. At this juncture we must give a brief sketch of this war of independence and the transformation of royalist America into small republican states.

IV

BOLÍVAR

At the close of the last century an extraordinary event that had taken place in North America provoked violent excitement in the Spanish colonies. After a ten-year struggle the English colonies had triumphed over their mother country and organized the Republic of the United States, under Washington's leadership. The idea of emancipation took such strong root in people's minds that D'Aranda, the minister of Charles III, on returning from a voyage to the colonies, boldly dared to suggest that his master should preempt the inevitable claims of independence and create three autonomous kingdoms for three Spanish infantas, with their capitals in Mexico, Bogota and Lima. However, the persecutor of the Jesuits did not know how to carry out "his royal avocation," as Joseph II well put it. He was foolish enough to assist the North Americans to expel the English from their colonies, not foreseeing that the South Americans, inspired by this example, would soon move to expel the Spaniards.

The French Revolution stirred people's minds in a unique way. By substituting the will of a blind multitude for the laws of Christ and His Church, popular sovereignty raised despotism to the apogee of its power. At the same

time people adorned this despotism with the beautiful name of liberty, exalted the rights of man and the rights of the citizen, declaimed against the tyranny of the Spaniards and against the colonial system. Finally, various activists organized Leagues of Patriots with the mission of preparing the country for an insurrection. There were several attempted insurrections at the beginning of this century, all unsuccessful. To liberate a world by vanquishing the Spanish armies a man of the stature of Alexander or Napoleon was required. For this role God raised up the incomparable Bolívar.

Simón Bolívar was born in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, on July 24, 1783, into a rich Christian family. Since childhood he had been an orphan; unfortunately he fell into the hands of a teacher of revolutionary convictions, a fanatical admirer of Voltaire and particularly of Rousseau. Simón Rodríguez was the name of this patriot, and he made the child into a republican and a bitter enemy of Spain. At the age of fifteen Bolívar was sent to Madrid to complete his education. He was introduced to the court by one of his uncles. One day, while playing battledore with the Prince of Asturias (later Ferdinand VII), he happened to hit him on the head. "I felt certain," he said later, "that soon I should rob this same head of the finest jewel in its crown." In 1801, on a visit to Paris, he admired Bonaparte, the republican, "the conqueror of kings and liberator of nations," but some years later, when the republican had become Emperor, Bolívar repudiated his former idol, whose glory now seemed to him "like a conflagration from hell or the sinister glow of a volcano." In 1805 he journeyed to Rome and, on the Aventine, exhilarated by the relics of antiquity, he took an oath to deliver his country from the Spanish tyrants. Having toured the United States he returned to Caracas at the precise moment to draw his sword and fulfil his oath.

Napoleon had just dethroned Ferdinand VII and installed his brother Joseph as King of Spain. Under the pretext of protecting the rights of the fallen monarch against the Usurper, the patriots of Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador—the three great districts making up the Vice-Kingdom of Santa Fé—organized themselves into deliberative juntas and very soon revolted against the Spanish authorities, in the name of Ferdinand VII. Quito gave the example on August 10, 1809; Santa Fé de Bogotá had just followed this example when Bolívar came on the scene and placed himself at the head of the movement.

On April 19, 1810, having arrested the governor of Venezuela, Bolívar declared that Spanish authority was at an end and proclaimed a supreme junta, free and independent; its authority would run until Ferdinand VII was released from captivity. This latter clause was intended to conceal the revolution's aims from the largely royalist people; one year later their Congress put the question of absolute independence up for debate. Certain deputies were hesitating to cross the Rubicon, when the young Bolívar, at a patriotic club, raised the cry: "Failure to act is treason! Our desire is to be free: what is it to us if Spain sells her slaves to Bonaparte or keeps them for herself! Some people say that a project of this kind needs calm reflection to mature. Are not three hundred years of calm reflection enough for you? Do you need another three centuries to make a decision? Let us, today, lay the first stone of the edifice, knowing that to hesitate is to perish." Fired by these stirring words, the Congress voted for the Act of Independence and hurried through a republican constitution, with the Rights of Man as its preface and the abolition of the Inquisition as a kind of postscript. From that moment the nation, which later would include Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador, took the name Colombia, in honor of the immortal discoverer of the

New World. Public acts were dated according to the Colombian era, the ever-glorious era of independence.

This was to throw down the gauntlet to Spain. General Monteverde, at the head of royalist troops, soon re-occupied the positions the insurgents had taken; he had even set forth to attack Caracas when, on Holy Thursday, March 26, 1812, an earthquake buried that city under its ruins. Standing amid the debris, surrounded by a population frightened out of its wits, Bolívar uttered his cry: "Nature fights against us, but we shall fight against her and conquer her!" Some days later, fighting in the forward positions, he learned that his general-in-chief, Miranda, having delivered Caracas to Monteverde, had just signed a shameful capitulation. Furious, he ran to the port, resolved to flee the country: suddenly he saw the wretched Miranda, who had also decided to take flight. Bolívar and his friends seized him and kept him a prisoner until the next day, with the intention (fortunately frustrated) of making him retract his capitulation or shooting him as a traitor. Relations between them were eased by the unexpected arrival of Monteverde: one group was condemned to the galleys, the others to exile or death. Miranda died in 1816 on the Cádiz prison ships. As for Bolívar, protected by a friend of Monteverde, he obtained an exit passport. "I am giving you this," the Spaniard said, "as a recompense for the service you did the king in imprisoning Miranda." "I did it," said the American proudly, "to punish a traitor and not to serve the king." Monteverde frowned as the stubborn rebel went his way. How many times was he to regret not having had him shot!

So vanished the young and brilliant Colombia after a precarious existence of two years, with its Congress, its constitution, its army and its fine dreams of independence. This reverse, however, did not discourage its indomitable champion. Defeated in Venezuela, he hastened to offer his sword to New Granada, which at that time was in open

insurrection against Spain. "What other hope remains?" cried Bolívar. "War, and nothing but war! What American worthy of the name will not cry 'Death!' when he sees the innumerable victims whose blood has reddened the plains of Venezuela? Forward, then, and let us avenge the death of our brothers!" At the head of five hundred determined men he took the fort of Tenerife which commanded the Magdalena, swept the banks of this river down to Ocagna, and sent his troops to cross the mountains and charge the twelve hundred miles that separated him from Caracas, intending to eject Monteverde. He ran into enemy detachments hidden in the Cordillera and won a brilliant victory at St. Joseph de Cucuta, on the other side of the mountains. Now on his native soil, he made this stirring proclamation to his soldiers: "My friends, Venezuela will breathe again under the shadow of your banners. In less than two months you have won two campaigns; the third will end in the city of my birth. Faithful republicans, you will march to liberate this cradle of Colombian unity, as in former times the Crusaders hastened to the conquest of Jerusalem, the cradle of Christendom." He flew like a thunderbolt, taking Merida, Truxillo, Barinas, San-Carlos and Victoria on the way, and marched on Caracas, having beaten all Monteverde's generals. The latter, incapable of defending his capital, requested an honorable capitulation. "The victorious Americans," replied Bolívar, "will act with moderation even towards enemies whose treachery includes the violation of human rights and the most solemn treaties. Capitulation, religiously observed, will cover the American name with glory and the name of Monteverde with shame." Monteverde did not wait. He embarked with six thousand men and went to Porto-Caballo, his final refuge. Bolívar made his entry into Caracas on August 6, 1813. Thirty thousand men welcomed him, crying, "Long live the *Libertador!*" By acclamation, the municipality accorded

him the beautiful name of Liberator by which he is known in history.

However, to preserve his conquest Bolívar had to fight against the Spanish army, against the people who had remained loyal to the monarchy, and above all against his own generals, who were jealous of his glory. As a result of these different factors, in 1814 he lost all he had won in 1813. By stubbornly following their own personal ideas, his generals resisted him all the way. In vain did he multiply the prodigies of valor at the battle of Carabobo, where, with five thousand men, he literally crushed the enemy battalions; surrounded on all sides by the Spaniards, betrayed by his own men, he had to leave his beloved Caracas once more. On the deck of the ship carrying him to Cartagena, he said to his companions: "Against liberty there can be no lasting triumph. The proud despots who are ejecting us from Colombia today will themselves be ejected tomorrow, and our fatherland will be free and independent—this I swear to you." In New Granada an even harder blow was in store for him. Having heard his account of his victories and his defeats, the Congress warmly congratulated him: "General," the president told him, "your native land will not perish as long as it has your sword. Fate has betrayed Bolívar, but Bolívar is a great man." He was entrusted with the glorious mission of re-taking the city of Santamarta, the only place on the coast still occupied by the Spaniards; but the governor of Cartagena, jealous of this foreigner whose name had already eclipsed all others, stubbornly refused to give him the forces he needed. Not wishing to provoke discord in this young republic, the only hope for the future, Bolívar took the generous decision to retreat to Jamaica and await better days. "Soldiers," he said to his comrades-in-arms, "I am voluntarily going into exile to avoid having you fight your compatriots. I am sacrificing fortune and glory; but if this is the price of your good, I have no hesitation." On May

19, 1815, he left the port of Cartagena, accompanied by a number of loyal officers. The Spaniards clapped their hands, thinking the lion dead: soon, aghast, they would experience his terrible awakening.

Like its hero, Colombia was eclipsed during 1815 and 1816. Napoleon's demise brought Ferdinand VII back to the throne of his fathers. He sent his field-marshal, Morillo, with ten thousand good troops to pacify America. Morillo did indeed pacify it, but like death, crushing Venezuela and New Granada. Cartagena resisted for four months, then iron and fire destroyed all that the horrors of the siege had left. Bogota surrendered in its turn; six hundred Americans paid with their heads for the welcome of the pacifying Spaniard. Colombia was succumbing in blood and ruins, when suddenly the news came that Bolívar, with a few officers and a handful of men, had left his island and invaded Venezuela once again, determined this time to win or die.

Indeed, on January 1, 1817, he entered Barcelona at the head of his little band. "As soon as we have weapons," he declared, "we shall muster ten thousand men and march on New Granada and Peru; we shall deliver the whole of America from the tyrant's yoke." This prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

In order to set up a base for operations he traversed vast forests with a few hundred men, crossed the Orinoco and established himself at Angostura, the chief town of Guyana, deep in Venezuela, where he created a council of state as a prelude to the republican institutions he so dreamed of. At the start of 1818 he made nine hundred miles from left to right, and, as luck would have it, came across Morillo. On finding that he was obliged to cross a substantial river, he asked his guide, Páez, the terror of the plain: "Where are your canoes?" "There they are," said Páez, pointing to the enemy boats on the far side. Then, plunging into the water with his warriors, the heroic Páez killed the Spanish guards

and returned with the boats. Bolívar crossed the river, attacked Morillo and won the famous victory of Calabozo. Morillo, hotly pursued, owed his life only to the speed of his horse.

On January 1, 1819, having returned to Angostura, Bolívar presided over the congress he had charged with the task of organizing the state. He set forth his ideas on how the future Colombia was to be governed. There was to be a centralized, not a federal, republic, an elected chamber, a hereditary senate, and a life president. Under these conditions, Bolívar was convinced, the republic could go forward in an ordered liberty. He had exalted the rights of man and citizen too highly, however: the congress was not receptive to his conservative ideas. Avid for positions, these republicans wanted eye-catching changes, continual elections, armchairs to sit in and a constitution like that of the United States. Bolívar submitted to the will of the sovereign people and, letting them organize the machine of government as they saw fit, marched for another nine hundred miles to do battle with Morillo, who had just crossed the Apura with six thousand men.

At this point an odyssey begins that far surpasses the imagination of the most inventive storytellers. Bolívar at first adopted a defensive strategy, keeping his adversary amused until the rainy seasons, when military operations were regarded as impossible. At the moment when he should have terminated his 1819 campaign, he left Páez to keep an eye on Morillo, who was already settling into winter quarters, and told his troops that he was going to invade New Granada, re-take Bogota and once more display the independence colors in Colombia's capital. They had covered nine hundred miles under a burning sun, and now had to complete another three hundred in the heart of winter, in the rains, crossing flooded rivers; then they would have to scale the Cordillera's snowy peaks. Bolívar, however, spoke

with such enthusiasm that all these warriors, inflamed with ardor, believed themselves in Bogota already. "Forward!" cried one of them. "We will follow you to Cape Horn!"

On the 25th of May the troops began to move. On the 10th of June, having crossed the Arauca, they arrived at the foothills of the mountains. They had to drag their baggage, cannon and munitions up these giant mountains, through forests and along narrow mountain passes, surrounded by precipices and freezing rain. What they accomplished was the equal of Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. On the 5th of July, Bolívar learned that General Barreiro was coming to engage him with five thousand fresh and hardened troops. He fought him at Guarauza on the 15th, crushed him at Vargas on the 25th, throwing him back to the capital. On the 10th of August he won the immortal victory of Boyaca over the united troops of Barreiro and the Viceroy, enclosing them in a circle of fire and forcing them to surrender, with their arms and baggage. He entered Bogota that same day, surrounded by a people drunk with joy, to the thousandfold acclamations of "Long live Bolívar, the Liberator of Colombia, the father of the nation!" This campaign of "military madness," as the Congress of Angostura justly described it, had lasted for a mere sixty-five days. Bolívar could say, with more justice than the Roman general, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*"

Would this titanic spirit now seek repose? Never! Not as long as one Spaniard encumbered American soil. The years 1820 and 1821 were dedicated to consolidating his conquest by founding the Colombian Union. The Congress of Angostura decreed that Venezuela and New Granada were to form a single nation. So Bolívar convoked a new Congress to elaborate Colombia's constitution. He was appointed President of the Republic, but handed over power to Vice-President Santander in order to begin work of liberation immediately. Turning his eyes to the south, where

there were still twenty thousand Spaniards, he brandished his sword and summoned his soldiers: "Forward! Let us carry the standard of independence to Ecuador, to Peru and to the mountains of Potosi!" In January 1822 he set forth.

In order to reach Ecuador via the Andes plateau, it was necessary to traverse the province of Pasto, which could be regarded, with some justice, as a kind of Vendée. This brave mountain people, men, women and children, laity and clergy, concealed among rocks, protected by torrents, rivers and crevasses, had resolved to vanquish the revolutionaries or die for their King and their God. General García, the province's commandant, had even sworn to the governor of Quito that he would bring him the traitor Bolívar in chains.

Having crossed obstacles that would have been insurmountable to anyone else, the *Libertador* and his troops came close to the Pasto volcano, locally called Bombona. "The enemy's position is formidable," he told his soldiers, "but we cannot stay here nor go back. We must go forward or die!" To advance, it would be necessary to dislodge the troops ranged on a neighboring hill. "General Torres," he cried, "take possession of that hill." Torres, who had not understood the order in the midst of the noise of battle, made an indecisive movement, at which a furious Bolívar ordered him to hand over command to Colonel Baretta: "He will acquit himself better than you!" Torres dismounted and seized a rifle: "*Libertador*," he said, "if I am not worthy to command as a general, I will at least serve as a grenadier." Bolívar embraced him and restored his command. Torres tore like a wounded tiger to the assault of the hill. He fell, with ten more after him nailed to the ground. "*Viva Colombia!*" cried the assailants as they ran like demons through the hail of bullets and shot. Having taken the position, Bolívar made his triumphal entrance into Pasto. The bishop, an unswerving royalist, asked him for a safe-conduct back to Spain. "Never!" Bolívar replied, "the

heroism of a Cato should be no example for the pastors of our holy religion. Far from carrying out a duty, you would be guilty of abandoning the post entrusted to you by the Church." So the bishop remained among his flock.

In Pasto Bolívar was overjoyed to learn the news that General Sucre, whom he had sent on ahead to Ecuador to prepare the route, had just gained a brilliant victory over General Aimerich, governor of Quito. The battle that took place on Mount Pichincha, which dominates Quito, ended the campaign. "Colombia is free!" Bolívar exulted. As we have seen, his idea was to annex the provinces of Ecuador to a greater Colombian Republic. Therefore he went to Quito, where he was welcomed as a conqueror. In order to perpetuate the memory of May 24th, the date of the victory of Pichincha, the municipality decided to erect a pyramid inscribed with the words: *To Simón Bolívar, the Angel of Peace and Liberty!* Guayaquil seemed strongly tempted to accept incorporation into Peru, but Bolívar did not want to let go of this jewel of the Pacific. After a solemn proclamation to the provincial delegates, the vote was taken in favor of the annexation to Colombia, accompanied by a thousand repeated cries of "Long live Bolívar! Long live the *Libertador!*"

Now that Colombia had been liberated, the Spaniards still possessed the fair realm of Peru. It had been experiencing revolution for many years, but the patriots had not been able to win the victory, due to internal discord. Bolívar offered his help, and they accepted without hesitation, since the great general's glory was already creating unease among the demagogues of Lima, just as in Bogota. He spent the year 1823, a year of veritable agony, preparing the campaign. Surrounded by traitors, by troops ready to mutiny or desert, sick with exhaustion and fatigue, Bolívar worked night and day to create an army capable of fighting the twenty thousand Spaniards encamped in Peru. Nothing

escaped Bolívar's attention, neither money, nor horses, nor munitions, nor provisions—right down to the smallest details. "Our victory must be absolute," he said, "for this time what is at stake is Peru, Colombia and my honor." Having completed his preparations, on the 15th of April he wrote to General Sucre, who was reconnoitering the terrain: "In May we march on the enemy, and in June we shall fight them. We shall be facing eight thousand Spaniards; our numbers are almost the same: victory is certain."

These predictions proved correct, point by point. Bolívar crossed the Cordillera at the head of his troops and joined Sucre after a march of nine hundred miles across the plains of Sacramento. "Soldiers," he told the veteran Colombians who formed the core of his army, "you are going to complete the greatest work that heaven can entrust to men: to liberate a whole world! America looks upon you with love, and expects of you peace and liberty. What am I saying? The gaze of the whole of Europe is upon you, for the New World's independence will cause the Old World to tremble." The action took place on the plains of Junin. The two cavalries rushed upon each other; the hand-to-hand struggle lasted for an hour, steel against steel, without a rifle shot being fired. Finally the Spaniards took to flight, leaving behind them two thousand corpses and a vast amount of booty. The republican troops acclaimed the great Bolívar. Exhilarated, General Sucre declared, "Under the command of the *Libertador* we are sure of victory." "Yes," replied Bolívar, "with soldiers like those I see around me."

Some time later, in the fields of Ayacucho, the Viceroy, Laserna, attempted to regain some of the lost territory. With ten thousand men and eleven artillery pieces he came to attack Sucre while Bolívar was away. Sucre encircled him so well that he had no alternative but to surrender or be hacked to pieces on the spot. The Viceroy, officers and soldiers fell into the victor's hands. Sucre gave the *Libertador*

the homage of his victory, and the latter replied by naming him Grand Marshal of Ayacucho.

General Olañeta was still occupying High Peru with eight thousand Spaniards. Bolívar sent Sucre to conquer this distant territory while he himself was organizing the Peruvian provinces. After a march of one thousand and fifty miles, the republican army arrived at the foot of the Potosi and, on April 1, 1825, crushed the royalists in a last battle.

Bolívar visited the cities of Peru, Arequipa, Cuzco, Pazco, and finally came down to La Paz, the capital of High Peru, where he rejoined his triumphant army. There he received the deputies who, in order to immortalize their liberator's name, had called their republic "Bolivia." They begged him to give the country he had saved from despotism a government that would be both liberal and conservative. Instructed by the failures of the Colombian constitution, which was already tending to anarchy, Bolívar established a solid and durable state power in High Peru. A life-presidency would guarantee the stability of institutions by discouraging the ambitious. At that time, having attained the fulfillment of his desires, he could not restrain the feelings of an overflowing heart and spoke of them to his officers. One day, when he was with them on the Potosi summit, surveying the chain of mountains he had so often crossed during fifteen years of battles along a journey of two thousand one hundred miles, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, New Granada, Venezuela, liberated by his arms, he took hold of the standard of Colombia, reminded the grenadiers around him of the memorable days of San Felice, Boyaca, Carabobo, Pichincha, Junin and Ayacucho: "We have come," he said, "from the Atlantic coast upon the wings of victory. In a fifteen-year struggle—a struggle between giants—we have thrown down the edifice of tyranny that had been erected daily by three centuries of usurpation and violence. What a joy it is to see millions and millions of our

brothers, who had been reduced to the most degrading slavery, liberated by your invincible constancy! As for me, standing on this mountain of silver whose inexhaustible veins have filled the Spanish treasury for three centuries, I declare to you that all these material things are nothing whatever compared to the honor of having brought the standard of liberty from the burning shores of the Orinoco to the summit of the Potosi, the marvel of the universe!”

Poor Bolívar! Hardly had he come down from the mountain but he learned, in bitterness, that the standard of liberty, in the hands of republicans, is nothing but the gloomy banner of a despotism more oppressive than that of the kings. Colombia would perish because Bolívar had forgotten to display the standard of Columbus: the holy Cross!

V

REVOLUTIONARY TYRANNY

Bolívar had liberated America from Spain, but had he liberated it from tyranny, as he affirmed in all his proclamations? No. He replaced the Spanish yoke with the even more crushing yoke of the Revolution. Nothing is more true that this inscription found in 1822 on the walls of Quito: *Ultimo día del despotismo / Y el primero de lo mismo* (“the last day of despotism and the first day of the same”). The *Libertador* and his beloved Colombia would have to learn this hard lesson.

A great warrior and a great orator, Bolívar was a short-sighted politician. In his mind, like all the men of 1789, he identified monarchy with despotism and the republic with liberty, confusing form with substance. His philosophy was Rousseau’s social contract, his gospel the declaration of the Rights of Man, his principle of government the people’s

sovereignty. This is the unvarying theme of his addresses, proclamations and messages. "The people's authority," he said to the warriors of Ayacucho, "is the only power on this earth." Everything had to bend before the parliament, that is, the majority representing the people; everything had to bow before the legality it imposed. We recognize here the liberal and parliamentary theory, a resurrection (in a different form) of regalist despotism. The revolutionaries said that the monarch's law had man's free will as its principle. —And is not a parliament composed of men? —A king could repeat the crimes of a Nero or the follies of a Caligula. —Does a majority become infallible or impeccable? On attaining power, does a party automatically divest itself of these tyrannical passions that we call ambition, cupidity, vengeance and impiety? An absolute parliament is the substitution of despotism of the many for the despotism of one man. In fact, it is worse: a crowned tyrant may always fear the dagger or insurrection, whereas the uncrowned petty tyrants of our assemblies, impersonal cogs of the legislative machine, have absolutely no responsibility. How could Bolívar be unaware of this truth? For it was Bolívar who had impressed this bloody stigmata on the forehead of the French Republic: "The government of the French Republic has dug an abyss of execration beneath it. The monsters who led this country were as cruel as they were inept."—Well and good, but in that case it is a mistake to make the republic synonymous with liberty; is it better to be involved with the convention of 1793 than with Diocletian or Nero? A moot point.

To establish a free government it is essential to find a moral bridle that will curb human will, whether it is the will of an emperor, a king or a parliament, when this human will, borne along by the passions, becomes tyrannical. This bridle of justice is nothing other than the law of God, interpreted by the Church, His official organ. God alone, in com-

manding, does not become a despot, because He is sovereign truth and sovereign justice. One can debate the various merits of the respective forms of government and the way they are suited to a particular state; but power, in the end—whether the power of an individual or of an assembly—will always degenerate into tyranny if it is emancipated from divine laws and proclaimed to be absolute. The liberals of the infant Colombia made it their business to teach to Bolívar this political axiom.

While he was fighting for independence, a man who owed everything to him, including his military and civilian titles, was administering Colombia as Vice-President of the Republic. General Santander, a democrat like Bolívar, had an entirely different idea of the people's sovereignty. Bolívar would have been quite content to allow the Church to live freely in a free state; but his lieutenant, a thoroughgoing sectarian, thought that, if the State were sovereign, it should dominate the Church and even break it, if it should dare to resist the edicts of parliamentary majorities. The result was logical: Revolution, based on the satanic principle of man's absolute sovereignty, was fatally bound to persecute the Church, and the Church would never abdicate the sovereignty she held from God.

But how, in the midst of an essentially Catholic populace, could a majority hostile to the Church be created in the parliamentary chambers? In this connection Santander was not ignorant of any of the maneuvers employed by the Europeans. First, in Bogota he established a Lodge of Freemasons, giving it the splendid name of the "Society of Enlightenment" so as not to frighten the people. There the unsuspecting were given lessons in English and French, and subsequently they were enrolled in the sect, which was very fashionable at the time. Beside Santander, who was declared "Venerable," and the ministers, who were high dignitaries of the Lodge, there were generals, businessmen, lawyers,

priests and even religious (of a more or less liberalizing tendency). They held their banquets, they inveighed against Spain and the Inquisition, against the popes' intolerance and the domination of the clergy. "Religion would take great strides forward," the naïve apprentices were told, "if the clergy gave up their interest in politics." With the aim of spreading among the people the poison concocted in the lodges, the sect's newspapers set themselves to undermine all the principles of society, eviscerate history and vilify people of property and the members of the clergy. These disciples of Voltaire had learned from their master that continual lying would eventually make the lies stick in people's minds. Once he believed he was in a position to range the formidable engine of the people's sovereignty against the Church, Santander insinuated that if Colombia was to be given a genuinely liberal code that would emancipate it forever from too long a slavery, the electors would have to remove from Congress the reactionaries, fanatics and occult partisans of the fallen regime. These treacherous speeches, supported by clever electoral maneuvering, produced such an effect that this Catholic nation voted for an impressive majority of Freemasons to frame its constitution.

This was in 1821, when Bolívar was starting his great expedition to Ecuador and Peru, more concerned with fighting the Spanish than with legislating. The constituents assembled at Cucuta under Santander's direction. In previous legislative acts there had always been an article that declared the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State, to the exclusion of any other. The Congress struck out this article under the hypocritical pretext that there was no point in such an article in a Catholic country. In vain did the minority unmask a sophism that failed miserably to cloak the Freemasons' odious designs; the latter voted to suppress the article and even ejected Doctor Banos from the Congress for refusing to append his signature to a constitution that was "stained with a capital vice."

A religion whose rights were excluded from the constitution was no longer an obstacle. The Congress voted for the abolition of the Inquisition and the ecclesiastical *Index*, reserving censorship of books and newspapers to the government. As proof of his respect for the Church, Santander immediately authorized the publication of the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and Bentham, without counting a good number of immoral and irreligious pamphlets. Nor did he hesitate to engage in organizing a schism. The Holy See, for good reasons, had granted the Spanish monarchs very extensive privileges regarding the nomination of ecclesiastical dignitaries and the administration of their goods and revenues. These privileges were called the "royal patronage." Evidently these gracious concessions, reserved to the Catholic kings, disappeared along with the kings themselves, and republican America was left with the common law. The Congress claimed (without any evidence) to have inherited these rights and privileges from the Spanish kings. It would have been futile to protest against this schismatic claim; the Freemasonic majority declared itself to be invested with the right of patronage, completing the work of destruction by replacing traditional school instruction with an impious curriculum. Under the pretext of banishing the errors learned in centuries of slavery, Congress imposed a new scheme of studies for the university faculties and even for seminaries. Dangerous authors were introduced into all syllabi, even openly irreligious ones such as Bentham, the propagator of atheism and materialism. Woe betide anyone who dared to criticize Santander's favorite author! Doctor Margallo was thrown into prison for having denounced, from his academic podium, this irreligious teaching that had now become official and obligatory.

Four or five years of this regime—a thousand times more tyrannical than the royal absolutism—sufficed to exasperate the populace. The most eager defenders of the

Revolution, like Restrepo, the writer of Colombia's history, were obliged to agree on this point. "The legislation imposed by Congress," said this friend of Santander, "overthrew millennial customs, heralded the country's bankruptcy and made ruin inevitable."

Devastated in body and soul by this band of vultures, the sovereign people began to utter cries that came to the ears of Bolívar as he was coming down from his perch on the Potosi, still drunk with his victory over the tyrants and proud of the gift he had given to America in the form of the parliamentary system. Farmers, men of commerce, priests and magistrates cursed the new regime and were looking for a savior. By the time he arrived in Lima his people's grievances were louder and even more plentiful. What he had to do now, they said, having thrown out the Spaniards, was to clear the country of the liberal tyrants and their execrable constitution. Some counseled him to restore the monarchy, others urged him to take the crown himself and the title of "Emperor of the Andes." His brave Páez, whom he had appointed governor of Venezuela, a personal enemy of Santander, advised him to imitate Bonaparte on his return from Egypt and eject all the ideologues from the Congress. It was agonizing. The different elements of which Colombia was composed were breaking up in the general discontent: Páez took Venezuela out of the Union, other ambitious men were stirring up the provinces of Ecuador for their own gain; dismemberment and death would follow quickly. Despite his well-attested hatred of Bolívar, Santander found himself obliged, like the others, to appeal to the powerful intervention of the *Libertador*: "Come quickly," he wrote to him, "come, President of the Republic, Liberator of the country, Father of the nation! You are the first soldier of liberty, the first subject of the constitution: come and take the measures you deem most apt to save America. Colombia owes you its birth and its education: you must strengthen it under the

gentle influence of the constitution. It is a child threatened with death right from its cradle; only you can save it.”

Alas! He who was victorious over nature and Spain we shall now see vanquished by the false principle to which he enslaved himself; he will fight in vain against revolutionary tyranny. In the name of the sovereign people, the Santanderists will consign Bolívar and Colombia to the same tomb.

Bolívar had a deep understanding of the disease from which his country was suffering. He wanted to replace the anarchist, anti-social and irreligious constitution of Cucuta with the Bolivian system: a life president invested with wide powers, an immoveable senate and an elected chamber—in a word, a kind of constitutional kingship, minus the hereditary aspect of the head of state. This middle way between the true republic and true monarchy seemed, in his view, to suit the demands of the American temperament; it also seemed to address the memories of the past and the aspirations of the present. On May 25, 1826, he plainly told General Páez, who wanted to make him into a Napoleon: “Colombia is not France, nor have I the stature and ambition of Napoleon. I believe that when the time comes for a reform of the constitutional laws, it will be necessary to ameliorate them in a conservative direction, yet without abandoning the republican system. I will send you a draft form of government that has been worked out for Bolivia, containing all the guarantees of stability, order and true liberty. If you approve of it, try to move opinion towards it: this is the greatest service we could render our homeland.”

In hoping that this evolution would be accepted, Bolívar was counting on his own influence, the wisdom of a future Congress, and perhaps also on a remnant of patriotism among the Santanderists; but he did not wish to override legality in order to impose his own views. In September 1826 he arrived in Guayaquil on route for Bogota. The

authorities of the three provinces of Ecuador begged him to accept dictatorial powers which, in their view, were necessary to win the battle against the Colombia anarchists and the Venezuela rebels. Fettered by his principle of the sovereignty of majorities, Bolívar replied that legality would suffice to save the country and that he would not entertain talk of dictatorship. Then, in a proclamation to Colombians, he uttered a cry which recalled a father rather than a master: "The noise of your discord has reached me. I am coming to you bearing an olive branch. Cease your dire dissensions, or soon, in the wake of anarchy, death will reign over deserts and ruins."

The Bogota liberals, with Santander at their head, laughed at his olive branch. To forestall the reformer's efforts they used their newspapers to pour invective upon the despot "who burned the crown to a cinder and now wants to impose on the people the charter of slavery he had bequeathed to Bolivia." Santander stirred up his lawyers, students and populace so skillfully that Bolívar, after five years of triumph and ovations all across America, was received in his own country like an enemy. At the gates of the capital the provincial head of government, surrounded by the municipality, felt it was his duty to harangue Bolívar on the respect due to the constitution and the obligation of everyone to keep the oaths they had made. Indignant at this effrontery, Bolívar replied that "arriving in Colombia at the head of an army covered in the laurels of victory," he had the right "to expect congratulations and not bombastic lectures on the constitution and the laws." A little further on he read these significant words on a giant placard: "Long live the Constitution for ten years!" At the palace, Vice-President Santander complimented him on his military triumphs, going on to say that he, Santander, had sought his glory, these last five years, in governing according to the law. He would always be both the slave of the constitution and a great admirer of Bolívar.

Witnessing these demonstrations, the *Libertador* understood the necessity of keeping his reform plan hidden, for the moment at least. He spoke of independence, the army, the Union, the "sovereign and infallible" national will, and finally of the constitution, "the sacred book, the gospel of the Colombian people." "I have been accused of aspiring to the throne," he added; "but people should know that the name of *Libertador* is enough for me and I have no desire to take any lower place." Thereupon he drew his glorious sword and left for Venezuela to bring the separatists back to the Union by persuasion or by force.

While they applauded Bolívar's liberal declarations, the Santanderists were not unaware of his inner thoughts regarding their execrable laws and of his great desire for revision. They had summoned him to bring Páez to reason, but with a clear intention of getting rid of their savior once they no longer needed his support. Hardly had he left Bogota when the newspapers began raging against the tyrant and pouring sarcasm on the Bolivia constitution. To confuse the issue, Santander published an address to the President, signed by a great number of Bogota inhabitants and officials and interspersed with more or less poisonous plaudits, in which Bolívar was begged not to change the system of government. Through his intrigues, Santander even managed to raise against Bolívar the Colombian division that had followed him to Peru. Colonel Bustamante and seventy officer-accomplices took their chief prisoner, under the pretext that the Republic was in danger, both in Lima and in Bogota. Their superiors, they said, were traitors to the country and had given their aid to Bolívar in order to tear up the constitutional pact. Instead of dismissing the author of this disgraceful *pronunciamento*, Santander sent him his congratulations, thanking him for giving a good example. Bolívar was so exasperated by such maneuvers that he immediately resigned his powers. "People speak of tyrannical

usurpation," he wrote to the Congress in his letter of resignation, "and say that all men like me are ambitious: the example of Washington should have protected me against any such imputation. I have decided to resign the power and hereby give you notice that my decision is irrevocable."

Congress did not examine the question as to whether or not it was proper to accept the President's resignation. The Bolívarists, or partisans of revision, gave their opinion in the negative, alleging the necessity of a strong arm in the difficult situation in which Colombia found herself. The enraged Santanderists were in favor of accepting the resignation. "Colombians," they said, "regard slavery as repugnant; no one man is indispensable. In any case, why should we deny Bolívar a repose that is so well-merited?" One deputy added that, "having the honor of belonging to the human race," he would vote against Bolívar, "since the Bolivian code was only suitable for beasts of burden." After this hammer-blow the vote was taken, but fifty deputies against forty-five refused to accept the resignation.

The Santanderists were beaten and Bolívar retained power, going on to summon a grand convention that would put an end to all the differences by dealing with the question of constitutional reform. Always respectful of the nation's sovereignty, he recommended that the government's agents should put forward men of probity and patriotism for election, and then allow all to choose freely. At this, the officials did nothing, while a legion of Santanderists went to the towns and villages, denouncing the tyrant, the usurper, the enemy of the country. As usual, the deluded people followed the most active and daring party, and at the convention voted for a strong majority of Santanderists. The assembly met at Ocaña on April 9, 1828. Still campaigning against the insurgents, Bolívar sent the deputies a stirring message on the need to strengthen the executive power. Listing the reforms he regarded as indispensable, he concluded: "The country

calls for a just and strong government. The fifty thousand men who died for its deliverance are imploring you, from their tombs and from the ruins where they fell, that their blood shall not have been shed in vain. As for me, having dedicated myself to the cult of the fatherland and liberty, I urge you most solemnly to constitute a power that will be able to make the law observed, authority respected, and the people free. Do not forget that the vigor of public power is the safeguard of individual weakness, enabling the good to hope and causing the wicked to fear.”

The Assembly listened to this message in profound silence; but soon the Santanderists vomited a flood of insults against the dictator, loudly demanding his dismissal. In fact, Santander had affirmed that he would sooner become a subject of the Grand Turk than obey Bolívar. Faced with such bias, the minority refused to attend the sessions, which resulted in the Assembly’s dissolution for lack of a quorum. In vain did the Santanderists quote their favorite, Bentham: “The majority cannot be resisted in any issue, even if it legislates against religion and natural law, even if it were to command children to kill their fathers”⁷—people left them alone to pay for their extravagances, and went off to consider how the country was to be saved.

The situation was becoming very serious. The liberals were talking of exiling Bolívar, or even strangling him. In a similar extremity Colonel Herran, departmental chief, summoned a popular junta, as he said, “to save the Republic, which has been insulted by Peru, threatened by Spain, and betrayed by an Assembly that denied the *Libertador* the powers necessary to fulfil his mission.” The people immediately decreed the fall of the Congress and the temporary dictatorship of the President. The council of state, the civil and

⁷ *Traité de legislation*, vol.1, p.298.

military authorities rallied to the junta, and Bolívar entered his capital once more, surrounded by a populace drunk with joy. He consented to assume power until January 2, 1830, the date fixed for the convocation of a new congress.

The Revolution, however, never lays down its arms. Those it cannot vanquish, it assassinates. One month after they had been stopped in their tracks, a band of insurgents and mutineers stormed the presidential palace, towards midnight on September 25, 1828, hurling insults against the tyrant. They had already forced the door and, dagger in hand, were closing in on Bolívar's room, when he, awakened by the noise, escaped by a secret exit. Having failed in their attempt, the assassins were seized by the guards and thrown into prison. Those chiefly responsible were shot, and Santander himself, convicted of having a hand in the assassination attempt, was condemned to exile.

Now Bolívar understood what revolutionary tyranny was; he understood the sorry plight of a people delivered up, defenseless, to exploiters, whether ambitious or scoundrels. Consulting only justice and the interests of his country, he issued these two decrees: "Considering 1. that the impunity granted to criminals and the perverse would quickly lead to the State's dissolution, I am taking into my hands the dictatorial authority entrusted to me by the people. Considering 2. that the principal aim of the secret societies is to plan political revolutions, and that the air of mystery they assume adequately shows their noxious character, I order the dissolution of these societies and the closure of the Lodges." To re-establish the intimate union between Church and State, a union he had once called "the Ark of the Covenant," he strongly exhorted the clergy ceaselessly to preach Christian morality, concord and peace. "It is because people have forsaken true principles," he said, "that the spirit of vertigo has taken possession of the country. To neutralize the criminal doctrines with which the people have become imbued, the

pastors must preach to everyone the virtues of obedience and respect." Finally, convinced that university education was poisoning the nation's youth, he ordered a complete reform of it, expelled dangerous authors from the schools and introduced a more profound study of religion, "in order to give young people weapons with which to defend themselves against the attacks of godlessness and to control their own passions."

Bolívar had reason on his side, but not logic. The man of 1789 had spent too much time caressing, exalting, divinizing the Revolution: it would not allow itself to be muzzled now by him. The Mad Woman uttered the most furious screams; by her efforts the Colombian edifice was cracking apart everywhere, and Peru was even threatening to invade. In vain did Bolívar redouble his efforts to repair the breaches, in person pacifying rebellious Cauca and triumphing over Peru by his generals, Sucre and Flores: the solemn date, January 2, 1830, would bring him face to face with the sovereign people.

For a whole year his enemies had used the most ignoble methods to discredit him in the eyes of the electorate. Since they had heard it said that the dictatorship was but the threshold of the throne, people imagined that if they voted for Bolívar's supporters, they would be voting for the re-establishment of the monarchy; thus the Santanderists won right down the line. Disgusted by such ingratitude, broken by fatigue and sickness, Bolívar succumbed under the weight of discouragement and sorrow. No longer able to see any legal way to resist his country's oppressors, he let people say and do whatever they wanted. To a friend who suggested that he should draw up a plan for a constitution, he replied that he had already fabricated too many constitutions and that he would leave the Congress to its own inspiration. In a proclamation to the people he announced that they would all remain perfectly free to express their ideas

regarding the form and personnel of the future government; as for him, his decision to return to private life was irrevocable. For a moment his council of state, with the agreement of foreign diplomats, considered offering him a crown, to wrest a hapless Colombia from the ambitious men who were avid to share out the country among them; but he threatened to abandon his post immediately if this idea were not scotched.

On January 15, 1830, the Congress was installed, and Bolívar immediately sent in his resignation in terms that left no doubt about his intentions. Having deplored the instability of the institutions and the resulting anarchy, he declared that his political work was at an end forever. "Let my final act," he added, "be to urge the Congress always to protect our holy religion, which is the abundant source of heaven's blessings, and to restore to public education—which has been turned into the canker of Colombia—religion's sacred and inalienable rights." Then, in a remark that summed up the history of the last twenty years, he drew up the somber and fatal balance of revolutionary tyranny: "Fellow citizens—I blush to have to say this—we have won independence, but at the price of everything else." He refused to listen to the pleas of the Congress, which begged him to remain in power until after the vote on the constitution and the election of the new authorities, and told the people he was retiring for good. "I have served for twenty years," he said, "as a soldier and magistrate. During this long period we have won back our country, liberated three republics and stopped many civil wars; four times I have handed back to the people, in the person of the constituent congresses, the supreme power with which I have been entrusted. Today I fear that I am an obstacle to your happiness, and for the last time I am divesting myself of the magistracy I hold through your benevolence. I have found myself the target of the most unworthy suspicions, without

being able to defend myself. Men who dream of wielding the supreme power themselves have had the gall to attribute to me thoughts of a crown: they have offered it to me more than once, and I have always refused it with the indignation of a true republican. I swear to you that my soul has never been sullied with the ambition of a throne. Colombians! Do not listen to the infamous lies of my detractors! In the name of Colombia I adjure you to hear my last wish: stay united, and do not become your country's assassins."

On the 8th of May Bolívar left for Cartagena, intending to go to Europe. From the coast where he was staying to restore his undermined health, he watched the edifice he had built crumble. Venezuela organized itself as an independent republic under the Presidency of General Páez. In turn the three provinces of Ecuador, namely, Quito, Cuenca and Guayaquil, broke the link with Colombia and declared themselves autonomous, under the command of General Flores. Less happy than Alexander, Bolívar was left alive to witness the dismemberment of his great republic, while his officers, jealous of each other, fought over the ruins. Soon he learned that Marshal Sucre, his best friend and the victor of Ayacucho, had perished in the dreary passes of the Cauca, assassinated by his cowardly rivals. Moved in the very depths of his soul, the *Libertador* cried: "The blood they have shed is the blood of Abel!" Furthermore, these descendants of Cain committed no less revolting infamies in Bogota. Students amused themselves by firing at Bolívar's portrait; liberal soldiers insulted his friends, calling them "servile." The disorder grew to such proportions that General Urdaneta, who had made himself master of the city by force of arms, instituted a provisional government, whose first act was to send a commission to Bolívar, entreating him to resume control. He replied: "A barrier of bronze stands between me and the power: legality. I cannot arrogate to myself a power that is invested in another." His

friends insisted, in the name of their country, in mortal danger; but his reply was: "The country cannot now be saved. I am convinced of this, and it makes me despair. All is lost, lost forever. What can a man do against a whole world? In any case, I no longer have a country: the tyrants have hounded me from it!"

They had not only hounded him, they had killed him. A few months of this moral agony sufficed to bring him to the gates of the tomb. On December 8th, in the city of Santamarta, whither his friends had brought him to recover his strength prior to his sea voyage, he felt himself getting weaker. Notified by the bishop that death was approaching, he received the last sacraments in the most edifying manner, then dictated his last farewell to the Colombian people: "You have been witnesses of my efforts to implant liberty where tyranny once reigned. I sought neither rest nor fortune, and I laid down the power as soon as I believed I no longer enjoyed your confidence. My enemies have abused your credulity to destroy my reputation and my liberalism, two things that are dearer to me than life itself. A victim of my persecutors, I pardon them before embracing death. And now, at the moment when I must leave this world, I send you my last wishes for the glory and consolation of our dear Colombia. Work, I adjure you all, for the restoration of the Union; citizens, by obeying the government; ministers of God, by raising your prayers to heaven; soldiers, by using your swords to defend society. Colombians, my last thought is for our country. If my death can contribute to make you more united, I shall go down into the tomb willingly."

On December 17, 1830, he breathed his last. Aged a mere 47 years, what great services Bolívar could have rendered his country, had he not been encompassed by the wretched men who poisoned his life and hastened his death! But after all, he was a child of the Revolution and would be devoured by it, as is the fate of all her children.

VI

A LIBERATOR

Despite his glorious title of *Libertador*, therefore, Bolívar was not a real liberator of nations. While he ejected from America the tyrants who had oppressed it in the name of a royal omnipotence, it was only to hand it over to a horde of lesser tyrants who crushed it in the name of the sovereign people. He may have given it independence, but this was “at the price of everything else”—as he himself admitted at the end of his career. If America were to be saved, it would require a different Bolívar, strong enough to deal with the revolutionaries and Christian enough to replace the people’s sovereignty with the sovereignty of Christ, and the rights of man with the rights of God. Is it possible, however, nowadays, to dethrone the sovereign people and place society once again on its divine foundation? Bolívar thought it was not. Seeing the elements of discord that were boiling in the cauldron, the men who were fanning the flames, the fuel at their disposal, and his own inability to react in favor of order and religion, he prophesied that the republics born of Colombia’s dismemberment would themselves end, like Colombia, in a horrible cataclysm. “America is ungovernable” he said some days before his death; “working with them is like ploughing the sea. There is only one thing for an American to do: emigrate. These countries will fall under the blows of an unbridled populace, eventually to pass into the hands of hidden vermin who will devour them without pity and without shame. If one part of the globe could fall back into primitive chaos, it would be this: the final phase of the American revolutions. All is lost, lost forever: what can a man do against a whole world?”

In fact, the entire American continent, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the plains of La Plata to the forests of

Northern Canada, exalted the Revolution. Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Argentine Republic, erected as independent states, had adopted the broad lines of the famous constitution of Cucuta, based on the sovereignty of the people and the Church's subordination to the State. As for Brazil, with its parliamentary monarchy, all too often under the sway of a Freemasonic majority, and, beyond the Antilles, the great federation of the United States with its charter of the rights of man and the rights of the citizen, they were in perfect accord with the sister republics of the Pacific. Woe betide anyone on the continent of Columbus who dared impugn the sovereign people, the great idol of the two Americas, or who dared to say that the Church is above the State and the law of the Gospel above the decrees of parliament!

The old world, more infatuated than the new with the conquests of 1789, held out its hand to the revolutionaries from across the sea. Under the barbarous names of secularization and laicization—euphemisms that mean repudiation—have not all the European peoples, like the Americans, broken the ties that united them to Jesus Christ and His Church? There are still princes who are Christian in their private conduct; but you will not find one who, as a legislator and head of state, accepts the Church's direction. God in three Persons has been replaced by this divinity with seven or eight hundred heads, called a "parliament"; Sinai is less to be respected than the tribune of deputies, and the eternal Decalogue has been abrogated and its place taken by the Bulletin of Laws. The whole of Europe is in this situation, monarchies as well as republics, in London as in Paris, in Rome as in Madrid. If certain emperors refuse to abdicate in face of the sovereign people, it is not because they attribute precedence to the Church's sovereignty, but to their own omnipotence. In any case, democracy knows how to make them all bow at its feet, living or dead.

“Parliamentarism or annihilation, the constitution or dynamite: Choose, Your Majesty!”

If a man were bold enough to attempt to restore a nation to its condition of normality, that is, to set it on its knees before God, he would find himself confronted, not with “a world,” as Bolívar says, but *two worlds*. Parties of different opinions would join forces into a consolidated army to rescue the sacrosanct principle of the sovereignty of the people, the palladium of modern societies. Liberals and radicals war against each other, no doubt, over the question who will govern the state, but they agree wondrously when it comes to proclaiming the state’s absolute supremacy and its divorce from the Church. The only difference between these brothers and friends is that the radicals, for love of the state, want to kill the Church and shake off its claims forever, whereas the liberals are agreed to let her live, so long as they can throw her in prison whenever she seeks to assert the divine laws in opposition to the edicts of the sovereign people. There is more, however: these rationalistic principles have so penetrated public opinion that one can see a good number of Catholics rallying to this standard; they are Christians and the Church is their mother, so they consent to obey her; but, as citizens, they regard her as something foreign whose supremacy they cannot accept. They want the Catholic Church to be free, like Protestantism, Judaism and Mohammedanism; but they want the State to be free too, and absolutely independent. Political men see this modern right as constituting a signal progress in civilization, so much so that those who work to restore the ancient right are now regarded as reactionaries and retrogrades.

How then can one hope to reverse the revolutionary current in a world that is besotted with 1789? The solution to this problem, of which Bolívar despaired, appears even more difficult if one considers the inanity of the efforts

made, in the last hundred years, to tear the blindfold from the eyes of princes and peoples. The premier authority in this world, the Church, has unfailingly exercised all her power to oppose the Revolution's encroachments. Each successive pontiff has anathematized this great heresy, which is no less antisocial than anti-Christian. Pius VI, in 1791, castigated "the spurious rights of man, the notion of absolute liberty, the right to profess any religious opinion whatsoever, the power to think, write and even publish as one wishes in religious matters." Pius VII reproached Napoleon for breaking the union of Church and State by submitting the Church to the slavery of the Organic Articles. In 1814, at the dawn of the Restoration, he expressed his disapproval of a draft constitution which, instead of recognizing the Church's exclusive rights to the protection of the law, recognized the authority of conscience, promising support and protection for the ministers of the so-called *cults*, *i.e.*, putting the Immaculate Spouse of Christ⁸ on the same level as the heretical sects and the Jewish unbelievers. As Leo XII exclaimed: "Princes and powers are established by God to defend the faith, protect the Church, and assure, by all suitable means, submission to the Apostolic Constitutions." In a memorable encyclical, Gregory XVI solemnly condemns indifferentism in religious matters and is not afraid to use the term *delirium* for "this false and pernicious maxim that everyone's freedom of conscience and absolute freedom of opinion should be permitted and guaranteed."⁹ Finally, in our own day, Pius IX and Leo XIII pursued the liberal error in its remotest ramifications. The *Syllabus* blasted this accursed naturalism that claims to govern human society while treating religion as if it no longer existed—or at least

⁸ Letter of Pius VII to Mgr de Boulogne, April 29, 1814.

⁹ Encyclical *Mirari vos*, August 15, 1832.

making no difference between the true religion and false religions. "Today, as in centuries past," we read in this famous document, "it is expedient to declare the Catholic religion to be the religion of the state, to the exclusion of the other cults. Granting civil liberty to all cults and giving each of them the power to exhibit their ideas and opinions in public is something that corrupts morals, perverts the mind and propagates the scourge of indifferentism. Furthermore, the Roman Pontiff cannot, and should not reconcile himself with or come to terms with progress, liberalism and modern civilization,"¹⁰ that is, with the principles of the Revolution. Resuming the decisions of his predecessors,¹¹ the doctor of the 19th century, Leo XIII, exhibits their harmony and causes them to shine forth in his magisterial encyclical *On the Christian Constitution of States*, where, with one voice, philosophy, canon law and history preach the necessity—if we are to avert dreadful catastrophes—of re-establishing the union between the priesthood and the empire, a union that created Europe.

This, then, is the state liberalism reproved by the popes as something that encroaches upon the rights of Jesus Christ and His Church. Did the Revolution retreat in the face of the pontifical anathemas? No. Advanced liberals rejected the Christian law in the name of their naturalist thesis, and the moderates declared it inapplicable, given their hypothesis of the religious and political divisions amid which the modern world must operate. Doubtless one finds Catholics who are not minded to lament the passing of the Christian constitution of states; and there are still politicians who, while they distinguish facts from what is right, bend all their efforts towards the restoration of true social principles; but

¹⁰ Cf. the final articles of the *Syllabus*.

¹¹ On this subject read the Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, 1 November 1883.

when they come face to face with these ghosts of a former age, what a rage it provokes, and how strikingly the parties suddenly understand one another! Soon these champions of rights will find themselves responsible for the ills that devastate the Church and the world.

I shall perhaps astonish my readers by stating that the revolutionary instinct has won the victory in the governing classes, not only over the Catholic spirit that the pontiffs in vain attempt to stir up, but even over the natural instinct of self-preservation. Good prophets as always, the popes depicted the Revolution as the abyss whence, in frightful convulsions, impure lava spews forth, obscuring the sun. There were such convulsions in 1789 and 1793, in 1800 and 1815, in 1830 and 1848, in 1852 and 1870; there were internal rents, pillages, burning, the Paris Commune; there were military catastrophes such as Waterloo and Sedan. France was cavorting about like a disheveled bacchante, or perhaps more like the lunatic in the Gospel. She too fell victim to the disease latent in her since childhood, that is, since the origin of revolutionary principles. She is aware of it, she sees her exhausted state, and from time to time she utters a cry, as if to call the man who could save her from her own fury; then, once the crisis is past, she stupefies herself once more by emitting frenetic hurrahs in honor of progress and liberty. Two facts, equally strange, show to what point princes and peoples have submitted to the fascination of the revolutionary serpent.

In 1852, a finger's breadth away from her ruination, an infatuated France threw herself into the arms of Napoleon III. Acclaimed by eight million voters, Napoleon could do anything he wanted because he dared to restore the Empire. However, he stepped back from a Christian restoration of society; he did not feel he had the strength to struggle against the University, the secret societies and a public opinion that had been worked on by these two formidable

forces. The famous Bishop of Poitiers endeavored to encourage him: "Neither the Restoration, nor you," he told him one day, "have done for God what should have been done, because neither has reinstated the throne, neither has renounced the principles of the Revolution, and because the social gospel that inspires the State is the same Declaration of the Rights of Man that is nothing other than a denial of the rights of God. Our constitution is not that of a Christian and Catholic state. Our public law does state, indeed, that the Catholic religion is the religion of most Frenchmen, but it adds that the other forms of worship have the right to equal protection. Does not this amount to saying that the constitution protects truth and error equally?"

The Emperor replied with the argument of the weak: "Do you think that the times in which we live will allow such a state of affairs? Do you think that the moment has come to establish the exclusively religious reign you are asking for? Would not such a course of action unleash evil passions?"

The bishop had other ideas, and one day he would write them down: "I shall never accept that France must adopt, absolutely and definitively, the so-called *hypothesis* that is implacably opposed to the Christian *thesis*. I have too high a regard for my country to believe her irremediably fixed in error. France will not be forever apostate. One can only speak thus of a dying man or an incorrigible criminal." Not wanting to get further entangled in controversy, however, the bishop contented himself with the following prophetic reply: "Sire, the moment has not come for Jesus Christ to reign; it follows that neither has the moment come for governments to endure."

The second fact is even more characteristic. In 1870 the Revolution threw out the man who had trembled in its presence: Napoleon shared the fate of Bolívar, and France fell into the terrible anarchy known as the Commune. On the

point of expiring she looked around for a savior. For half a century, at moments of great peril, the noble descendant of the kings of France, exiled by the Revolution, had extended his hand across the frontier. Now, again, he offered to take the reins, but as the “most Christian king,” the worthy son of St. Louis. “The future belongs to men of faith,” he wrote, “provided they dare to tell the triumphant Revolution what it really is in its essence and its spirit, and what the Counter-revolution must be in its work of reparation and bringing peace. I want to save France, but God must enter France as her master if I am to reign there as king.” France’s representatives, however, preferred a bourgeois revolutionary. When Thiers had brought his country to the edge of the abyss, the King once more cried out: “Open to me, I am the savior!”—“Abdicate your ancient rights,” people urged him from all sides, “and take up the standard of 1789!”—“Never!” he replied. “I will never be the Revolution’s legitimate king!”—“Stay in exile then!” And France preferred to fall back into primitive chaos rather than be governed by a St. Louis.

What conclusion seems to follow inescapably from this condition of people’s minds? Is it not the same conclusion that Bolívar drew, *i.e.*, peoples must perish because there is no man in the world strong enough to wrest them from the Revolution’s claws? I am writing this book to protest against such a conclusion, that is so desperate and yet apparently so logical. No! The Revolution has not totally subjugated and debased the nations; a Christian Hercules could yet wrench them from its yoke and present them to Jesus Christ and His Church. It was precisely for the purpose of reviving our wilting courage that, in the second half of the 19th century, God raised up the political phenomenon known as García Moreno.

Ten years ago the newspapers reported the death of a strange personage. He was president of the Republic of

Ecuador, one of the revolutionary states that were born, as we have seen, from the dismemberment of Colombia. Only thirty years after Bolívar, showing no respect for immortal principles, this man had, by force, swept away the wretches who were growing fat at the expense of the sovereign people, installed in his country a government that was as Catholic as that of St. Louis, and extricated the nation from the chaos in which it was about to expire. In 1862, despite the liberals and the insurgents, he signed a concordat that restored the Church's entire liberty, and in 1867 a constitution destined to make his people, surrounded by godless nations, the true people of Christ. In 1870 he dared to be the only voice of protest against the invasion of the Papal States at a time when, according to the official findings of the usurping power, kings were making themselves the accomplices of the Italian brigandage. In 1873 he even obtained a national subsidy from Congress for the benefit of the captive and destitute pontiff. At the same time he consecrated the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and ordered a stone commemorating this great event to be placed in all the cathedrals at the State's expense. In the space of ten years, in a poor and ruined country, he found a way of bringing about wonders, in the material and intellectual realm, beyond the scope of the most vivid imagination. Of course, the democrats he had removed from government and even the theoreticians of the "free Church in a free State" raged against him; but his rod of iron crushed them each time they opened their talons to seize their prey. At last, when the grateful people had just conferred on their benefactor the supreme magistracy for a third time, his death was decreed in the Masonic lodges. He learned of it, and wrote these sublime words to the pope: "May I be judged worthy to shed my blood for the cause of the Church and of society!"

God did indeed judge him worthy. On August 6, 1875, he fell under the Revolution's dagger. His last word was the

cry of a martyr: "*Dios no muere*, God does not die!" In Ecuador, days of mourning and despair followed the hideous assassination. The ever-memorable name of García Moreno resounded in Europe too, as in America. Pius IX erected a statue to the new Charlemagne in the Rome whose rights he had so nobly defended, and Ecuador's Congress addressed this solemn homage to him:

"Considering that the most excellent lord, Don Gabriel García Moreno, by his powerful intellect and lofty virtues, has merited to occupy the first place among all the children of Ecuador;

—that he dedicated his life and his genius to the regeneration and greatness of the Republic, basing the political institutions on the solid foundation of Catholic principle;

—that, with the magnanimity found in truly great men, he fearlessly faced defamation, calumny and impious sarcasm, thus giving the world a unique example of unshakeable fortitude in the accomplishment of duty;

—that he so loved religion and his country as to suffer martyrdom for them, bequeathing to posterity a radiant memory of the immortal halo which heaven bestows on heroic virtue;

—that he heaped immense and imperishable benefits upon the nation in the material, intellectual, moral and religious orders;

—and that, finally, the nation owes a debt of gratitude, honor and glory to those citizens who thus, under the inspiration of the purest patriotism, ennobled and served it;

—Ecuador, through the voice of its legislators, accords to García Moreno the title of *Regenerator of the fatherland* and *Martyr for civilization*. In order to commend this noble hero to the love and respect of posterity, a marble statue will be erected to him, bearing this inscription: *To the most excellent García Moreno, the greatest of Ecuador's*

children, who died for religion and country: from a grateful Republic."¹²

So we see that it *is* possible to vanquish the Revolution and wrest nations from its mortal embrace: García Moreno, in the same anarchist America that caused Bolívar to despair, held the Revolution at his feet, trembling, for fifteen years. But if he is to free the nations from the poisoned robe imposed on it by the Deianeira of 1789, Hercules—that is to say, Bolívar—must not wear the same devouring garment; otherwise he will die like his people in the convulsions of a frightful agony. What is needed is a Christian Hercules, a García Moreno, endued with the armor of Christ, that is, the social truths of which the Church alone is the keeper. The true, the only Liberator is Jesus Christ, because He is the truth, and the truth alone can deliver the nations. *Veritas liberabit vos.*

Alone among all the heads of state, in the wake of the original sin of 1789 and the collapse of societies it brought about, García Moreno restored Christian government and merited the glorious name of *Regenerator of the fatherland*; alone, among propped-up kings, decrepit princes, vile flatterers of a vile populace, despite calumniators and assassins, *he gave the world a unique example of unshakeable fortitude in the accomplishment of duty*; alone, surrounded by tyrants and anarchists who fought over the nations only to empty their purses, their minds and their hearts, he *heaped immense and imperishable benefits upon the nation in the material, intellectual, moral and religious orders*; alone, finally, a heroic martyr for Catholic civilization, he gave his blood for the noble cause he had defended. Thus he stands before us as the great political man of the 19th century, the type, so rarely seen, of the savior of nations.

¹² Decree of Congress, September 16, 1875.

This is why we felt that García Moreno should not pass from among his contemporaries like a meteor, leaving no trace behind him. To fail to throw light on such a personality would be to rob God of the glory of His works, and to rob the man of God of the immortality to which he is entitled, even on earth. Moreover, it would be to deprive humanity of great assistance, for the story of García Moreno gives the world a providential lesson—perhaps the last before the cataclysm that the entire world foresees and which he alone endeavored to forestall. May the God who “does not die” make fruitful the blood of the noble martyr, raising up other regenerators upon his tomb, men intelligent enough to understand him and courageous enough to imitate him!

Now that the reader is equipped with sufficient grasp of the matter, so that he will be no longer astonished at the singular, and sometimes apparently fanciful events that will pass before his eyes, we may begin our account. Most of the facts entrusted to these pages have been reported to us in the most painstaking detail by eyewitnesses, members of the clergy, higher state officials, members of the parliament and the army, political friends and enemies of García Moreno. The view taken of our hero's actions varied according to the opinions of the individuals concerned, but their narratives were in perfect agreement. Furthermore, in order to check their testimonies, we consulted all the documents that are of value to historians. First and foremost of these I consider to be García Moreno's polemical writings, his letters, and particularly his messages to the chambers. The latter alone would suffice to compose a magnificent summary of his political life. Despite regrettable lacunae, the official diary, the periodical literature and the pamphlets published at the instigation of different parties have given us a vivid, almost day-by-day picture of the facts and acts of the persons we shall bring before the reader. We can be confident that our information is both plentiful and reliable.

Nonetheless, in spite of the care we have taken to avoid all inexactitude, it is possible that, in writing about a country so different from ours in its way of life, its customs and its legislation, as well as in its physical aspect, certain errors may have crept into our work. In this connection we crave the indulgence of our readers, in particular those who are Americans. As for our appreciation of García Moreno, it is dependent on our religious and political convictions; those of our readers who are influenced by different ideas will give different judgments. For our part, we refer our work to Holy Church, the sole infallible judge. Like our hero, we would prefer to die than uphold an opinion not merely contrary to, but even lacking entire conformity with her divine teachings.

FIRST PART

THE CHAMPION OF THE RIGHT

1821-1856

CHAPTER I
HIS EARLY YEARS

1821-1836

GARCÍA MORENO was born at Guayaquil on the 24th of December, 1821, some days before the capture of Quito by the Republican troops. He received in Baptism the name of Gabriel, which was that of his father.

He belonged to an old family, as distinguished for its nobility as for its merits. His father, Don Gabriel García Gómez, a native of Villaverde, in Old Castile, had distinguished himself by a brilliant course of studies at Cádiz, and had then been employed in the office of one of his uncles,¹ when he took it into his head to expatriate himself and seek his fortune in America. Towards the end of the year 1793, he embarked onboard the frigate *Our Lady of the Snow* with a valuable cargo, of which he was the proprietor, and came and established himself at Guayaquil, where he married the Doña Mercedes Moreno.

Doña Mercedes was the daughter of Don Manuel Ignacio Moreno, Knight of the Order of Charles III, and perpetual Director of the Chapter of Guayaquil. She had two brothers, illustrious in Church and State: Don José Ignacio Moreno, Archdeacon of Lima, the author of a much esteemed work entitled *Peruvian Letters*, and also a clever essay on the *Supremacy of the Pope*; and Don Miguel Ignacio Moreno, promoted by the King of Spain to be Judge of the Supreme Court of Guatemala. This last was the father of Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Toledo.

The newly-married couple were worthy of their ancestors from their rare and eminent personal qualities, and

¹ Don Martínez de Aparicio, formerly Secretary of Charles III.

especially for their invincible devotion to the Catholic Church. García Gómez was a man full of faith, a devoted servant of the Church, and one who professed a sovereign contempt for those false Liberals whose object was not only to free themselves from Spain, their mother country, but from the religious habits and customs which she had implanted in her colonies. Of a gentle and amiable character, he yet, on certain occasions, showed a courage and intrepidity which excited universal admiration. During a revolution, when all the neighboring houses were being riddled with ball, he showed himself on the balcony of his palace, and by his imperturbable calm quelled the passions of the populace.

His wife, Doña Mercedes, was equally remarkable for her superior abilities, her solid piety, the dignity of her character, and, we should almost say, the austerity of her life. God rewarded their virtues by a noble set of children, who all gave them the greatest comfort and consolation, and the youngest of whom will be their eternal glory.

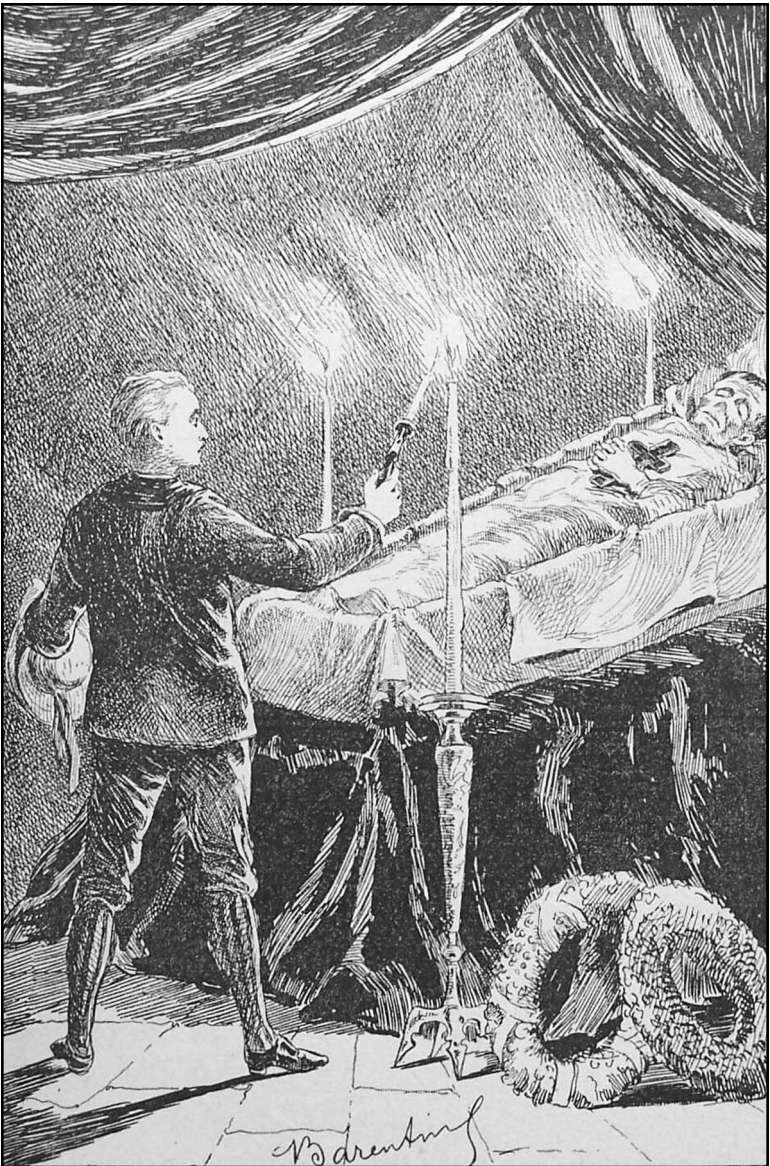
The eldest devoted himself early to the priesthood. The second, though a layman, studied deeply Catholic liturgies and Catholic questions. The third, Don Pedro Pablo Moreno, one of the great proprietors of Ecuador, helped his youngest brother to realize his great enterprises, when he had become President of the Republic. Later on, when a witness of the ingratitude of his fellowcitizens, he often said to him: "Leave this country for another—no matter where; and draw as much as you will from my purse." But Don Gabriel invariably replied: "God did not send me into the world to do good anywhere, but in Ecuador!"

The fourth son was Miguel García Moreno, whom the President proposed, later on, as Administrator of the salt works of the State. He was a man of great ability and integrity, and instead of having a perpetual deficit in his accounts, according to the habit of his predecessors, he

brought about an extraordinary surplus, which increased yearly. Don Gabriel had also three sisters, Rosario, Mercedes, and Carmen. All three were the joy and honor of their family, and each left this world after having edified it by a holy and irrefragable life.

Gabriel García Moreno was the last of this remarkable family, from the bosom of which he drew those feelings of lively faith, chivalrous honor, and especially that noble passion for duty, which characterized his whole life. To prepare him for the exceptional career to which he was destined, God trained him also in the hard school of adversity. In consequence of the incessant revolutions which convulsed South America, Don García Gómez suffered a terrible reverse of fortune. From having been a very rich man he fell into positive poverty, and his great regret was for his little Gabriel. The elder ones had been educated and launched in their different careers; but what would happen to the youngest? His mother determined to undertake his education herself and to train him in habits of piety, regularity, and love of duty, without allowing any complaints as to their change of position. The boy responded eagerly to her tender care, and was assiduous at his lessons, so much so that he injured his health, which added to her maternal anxieties. His love for her knew no bounds; and later in life, speaking of Guayaquil (a city famous for revolutions), he exclaimed, laughingly: "I know of only two good things in it—my mother...and bananas!"² While being thus disci-

² Strange to say, the boy who, hereafter, was to amaze the world by his courage, was timid and fearful, by nature, to the last degree. His father, to cure him, shut him out one day alone on a balcony in the midst of a furious storm: and on another occasion sent him to light his candle by the tapers, which burnt near a dead body, the child having the greatest horror of death. This severe method, however, was completely successful.



“His father, to cure him, shut him out one day alone on a balcony in the midst of a furious storm: and on another occasion sent him to light his candle by the tapers, which burnt near a dead body...”

plined in the school of poverty, the troubles of his native town initiated him, early in life, to the tumultuous scenes in which he was later to take so conspicuous a part. Before he was nine years old, Gabriel had passed through five successive nationalities. The miseries entailed by these continual changes, the fruit of successive bombardments, revolutions, and street fights, familiarized the child with scenes of danger and added, to his acquired courage, that stoical calmness which he showed amidst the gravest perils.

A fresh sorrow soon added to the desolation of both mother and child. García Gómez died suddenly at the very moment when his exertions were the most needed for the support of his family. Gabriel had just begun to attend college and to study languages; but the death of his father made this expense impossible. Doña Mercedes, in this supreme misfortune, redoubled her prayers and tears, and God helped her in an unexpected manner.

Not far from her house was an old monastery of Our Lady of Mercy. One of the monks, Fr. Betancourt, seeing their sorrow, offered to be Gabriel's instructor. Gabriel, wild with joy, devoted himself to his studies, and in ten months had thoroughly mastered Latin and all elementary knowledge. Fr. Betancourt was amazed at the extraordinary intelligence and penetration of the boy, at his prodigious memory, and his passionate love of work. But when he was sixteen a fresh difficulty arose. Fr. Betancourt had taught him all he knew, and there was no college in Guayaquil for higher studies. The only thing to do was to send him to Quito, to follow the University course there; but how to find the means was the question. Fr. Betancourt again triumphed over this apparently insurmountable difficulty. He had a sister living in Quito, who though anything but rich, had the warmest and most charitable heart. She heard of her brother's anxiety and gladly offered to give Gabriel a home at her house, from whence he could follow the University

course without risk or difficulty, while she would defray all the expenses of his board and lodging. This offer was gratefully accepted by Doña Mercedes, and in the month of September, 1836, the young Gabriel started for Quito. We pass over the sorrow of his mother, to whom he had been the one joy and consolation of her widowhood. However, she had determined to sacrifice her own feelings for the welfare of her boy, and Gabriel started full of hope and courage along that lovely road, by the beautiful river Guayas and under the shadow of those glorious snowy mountains which he had only seen from a distance, and amidst which he was henceforth to live. And so he arrived at Quito, where he was received with open arms by the good Señora Josefa, who was delighted to act as a mother to this charming boy, of whom she had heard such glowing accounts from her brother.

CHAPTER II

HIS LIFE AS A STUDENT

1836-1840

BEFORE undertaking his studies of philosophy, it was decided that Gabriel should complete his humanities by following the superior course of grammar under Dr. Bonaventura Proaño. This able master did not fail to appreciate his new scholar, whose ardor in study and firmness of character made him utterly unlike his companions both in the class and out of it. He very soon confided to him the superintendence of the *tránsitos* as the study-galleries were called, and the idle and incorrigible among the students soon found that they could not escape his vigilant eye. He acquired in a few weeks such an immense authority over them, that any infraction of the rules was prevented and all attempts at insubordination instantly quelled. On one occasion a poor French tailor and his daughter, who had been recently attached to the establishment, came into the gallery and were instantly the objects of the ridicule of the whole class. In vain, Gabriel endeavored to stop them. Indignant at this ungenerous and uncharitable behavior, he denounced the boys to the authorities without a moment's hesitation, and a severe flogging of the most guilty was the result, a fact long remembered in the annals of the University. He gave proof also in this capacity of his extraordinary memory. Every morning and evening he had to call over the roll of the students in alphabetical order, and this he did with more than three hundred of them without looking at his register or ever making a mistake. He remembered in the same way the number of good or bad marks that each had obtained, so that it was impossible to find him at fault.

Thus passed his first year at the University, during which time he acquired the esteem and respect of his masters, and

the friendship of his companions, in spite of what would appear his inflexible rigidity. Soon he became intimately associated with the best and noblest amongst them, whose families were of the highest rank in the capital. All had known and loved his parents, and his change of position made no difference in their appreciation of him, every mother being anxious to secure such a friend and companion for her sons.

On September 1, 1837, Don Gabriel entered the College of San Fernando, for the study of philosophy, mathematics, and natural sciences, which course was to last for three years. The University of Quito, which had been founded by the Spaniards, had formerly the highest reputation in South America. But when emancipated from Spain, its religious tone was entirely changed. Except in the matter of theology, which still remained under the direction of the Church, all the other faculties had been confided to men imbued with ideas of secularization or "laicization." Fortunately, even these masters were better than their Superiors, and the Christian feelings of the scholars reacted against these vicious influences. García Moreno escaped the danger completely, thanks to the preoccupation of his mind at this moment of his life.

In consequence of the extraordinary superiority he had shown since his entrance into the University, the Government had placed a free Burse at his disposal, on condition that he should continue the professorship of grammar, while still following the course of philosophy. People asked themselves how he could find time for this extra work, and yet manage to eclipse all his companions in the different branches of learning. What struck everyone most though, was his extraordinary piety. He assisted at every religious exercise, went to weekly Communion, and was always keenly interested in everything that could contribute to the glory of God, and the good of the Church.

At that time, he fancied that God called him to the ecclesiastical state, and opened his heart on the subject to the Bishop-elect of Guayaquil, Mgr. Garaícoa, who had come to Quito for his consecration. The Bishop, who knew his family and his antecedents, warmly encouraged the idea, and even urged him to enter the clerical state at once. In consequence, a few days after the Bishop's consecration, Don Gabriel received the tonsure and minor Orders at his hands. From that moment his great pride was to wear the distinctive clerical collar, and he even secretly bought himself a cassock, which he kept in his room to remind himself continually of the excellence and obligations of the ecclesiastical state. Of course, his companions joked with him about his tonsure, but only in a good-humored way, which he was the first to share in. No one ever went further with Don Gabriel without having cause to repent of it.

This act crowned his first year of philosophy, which had been marked by the most triumphant success. Already his pious mother congratulated him on his determination; his eldest brother, who was then Rector of Monte Christi, in the Diocese of Guayaquil, offered to pay all the expenses of his ecclesiastical education, when an all-absorbing passion for science took the place of his ecclesiastical preoccupations, and captivated his whole soul. Gifted with an extraordinary penetration, with a power of reasoning which was as vigorous as it was logical, with a memory so tenacious that nothing was forgotten, and an imagination so brilliant that his very soul seemed to be on fire, he possessed an assemblage of gifts and qualities which Providence awards to only a few exceptional natures. The result was, that he was determined to learn everything: literature, history, philosophy, the exact and natural sciences, besides eloquence, foreign languages, and poetry. We shall understand all the better from

this extraordinary determination in one so young, how, later on, he could be at the same time a wonderful orator, a profound historian, a first-rate linguist, a fascinating poet, an incomparable statesman, and, still more strange, possessing an extraordinary knowledge of chemistry and mathematics.¹ The latter he acquired from a French engineer, Dr. Wyse,² who soon became his intimate friend. This learned Professor owned to having been stupefied at the extraordinary facility with which his pupil worked out the most difficult problems, far more quickly even than himself. In fact, Don Gabriel at this time lived the life of a student and a recluse. For him there were no holidays, no recreation, no society, and no pleasures of any sort. He only rested from more arduous work by studying modern languages, French and English especially. When fairly worn out by fatigue, he would throw himself all dressed on the planks of his bed, so as not to lose time, or be tempted to break through his rule of rising at three o'clock in the morning, plunging his head and eyes into cold water to conquer sleep. The result of this excessive application was a loss of sight and a failure of health that threatened to become very serious. Fortunately, his course of University studies ended about that time, when he was

1 One day in a mathematical examination, no one could discover the solution of a certain problem. One of the professors, attempting to prove it in his own fashion, a voice among the students cried out, "The Professor is mistaken!" It was García Moreno. The Doctor, insisting on being in the right, García flew to the table, seized the pencil, and pointing out the error, solved the problem with such exactitude and rapidity that all the students, and even the discomfited Professor, broke out in loud expressions of admiration.

² Mr. Sebastian Wyse came to Ecuador in 1839. He made a valuable topographical chart of the country, and several much esteemed scientific treatises.

persuaded by his friends to take some rest.³ But, his name had already become famous in Quito. The Professor continually called upon him to defend certain theses in public, and the result was that everyone agreed as to his extraordinary powers, and declared that whatever might be his future career, he was sure to fill the highest place.

³ To divert himself at this time he frequently wrote poetry, and we may judge his frame of mind by one of his verses, which run as follows:

*Amores no quiero.
Hermosas muchachas,
Amores que solo
Dan al alma penas.*

I do not care for romances.
Fair young maidens,
Romances that only
Bring pain to the heart.

CHAPTER III
HIS LIFE AS A LAWYER

1840-1845

DON GABRIEL was now twenty years of age, and had to choose a career. Though no less pious than before, his best friends strongly advised him to abandon the idea of the ecclesiastical state, declaring that he could serve God and the Church more effectively outside, and that he had been created (according to the expression of the Emperor Constantine) not to be a priest, but, sword in hand, to be the escort of that priest, and to be, in fact, “a bishop in the world.” García Moreno had no idea of the mission to which he was destined, but he determined to study law, both as necessary to his advancement in public life, and as a means of satisfying his passion for justice.

Unfortunately, to study law in these days is often fatal to all notions of truth and faith. The “declaration of the rights of man” has set aside the rights of God and of the Church, and even the fundamental principles of society, in order to concentrate all power in the state. Gabriel soon understood the contradictory rights he would have to reconcile, but for the moment accepted the official texts without confronting them with the laws of Eternal Justice. That which characterized this period of his life was the progressive development of that moral energy of which he had already given such striking proofs. He felt that to become an impartial judge, he must be a Bayard without fear and without reproach, determined to brave all opposition to arrive at the triumph of the truth. He labored to be that iron man of whom Horace speaks who would not yield, even were the world to be overthrown.¹

¹ *Justum ac tenacem propositi virum...*

Don Gabriel was at that time a most distinguished looking young man. He was tall, with regular features and a most expressive face. Until now, his passion for science had made him avoid society, but now he sought it. At Quito and Guayaquil there are no cafés or theatres, but there were charming evenings in private houses, where the hours flew by in amusing conversation, and Gabriel being invited and received everywhere with open arms, soon forgot his shyness, and entered thoroughly into the gay life around him. After a few months, however, he reproached himself for thus wasting his time, and accordingly resolved, with his usual energy, to adopt an heroic means of curing himself. He had himself shaved like a monk, and then shut himself up for six weeks without giving a sign of life to any human being. Nothing could have been devised more effectual for breaking through a bad habit, and whatever it may have cost him, he learned in that way to conquer himself.

He was determined also to acquire an amount of physical courage which nothing should be able to shake—even the near presence of death. One day that he was out walking, and deeply engrossed in a book he was studying, he found himself suddenly in a cavern, over which hung, as it were by a thread, a huge block of marble, the least vibration of which would have caused it to fall and crush him to atoms. His first impulse was the natural one—to start back out of the danger. But then, ashamed of his fears, he went back and deliberately sat under the quivering rock for an hour. And for several successive days he returned to the same spot, so as to subject his natural instincts to his will.

*Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ*

The man who is just and resolute...
If the shattered universe were to fall,
The ruins would strike him undismayed.

Another expedition, which he undertook with Dr. Wyse in 1845, to explore the interior of the great Volcano of Pichincha, nearly cost him his life. Arrived at the mouth of the crater, they found two orifices, one to the east, and one to the west, into the former of which they descended with their instruments. An earthquake supervened, which made them so giddy that they could not keep their feet. Yet they remained for several days in this horrible place, until their scientific observations were completed, in spite of the darkness, the noise, and the terrible fumes of sulfur and gas which threatened many times to asphyxiate them both. They scrambled out of this crater with the utmost difficulty, owing to a thick fog and pouring rain, culminating in a terrific thunderstorm, during which huge boulders of rock became displaced, and fell within a few inches of their heads. Towards five o'clock in the evening, soaked to the skin, and covered with bruises, they at last reached the western crater. But they were obliged to remain another night there, their frozen limbs refusing to carry them further. García Moreno, however, strove still to scramble up a steep incline, but his foot slipped, and he fell or rather slid down to a distance of fourteen or fifteen yards, when a projecting rock providentially stopped his further descent. Still he persevered and, after incredible fatigues, arrived at the summit of the volcano.²

In spite of these scientific pursuits, García Moreno did not neglect his law studies; and at twenty-three years of age, he had obtained the rank of Doctor, and was called to the Bar under the direction of an eminent lawyer, Joaquín Henríquez. His estimate of his pupil may be judged by the following extract from his certificate:

² An account of this wonderful exploration was communicated to the Academy of Sciences on July 6, 1846, and was signed, Sebastian Wyse and García Moreno.

“He is not content with elucidating a thesis, or showing the reasons for that which he has undertaken to prove; but his rare judgment prompts him to point out all the reforms which should be introduced into our Code to ameliorate our methods of procedure, and arrive at more perfect equity in our sentences. His great application and earnest study of jurisprudence, his exquisite tact and clear perception of what is just and right, make him a distinguished master in his profession, and one to whom one can confide without fear the care of defending the property, the honor, and the life of our citizens. Besides that, everyone knows that García Moreno possesses extraordinary literary and scientific knowledge; and especially those rare virtues of which the Republic is so greatly in need. The public good, and the progress and glory of Ecuador are the idols of this noble heart, and to these great objects he already consecrates his labors and his life.”

García Moreno did not practice long at the Bar, public affairs soon engrossing his attention; but he never refused to plead the cause of the poor, for charity was one of his favorite virtues.

His pleading was remarkable for its clearness and brevity. He never would undertake a bad or suspicious case. On one occasion the presiding judge having asked him to undertake the defense of a notorious assassin, he refused pointblank, with the exclamation: “It would be easier for me to become a murderer than to defend one!” He behaved in the same way to a Spaniard in high position who, knowing his great talent, wanted him to take charge of a doubtful and delicate case. Don Gabriel read the Brief, and then returned it to him, in spite of the entreaties and large pecuniary offers of his client, who lost his cause, and exclaimed wrathfully to García Moreno: “If I have not won, it’s your fault!” “You have lost, because your cause was a bad one!” quietly replied the young lawyer. “Never mind,” retorted the Spaniard. “You would have made it good if you would only have consented to defend it.”

On one occasion, however, his prudence was at fault. An unworthy priest, whom the Archbishop of Quito had suspended, insinuated himself into his intimacy. Instead of submitting, the priest availed himself of the existing laws to appeal against the Archbishop's sentence, and García Moreno, fancying he was the victim of injustice and calumny, warmly defended his cause. It was not until he had received undeniable proofs of the unworthiness of his client that he desisted from his efforts on his behalf.

Providence allowed him to make this mistake in order to open his eyes as to the iniquitous laws then in force against the authority of the Church, whereby the highest ecclesiastical personage might be dragged before a civil court to give account for an act resting solely on his spiritual authority. He always deplored this event in his life, and attributed it to the anti-Christian Liberalism with which his official position had inoculated him.

Before we come to his political career, we must say a few words on an event that had great influence on his future life.

One evening, early in the year 1846, he was crossing the mountains to Guayaquil with one of his most intimate friends, and when night came they stopped at what is called a *tambo*, a kind of hut where travelers are received in those countries. His friend was fast asleep, when, all of a sudden, Don Gabriel woke him up with a start and said to him very seriously: "Do you know that for the last few hours I am engaged to be married?" His companion burst out laughing and asked him "if he were dreaming?" "No," replied Don Gabriel, "I am telling you the simple truth. Before leaving the town I settled it all, and two hours ago the contract was signed."

He had, in fact, concluded this affair like all the other important events in his life, without letting anyone suspect his intentions, even his best friend.



“One evening, early in the year 1846, he was crossing the mountains to Guayaquil with one of his most intimate friends...”

He married Doña Rosa Ascasubí, a girl of noble birth, whose ancestors had fought in the struggle for independence. Her two brothers, Manuel and Roberto, shared all García Moreno's tastes and feelings. They loved him especially for his ardent patriotism, and looked upon him justly as a man of action who would become the head of a great party. Doña Rosa brought him not only a large fortune, but also the noblest character. She was a woman full of talent, sweetness, and dignity, and of a nature in entire conformity with the ideas and character of her husband. Never was there a happier union, although the storms of public life too often troubled their home joys. In fact, García Moreno's history will henceforth be mingled with that of his country. When asked one day by an intimate friend to write a History of Ecuador, he replied, smiling: "It would be better to make one!" To understand, however, what induced him to come forward, we will give a rapid sketch of the State of Ecuador from 1830 to 1845—that is, from its constitution as an independent state to the first political Revolution in which García Moreno took part.

CHAPTER IV

FLORES

1830-1845

WE have described in our Preface the birth of the Republic of Ecuador out of the dismemberment of Bolívar's ephemeral creation of the State of Colombia. In the name of the sovereign people the deputies of Quito, Guayaquil, and Cuenca framed a constitution in hot haste, giving universal suffrage, one chamber, a President elected every four years and the naturalization of all strangers, whether civil or military.

The new President was General Juan José Flores, a native of Venezuela, who for a long time had been the military chief of the country and one of Bolívar's best officers. He was a thorough gentleman, as distinguished in society as in the field. But he soon found himself unable to cope with the strange mercenary troops that the new constitution had been foolish enough to naturalize. They were nothing but bands of brigands, ravaging the whole country, which speedily became bankrupt. Agriculture and commerce were ruined, and famine stared everyone in the face. A war which broke out with New Granada, in which Flores was defeated, turned the whole population against him. A leader of the disaffected was found in a political adventurer, named Rocafuerte. Flores, however, was equal to the occasion, and Rocafuerte having taken refuge on board one of the vessels in the harbor, Flores had him seized in the middle of the night and brought in chains to his palace. Instead of being shot, however, Flores represented to him all the horrors of civil war and implored him to labor with him in the pacification of the country, offering him the post of Governor of Guayaquil. Rocafuerte, who after four years was elected President himself, joyfully accepted this proposal. He

restored the finances and maintained peace at home and abroad, but was a determined enemy of the Church and of the clergy and a warm supporter of secular education. Flores resumed the Presidential chair when the term of Rocafuerte's office had expired; but then, determined to make a *coup d'état*, and become an absolute ruler, with a new Constitution, giving him supreme power. Even this the people might have accepted, if Flores, hating the supremacy of the Church and in league with the Freemasons, had not shown a marked intolerance against the Catholic clergy and opened the doors to every species of heresy. The people of Ecuador loved their Church, their priests, their religious, and their holy worship and ceremonies. In vain did Flores praise the beauties of toleration. The people rose in a body and protested solemnly against the new Constitution. Patriotic societies were formed in every town and village to organize resistance against the new laws. All the most respectable portion of the community joined them; officers, lawyers, landed proprietors, commercial men—all in fact who had any weight in the country, and among them García Moreno, as we may imagine, was not the last. He was then only twenty-three, but by his eloquence, ability, and high character, he quickly gathered round him a group of young men of the best families and prepared them for active resistance.

The campaign was opened by a protest of the clergy against their exclusion from the legislative chambers. To this, the Convention replied, "that they had acted in accordance with their rights, and that no one could interfere with the will of the sovereign people." This declaration raised a tempest of wrath throughout the country, men rushed up and down the street, crying out, "Down with the Constitution! We will have our Religion!" Instead of yielding to the wish of the nation, the Government put out a ukase insisting on everyone taking an oath to the new Constitution. A few ignorant and weak persons, both lay and clerical, yielded:

but the majority flatly refused, which so exasperated Flores that he condemned the refractory members to a deprivation of all political rights or employment and even to exile, if they persisted in their refusal. Then civil war broke out in reality. No sooner was the ukase of proscription made known, than the people rose in a body throughout the whole country. As the Government, whose finances were exhausted, had lately passed a capitation tax of three Piastres, the war cry was: "Down with the three *pesos*! Hurrah for our holy religion!" To make a successful stand against Flores, disciplined troops, money, arms, and above all, good officers were needed, and these wants the Patriotic League determined to supply as soon as possible.

One day their scouts found out that Flores was going to send a large quantity of guns to the Governor of Napo, and that Indian troops were in charge of this convoy. García Moreno, with a handful of his young comrades, hid himself in the mountains and patiently awaited the arrival of the escort. Very soon the natives arrived and halted close to the spot where they were lying in ambush. García Moreno in a short time came forward as an ordinary traveler and began to tell them amusing stories, as if to while away the time. The result was that no suspicions were aroused in their minds; and very soon, under the influence of the *chicha* (beer) with which he plied them, and the fatigue of their long march, the whole company fell into a profound sleep. On waking, they were horrified neither to find their agreeable companion of the night before, nor the guns, which García Moreno and his companions had carefully carried off and placed in safety.

At last the Revolution broke out in Guayaquil on March 6, 1845, under the direction of General Elizalde. One-half of the garrison tried to make some resistance: but the principal people of the town besieged the barracks and forced them to capitulate. This placed them in possession of the arsenal and

all the munitions of war. Then all the heads of families assembled in council, annulled the acts of the Convention, and pronounced a sentence of banishment on the President. A provisional Government was formed consisting of Olmedo, Roca, Noboa, and other eminent personages, and they appealed to the people to help them in the struggle.

At the first news of the Insurrection, Flores flew to Guayaquil with his troops and camped in his *hacienda* of Elvira, near Babahoyo. From thence he dispatched messengers to try and come to some arrangement with the provisional Government. But they replied that the only way in which he could put a stop to the Civil War was for him to leave the country. He then determined to fortify Elvira, where two fruitless assaults were made on his position. The struggle might have been prolonged had not the Revolution extended to the whole of Ecuador. The Patriots of Quito, enrolled under the banner of José María Guerrero, raised the standard of revolt in all the Northern Provinces. García Moreno was among his volunteers and, after having beaten the Government troops in several engagements, forced the executive to leave the capital. Everyday brought bad news to Flores: communications interrupted, troops in revolt, letters intercepted by the people; so that not being able to struggle against both the army and the nation, he determined to capitulate. On June 17, 1845, after two months of Civil War, the provisional Government signed the Treaty of Virginia¹ with General Flores. It was settled that the new Government should at once convoke a Convention to settle the affairs of Ecuador, and that in the meantime Flores, the ex-President, should pass two years on foreign soil, so that in his absence there should be no interference in their labors for the reform of the Constitution. On this condition they would allow him

¹ The name of the hacienda or country place of the Poet Olmedo.

to retain his title of General-in-Chief, his dignities, his property, and the high consideration in which his family was held. On the 24th of June, Flores accordingly sailed in the *Seis de Marzo* for Panamá, and had the mortification of hearing the cries of joy mingled with the salvos of artillery, which greeted the triumph of right over despotism and tyranny.

García Moreno had been one of the principal actors in this religious and political drama. Struck with the ascendancy which he exercised over all with whom he came in contact, the Government confided to him a difficult and delicate mission. It was absolutely necessary to give the troops their long arrears of pay, and as the Treasury was entirely empty, an extraordinary tax had to be levied. The country, however, crushed by the extravagances of the late Administration and already overwhelmed with burdens, positively refused to pay; and the Government charged García Moreno with the disagreeable task of enforcing the levying of this tax. He undertook the onerous duty, and by his persuasions, his coolness, his tenacity, and his indomitable energy, triumphed over all opposition and disarmed all the opponents to the measure. He showed his disinterestedness in this matter in the most remarkable way, refusing all payment for his services and counting all personal sacrifices as nothing provided his country could be rescued from the apparently inextricable difficulties into which the despotism of her late rulers had plunged her.

CHAPTER V
“THE WHIP”

1846-1847

THE joy of the people of Ecuador when the happy result of the revolution of the 6th of March became known may be easily imagined. But they were not yet out of their troubles. The Convention had first to decide between two candidates for the vacant Presidency. One, the poet José Joaquín Olmedo, the other, a merchant, named Vincente Ramón Roca. The latter was a cunning and vindictive man of an unscrupulous character and with mulatto blood. The Patriotic League unanimously chose Olmedo, a statesman of incorruptible character and the great national poet. But Roca, who knew the nature of the deputies best, was confident of success, and by dint of bribes and promises of office he obtained the requisite majority of votes. A cry of indignation arose throughout the country at this election, but no one felt it more bitterly than García Moreno. He was warned not to incur the enmity of the new Government, but he could not resist the temptation to expose the corruption and rascality of the Ministers, and so started a humorous paper called “*El Zurriago*” (*The Whip*), of which the first number appeared in the month of April, 1846. After having been devoured in the capital, this little sheet was sent to every province in the country, and all were enchanted with its original and powerful satires, and delighted to find anyone saying aloud what everyone was whispering under their breath. We will give a specimen of his style:

It was the eve of the great day when the problem was to be solved. Shall Ecuador at last have a just and good Government? or will it remain a hotbed of intrigues and corruption? The Convention resembled the Theban Sphinx, with the voice of a man, the head of a woman, the

claws of a lion, the wings of a vulture, and—the tail of an ass!

Still the alarm was great in the camp of the place-hunters. Exasperated at the idea of defeat, they could not find curses enough for patriots, whom neither menaces nor promises could bend. At last they determined to go to a certain personage who could give them some sort of insight into their prospects, and where they all met as if by appointment. B— arrived first; his face was pale, his lips white, his eyes inflamed, but before his host he was metamorphosed in a moment. Gravely seated in an arm-chair, wrapped in an ample purple dressing gown, with spectacles on his nose, this great personage had the look of Marius, the heart of Scylla, and bowels of mercy as tender as a rock.¹

“Have you spoken to C—?” he asked, addressing the newcomer.

“I have done all I could to win him over,” replied the poor devil, “but he resists all my efforts. He says he would rather remain a poor curate all his life than stain his name with what he calls ‘an infamy!’”

“So much the worse for him. He will live to repent of it!” oracularly replied the great man.

At that moment, with a contrite and cringing manner, entered the Reverend A—,² a living image of the hermit cat.

“Blessed be God and His Merciful Mother! X— has sworn to vote for you, provided certain places be secured to different members of his family. He will work zealously so that Your Excellency may be elected tomorrow President of the Republic.”

“*Deo Gratias!*” exclaimed on the threshold of the door a greasy, ragged cleric. This was the famous V—. “I have labored only to fail. What is to be done with idiots

¹ A play of words on the name of the President.

² The Lay Rector of the University affecting airs of sanctity.

who covet neither prefectures nor places in the Ministry nor prebendal stalls? *Ite missa est*, I told them. We can do very well without you, gentlemen. Will you believe it? They laughed in my face!"

"It seems to me that we can reckon on twenty-seven votes," gravely replied the sly old fox. "Where shall we find the twenty-eighth?"

Brother A—, his eyes cast down, humbly answered: "My lord, Providence, Who watches over even the worms of the earth, will know how to remove one or other of our enemies to a better life, or will inspire them with the holy thought of accepting some little sinecure to help them to live more comfortably without offending God or their neighbor."

R— interrupted the last speaker (while stifling a laugh) with the words: "Nothing is easier than to gain a vote if one only knows how to set about it. When a general wants to take a fortress, he begins by finding out the weak point in the walls. Do the same in this electoral campaign; discover the weak side of your adversary and you will win. If he leans to the other party, give him a stick to lean on—of gold; give him a pen to sign, likewise tipped with gold and you will see his honor will go very cheaply!"

A murmur of applause greeted this prophetic speech, while the thick lips of the would-be president curled in a soft smile. To encourage his creatures he placed before them the number of comfortable places that would be assigned to each should success crown their efforts. So far from blushing at this ignoble traffic, a good many asked to pick and choose what would suit them best, as at a buffet you would select the dish you preferred, and then, full of joy, they flew to the fight, their eyes fixed on the enchanting future opened out before them, and with the prospect of enjoying rich stipends and no work. It is thus that our country has been insolently mocked, while, in their degrading and crapulous sloth, these miserable men encourage one another daily in fresh jobberies and crimes.

We can easily imagine the rage of the Government at being thus shown up week by week to the ridicule and indignation of the public. García Moreno had determined to scourge those vampires who sucked the blood of his countrymen while pretending to look after their interests, and whose only delight was to gamble on the Stock Exchange, and to use their ministerial knowledge to fill their coffers and drain the unhappy merchants and peasant proprietors whose bankruptcy had become universal.

“No,” he added ironically, “Ecuador is not stationary, as people imagine. On the contrary, it is marching towards entire demoralization. Generations to come will have no villainy to commit! Such are the fruits of the Tree of Liberty; not true liberty, but that of which these wretches prostitute the name to satisfy their own cupidity.”

The Government at last took the offensive and threatened a public prosecution of the editor. This only roused García Moreno to more violent language.

You call this newspaper “mean,” “immoral,” “revolutionary.” “Mean!” The criminal is mean who is condemned to the lash, not he who wields the whip with which to punish the wrongdoer. “Immoral!” A writer is not more immoral because he reveals immorality than a judge is immoral because he chastises a vice. “Revolutionary!” The revolutionists are yourselves. It is you who encourage crime and disorder; you who are traitors to your country, deputies without conscience and without shame, groveling like reptiles to obtain places. How long is it since the poor clerks and workingmen have received their wages? They have waited in silence, deceived by your promises, while you are speculating with their bread, and quietly pocketing all the revenues of the Republic. It is all very fine of you to abuse Flores; in brigandage and rapacity, the disciples have long surpassed their master! But the gravest complaint against us

is that *El Zurriago* is "anonymous." You ask the names of the editors. I will gladly give them up to your vengeance. They are the twenty-eight men who executed that farce of the Presidential Election, when we had to admire the metamorphosis of the phoenix turned into a crow. For what does this paper contain? The revelation of the criminal acts of these twenty-eight men and the expression of the public contempt which is attached to their name. Who then are the editors? Those who committed the crime? or those who have exposed it? You are, without doubt, the only responsible persons, and it is you whom the police should prosecute. As to ourselves, you ought to thank us for having published your history without exacting any salary.

This vigorous denunciation brought the new President Roca into universal contempt. He was detested for his hard and haughty character, and after this polemic everyone fought shy of him. The nobility would have nothing to say to the *mulatto*. The partisans of Flores hated the man who had supplanted their master: the true patriots loathed one who had sacrificed their country to his greed for gold. The discontent hourly increased, when a sudden reappearance of Flores gave García Moreno an opportunity to undertake a fresh political campaign.

CHAPTER VI

“THE AVENGER”

1847-1849

GENERAL FLORES had quitted Ecuador, humiliated but not resigned. After a time he determined to equip a body of mercenary troops and try to re-conquer the country.

It was in the year 1846. He was at the Spanish Court, where his noble presence and his clever conversation captivated not only the princes, but Queen Christina herself. After a review, where he was an honored guest, she offered to cooperate in this adventurous expedition. Ten million were borrowed to equip a fleet and recruit a body of volunteers, on condition that a Spanish prince should be appointed, whose Prime Minister Flores undertook to be.

In spite of all the trouble taken to prevent these preparations being known in Ecuador, Roca heard of them. The papers also announced that Flores had equipped four men-of-war, had enrolled five hundred men in Ireland, besides a large number of Spanish officers and men, and that he was about to set sail for Guayaquil. This intelligence alarmed not only the people of Ecuador, but also the whole of the South American Continent, which had only so lately thrown off the Spanish yoke.

Whilst men were lamenting, however, García Moreno felt that the thing to do was to act promptly and resolutely; to sacrifice all party spirit or difference of opinion and to unite as one man in defense of the country. He even had the generosity to offer his services to President Roca, who was only too thankful to accept them. As it would have been impossible to resist so formidable an invasion without a levy *en masse* of the whole population, García Moreno started a new paper, which he called *El Vengador* (*The Avenger*), in which he reproached the people for their lethargy, and

pointed out the double danger they had to face: the invasion from without, and the traitors within their gates; for Flores had a number of partisans among the shopkeepers and the public functionaries whom he had enriched, and who only waited for his return to indulge once more in nefarious speculations and to fatten themselves on the ruin of the people. The Government did not seem to realize this last danger, and wished to appoint generals who were all more or less devoted to the ex-president. García Moreno exposed their treachery without mercy, and determined to enlist all the American Republics in the struggle. "There is no doubt," he wrote, "that we must fortify Guayaquil, which is our key position; but Peru is equally obliged to fortify Callao and to equip an army to defend Lima. A squadron, composed of vessels belonging to the four great Republics of the Pacific, stationed in the waters of Guayaquil, would be able to defeat the entire expeditionary force. Let us close our ports to all Spanish vessels, and persuade all the American States to join us in these preventive measures—then our victory will be secured."

This patriotic appeal was met by a corresponding enthusiasm: all the Republics united to repulse the common enemy. Peru armed her ships; Chili suspended all commercial relations with Spain, and negotiated an offensive and defensive treaty with Ecuador. The President of New Granada, Tomaso Mosquera, addressed an energetic protest to his people against the "sacrilegious profaners of American soil." This patriotic league became so strong and warlike that European diplomatists found themselves compelled to interfere with an expedition that threatened to destroy all commercial relations, not only with Spain, but also with England and all the other countries from whence Flores had recruited his soldiers.

At the very moment when the hostile fleet was about to leave the shores of Great Britain, the leading merchants of

the City presented a memorial to Lord Palmerston, imploring him to lay an embargo on its departure, and representing to him the ruin which would ensue from Flores' expedition to the whole of the South American trade. Lord Palmerston at once understood the delicacy of the position, stopped the departure of the ships, and compelled Flores to disband his English and Irish troops; so that the ex-President found himself compelled to postpone, if not relinquish, his undertaking.

This unexpected news filled Ecuador with joy; but García Moreno was not so easily reassured.

"Do not imagine," he exclaimed, "that Flores, in spite of this check, will give up the idea. If he had only twenty men at his disposal he would persevere, for he knows that his great strength lies in the bands of traitors, which fill our own cities. If the Government really wishes to annihilate Flores' forces, let it begin by destroying the enemies within our gates."

The event proved the truth of his remarks. Before the year was out, a plot was discovered among the "Floréanos" to upset the Government in favor of their old master. The principal conspirators were seized and thrown into prison; but the town was in such a state of excitement, that García Moreno was entreated by the President to go and restore order. He found the whole population up in arms, and the patriots, furious with the "Floréanos," giving way to the most savage acts of cruelty. Colonel Solér, one of the leaders of the insurrection, had been stabbed by the soldiers who had been left to guard him, while the other prisoners were in hourly expectation of a like fate. García Moreno had no sooner appeared among them than he instantly enforced respect for the law. Resolute and energetic, yet calm as a marble statue, he issued his order in a tone that admitted of no reply, and every man felt he must obey. In eight days peace was re-established, and the conspiracy was annihili-

lated. García Moreno returned to Quito, thankful to have been able to render so essential a service to his country, but refusing all recompense, either in the shape of honors or money. He had served Roca's Government in a moment of danger from purely patriotic motives; but he would accept nothing from men whom he despised as stockjobbers who looked upon power merely as a means of enriching themselves at the expense of the people. In 1847 Congress voted an act of amnesty which was to extend to all those who had taken part in the late insurrection.

García Moreno again took up his pen to expose the contract made with the enemies of his country, and started a new paper called "*El Diablo*" (*The Devil*), which lashed the cupidity of the Government with pitiless severity. "I am neither a ministerialist nor a place-hunter," he wrote, "never having chosen to sell myself for money; nor am I a soldier boasting of the blows I have given or received. I am simply the friend of an unfortunate people who have no defenders against the devils who oppress them; and I will fight to the death against those who martyrize and betray them." The clever and sarcastic tone of this paper greatly troubled Roca and his functionaries; but they continued to take advantage of their position to drain the country of the last farthing, and to reduce it to a state that García Moreno stigmatized as, "a species of Hell, where disorder and confusion reigned supreme and became its normal condition." And yet he did not lose hope. "Alongside of these traitors," he exclaimed, "there are a body of noble and courageous men ready to sacrifice the last drop of their blood rather than give up their God and their country." But these brave souls needed a leader; and at that moment where could he be found?

THE DEFENSE OF THE JESUITS

1850-1851

During the first twenty years of its existence, Ecuador had lived under a so-called Liberal Conservatism, which, by degrees, had engendered a species of Radicalism which vaunted the rights of the sovereign people and hated the Church unless it would submit to its laws. An adventurer, General Urbina, profited by this state of things to hoist the Socialist banner and declare war equally against property and religion.

The history of this man was as follows. At eighteen, when he was merely a sublieutenant in the navy, he attracted the attention of Flores, who placed him at Bogota as his secretary. In that nest of Freemasons he speedily joined the Revolutionary party, and became the bitter enemy of all religious communities. Rocafuerte, finding he was intriguing against the Government, sent him into exile, but when Flores came into power, he gave him the Governorship of the province of Manabí. In spite of this, Urbina did not hesitate to turn against his patron, on March 6, 1845, fought against Flores at Elvira, and obtained the rank of General. Roca made him Governor of Guayaquil, but he aimed at nothing less than the post of President. To mask his designs for the moment, however, he threw all his influence on the side of Diego Noboa, an old Conservative, whom he thought he could lead. His plan only failed from the impossibility of securing the required number of votes, so that the Government fell into the hands of Roberto Ascasubi, an honest and intelligent man, who was the brother-in-law of García Moreno. Urbina was furious, and at his instigation the garrison of Guayaquil rose against Ascasubi and proclaimed Urbina Governor. The people however, were so

indignant, that he had once more to shelter himself under the man of straw, Noboa, who, in his simplicity, accepted his patronage and was elected on March 20, 1850.

García Moreno had no share in any of these proceedings, for wearied by the political strife of his country, he had left Ecuador at the end of the year 1849, and sailed for Europe. Perhaps he had some idea of following his Brother Pablo's career; but hardly had he set foot in Europe when he went back in heart to the country he had so long made his own. He traveled through England, France, and Germany, studying attentively the political state of these countries, which were all more or less revolutionized by the cataclysm of 1848. But what struck him most in France at that time was her return to religious ideas as the only possible means of safety. Even the Radical Press was prepared to make peace with the Church and to protect the religious orders, which they had so often scouted. An instinct of self-preservation more than faith, prompted this metamorphosis, but this very fact made it more striking to an impartial observer. After passing six months in the old country, García Moreno determined to return to Ecuador, more and more convinced that Jesus Christ is the sole Savior of nations, and that a country without religion is inevitably the prey of either autocrats or anarchists.

On arriving at Panama, an event happened which threw him again into the struggle, in spite of all his previous resolutions to avoid it. Just as he was embarking for Guayaquil he perceived a certain number of religious grouped round an English ship. They were a body of Jesuits, whom the Freemasonic Government of Granada had expelled from sheer hatred of the Catholic Church. Their only crime was having founded several colleges in the towns and various missions in the savage districts of the country. These victims of charity were about to seek refuge in England when García Moreno made them an unexpected proposal. He offered

them a refuge at Quito, where for a long time the most respectable families had earnestly desired the foundation of a Jesuit College for their boys. Following the precept of their Divine Master, "If you are driven from one city fly to another," the Jesuits were quite willing to accept García Moreno's proposal; but was he sure that his countrymen would not oppose their landing? García Moreno thought he could contrive it, knowing Don Diego Noboa, and hoping to obtain his *placet* before Urbina could interfere. On the voyage, however, he remarked one of the passengers watching him and discovered that it was a General Obando, the principal mover in the expulsion of the Jesuits, who was following them as a spy in order to obstruct their landing at Guayaquil. But difficulties only stimulated García Moreno's courage. When they arrived at the port, he hastened to disembark before any of the other passengers and took an ostensible leave of the Jesuit Fathers, as if they were about to continue their voyage. Then he rushed off to Noboa, spoke to him of his happy meeting with these holy religious and asked for his authorization to establish them in Quito, assuring him that the whole Republic would rejoice at their arrival. The good old man, anxious to do an act of justice as well as to gain the good will of the city on the eve of the Presidential Election, gladly acceded to García Moreno's request. When Obando arrived, a few hours later, to claim the interdiction of the Jesuits, he was told it was too late and that Ecuador had neither the intention nor the wish to mix itself up with the religious or political quarrels of New Granada.

From that moment the Jesuit question became the one topic of the day. When the Chambers reassembled the question was put as follows: "Were the members to confirm the decree of banishment pronounced by Charles III? or should it be repealed?" The discussion was long, the opposition violent; but at last, the majority yielding to the popular

wish expressed by innumerable petitions, solemnly voted the repeal of the decree. The people received the news with extraordinary enthusiasm. The church which the Jesuits had built before their suppression was given back to them. They were also presented with a spacious monastery and a house for a college. A clause of the decree also provided that they should come into possession of all their former property. The day of the reopening of the Jesuit Church, which had been closed for eighty-three years, was one of a triumphant ovation. The streets of the capital were hung with draperies and the crowd joyfully followed in the procession. For the first time for nearly a century these men of God, these heroic missionaries, whose devotion and science were known to all the world, were seen at the altar. And the emotion and thankfulness of the people were such that it seemed as if each family had suddenly found long-lost fathers and friends. To García Moreno the joy was unmixed, but even he had not reckoned on the furious hostility of the sects against the Church and against God. They immediately began a campaign against the Jesuits, and their plan was to turn Noboa out of the Presidency, so as once more to bring about their expulsion.

Noboa was represented as a dupe and slave of the Jesuits, and the provoker of a serious quarrel between two neighboring States. Encouraged by Urbina, the Government of New Granada sent a formal demand for the banishment of the Fathers from Ecuador, which, however, was indignantly refused. The Freemasons then published a furious pamphlet against the Society, accusing them of the grossest crimes; a pamphlet so ably and cleverly written that many weak and timid people were impressed by it. García Moreno indignantly replied in a rival pamphlet entitled *Defensa de los Jesuitas*,¹ one of the best apologies which has ever been written on behalf of the Jesuits.

¹ A pamphlet of sixty pages in octavo, published at Quito, 1851.

“They call me a fanatic,” he wrote in concluding his Preface, “because I have employed my leisure hours in writing this defense, but that matters very little. I am a Catholic and proud of being one, although I fear I may not be one of the most fervent. I also passionately love my country and esteem it a duty to labor to ensure its prosperity. Both as a Christian and a patriot, I cannot keep silence on a question so vital to religion and to my country. My nature, besides, prompts me naturally to take the side of the weak and oppressed. Tyranny revolts me, let me meet with it where I will, and I detest the cowardice of those men who remain neutral between the victims and the executioner.” After this, he exposed the character of the writer of the obnoxious pamphlet and then continued: “You pretend to exterminate the Jesuits out of love and for the greater glory of the Catholic Church. Falsehood and lies! You only strike at the Jesuits to attack Catholicism. It is an historical fact that all the enemies of the Church abhor the Society of Jesus. You say with Calvin: ‘The Jesuits are our most powerful adversaries, we must either kill or banish them, or annihilate them by lies and calumnies.’ With d’Alembert you exclaim, ‘The ruin of the Church will quickly follow the destruction of the Jesuits’; or with Manuel de Roda, ‘We have killed the daughter, and have nothing more to do than to destroy the Mother, the Roman Church.’ You wish to pull down the columns, to wreck the Temple and disarm the Church, before you make the last assault upon her.”

In answer to the accusation of their political interference in State matters, García Moreno indignantly replied: “How dare you publish so gross an imposture when it is a well-known fact that in New Granada and everywhere else, the Jesuits have only preached the Gospel law, respect to authority and even submission to the unjust legislation which sent them into exile? You pretend that they fostered political passions. How then did it happen that though,

before their arrival, the two parties were at bitter war against each other, the influence of these very Fathers and the power of their preaching brought about a state of complete peace, which lasted during the whole six years they remained in New Granada, and which has only ceased since their departure?"

Thus, his pen flows over sixty pages, winding up with these words:

"But even if you could prove a single one of your accusations against the Jesuits, by what possible right can a foreign nation exact that we should drive them from our shores? New Granada would take very good care not to ask such a thing of England or the United States. But they threaten us with this outrage because they think we are weak; but she is mistaken. The love of their country is not dead in the hearts of the people of Ecuador. In the hour of danger all parties will unite to defend the national independence. We know very well that war is declared, not against the Jesuits only, but against the whole priesthood and the Catholic faith. Not only Ecuador and New Granada but also all the Catholic Republics will be swallowed up in this anti-Christian abyss if we carry our weakness so far as to submit to the infernal dictation of the Socialist sects. But no, this will never be! Ecuador will hold fast by the faith of our fathers. To defend it, the people will not be deceived or yield to apathy and indifference. We will march to the fight under the guidance of Divine Providence. If, like the Hebrews, we have to pass through the Red Sea, God will open a path to His chosen people, and on the opposite shore we too shall lift up our voices in a hymn of triumph and deliverance."

This pamphlet, which was received with enthusiasm and devoured from one end of Ecuador to the other, was a thunderbolt to the sects. Their machinations were unveiled, the pretensions of New Granada ridiculed, and the Government

confirmed in their determination not to change its policy, while the patriotic league energetically promised their aid. So that the Radicals were silenced and Urbina had to wait until some fresh incident opened to him the presidential chair which he had so long coveted.

CHAPTER VIII

URBINA

1851-1853

IN the beginning of the year 1851, a rumor suddenly spread throughout the country that Flores was going to attempt a fresh invasion. After his defeat in Spain, he had gone to New York, where he tried in vain to induce the United States to take up his cause. He then went to Lima and there organized a body of filibusters with the consent of the Peruvian Government and the help of certain rich capitalists who were devoted to the ex-President. Urbina seized the opportunity to denounce the peaceful Noboa and all the Conservative party as disguised partisans of Flores. In Guayaquil especially this idea of treason excited the people beyond all bounds. Urbina then invited the too confiding Noboa to come and quell the agitation in person. García Moreno and others suspecting some plot, tried to dissuade the good old man from attempting the journey. But Noboa, full of confidence in Urbina, started with a large escort for Guayaquil, where triumphant arches, by Urbina's order, were everywhere erected in his honor. On the 17th of July, the very day when Noboa was to make his triumphant entry into the town, three of Urbina's Generals, Villamil, Robles, and Franco, went to the barracks and distributed large sums of money among the soldiers to induce them to rise against Noboa, "that slave of Aristocrats, Conservatives and Jesuits," and proclaim Urbina President of the Republic. The plot was successful. Noboa found a steamer gaily decked with flags waiting for him at Babahoyo, where a guard of honor received him with every demonstration of respect. But when he neared the quay of Guayaquil the steamer suddenly changed its course and made for a sailing vessel that was waiting in the offing. Before Noboa could

ask the reason for this deviation in the course, a captain of the guards put his hand on his shoulder and said: "President, I am compelled to arrest you."

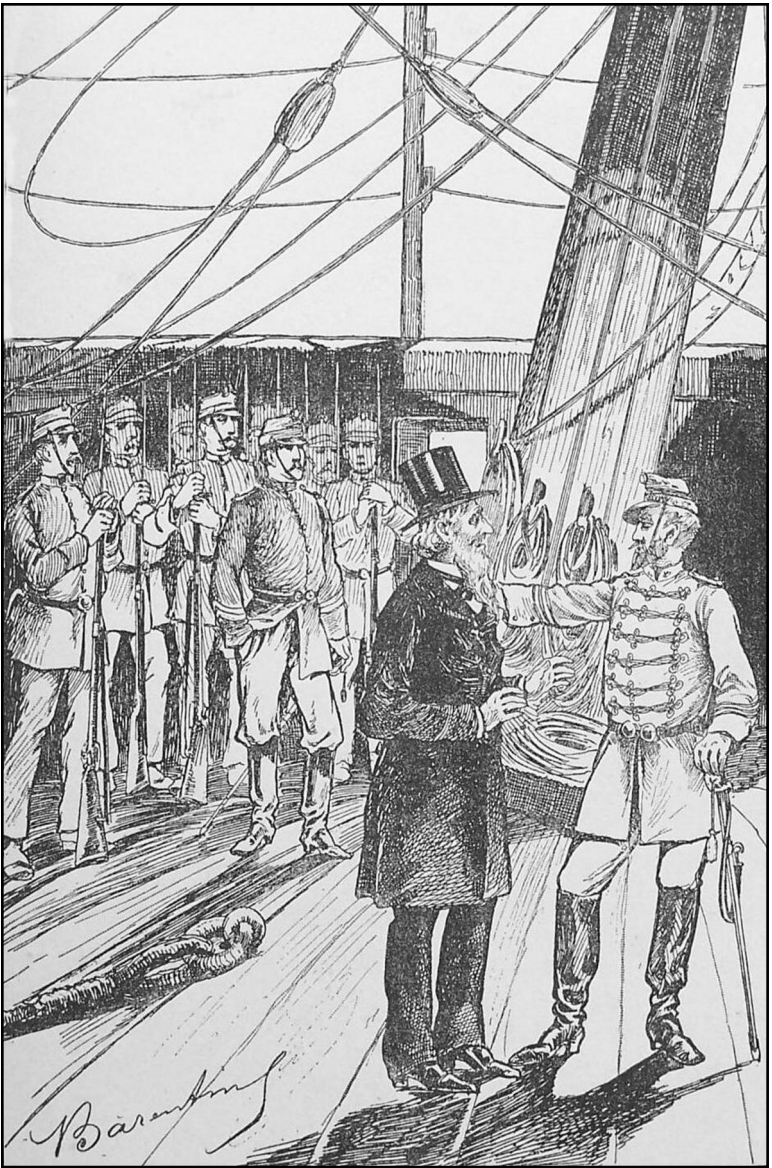
"To arrest *me*," exclaimed the stupefied old man, "by what possible right?"

"By the order of General Urbina, who has been elected the new and supreme head of the Republic."

At the name of this new Judas Iscariot, Noboa bowed his head as if thunderstruck and made no protest. The indignation of his faithful followers was fruitless. He was quickly transferred to the sailing vessel, which instantly raised its anchor and put out to sea. For several months Noboa was kept wandering over the ocean, not even the members of his own family being allowed to know what had become of him. At last, Urbina having nothing further to fear from a reaction, allowed him to land in Peru and there pass the time of his exile.

Without losing a moment, Urbina went in triumph to the council-house and there swore fidelity to the nation. A few days later he dispatched a body of troops into the interior to subdue the malcontents, and having called together a convention composed chiefly of his own creatures, began a reign of terror, the first act of which was to repeal all the Conservative laws which had been passed by the late Government and to banish the Jesuits. The deputies voted their expulsion in a secret sitting in spite of the tears of the people and of innumerable petitions.¹ To prevent any public manifestation of sympathy, Urbina ordered them to quit their houses immediately. The police would not even let them take the things which were necessary for their journey. To avoid an explosion of indignation which would have

¹ García Moreno was at that moment unhappily laid up, having been badly wounded in the leg by the discharge of a revolver, in December of 1852.



"President, I am compelled to arrest you."

been difficult to quell, the poor Fathers were not allowed to pass through the town, but were dragged by desert paths towards the little port of Naranjal, where they were thrown into a wretched ship bound for Panama.

From that moment Ecuador was treated as a conquered country. Thefts, pillage, sacrilege, murders, became the order of the day. The "Tauras," a guard of mamelukes whom Urbina called his "canons," armed with daggers, went up and down the country, attacking inoffensive men, insulting women, and assassinating all who would not be robbed without a struggle. Urbina in the meanwhile gave himself up to every sort of excess, exhausted the public treasury, and then exacted fabulous sums from private individuals. The smallest opposition or even remonstrance was met by imprisonment, exile, or death—one man alone there was who could not remain silent and coldly watch the destruction of his country. In a poem entitled an "Ode to Fabius," he exposed with merciless severity the whole public and private life of Urbina. "No vice, no crime, is unknown to him," he exclaimed. "Treason, perjury, swindling, brigandage, savage cruelty, perfidy, nothing is wanting. His ignoble life is written bit by bit in the penal code."

After describing the effect of his rule on his miserable countrymen, he concludes with the words: "I know well the fate which is reserved for me. The chalice of suffering must be drunk to the dregs—the ball of the villain will pierce my heart. But if my country, delivered from the horrible tyranny which crushes her to the earth, be once more allowed to breathe freely, joyfully I will go to my grave."

It is difficult to imagine the effect of this satire on the inflammable nations of Ecuador. Often (as we have seen) had García Moreno made use of his powerful pen to expose vice and incite to virtue. But this time it was with the solemnity of a great judge pronouncing sentence on an

infamous criminal. Urbina was furious, but so great was the effect of the pamphlet that he did not dare at once provoke an insurrection by the exile or death of the patriot. A month later García Moreno started a weekly paper called *La Nación* (*The Nation*), the first number of which appeared on March 8, 1853. "It is time," he declared, "to tear down the veil and to show the people that under this Radical Government, the constitution is a lure, the sovereignty of the people a chimera, and all legal guarantees ridiculous fictions. You talk of progress and civilization. Where is the social progress when misery devours the whole population and revolutionary cunning alone enriches the few? What kind of civilization is that which tramples underfoot all moral law, and extinguishes the light of Divine Revelation?"

Urbina felt at once that *La Nación* would become a powerful weapon against his Government. He consequently informed García Moreno that if he ventured to publish a second number of this paper he and his accomplices would be exiled, which meant, to be sent among the savages of Napo or shot on the way by the Tauras. The Commandant of Quito was ordered to convey this ukase to García Moreno. He replied: "Tell your master that among the numberless reasons for continuing this paper will be added now the determination not to dishonor myself by yielding to his menaces."

The whole town was in a ferment on this subject. On the appointed day appeared the second number of the *Nación* more aggressive than the first. As its life was to be short, it was necessary to speak out plainly. In an article entitled "The Political Views of the Cabinet," every act of this nefarious Government was criticized and exposed, from the ruin of the people and the exhaustion of the Treasury down to the brutal expulsion of the Jesuits and the Reign of Terror which everywhere prevailed. García Moreno had no illusions as to the results to himself of this proceeding. With the

devotion worthy of an ancient Roman, he sacrificed his life and his happiness for the love of his country. He was only thirty-two years of age, he had just married a young and beautiful wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who was worthy of him in every way: the most brilliant future seemed to open itself before him. Yet he published the paper without a moment's hesitation and patiently awaited the consequence. The *Nación* appeared on March 15, 1853. Two hours later Urbina signed the order for the arrest of García Moreno. The President's irritation was at its height, but the people were equally excited. Warned by a friend of the order given to the police, García Moreno took leave of his wife, left his house with the two friends who, like himself, were condemned to exile, and went into the public square of the city, so as to force the police to arrest them publicly in the face of the whole population. This was done accordingly, and the three prisoners, who offered no resistance, mounted their horses and left Quito with their guards. By the death-like silence, which followed the scene, by the indignation depicted on every face, and the tears which fell from all eyes, Urbina realized how much he was feared, but also how much he was detested. The hearts of all the people followed the great exile and simply waited for his return as their liberator.

A VOICE FROM EXILE

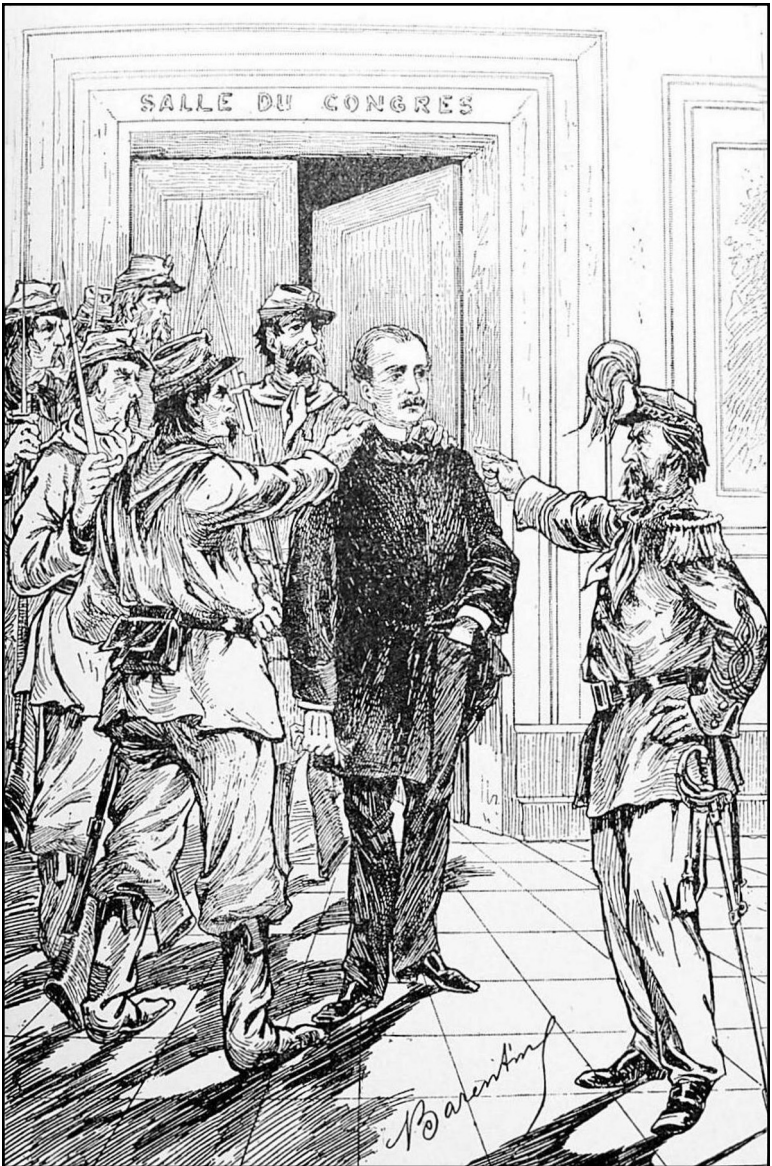
1853-1854

A TRUE hero is one who carries out the noble task set before him, as fully in adversity as in prosperity. García Moreno carried out this chivalrous character so completely that instead of lamenting over his own miseries he thought of nothing but of the best means of still helping his unfortunate countrymen. His escort led him to Pasto, the first port on the territory of New Granada, and there the Governor threw him and his companions into prison.

From such men the worst was to be expected. García Moreno took advantage of a moment when he was not watched, and, favored by the darkness of the night, escaped from prison into the country. After having wandered about for some time without knowing which way to take, he asked a peasant whom he met on the mountains to act as his guide towards the capital of Ecuador. Unhappily, this poor fellow was bitten by a viper and could not go on, so that García Moreno, exhausted with fatigue and almost dying with hunger, only arrived in the middle of the night at one of the solitary *tambos* or huts in the midst of the forest. Here there was nothing to be had but the remains of a chicken, and it was a Friday. García Moreno would not break the laws of the Church even in this extremity, and contented himself with a little flour and milk which a peasant woman gave him. A few days later he re-entered Quito secretly and took counsel with some of his friends. But they told him that though the public indignation against Urbina was very great there was as yet no open resistance. Then he went on to Guayaquil, where he found the same state of things. So that feeling it was useless to remain in the midst of his enemies, he determined to wait for better times and set sail for Peru.

He soon had a consoling proof however of the effect of his protest on public opinion. The inhabitants of Guayaquil, in spite of the fury of the Government, unanimously elected him as their representative in the Senate, which was virtually a recall from exile, as, according to one of the laws of the Constitution, the persons of senators were inviolable. García Moreno accordingly took his seat in the Chamber on the appointed day. But the Governor of Guayaquil, a mere drunken tool of Urbina's, named Robles, defying all law and precedent, seized the newly-elected senator by main force, dragged him from the senate-house, and after a few days of detention on board a man-of-war threw him on the shores of Peru in the little harbor of Payta. Not content with this audacious violation of the law, the *Democracia*, which was the political organ of Espinel, one of Urbina's principal Ministers, promulgated the most infamous calumnies against García Moreno, declaring that he had bribed the officers of the army to bring about a revolution and many other things. But although their victim had been cast on a sandy desert plain where there seemed no resource but despair, they forgot he still had his pen.

He instantly set to work and wrote a pamphlet entitled *La Verdad a mis calumniadores*—"The Truth to My Calumniators," which appeared on November 17, 1853, and in which he first exposed the character of his calumniators, Espinel and Urbina, taken from their own words against each other, which showed them to be not only morally but openly infamous. And then, answering one by one the accusations against himself, and proving them to be gratuitous lies, he gave the real reasons for his expulsion, and exposed a number of secret and nefarious money transactions of which he had become cognizant, without either sparing names or persons. We may easily imagine the effect of this pamphlet upon the people of Ecuador. In spite of the vigilance of the police, it flew through the capital and the



“Robles, defying all law and precedent, seized the newly-elected senator by main force, dragged him from the senate-house.”

provinces with such rapidity that the Government thought itself bound to try and answer it. But on March 15, 1854, there came another number of the *Verdad* more overwhelming than even the first. The pretended explanations were dissected and proved to be false, a formal denial again given to the accusation of bribery, Espinel shown up as "a liar and an impostor," and the shameful expenditure of public money exposed by facts which could not be denied. The pamphlet was concluded in these words: "I would forgive my enemies all the harm they have ever done me if they were only laboring for the good of my country, instead of adding every hour to her ruin and disgrace. They seem to imagine that Divine Providence will sanction forever the prostitution of our altars, the destruction of our children's faith. But do not let them deceive themselves.

"The sharp sting of misery will at last rouse the people from their numbness, a cry of fury will burst from every breast. Then will come the hour of God's justice when this horde of tyrants will be overthrown. Before long, he who would find Urbina, will have to look for his tomb in the field reserved for parricides and infamous criminals."

In truth, García Moreno foresaw the day of deliverance for his people. He felt that some time or other the reign of iniquity must cease and that he should be called upon then to fight for his country, not with the pen only but with the sword. He resolved therefore to consecrate this time of forced inaction to prepare himself for this supreme struggle. And as in the desert of Payita nothing could be done, he determined once more to cross the seas and seek an asylum in France. Towards the month of December, 1854, accordingly he embarked for Panama and a month after arrived in Paris.

CHAPTER X

PARIS

1854-1856

PARIS is for all nationalities a place of amusement and of the *dolce far niente*.¹ But it was not for such a purpose that the exile from Quito had established himself in that gay and brilliant capital. He had that presentiment inseparable from noble souls, that the time would come when he would have a great work to do for his country and for God. To prepare himself worthily for it was, therefore, his great aim. We remember his ardor for study when a youth and his brilliant success at the Quito University. Among other things, he had a special love for chemistry, and what he sought for first in Paris were masters, instruments, and a laboratory. He had the good fortune to find in the illustrious naturalist, Boussingault, not only an excellent professor, but a devoted friend. Henceforth García Moreno lived once more as a student and a recluse in his humble little apartment in the Rue de la Vieille Comédie, getting up early and working all day, even until late at night. He wrote to a friend of his, who was also an exile: "I study for sixteen hours a day, and if there were forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four, I would gladly give forty to my work." He even denied himself one of his greatest pleasures, which was smoking. He had brought a quantity of excellent cigars from the Antillas, which one day he offered to a friend, who refused them, saying, "You would never be able to get such good ones in Paris." "Take them," he replied. "You will render me, in reality, a great service. I must devote myself more and more

¹I. e. sweet idleness.

to study and I cannot waste any more time in smoking these miserable cigars.”

With such ascetic views and noble determination of purpose, his progress became really miraculous. Not content with chemistry, he studied the whole literary, political, industrial, and military questions which then, as now, agitated France. He visited also all the lyceums and colleges in Paris, so as to form correct ideas on the important subject of public education. Paris was, in fact, to García Moreno a great school for the highest sciences; but, by the grace of God, Who was about to employ this man as an instrument of salvation to His people, it became also the focus of his true Christian life. For several years his early piety had been chilled. The tremendous political struggles in which he had been engaged had absorbed him so completely as to dry up his supernatural life. A singular incident brought back this noble soul to its previous fervor. He had been walking one day with some fellow exiles in the Luxembourg Gardens when the conversation turned on a man who had died refusing the last Sacraments. Some of the party admired this act, saying the man had chosen his own line, and had kept it to the last. García Moreno, on the contrary, argued that if a man had unhappily been irreligious in life, from the stress of business or other causes, it was monstrous to die in that impious condition. His adversaries then began attacking the doctrines of the Catholic Church; but they soon found that they had to do with one stronger than themselves. With merciless logic and ardent faith, García Moreno refuted all their arguments, and spoke of the Church with such ability and enthusiasm that his atheist companion, to cut short the discussion, exclaimed, “You talk well enough, my good friend; but if your religion be as beautiful as you describe it, it seems to me you are somewhat lax in its practice. Since when have you been to confession?”

This observation struck home, and García Moreno bowed his head for a moment. Then, looking his friend full in the face, he said, "You have answered me by a personal argument which may be just today. But I give you my word of honor that tomorrow it will be worth nothing"; and so saying, he abruptly left them. In the solitude of his own room he reflected for some time on the years which had passed since the day, when, full of fervor, he had consecrated himself to the service of God at the feet of the Bishop of Guayaquil. It was true that he had not been called to the service of the altar: but was he for that reason the less bound to love Him with all his heart? Stung with remorse, he threw himself on his knees, prayed fervently for some time, and then, that very evening, went to confession to the first priest he found in the church. The next day he received Holy Communion, thanking God, Who had forced him to blush for his coldness and negligence.

From that moment he went back to all his old habits of piety, and never again gave them up. Every morning he might be seen early at St. Sulpice, where he heard Mass before he began his work. Every evening he said a decade of the Rosary, a practice which his pious mother had instilled into all her children. On Sundays the parishioners of St. Sulpice often admired this illustrious stranger, with his noble and serious bearing, and a look of profound recollection, kneeling devoutly before the altar. There the exile recommended himself, his family, and his country to God. At other times one met him in the Chapel of the Foreign Missions, where he would implore the aid of the martyrs for that Christian heroism which would face death sooner than abjure a known duty. Strengthened by the two forces, study and prayer, García Moreno lived as solitary a life in Paris as at Payita. He never set foot in a theater, or allowed himself any distraction save a walk in the country on Sundays. In his

political studies he was immensely struck by the enormous influence that might be exercised by one man on the destinies of a people. From 1848 to 1852 France seemed to be in a state of frantic agitation, of which no one seemed to see the probable result. But Napoleon had come, the *Coup d'État* had been accomplished, and the country was rejoiced at having been saved from suicide. With this experience before his eyes, García Moreno concluded that, with help from on High, a strong and wise man might save his people in spite of themselves. And he asked God to give him sense and energy enough to deliver his own country from the revolutionary elements which threatened to destroy it. But wiser than Napoleon III, who simply substituted imperial for republican tyranny, he felt that the real savior of his country would be one who should give her true liberty by teaching her to bow before the Law of God only. In these views he was immensely helped and encouraged by a book published in the middle of the nineteenth century (1842-1849) by the Abbé Rohrbacher, entitled *L'Histoire Universelle de l'Eglise Catholique*. It sets forth in the most exhaustive form the whole history of the Church, politically and socially, proving her to be the head of the great social body, of which the State is the arms, and which both kings and people must obey. Hence, there should be neither struggle nor divorce between Church and State, but the most perfect harmony, from the subordination of the State to the Church.

The study of this book, of which García Moreno read the twenty-nine volumes three times over, opened his eyes completely to the falsehood of those four articles in the revolutionary creed forged by the State to stifle and destroy the action of the Church. Nothing he had ever read had exercised so powerful an influence over him. It showed him the political *rôle* of the Church, which so many statesmen live

and die without knowing, and filled his soul with the spirit of Charlemagne and St. Louis. Thanks to his extraordinary memory, he learned a quantity of it by heart, and quoted it continually in support of his opinions.

This time of exile and study had therefore ripened and enlarged the character of García Moreno in an extraordinary degree. Strong enough to fight against revolution, he was yet humble enough to kneel before the Church; and as a true liberator, God was about to open to him once more the gates of his country. Before we follow him in this fearful struggle, we will quote a few lines (written by Louis Veuillot, on September 27, 1875) on this important epoch of his life:

“On a foreign soil, alone, unknown, but sustained by the faith and love of his great heart, García Moreno prepared himself to reign if such were the will of God. With this view alone he prayed and studied. Paris, where Providence had called him, was the real workshop for such an apprentice. Paris, Christian on the one hand and savage on the other, gives the world the spectacle of a fight between two opposing elements. It has schools for priests and martyrs, and others for antichrists, idols, and executioners. The future President and Missioner of Ecuador had before his eyes good and evil. When he returned to his distant home, his choice was made. He knew where to find true glory, true strength, and how to become the true workman of God. If we wish to point out the last spot to which he bid adieu, the last link in his heart with France, it would be his dear Church of St. Sulpice, or the humble Chapel of the Foreign Missionary College, where he so constantly came to pray for his country.”

SECOND PART

THE ANTI-REVOLUTIONARY CRUSADE

1857-1869

CHAPTER I

THE REAWAKENING OF THE NATION

1857

WHILST García Moreno was preparing himself in exile for the great work which God had destined he should accomplish, his unhappy country was being daily more and more ruined and degraded. Urbina looked upon the Church as his greatest enemy, and began by expelling the holy Bishop of Guayaquil and substituting one of his own creatures. Naturally the Holy See refused to confirm this appointment, and Urbina, thinking that the time was not yet come for an open schism, contented himself with brutally recalling the Marquis de Lorenzana, who was his Chargé d'Affaires at Rome. Then began a long series of attacks against priests and clergy, both regular and secular. The convents were turned into barracks; the most frightful scenes took place in the colleges and seminaries. All ecclesiastical establishments were secularized; the primary schools abolished; the University ruined by the fact that the students were allowed to take their degrees without study or examination, according to a new law passed by Urbina. In fact, he governed the people of Ecuador as slaves or helots. Whilst the provinces of the interior groaned under his iron rule, his two satraps, Robles and Franco, terrorized the seacoast. There were daily assassinations of officers, judges, and even priests. The brave General Campos fell under their blows. Robberies, murders, and crimes of all sorts were the order of the day.

To fill his empty coffers, Urbina had invented a new crime, which he called "Floreanism." Whenever he wanted more money, his organs pretended that a fresh revolutionary movement had been organized by the partisans of Flores, and forced contributions were exacted from the people,

nominally to pay for an increase in the army, which, it is needless to add, was never carried out. If anyone resisted, he was thrown into prison and his goods sold at auction. Lord and master of the country, he tried to sell a portion of it, the Islands of Galapagos, to the United States, on the plea of their possessing large depots of guano. Fortunately, the islands themselves protested that no guano was to be found there; the contract was broken, and three million piastres lost to Urbina, whose nefarious project was thus made public. People will ask perhaps how such a state of things could exist with a Constitutional and Parliamentary Government. It was because both Chambers were created by Urbina himself. When the electors ventured to bring forward some honest and conscientious deputy, Urbina instantly invalidated his election; and if any resistance were offered, the autocrat exiled his opponents to Peru, to New Granada, and even to the savage plains of Napo. Neither sex, age, nor rank were spared. Ladies of high birth, and even young girls, were thrown into prison or confined in convents for political reasons.

As for the Press, their mission consisted in offering incense to their master, who paid them well. The *Democracia* declared open war against priests, nobles, and the rich; while the *Joven Liberal* (The Young Liberal) endeavored to sap the foundations of all social and religious order.

When Urbina's Presidency was on the point of expiring, some of the more courageous of the citizens started a new paper called *El Espectador* (The Spectator) in the hopes of vindicating the rights of religion and their country. This brought down upon them the rage of Urbina and of his satellites, and a decree of expulsion against them was instantly decided upon. Old men, soldiers, even generals were dragged out of their beds in the middle of the night and transported to Panama or to the deserts of Napo. Once more

silence reigned in Quito; but it was the silence of despair. This *razzia* of Conservatives took place just before the Presidential Election, which was accordingly carried in favor of Urbina's favorite, General Robles. In order to secure it, the prisons were momentarily opened, and the unhappy victims restored to liberty. But there was no change in the policy of the Government. There was the same persecution of the Church, the same profanation of her temples, the same universal bankruptcy—in fact, the reign of evil in all its horrors.

At the end of 1856 the friends of García Moreno asked for a safe-conduct pass for one who had been so long exiled from his family and country. Robles granted it, thinking thereby to gain the hearts of the people of Quito, and little thinking of the effect of his return.

Hardly had García Moreno set foot once more in his native country than every possible honor was heaped upon him. The Municipality of Quito appointed him the *Alcaide*, or Supreme Judge; then the Rectorship of the University having fallen vacant, he was nominated to this important post, so as to raise public education, which had fallen to the lowest level. The Faculty of Sciences existed only in name. It had neither professors, nor laboratory, nor instruments of any sort. García Moreno presented the University with a magnificent chemical laboratory which he had brought from Paris for himself, and undertook to teach that almost unknown science. His pupils were amazed at the extent of his knowledge: and in addition to private lessons, he gave public lectures, in which he showed the application of this science to agriculture and commerce. But he never lost sight of the great object he had at heart, namely, the deliverance of his people. And as in May, 1857, a fresh election was to be held for the Members of Congress, he resolved to re-enter the Senate with some of his old political friends, and to reorganize once more the Conservative Party. For this purpose

he started a new paper, the *Unión Nacional*, in which he pointed out the scandals of the Government, and called upon the people at the electoral urns to decide the future of the Republic. The people at last, roused by his impassioned harangues, woke from their long lethargy. The young men especially prepared to struggle with energy for the good cause and for their heroic leader. On the other hand, there was no species of infamy to which the Government did not resort to intimidate and coerce the electors. These proceedings were, one by one, mercilessly exposed by the *Unión Nacional*, and at last the day of battle arrived. Government spies were placed at every voting-place to watch the electors. Soldiers lined the streets, insulting the citizens and threatening them with the wrath of a certain Colonel Patricio Vivero, who was the terror of the country. At last some of the young men of the best families in Quito determined to place themselves in squadrons before the soldiers and protect the electors by force of arms. There was sharp fighting on both sides, but in the end the Government was beaten, and García Moreno, with a considerable number of his political friends, were triumphantly elected.

Urbina understood that this defeat was a mortal blow. Henceforth he would have to reckon not only with a powerful Opposition in the Chambers, but with a people whose patience was exhausted, and who had found out that, their strength lay in union. Four years ago he had laid violent hands on the Senator of Guayaquil and exiled him to Peru. But who would dare arrest the Senator of Quito? On September 15, 1857, amidst the frantic cheers of the whole population, García Moreno took his seat, surrounded by his colleagues, each and all determined to free their country from its tyrants.

CHAPTER II

PARLIAMENTARY OPPOSITION

1857-1859

THE Legislative Session was opened by one of those official messages which would have excited nothing but derision had not the people become used to similar effusions. Robles allowed himself to be deceived by the assurances of some of his creatures among the deputies, and believed that, once the electoral excitement was over, the people would remain passive under the yoke. But that was not García Moreno's intention. All the Ministerial proposals which, under the name of "Constitutional Reforms," were only intended to satisfy the vengeance of the Executive, were pitilessly rejected. In the debate on the Budget, he insisted on an account being rendered of the expenditures, and expressed himself with such indignation against the squanderers of the Public Treasury, that the reports of his speech were suppressed in the official papers. He intervened also in three matters of capital importance.

The first concerned the capitation tax of three piastres a head on the Indians, which had been frequently denounced as iniquitous by the Legislature, but which had never been abolished, on the plea of the bankruptcy of the Treasury. The Radicals pleaded, as usual, for its continuance while shedding crocodile tears over "the misery of the poor Indians." But García Moreno indignantly replied, "Why so much discussion on a question of simple justice and humanity? If this tax were manifestly contrary to law and equity, why defer its abolition? I will tolerate no delay in this matter." The tax was abolished, to the delight of the whole country.

The second question was that of public education, García Moreno having proposed a new organic law, elaborated with the greatest care after his European experiences.

But he was defeated in spite of his eloquence, by the obstinate resistance of the Government and the penury of the Treasury. Before voting sums for the education of youth, the soldiers must have their pay and the public functionaries their salaries. It was a hopeless *status quo* until the disorder in the finances could be remedied. García Moreno succeeded better, however, in another matter, which was the closing of the Masonic lodges which had been surreptitiously opened in Guayaquil. He spoke against them with such eloquence that the motion was voted by a large majority, and in the following terms:

“The Catholic religion being that of all the citizens and the only one recognized by the Constitution, it is impossible without grave danger to admit the creation of irreligious societies; and as, by negligence or connivance, certain secret societies have been introduced into Ecuador of a decidedly anti-religious character, the Congress decrees the dissolution of the Masonic lodges and all other associations disapproved of by the Church.”

Unhappily, through the intrigues of the Government and their assertion that these secret societies did not have any irreligious character, this law remained a dead letter.

Except for the abolition of the Indian tax, the session of 1857 had been absolutely sterile from a legislative point of view. But morally the influence García Moreno exercised in the country was immense. The destruction of all higher education, the embezzlements in the Treasury, the subservience of the Government to the Freemasons—all this had been so ably exposed by him that the anger and scorn of the people against their tyrants knew no bounds. Foreign difficulties came to add to other complications. In order to raise money, large tracts of land had been ceded to English and American emigrants, against which Peru energetically protested, declaring that the alienated territory belonged to them! Urbina, who had never forgiven General Castilla, the

President of Peru, for having given an asylum to Flores, revenged himself by insulting and finally dismissing the Peruvian Ambassador, Caveró, who had come from Lima to settle the frontier question. Castilla replied by an ultimatum in which he exacted the readmission of the Ambassador, menacing, in case of refusal, to blockade the port of Guayaquil. This happened in 1858, and gave Urbina a pretext for a fresh conscription and exactions of money, which were carried out with such injustice and cruelty as to rouse the whole population. The dissolution of the Chambers and the removal of the seat of Government to Guayaquil were openly discussed. Congress reassembled, and again García Moreno pointed out in the strongest language the dangers which menaced the country. After two days' discussion, the whole town shared in the alarm of the Senate. Urbina in a fury gave orders to a body of "Tauras" to go to the bar of the House and arrest García Moreno in the midst of the senators. Fortunately the plot got wind. A large body of young men, devoted to García Moreno, implored him not to go to the House the following day, as this band of brigands were determined to assassinate him. He replied that never would he draw back before such vile criminals, or, in fact, before any danger. So at the usual hour he went to the old Convent of St. Bonaventure where the Senate held its meetings. On his arrival he found a large body of young patriots from all parts of the town who had come to defend him in case of need. They were not useless. The Tauras, at their post, sword in hand and with menaces on their lips, were fiercely watching the proceedings of the members. García Moreno quickly rose and resumed the debate of the day before with greater vigor than ever. After having pointed out the iniquities of the Government, and the way its members were despising the law, the Constitution, and the Legislative Assembly, he suddenly stopped. Then, pointing to the Tauras below the bar, denounced, in a voice which

thrilled through the whole House, the project of Urbina against the national representatives and also the baseness of those soldiers who had consented to act as assassins. His burning words had such an effect that the unhappy Tauras left the Senate trembling and ashamed.

The retraction of the powers previously granted to the Government was voted by an immense majority. After the sitting was over, the Tauras gathered round the doors, determined to lay hands on García Moreno as he came out. But the young patriots were before them. They surrounded their hero, overwhelming him with congratulations and conducted him in triumph to his house.

After this defeat, Urbina and Robles thought it would be easier to intimidate the Lower House. During the debate, Robles fulminated a new message against the Opposition. The soldiers mounted guard, sword in hand, by the houses of the hostile deputies, threatening them with death if they resisted the will of the tyrants. But nothing could induce the majority to allow these men to continue their arbitrary proceedings, and the withdrawal of their powers was voted unanimously.

At the same time, the Congress proved that however much they might be opposed to the despotism of the two dictators, they were quite willing to prepare for national defense. At the beginning of November the news reached Quito of the blockade of Guayaquil. The two Chambers instantly offered their concurrence to the Government to vote the resources in men and money necessary for the struggle. But that would not have suited Urbina, who was determined to free himself from all control. Not daring any longer to threaten to dissolve the House by force, he resolved to affect his purpose by stratagem. Eleven of the deputies were his creatures, and he persuaded them to desert their posts and thus make all deliberation impossible. From the lack of the number of voters required by the

Constitution, the House was counted out, and Urbina instantly dissolved the Chambers and announced the formation of a new authority entitled "The Supreme Direction of the War." Having appointed Urbina General-in-Chief of the army, Robles, "The Dictator," started for Guayaquil, putting out a pompous address to the nation in which he announced that he was going to exercise the powers "which had been confided to him by the people."

Thus, after having mocked the people by dismissing their national representatives, he flattered himself that he could act with impunity. He forgot that he could not carry out a foreign war while leaving behind him an infuriated nation. But God blinds those whom He has determined to abandon.

CHAPTER III

THE NATIONAL RISING

1859

IT would be difficult to describe the exasperation of the people after the *coup d'état* of the Government against the Chambers. Deputies and senators registered an indignant protest against the dissolution of Congress, declaring the new Dictatorship illegal and unconstitutional. The municipal council of Quito equally protested against the abandonment of their capital and the transfer of the Government to Guayaquil. These indignant remonstrances became known to all the people through the heroic devotion of the printer, Valentía, who thus braved the wrath of the two despots and soon felt the consequences of their fury. He and the Drs. Herrera and Mestanza were condemned to exile, and conveyed under a strong escort to the plain of Cunchichamba, where Valentia was tied to a tree and shot. Even the democrats stigmatized this act of unwarrantable cruelty. One man after another, eminent for his virtues, talents, or bravery, was thrown into prison and either exiled or murdered in cold blood. García Moreno had the narrowest escape, and had only time to get on board a trading vessel bound for Peru. At last, the most influential men in the army felt that the moment was come when they must fight for their homes and country like the brave Vendéans of old. A tremendous earthquake on the 22nd of March added to the confusion and terror of the inhabitants. On the 4th of April the troops, under the direction of General Maldonado, declared open war against the Dictators. At eleven o'clock at night Colonel Darquea with twenty well-armed men entered Robles' house, whom he found playing cards with his friend Franco, and arrested him without anyone offering any resistance. Unhappily, however, Franco, who had

escaped, came back, pistol in hand and blew out Darquea's brains. Maldonado, instead of being at hand with his men, had encamped himself on a height, and hearing of the death of Darquea, he lost his courage and entered into negotiations with Robles, so that the troops returned to their quarters, save five hundred of them who took the opportunity to desert. This check only strengthened the hands of the tyrants; but all of a sudden, news came of a popular insurrection in Quito. On January 1, 1859, a troop of young men surrounded the barracks and found the military quite prepared to fraternize with them. Espinel, who was Vice-Governor, ran with some of his Radicals to try and preach submission, but found himself powerless. The overthrow of the Government was declared amidst wild cries of delight, and a provisional Government was formed consisting of three members, García Moreno, Carrión, and Gómez de la Torre. The movement spread rapidly throughout the provinces, and very soon enthusiastic letters of approval arrived from all sides. Only Guayaquil and Cuenca remained with the two Dictators and this only because intimidated by their troops. A courier was dispatched to García Moreno telling him of his election and imploring him to hasten to their aid. With incredible difficulties, he managed to escape the ambushes of his enemies and arrived at Quito on the 1st of May, where he was received as a savior, and instantly set to work to organize the revolt and to influence the ardor of the patriots by the following thrilling words:

“Down with the tyrants! Wherever they reign human intelligence is enchained, the laws violated, the nation martyred, and the Republic on the brink of an abyss.” A few days later García Moreno exchanged his pen for a sword. Robles was advancing with twelve or fifteen hundred men towards the capital, and a small band of volunteers who clamored for García Moreno to lead them hurried to meet

him. He was not a soldier, but had been initiated into all the details of military service. Still it required a courage like his own to go and meet disciplined troops with the handful of men badly armed and utterly undisciplined, who had been gathered together hastily to repel the enemy. On the 3rd of June he found Urbina encamped at Tambucco in an admirable position with a strong natural defense, while his poor recruits were in the open and exposed to every shot. The battle began at ten o'clock in the morning and lasted until four in the evening. García Moreno and his men showed prodigies of valor, but in vain; their defeat was complete. The greater part of them were left dead on the battlefield. The survivors fled to the mountains, where they were tracked and hunted down by the enemy without mercy.

In this terrible fight, García Moreno showed a tenderness of heart equal to his bravery. Without the smallest concern for his personal safety, he flew from one wounded man to another, not being able to bear the idea of leaving any of these poor fellows to the tender mercies of Urbina's soldiery. When he felt at last that he must fly so as not to fall into the hands of the enemy, he found himself alone without a horse, his own having been killed under him, and exposed every moment to being captured by the hostile troops. At that moment Colonel Veintimilla rode up mounted on a good horse, who instantly jumped off and insisted on García Moreno's taking it. "No!" exclaimed García Moreno. "What will you do if I leave you here?" "What does that matter," nobly replied the Colonel. "There are plenty of Veintimillas and only one García Moreno." After which, with a gesture which admitted of no reply, he forced García Moreno to mount and to gallop from the spot.¹ A few days later he arrived at Quito with the few officers and soldiers who had

¹ Ignacio Veintimilla was President of the Republic from 1876 to 1881. Quantum mutatus ab illo! (How changed from what he was!)

escaped from the disaster of Tambucco. But this defeat, instead of discouraging the people, had only increased their patriotism. They received him with the ringing of bells and every demonstration of joy to show him that in spite of his defeat they still looked upon him as the only savior of their country.

The moment however was most critical. In a conference with his colleagues, García Moreno was of the opinion that, the creation of an army being impossible, they must have recourse to diplomacy. He proposed therefore to return to Peru and obtain the cooperation of President Castilla against Robles and Urbina. The Provisional Government in the meantime was to be transferred to Ibarra. This being agreed to, García Moreno started for Lima, but found that Castilla, though very courteous and civil, was unwilling to assist his unfortunate countrymen without a portion of the territory of Ecuador being ceded to Peru, an odious bargain to which no man of honor could accede. In despair at the failure of these negotiations, García Moreno resolved to address himself to the patriotism of General Franco, proposing to him to abandon the cause of these miserable dictators and with his army to join the Provisional Government. He pointed out to him the terrible condition of Quito, which had again been occupied by Urbina, and tried to make him understand that continued civil war must be the result of the present state of things.

Franco understood perfectly what García Moreno wanted, but he had a secret plan of his own, which was to get rid of Urbina and Robles, then become the President of Ecuador himself. A month later, on 21st of August, it was announced that in consequence of a convention between Castilla and Franco, the Maritime Provinces were determined to form a new Government. Urbina and Robles hastened to Guaranda to find means to avert the blow. But they were about to lose a power which they had so long and so

shamelessly abused. No sooner had Robles left the capital than a fresh revolution broke out. Carvajal with his little army had beaten the Government troops at Ibarra and was marching to the rescue of Quito. On the 4th of September, in consequence of fresh aggressions on the part of the Governor, the population rose as one man. Armed with guns, stones, and sticks, the insurgents attacked the artillery barracks; women threw sand and ashes at the eyes of the soldiers, who, yielding to numbers, were obliged to lay down their arms after a bloody struggle. A few days later Carvajal arrived at Quito with his victorious troops, and the Provisional Government was once more re-established.

The gates of the capital being thus closed to Urbina and Robles, they tried to take refuge in Guayaquil. But on the 6th of September, General Franco convoked the citizens of that town to a fresh election for the Presidency. Without taking any count of the provinces of the interior, and in spite of the rule that a vote of this nature demanded an absolute majority, he contented himself with one hundred and sixty-one votes against one hundred and sixty spontaneously given to García Moreno, and proclaimed himself the supreme chief of the Republic.

Whilst this theatrical farce was going on, Urbina and Robles, caught between two fires, remained at Guaranda. It was impossible to make a step backwards without falling into the hands of the patriots of Quito, or a step forwards without encountering Franco's troops. Nothing remained to these two infamous men but to leave Ecuador as soon as possible. Robles boarded a vessel from Panama and took refuge in Chili coming, while Urbina escaped on a French ship. The terrible tyranny they had exercised over their countrymen had lasted for eight years, but we shall see later on that they had by no means given up hopes of a return to power.

CHAPTER IV

THE DRAMA OF RIOBAMBA

1859

ECUADOR was delivered from the “twins,” but the last surviving member of the infamous triumvirate, the savage Franco, remained, and García Moreno’s whole energies were now turned to accomplishing the difficult task of sending him to rejoin his two accomplices.

It was true that the Provisional Government represented almost the whole nation, but how was it possible to defeat and disarm the usurper? With the little army of Carvajal and a handful of volunteers, without guns or any of the munitions of war, how could they hope to conquer the disciplined troops of Franco, assisted by five or six thousand Peruvians and the cannons of the squadron which blockaded Guayaquil? The experience of Tambucco had proved to García Moreno the powerlessness of the greatest bravery against numbers and military skill. He began therefore by creating an army and sending the volunteers to have their military drill under experienced officers. Then he made an appeal to the whole country to raise a sufficient sum to maintain these men and to obtain horses, provisions, and all that was needful for the new army. But the apparently insurmountable difficulty was the want of arms; they had neither rifles nor cannon nor ammunition. All these things were in Franco’s hands. Despairing of obtaining any from abroad, García Moreno determined to manufacture them on the spot. In the *hacienda* of Chillo, there was a large cotton manufactory belonging to a friend of his, Señor Juan Aguirre; he transformed this into an arsenal and cannon foundry. Thanks to his extraordinary and universal knowledge, he succeeded in procuring the necessary materials, and with no other assistant than a simple mechanic he managed to turn out of

this yard rifles of a rare perfection, and even cannons of a great size like the *Chimborazo* and *Cotopaxi*, which for certainty of aim, rivaled the best from European foundries; then powder, balls, shells, cartridges, and all the necessary ammunition. But what fearful labor all this entailed, and what an amount of study to calculate with mathematical precision the different sights required, to train the workmen in every branch of this new art and to overlook every operation himself! All day he was at his foundry, all night in his study seeking the solution of the many difficult problems which suggested themselves in this new manufacture. But his prodigious activity and his iron constitution seemed to defy all fatigue.

Once when he had just returned to Quito after a forced march from Guayaquil, he heard that the works at Chillo had been closed. Without stopping to give himself a moment's rest or food, he called for his horse and galloped the twelve miles that separated the capital from Chillo, where he instantly set all the men to work again. Another time, after having made a long and perilous journey of forty-eight hours across the mountains, he arrived among his workmen in such a state of exhaustion that he dropped asleep as he got down from his horse and did not wake again for a long time. "I can conquer hunger and thirst," he exclaimed afterwards, "but not sleep." This was his great regret, for the twenty-four hours were much too short for the work he had undertaken.

While preparing for war, however, he did not despair of arriving at a pacific solution to the difficulty. One day he rode to Payta, where in a last interview with Castilla he showed him his own proclamation in which he had said, "that he did not make war against the people of Ecuador but only against their tyrants." But Castilla formally demanded the ceding of a portion of the territory of Ecuador, on which condition alone he would recall his troops. García Moreno

indignantly rejected this proposal, and then tried to make one more appeal to the patriotism of Franco, pointing out to him the indelible stain which would attach itself to his name if he sold his country to the enemy, and offering even to give up to him his place in the Provisional Government. Franco feigned to accept, but to prove his sincerity García Moreno proposed to him to bring his forces to Guayaquil to commence hostilities against Castilla. Caught in his own net, Franco positively refused and broke off the conference. Having thus exhausted all pacific means, García Moreno started again for Quito to review the troops stationed on the road. Hardly had he quitted Guayaquil than a troop of villains armed with poniards and revolvers set off to follow him, but he managed to elude them by the extraordinary swiftness of his movements. At each station the assassins found he was ahead of them. But after escaping from this danger he fell into another which threatened to be still more perilous. After Urbina's flight some of his troops had remained at Riobamba, and Franco, who knew their faithless and undisciplined character, determined to bribe them to revolt and betray their chief. García Moreno, after having visited the troops at Guaranda, arrived on the 7th of November at Riobamba, intending to rest there for a few days. But in the middle of the night his frightened servants rushed up to him to say that the soldiers had revolted and their Generals had declared themselves against the Provisional Government, and especially against its chief. Calm and silent, García Moreno was reflecting on what measures to take, when the Commandant Cavero presented himself with all the insolence of a rebel and ordered him to give up his position. "Never!" replied García Moreno, and as Cavero proceeded to threaten him:—"enough!" he cried. "You may take my life, but you will never conquer my will."

At a sign from Cavero, Captain Palacios arrested the intrepid representative of supreme power and threw him into

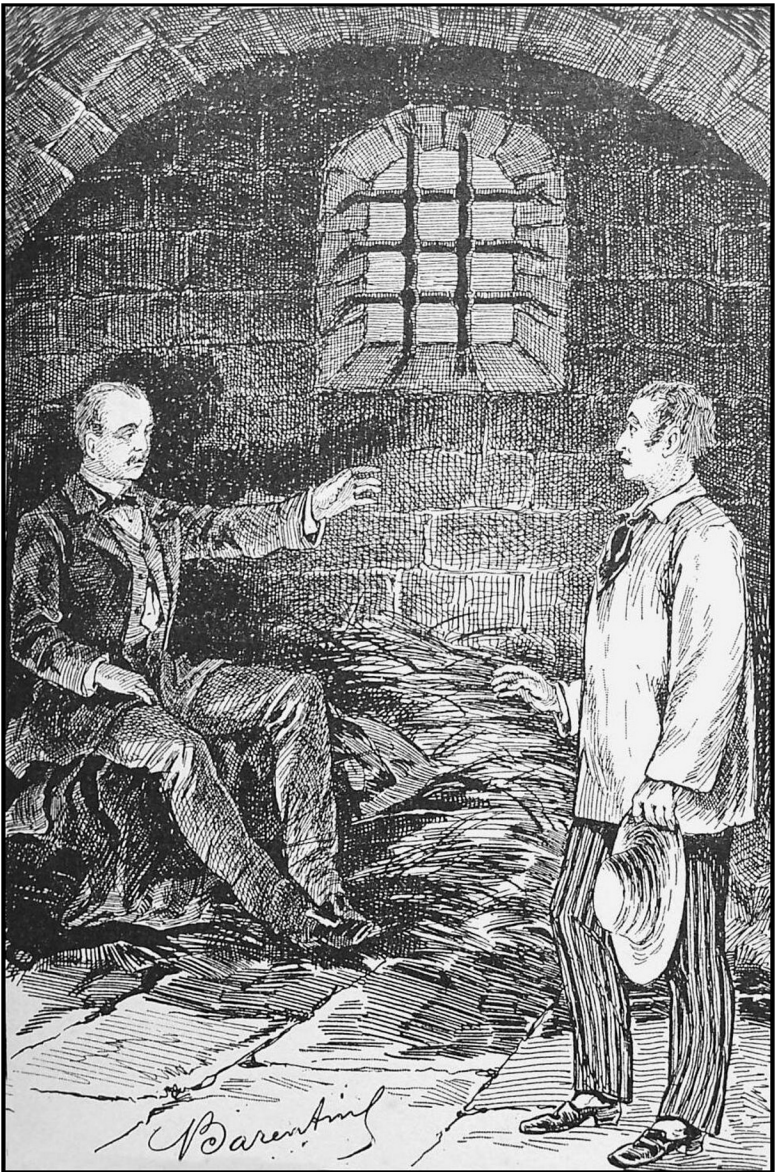
prison, announcing to him that if he persisted in his resolution, the morrow would be his last day. The officers and soldiers then gave themselves up to every sort of debauchery and excess, pillaging the different quarters of the town and leaving only a few sentinels at the door of the prison. García Moreno's first thought was to commend his soul to God, feeling sure that these men would not hesitate to assassinate him without mercy. But then with great calmness he began to think what he could do to prolong a life which was not, he felt, useless to his country. From a garret window looking on the street, he saw his guards enviously watching their more fortunate companions, and he justly presumed that their love of drink and hope of plunder would induce them, before long, to desert their post and disobey their orders, in order to share in the spoils. At this moment, a servant of one of his faithful friends managed to get near him for a moment and to whisper to him that if he could only unscrew one of the bars of the window, he could easily scale the low wall of the prison, while at the gate of the city a horse ready saddled was prepared for his flight. "Tell your master," replied García, "that I will leave this prison not by the window, but by the door through which I entered it."

His previsions were realized. The guards dispersed one after the other, leaving him to be watched by one sentinel only within the walls. After a few moments of prayer and reflection, García Moreno drew near to this man and asked him in the tone of a master or rather of a judge:

"To whom did you take an oath of fidelity?"

"To the Chief of the State," replied the soldier, trembling.

"The only legitimate Chief of the State is myself," replied García Moreno. "You owe, therefore, to me alone, obedience and fidelity. Your officers are rebels and perjurers. Are you not ashamed to help them to these acts of violence, and to betray thus your God and your country?"



“Tell your master that I will leave this prison not by the window, but by the door through which I entered it.”

The soldier, struck with compunction, threw himself on his knees and asked his pardon.

“I will forgive you,” he replied, “if you will obey me and do your duty.”

A few minutes later, with the aid of this man, he had left the prison, and accompanied by a faithful general, had escaped from Riobamba and galloped on to Calpi, where he had already summoned some of his best men to meet him. An hour later he found himself at Calpi with fourteen brave men determined to follow him to the death. Without giving them an instant to think, he retraced his steps to Riobamba determined to capture the rebels and resume the command of the troops. When they returned to the town amidst the universal pillage and destruction of the houses, a dead silence reigned after the orgies of the night. Some of the chiefs had gone off with their booty, the rest, including Palacios, the leader of the revolt, were sunk in a drunken sleep. Without a moments hesitation García Moreno seized him with the principal bandits, and dragging them into the square, held a council of war. Palacios appeared at first too drunk to realize his position. Condemned to death he answered with insolence, but the severe voice of García Moreno recalled the reality to him: “You have half an hour to prepare yourself for death,” he exclaimed, “and not a moment more.” He sent for a priest to reconcile these guilty men with God, but Palacios refused his ministry and at the time appointed the rebel fell under the balls of the soldiers. Several other officers shared the same fate. One captain only was spared, one of the principal ladies of the town having asserted that he had not shared in the rebellion, but had been hiding in her house during the sacking of the town. García Moreno, who was always just, at once granted him a free pardon.

The death of their leaders terrified the soldiers, who were only too thankful to be allowed to return to their old

commanders. García Moreno then resolved to pursue those who had escaped with their spoils to Mocha. With his fourteen devoted followers he arrived in that little town at midnight, the brigands having fallen asleep on the galleries which surrounded the Square (plaza), their guns piled beside them, and sentinels, being placed at the end of each avenue. Sword in hand García Moreno advanced, the night being rainy and dark, and attacked the first sentry, who would have fled, but was thrust through with a bayonet. Surprised in their sleep and in the dark, the rebels fancied themselves surrounded by a large number of troops. A few escaped, but eighty of them, disarmed and garroted, were led back to Riobamba by García's men with orders to shoot the first who should attempt to escape.

García Moreno now thought himself master of the position when another body of troops approached. A furious fight went on in the dark, and many were killed and wounded. "Yield, brigands!" exclaimed García Moreno. His voice was recognized and both sides discovered that they had made a fatal mistake. These fresh troops were not rebels but faithful soldiers who had come in hot haste from Ambato to fight the rebels of Riobamba. After having mourned the deaths of these faithful friends, García Moreno, with a strong reinforcement, went on in pursuit of the rebels. He succeeded at last in capturing three hundred, who, after their term of imprisonment was over, were once more incorporated in the standing army. The remainder fled to the mountains and there lived as brigands, which was, in fact, their habitual trade.

Thus ended this terrible episode in García Moreno's life, which, but for the Providence of God, might have had a most disastrous termination. The genius and bravery of one man had triumphed over treachery, a rebel army, and persistent bad luck. Exhausted with fatigue, and still more brokenhearted at the thought of the state of anarchy of his

country, García Moreno returned to Quito, there to organize the preparations for a campaign, which had become inevitable, against the pretended head of the Republic in Guayaquil.

CHAPTER V

NEGOTIATIONS AND BATTLES

1859-1860

WHILST García Moreno was disarming the rebels of Riobamba, Castilla made his appearance at the mouth of the Guayas with six thousand men, whom Franco permitted to disembark, and thus give the key of his country to Peru. Then he announced a convention with Castilla to settle an exchange of territory, to which he had the audacity to invite the members of the Provisional Government of Quito. García Moreno saw clearly that no amount of negotiation with these two thieves would prevent the dismemberment of Ecuador. He seriously contemplated, therefore, placing the Republic under the protection of France, and for that purpose letters were exchanged between himself and the French Minister. But this project seemed an impossible one to the other members of the Provisional Government; so that, wishing to exhaust all pacific means in their power, they sent two of their members, Avilez and Gómez de la Torre, armed with full powers to negotiate with Franco, but under the express condition to in no way compromise the integrity of their territory or the independence of their nation. An equitable convention was drawn up, the terms of which were accepted by Franco, but indignantly rejected by Castilla, who had not brought his six thousand men for nothing to Guayaquil, and who told General Franco that he had been the dupe of his enemies. Upon this Franco flew into a violent rage, refused to sign the convention, and threw the two ambassadors into prison. They were only released by the intervention of the English Chargé d'Affaires, and on condition that they should leave the city within six hours. After such an insult García Moreno felt that there was nothing left for the Government of Ecuador to do but to conquer or die. After an eloquent appeal to the patriotism of

the people, and having unmasked the odious conduct of Franco, he hastened to put himself at the head of the troops. The soldiers, exasperated against Franco and stirred to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by García Moreno's thrilling words, started on the 20th of January to meet the enemy. Colonel Leon, one of Franco's officers, held a fortified position on the heights of Piscurco, but waited to make the attack until the reinforcements under Commandant Zerda arrived from Guayaquil. García Moreno determined, therefore, to forestall him; and his troops made a furious charge, which the strength of the position alone rendered unsuccessful. García Moreno then made a flank movement, leaving Colonel Davallos with several companies of infantry and a squadron of cavalry to continue the attack and mask his movements. This succeeded in a marvelous manner: all the enemy's ammunition and baggage fell into their hands, and the rout was complete. Colonel Leon with the scattered remains of his troops fled back to Guayaquil; while García Moreno sent Colonel Maldonado at the head of some picked men to meet Zerda, and found him hastening from Cuenca to help Colonel Leon. The engagement took place in the plains of Sabun, on the 7th of February, and so vigorous and unexpected was the attack that the victory was complete, and the greater number of the officers and men, including Zerda himself, fell into the hands of Maldonado. The latter took advantage of his success to march on Cuenca, which was defended by a small garrison under Colonel Ayarza. But, seeing his inferiority in numbers, Ayarza capitulated without firing a shot. The inhabitants of Cuenca were overjoyed, and could at last breathe freely and follow their own sympathies by uniting themselves to the Government of Quito. There remained only the province of Loja, situated on the frontiers of Peru. The town of Loja had, with much hesitation, joined the party of Franco; but now, seeing García Moreno's extraordinary success, were

inclined to return to their old allegiance. It was a sort of calculating policy; and by reserving their act of submission, they hoped to be exonerated totally, or in part, from bearing their share of the public burdens. To cut short these interested turnabouts, García Moreno went in person to Loja, and in two days succeeded in smoothing away all difficulties, so that the town submitted to his conditions amidst the acclamations of joy of the whole province.

This series of brilliant maneuvers left only Guayaquil to General Franco, and even this province was devoted in heart to García Moreno, though occupied by the troops of the usurper. After mature deliberation it was decided that García Moreno should return to his headquarters at Guaranda, and from thence descend the Cordilleras and fight a decisive battle with Franco and Castilla, feeling sure that a real and definitive peace could only be signed in the city of Guayaquil.

CHAPTER VI

THE TAKING OF GUAYAQUIL

1860

THE admiration for García Moreno went on increasing, and in the same degree the hatred against Franco, who had just signed a treaty with Peru, which ceded a portion of Ecuador to the Peruvians, on condition that the latter should assist Franco in the defense of Guayaquil.

The announcement of this infamous bargain was received with indignation by the whole country. A rich proprietor offered all his property to the Quito treasury to save the honor of his nation. Indignant protests were sent in from every province, and masses of young men came forward as volunteers to join the army.

Before, however, risking this last appeal to arms, García Moreno made another effort to save the blood of his people, and wrote a beautiful letter to Franco, suggesting that to avoid the horrible civil war in which they were engaged, and to defeat the schemes of the common enemy, both he and Franco should resign their commands and retire into exile for a time, while the province of Guayaquil would join those of the interior in submitting to the Provisional Government at Quito. He concluded his letter with these words: "If you accept this proposal, which would ensure the integrity of our territory without wounding your honor, I will instantly send in my own resignation and leave the country. It would be with a bad grace that I should ask such a sacrifice at your hands, if I were not ready to set you the example."

Instead of being struck at this generous and patriotic proposal, Franco was furious at the very idea of abandoning the Presidency which he had so long coveted. He burst into the vilest abuse of García Moreno, and even imprisoned the messenger who brought him the letter.

As a last resource García Moreno addressed himself to the agents of the Diplomatic Corps, imploring their mediation, and showing how the unhappy treaty entered into by Franco with Peru had widened the breach between Guayaquil and the Provisional Government of Quito. The people of Ecuador could never consent to a measure so contrary to the rights, interests, and honor. There was no alternative between the abdication of Franco and a war of extermination. At the same time he renewed the proposal he had already made, to retire into voluntary exile if Franco would do the same. He proposed also the election of a new Chief of the State chosen by both Governments, adding: "The country does not need any particular man; and the Provisional Government should be above the interests of party or of personal ambition."

This wonderful instance of self-abnegation and patriotism induced the Diplomatic body to do their utmost to bring about a reconciliation which should avert the horrors of civil war. But Franco resisted all their efforts, and even demanded the expulsion of García Moreno, whom he declared to be "the author of all the evils which had fallen on Ecuador." On the 1st of May, the glorious anniversary of the Quito Revolution, his rage knew no bounds. From Babahoyo, Manabi, and other towns on the seacoast, came petitions for union with the Provisional Government, together with a number of volunteers for García's army. Franco tracked them with the greatest cruelty and chained them in his barracks, where many died under the lash.

The noble initiative of the Provisional Government produced, however, a contrary effect on Castilla, who had enough sense to feel the moral victory which García Moreno had gained, not only among the people of Ecuador, but with the whole Diplomatic body. Feeling that he was altogether in a false position, he gave orders to his troops to evacuate Guayaquil and return to Peru. He himself remained with a

small portion of the squadron to watch the course of events and intervene with his cannons if needful to save the Treaty of the 25th of January. The situation began to clear itself, and the forces of the two parties were becoming more equal, when García Moreno received a reinforcement as precious as it was unexpected by the arrival, in the camp of Guaranda, of old General Flores. After fifteen years of exile the ex-President had settled in Peru with the consent of Castilla. The latter had summoned him to assist Franco in the war against Ecuador, and, on his indignant refusal, had driven him from Peru. Flores, in this moment of danger to his country, forgot his past misfortunes and resentments. Listening only to the voice of honor, he wrote to García Moreno; "In the difficult circumstances in which you are placed, let me know if I can be of any use to you. If so, I am at your orders." García Moreno, forgetting all past and present rivalries, hastened to reply: "Come immediately, and be our General-in-Chief." A few days later these two political adversaries, united in the same patriotic feelings, embraced one another in face of the whole army, wild with joy and enthusiasm.

Flores arrived at the very moment when his military talents and experience were most needed. A month later Franco decided to steam up the River Guayas with his soldiers and cannons, and to establish himself at Babahoya, intending from thence to attack the provinces of the interior. The two chiefs at once decided that they would not give him time to climb the Cordilleras, but would meet him in the plain, where the population was groaning under his heavy yoke. But first García Moreno put forth two brilliant proclamations: one to the inhabitants of Guayaquil, and one to his army, which acted as an electric shock upon them both, and filled his soldiers with confidence and courage. Our readers will understand the difficulties of this march on Guayaquil if they remember the configuration of the country that the

army had to traverse. On leaving Guaranda, they were first met by the abrupt and precipitous slopes of the Cordilleras, and would have to march through narrow and dangerous paths, which in some places were almost impassable, and to drag after them all their baggage, ammunition, and artillery. When they had at last reached the plain, they would have to encounter Franco's army, superior not only in numbers, but in artillery and cavalry. If, beyond their hopes, they were victorious, Franco would only have to get on board his ships and return to Guayaquil, which they would then have to regularly besiege. But the military genius of Flores and the invincible courage of García Moreno triumphed over all these difficulties. Their only chance was in taking the enemy by surprise, avoiding a pitched battle, and only attacking when circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary.

The enemy was divided into two corps, one of which, under Franco, occupied Babahoyo, a town situated at the foot of the Cordilleras, and connected by the river with Guayaquil; the other, under General Leon, occupied Catamaras, a village on the road to Ventanas, to the right of the river. To defeat this combination, Flores determined to turn the flank of Franco's army by attacking him in the rear and that without giving the alert to General Leon.

In order to mask his plan, he sent off a division to Bilovan, near Babahoyo, while under cover of this false attack the main body of the army by forced marches and unknown paths crossed the mountains and arrived at Ventanas. On the 5th of August, at six o'clock in the evening, the greater portion had arrived safely; but in spite of incredible fatigues, they were obliged to go on at dead of night and in complete silence, so as not to be detected by General Leon, whose camp was close by.

Fortunately all the peasantry were devoted to García Moreno, and gave him the most minute and accurate information as to the movements of the enemy. As guides, and



“Fortunately all the peasantry were devoted to García Moreno, and gave him the most minute and accurate information as to the movements of the enemy.”

even as sappers, they opened fresh paths across the forest with their axes, when the ordinary road became dangerous. The troops marched in that way for sixteen mortal hours before reaching Babahoyo. Their movements were, however, so rapid and so secret, that they arrived without having fired off a single cartridge.

At nine o'clock they attacked the town. Utterly taken by surprise, Franco and his soldiers could not resist the impetuous charge of the Quito troops. Still, the artillery poured a destructive fire upon them from their batteries, until Flores ordered the cavalry to charge the artillerymen, who were cut down while still clinging to their guns. After that, the rout became general, and Franco, wounded in the shoulder, escaped with difficulty on board a ship to hide his defeat at Guayaquil.

After three hours' fighting, García Moreno accordingly found himself master of Babahoyo, where a large number of officers and soldiers, with cannons, guns, and ammunition (besides the printing press and salt mines of the Government) fell into his hands. He wrote after this victory to the Provisional Government: "I have kept my word and hope soon to be able to announce to you the end of this campaign which has been visibly blessed by God." Then, with that forgetfulness of self, of which only great men are capable, he added: "We owe these triumphs mainly to the genius of our General-in-Chief, and to the extraordinary military virtues and endurance of our officers and soldiers." The taking of Babahoyo had placed General Leon in a most critical position. He tried to escape by Zamboroddon, hoping there to embark his troops and rejoin Franco at Guayaquil. But Flores who guessed his movements, hastened to Bocca Corvina, in front of Zamboroddon, with cannon and artillery, to sink his ships if he attempted to escape by the river. General Leon was finally obliged to traverse the woods and marshes on foot before he could rejoin

his chief, who was preparing a desperate last resistance at Guayaquil. As all the provinces had declared in favor of García Moreno, Franco determined, together with Castilla, to declare Guayaquil a free town, apart from the rest of Ecuador and under the protectorate of Peru. Such was the respect paid by these democrats to the national will.

It took a whole month for García Moreno's army to arrive at the city and establish their camp at Mapasingue. There he and Flores consulted as to the last dispositions to be taken before making the terrible assault.

Guayaquil was defended on that side by a strongly fortified hill, bristling with batteries, which made it virtually impregnable. To the right of this natural fortress flows the river Guayas, which surrounds the town on that side and the waters of which flow into the sea. To the left is what is called the "Estero Salado,"—a kind of marsh planted with great mangrove trees—an arm of the sea, in fact, which completely isolates Guayaquil and the fine plain that surrounds it. Only by stratagem, therefore, could such a place be taken.

For several days Flores ostensibly prepared a regular assault of the hill and the fort which adjoined the "Estero Salado," while Franco on his side, disposed his batteries to annihilate them on the first attack. On the 22nd of September, in the evening, everyone went to rest, convinced that the assault would be made on the morrow. But in the middle of the night while the fires brightened up the camp as usual, the whole of Flores' army, save a regiment of lancers and a company of artillerymen who were left to defend the general's headquarters in case of attack, moved off to the borders of the fatal marsh determined to cross it and fall upon Guayaquil from the only side where Franco would never expect them, as the wildest imagination could never conceive that any soldiers would venture to cross this terrible swamp with cannons and artillery.

After two hours' march in perfect silence the exhausted men threw themselves down for a little rest before affronting the dangers of the "Estero Salado." This arm of the sea is divided into three parts. The first is a slimy, muddy marsh covered with mangroves whose roots rise several yards above the soil interlaced like a coat of mail and forming an impenetrable hedge for five or six hundred yards. Beyond this, the marsh is intersected by a deep canal, one hundred feet in width, which is called the Rio Salado. After that, the marsh begins again with the forest of mangroves up to the Savannah. This was the threefold barrier which the troops had to cross before reaching Guayaquil.

The General-in-Chief, with some sharpshooters, was examining the passage, when a fusillade from Salado proved that they were watched. Rushing forward to reconnoiter the enemy, they found that the shots came from some scouts, who, the instant they found their fire returned, took to their boats and made for the sea. The Rio being thus forced, the sharpshooters crossed it in barges and on rafts and established themselves on the opposite bank to protect the arduous passage of the troops, the cannon being likewise placed in position for the same purpose.

Then began the struggle—the soldiers clinging to the branches of the mangroves, covered with sticky mud, and struggling for their lives amidst the roots and slime. Several battalions had crossed in safety when a sharp fusillade burst forth from the Liza Fort and a detachment of the enemy was seen hurrying forward to bar the passage. Flores had foreseen this probability and instantly, by his orders, twenty trumpets from the sharpshooters sounded a charge as if the whole army were advancing. Deceived by this clever ruse, the enemy, who were only two hundred strong, hastily retreated. In the meantime the artillery had arrived on the banks of the terrible marsh, with their guns and gun carriages, their shells and ammunition. Seeing their Chief start

forward first with a powder-cask weighing one hundred pounds, the men followed him with eagerness equal to his own. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of what their toil was for those eight hours, during which they had to drag over their cannon and ammunition by sheer strength and pluck against such fearful obstacles. At last, covered with slime from head to foot, with bleeding legs and feet, their uniforms in rags, streaming with perspiration and dying of thirst, these poor fellows arrived on the plain with all their artillery, amidst the cheers of the whole army.

Towards evening, when they had rested a little, García Moreno and Flores formed them in a vast quadrilateral extending all across the plain, and going up and down the ranks gave them their last instructions. At eleven o'clock, the clarions sounded the charge, that is, victory or death; for there was no escape if they were defeated, with Franco's cannons before and the fearful marsh behind them. Soldiers and officers had but one thought, to defeat the rebels or sell their lives dearly.

At that instant, Franco's batteries thundered forth, together with the cannons of the Peruvian steamer *Tumbez*. García Moreno and his men answered by the cry of *Hurrah for Ecuador!* and charged the advance guard of the enemy with such fury that they fell back in great disorder and were only brought again to the charge by a fresh attack from the battalion of Colonel Veintimilla. Commandant Barreda succeeded at the same moment in dispersing a strong battalion of artillery and taking their guns. In the meantime, Flores' cannon swept across the plain, and with such effect that the Guayaquil troops, who never imagined that any cannon could cross the Salado, retired in disorder behind the batteries on the hill, abandoning their barrack and their park of artillery.

The forts on the heights still held out. García Moreno and Flores gave the signal of a general attack at four

o'clock. Colonel Veintimilla, under a terrible fire, carried the fortifications of Legua by assault and took possession of the batteries. Towards six o'clock the General-in-Chief, surrounded by a feeble escort, approached the Cerro entrenchments to entreat the enemy not to prolong a useless resistance, when a furious mulatto brandishing his lance threw himself on the speaker. Flores had barely a second in which to turn and fly, being followed by a shower of balls from which he only escaped by a miracle. A few minutes after, he came back at the head of the "Avengers of Quito" (as his picked band was called), who dashed up the parapet, killed the artillerymen and spiked their guns, so that they became masters not only of Cerro but of all the batteries from Legua to the Military Hospital.

From that instant the enemy fled in the greatest confusion through the streets of the city, hiding when they could in the houses, from whence they fired on the conquerors. At nine o'clock the few survivors of this terrible and bloody struggle were all made prisoners, and Franco, flying from his conquerors on board a Peruvian ship, left behind him four hundred men, the greater part of his officers, twenty-six pieces of artillery and all his arms and ammunition. After this brilliant victory, García Moreno addressed his comrades as follows: "Masters of the stronghold where the savage chief of the *Tauras* had so long taken refuge, you have crowned yourselves with laurels which will not fade. The passage of the Salado with your cannons and the fights which have assured our triumph will ever remain as memorable and heroic facts in the military history of nations."

The taking of Guayaquil, which put an end to a fifteen months' struggle, was hailed with acclamations of joy throughout Ecuador. To give extra significance to this event and perpetuate its remembrance, García Moreno willed that the national flag which Franco had so dishonored should be changed. "This flag," he wrote in a solemn decree, "which

has been stained by a chief unworthy of the name, must give place to the old one, dyed with the blood of our bravest men, the glory of which is immaculate. From today, the noble old Colombian flag shall become once more the banner of the Republic.”

But as an earnest and devout Christian, García Moreno did not forget that victory must be attributed less to man’s genius than to the intervention of God’s Providence. The taking of Guayaquil, having taken place on September 24, 1860, the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, he decreed that in gratitude to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer and to deserve her further assistance in future, the army of the Republic should be placed henceforth under the special protection of Our Lady of Mercy, and that at each anniversary both the Government and the army should assist officially at the great solemnities of the Church.

In truth, Our Lady of Mercy, the Redemptress of captives, had helped him to deliver his people from men more to be feared than the Saracens, that is, the agents of Socialism and Revolution.

CHAPTER VII

GARCÍA MORENO AS PRESIDENT

1860-1861

DURING the last fifteen years, we have admired García Moreno as a patriot and head of the Opposition, determined to deliver his country from the tyrants who oppressed her. We have now to follow him in his government of the country he had saved.

The problems he had to solve appeared almost hopelessly difficult. Ecuador had to be brought once more under the guidance of the Church; but how? All were imbued with modern ideas; the Liberals considered that the Church should be subject to the State; the Radicals and Freemasons, that she was an enemy who must be destroyed. Even good Catholics hesitated between the inalienable rights of the Church and the pretended rights of the people. These discordant elements, it is true, had been united at a moment of common danger; but once the critical time was passed, the coalition became almost impossible. García Moreno had also to face the violent opposition of the defeated party and of those numerous followers of Urbina, Robles, and Franco, who still remained in the civil and military departments of the State. García Moreno was then only the head of a provisional government. His first business was to call together the Chambers which were to give the country both a new Constitution and a President. Now, in a Republic the electoral question is of primary importance. It is a signal folly which some people hold as a theory, that a government should keep itself aloof from elections. It is to abandon the people to the intrigues of villains who may flatter and deceive them one day while they trample them under their feet the next. As things then were, García Moreno's only chance was to reform the entire electoral system.

Under the Spanish dominion, Ecuador was divided into three great districts...Quito, Cuenca, and Guayaquil. Each was to send ten deputies to the Convention; so that Guayaquil and Cuenca could always checkmate the Quito deputies, who were mostly Conservatives, although the population of the latter province was three times as great. Hence arose the anomaly of a Catholic people being almost always represented by Liberals or Ultra-Radicals. García Moreno determined to destroy the root of the evil by fixing the number of deputies according to the population of each province. Every twenty thousand souls would thus have a right to a representative in the Chambers. This dealt a mortal blow to the revolutionary supremacy. The Radicals understood this so well that they organized a formidable opposition to the new electoral law under the direction of Pedro Carbo, who had been created Governor of Guayaquil. García Moreno answered him by a magnificent letter, in which he exposed the fallacy of the old system and the absolute necessity for its revision. But he went further still. In order to destroy the oligarchy of the great towns where a certain number of rich men and Radicals influenced all the electors, he issued the following decree:

“The election will be based on the numbers of the population. Each fraction of twenty thousand inhabitants will elect a deputy. The election will be direct and the suffrage universal. Every citizen of twenty-one years of age who can read and write will be qualified to vote.”

The rage of the Radicals knew no bounds; but the people flocked joyfully to the urns, too happy to give worthy colleagues to the man who had saved them, so that the Conservative victory was complete. The Radicals resorted to their usual methods of revenge—sedition and the dagger. Three days later, an odious conspiracy was discovered to assassinate García Moreno and proclaim Pedro Carbo

President; and it was only by being unexpectedly summoned to Quito that García Moreno escaped.

The Convention met, and never was it composed of more heterogeneous elements. The first to appear was General Flores, whose noble conduct in the last struggle had effaced the recollection of the past. García Moreno, his old enemy, would only see in him the brave soldier who had conquered the enemies of his country, and he was named President of the Congress. Around him were grouped certain notabilities of the Conservative and Catholic Party, and even some members of the clergy. But there were different shades both of Conservatives and Catholics in those days; and many of these very men had their heads filled with Utopian notions as to the separation of Church and State, the federative system, and other theories, which were popular in New Granada and elsewhere.

After the opening sitting on January 10, 1861, the Provisional Government gave a succinct account of their proceedings during the last fifteen months, and resigned their powers. The report of their proceedings during that time was received with tremendous cheers and applause. It was at once decreed that the members of the Provisional Government had deserved well of their country, and that the busts of these three great citizens should be placed in the Government Palace to perpetuate the remembrance of their glorious services. García Moreno was the most warmly congratulated, and appointed President *ad interim*. His decree, declaring the Blessed Virgin the special Protectress of the Republic, was confirmed, and special thanks were voted to the army, which by its bravery had saved the Republic. But this touching unanimity ceased when it became a question of the revision of the Constitution. García Moreno earnestly desired that to Ecuador should be granted a purely Catholic Constitution, but finding it impossible to develop his whole plan at once, he contented himself with setting aside, for the moment, all that paralyzed the action of the Church.

The first proposition declared that the Holy, Roman, Apostolic and Catholic religion was the religion of the State to the exclusion of all others. This was no innovation, as it had always been admitted in the Republic. But the wind blew from another quarter at that moment. Everyone was in favor of liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, modern progress, and the like. A noted ecclesiastic even ventured to make a speech of Mirabeau's, declaring that God being as visible as the sun, an official recognition of His Power was a superfluity. Fortunately, these ridiculous declarations roused the whole country against the speaker. García Moreno used all his influence to bring back the younger deputies to more healthy ideas, and in the end, the Article was maintained.

Another burning question was the federal system. Should Ecuador preserve her unity? or be divided into small independent states like Switzerland? García Moreno vigorously opposed the division, proving that it would result in a bitter antagonism, which would end in a civil war and destroy the resources of a country which had a small population, though an immense extent of territory. After a very stormy debate he carried this point also by a large majority.

The only remaining subject of discussion was as to the extent of the Executive power. García Moreno contented himself with asking, first, for the ratification of his electoral reform, and then the division of the province of Guayaquil into two, to withdraw the plain from the disastrous influence of the city. These two measures were agreed to, and the Constitution was voted.

The election of a President then became the order of the day. By a unanimous vote, García Moreno was elected; and thus the whole nation by its representatives did justice to the great citizen, who for the last fifteen years had labored solely for the honor and good of his country.

At first García Moreno refused the honor, alleging the insufficiency of the powers accorded to the Government by the new Constitution. He ended by yielding to the entreaties of his friends, who saw in him the only man capable of regenerating the nation, and so made an appeal to his conscience and his devotedness. To prove their good will, the deputies hastened to vote certain organic laws, of which they perhaps did not see all the bearings. They decided that a *concordat* should be proposed to the Sovereign Pontiff and be carried into execution *without waiting for the ratification of a future congress*. By this door the new President hoped by degrees to pass all the measures necessary for the liberty of the Church. They also decreed the reorganization of the Finances, of the Army, and of Public Education; besides, the construction of a carriage-road between Quito and Guayaquil. García Moreno, whose extraordinary activity and genius were well known, received the mission to carry out this magnificent program. They were, in fact, his own plans, and in passing them the deputies were only following out his inspirations; but no one guessed at the colossal proportions he was about to give to them. In fact, in spite of the hostile elements of which the Chambers were composed, García Moreno had contrived to set aside all laws contrary to the interests of the Church or the State, and obtained *carte blanche* to carry out his much wished for reforms. This was, at starting, a wonderful success.

CHAPTER VIII

REFORMS

1861

GARCÍA MORENO set to work immediately to clear out this Aegean stable of a country where revolution had reigned supreme for over a quarter of a century. The specialty of all revolutionary governments is to consume without producing, not to help the people to live but to live at their expense. The first thing they do is to lay hold of the property of the Church and to drive away every honest man from administration. Then their followers fill up all vacant places of government and fatten themselves at the expense of the people unto the ruin of the nation, which wakes up, after a time, to find itself without religion, without honor or credit, or money, and with bankruptcy at its gates. To console the people they talk of progress and liberty.

Such was the miserable state to which the revolutionary party had brought Ecuador when García Moreno took the reins of power. His first care was to make an entire change in the public functionaries, and to take in only men of proved honesty who were capable of carrying out his great designs. He insisted also on strict regularity and laborious work in all those under him, of which he was the first to set an example. The financial state of the country was deplorable. Money had been recklessly borrowed until no more could be raised, while the people were crushed under the weight of an exorbitant taxation. No accounts had been kept, and there was not even an attempt made to control the expenditure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer under Robles had concluded a report on the Budget of 1857 with the words: "I have undeniable proofs that the national finances are in a state of perfect chaos, which makes it impossible for me to render any trustworthy accounts to the House. And

that is the only result I have arrived at, after months of fruitless toil.”

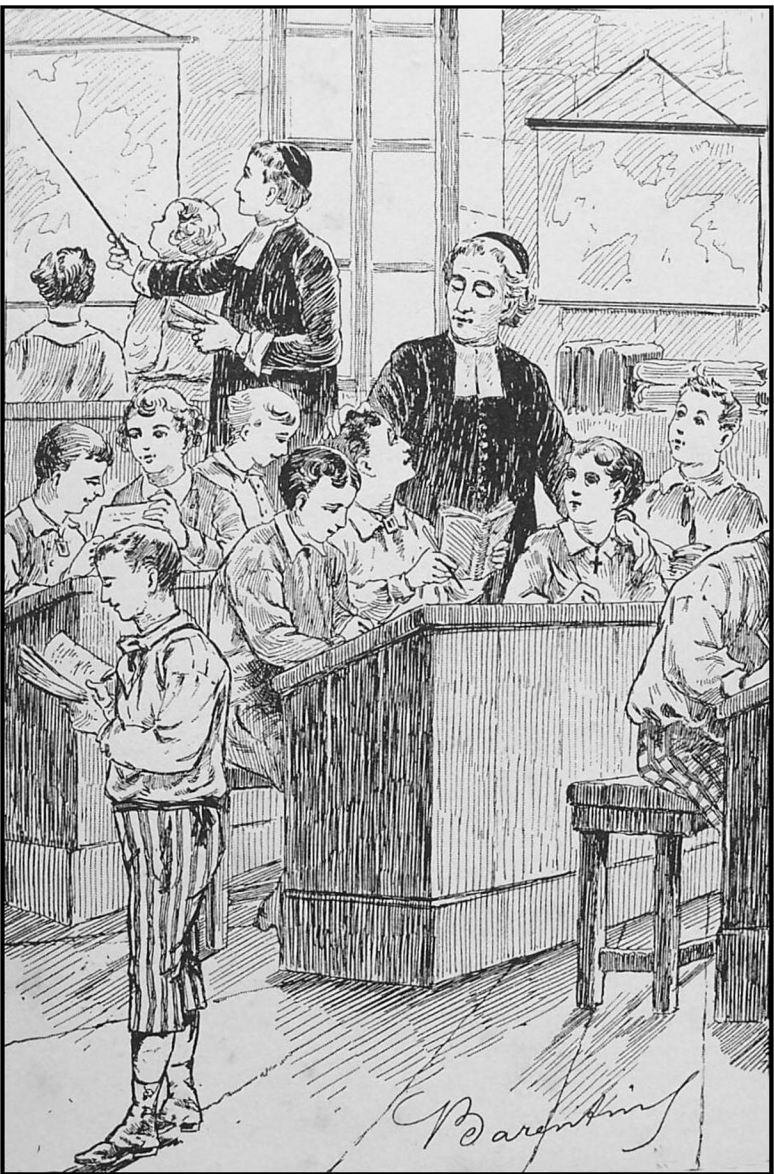
García Moreno, however, was determined to sift the whole matter to the bottom, and devoted himself to the terrible task of verifying all the debts contracted by the Republic during the last twenty years, the forced loans, which had been raised again and again without any record being kept, and all the iniquitous fiscal proceedings which had resulted in a debt of four million piastres. Having at last mastered this part of the subject, he introduced the French system of bookkeeping, with a clear account of the exports and imports, and with a Board of Control to check any frauds in the Executive body. Next came the turn of the stockjobbers and gamblers in the funds, many of whom were made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, while the public functionaries who were convicted of sharing in this nefarious traffic were indignantly dismissed. García Moreno himself gave a noble example of disinterestedness. Though he had little or no private fortune, he would never touch the twelve thousand piastres which was the annual salary voted for the President. He remitted one-half of it to the Exchequer, and the other half to the public charities.

A still more urgent reform was that of the army. Since the Revolutionary party had been in power, the soldiers virtually drained off everything, as each President owed his power to the bayonets of these men, without shame or honor, who affected a supreme contempt for the civil power. No sooner was García Moreno elected President than he determined to put a stop to this state of things. “An army thus constituted,” he exclaimed, “is a cancer which eats out the very heart of a people. Either I will reform or I will destroy it.” He set to work at once, issuing stringent regulations against the nightly sorties, the immorality and the plundering of the troops, and throwing into prison all who disobeyed them, whether officers or men. General Ayarza,

who after the capitulation of Cuenca had retired to Quito, organized a kind of mutiny against the new military regulations. García had him seized, carried off to the barracks, and punished as a private soldier. This severity had the desired effect—army discipline was once more restored, and the troops became a protection, instead of a terror, to the whole country.

Once in possession of this triple element of action—a body of devoted and honorable officials as his colleagues, the finances of the country placed on a sound basis, and a military force sufficiently disciplined to maintain peace at home and abroad—he determined to establish that Christian civilization which he coveted for his country, and which he rightly considered the essential condition of true progress, whether material, intellectual, or moral.

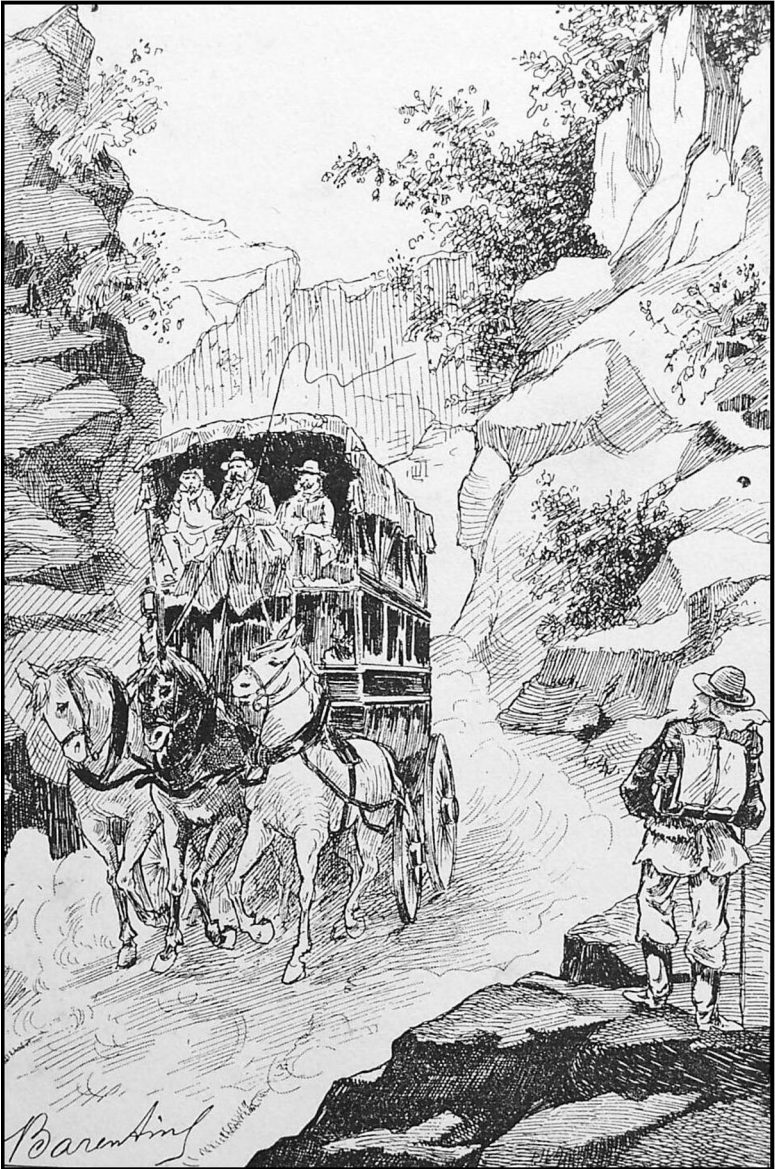
The foundation of all regeneration rests on public education, which, by molding the hearts and minds of children, prepares the future of society. The Revolutionists and Freemasons know this so well that the first thing they do in every country, as soon as they get into power, is to laicize the schools, that is, to deprive them of all moral and religious instruction. This diabolical idea, which pervades all Europe at this moment, had its origin in America. García Moreno, as Rector of the University, had perpetually urged the necessity of reform in this matter; but had not yet been able to realize it. Now the moment had come to lay the first stone, at any rate, of this great work. He made his first appeal (in 1861) to the devotion of the French congregations, among whom workmen and workwomen are always to be found ready to labor in Christ's vineyard, whether under tropical suns or arctic snows. Bands of Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and religious of the Sacred Heart hastened, in answer to his appeal, to open primary schools and educational establishments in all the great centers of Ecuador. The Jesuits, whom he had defended with



“Bands of Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity, and religious of the Sacred Heart hastened, in answer to his appeal, to open primary schools and educational establishments in all the great centers of Ecuador.”

such courage, were instantly recalled and installed in their old house of St. Louis in Quito, and then in a second establishment, from whence other professors were sent to found new colleges in Guayaquil and Cuenca. The rage of the Liberals knew no bounds, and reached its height when García Moreno entrusted the hospitals and prisons to Sisters and Brothers of Charity, dismissing the lay nurses and warders whom the Revolution had placed there: while the administration of these establishments was entrusted to men animated with a spirit like his own.

At the same time he began a work that no one had yet thought of attempting: namely, the creation of carriage-roads all across Ecuador so as to open up communications between the towns and the ports of the Pacific. Everyone declared the idea to be Utopian and impossible of realization. García Moreno, without listening to any of the grumblers, drew out a plan for the high road from Quito to Guayaquil, and carried it out, in spite of all the obstacles which ignorance, idleness, and cupidity threw in his way. He undertook similar works from this time until his death, and the enormous commercial, industrial, and agricultural benefits thus conferred on Ecuador would be enough to immortalize him as President, even had he no other claim to the gratitude of his countrymen.



“García Moreno, without listening to any of the grumblers, drew out a plan for the high road from Quito to Guayaquil, and carried it out, in spite of all the obstacles.”

CHAPTER IX

THE CONCORDAT

1862

OUR readers will not have forgotten what we have said before as to the origin of ecclesiastical patronage in Ecuador. The Kings of Spain had obtained numberless privileges from the Sovereign Pontiffs relating to ecclesiastical questions and the appointment of Bishops. This was all very well as long as these privileges were exerted by Catholic princes who had at heart the good of the people and the maintenance of the Church. But it was quite another thing when such powers fell into the hands of the Revolutionists, who were determined to form a national Church and to substitute the civil power for that of the Pope; to establish, in fact, the supremacy of the State over the Church.

This Masonic dogma was detestable to García Moreno, and feeling with St. Anselm that "God loves nothing better than the liberty of His Church," he resolved to snap asunder the chains which had so long bound her. To do this he had obtained from Congress the authority to conclude a Concordat with the Holy See. His first care now was to choose a man who could undertake this difficult and delicate mission, for, not long before, the Minister of Buenos Aires having insisted on inserting in his Concordat a clause in favor of liberty of worship, Pius IX had broken off the negotiations. García Moreno chose a priest, still young, but whose ideas and intentions harmonized with his own, Dom Ignacio Ordonez, then Archdeacon of Cuenca.¹ Having been

¹ Dom Ignacio was always honored by Garcia Moreno's affection and confidence, which both his talents and virtues well deserved. As senator, he warmly defended the Church in the Congress; as Bishop of Riobamba, he spent all his revenues in the works necessary for his new diocese. When exiled by the Revolutionists who put Garcia Moreno to

sent to France towards the end of the year 1861, with a commission to bring back the Brothers and Sisters for the primary schools, Dom Ignacio pushed on to Rome. There he received from his Government, to his great surprise, an official missive, appointing him Minister Plenipotentiary from Ecuador to the Holy See, so as to arrange the proposed Concordat. His first idea was to refuse the honor for which he thought himself insufficient. But Pius IX reassured him by these words full of goodness and wisdom:

“As a priest you must know the rights of the Church: as an inhabitant of Ecuador, the needs of your country. Besides, you are furnished with minute instructions from your President. What more do you wish?” And he added, with his fine smile: “Must a man be a Metternich to treat with Pius IX?”

One may add that it was even less difficult to treat with García Moreno. This great statesman gave the following simple but sublime instruction to his envoy:

“I wish for the complete liberty of the Church and the complete reform also of the secular and regular clergy. I entreat the Sovereign Pontiff to send us a Nuncio invested with supreme power to enforce these reforms upon all.” After six months’ discussion, the plan of the Concordat *ad referendum* was signed on September 26, 1862, by Cardinal Antonelli, Prime Minister, and by Dom Ignacio Ordoñez, Plenipotentiary of Ecuador. This is its substance: “The Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is the religion of the

death, he passed several years in France and gave up his see with wonderful disinterestedness. When peace was once more re-established, Leo the Thirteenth promoted him to the archiepiscopal see of Quito, and insisted upon his acceptance of the dignity, which the humble prelate considered to be a burden far beyond his strength. This holy and excellent man was the constant friend and faithful auxiliary of García Moreno.

State to the exclusion of all other forms of worship, and of all societies condemned by the Church. It will be preserved perpetually in its integrity, with all its rights and prerogatives, conformably to the order established by God, and to Canon Law.

“Education in every branch will be modeled on the principles of the Catholic Church. The Bishops alone will have the right to decide on the books which shall be made use of by the students for the teaching of ecclesiastical science, and of those which regard faith or morals. Further than this, they will exercise their right, with full liberty, to proscribe and prohibit all books contrary to religion or morals. The Government also will take all the necessary measures to prevent the introduction of such books into the Republic. As to the University, the colleges and the primary schools, the Bishops, who are invested by God with the right to watch over all matters of doctrine and morals, will have the authority to inspect them all.

“The Sovereign Pontiff, having jurisdiction over the whole Church, both the Bishops and faithful may communicate freely with him without either his letters or the Pontifical Prescripts being submitted to the *Exequatur* of the civil power. The Bishops will have full liberty in the administration of their respective dioceses, as also in Convocation, or in the holding of Provincial or Diocesan Synods.

“The Church will exercise without hinderance its right to possess and administer her property. Ecclesiastical tribunals will be re-established in their integrity. The cases of clerics will be dealt with by ecclesiastical authority, without any appeal to secular tribunals. Appeals are abuses, which are and must remain, suppressed.

“The Church grants to the President of the Republic, the right of presentation to vacant bishoprics. The Bishops will

select and submit three candidates to the President, out of whom he must make his choice and that within three months. After that time the nomination will lapse to the Holy See.”²

After one or two clauses relating to the special needs of Ecuador, the Concordat concludes with this last Article: “*The Law of Patronage is, and will remain, suppressed.*”

The articles of the Concordat being thus determined, an exchange of signatures was to take place at Quito, and Pius IX sent an Apostolic Delegate to represent the Holy See. This prelate, Mgr. Tavani, was the bearer of an autographed letter from His Holiness to congratulate García Moreno “on his profound piety towards the Holy See, and his ardent zeal for the interests of the Catholic Church”; exhorting him to favor the full liberty of this daughter of Christ, as well as the diffusion of His Divine teaching “On which alone the peace and happiness of a people depended.” “This Concordat,” continued Mgr. Tavani, “will furnish to the world a new proof of Catholic unity, of the mutual support lent by the sword to the Tiara, and of the indestructible links which unite the Eternal City of Rome with the Republic of Ecuador.”

García Moreno’s love for the holy and good Pius IX knew no bounds, as also did his indignation at the persecution he was then enduring from Garibaldi and his followers. He made a magnificent speech in this sense to the Papal Nuncio, who duly transmitted it to the Holy Father. Soon after, Don Ignacio Ordoñez arrived bearing the projected Concordat. The President accepted all the conditions; but before appending his signature, he inquired if the clauses had been inserted with regard to the reform of the clergy. Now on this question there had been some difference of opinion. García Moreno had begged that a Pontifical

² See the text of the Concordat in *El Nacional* of April 22, 1863.

Delegate might be sent with full powers to make the delinquents return to their duties, and to those among the religious who resisted reform, he admitted of no alternative but secularization. This idea displeased the authorities at Rome, and the Holy Father sent word that though he was as anxious as García Moreno himself for reform, he thought it could be brought about by gentleness and persuasion.

But this would have upset all the President's hopes. He knew too well the state of the religious houses in Ecuador, and that without vigorous measures, the Concordat would remain a dead letter. "Return immediately to Rome," he exclaimed to his Minister, "and tell the Pope that I accept all the articles of the Concordat, but on condition that he also should impose the reform of the clergy. If he will not do this I cannot impose the Concordat."

Don Ignacio set off immediately and reappeared before Pius IX, who was stupefied at his prompt and unexpected return. "Doubtless," exclaimed the Pope, "you come to say to me like Cæsar: *Veni, Vidi, Vincti!*"

"On the contrary I come to announce to your Holiness that the President refused to sign the Concordat."

And as Pius IX showed immense astonishment, Don Ignacio explained that if they had taken count of García Moreno's instructions concerning the liberty of the Church, they had omitted his propositions regarding the reform of the clergy. "I wish for the reform," replied the Pope, "but not by the same means."

"But he affirms," replied the Minister, "that if your Holiness knew the situation as well as he does, you would see clearly that the means he proposes are the only efficacious means. In fact, without this reform, and that an immediate one, the execution of the Concordat is impossible."

Pius IX knew by his own experience the difficulty of bringing about reforms by persuasion alone, even though backed by the highest authority. His scruples, consequently,

disappeared before the conscientious energy of the inflexible President; and he at once decided that plenary powers should be granted to the Apostolic Delegate.

A month later, on April 22, 1863, all obstacles having been removed, the Concordat was solemnly promulgated in the capital and in all the towns of Ecuador. At Quito, the ceremony was performed in the metropolitan church with all the pomp and dignity befitting so historical an event. After the Pontifical Mass, the President and the Papal Delegate, surrounded by all the civil and military authorities, proceeded to the exchange of signatures, after which the articles of the Concordat were read out to the people. Then, while they all intoned the *Te Deum*, and amidst salvos of artillery, the Ecuador flag and that of the Holy Father were simultaneously hoisted, to symbolize before everyone the close union which was henceforth to exist between the Church and the State.

By this act of Christian policy, an act without parallel in the history of modern nations, García Moreno raised himself above all statesmen since the days of St. Louis. He alone among sovereigns understood what was needed for the reform of human society, and alone, in spite of the radical and socialist elements which are the destruction of both people and things, he restored true liberty to his country by placing her once more under the government of God.

CHAPTER X

THE REGENERATION OF THE CLERGY

1862-1863

GARCÍA MORENO had so much at heart the regeneration of the clergy, that, no sooner was the Concordat signed at Rome, than he begged the Archbishop to fix a day for the opening of the National Council, which was to take cognizance of the laws of the Concordat, and see that they were carried into execution. The old Archbishop of Quito, Mgr. Riofrio, a good but timid man, issued the letters of convocation, and announced that the Council would meet on the second Sunday of January 1863, provided that by that day the Concordat had been signed. The Patronage Law remained in force until the promulgation of the Concordat, and the Archbishop did not dare open the Session without the usual *placet*. García Moreno, however, insisted on the Council being opened, taking upon himself the sole responsibility of the act. The consequences were what the Archbishop had foreseen, namely, that the Fiscal Procurator summoned all the Bishops before the High Court of Justice as having broken the law. García Moreno told the Archbishop to go on without taking any notice of the summons, and himself sent for the Procurator, to whom he addressed the following words: “You have drawn up an act of accusation against the Bishops, and consequently, as a Catholic, have incurred a double excommunication: first, for having violated the liberties of the Church, and next, for striving to drag the ministers of God before a civil tribunal. But your responsibility does not rest there. As head of the State, I am compelled to enforce the Constitution; and the first Article in that Constitution declares that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Faith is the religion of the State, which everyone must respect. You wish to condemn the

Bishops to exile for having violated a schismatic law. I condemn you to the like punishment for having outraged the Constitution by persecuting the religion of the State.”

The frightened official protested, that far from having meditated an attack on religion, he had thought it was his duty simply to carry out the existing laws, and at once withdrew the act of accusation, out of deference for the wishes of the President.

The Council continued its conferences on the reform of the secular and regular clergy, García Moreno encouraging them in every possible way. “Be assured,” he said, “that I will support you in every way and cause your sentences to be carried into effect; but it is your province to judge and punish the guilty.” The poor Archbishop expressed his fears at the consequences of repressing such gross abuses as they had discovered. “What does it signify?” the President exclaimed. “We must be ready to sacrifice our lives, if God wills, for the honor of His Church. I will not suffer anyone to fail in his duty.”

The re-establishment of the ecclesiastical tribunals facilitated these measures of reform. One wretched priest having contrived to escape, after having scandalized the public by the most awful crimes, García Moreno offered a reward of five hundred piastres, out of his own pocket, to anyone in the country who would deliver him up to the authorities. On another occasion the judge hesitated to condemn a man whose infamous conduct was well known.

“Choose one of two things,” García Moreno exclaimed; “either you will punish him, or I shall be forced to take measures myself to bring him to justice. I cannot allow such sins to remain unchastised.” This wholesome severity produced a notable amelioration in the clergy, but still more good was done by the creation of several new bishoprics. In the first years of his priesthood Pius IX had been in South America, and had been much struck at the immense extent

of the different States, the difficulties of communication between them, and the necessity of creating new dioceses to meet the wants of souls. Speaking to the Ecuador plenipotentiary he had said: "Your zealous President wishes to regenerate his country: tell him that to succeed, he must plant the cross. Wherever a cross is placed, people group round it, even were it on the heights of Chimborazo. Your dioceses are too large for any single man to administer them properly. We are going to create three new bishoprics, and will mention this in the Concordat. You have no power in this matter, but I know García Moreno. Tell him that the Pope wishes it and that will be enough." In fact, no sooner had he received this message, which went even beyond his hopes, than García Moreno summoned his Ministers and said to them with emotion: "God Himself has suggested this idea to us by His Vicar. We must carry it out without delay."

The municipalities of Ibarra, Riobamba, and Loja, the centers of the proposed new bishoprics, answered by addresses of congratulation and gratitude, and García Moreno, who never let anything rest, sent off a topographical plan at once to the Pope with the limits of the new dioceses, begging him immediately to sign the requisite Bulls for the election of the Bishops. Finally, six were created, and a seventh in 1870, that of Porto Viejo in the province of Manabí.

To these great benefits the Concordat added another, which was the foundation of seminaries in each diocese and the power of nominating to curés and benefices without the interference of the civil power.

There only remained the most difficult task of all—the reform of the regular clergy. The Revolution had forced the monasteries to receive superiors chosen by the Government; had turned their convents into barracks, and driven the monks out of their cells to live in the world, in defiance of all rules and of all the habits and safeguards of the religious

life. The Pontifical Delegate was invested with full powers to enforce regular observance among the monks and to restore community life, with the three monastic vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Of course, this did not at all suit a good number of these men who had fallen into worldly and dissolute habits, and who had completely lost the spirit of their state. The Delegate gave them no choice, however, between submission and secularization. They multiplied their remonstrances and protestations, but in vain; for behind the Papal Envoy was the iron hand of García Moreno. The greater part of them preferred secularization to reform: many emigrated to Peru and New Granada. Others were incorporated with the secular clergy; while those who had been faithful all along to their vocation, were only too glad to renew their old fervor, in company with a certain number of religious whom García Moreno had imported from Europe to restore the monastic spirit and replace the deserters.

All good Catholics rejoiced in this real regeneration of the Church, but a concert of maledictions was raised against the reformer by the Radicals, and complaints of intolerance, cruelty, absolutism, and the like, were heard on all sides. García Moreno let them talk as much as they pleased, but went steadily on with his work. He knew St. Gregory VII had died in exile because he had loved justice and hated iniquity. St. Charles Borromeo was nearly poisoned by those whom he had tried to reform. Inflexible when it was a question of duty, García Moreno would have confronted a thousand deaths rather than draw back a step before the clamors or menaces of his enemies.

CHAPTER XI

THE DEFEAT OF TULCÁN

1862

TOWARDS the middle of 1862, civil war broke out in New Granada between the Radicals, under General Mosquera, and the President Arboleda, who was at the head of the Conservative party. The latter who was descended from a family of heroes, resembled García Moreno in many ways, being not only a brave warrior, and a brilliant orator, but an ardent Catholic. He lately had been elected President, when Mosquera took up arms against him, seized Bogota, and declared open war against the Church. Arboleda having retired to the province of Canea, organized a resistance among that fervent Catholic population, in which he was warmly seconded by García Moreno, until an unfortunate accident brought about a misunderstanding between these two men who were so fitted to appreciate each other. On June 19, 1862, a battalion of Arboleda's, while pursuing one of Mosquera's bands, crossed the frontier of Ecuador and attacked the garrison, badly wounding its commander. García Moreno wrote an indignant remonstrance to Arboleda, insisting on an apology and the degradation of Colonel Erazza, the head of the expedition. Arboleda pleaded extenuating circumstances and refused the required satisfaction.

García Moreno, who considered this act as a violation of the territory of Ecuador, determined himself to go to the frontier and personally to exact reparation from Arboleda.

It required all his energy to take such a resolve at that moment. A short time before, while directing some workmen who were cutting a road across the forest, he had received a bad wound in his leg. In spite of medical care, the wound became so envenomed that absolute rest was ordered

by the doctors. Yet, at that very moment he was determined to ride to the frontier. Thoroughly experienced himself in surgery, he proposed to have the wound burnt; but the medical men thought the operation too dangerous and would not undertake it. Then García Moreno, impatient of delay, seized a blade of iron heated to a white heat and put it on the open wound with as much calmness as if he had been operating on a bit of wood. Three days after, the wound being completely cicatrized, he made the journey to Carchi, which was a three days' ride from Quito, and rejoined his little army. He had no intention of fighting, however, but solely of forcing Arboleda to consent to an interview which he thought would settle the matter amicably. He sent, therefore, a messenger to arrange the meeting, to which Arboleda seemed anxious to agree, but, in the meanwhile, by a ruse unworthy of a brave and loyal man, he crossed the frontier with three thousand five hundred well-armed men and surprised García Moreno with his eight hundred recruits in a disadvantageous position near Tulcán. There was no possibility of drawing back. The little body of troops defended itself heroically against triple their number, but at last had no alternative but capitulation or death. García Moreno with five men as brave as himself, dashed into the midst of the enemy's ranks, regardless of the balls which fell on every side, one of which would have pierced his chest but was turned by a silver medal he always wore on his breast. Three men of giant size attacked him at once. Two he laid low with his lance; as the third was about to strike him he cried aloud; "Pierce him!" The man, thinking he was being attacked from behind, turned round instinctively and was in an instant transfixed by García Moreno. He seemed, in fact, to defy death. At last, surrounded on all sides by the enemy, who summoned him to surrender, he exclaimed: "Lead me to your chief; to him alone will I yield my sword."

Ashamed of his easy victory, Arboleda was thoroughly disconcerted in presence of his prisoner, whose magnanimous conduct condemned his own duplicity. He could not help declaring, in presence of all his officers, that such a defeat was honorable to Ecuador, and that its noble head had covered himself with glory. He treated García Moreno with the greatest respect, restored to him both his sword and his liberty, and was only anxious to treat at once the conditions of peace. Sincerely reconciled from the moment they met, these two great Catholic chiefs only deplored the circumstances which had led them into a fratricidal combat, instead of uniting to turn their army against the common enemy—that tyrannical revolution which ravaged New Granada and never ceased intriguing in Ecuador to try and get back the power it had usurped. Forgetting their mutual grievances, they concluded a treaty of close alliance; and then García Moreno returned to his capital.

At Quito, in the meanwhile, there was nothing but trouble and agitation. The news of the defeat and captivity of García Moreno was in everyone's mouth. While his friends mourned and lamented over this disastrous affair, his enemies were rejoiced and thought it would be an excellent opportunity to get rid of this tyrannical reformer, who had imposed such retrograde ideas on Ecuador.

The organizers of this kind of *pronunciamiento* were, however, grievously mistaken. Just as they were beginning to organize themselves, they heard that the President, far from being a prisoner, was in his palace as usual, and that he had concluded an admirable treaty with Arboleda, as an addition to the one of 1837. By this the inviolability of the territory of both States was assured, together with a refusal to allow refugees to trouble the peace of either country, while great regret was expressed on both sides for the circumstances which had caused the temporary rupture. Arboleda, in fact, did his best to make amends for his treach-

erous attack by taking no advantage of his victory; but he could not repair his imprudence in having yielded his position against Mosquera out of vanity. Beaten by his rival and betrayed by his own people, he was finally assassinated a few months later, in the defiles of Berruecos, on the same spot as the unfortunate Marshal Sucre. As to García Moreno, his enemies did not fail to take advantage of his defeat at Tulcán, without however succeeding in eclipsing his glory in the unequal struggle: the want of success was forgotten in the heroism of the President. "There was no dishonor," people exclaimed, "in losing a battle under such conditions," and the defeat of Thermopylæ did not tarnish the fame of either Sparta or Leonidas."

CHAPTER XII

A VIOLENT REACTION

1863

AFTER two years of power exercised solely for the good of his country, García Moreno could boast of having all good and Catholic people on his side; but among the Freemasons, Revolutionists, and Radicals, he was the object of undying hatred and execration. The league which had long been formed to upset him, chose for its head the miserable Urbina, who had been ignominiously driven from the country three years before.

Pedro Carbo, and Dr. P. Moncayo, two violent Freemasons and declared enemies of García Moreno, became the most active instruments in the plot. As, however, no one likes to embark in any revolution which might compromise his safety, Urbina determined to appeal to the assistance of Peru, through the intervention of Castilla. A new pretext for attacking García Moreno was found in an old proposal of his to place Ecuador under the protection of the French Government. This was construed into an act of high treason, and García Moreno was openly accused of wishing to sell his country to France. A letter written by him and sold to Castilla, became the text of this false assertion: although it was simply a proposition "to be submitted," if necessary, "to the representatives of the people." Gómez de la Torre and Aviles, although official enemies of the President, entirely exculpated him from the charge; but what could their protestations avail in face of the thousand voices of the Press, instigated by all the Freemasonic Lodges? The mass of the people became persuaded that García Moreno had conceived the idea of delivering up Ecuador to the French Government, which had already taken possession of Mexico. Fortunately, the clamors of the Press did not intim-

idate García Moreno. He sent a temperate answer to Castilla who threatened war, fortified Guayaquil, and began the necessary preparations for defense. The intervention of Great Britain prevented the breaking out of hostilities, an intervention which was accepted by García Moreno as a manner of settling the dispute in conformity with the national honor; while Castilla was only too glad to find an excuse for escaping a conflict for which he was unprepared.

To revenge himself, however, Castilla broke off diplomatic relations with Ecuador, and opened his gates to all conspirators against her. Under his authority, in October, 1862, Urbina equipped a vessel in the port of Callao to attempt a descent on any point of the Ecuador coast so as to organize a rebellion. It seemed a good moment. Flores was very ill at Guayaquil, García Moreno beaten at Tulcán: any number of disaffected people would be ready to hail Urbina as a liberator. Hardly, however, had he arrived at the little port of Payta, in a vessel baptized under a false name and under the Chilian flag, when García Moreno had detected the plot and signalized them as pirates deserving the worst punishment. Whilst a body of troops was prepared to obstruct their landing, a circular from García Moreno to all the diplomatic body appealed to the rights of nations so shamefully violated by the Government of Peru. At the same time he denounced to Castilla the act of brigandage committed under his auspices, and summoned him, if he wished for war, to do it openly and loyally. Thus exposed by the Ecuador Government, and the indignant representations of the Diplomatic Corps, Castilla found himself compelled to stop his friends and place an embargo on their vessel. Fortunately, this happened at the very moment when his nomination as President expired. He was replaced by the brave General St. Roman, who disavowed the disgraceful treaty concluded with France on the 25th of January, and

hastened to enter into amicable and pacific relations with Ecuador.

Finding that nothing was to be gained in that quarter, the Revolutionists turned towards Mosquera, the new President of Granada, who with all his heart hated the Church and García Moreno as its warmest supporter. His idea was to engulf the three Republics—New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador—into one, under the name of an “United States,” and which under Bolívar had formed the large province of Colombia. He hoped to remain long enough in power to affect this and to destroy through the whole territory the reign of Christ and of His Church. All the Revolutionists, consequently, hailed his project with joy, and Urbina, in a letter from Lima, hastened to beg for his intervention, repeating the lie of García Moreno’s intention of annexing Ecuador to the French Empire, and concluding with the words: “I do not insist on the question of federation; my one and only ambition is to drive from Ecuador the two men who are the ruin of South America. When this object is accomplished, my mission is at an end. The majority of our citizens will carry out their own will. Be persuaded that they will repudiate the Jesuitical and colonial system inaugurated by García Moreno and Flores.” Mosquera knew perfectly well the falsehood of the allusion to the French protectorate. But as Urbina’s views on Ecuador tallied with his own, he pretended “that they had indubitable proof of the intention to crush the Republic under the double yoke of monarchism and fanaticism”; and that the only hope was in the resurrection of Colombia under the federative form. He ended with the words: “If García Moreno and Flores will not submit to the popular will, their fall is certain, in spite of all the protectorates under which they may strive to shelter themselves.”

Whilst these two traitors, each working for his own personal ends, were closely united in their plot to overturn García Moreno, Mosquera wrote a letter to the President of Ecuador "in order to reopen negotiations for the reconstitution of the Colombian Republic under a federal government." But García Moreno knew his correspondent too well to be taken in by such specious phrases. Then Mosquera wrote again saying that "to be able to confer more easily with the President of Ecuador on the interests of their respective countries, he had resolved to transfer the seat of his government to the southern frontier."

This significant movement made García Moreno feel the necessity of speaking more clearly and cutting short the hopes of the despot. He replied that he should be happy to grant him an interview which would ensure amicable relations between their two countries. "But," he added, "I should be wanting in frankness if I were not to declare to you that in such communications we cannot accept any proposal which would tend to merge the two nationalities into one, under such a form of government as you have adopted. Ecuador has confided her destinies and her future to institutions totally different from yours—institutions which are too dear to her people and her representatives to ever be sacrificed by them. The Constitution which governs us, our personal convictions, and the general opinion of the country, imperiously demand that we should remain as we are."

Between these two leaders, one of whom had sworn to annex Ecuador to his States, and the other to die a thousand times rather than yield an inch of its territory, war became inevitable. In fact, Mosquera was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to begin the campaign; and as the meeting of the Congress of Ecuador was at hand, he reckoned on some stormy parliamentary debates to pave the way for a rising against the President. His calculations were, alas, but too well founded.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CONGRESS OF 1863

1863

ACCORDING to the laws of the Constitution of Ecuador, the Chambers were to meet once in two years and for a limited period. Tried as he had been by the session of 1861, García Moreno had still more to fear from that of 1863, when almost all the members had been elected under the influence of the infidel and Revolutionary Press, which for eighteen months had been holding him up to execration as having violated the laws of his country by imposing a Concordat which was both odious and intolerable—a challenge in fact to our century of Liberalism and progress. To these open enemies of the Church, were added certain Catholics, bitten by the Liberal tarantula. The Revolution has so muddled ideas in people's minds that the very fact of giving back liberty to the Church is often looked upon, even by good men, as a usurpation of the civil power.

This universal opposition among the upper classes had its natural effect on the common people who did not understand the question in the least. Hearing the Concordat condemned in every way even by people whom they loved and respected, they began to look upon it as a public calamity, which, in the interest of García Moreno himself, must be got rid of as soon as possible. So they elected an immense majority of anti-Concordat members to the House, the greater part of whom were declared enemies of the President. In fact, in the two Chambers he could hardly reckon on more than ten men frankly devoted to his policy.

To describe his isolation at this critical moment, we will give our readers a little sketch of Borrero, one of the most intelligent members of the Congress.

Antonio Borrero of Cuenca, an able lawyer and an old friend of García Moreno, whom he had ably defended in 1857 and 1858, and again, with his pen, in the struggle of 1859, had brilliantly refuted the lies regarding the French protectorate, and written a magnificent eulogium of the President and of the good he had effected since his advent to supreme power. García Moreno reckoned on Borrero, as one trusts an old friend of twenty years' standing, and proposed him as the official candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the Republic. In a circular addressed to the Governors of Provinces, García Moreno spoke of him as of one "whose disinterestedness and patriotism, whose renowned intellectual abilities, firm and honest character and high and rigid morality, eminently recommended him to the notice of the electors."

Borrero accepted the candidature and announced in his paper, the *Centinela* (*The Sentinel*), that he was consequently obliged to remain neutral during the election. But then came the publication of the Concordat, and as a liberal Catholic, Borrero could not resist throwing a stone at both Pius IX and García Moreno. The latter, completely startled at his old friend's proceeding in this matter, conjured him, so as to avoid scandal, to state his objections privately to himself, so that he might prepare some modifications which he could submit to the Holy See. But Borrero's Liberalism was too strong for him. He publicly broke off his relations with the President and resigned his candidature rather than subscribe to Moreno's policy, which he said was "contrary to his principles of liberty." Great as this blow was to García Moreno, he was quite determined to resign his own Presidency rather than give up a treaty which he justly considered the salvation of his country. His admirable message to the Chambers bore the character of a real ultimatum. In it, he enumerated the different works he had undertaken and successfully carried out during the previous two years, and

then, having fully justified the necessity of the Concordat to repress the disorders in the Church and restore her to her full liberty, he wound up his speech with the words: "If the majority of the House should censure the acts of my administration, I will immediately resign my powers, praying Divine Providence to replace me by a magistrate fortunate enough to ensure the repose and the future well-being of the Republic."

This message was received coldly by both Houses. García Moreno's resignation, which evidently would be the immediate result of his defeat, would not have displeased the great majority had it not been for the storm brewing in New Granada. To get rid of their President would be to throw the country into the hands of Mosquera, who would arrive, like Mohammed, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other. They therefore contented themselves with covert attacks which were not the less pointed, and culminated in a vigorous attack on the Concordat, accusing the Government of having violated a law of the Constitution in promulgating it before it had received the assent of the Chambers. For six weeks the debate continued, until a declaration of war from Mosquera turned the attention of the whole country to the necessity of providing means of defense. García Moreno now found himself in a very difficult position.

Between his determination not to sacrifice the Concordat, and the impossibility of resigning his Presidency in the face of the new danger which threatened his country, he called together the heads of the Opposition and told them to prepare the reforms which they desired in the treaty with the Pope, and that he would consider their feasibility, reserving to himself a veto should they infringe the rights of the Church. The deputies did as they were told, and simply tore the Concordat in pieces by their proposed reforms. García Moreno kept the document, while in the meantime

the Chambers devoted themselves to facing the dangers threatened by Mosquera. Six months later, when men's passions had calmed down, the President announced that he refused the *Exequatur* to the proposed law of reform as being absolutely contrary to the imprescriptible rights of the Church. He then explained the reasons for this refusal as follows: "It was impossible for me to carry out your wishes, because to propose to the Pope the re-establishment of civil appeals and other matters which he had judged to be abuses would make all negotiations impossible. If it were a question of the most insignificant of Governments, you would not permit Ecuador to dishonor herself by violating stipulations already accepted, still less by imposing obligations which, by the very nature of the contract, can only result from free and reciprocal engagements. And should we break our word, to the great detriment of the national honor, towards the highest authority in the world? As a Catholic people, could we forget the sacred links which bind us to the center of religious unity and refuse to the Holy Father the respect and consideration which we should grant to the head of the humblest little Republic? If we really wish in good faith to modify some of the conditions of the Concordat, which was concluded, ratified, and promulgated with legislative authority in 1861, do not propose such reforms as the recourse to civil tribunals and the like. Instead of throwing ourselves into these dangers and preparing a great schism in our country, you and I, and all the people, are, I feel convinced, determined to preserve intact the faith of our fathers, even at the peril of our lives."

After a day or two of calm deliberation, the deputies decided that their proposed law was impossible of execution. They abrogated most of its provisions, especially those regarding the appeal to the civil courts; and begged the President to come to an understanding with the Holy See, which he gladly accepted to do. Thus the Concordat was

saved; and the invincible energy of a real head of the State triumphed over the passions of the mob. García Moreno would never consent to act simply as a machine to sign decrees. As President he considered that his duty was, not to obey the people, but to guide and direct them. The revolution tows the country into an abyss. The counter-revolution marches ahead of the people, by the light of the Church, to enlighten and to save them.

THE EXCOMMUNICATED MOSQUERA

1863

WE left Mosquera on the borders of the Carchi, waiting for the moment to swoop down on Ecuador with his worthy friend Urbina. On the 15th of August, he threw off the mask, and put forth the following manifesto: "Let us march to the frontier to plant the tree of liberty. The people of Ecuador need our good offices to substitute Republican principles for the theocratic oppression under which they groan...Illustrious defenders of the right, apostles of Radical doctrines, the Republics of the Latin race beckon upon you to defend American Independence."

This wretched man was the hero, without heart or bowels of mercy, who had just driven into exile his own brother, the venerable Bishop of Bogota; and of whom Pius IX had said: "Mosquera is walking with rapid steps towards the Hell open to receive him." The Pope then ended by excommunicating him in a famous Encyclical in which he enumerated all the criminal and sacrilegious acts of which Mosquera had been guilty, and which he concluded with the words: "Let him tremble while he remembers these words of Our Lord: 'Terrible will be the judgment of those who abuse their power.'"

Between the liberty preached by this man and that of the children of God, the people of Ecuador could not hesitate for a moment. No sooner had Mosquera's proclamation appeared than protests came from every part of the country repudiating the union with Colombia, and expressing their devoted attachment to their own independence and their determination to maintain the Catholic Faith. The two Chambers met at once, and after two days debate, both sent messages to García Moreno, condemning Mosquera's

proclamation "as an insult to the nation and equivalent to a declaration of war." García Moreno replied: "That the enthusiastic support of the people and their representatives was the best answer to the provocation of the 15th of August. That to those who wished to destroy her independence, sully her honor, and annihilate her religion, Ecuador had answered by rising as one man, not to attack, but to defend herself. The union, or rather the absorption of Ecuador by Colombia, would be antipathetic to our character, prejudicial to our interests, and radically impossible if brought about by threats and injuries. Ecuador wishes to remain free and independent, and rather than submit to such dishonor she would prefer to be sunk in the sea or be engulfed in the lava of her volcanoes."

In spite of this declaration of war on both sides, García Moreno wished to exhaust all possible means of conciliation. He sent, therefore, Dr. Antonio Flores, the son of the General-in-Chief of the army, with full powers to conclude, if possible, a treaty of peace with Mosquera. But it was impossible to come to any terms with such a man. Finally Mosquera sent the most insulting messages to García Moreno; prohibited all intercourse or commerce with Ecuador; and wrote to General Flores that he would speedily annihilate him and his army on the battlefield. Finding that nothing could be done, Flores crossed the Carchi on the 22nd of November with six thousand men. The danger of his position, however, was very great. He had been compelled to leave his best troops at Guayaquil to guard against the attack of Urbina, who, with the connivance of Peru, had organized an invasion from the port of Payta. The greater part of the men he had with him were undisciplined and had never been under fire. But what was still more serious was that his spies were sold to Mosquera, and deceived him in every particular. The result was a defeat at Cuaspud, which

was aggravated by the treachery of some of the officers of Flores' army. This defeat spread consternation throughout Ecuador, and on the 8th of December, García Moreno issued the following proclamation:

“My countrymen! it has pleased God to try us. We have only to adore His unfathomable designs. Two officers, arriving at Ibarra, have brought the news of the defeat of our army at Cuaspud; and though the details have not yet come to hand, there is no doubt of the fact.

“People of Ecuador! today more than ever great efforts are wanting to save religion and our country. Today more than ever, we must oppose our unjust aggressor, the barrier of heroic courage and invincible constancy. To arms then, sons of Ecuador! Fly to the frontier to fill up the ranks in our little army. Let us first implore the mercy of the Most High, and, strong in His support, we shall obtain victory and peace.”

The answer was immediate: from one end to the other, the people of Ecuador flew to arms. “We will not allow,” exclaimed the men of Quito, “that a handful of savages should profane our soil and our churches. We are not going to wait with our arms folded until the barbarian, Mosquera, whose hands are red with the blood of our brothers, comes to break in pieces our holy images, shut up our churches, and banish our priests. We will show the whole world that we know how to fight for the religion of Christ and for our country—that double and precious heritage which we will leave intact to those who come after us, cost what it may.”

This was the language on all sides. A new army was quickly organized of between seven thousand and eight thousand men, all determined to fight to the death in defense of their faith, their homes, and their country. At the sight of this universal rising Mosquera lost heart. Instead of marching on Quito, and there dictating his conditions as he

had pompously announced, he proposed an armistice of some days to treat for peace. But all the while the traitor, in company with Urbina, was organizing a revolution and declaring García Moreno's government at an end and Urbina President in his place! Fortunately the people were sound at heart and devoted to their chief. The conspirators reckoned on finding adherents in all the provinces; but found themselves entirely mistaken. They were received everywhere with indignation. At Quinche they only saved themselves from assassination by flight; and at last, driven from one town to another, they were captured and given up into the hands of justice.

Mosquera, finding himself thus deceived, signed a treaty at Pinaqui which stipulated for the instant re-establishment of peace with Ecuador. He wrote also to Urbina, advising him to "be reconciled with his enemies," a piece of advice which only made Urbina more furious. As for Mosquera, he returned to New Granada and there continued to shoot and imprison everyone who was opposed to him, until at last the unhappy Colombians rose up against this wild beast and drove him from their country. He had the impudence then to write to García Moreno and ask him for an asylum, but received this answer: "Beware lest you put your foot within the territory of Ecuador, unless you wish to be instantly seized and shot." This enemy of God and men finally took refuge in Lima, the hotbed at that moment of Revolutionists and traitors. And so the Christian Moreno triumphed over the excommunicated Mosquera.

CHAPTER XV

ONE AGAINST ALL

1864

AT the beginning of 1864 García Moreno began to ask himself if it were possible, humanly speaking, to continue the struggle, against all the revolutionary elements within and without? So hopeless did the issue appear to him, that on the 10th of January he announced his intention of retiring into private life: but such an explosion of protests and tears from people of every class followed his announcement that he was compelled to give up the idea. Encouraged by this demonstration, he set to work with renewed energy. He convoked the Chambers for a special session to submit the new treaty with Colombia for their approbation and to elect as Vice-President, in the place of Borrero, the Minister Carvajal, who was his personal friend and who was eventually elected by five thousand votes, amidst the cheers of the people and in spite of the Revolutionists of every shade. The good were beginning to be really hopeful, when a scandalous verdict of the High Court of Justice brought about a fresh crisis.

We remember the arrest of the conspirators at the time of Mosquera's invasion. There was no doubt whatever of their guilt, or of their treasonable practices; and in fact, Molineros admitted that Espinel had promised the President of New Granada that he would raise a revolution in Ecuador. But the court declared that their actions could not be looked upon as treason, but only as a fruitless attempt at rebellion, which was not therefore punishable by the Constitution. García Moreno, justly indignant, instantly sent in his resignation to the Congress, declaring "that after the court had trampled all law and justice under foot by declaring that known traitors were innocent," he could only give up the task of gov-

ernment. Then he produced his plan for the revision of the Constitution, and ended with these words: "Before everything else, I beg you will accept my resignation of the post which you had confided to me...Patriotism and honor compelled me to remain when our country was menaced by the enemy. Now that peace is re-established, you cannot prevent my seeking a little rest in the calm of private life. If I have committed any faults in the exercise of my powers, you will be my judges. If you feel that I have not neglected anything which would develop the prosperity of the Republic, the satisfaction of having fulfilled my duty will remain to me, and it is the only one for which I seek."

These noble words produced an extraordinary effect on the Chambers. Even those who had been prejudiced against him changed their minds before his entire self-abnegation. The members, one and all, refused to accept his resignation. To prove their earnestness they instantly voted all the different changes in the laws proposed in his message, and declared that until his term of office was expired, Ecuador would not hear of a change of President.

This unexpected end of the struggle exasperated the Socialists to the last degree, and failing all other means they resolved to resort to the dagger as the only way of getting rid of García Moreno. A plot was formed, of which General Thomas Maldonado was the head, and in which Espinel and all the other conspirators who had been acquitted by the courts, took part. Their plan was to massacre their opponents, to pillage the town of Guayaquil, and to burn it in case of resistance. García Moreno fortunately got wind of the plot, came in person to Guayaquil and arrested the whole body. The judges this time did not fail to condemn them to death, but García Moreno, perhaps imprudently, pardoned them, after having exacted first an oath of fidelity for the future. Maldonado wishing to excuse himself for having tampered with the garrison, García Moreno stopped him by

saying: "I wish to hear nothing more. I forgive you; but if you take to any fresh conspiracy, General as you are, I will have you shot in the square of Quito."

On the 23rd of June, however, only three months after this act of clemency, these wretches organized a fresh plot in Quito to assassinate the President. Their plan was to take possession of the artillery barracks, where certain brigands had been incarcerated, who were to be paid by Maldonado to take advantage of the darkness of the night, to assassinate not only García Moreno, but all the others who were devoted to his policy. An old Urbinist, Jaramillo, who was aide-de-camp to García Moreno, was to betray his master. The officer on guard had sold himself to Maldonado, and when the murder had been accomplished, Urbina was to be declared Chief of the State and Maldonado General-in-Chief, while the Revolutionists from Peru were to invade the provinces on the seacoast.

On the day when this frightful conspiracy was to take effect, the conspirators met in a certain house to combine measures before going to the barracks. At that very moment one of their number, seized with remorse, revealed to the President all the details of the conspiracy. García Moreno flew to the barracks and summoned the officer on guard. "I give you five minutes," he said calmly, "to reveal the names of your accomplices and to give me proofs in writing of the plot which was to be carried out this night. If not, I will have you shot instantly, as an infamous traitor." Finding himself discovered, the unhappy officer tremblingly gave the names of his accomplices, delivered over the papers of which he had been the depositary, and pointed out the house where the assassins were assembled at that moment. García Moreno might have waited for them at the barracks and received them with a fusillade; but not to give these wretches a pretext of saying they had been caught in a trap, he preferred seizing them in the house where they were, and throwing

them into prison. Unfortunately the arrest took place before the arrival of Maldonado, who, the moment he got wind of the failure of the plot, disappeared from the city and took refuge in the forest. García Moreno, feeling the imminence of the danger, was determined this time to punish the leader of these crimes. "Maldonado must expiate his sin," he exclaimed. "I will stifle the Revolution in his blood." He ordered Colonel Veintimilla to scour the whole country until he had found the culprit, while he contented himself with sending his accomplices in exile to Brazil. The Revolutionists, more enraged than ever, now poured into the country from every side. A band of pirates equipped by Urbina, threw themselves into the province of Manabi, destroying everything with fire and sword. The Governor Salazar, however, met them with a body of volunteers, massacred the greater portion of the brigands and shot their leaders. The exiles from Brazil crossed the Napo, seized the Governor, tortured the Jesuits, and issued a proclamation deposing García Moreno and putting Urbina in his place. Another attack was made on Ibarra; while Urbina, with some Peruvian vessels, landed at Payta and ravaged the sea-coast.

In the midst of this fearful storm, García Moreno remained as calm as a rock beaten by the waves, raising troops, organizing defenses, and determined rather to die with his people than to yield to the anti-Christian and revolutionary horde. At last, on the 24th of August, Maldonado was captured and brought in chains to Quito. García Moreno did not hesitate this time, and decreed that he should be shot on the 30th of August in the Square of St. Dominic. The night before, he went into his cell and tried to make him understand the atrocity of his crime. But he found only a man proud of his iniquities and still confident of escape. "Maldonado!" he exclaimed at last, "you need not reckon on judges who laugh at justice and absolve the greatest culprits.

Prepare yourself to appear before God, for tomorrow at this hour you will have ceased to live.”

Maldonado knew the implacable firmness of his chief, and at once asked for a priest and made his confession.

The execution was fixed for five o'clock, and Colonel Dalgo received orders to place the troops in line, the whole length of the road, from the prison to the scaffold. While these sinister preparations were being made, the whole town was in a state of agitation. The moment was critical; for both citizens and soldiers were interested in Maldonado, and still more in his family, who were much respected.

Deputations upon deputations flew to the Palace to intercede for the culprit, but García Moreno had closed his doors. Maldonado's wife had come to take leave of him at the foot of the scaffold, which added to the emotion of the lookers-on. The word “pardon” flew from mouth to mouth, until Colonel Dalgo, anxious for the result, sent his aide-de-camp to García Moreno to ask him for his last orders. “Tell him,” replied the President, “that if at five o'clock, I do not hear the bells which announce that the execution is over, he will be shot instead.” A few minutes after, Maldonado mounted the scaffold and paid for his infamous treason with his life.

The crowd was dispersing in silence and fear when, all of a sudden, García Moreno came out of his Palace, alone and unattended, to inspect some works going on outside the town. In the evening he put out the following proclamation:

“People of Ecuador. Your peace, your goods, and even your lives have been too long threatened by criminals whom Peruvian gold has corrupted and who imagine they can sin with impunity...In this terrible crisis, the Government must choose between two extremes—to allow your dearest interests, your laws, your most sacred rights to be sacrificed to these brigands, or to take upon itself the grave but glorious responsibility of checking their fury by measures

which are just though severe—terrible but necessary. I should be unworthy of the confidence you have placed in me if I were to hesitate for one moment to incur this responsibility to save my country from anarchy and ruin.”

“Thus, let everyone know and understand that those who have sold themselves for gold will fall under the lead of the avenger. Punishment will follow upon crime, and to the perils with which we are threatened, justice will bring safety. If my life were to be sacrificed to obtain this result I should immolate it gladly to procure for my country happiness and peace.”

Naturally, the Revolutionists cried out against his tyranny, cruelty, and the like. To confound them, García Moreno published a statement of Urbina’s, drawn up by his Minister Espinel.

“Generosity and clemency towards the enemies of our country are mistaken virtues. Compassion towards individuals must be exchanged for justice should the safety of the people exact it. Great malefactors must suffer in this world the punishment of their crimes: both public safety and justice demand it.”

Maldonado being thus disposed of, the President turned his arms against Urbina, who, with four or five hundred banditti, occupied the town of Machala. With his three great captains, Robles, Franco, and Leon, he flattered himself he would raise the whole country, and issued a proclamation in which he declared that “summoned by the great majority of the nation, he presented himself without fear, persuaded that his return would fill the hearts of all patriots with joy.” He found himself mistaken, however, as the inhabitants fled at his approach, and no one could be found to sign his proclamation but some wretched criminals and others terrorized into compliance. Then García Moreno put forth a decree which annihilated all his hopes. “Ecuador,” wrote the President, “is at war with no one, either within or without:

consequently Urbina and his banditti, who have come to revolutionize and pillage the country, must be looked upon as corsairs and treated as such. The authorities will not apply the law against them as belligerents, but as incendiaries and assassins." The men sent against Urbina had, in fact, orders to use every means to arrest the traitor Urbina, so as to make him expiate his many crimes on the scaffold.

Urbina, however, thinking discretion the better part of valor, retreated upon Loja so as to gain the frontier of Peru. His friend, Robles, followed his example and escaped to Payta. Franco and Leon, who alone remained at Guayaquil, were ignominiously defeated at Santa Rosa and fled to Zapotillo, from whence they also escaped to their good friends in Peru.

Thus this Revolution, so carefully prepared, came to nothing, and the Urbinists, although assisted by two Governments and by all the villains in the country, had been conquered by the energy of one man. García Moreno then made a tour of all the provinces, distributing rewards to those who had been faithful, but punishing severely the accomplices of Urbina. One of them, Campoverde, had attacked the unarmed town of Cuenca, but the inhabitants rose *en masse*, and after a bloody fight succeeded in seizing him.

Condemned to death by a council of war, on the very day that the culprit was to undergo his punishment, García Moreno arrived at Cuenca and was entreated to pardon him, the Bishop himself pleading his cause. "If you ask of me in the name of justice," replied the President, "show me that this man is not guilty: if it be from charity, have pity on the innocent people whom you will condemn to perish; for if I spare him, a fresh Revolution will break out tomorrow." Campoverde was accordingly executed.

García Moreno showed the same invincible firmness in dealing with Colombia and Peru, both of which States had

armed and equipped bands of rebels to attack Ecuador, with whom they pretended to be at peace. Both had the humiliation of seeing their conduct exposed by all the diplomatic Powers, and of finding their policy overthrown by the honorable and straightforward proceedings of García Moreno, who had suspended all relations with the Government of Peru. Thus this horrible four years' struggle was, at last, ended by the courage of one man, against all the efforts of the Freemasons and Socialists, not only in his own country but throughout the Republics of South America. The Concordat was established, social reforms had been carried out, material progress was in full development, religious education ensured, the army restored to a state of discipline, and all this in spite of the treason of Maldonado, the invasions of Urbina, the treachery of Castilla, and the fury of Mosquera. Seeking only for God and His justice, García Moreno had triumphed over all. Nothing remained to the Revolutionists but the hope of replacing, when his term of office had expired, the Colossus whom they had tried in vain to overturn.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FIGHT OF JÁMBELI
1865

THE year 1865 was to be that of the election of a fresh President. By this stupid Republican arrangement, supreme power could only be held for four years without power of re-election, even should the President be a Charlemagne. García Moreno wrote at that time to an intimate friend:

“Even if the Constitution would allow of my re-election, I could not consent to it. The unhappy nature of the Constitution of 1861, provokes every species of disorder without giving the Government the means of repressing it...I foresaw this in 1861 and always repent of having taken office under these conditions. Because I have confidence in God, I believe the country will some day escape from these fearful dangers; but it will be after a time, more or less long, of bloodshed and ruin, when legislators will at last be compelled to take reason as their guide. The logic of evil is inexorable. All crimes engender expiation. We are expiating now the faults of those who framed the Constitution in 1861.”

He felt now that he had only one more duty to fulfill towards his country, which was, to labor with all his might to give her a successor to himself who would be Catholic enough to understand the regenerating effect of the Concordat, and energetic enough to prevent the Revolution from ruining her.

García Moreno never thought that Governments should remain with folded hands during an electoral struggle, while their enemies, by lies and calumnies, strive to defeat every honest candidate. The license of the Press at such moments, far from guaranteeing the liberty of the people, becomes the most terrible engine of deceit and oppression which can be

imagined. He, therefore, proposed as his successor Don José María Caamaño of Guayaquil, who possessed, as he affirmed, "all the essential qualities of a statesman—one whose honor was without a stain, with good sense and a strong religious spirit, being among the number of those who at Guayaquil had never hesitated to practice his duties as a Christian and thereby incurred the hatred of the Freemasons, who were so numerous in that city." Unfortunately, a misunderstanding about a club formed of the partisans of Urbina, and which had been closed by order of the Government, made Caamaño declare publicly that he would refuse a candidature which, it was asserted, had been based on violence and coercion. Then García Moreno chose D. Jerónimo Carrión of Cuenca, a straightforward and religious man, a friend of order and of work, an irreconcilable enemy of the anarchists and firm enough to defend the country against their attacks. The Conservatives, in consequence, all rallied round this candidate. The Opposition was divided between Pedro Carbo, a violent Radical, and Gómez de la Torre, a Liberal.

Pedro Carbo had little or no chance, for though a friend of Urbina's, everyone knew his poor abilities. Seeing him one day walking with his friend Endara, García Moreno exclaimed to a man who was walking with him: "You see before you nullity in two volumes!" Finding he had no chance, Carbo returned to Lima to plot a fresh invasion of Ecuador with Urbina; and Gómez de la Torre remained the sole Liberal candidate. He was supported by Borrero in his newspaper, the *Centinela*, who did not hesitate to declare "that the liberty of election had been suppressed: that the oppression was greater than in the days of Urbina, and that people had no choice but to vote according to the ukase of the President."

García Moreno let the paper pass for some weeks: then finding that its odious calumnies daily increased, he sum-

moned Borrero and Arizaga to appear before him. Instead of appearing at Quito, however, Borrero concealed himself, while still striking his adversary in the dark.

The election of the new President took place on May 15, 1865. The Government candidate received 23,000 votes, while Gómez de la Torre only obtained 8,000. This was a great triumph for García Moreno, and proved that the people were only anxious to find in his successor one who should continue his work and exterminate the Revolution.

The despair of the Liberals and Radicals of every shade may be imagined, and they determined to make a last effort to get possession of the country. The moment was propitious, for the army had lost its chief, General Flores having died during the insurrection at Machala the previous October.¹ García Moreno was about to give up the Presidency and would consequently have little influence. The order was given therefore, for an audacious attack to be conducted by the refugees of Lima and their accomplices at Guayaquil.

On the 31st of May, towards evening, fifteen of Urbina's followers led by a brigand called José Marcos, and armed to the teeth with daggers and revolvers, hid themselves in a little island in the River Guayas, not far from Zamboroddon. The merchant ship, *Washington*, then took them on board, having received a thousand piastres from Urbina to give them their vessel, which was well furnished with arms and all requisites for landing. Gently following the course of the

¹ General Flores died like a brave soldier, with his weapons in his hands. Feeling he was dying, he called his aide-de-camp, and hearing that Santa Rosa was retaken and that his troops had fought valiantly, he exclaimed, "Then I can die happy. O Mother of Mercy," he added, "I am your child. My Jesus, mercy!" García Moreno and the whole country mourned this great man, who, whatever may have been the faults of his youth, had redeemed them by his patriotic devotion to his country.

river to Guayaquil, these filibusters waited only for the night to continue their operations. Towards midnight, they steamed silently up to the only man-of-war belonging to Ecuador, called the *Guayas*, boarded her, murdered her captain and all her crew, and having cut her moorings, steamed out to sea with their prey. The next morning it was found that the *Washington* and the *Guayas*, with a third vessel, the *Bernardino*, had anchored in the roadstead of Jambeli, some twenty-three miles from Guayaquil, and that Urbina and Franco with several hundred Peruvians were at the head of the expedition.

We can fancy the amazement and consternation of García Moreno when, three days later, a courier from Guayaquil, by forced marches, brought him this news. He was ill at the time and had gone to rest at a *hacienda* called Chillo, a few miles from Quito. To meet this unexpected danger, he had nothing but his genius, his courage, and his unlimited confidence in God. Quick as lightning he flew back to the capital, drew up certain decrees which he left to the Vice-President Carvajal, with orders to insert them the next day in the official papers, and then, without letting anyone in on the secret of his journey, started for Guayaquil, with only his aide-de-camp. In three days he had traversed the two hundred forty miles which separated that city from Quito, and arrived like a thunderbolt in the midst of his enemies.

It was the 8th of June, in the middle of the night. No human being could imagine that only eight days after the capture of the *Guayas*, García Moreno would have received the news in time to arrive at the seat of war. The municipal council, all friends of Urbina's, were sitting rejoicing over what they thought would be an easy victory, when a frightened messenger rushed into the room exclaiming, "García Moreno!" In an instant the brave conspirators took to their heels and hid themselves wherever they could.



“With only his aide-de-camp, in three days he had traversed the two hundred forty miles.”

The next morning the following placards appeared on the walls, which we give in an abridged form. "Considering that on the night of the 31st of May, fifty filibusters embarked in the merchant vessel *Washington*, surprised the man-of-war *Guayas*, and assassinated the captain and his crew, by decree of the President of the Republic these men are considered as pirates. Any foreign vessel may pursue and seize them, even in the waters of Ecuador. These men, whenever captured, will be judged as pirates by a council of war, and punished with the utmost rigor of the law; as also all those who have favored their acts, no matter on what point of the territory."

Then followed a similar decree concerning the army: "Considering that the peace of the Republic is seriously menaced by the attack of the 31st of May, we summon the standing army. All military deserters will be summarily judged and punished according to law. The President of the Republic will in person take command of the army."

Everyone who read these decrees and knew the inflexible nature of García Moreno, felt that they would not remain a dead letter. But people asked, not unnaturally, how it was possible for him to execute any sentence on men who, safe on board ship, defied his decrees. The arrival of the English steamer *Talca*, which he was expecting with feverish impatience, revealed his plan. No sooner had she come into port than he went to the English Consul and asked for the loan of her in order to give chase to the pirates. The Consul acquiesced on consideration of an indemnity. The armaments on board were begun, when the Consul, thinking the expedition a hopeless one, insisted on García Moreno's buying her at the enormous price of £50,000. Not having time for discussion, García Moreno accepted these conditions. Then it was the captain's turn to object, and without deigning to confer with the President, he simply ordered his sailors to turn out the workmen and soldiers, and to take

down the Ecuador flag. He further asked a Spanish frigate to help him, who promised to fire on the vessel if she attempted to leave the port.

Instead of being deterred by these difficulties, García Moreno determined to overcome them by force. He represented to the captain that having bought the ship he had a right to do what he liked with her. The captain replied that he was going to hoist his own flag, and that anyone who touched it would first have to pass over his body. "And I," answered García Moreno, "will have you shot this moment, and your flag will be your shroud." The captain seeing that he was in earnest, yielded. But even then, all was not over. On inspecting the machinery it was found out of repair, and wanting in several necessary things. García Moreno called the two engineers and ordered them, under pain of death, to repair the damage under the superintendence of a first-rate mechanician. Four soldiers were appointed to watch them, with orders to shoot them if they resisted. In this way the vessel was prepared, and armed with five large guns, ammunition of all sorts, and all that was necessary for boarding. Everyone helped with a will: but the sailors thought the expedition so dangerous, that they asked exorbitant wages. The engineer asked 20,000 piastres, and the doctor deserted. García Moreno then addressed the troops who were about to embark as follows: "I only ask for men of heart and patriotism to accompany me on this expedition. Let those who are not afraid march to my right, and the cowards to the left." His words sent an electric shock through the men, every one of whom went to the right. He chose out of them two hundred and seventy, with certain determined men as officers on whom he could rely. A priest also accompanied them, as the supreme consoler in the hour of danger. All had gone on board the *Talca* and the little scout-steamer *Smyrk*, when García Moreno addressed them as follows:

“Defenders of our country, we are going to meet the pirates who have stolen the *Washington* and the *Guayas*, after having murdered her commander Matos. They thought they might act with impunity, as we had no vessels to follow them. This criminal hope has failed them. We have found a ship, and we reckon on the protection of an avenging God, Whose powerful arm can reach villains wherever they may hide themselves. A prompt and exemplary chastisement must be meted out to these pirates, so that honest men may rest in peace.”

“Soldiers and sailors, I hold to the honor of accompanying you. I wish to be a witness of your discipline and valor, so as to reward you worthily. I have the greatest confidence in the ability and intrepidity of your officers as well as in your own well-known bravery. I only regret to lead you against foes who are unworthy of your steel: pirates, assassins, and rascals of the worst sort. But the safety of the country exacts this duty, and to save her in this critical moment is not, I feel, a sacrifice beyond your courage. Forward, then! For God and your country! Also let everyone do his duty as a man who has his heart in the work.”

Filled with enthusiasm at these noble words the soldiers left the port, crying: “Cheers for García Moreno.” The Conservatives on the shore echoed the cry, while the Liberals sneered at what they considered the madness of the expedition. The truth is no one could fail to be alarmed when they reflected on the inequality of the approaching struggle. Besides their three armed vessels, the enemy had a schooner which acted as a guide. Peru had furnished them also with a large number of soldiers, who had attacked Santa Rosa, and after a bloody fight had occupied the town with three hundred filibusters. Urbina and Robles, on board the *Washington*, were about to return to Jambeli, having in tow another vessel filled with prisoners taken at Santa Rosa, who were all to be shot the next morning. García Moreno quitted

the port of Guayaquil on the 25th, at six o'clock in the evening. On the 26th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the ship's boats had reconnoitered the position of the enemy's vessels. The *Guayas* and the *Bernardino* with the schooner were in front; but the *Washington* remained at anchor in a bay at some distance off. The moment was solemn and decisive. Hardly had the insurgents recognized their assailants when they ranged themselves in order of battle, and opened upon them a tremendous fire from all their guns. The brave little band on board the *Talca* was at first dismayed by the discharge; but García Moreno cried out: "No useless firing, take your cutlasses and board the *Guayas*." Encouraged by the calmness of their chief, the soldiers did as they were bid. "Put on all steam and go right at her, the prow in the flank of the *Guayas*," was the next order. The vessel flew on, in the midst of the balls which passed over her, but did not touch her. When close to the enemy, García Moreno gave the signal of attack; his cannon belched forth, and one well directed ball made a huge breach in the *Guayas* below the water mark, which threw the whole crew into disorder. Like lightning, the *Talca* dashed into her at the same moment and Moreno's soldiers quickly boarding her, massacred or shot all the filibusters save forty-five, who were made prisoners and safely secured on board the *Talca*. The *Bernardino* and the schooner, seeing the fate of the *Guayas*, yielded without much resistance, being seriously damaged by the *Talca's* guns. There remained the *Washington* with Urbina and Robles, who, with their officers and men, were all in a semi-drunken state, rejoicing over the capture of Santa Rosa, when their ship was rudely disturbed by the cannon of the *Guayas* and *Talca*. The *Washington* was at anchor and nearly high and dry, owing to the lowness of the tide. The surprise and fear of the pirates was so great, that they one and all dashed on shore, headed by the valiant Urbina, and took refuge in the woods. When the *Smyrk*

(Moreno's little scout-steamer) came alongside of her, they found her completely abandoned. In their haste, the filibusters had left all their money and the correspondence of Urbina with his friends and traitors in Guayaquil, which fell into the hands of García Moreno. Three days later the remainder of this band of brigands, including the garrison of Santa Rosa, had all fled across the frontier to Peru, determined to avoid for some time to come, any further fights by land or sea.

The conqueror could then calmly examine the result of the day's work. Except the *Guayas*, which had foundered a few minutes after the fight, they had the whole of Urbina's fleet, the *Bernardino*, the *Washington*, the schooner, and another sailing ship, on board of which they luckily found all the prisoners from Santa Rosa, whom Urbina had meant to shoot that day for their fidelity to the President. The *Talca* had suffered very little, and the *Smyrk* was untouched. They had lost very few men; and García Moreno's only regret was the escape of Urbina.

They then determined to make a triumphant entry into Guayaquil; but first justice had to be carried out. The trial of the prisoners brooked no delay; when brought before the Council of War, eighteen were found to have been enrolled by force, and García Moreno pardoned them at once; the twenty-seven others were condemned to death as pirates, including Jose Marcos, who had seized the *Guayas*, and Colonel Vallejo, Dario Viteri, and Jose Robles. Each of these men went to the priest to prepare for death and then, were taken to be shot. The priest begged pardon for the twenty-seventh, and García was about to grant it, when, looking at the man, he perceived he had on the clothes of the unhappy Captain Matos. "You assassinated the commander of the *Guayas*!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. The filibuster owned the crime. "I cannot pardon a murderer," replied the President. "Let justice have its course."

The fleet was now approaching Guayaquil. About five o'clock the *Smyrk* pushed on ahead to give the good news. The whole town was gathered on the quays in the most intense anxiety. All of a sudden, García Moreno appeared on the deck of the *Talca*. Then a cry of joy rose from every breast, while the bells of the town began to ring, and even the Spanish sailors, who had despaired of the expedition, joined in the enthusiasm and welcomed the conqueror by a salvo from all their batteries.

In the evening García Moreno described the heroic struggle to a group of friends, but showed them also the proofs of the complicity of so many of Urbina's friends in Guayaquil, which had been revealed to him by the correspondence found on board the *Washington*. "We must have peace," he exclaimed, "and you will see with what cement I shall establish it."

The next morning at eight o'clock he summoned before him a certain lawyer, Dr. Viola, a native of Buenos Aires, the principal agent of Urbina in Guayaquil. Viola appeared before the President and his Council with an air of pride and indifference as if he had nothing to fear. García Moreno spoke: "Dr. Viola, in your position as a lawyer, you know well the punishment due to a traitor."

"Yes, I know it."

"What is the punishment?"

"Death."

Then he presented the letters found on board the *Washington*, written by Viola himself, giving the most minute details as to the conspiracy in Guayaquil, down to the sum paid for the *Washington*, and an earnest advice to Urbina to come at once to the city.

"Dr. Viola, are you the author of these letters?"

"I cannot deny it."

"Then prepare to receive the punishment of a traitor. You will be shot this evening at five o'clock."

In vain were intercessions made for the criminal. The Consul of Buenos Aires pleaded his position as a stranger;

but García Moreno affirmed that he was subject to the laws of his adopted country. Another eminent personage, who had known of the plot and had maintained a guilty silence, came also to beg for Dr. Viola's life, but found García Moreno inflexible.

"You will answer for this bloodshed before God," he angrily exclaimed.

"I shall not do so," replied García Moreno calmly, "but rather he who could have prevented these hideous crimes and did not do so."

"I know why you speak to me like this!"

"And I am glad that you understand what I mean, without any further explanation," replied García Moreno.

It is said that even his mother, who was then eighty years old, and whom he loved with the greatest tenderness, tried to induce him to pardon Viola. "My mother!" he exclaimed, with the deepest emotion, "ask of me what you will, but not an act of weakness which would lose the country." At five o'clock, as he had decreed, Viola was taken to the plain of Guayaquil and shot.

García Moreno, on leaving Guayaquil, addressed his comrades as follows:

"Your courage has saved the Republic. The pirates have had to leave our shores, and the filibusters of Santa Rosa have not even dared wait for you. Some have escaped the sword of justice by hiding in the woods; but before they continue their infamous trade, let them remember these words: 'The scaffold set up for the criminal will be the guarantee for the peace and security of all honest men.'"

Urbina and his accomplices profited by the advice. Jambeli was their last crusade during the lifetime of Moreno. They could certainly congratulate themselves on their prowess! Besides the bloodshed in this fratricidal war, they had cost their country, in one year, upwards of a million piastres.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ONE NECESSARY MAN

1865

AFTER this heroic expedition, García Moreno, already considered as the hero of Ecuador, became in the eyes of all, the man sent by Providence to conquer the revolutionary monster who was preparing to devour them. His return to Quito was a real triumph. The most touching homage was offered him by the seventeen Urbinists whom he had pardoned, in a piece of poetry which recorded both his exploits and his generosity. But sadness was mingled with their joy, for at that moment he was to give up to his successor his post as President. A magnificent address was presented to him by all the inhabitants of Quito, which recorded the enormous benefits he had conferred on his country. They offered him at the same time a gold medal set in diamonds, on which was inscribed: "To García Moreno, a model of virtue, in remembrance of all the services he has rendered to his country." They sent a petition also to the Congress that he might be created General-in-Chief of the army.

There was still a doubt whether this general expression of opinion would be ratified by the Liberal deputies, some of whom threatened to accuse him publicly of "certain arbitrary and illegal acts." The patriotic party, furious at this infamous proposal, placarded the walls of the capital with an emphatic answer to all these accusations, which only served to enhance the glory of his reign as President. García Moreno himself gave to the Congress "an account of his stewardship," with the greatest calmness and dignity. Like the noble Roman who was dragged before the Senate for having gone beyond his authority, he simply said: "I have saved my country in spite of your Congress." Then as a true

statesman and one who really loved his country, he pointed out to them the vices of their present system, imploring them to lose no time in correcting the faults of the Constitution; to strengthen the hands of the Executive, to suppress the antagonism existing between the different departments, and to restore to the head of the State the power of revoking the appointments of unworthy agents, ending with the words: "Without a really strong Government, the Republic, given up to the abettors of Revolution, will march from crisis to crisis until she founders in the deep sea of anarchy and ruin."

Then having entered into details as to the financial, agricultural, and commercial state of the country, he added: "I wish I could have given you a more satisfactory picture of the state of the Republic. But if I have not done all I wished, I can at least carry away with me the intimate conviction that I have omitted no sacrifice to ensure her defense and prosperity; as also, to have had no earthly motive in my actions, save her interests and her grandeur."

This frank and modest speech made a great impression on the members of the Congress. With the exception of one or two desperate Radicals envious of his glory, both Liberals and Conservatives united to glorify a man who had rendered such important services to his country. The answer of the Congress was significant. "The Government has had to bear the burden of continual wars: we may regret, from feelings of humanity, the shedding of blood in Ecuador; but we are bound to add that the President has covered himself with immortal glory by restoring order and peace to the Republic each time that her safety was threatened. Seeing his self-abnegation, his sublime efforts, and his heroic sacrifices, we hereby declare that the chief of the State has deserved well of his country. We count on the zeal of the new President, who, we hope, will march in the noble path of his predecessor."

The Constitution forbade the retiring President to leave the country for a year after his term of office had expired, unless authorized to do so by Congress. García Moreno, who wanted to feel himself quite free, demanded this authorization. But at once a storm broke out throughout the country at the very idea of García Moreno's leaving it. "To allow the ex-President to quit Ecuador," the papers exclaimed, "would be at once to open the door to the anarchists. The founder of order and progress could never expose his country to the mean vengeance of the party of extermination. Neither the members of the Congress nor the new President could consent to the departure of the first citizen of Ecuador, the column of the State, the terror of her enemies." So strong was the popular feeling, that a petition to enforce the prohibition was submitted to the Chambers, where it was warmly discussed. One deputy after another represented the importance of García Moreno's presence to detect and repress the continual plots of men who dreamt of nothing but the destruction of the Republic; that the "iron hand" of the ex-President was their only rampart against these attacks; that if a dispute were to arise with a neighboring power—war with Peru, for instance—who could be put at the head of the army? Or if a squadron were to set sail, who would direct it? "The only possible leader by land or sea was García Moreno."

The deputies accordingly voted by an immense majority a prohibition to leave the country "*to a man so necessary to the safety of the Republic.*" What a testimony to the position and influence of García Moreno among men of every shade of opinion!

CHAPTER XVIII
THE ASSASSIN VITERI

1866

THE new President inaugurated his career by an admirable speech against the Revolutionists. "These demagogues," he exclaimed, "have made continual efforts to overturn all order and justice, and it is only at the price of the most heroic sacrifices that the preceding Government has been able to save the Conservative principles which are so justly dear to the immense majority of the nation. The liberty of which the Radicals boast is simply license under the name of liberty, borrowed from the Revolutionary theories of France, which ends in their tearing one another in pieces, and in the annihilation of all order and peace."

Unfortunately, President Carrión, though an honest and religious man, was entirely wanting in the firmness and decision needful for the difficult position in which he found himself. Hoping to conciliate the Liberal party, he confided the direction of affairs to his Home Minister, Manuel Bustamante, who was well known for his hostility to García Moreno.

The only person who really checked the proceedings of the Radicals was García Moreno himself, so that they determined to get rid of him by the dagger of an assassin.

At the beginning of 1866, all eyes were turned towards Chili, which country was at that moment at war with Spain, who had blocked the port of Valparaiso and bombarded the town. All the Republics of South America rose up at this news; and García Moreno at the head of the patriots, declared "that the moment was come when the peril of one became a menace to the existence of all." A treaty was accordingly concluded between Ecuador, Peru, Chili, and Bolivia, which stipulated that each would arm in defense of their rights. Every preparation was made for war, for Spain

was blocking Callao and menaced Guayaquil. General Darquea undertook the defense of the latter city, and García Moreno was implored to take the command of the army. This idea exasperated the Radicals to such a degree that Carrión, always hoping to steer a middle course between the two opposing parties, decided to send him as Minister to Chili in order to conclude a commercial treaty with that country but, in reality, in hopes of appeasing the revolutionary camp.

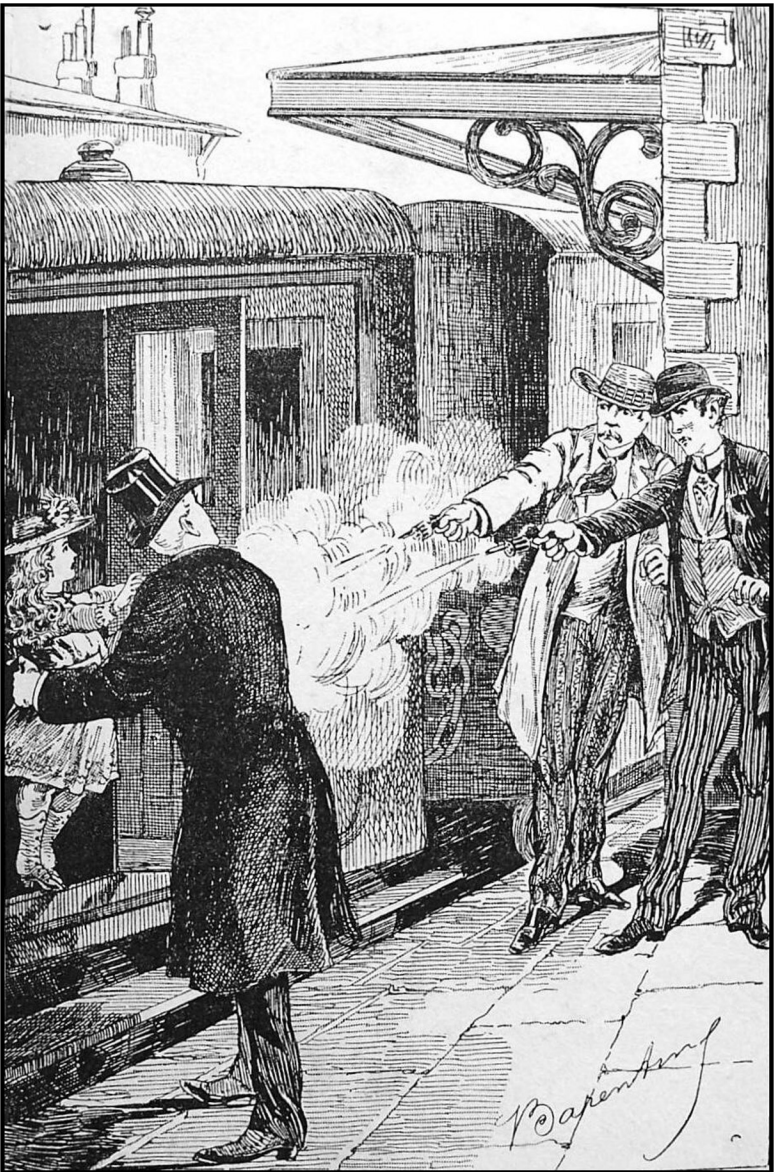
The Revolutionists rejoiced: not only the Government lost its firmest supporter, but this voyage to Chili would give them an opportunity of getting rid of their mortal enemy. Already they had tried to assassinate him at Carolina, a country house near Quito to which he had retired; but the remorse of one of the conspirators had obliged them to postpone their design.

García Moreno was to embark at Guayaquil on the 27th of June, and stop a few hours at Lima to confer with President Prado. The week before his departure he was warned that he would be assassinated on the road, and that at Lima he would only be welcomed by revolvers and daggers. He knew well what he had to expect from these masters in crime; but he belonged to a race of brave men who trust in God and never draw back before any danger. He left Guayaquil accordingly, accompanied only by his secretary, D. Pablo Herrera, and Don Ignacio de Alcazar, a member of the Legation. Herrera had his son with him, a boy of fourteen, and García Moreno a little niece of eight years old who was bound for Valparaiso. That was his entire escort.

The steamer reached Callao on the 2nd of July. García Moreno instantly took the train, which arrived at Lima at noon. Ignacio de Alcazar was the first to leave the carriage to speak to the attaché of the Embassy who had come to receive them. García Moreno followed him, and then turned round to help his little niece to get down to the platform. At

that moment a man named Viteri, a relation of Urbina's, dashed up to him calling him "a robber and an assassin," and fired two balls at his head. The balls pierced through his hat, and quick as lightning, García Moreno seized the arm of the assassin, and thus turned away the third ball. A friend of his, D. Felix Luque, rushed forward to help him, but was himself wounded in the hand by an accomplice of Viteri's. Ignacio de Alcazar then dashed upon the assassin, and battered his head with the barrel of his revolver. This horrible scene lasted only an instant—the police came too late, as usual; but Ignacio pointed Viteri out to them, who was again aiming a pistol at the head of García Moreno. The murderer was seized, and García Moreno gave up his revolver to the prefect fully loaded, he having had the magnanimity not to blow out the brains of his enemy, but only to turn away the weapon which menaced his life. The news of this horrible attempt flew through the town. The President of the Republic hastened to send his own carriage with orders to bring García Moreno to the Palace, for he had been wounded both in the forehead and the hand. He traversed the capital amidst a crowd of sympathizers. At the Palace, he was received with every demonstration of respect by the President Prado, who did not know how to express his regret sufficiently for what had happened. He threw the assassin into prison and ordered him to be brought before the judges without delay.

Then was shown the infamous character of the infernal band which governs the world. The attempt at assassination was made in public—a host of witnesses gave evidence of the facts, but it was an assassination ordered by the Freemasons, the judges were all members of the lodges and friends of Urbina's; the consequence of which was that they delayed the trial until the public excitement was over, and the ocular witnesses dispersed. Then Viteri, with the most barefaced audacity, declared that the attack had been made by García Moreno himself! To make a long story short, the



“At that moment a man named Viteri, a relation of Urbina’s, dashed up to him calling him ‘a robber and an assassin,’ and fired two balls at his head.”

assassin was acquitted amidst the cheers of the sects, and to the everlasting disgrace of the judges. This shameful mockery of justice excited the utmost indignation in Quito. The President Carrión wrote a letter of sympathy to García Moreno, which was seconded by Bustamante; but no effort was made to insist on reparation or on the punishment of the murderer. García Moreno, who was above both the insolence of his accusers and the ingratitude and indifference of the Ecuador Government, went on his way to Chili in spite of fresh warnings of attempted assassination at Valparaiso which would undoubtedly await him.

On the contrary, the President of Chili and all the most distinguished persons in the capital received the illustrious Ambassador with the respect due, not only to his high office, but to his glorious character. The papers had been full of his heroic struggles against the Revolution; his extraordinary bravery, which had won the admiration of the whole world; his constant friendliness towards Chili during his Presidency; and now the brutal attempt at his assassination in Lima; so that, even before his arrival, he had won every heart and enlisted every sympathy. The speech he made at his official reception confirmed all these favorable impressions and made the Chileans understand that they had not only a hero before them, but a real friend. After enumerating the various ways in which the union of the two countries could be made thoroughly effective and permanent, he added: "In spite of our commercial interests which combine so admirably—one region producing what its neighbor requires, we have hitherto put every sort of obstacle in the way, by means of custom-houses and tariffs, of the free exchange of our products, and have thus paralyzed the full scope of our industries. But now the day is come when all these inventions of an egotistical policy will have been proved to be useless and pernicious. A common peril has revealed to us the advantages of union. As the thunder and lightning serve to purify the air, so the unjust aggression of

Spain will have given us the cohesion which, until now, was the only thing wanting.”

He succeeded in his mission in a wonderful manner. Diplomatic, consular, and postal conventions; treaties of alliance, commerce, and navigation; a better understanding of international relations—all was regulated to the greatest advantage of the contracting parties. More than this, during the six months that he passed in Chili, García Moreno had the opportunity of entering into relations with all the most illustrious men in the country. Everywhere his deep science, his noble character and that union of eminent gifts and qualities which distinguished him above all others, roused their profoundest esteem and admiration. In the learned societies where he was entreated to speak, he perfectly amazed his hearers by his vast knowledge of so many different subjects; and especially by his system of social regeneration based on the laws of the Catholic Church.

The Chilean society conceived the greatest reverence for this great man who, only too happy to meet with Christian hearts capable of understanding and loving him, was the more attracted towards them, as the false Liberalism of his own country had so often disheartened him and left him unprepared to meet with such real sympathy and appreciation. Later on, he never spoke of this journey to Chili without emotion.

This was the result of the last and newest Radical conspiracy against him: the name of García Moreno only shone with a brighter light throughout America, where it became well understood that, if all the fury of Freemasons and Revolutionists were directed towards the ex-President, it was because he was the only man whose power they feared.

The events we are about to record will prove that their instincts were not at fault.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FALL OF PRESIDENT CARRIÓN

1867

ON returning from Chili, García Moreno only spent a few days at Quito to give account of his mission to the President, and then returned to Guayaquil to his brother Pablo to help him in his business.

Having no private fortune, and being far too scrupulous to profit by his late position at the expense of the public, he had no other resource but to work for his living. Besides, with the weak and vacillating policy of Carrión and the hostility of Bustamante, he had nothing to do at Quito until the Conservatives should again implore his help to save them from the Radical torrent which again threatened to overwhelm them.

In fact, for more than a year the revolutionary papers had made a regular crusade against religion and order. In the electoral campaign of 1867, the most ultra-Radicals were chosen as candidates. A club called "The Republican Society," which García Moreno had closed, was reopened, and from thence the most scandalous publications were issued daily against the past and present Government. Nevertheless the Government remained apparently indifferent, and the result was that the elections were carried by the Revolutionists. García Moreno, however, was triumphantly chosen as Senator, in spite of all the efforts of the Urbinists. Finding him an insuperable obstacle to their plans, they determined to invalidate his election—a proceeding which was entirely contrary to law and justice, since a man chosen by the provincial Junta could not, according to the Constitution, be deprived of his post as Senator. García Moreno knew that his enemies had determined to exclude him from the Senate, but was equally determined to appear in his place at the opening of the Chambers.

Nothing could be more hostile than the majority of the Senators. Pedro Carbo, Urbina's factotum, had been elected President; Parra, Vice-President; Endara, Secretary: it was, in fact, an Urbinist club.

The President's feeble message having been read, the verification of the election of the Senators followed. García Moreno submitted his, like the rest. Endara, who had to read out the official notices, was so troubled by García Moreno's presence that he stumbled at every word. The next day it was announced that all the elections were valid save that of García Moreno. His exclusion was to be debated in the Chamber, and he was requested to withdraw during the discussion. This was the height of injustice. In certain countries of Europe, the system of arbitrary invalidation of the election of honest men is audaciously carried out; but at least they are allowed to be present to defend their rights and avenge their honor, while in Ecuador you are judged in your absence. García Moreno, certain that the verdict would be hostile, prepared to return to Guayaquil.

Things, however, did not go quite as smoothly as his enemies hoped. Among the Senators was a conscientious and just man, Dr. Antonio Mata, a political enemy of García Moreno's, but a passionate lover of right and justice. Hardly had the proposal been made (to invalidate García Moreno's election), than he protested in the name of the law against the decision, declaring "that they were absolutely incompetent, according to the Constitution, to disqualify any Senator who had been elected by the provincial Junta." To this reasoning the majority could only oppose ridiculous arguments, vociferations against the Junta and fresh invectives against García Moreno. Mestanza became insolent and declared that all the evils of Ecuador arose from men "who followed too closely the Gospel precept of offering the left cheek to those who had smitten them on the right," and then burst forth in fresh abuse of the ex-President. Dr. Mata indignantly replied "that he was far from being one of those

evangelical men of whom the lawyer Mestanza had spoken: that he was too quick of temper and too ready to revenge an insult. But that, at the bottom of his soul he had a conscience and this conscience told him that he had come to the Senate not to indulge in his personal wrongs or animosities, but to give expression to those feelings of right and justice which no one could eradicate from his heart.”

Only three or four of the Senators had the courage to vote with Dr. Mata for García Moreno; the rest, blinded by their passions, pronounced his exclusion from the Senate. Then, having got rid of the one man whose honesty they feared, they proceeded to pass a variety of laws, against the police and in favor of conspirators, which culminated in a formal accusation against President Carrión and his Ministers of illegal legislative proceedings. This was a declaration of war. Bustamante imprisoned Mestanza and five other Senators: but the Congress declared that they would sit indefinitely until they were released. Carrión then decreed the dissolution of the Congress, and sent a battalion to disperse the members in case of resistance. But in consequence of the new law, not a single officer could be found who would notify to the Congress the decree of dissolution. The members, furious at seeing themselves surrounded by soldiers, burst forth invectives against Carrión and Bustamante. But instead of arrests or punishment, Bustamante sent in his resignation. Then Carrión, to save himself from the Radical horde which his weakness had encouraged, chose a new Ministry, composed entirely of García Moreno's friends, and offered him the command of the army. But García Moreno replied that though quite ready to meet the wishes of the Government, he “thought that that position should be reserved for military men.” He was perfectly right to refuse any share in the weak administration of President Carrión, for only a fortnight later, in order to save Bustamante, he offered to dismiss the Conservative Ministers and appoint

Liberals in their stead. The Senate replied by a verdict of censure upon the President, "who," they declared, "had rendered himself unworthy of the dignity to which he had been raised."

Carrión was obliged, in consequence, to resign his Presidency. By the laws of the Constitution the Vice-President, Arteta, was to occupy the place until a new President was elected. But this did not suit the Radicals. Arteta was both a Conservative and a Catholic, so they quickly dismissed him on some pretended plea of illegality, and Pedro Carbo, President of the Council, was appointed in his place, and determined to recall Urbina and re-establish a Radical Republic.

However, before this *coup d'état* could be fully carried out, the sudden arrival of García Moreno was announced. He had returned from Guayaquil owing to the unexpected and serious illness of his little girl. Greatly disconcerted at this news, the Radicals hesitated; the Conservatives flew to García Moreno as to one sent by God to save them from ruin; people and deputies implored him to take once more the reins of Government to save the country from a relapse into utter anarchy. He found himself, in fact, absolute master of the position, and had only to say one word to determine a universal *pronunciamento* in his favor. But he would not: he promised them only to bar the way of the Revolution, and by one of those able and rapid actions which were so familiar to him, to foil all the plans of the Socialists.

Convoking a council of his political friends, he made them understand that a complete change of Government, if carried out with promptitude and resolution, would at once restore order and peace. President Carrión must resign and be replaced by the Vice-President, Arteta, who would proceed immediately with the election of a new head of the State. García Moreno proposed for the vacant President's chair, Don Xavier Espinoza, a lawyer esteemed by all for his

love of justice, and besides an excellent Catholic. He was a moderate Liberal in politics, and such a choice would rally both Conservatives and Liberals, so that the Urbinists would lose all power and influence.

With his habitual energy, García Moreno set himself to carry out this program, which had received the universal approval of his friends. He first intimated to Carrión the necessity for his resignation, which he agreed to, having previously ascertained that the army would not support him. Then Arteta, in his position as Vice-President, immediately issued a decree convoking the electors to choose a new President. The name of Espinoza was received with such enthusiasm by the people, that the Radicals did not dare propose an Opponent. A month later, the crisis was over, and the new Government installed for eighteen months, that is, to the end of the time fixed by the Constitution.

On the 25th of December, García Moreno wrote to a friend from Guayaquil: "I have just come back from Quito, where I went solely to see my little girl who was dying. You know already how Providence had led me to that town at that moment. The candidate whom I presented for the Presidency was received with enthusiasm even by a certain number of Radicals. The elections, which ended on the 21st of this month, have brought about peace and concord. We may now boast of having the best of men as President. Our poor Ecuador has just passed through a terrible crisis, which might have ended in a disastrous civil war."¹

Let us add, before concluding this chapter, that if civil war did not break out in this unhappy country, it was only thanks to the energy and ability of our Christian hero who, without any personal ambition or interested views, thought of nothing but the welfare of his country, and would never make peace with the partisans of the Revolution.

¹ Letter to Don Felix Luque. See *Verdadera Situacion Politica*. Lima, 1875, p. 8.

CHAPTER XX

THE CATASTROPHE AT IBARRA

1868

Is there a more fatal heresy than Catholic Liberalism in honest men? We shall have full proofs of the result of thus striving to reconcile impossible theories in the short but sad career of President Espinoza. Undoubtedly by permitting the successive failures of Carrión and Espinoza, two honest and good men, God wished to prove to all, that the policy of García Moreno, based upon Christian principles alone, is the only one which is both truly stable and Conservative.

Don Xavier Espinoza, the best of men, would have made also the best of Presidents if he had not fallen into the Liberal snares. Well versed in all legal and parliamentary fictions and utterly unsuspecting of intrigues, which he refused to believe in unless materially proved; he quickly became a plaything in the hands of the Revolutionists. He thought to conciliate all parties by choosing Ministers of different and contradictory views. García Moreno's ideas were represented as monstrous and tyrannical: and the calumnies daily reproduced in the papers did not fail to produce a bad effect on the mind of a Liberal Government. Then began the usual Masonic intrigues which we have had so often to record. The sects worked very quietly and underground, so as not to arouse the suspicions of the virtuous Espinoza. Under pretence of avenging the liberty of the Press, all social and religious questions were again brought forward. In vain García Moreno tried to open the eyes of the Government. Espinoza would not believe in the danger, and waited for facts to prove his assertions. Ecuador, in fact, was about to assist at a second representation of the piece played the year before under President Carrión. Unable to bear this state of things any longer, García Moreno made up his mind to retire to the country. He took a *hacienda* called Guachala in the north, not far from Ibarra, with the intention of culti-

vating it himself. It was to be the means of restoring his health, which had been greatly broken by the tremendous agitations and fatigues of his political life, and also by the domestic sorrows and trials which he had endured during the last few years. His charming and admirable wife, Rosa Ascasubi, had died, and he had married a second time, Dona Mariana de Alcazar, a niece of the Arcasubi. When he first proposed this alliance to the mother of the young lady, that noble woman replied, weeping, that she could not give him her child; that she dreaded too much the anxious days and the nights full of anguish which had shortened the life of his first wife. She could not bear to think of such an existence for her daughter, who would have to wonder, day by day, if they would not bring her back her husband with a ball in his head, or the thrust of a dagger in his heart! But Mariana loved him; and as it was impossible to dispute García Moreno's will, he married her, and they were intensely happy. She had on her side youth, love, and a courage which did not fear to meet the dangers which her mother so greatly dreaded for her. It was true that from that moment her anxieties never ceased; the attempt at assassination at Lima, the odious and infamous invalidation of his election as Senator, and finally the illness and death of their little girl, the first-fruits of their love, had initiated the poor young wife into her long martyrdom. He now brought his loving and gentle "Marianita," as she was called in her family, to this country home surrounded with beautiful woods and meadows, quite determined to pitch his tent there and to procure, with his flocks and herds, not only the calm joys of home, but also the ease and comfort which his agricultural knowledge would easily afford him. But it seemed as if God would not permit this man, the visible instrument of His Providence, to have a moment's peace. He had permitted him to rest for a short time in this oasis, only to exercise once more his mission as the savior of his country. On August 13, 1868, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes convulsed the whole

province of Ibarra. During the night of the 15th and 16th, towards one o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock woke the inhabitants of the capital of Ibarra. Houses and churches fell; men, women, and children were buried under the ruins. Of the 10,000 men of whom the population of Ibarra was composed, more than half were killed; and the rest were lying under the fallen masonry, wounded, half-suffocated, and utterly in despair. To make the position worse, bands of brigands flocked into the town like vultures after their prey, who instead of helping the sick and dying, simply stripped them of everything they had left. Seeing this, the savage Indians of the neighboring districts, uttering their war-cry, came down from the mountains to try and take possession, once more, of the ancient kingdom of the Incas. Like demons from Hell they made the ruins echo with the words: "Viva the great Atahualpa!" The unhappy inhabitants of Ibarra, flying from one set of enemies, only encountered others, and everywhere met with theft, pillage, and death.

When these terrible events became known, the Government immediately turned to García Moreno, imploring him to save the remnant of these unhappy people, and appointing him civil and military Governor of the province of Ibarra.

García Moreno did not hesitate to sacrifice his quiet and happiness at Guachala to this imperative call of duty. He took with him several battalions of chosen troops to restore order and direct the works for the rescue of the people. They were stopped at a short distance from Ibarra by the River Ambi, which had flooded the whole country. Even the bravest of the soldiers shrank from attempting to cross the torrent without boats or rafts. But García Moreno dashed on horseback into the stream, and his companions, after having almost despaired of his safety, to their great relief saw him land safely on the opposite bank. Encouraged by his example, they faced the terrible passage, which was only a prelude to the heroic acts they had yet to accomplish.



“Bands of brigands flocked into the town like vultures after their prey, who instead of helping the sick and dying, simply stripped them of everything they had left.”

As soon as they arrived at Ibarra, García Moreno hastened to organize the work of rescuing the half-buried people, for any delay would entail the death of a number of victims. Other bodies of soldiers attacked the banditti and Indians and succeeded in driving them back to the mountains. So as to restore justice and the rights of property, a tribunal was appointed to condemn and punish those who were found guilty of theft and other crimes. A band of gravediggers was also selected, not only to bury the dead, but to rescue the living, many of whom still breathed, though buried for so many hours beneath the ruins. García Moreno rescued thus his old enemy, Gómez de la Torre, and also the sister of the Colombian Chargé d'Affaires, a virtuous Carmelite, who had taken refuge in Ibarra when the Masonic persecution had closed the convents in her own country.

The great difficulty was to find enough provisions to feed the rescued people, who were literally dying of hunger. By his appeal to the charity of the whole country, García Moreno raised money in all the towns, while cargoes of provisions were sent from the country. Poor as he was himself, he put down his own name for a thousand piastres, and desired his wife to send from their *hacienda* everything that could be collected by way of food. He superintended the distribution himself so as to prevent any frauds or abuses. Certain merchants, having tried to make a profit of the things sent, by charging exorbitant prices to the starving people, he caused to be publicly flogged in the marketplace, which at once put a stop to the infamous traffic.

Very soon, thanks to his indefatigable activity, order reigned in the province. The birds of prey disappeared; the population who remained were placed in tents; pioneers traced the plans of a new city which was soon to rise from the ruins; and everywhere confidence and hope were restored. In vain García Moreno's enemies tried to incrim-

inate his acts and sully his charity by odious imputations. The people of Ibarra rose as one man to refute these odious calumnies, and in a touching address, enumerated all he had done for them, declaring “that words failed them to worthily thank their savior, and that it seemed to them that God had created him on purpose to console them in so terrible a misfortune.”²

A month later, when García Moreno’s task was accomplished, the people came in a body to wish him “good-bye,” as if he had been their real father. All burst into tears and overwhelmed him with thanks and blessings. Soon after, the ladies of Ibarra, in the name of the province, presented him with a medal set in diamonds with this inscription: “To the savior of Ibarra.”

Alas, these earthquakes and terrible ruins were but a feeble image of the evils wrought in his country by the Revolution. We are now about to follow him in his last campaign against these implacable enemies of the Republic, which he was finally to save and deliver.

² *Un Sentimento di Gratitude*. Signed, “Los Ibarrenos.” Quito, September, 1868.

FALL OF PRESIDENT ESPINOZA

1869

THE President and his Ministers could not do less than warmly congratulate García Moreno on his triumph at Ibarra. He himself took the opportunity to warn Espinoza of the rising of the Radical waves, which would soon engulf the vessel of the State if vigorous measures of repression were not immediately adopted. But it was useless: and discouraged at the failure of his attempts, García Moreno returned again to his beloved home of Guachala, leaving the future in the hands of God.

But the year 1868 was closing, and the new Presidential Election was to take place the following year, so that it was time to think of choosing a successor to Espinoza. García Moreno had cast his eyes on General Darquea, a loyal and valiant soldier who commanded the Guayaquil district. "As for myself," he replied to the many entreaties of his friends, "I do not desire power. If the Radicals force me to take it to save the country in a few months, I will try and do so, with the grace of God. But when that is done, I shall give up the place to the elect of the people, who will certainly be General Darquea." But the Conservatives were not of his opinion; and the majority of the electors published a manifesto, dated November 28, 1868, which affirmed that, having consulted men of every class throughout the country, they were unanimous in proposing García Moreno as the only candidate fitted, under present circumstances, to fill the office of President. This manifesto was received with cries of joy from one part of Ecuador to the other. From every province, Cuenca, Riobamba, Loja, Guaranda, and Babahoyo, came millions of signatures of adhesion to the

proposal. The Liberals of all shades of opinion felt that they must unite to propose an Opposition candidate. But where could such a one be found? At last they chose a relation of Urbina's, Francisco Aguirre, a man utterly without character or talent, but who would be a ready tool in the hands of the Socialists. García Moreno was, of course, described in their papers in the usual manner "as a tyrant, an assassin, a hypocrite, a violator of the laws, and the executioner of honest men." The Conservatives began to be anxious at the silence of García Moreno, when on the 18th of December, came a manifesto from him which dissipated all their fears. After mentioning under what circumstances he had accepted the candidature, and having exposed the tactics of his enemies, he made a solemn appeal to the justice of the people, and urged them by an honest verdict to judge between him and his calumniators. Then he gave a summary of the principles on which, if elected, he meant to govern. "Respect and protection for the Catholic Church; firm adhesion to the Holy See; education based on faith and morals; diffusion of teaching among every class; the completion of the public roads, to open out communications throughout the country; guarantees for persons, properties, commerce, agriculture, and every species of industry; liberty for all and for everything, except for crime and criminals; a just, prompt, and energetic repression of anarchy and rebellion; the maintenance of peaceful relations with all our allies; promotion to good appointments for all honest men according to their merits and abilities—this is my program. I wish for everything which will contribute to make Ecuador a free, noble, rich, and really civilized country. This will be the rule of my conduct if the suffrages of the people place the power once more in my hands."

Having published this manifesto, which delighted the Conservatives as much as it enraged his enemies, García

Moreno remained quietly at Guachala, occupied with his flocks and herds. He had accepted the candidature at the entreaty of his friends, but he left it to them to fight the battle. At the beginning of 1869, however, finding that the Revolution was bent on a *coup d'état*, his friends felt that it was time for him to take some active steps to arrest it. Not finding him at Quito, they went on to Guachala, and arrived there at eleven o'clock at night. García Moreno had gone to bed when his Indian servants came to tell him that a number of gentlemen on horseback had arrived and wished to speak to him. His first impulse was to seize his saber and revolver, for he had been warned the day before that some assassins from New Granada were about to make a fresh attempt on his life. But to his great surprise, he found only a group of his most devoted friends. They hastened to explain the motive of their visit—the Radical insurrection which was on the point of breaking out, and the inconceivable inertia of the President. They added “that he alone could save the country, and that they had come to implore him to return with them to Quito.” He at first replied “that he saw no means of saving it, and that he was weary of struggling for men so stupid as the Catholic Liberals. Did they not deserve to fall under the rod of Urbina?” His friends replied: “That is true enough; but you swore not to let the people fall again into the hands of that tyrant.” A few hours later he had taken leave of his wife and had started with his friends for Quito. He found himself immediately surrounded by Conservatives from the provinces, bringing every detail of the plans of the conspirators. Urbina had arrived at Tumbes with Rios and Franco: the Revolution was to break out without delay at Guayaquil. After having assassinated General Darquea they were to open the prisons and corrupt the garrison. At Cuenca, three famous Urbinists had arranged matters so well that all were to rise at once. They announced that they would walk over the bodies of their enemies, and that the

15th of January would inaugurate a new era! A treaty had been made between Urbina and Mosquera by which the country was to be divided, while García Moreno was to be seized at Guachala. These alarming rumors were in every mouth, yet the Government refused to take any measure to ensure the public safety. Espinoza continued willfully blind. His faithful Home Minister, Camilo Ponce, in despair at his apathy, sent in his resignation. García Moreno went himself to Espinoza, imploring him to save the Republic. Espinoza refused to move. At last, García Moreno and his friends held a secret council to decide on what was to be done. Active resistance had become imperative if they were not to be crushed by Urbina and Mosquera. García Moreno ordered all his friends from the provinces to return to their posts and to inform the well-disposed of the effort which was going to be made in the capital, so as to encourage them to resist. In the meantime the Radicals had observed with some anxiety the movement among the leading Catholics, and they resolved to anticipate the execution of their plot and to upset Espinoza on Monday the 18th of January. On Saturday evening all their most influential men met in a house in the quarter called San Juan, to settle the final details of the proposed rising. García Moreno found this out from one of his spies and immediately summoned his friends.

“If you wish to save the country,” he exclaimed, “you must not act tomorrow, but this very night. It is now ten o’clock. At midnight I will go to the barracks and try to gain the army to our side. You will follow me, but singly, so as not to attract attention. If I am killed, you can then retire without being compromised in any way. If, as I hope, I succeed, you will join me in the barracks, and I will give you each a certain number of soldiers to assist the President and seize the Revolutionists in the midst of their council.”

García Moreno accordingly went to the barracks a little before midnight. Seeing a stranger draw near to the barrack

gates, the sentinel on guard made the usual demand, "Who goes there?"—"García Moreno."

In presence of the chief whom all loved and respected, the soldier was troubled, and asked him what he was thinking of doing at such an hour?

"I wish to save religion and the country. You know me well; let me pass."

"*Viva García Moreno!*" replied the soldier.

Arrived at the guardhouse, he went straight to the officer on duty with his men, and announced to them that the infamous Urbina, having again undertaken to revolutionize the country, he had once more come to appeal to the army to defend their native land.

"*Viva García Moreno!*" they all cried.

At the noise made by their comrades, the rest of the garrison woke up and came down to know what was the matter. García Moreno, in a few energetic words, made them understand the danger they were in. His speech carried conviction to them all. Even the generals who would not take the initiative in the *pronunciamento* were equally delighted to place themselves under the orders of García Moreno. He at once took command of the troops, sent one body to assist Espinoza, and another to seize the Revolutionists in the Club of St. Juan. But the latter had already got wind of the event of the night, and had made their escape in different directions. The next morning all the principal inhabitants of the city met at the Government House, under the presidency of Raphael Carvajal, and drew up a statement declaring "that the President Espinoza, having betrayed the confidence of the people and taken no steps whatever to check the revolutionary movement organized by Urbina, was deposed from the Presidency, which was henceforth entrusted to García Moreno for the time being, with full power to preserve order and peace both within and without the Republic, and to punish those who threatened the country with a bloody and

disastrous revolution. Also that a National Convention would be convoked to reform the Constitution, but that the proposed reforms would be subject to the ratification of the people." This manifesto was instantly published and distributed throughout the country, amidst cries of joy from the people. García Moreno replied by a proclamation in which he stated that, having in vain tried to persuade Espinoza to take active measures to save the Republic, he had put himself at the head of the army for that purpose; that at Guayaquil the agents of Urbina were negotiating with the traitors in that town to deliver it up to the tyrant from whom they had already suffered so much; that a like conspiracy had been set on foot in other places; and that, in consequence, he had accepted the perilous charge of striving to save the country from this fresh conspiracy, with no other motive but the love and devotion he had for his countrymen. "As a proof of my sincerity," he added in conclusion, "I swear before God and the whole nation, on my word of honor, that when once order is restored and the Constitution reformed, I will resign my powers into the hands of any citizen who may be elected by the free votes of the people. Even if I were again elected, I should refuse the Presidency."

It was now necessary to obtain the adhesion of the provinces, and García Moreno started by forced marches for Guayaquil, so that no one should be prepared for his arrival. On the road he re-established his authority at Latacunga, Ambato, Guaranda, and Babahoyo. Arriving at Guayaquil on the 20th at nine o'clock in the evening, he flew to the artillery barracks, which were the headquarters of the Urbinists. Calling together the officers and men, he explained to them all that had been accomplished at Quito, and was met with demonstrations of joy and cries of "*Viva García Moreno!*" The infantry barracks received him equally well, so that on the 21st he could put out a manifesto similar to that already mentioned at the Capital, which was

accepted by the people with the same enthusiasm. García Moreno thought it prudent, however, to place the province of Guayaquil in a state of siege. The Urbinists had made it their arsenal. So all the possessors of arms, ammunition, and military stores were ordered to bring them to the head of the police within twenty-four hours, or be considered and treated as traitors. A decree condemned Pedro Carbo and other leaders of the Revolution to banishment from the country, and stipulated that all who had favored them should be tried and judged by military law. The insurrection was, in fact, stifled in its germ. A few days later García Moreno received the warmest expressions of attachment from Riobamba, Cuenca, Loja, and all the other provinces. The columns of the official journal were not large enough to register them all! From one end of Ecuador to the other, men rejoiced that this counter-revolution had been affected without shedding a drop of blood or firing a single shot, thanks to the energy of the incomparable man who, for ten years, had appeared in every crisis as the invincible defender of religion and society. The Municipal Council of Quito decreed that his bust should be placed in the hall where they held their sittings, "in perpetual remembrance of their gratitude for the magnanimous and political ability he had shown in the transformation which had just been effected." The "Patriotic Society" offered him their warmest congratulations "for having saved the nation from civil war." The "Conservative Society" caused a solemn Mass to be celebrated, as an act of thanksgiving to God "for the splendid triumph of Conservative principles, and for the return to supreme power of the noble Chief, whose heart beat solely for the glory of religion and the good of his country."

To all these addresses and expressions of attachment García Moreno replied, "that by devoting himself to the safety of his country, he had simply done his duty, which did not demand any thanks from his countrymen." "Our grat-

itude," he added "should be addressed to God. It is He alone Who has saved us, with extraordinary promptitude, from the terrible calamities with which we were threatened. Therefore, to God alone be love, honor, praise and glory, forever and ever. Amen."

To this great Christian and eminent statesman remained the task, not less glorious and difficult, of founding a really Christian Republic. This work of true civilization, declared impossible in the nineteenth century, we shall have the pleasure of showing our readers in the third part of this history, as having been actually realized by García Moreno.

THIRD PART

A CHRISTIAN STATE

1869-1875

CHAPTER I

A PRESIDENT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

1869

ON resuming the government of the country, García Moreno was quite determined to realize the idea of a truly Catholic State, of which he had only been able to lay the foundations during his first term as President. On the 12th of February he took the first step by suppressing the University of Quito, of which he had long deplored the incurable vices. "Considering," says the decree, "that the organization and direction of this public institution have been so abused that the University, in addition to the bad effects produced by the insufficiency of its teaching, has been a hotbed of perversion to the youth who frequented it, owing to the detestable doctrines therein inculcated, we declare the University dissolved, and the Council of Public Education suppressed." Another decree closed the National College of Cuenca, as "another hotbed of immorality, founded at great expense two years before, without any reason but that of wishing to injure the prosperity of a Catholic College which was already existing." The next thing he determined upon was the reform of the clergy. The Revolutionists had so mutilated the Concordat as to deprive the bishops of all power. García Moreno hastened to re-establish it in its integrity. Having also taken other measures to restore financial and administrative order in the different departments of the State, he published a decree convoking the electors. The Convention was to consist of thirty deputies, three for each province: the eligible candidates were to be not less than thirty years of age, and to possess a certain fortune. The principal work of this Convention was to arrange the details of a new Constitution, which was afterwards to be submitted to the ratification of the people.

The prospect of this new Constitution, framed by García Moreno, and under his direct influence, made the Radicals and Freemasons tremble with rage. In spite of the exile of Pedro Carbo and others of their leaders, they resolved once more to try a fresh Revolution. At Guayaquil, General José Veintimilla, a secret agent of Urbina's, having corrupted certain artillery officers, went at six o'clock in the morning to the house of General Darquea, dragged him out of his bed, and carried him off a prisoner to the barracks, where he was placed under the guard of a certain number of men with orders to shoot him if he attempted to escape. Then the insurgents proceeded to the infantry barracks, crying out, *Viva Urbina! Viva Carbo! Viva Veintimilla!* But thanks to the energy of some of the officers, a counterrevolution had been organized. The two parties fought in the streets until the Revolutionists were forced back to their barracks, where they defended themselves as desperate men. During this time, General Darquea, seeing that his guards were very unwilling to be constituted his jailers, spoke to them quietly, pointed out to them how they had been deceived and betrayed, and persuaded them to help him in defending the position. Thereupon one of the soldiers, seeing Veintimilla from the window, fired at him and shot him dead. Profiting by the panic among the insurgents, owing to the death of their leader, Darquea dashed out of his prison, put himself at the head of his faithful troops, and completed the rout of the enemy. Their leaders fled ignominiously, leaving one hundred and fifty men dead or wounded. García Moreno heard of the revolt and its suppression at the same time. He congratulated the people and the army on the fact that "the treachery which had been hatching for more than a year to deliver the Republic to the infamous Urbina had ended so ignominiously." "Glory and honor to the God of armies," he exclaimed, "the traitors reckoned on a triumph; forgetting that in Heaven there is an Avenger of wrong. Praise and

gratitude are due also to the heroic Generals Darquea and Uraga, and to all the officers and men who so promptly put down the insurrection. May the repentance of the guilty enable us to judge them with mercy! The arm of justice will fall solely on their leaders: on those who sowed their gold in order to shed the blood of their countrymen.”

The result was the exile of several heads of the movement to Peru and the imprisonment of others. General Ignacio Veintimilla, brother and accomplice of the rebel General, was ordered to quit Ecuador for a year. The state of siege was extended to all the provinces, which intimidated the rebels, who felt that the trade was too dangerous a one to be continued. And the disgrace of several of the members of the Council of War, who had acquitted men found with arms in their hands, proved that justice could no longer be mocked, as before, with impunity.

This fresh attempt at insurrection, however, made the people think more seriously of forcing García Moreno to take back his word and consent once more to being elected President. On hearing this, García Moreno put out an indignant protest, saying that nothing on earth would induce him to break his oath, and concluding with the words: “Everything must be sacrificed to one’s country save faith, conscience, and honor.”

The people ceased to petition: but the wish to have García Moreno as head of affairs was stronger than ever. When he explained to his friends his proposals for the new Constitution, the leading men of his party represented to him how useless it was to bring it forward without his energetic arm to support it. After the failure of Carrión and Espinoza, there was little to be hoped for, even from Darquea, who had yielded to the Liberal party in an imprudent letter in which he had expressed his wish to be always guided by the national will. But García Moreno remained inflexible. On the 16th of May he appeared before the deputies to give an

account of his short administration. His old Minister, Carvajal, was the President. He opened his whole heart to them, explained the reason why he had acted as he did on the 17th of January, and how he had been compelled to take the command of the army to save the country. He then entered into all the details of the new Constitution which he proposed to give to his country. He had had two objects in view in this proposal: the first, to harmonize the political constitution with the religious belief of the people: the second, to invest the Government with sufficient authority to resist the assaults of anarchy. He embodied these views in a noble speech which ended with the words: "As my oath on the 17th of January precludes my taking office, you will not accuse me of egotism or of ambition if I ask you to strengthen an authority, the exercise of which will not devolve upon me."

On his return home, he instantly sent in his resignation of a charge "which he had only accepted until the meeting of the Convention, and which he now considered it a duty to yield to another."

The deputies were not of his opinion, and protested unanimously against his decision. García Moreno still holding out, however, they elected Manuel Ascasubi as temporary President, appointing García Moreno General in Chief of the army. This, after some hesitation, he accepted, "so that he might the more effectively defend religion and the country." Then the new Constitution was debated, clause by clause; and in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Liberals, was carried almost without any alteration. Even this, however, did not satisfy the deputies. They represented to García Moreno that an oath which saddened all honest men and only gave joy to the Revolutionists, could not be considered binding; that to refuse the Presidency would be to incur the responsibility for all the evils which would result to the Republic; and that the people would never

forgive him, for having abandoned them through a false sentiment of honor into the hands of the enemies both of their religion and their country.

On the 29th of July, the Convention met in the Jesuit church, where, after a Solemn Mass, they proceeded to the election of a new President, García Moreno being unanimously elected, with only one dissenting voice. Carvajal hoped he would at once yield to this solemn manifestation of the national will, but he was mistaken. García Moreno implored the Convention to consider the motives he had already alleged, and to accept his renunciation of the honor. But the deputies flatly refused to listen to his excuses, "considering that his services were absolutely indispensable to consolidate order and peace, and to place the Republic on a safe and constitutional basis." He was, therefore, summoned the following day to be present at the metropolitan church and to take the required oath to the Constitution. Before such an order, García Moreno had nothing left but to submit. The next day, being the 30th of July, surrounded by all the civil and military authorities, he came to the Cathedral and pronounced the following oath in presence of the clergy and all the People:

"I swear before the Lord our God, and by His holy Gospels, to fulfill faithfully my charge as President of the Republic: to profess and preserve the One, Holy, Roman, Apostolic and Catholic religion: to preserve likewise the integrity and independence of the State: to observe and cause to be observed the Constitution and the laws. If I keep my word, may God be my helper and defender! If not, may God and the country be my judges."

Carvajal became the voice of the whole nation in his speech of congratulation. "Eight years ago," he exclaimed, "you took the same oath on the same spot, and nobly did you keep your word...But today, the obstacles which met you then at every turn have virtually disappeared. You have now

full power to carry out the reforms required by the Constitution. You are at the head of a faithful army, and can reckon on the patriotism and morality of a people who, having confided to you their destinies for the second time, have eloquently proved to you their gratitude and appreciation. Above all, you can reckon upon the help of that all-powerful God Who is always ready to grant the petitions of one who has no other aim than the good of religion and his country.”

García Moreno gave a noble answer to this speech; and after describing the determination of the people to force this serious responsibility upon him in spite of his reiterated refusals, and the many difficulties which had occurred during his previous Presidency to hinder his efforts at reform, he concluded with the words: “The morality and energy of the people; the loyalty of the army, freed from the traitors who dishonored its ranks; the observance of the laws, and the change in the Constitution which your patriotism has given to the country, and which the people have hastened to ratify by an immense majority; the union of the Republic with our allies in the New and Old World; and above all, an unlimited confidence in God, Who has never abandoned us even in the days of our gravest reverses and misfortunes—these are the aids upon which I reckon to conquer my fears and to keep my oath. Happy shall I be if I have to seal it with my blood, in defense of religion and my country.”

Thus ended this memorable struggle between the people of Ecuador and the man they had chosen to govern them. History has rarely shown such an instance—especially in these days of egotism and self-seeking—of a man obstinately refusing for six months the honors thrust upon him by a whole nation, and then only yielding before the imperious duty of defending the cause of religion and his country.

CHAPTER II

THE CONSTITUTION

1869

As a true Christian statesman, García Moreno believed that God had sent His Son upon earth to govern nations as well as souls; and that in consequence the true Constitution of a people should have Jesus Christ for its Head, and the Evangelic Code for its formula. Under this first and great authority, the State is formed, sword in hand, to defend the liberty of action of the Church, and to provide for the order and material well-being of the nation, so that the children of the Church should enjoy that superabundance of all good things promised to those who seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice. This secondary organ of government should be united to the Church as the body is to the soul, and on their regular and combined operations depend the good order of State, the prosperity of society, and the true liberty of individuals.¹

This apparently simple problem, however, namely, to give a Christian Constitution to a Christian people, was almost the most audacious work ever undertaken by García Moreno. The Revolution had so worked upon men's minds during this last century, that they have forgotten the first notions of social organization. They eliminate the main wheel of this organization, that is, the Church, the source of all truth and justice, and they make the people absolute sovereigns: so that society, having neither head nor heart, neither God nor Master, becomes the prey of the Revolutionists, who divide the spoils. Thus the Revolution takes advantage of the credulity of the people under the spe-

¹ See the Encyclical of Leo XIII, *On the Christian Constitution of States* (Immortale Dei).

cious names of Liberty and Independence. Even certain Catholics do not escape this Liberal infatuation. They boast of Constitutions based on the abominable doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, and on the subordination of the Church to the State, under the hypocritical formula of "a Free Church in a Free State." In his Encyclicals and in the Syllabus, Pius IX condemned the favorite theses of the Radicals, "That the Church should reconcile herself with modern civilization," and that "Liberty of worship did not lead to indifferentism or immorality." García Moreno exclaimed on hearing some Catholics defend such opinions: "They do not understand that if the Syllabus remains a dead letter, society is at an end! If the Pope has put true social principles before us, it is because the world needs them if it is not to perish." The Constitution which he now framed for Ecuador was in exact conformity to the principles of the Syllabus, and deserves the serious consideration of all Christian statesmen.

On the heading of his new Constitution he inscribed the words: "In the name of one God, in Three Persons, the Author, Preserver, and Lawgiver of the Universe, the National Convention has decreed the present Constitution."

The first article declared that "the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Faith was the religion of the State to the exclusion of all others"; and that the State "would support her in the inalienable possession of all the rights and prerogatives with which she had been invested by the laws of God and the Canons of the Church, with the further obligation of protecting and making them respected." To ensure the perpetuity of this article, García Moreno added a clause to the effect, "that no one could be a deputy, or eligible to hold any public office, who did not profess the Catholic religion." This fundamental article was almost unanimously voted by the Chambers, two voices only being against it. García Moreno added another clause which "deprived those of the

rights of citizens who belonged to secret societies forbidden by the Church." The Catholic nature of the State being thus constituted, the next thing was to restore the civil power, which successive Revolutions had weakened and well nigh annulled. Parliamentary absolutism is, in fact, the most formidable engine of despotism which the world has ever known; yet it is presented to the people as a type of a truly Liberal Government. It is, in fact, the masterpiece of revolutionary duplicity.

García Moreno determined to limit the power of the Chambers by vesting a right of veto in the Government. Until then, if the President refused to sanction a law voted by the two Houses, the Members moved a second reading; and if they persisted in passing it, in spite of the objections of the head of the Government, this last had nothing to do but to submit or to resign. In the new Constitution this power was modified by the fact that, should the President pronounce a veto, the law was to be postponed to the following session. By that time, circumstances might change, passions become calmer, or minds be more enlightened; so that often, in the end, people were surprised at the violence of feeling which had previously existed.

There were also precautions to be taken against systematic anarchists and professional rebels who were continually putting out *pronunciamientos* against all law and order. To ensure the stability of the Government, power was given to the President and his Ministers to appoint or revoke all dignitaries, whether of the civil or military order, and even Councilors of State and Governors of Provinces. The army also was to be dependent on the power of the Executive, which was to organize and distribute the forces throughout the country wherever it was deemed necessary or expedient.

When the administrative power, whether civil, judicial, or military, finds itself one with the head of the State, all

work together harmoniously, and the Revolutionists find themselves powerless. Certain additions to the penal laws also armed the Government with fresh strength. We have seen how the rebels remained unpunished from the treason of the judges and the insufficiency of the Code. García Moreno proposed and carried the following modifications: "Rebellion and sedition consist in any armed resistance or occupation of a portion of the territory. Those in authority or in any office, who directly or indirectly take part in such revolts against the law, will be judged guilty of treason."

The Constitution also conferred on the Government the right in case of insurrection, to place the disaffected province in a state of siege, "with the power, during that time, to make domiciliary visits, to arrest suspected persons, to take possession of arms and ammunition, to prohibit dangerous publications, to close any clubs or societies which threatened public order, to increase the army and call out the National Guard, to impose fines on the authors of the disorder, and to judge by military law the promoters and accomplices in these acts of rebellion or invasion."

To those who considered these measures too severe, García Moreno replied that such powers are always given in a state of siege, and in every country; "and that they were still more necessary in these Republics, where rebellion against authority had become chronic and a perfect harvest to speculators. The Government must be armed to defend honest men. It would be a crime to tie the hands of the Executive out of consideration for men who were robbers and assassins by profession."

To guard against any abuse of supreme power, García Moreno inserted in the new Constitution that the President was to be assisted by a Council of State, composed of civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities, without whose advice and consent he could not take any important step, give or refuse his sanction to any legislative acts, declare

war, appoint diplomatic agents or other principal functionaries, or declare a state of siege.

The powers of the President being thus determined, the Constitution was to remedy, as far as possible, the instability of the Government. In Ecuador, as we have before stated, the President was only elected for four years, and the deputies for two; which resulted in perpetual elections and Revolutions. García Moreno determined to do away with this American system, and decreed that "the President should be elected for six years; and be eligible for a second period; but could not be elected three times, without an interval of another six years. The election of deputies would likewise be for six years, and the senators for nine. But the third part of both one and the other might be renewed every two years."

Such was the outline of García Moreno's new Constitution—one in which both Divine and human authority worked hand in hand to ensure the eternal and temporal happiness of the people. It was, in fact, the most magnificent effort which had been made for more than a hundred years to react against the revolutionary paganism of nations. What State in these days officially recognizes the Church of Christ with its rights and privileges, or submits to the laws of Jesus Christ, as promulgated, explained, and applied with such majesty and clearness by the Pope? This charter became not only the glory of García Moreno, but of the whole country, by the ratification he obtained from the electoral body. The votes, in fact, went beyond his fondest expectations. Fourteen thousand electors against five hundred accepted the new Constitution with acclamations of joy; and showed the world that amidst the general apostasy of nations, there is still one, thoroughly Christian, people on the earth.

CHAPTER III

THE ASSASSIN CORNEJO

1869

THE Revolution appeared to be crushed by the advent of García Moreno and the promulgation of the new Constitution. But there was one card left for them to play, and that was assassination. If one may believe a future murderer, Ignacio Veintimilla had strongly advised his friends to get rid of García Moreno by the dagger. "Give this lesson," he said, "to the despots of America. Brutus killed Caesar in the midst of the Senate to avenge Roman liberty. Is that liberty less dear to you at Quito than in Rome or is the race of Brutuses exhausted?"

The five hundred who had voted against the new Constitution accordingly set to work with vigor. Their first attack on García Moreno was that he had made the State subject to the Church. García Moreno replied, with Henry IV, "This country is incontestably a part of the Kingdom of God. It belongs to Him, and He has confided it to my care. I must then do my utmost so that God may reign over this kingdom, so that my commands may be subordinated to His, and that my laws may cause His to be everywhere obeyed and respected."

Then they accused him of having destroyed all liberty. García Moreno answered with his favorite maxim: "I grant liberty to all and for all, except for evil and evildoers."

After three months of agitation and secret revolt, the conspirators thought the moment was ripe for their infamous designs. At the beginning of December, a number of young men, with a certain Manuel Cornejo at their head (who was a relation of the old traitor, Espinel), held a meeting in the house of the latter, to concert measures for the assassination of the President, and to take possession of the Quito barracks, while a rising was to take place simultaneously at

Guayaquil and Cuenca. Their idea was to surround García Moreno and attack him at once; but Espinel suggested that it would be better to charge him in front, and having disposed of him, to massacre General Sáenz, who was at the head of the troops, and then to proclaim Urbina as President. Providence once more interposed to save García Moreno. On the 14th of December, when everything was prepared, one of the initiated, Sanchez, smitten with remorse, revealed the whole plot to the President. All the assassins were seized save the old villain, Espinel, who escaped at the first note of danger. Cornejo and his accomplices were tried by a council of war and condemned to death. Unhappily, Colonel Dalgo was moved by Cornejo's tears to intercede for him with García Moreno, who commuted his sentence to exile for eight years. But no sooner had he safely gained the frontier than he published an infamous pamphlet against the man who had given him back his life, declaring "That the assassination of such a monster was simply an act of legitimate defense." The only faults committed by García Moreno were those of pardoning men of that stamp.

On that same day a troop of brigands resolved to kill the Governor of Cuenca, Carlos Ordonez, and to sack the town. Their leader, Jerónimo Torres, with about a hundred men, disarmed the guard at the palace and seized the Governor, whom they overwhelmed with blows and outrages, and then stole all the money they could lay their hands on out of the Treasury. The next morning they summoned all the principal citizens to declare the overthrow of García Moreno's Government and the substitution of Urbina. But no one would join them. Torres, exasperated at his failure, dragged the Governor to the public square, fastened him to a post, and fired at him. He fell badly wounded, and would inevitably have been killed had not a body of men from a neighboring hamlet rushed to the rescue, overwhelmed the rebels, and remained masters of the field. Ordonez, covered

with wounds, was carried to his palace, and escaped death almost by a miracle.

No sooner had the conspiracy broken out than Quito was placed in a state of siege, which was extended to the whole Republic after the rising in Cuenca. García Moreno made a touching address to his people, imploring them to trust in the mercy of that God Who had so visibly protected them, and assuring them that he would answer for the peace and prosperity of the country. The rebels of Cuenca were tried by a council of war and condemned to death, or to imprisonment with hard labor. Certain ladies tried to intercede for the guilty with the President, but received this indignant reply:

“It is the fate of the Governor of Cuenca that should excite your sympathies. When people remain deaf to the cries of the victims, they lose the right to plead for clemency in favor of assassins.”

Thus, after ten years of struggle, García Moreno gained the mastery. Beaten three times in nine months at Guayaquil, Quito, and Cuenca, the Revolutionists at last began to realize that the people were united to the Government in determining to resist the anarchists. The leaders of the Freemasons fled to Peru or New Granada, to wait for a more propitious moment to carry out their nefarious schemes. A complete calm fell at last upon the country, and García Moreno was able to devote himself entirely to works of civilization.

CHAPTER IV

THE CLERGY, THE ARMY, AND THE MAGISTRACY

TO produce the effective regeneration of a people, a statesman needs three cooperators—zealous priests, faithful soldiers, and incorruptible and honest magistrates. García Moreno felt this so strongly that the moment that he found himself delivered from the demons of the Revolution, he set to work to raise each and all to the height of their sublime functions.

The reform of the clergy had languished since 1865, mainly owing to the weakness of the Apostolic Delegate, who was too gentle to struggle with the rebellious spirits he had to deal with. García Moreno explained his difficulties to the Holy Father, Pius IX, who thanked him for his zeal “in a matter which he had so much at heart,” and sent him a fresh Delegate to confer with the ecclesiastical hierarchy on the best measures to be adopted to carry out the desired reforms. Under the impulsion of the President, several provincial councils were held; the ecclesiastical tribunals were reopened and the code of procedure remodeled so as to re-establish a stricter morality by the punishment of delinquents. The reform made rapid progress in consequence, though not without exciting the anger of the guilty. A religious of great eloquence, preaching one day at Latacunga, went so far as openly to attack the President for his share in these proceedings, ending with a scarcely veiled appeal to a rebellion against them. It is fair to add that the orator, conscious of his fault, went the next day to make his excuses to the Governor. But such a proceeding could not remain unpunished. Three days later, the Governor received from the President an order for the arrest of the priest, who was to be tried by the usual forms of Canon Law. This religious,

however, so freely acknowledged his error that he was pardoned by García Moreno's interference, and ever after preached the necessity of reform among the clergy with the greatest zeal, while vowing eternal gratitude to the President.

This transformation, and the arrival of a large number of religious from Europe, invited by García Moreno to restore discipline and order in the monasteries, exasperated the Radicals, who made a furious attack upon the President and the Bishops. The Archbishop of Quito thought himself obliged to answer it, and after a magnificent protest against the assertion that the country was enslaved under the new Constitution, concluded with the words: "If you call the noble conduct of the head of the State oppression, I bless oppression with all my heart!"

The Archbishop communicated this protest to García Moreno, who thanked him, but added that, "as to the impious pamphlets put out by the Freemasons of Colombia, I take as little account of them as of the pestilential miasmas of their distant marshes."

His next care was the reform of the army. He did not choose to impoverish the country by having a very large body of troops. A few thousand soldiers were, he thought, sufficient, in time of peace, to maintain order and guard the frontiers. But to have men ready in case of war, he created a National Guard, composed of men fit to carry arms, from eighteen to forty-five years of age. The citizens took part in their military exercises at certain periods of the year, so as to be ready at any time to be called out, in case of need, for garrison or other duty. In that way a great economy was effected in the Army Estimates, while the country, and especially the agriculturists, were not deprived, as before, of the necessary amount of labor. Another great evil was the system of recruiting. Armed men invaded families and carried off young men as they pleased, often compelling the

parents to pay their ransom twice over, so that when a fresh levy was to be made, the youths fled into the mountains to escape, and became bandits and highway robbers in order to live. García Moreno had obtained, on his first election as President, a law of conscription, in which all interests were considered, and the sum for substitutes regularly fixed. But, thanks to the intrigues of the Radicals, this law remained a dead letter. However, he destroyed the abuse in one way, by not permitting recruiting sergeants to enroll men any longer, confiding that task to the civil authorities. The cases of exemption from service were clearly defined, illegalities severely punished, and any attempt at violence was at once brought before the courts and condemned. Small as his army was, García Moreno was determined it should be effective, well disciplined, moral, educated, and full of self-abnegation and patriotism. For this purpose his first care was to appoint good and capable officers. He founded a school of cadets, a kind of St. Cyr, where men of the highest families passed their examinations in mathematics and military tactics. The army was thus enriched year by year with young officers determined to make their army career both honorable and distinguished. The whole system of promotion also was altered, and the previous intrigues, whereby higher grades and decorations had been given to unworthy men, were cancelled, and only real merit, henceforth, could obtain distinction. García Moreno did not hesitate to spend large sums to obtain the best and newest weapons from Europe, and sent his most intelligent officers to follow the maneuvers, especially of the Prussian army, that they might thoroughly learn all the new methods of warfare; so that, very soon his army, small as it was, could hold its own with the finest European troops, both in equipment, discipline, and precision of movement. In one particular, indeed, it was superior. García Moreno did not think he had a right to tear away a lad from his home and his family to make him a

monster of impiety and immorality. He provided military chaplains to every regiment, who not only were bound to say Mass and to insist on the attendance of the soldiers, but who gave them careful religious instruction and prepared them for the reception of the Sacraments. Besides the pious exercises of every week, an annual retreat was given to the men, who eagerly took advantage of it. In fact, the effect produced on these young men was so great that many became perfect models of piety. Instead of filling the public houses or giving way to sensual pleasures, they frequented the night schools, where they learned to read, write, and do sums, besides more advanced sciences. The result of all this was that the soldiers adored García Moreno, and looked upon him as a real father. He loved them as his children, caring for them in sickness, anticipating their wants, and never permitting their pay to be in arrears for a single day. As an instance of this, he saw an old soldier, one day, from his window, walking up and down for a long while, as if waiting for something. On inquiring the cause, the man replied he was waiting for his pay, which had been due for a month, and that he was dying of hunger in consequence. García Moreno sent for the paymaster, who declared the man had been paid. García Moreno, turning angrily to the old soldier, exclaimed, "You have deceived me, and deserve to be flogged!" The soldier calmly replied: "If the paymaster speaks the truth, his books will show whether or not the payment has been made." García Moreno instantly sent for the accounts, and found that the paymaster had lied. Pointing to the fact, he sternly said: "Write: Received from the paymaster fifty piastres, as a fine inflicted by the President on the utterer of an odious falsehood." The unhappy officer paid it at once, only too thankful to escape with this slight punishment, while the poor invalid soldier went on his way rejoicing that he had a chief so able and willing to do justice to the humblest of his subjects.

In spite of his affection for his troops, however, García Moreno never allowed a breach of discipline to remain unpunished. One of his servants, to whom he was especially attached, had joined the army, and in a fit of passion, had struck his commanding officer. A council of war condemned him to death, but everyone thought that he would obtain a remission of his sentence from the President. García Moreno was, however, inflexible. "I would give anything to pardon him!" he exclaimed, "but my conscience will not allow me." The day of the execution, not to hear the balls, he went to a church in the outskirts of the town, and there remained, praying, on the floor, until the fatal moment was over.

The only thing which now remained to be done was the reform of the penal code and of the magistrates and judges. From the laxity of the latter, and the complicity of the juries with the criminals, it was almost impossible to obtain the punishment of even notorious malefactors, who committed the most infamous crimes with impunity. Under the direction of García Moreno, the Congress agreed to a complete revision of the code, adjusting it to the moral state of the country, and introducing several provisions against drunkards, debauchees, and disturbers of the public peace. But he had still graver difficulties to contend with in dealing with the judges, many of whom made justice a pure matter of traffic, and gave acquittals to the highest bidders. García Moreno devoted himself to this reform throughout the whole of his second Presidency. He first exacted a serious study of law and jurisprudence of the candidates for legal posts, while, in virtue of the new Constitution, the Government intervened in the nomination both of judges and magistrates. It was thus easy to get rid of incapable or unworthy men, and to confide the grave duty of administering justice to persons of proved probity and honor. Such of the existing judges as were found guilty of bribery and corruption were suspended from their functions, or igno-

miniously dismissed; and lawyers convicted of taking advantage of the ignorance of their clients likewise incurred grave penalties. García Moreno was not content with passing these laws, but watched carefully over their infraction. On one occasion, when a woman of infamous character, convicted of murder, had been sentenced to only a few months of banishment, owing to the veniality of the jury, he summoned the latter before him and spoke to them as follows:

“As you have chosen to condemn so notorious a criminal to only a few months’ exile, and as the troops are too busy to undertake the duty, I have chosen you to convey her to the frontier of New Granada.” The jury were retiring, much ashamed, to prepare their horses, when García Moreno called them back. “You are going on State service,” he said, ironically, “and it is fair that I should provide the means of transport.” To their dismay, some lame and miserable mules appeared ready-saddled at the door. “Do not complain of your beasts,” he added; “they are less lame than your sentences.” And the unhappy jurymen found themselves compelled to ride through the streets of the town with the criminal in the middle of them, amidst the sneers and hisses of the crowd. In spite of all his care, however, he had to struggle up to the day of his death with these abuses, and at last made a formal demand to Congress for the suspension of trial by jury.

He was not content with exacting professional integrity in his magistrates, but would not tolerate anything like immorality in their conduct. He had among his friends a judge who had always behaved admirably in his court, but whose private life was anything but edifying. He sent for him, and by an ingenious parable, rather like that of Nathan to David, asked him his opinion as to whether, in such a case, he ought not to warn the individual in question. The judge replied, without hesitation, that he was bound to do so.

“Allow me, then,” replied García Moreno, “to fulfill that duty. You are the man who gives the scandal.” The culprit, touched by his kindness and charity, at once confessed his sin and reformed his life.

All these reforms in the penal code and in the magistracy brought about a vast improvement in the morality of the country. Prostitution and drunkenness were checked by severe police regulations, and those who persisted in their evil courses were imprisoned or banished; while García Moreno opened homes for confirmed inebriates, in which, by medical treatment and agricultural work, those madmen became, in the end, decent members of society. Thanks to these exhaustive measures, Ecuador found herself at last, in possession of justice and morality, which resulted in happiness, peace, and order to her inhabitants.

CHAPTER V

PUBLIC EDUCATION

1869 - 1875

NOTHING could be so lamentable as the state of education in Ecuador when García Moreno found himself raised to supreme power. His first efforts were directed to the *primary* education of children, and for that purpose he summoned from Europe a number of teaching Congregations, such as the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity, the Nuns of the Sacred Heart, and of Providence; and installed them in all the great towns, such as Quito, Cuenca, and Guayaquil. But this was not enough. In 1871 he brought forward a new Education Bill, which made education compulsory for all children from eight years old; and imposed a fine on such parents as neglected to send their little ones to school. Every hamlet that contained fifty children from six to twelve years old, had the right to claim a primary school, to be established by the Government; and as the number of Christian Brothers was insufficient for such a multitude of parishes, García Moreno opened a Normal College for lay teachers to assist them, especially in the country districts, and placed this College under the direction of the Brothers. These measures succeeded admirably. In 1873, the number of primary schools had been raised to upwards of five hundred: and whereas, when García Moreno first took office, there were only eight thousand children receiving instruction in the primary schools, in 1875 their number amounted to thirty-two thousand. These were chiefly boys, as there were great difficulties in the country districts in finding sufficient mistresses; while the dangerous nature of the roads often precluded the girls from frequenting the schools with safety.

García Moreno also opened special schools for the native Indians, in spite of the dread (which had been put into their heads by the Radicals), that if they sent their children to school they would be liable to the conscription, from which they had always been exempt. But at last, the President contrived to disabuse them of that idea. Special schools were also opened for soldiers' children and prisoners: so that no class was excluded from these benefits. It is needless to add that García Moreno allowed of no education without religion, and his one great joy was to see these thousands of children, under really Christian teachers, growing in piety as much as in science. "With these children," he would exclaim, "we shall regenerate society."

If primary education be necessary for the masses, equally important is *secondary* instruction for the training of the governing classes. For this purpose, García Moreno claimed the assistance of the Jesuits, the Congress authorizing them to open Colleges throughout the country with full liberty to follow their traditional methods as explained in the *Ratio studiorum*.

The Jesuits gladly acceded to García Moreno's proposals, only stipulating that in case of their expulsion by any future Government, they should not be exiled or dispersed for eight months after the day of their suppression had been notified: so that they might have time to dispose of their property before their departure.

The President built a magnificent College for them in Quito, which he wished to dedicate to St. Joseph, but which the Archbishop, out of gratitude to the great Founder, christened St. Gabriel. Upwards of two hundred Professors were sent from this College to open schools throughout the different provinces, and soon had upwards of a thousand young men under their care. Both the Church and the State rivaled one another in the development of this great work. In the

first distribution of prizes at the College of Quito, the Rector explained the course of instruction, in which religion held the first place. In conclusion, he quoted these words of Quintillion, which it would be well for all parents to consider: "If schools, while giving a scientific education, corrupt the morals of the students, I do not hesitate to say that virtue is to be preferred to knowledge."

The President was not unmindful of the educational needs of girls belonging to the higher classes of society: and persuaded the Nuns of the Sacred Heart to establish convents in Quito and various other towns, in which they opened schools, both for boarders and day scholars. Nothing that he had ever attempted was received with more joy and gratitude than this, both by parents and children, who were never weary of testifying their thankfulness for his fatherly care and consideration.

To these educational establishments must be added a professional College, which was opened by some Brothers from New York, under the name of "The Catholic Protectorate." It was intended for the training of boys as artisans, and a large building was opened, with workshops for carpenters, cabinet makers, mechanics, and a multitude of other trades. By thus creating native industries, García Moreno saved his countrymen from the expense of freight and transport, besides giving the lads the means of earning a respectable livelihood. The same thing was done for poor girls under the Sisters of Providence from Belgium, who thus were saved from the corruption inevitable to idleness and misery.

Nor did García Moreno shrink from creating a still higher branch of education, by reopening the University of Quito, which he had dissolved, and placing it in the hands of men not only learned as Professors, but thoroughly Christian. All religious and historical books were to be

selected by the Bishops, or have their approbation, while at the head of the Faculty of Rights he placed Father Tereuziani, an eminent Jesuit: and from Germany obtained other Jesuit Fathers,¹ as Professors of Chemistry and Natural Sciences, and as physicians and mathematicians. In the building adjoining the old University, he organized a Polytechnic School to form future engineers, land agents, mechanicians, chemists, and other exact sciences, so as to open out careers for the youth of Ecuador, who hitherto had had no choice but between the priesthood, the magistracy, or the army. To teach all these sciences, however, an immense number of instruments and machines of various kinds were needed; and García Moreno did not hesitate to send for the newest and best of all these things from Europe, regardless of expense; so that in a few years, the installation was complete. Of course, he had to bear the usual outcry against his operations from the Radicals and Freemasons: but the brilliant future prospects that opened out to the more studious among the youth who frequented the University disarmed, at last, all opposition; and García Moreno had the joy of seeing the development of that scientific education, based on religion, on which he had reckoned for ensuring the material and permanent prosperity of the country. The faith of the students was shown in 1873, when, under the direction of Father Menten, they enrolled themselves bodily in a Congregation of the Blessed Virgin; and thus, treading under foot all human respect, lifted up once more the flag of Christ and His Church within the University walls. The Faculty of Sciences gave birth to the *Faculty of Medicine*. In

¹ Their names deserve to be remembered. They were [besides Father Menten, Dean of the Faculty], Fathers Kolberg, Wenzel, Mülendox, Epping, Elbart, Grünewald, Dressel, Wolf, Brugier, Bætzkes, and Sodiuro.

truth, medical science in Ecuador was at its lowest ebb. To reorganize it, García Moreno obtained from the Montpellier School two excellent Professors (Prof. Guayraud and Prof. Domec), one of surgery and the other of anatomy, whom he furnished with all the instruments and apparatus needful for their courses of study. It only took him a few years to organize this department, to which he attached a hospital containing three hundred beds, provided with every clinical resource. We may give our readers some idea of the difficulties to be overcome in this matter when we consider that the Catholic University of Paris, after fifteen years of existence, has not yet been able to inaugurate its Faculty of Medicine.

So that nothing should be wanting to complete his work, García Moreno also founded a School of the Fine Arts, in which sculpture, painting, and music were taught. He brought Professors from Rome for this purpose and sent the most distinguished of the students to the Eternal City to perfect their studies, and become masters in their turn. Thus Velez, the great sculptor, was trained; Carillo and Cadena, the eminent painters; and especially the artist Manosalvas, whom he made Director of the Academy. He established also a Conservatory for Music, both sacred and profane, whose regular concerts were always given gratuitously every week. To close this rapid summary of García Moreno's educational works, we will mention the last and greatest of his undertakings—the building of an observatory in the neighborhood of Quito, which had long been earnestly desired by astronomers. García Moreno went into the whole question and found, like Humboldt and Secchi, that an Observatory at Quito would infallibly become the first in the world, “by its position, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the admirable purity and transparency of the air, its situation under the equinoctial line, and the healthy and deli-

cious nature of the climate, where one enjoys a perpetual spring." He tried to make it an international work: but failing to interest France, England, or the United States, in the undertaking, he resolved to do it himself. In 1870, a contract was entered into for the building; the best and newest apparatus was ordered in Munich; a telescope of enormous power was set up, which cost six thousand piastres, and in four years the whole was completed. Father Menten, the illustrious associate of Padre Secchi, was about to be installed there, when the crime of the 6th of August caused the destruction of the whole scheme. A few months later, the bust of García Moreno's successor was set up in its place, to the indignation and surprise of the people.

Two evident truths may be gathered from this story: the first, that in half a century the Revolution created nothing in Ecuador; the second, that in six years, the Catholic, García Moreno, raised his country from a state of complete ignorance to one of extraordinary progress in every species of learning and science. A third still more significant fact is, that after his assassination, the Revolution once more plunged the country into its primitive chaos. The keystone of the edifice being taken away, the whole building crumbled into dust. The name and acts of García Moreno will be an eternal protest against a lie which has become almost an historical axiom, *i.e.*, that the Church stops the progress and development of science, while Revolution favors it.

CHAPTER VI
WORKS OF CHARITY

1869 - 1875

AMONG the many evils which afflicted Ecuador, pauperism was not the least. Continual Revolutions, forced contributions, and the low standard of commerce and agriculture had brought about a state of misery among the working classes which resulted in every description of crime and brigandage.

García Moreno's first care was to provide for the orphan children. He opened two Homes in Quito, one under the Sisters of Charity, and the other under the Sisters of Providence. A generous lady, Mme. Virginie Klinger d'Aguirre, gave a magnificent house for the first; while the second was maintained by the Government. Very soon, other orphanages were opened at Guayaquil and Cuenca, and, in fact, in all the large towns throughout the country. Then the President established a house of refuge for girls who had been led astray, and placed it under the care of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd. The next work he undertook was the reform of the prisons, which were in a horrible state. He found two men who were ready and anxious to second his views. One, a young and holy priest, Don Abel de Corral, who devoted himself to the religious and moral training of the prisoners; the other, a firm and wise director, Don Francisco Arellano, who, while full of charity and kindness, was yet capable of enforcing the observance of the rules. The sanitary arrangements of the prisons were attended to, the diet improved, and, when necessary, new buildings were substituted for the old. Very soon the whole aspect of the prisons was changed, and they became, by turns, schools and workshops. To stimulate the goodwill of the prisoners, García Moreno shortened their time of

detention as a reward for diligence and piety. At the end of the year the President went in person, with a distinguished company, to an examination of the prisoners, not only in Christian doctrine, but in reading, writing, and arithmetic. After having congratulated them on their progress, he distributed rewards to the most deserving, and in some cases remitted their sentences altogether, while the poor fellows cried for joy at this great and unexpected kindness.

The next thing he did was to hunt up the brigands and banditti who infested some parts of the country. To affect this he organized a picked band of military and police, under a man on whom he could rely, and offered them a large reward if they would capture the head of the brigands, who had long been the terror of the province. A few days only had elapsed when this man was captured. He appeared before García Moreno expecting a sentence of immediate death. What was his astonishment when García Moreno received him kindly, appealed to his feelings of honor and justice, and finally promised him his protection if he would consent to change his life. He only exacted that he should spend an hour or two of each day with a holy religious whom he named. The brigand, who had been driven into bad courses by circumstances known to the President, was touched to the heart and entirely reformed. Then García Moreno put him at the head of the police, with orders to bring him his old companions, "that I may make honest men of them, like yourself," he added. Soon after, the whole band surrendered at discretion, and thus this terrible evil, which had been for years the ruin of the country districts, was entirely stopped.

To judge of the effect of his penitential reforms, when the new and beautiful prison, called the Panopticum, was completed (which was to replace the unwholesome one in Quito), there were found scarcely any prisoners to fill it, and in 1875, García Moreno had the joy of announcing to the



“A few days only had elapsed when this man was captured. He appeared before García Moreno expecting a sentence of immediate death.”

Chambers that only fifty condemned criminals remained in jail.

The reform of the prisons and the founding of orphanages and refuges did not make him neglect the hospitals, which were in a lamentable condition, especially that of Quito, dedicated to St. John of God. He began by visiting them daily, examining the prescriptions, teaching the infirmarians how to dress wounds properly, and forcing each and all to do their duty toward the sick. Finding that it was impossible to depend on the nurses, he persuaded the Sisters of Charity to take their place, and by degrees placed the other hospitals under the same tender care. In the leper hospital, there were great complaints of the diet. García Moreno arrived one day quite unexpectedly and sat down to dinner with them; when, finding that their food was both insufficient and badly prepared, he instantly ordered the necessary changes to be made. A little later, he came again in the same unexpected way and found that there was nothing more required. Nevertheless, one man grumbled, and so García Moreno said to him: "My good friend, do you know that I am not better served myself, although I am President of the Republic?"

Full of charity and tenderness for the sick, he spent almost all his official revenues in ministering to their wants. When first elected to the Presidency, his wife (La Señora Rosa Ascasubi) represented to him that it would be the right thing for him to give a banquet to the Ministers and foreign diplomats, according to the usual custom. He replied that he was too poor; that of what he received from his position as President, he gave half back to the State, which was in debt and difficulties, and the other half to works of charity. The lady answered that she would provide the funds, and gave him 500 piastres for the purpose. García Moreno took the money to the hospital, provided for several pressing needs of the patients, and told the Sisters to give them a magnif-

icent dinner with the rest. When he came home, his generous wife asked him if what she had given him was enough. He owned what he had done with it, and added, laughing: "I thought a good dinner would do more good to the sick than to the diplomats!

His charity, in fact, was ubiquitous, and was specially bestowed on those who hid their misery and who had known better days. When the revenue of the State improved and there was a sufficient sum in the Treasury for the public service, he accepted his proper salary, but continued to live in the most simple and humble fashion. People imagined that he must be saving money, and no one blamed him, for they knew him to be absolutely without private fortune. After his death, however, the administrator of his affairs gave a detailed account of his receipts and expenditure, and it was found that the President had consecrated the whole of his official income to works of charity, and especially to the secret assistance of families whose members had been dispersed in Chili and Peru. Even the wife of Urbina, his mortal enemy, had received a monthly pension from García Moreno. Who would not be touched at a charity so grand, and yet so humble and hidden!

CHAPTER VII

MISSIONS

1869 - 1875

BEYOND the Cordilleras and the eastern slopes of those great snowy peaks, there lies an immense plain, to the extent of 36,000 square miles. In this district, which is on the confines of Brazil, in the midst of virgin forests, and on the borders of the Napo, Marañon, and Putumajo, tributaries of the great Amazon River, live 200,000 savage Indians, most of them nomads, but the greater portion of whom are simple, good people, and only a few, like the Jivaros, cruel and warlike. They adore the sun, like their ancestors; but believe in a Supreme Being and in an evil spirit.

During the eighteenth century, the Jesuits had gone to these distant regions and implanted among the tribes the doctrines of Christianity and the rudiments of civilization. The province of Marañon alone reckoned six great divisions, seventy-four tribes and 160,000 neophytes. One may follow the trace of their passage on the map by the names of the localities—of “Jesus,” of “Mary,” of the “Holy Trinity,” of “St. Michael,” “Loreto,” “Santa Rosa,” “San Salvador,” and many others. Naturally the Radicals would not suffer them to remain in peace; the Jesuits were driven away and the Indians went back to their nomad life. In 1862, García Moreno determined to re-establish these missions, and accordingly the Jesuits generously went back to the four great centers of their work: Macas, Napo, Gualaquiza, and Zamora, from whence they could send out missionaries to the neighboring tribes. In 1864, Father Pizarro, the Vicar-Apostolic, found himself on the borders of the Napo, where the accomplices of Maldonado, who had escaped from Ecuador, as we have before mentioned, threw themselves upon the Jesuit missionaries, devastated their chapel, pro-

fanned the sacred vessels, and dragged the priests in chains to the boats, to convey them to Peru, in presence of the Indians, who were kneeling and weeping on the banks, and one of whom cried out: "Fathers! Jesus Himself died on the Cross!" Are not the satanic emissaries of the Revolution the worst of savages?

No sooner was García Moreno reinstated in power in 1870, than he determined to re-establish the Jesuit missionaries on a more solid basis. He invested the Vicar-Apostolic with important civil powers; with the right to establish governors in each center of the population, to maintain order and administer justice; to open schools at the cost of the Government, in which, besides Christian doctrine, the Spanish language, reading, writing, arithmetic, and music would be taught; and to prohibit sales by credit, whereby evil men had traded on the simplicity of the Indians and despoiled them of their land. By the same decree, the protection of the missionaries by the central Government was ensured, and, if necessary, by force of arms. From that moment, the works of the missionaries produced the same magnificent results as in the past. Fresh missions were opened at Loreto, Archidona, Avila, La Concepción, and other places; schools were established for thousands of native children; the mission of Napo alone in two years contained twenty native Christian villages and 10,000 native Christians. Already García Moreno was insisting on the appointment of a second apostolic vicariate, when his death destroyed once more all these hopes. The Jesuits were again driven away and the Indians dispersed. A few remained among the distant tribes, but were almost powerless for good, owing to the obstacles raised by their implacable and rapacious enemies.

Under the inspiration of the same zeal, the President determined to try and revive the faith, not only among the savages, but among the Christians of the interior. The inhab-

itants of the mountains were nearly as much deprived of religious helps as the dwellers on the banks of the rivers. Only from time to time did a priest come to visit them in their solitude, and many lived and died without the Sacraments. García Moreno doubled the number of priests, provided them with a sufficient income, and compelled their residence in the different parishes, desiring the Governors of the province to see that the parochial Mass was regularly said, and to inform him of any infractions of the rule. He obtained also from the Holy See the establishment of a new diocese on the seacoast for the two provinces of Esmeraldas and Manabí, of which the Episcopal seat was Portoviejo. A zealous Bishop was appointed, and very soon, in all those neglected parishes, a new and Christian life was developed among the people. Lastly, finding that in many districts, from the vast extent of the parishes, many of the people were unknown to their pastors and rarely fulfilled their duties. García Moreno appealed to the Redemptorists to come and give missions in the most neglected parts of the country. Two bodies of French Redemptorists accepted the duty, and established themselves at Cuenca and Riobamba as centers from whence to evangelize the surrounding districts. Thanks to the generosity of the President, who provided for their traveling expenses and often for their maintenance, and to the encouragement of the Bishops, whose zeal seconded their efforts, these Redemptorist Fathers met with unprecedented success. They went by two by two on horseback among a population who were completely hidden in the forests or on the crests of a volcano. Many of them, as soon as they heard of the mission, shut up their cabins and walked nearly 30 miles to take part in the exercises. Where there was no church, they built in haste green tents, under which the instructions were given for fifteen days, which were eagerly followed, and concluded by all approaching the Sacraments and consecrating themselves and their families to the protection of the Blessed Virgin. When the

Fathers had to leave, the parting was quite heartrending, the poor people imploring them with tears to remain among them. In the towns, the missions excited equal enthusiasm. The President made a point of attending all the sermons given in the retreat at Quito, which ended with the erection of a magnificent Calvary. The Christ, which was to be carried in procession through the streets of the town, was born by García Moreno and his Ministers before all the people, showing them by this striking act Whose image it was that he hoped would reign in their hearts and throughout his kingdom. In fact, the zeal of the President for the religious regeneration of Ecuador was crowned with astonishing success. Father Lorenzo, Superior of the Capuchin missionaries, established at Ibarra, writes: "Religion is held in the highest honor here. The people received us with triumphal arches and joyous music. Ibarra, which had been almost destroyed by the earthquake, is being rapidly rebuilt. The Government has built a vast hospital, the Bishop is restoring his Cathedral and the Dominicans their convent, while the President has given us 1,000 piastres to repair that of St. Francis. Here all breathes piety; one never hears a blasphemous word. The Sunday is kept holy, and even the troops make a retreat every year."

To García Moreno all this was a real joy. He wrote to a friend in June, 1873, after the Quito retreat: "God has blessed us; and the country is visibly improving. Everywhere there is a change for the better, thanks to the Jesuits and other Religious Orders who have come to help our good priests. The numbers who went to confession this Lent is incalculable. In our youth, we could count on our fingers those who went to their duties; now one only reckons the few who neglect them. On the other hand, the material progress is no less remarkable. One would really imagine that God is bearing us up with His hand, like a tender father with his child when he tries to walk the first few steps.

CHAPTER VIII

FINANCES AND PUBLIC WORKS

1869 - 1875

IT is an axiom with our modern pagans that civilization consists, not in the moral and religious perfection of a people, but solely in material progress. The example of García Moreno is the most striking proof of the reverse of this dogma which can be met with in modern history.

The great need of the country, as we have before said, was the want of roads and of all communication with the interior. The only means of traveling was on horseback; while all kinds of merchandise had to be carried on the backs of mules or of Indians by the most fearful paths, in the midst of dangerous precipices and rushing torrents, which made every journey a peril to life. To remedy this state of things García Moreno determined to make a carriage road from Quito to Guayaquil. His old companion in the exploration of the Pichincha volcano, the engineer, Sebastian Wyse, having been requested to examine the ground, reported that with a good number of bridges and viaducts one could unite the spurs of the Andes from the capital to Chimborazo, without greatly deviating from the ordinary track. Then, a lower elevation would have to be found for the next ninety miles; after which, only about forty would remain, but on low and swampy ground which would entail a good deal of expense.¹ The first engineer whom García Moreno employed to draw out the plan, failed; but he was not discouraged. At last, the route was definitively traced; but then came the jealousies and egotism of the large landed proprietors, whose rich *haciendas* would, in some cases, be intersected by the new road. One especially, who came from

¹ See the Report of Mr. Sebastian Wyse, *El Nacional*, December 21, 1862.

New Granada, insisted on the whole value of his property being paid. García Moreno asked him the price at which he valued it, and he replied, "500,000 piastres." "Very well," said the President, "I will pay it to you in ready money; but as you estimated your property before at only 50,000 piastres, you have cheated the Government for the last thirty years of an enormous sum, which you must first refund with the interest, after which my Finance Minister will pay you the sum you demand." It is needless to add that no further opposition was experienced in that quarter. Another, an intimate friend of his own, exclaimed: "You must walk over my body before you bring your new road through my property!" "We will pass over your body if necessary," replied García Moreno. "But I swear to you that I will not deviate a hair's breadth from the line I have marked out." But these first difficulties were as child's play to those that followed before this gigantic undertaking was finally accomplished. For ten years, thousands of workmen were employed, with a doctor to look after them in case of accidents or illness, and a priest to attend to their religious duties morning and night. Sundays were kept for entire rest, and Mass was sung in the open air. At last, in 1873, the road was completed. On the 23rd of April, the first diligences were started at Quito, and solemnly blessed in presence of an immense multitude, in the square before the Cathedral. From the gallery of his Episcopal palace the Archbishop gave his blessing to the carriages, which speedily opened to receive the company who were to make their first journey. This was indeed a day of triumph for García Moreno! The enterprise which, ten years ago, was looked upon as a folly by his friends as well as by his enemies, now excited the admiration of all. "Without this man of genius," people exclaimed, "Ecuador would have remained forever in its status quo. His energy has overcome every obstacle, triumphed over the cowardice of one, the indolence of another,

and all the passionate opposition roused against him. Ecuador has not voices enough to bless him and sing of his glory.”

Four other roads were opened simultaneously in the northern and southern provinces. The first from Quito to the Bay of Caragues, near Manabi, traversed the country in all its width, and opened out two fresh provinces. The second from Quito to Esmeraldas and Ibarra, was still more indispensable but so difficult of execution that García Moreno himself directed the engineers in its construction. The third was destined to prevent the isolation of two of the southern provinces, Cuenca and Loja; and the fourth connected Loja with the seaport of Santa Rosa, so as to facilitate the exportation of a newly-discovered vegetable, the Cundurango, the valuable properties of which exceeded that of any similar substance.

García Moreno had thus endowed his country with an eternal source of riches and progress. By these five great roads the towns and provinces entered into communication, not only with the capital, but with the seaports, and in that way with all American and European nations. The result was instantly seen. Agriculture and commerce, finding these openings for their produce, at once devoted themselves to production, and Ecuador woke up from a sleep which had lasted for a thousand years.

It would be impossible for us to enumerate all the public works accomplished by García Moreno to bring his country to a level with the civilization of Europe. Without speaking of the port of Guayaquil, to improve which, by dredgers, he freed the mouths of the Guayas of the accumulations of centuries, he set up lighthouses on all the dangerous points of the seacoast, rebuilt the town of Ibarra, and brought about the complete transformation of the town of Quito, which up to his time had not a single carriage-worthy road. In spite of the outcry caused by his improvements, he converted the

filthy, muddy, steep paths into magnificent, well-paved streets, and by lowering certain parts of the ground and raising others, carriages could freely circulate from one end of the town to the other. Then he restored the public buildings which were falling into ruins, converted the Plaza Major into a beautiful square, filled with shrubs and flowers, and created, in fact, the fine city which all strangers now admire. Those who had grumbled at first were now delighted at the change, and realized the genius of the man who had worked these marvels.

We feel sure that our readers will have asked themselves very often: "Where could García Moreno find the money for such gigantic undertakings?" We know that he found the Public Treasury completely exhausted, and that he refused to have recourse to fresh loans. Besides that, since the wars of Independence, Ecuador was burdened with a heavy public debt in consequence of loans contracted by Bolívar in the name of Colombia, which successive Governments had aggravated by not paying the interest. In addition to this, they had increased the debt by six or seven million piastres, with no apparent prospect of escaping a general bankruptcy. García Moreno determined from the first to deliver his country from such a deadlock, and succeeded. In his message to the Chambers of 1875, we read: "With the resources of the last six years, we have devoted six million piastres to the total extinction of the Anglo-American debt, and the liquidation of the home one. I have the pleasure of announcing to you that the former will be all paid by next year, and the latter a very short time after." Besides this, he added to the salaries of all the Government officials; while public works and his charitable undertakings absorbed upwards of six million piastres or thirty million francs. Yet he did not increase the taxation, but, on the contrary, diminished the duty on many articles, and abolished others alto-

gether; like the capitation tax on the natives, the income tax on the revenues of the bishops and clergy, and the succession duty. How then did he arrive at these miraculous results? A great economist has said: "Be wise in your politics, and your finances will be in good order"; and García Moreno's maxim: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto you," was emphatically true of his financial successes. In the first place, Ecuador had been ruined by successive Revolutions. García Moreno stopped them all as we have seen; nor was the public peace ever troubled during his second Presidency, so that all the money required in former years for repression was saved. Then his great anxiety was to live at peace with his neighbors, although no one was more sensitive than himself of the national honor. But everyone knew his bravery, and the excellent organization of his little army, so that no one cared to pick a quarrel with him. We have seen also that he diminished the standing army considerably, which greatly reduced the Army Estimates. Besides that, he purified the Government administration in all its departments, and placed a man at the head of the Treasury on whom he could rely, to stop the roguery and depredations which had been the rule rather than the exception among the officials; so that an enormous saving of public money was the result. He had a right to exact honesty in the public service, when he remitted himself half his salary towards the payment of the national debt. "I am President, not to enrich myself," he would say, "but to serve my country." He remained a poor man all his life; and if, at last, he was able to build a small house at Quito, it was not from the Treasury, but from the revenues of his farm at Guachala. The agricultural and commercial progress which he had inaugurated with his new roads doubled in a few years the revenue of the State. Nothing is more eloquent than the comparison of the

receipts under Urbina and García Moreno. Under Urbina the total receipts amounted to 1,372,000 piastres. Under García Moreno the annual increase was as follows:

In 1869 ..	1,678,759	piastres
1870 ..	2,248,308	”
1871 ..	2,483,359	”
1872 ..	2,909,348	”
1873 ..	3,604,130	”
1874 ..	3,944,647	”

Thus, in spite of the important and expensive public works he had carried out, and the large sums spent in schools, hospitals, and other charitable undertakings, García Moreno in those few years had more than doubled the revenue of the State.

CHAPTER IX *THE MAN*

BEFORE relating the sorrowful drama which interrupted the great works we have been describing, we wish to say a few words of the eminent moral qualities and virtues of García Moreno, which will be an answer to certain criticisms which have been uttered against him by good men, but who did not thoroughly understand his character.

Nature had given him all the eminent qualities which form a man of action. His extraordinary intelligence, grasping as it did in a moment every complication in the business submitted to him, and his thorough and profound study of all Government questions, gave to his decisions a brusque suddenness which sometimes startled his best friends. Tall and upright, with a vigorous constitution, a noble and dignified carriage, yet a quiet and firm step, everything revealed in him a man of devouring energy and activity. His fine head, with its white hair and broad forehead, commanded the respect of all. He had fine, large eyes, which in moments of virtuous indignation seemed to shoot forth lightning on his adversaries; his voice was manly and powerful; his phrases incisive, clear, and to the point; so that his words had an authority which admitted of no reply. Every feature of his ardent and expressive face denoted an inexorable will. Happily, the four cardinal virtues, prudence, temperance, justice, and strength,¹ were so equally balanced in his mind that his natural energy was merged in that Christian heroism of which both his public and private life give us such remarkable proofs. García Moreno believed

¹ "The entire edifice of our good works is based on these four virtues: prudence, temperance, strength, and justice" (St. Gregory the Great).

that the head of a State is simply an instrument in the hands of God for the good of the people. He was intimately convinced that the Catholic law was as binding on nations as on individuals, and that the first duty of the head of the State in this nineteenth century was to re-establish the Church in all the rights of which the Revolution had deprived her. "Let us do everything for the people through the Church," he would say; "he who seeks first the Kingdom of God will have all things added to him." He has been reproached for being too autocratic, for having refused concessions to the revolutionary party; but was not that on the contrary a proof of his prudence? Again he was accused of taking no advice but his own, and despising other people's opinion. The truth is he never would be guided by a public outcry. "Government," he used to say, "should direct public opinion, not follow it; lead the people, not obey them blindly." "We shall give you up," said some Liberal-Conservatives to him one day, "if you do not follow our ideas." "So much the worse for you," he replied. "The day I am not at hand to defend you, the revolutionary party with whom you are coquetting, will devour you without mercy." Others attacked him for acting with too great precipitation. He answered, "You do not take into account the time I have taken to mature my resolutions. I think a great deal before I act; but once I have made up my mind, I never rest until the thing is done."

In spite of his naturally imperious character and his extraordinary talents, García Moreno always remained humble. This man, who was accused by his enemies of pride and ambition, never coveted power for his own sake, but that he might defeat the wicked and establish the Kingdom of God. He accepted the Presidency in 1861 unwillingly; that of 1865 was literally forced upon him by violence. He never sought for popularity either; nor would he make the smallest concession to obtain the favor of any party. The revolutionary papers overwhelmed him with calumnies and

lies. He would read them calmly, and say that he was "only too happy to be treated like Jesus Christ and His Church." A religious who one day complained to him of the unfair attacks which had been made upon himself, received this noble and touching reply: "I deeply sympathize with you, but you have a glorious opportunity to enrich yourself for eternity. The blows you have received will seem to you less heavy if you compare them with those with which I am daily overwhelmed. Do as I do: place these outrages at the foot of the Cross, and pray to God to pardon the guilty. Ask Him to give me strength, not only to do good to those who pour out their hatred against me by word and deed, but to enable me to rejoice before God in having something to suffer in union with Our Lord. It is a real happiness for me as well as an unmerited honor to have to suffer the insults of the Revolution in company with the Bishops and Religious Orders, and even with the Sovereign Pontiff."

Sometimes he would defend an idea with a kind of passionate vehemence, but it was always to exalt and defend some great truth, or to expose some theory subversive of the interests of religion or society. "In arithmetic," he would say, "we do not want eloquence, but figures: in philosophy and politics, not many words but solid reasons." In matters which did not affect principles, he was singularly tolerant of contradiction, and would often say to his opponent: "I have made a mistake. You understand this question better than I do."

Like all great men, if he found himself in the wrong, he would generously own and atone for it. On one occasion, when overwhelmed by business and petty vexations, a priest came to him on some trifling business. He received him rather sharply, saying, after he had listened to his story: "It was not worth your while to trouble me or yourself with such a small matter." The poor priest went away mortified enough, but excusing the President on the ground that he



“The very next day, early in the morning, García Moreno came to him to beg pardon for what he called his ‘hasty and disrespectful conduct.’”

was really too busy to attend to him. The very next day, early in the morning, García Moreno came to him to beg pardon for what he called his "hasty and disrespectful conduct." Very often, if he thought he had wounded anyone by an impatient movement, he would humble himself in excuses of this sort even towards those of whom he might well have had reason to complain. An officer, who had been his intimate friend, took offence at something and would neither see nor salute him. Meeting him one day, the President said: "I have named you my aide-de-camp." The officer, stupefied, remained speechless. "Well," continued García Moreno, smiling and embracing him; "if you want my head, here it is." Needless to add that the officer became his most devoted friend.

He never boasted of his works, which nevertheless excited the admiration of the whole world. When obliged to speak of them in Congress, he only did so to give all the glory to God, being fully persuaded that he owed all his success to His grace. Also, he continually asked people to help him by their prayers. At the end of each year he sent a circular to the Bishops to beg for acts of thanksgiving and petition for further graces. In his private letters to prelates or holy souls in whom he placed confidence, he would implore of them to tell him of anything in his conduct which was reprehensible, and also of any fresh way of utilizing his power to the greater advantage of the cause of God and His Church.

Feeling that he could not do the smallest thing without Divine assistance, he attributed all his success to God and the Blessed Virgin, to the blessing of Pius IX, and to the prayers of his holy mother and of a blind sister for whom he felt the greatest veneration. A professor of botany once brought to him a rare and beautiful plant which was unknown in the *flora* of Ecuador, and begged leave to call it *Tacsonia García-Moreno*. "If you want to give me a

pleasure," replied the President, "forget my poor personality. If the flower be beautiful and unknown before in Ecuador, call it *Tacsonia Maria*, and so do homage to the fairest flower in Heaven."

Self-indulgence of any sort was entirely unknown to him. He treated his body as a slave, or rather as a beast of burden, whose function was simply to execute the orders of his soul. His whole life was one of regular and uniform labor. Up at five o'clock every morning, he was always at church by six o'clock, when he heard Mass and made his meditation. At seven o'clock he would go and see the sick in the hospital, and then shut himself up in his room to work hard until ten o'clock. Then, after a short and frugal breakfast, he went to the Government House where he worked with his Ministers until three o'clock. He dined at four, and then paid some necessary visits, inspected public works, or settled any disputes submitted to him. At six o'clock he came home and spent the evening with his family. When nine o'clock struck and others went to take some rest or amusement, he would go back to his library to finish his correspondence, read the papers, and work on until eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Such was his daily life when things went smoothly. But when storms arose, and his presence was needed elsewhere, he was on horseback from morning until night, looking upon nothing as impossible, while his iron constitution resisted all fatigue. In his inspections or battles, his only rest was taken wrapped in his cloak on the bare ground. A priest having offered him once a camp bed he refused, saying: "I must not be spoiled. If I give my body a bed today, tomorrow it will find the ground hard." On the road from Quito to Guayaquil, which he had so often to traverse, he arrived one day at a village in a pelting rain soaked to the skin, and stopped at the priest's house. The poor man implored him to take his bed, but García Moreno replied: "I am so wet that if I were to take

off my clothes and my boots, I could never put them on again tomorrow"; and so throwing himself simply on a chair, he went to sleep until four o'clock, and then started afresh on his journey. In spite of his fatigues, however, he practiced the most rigid sobriety. In his travels he lived upon biscuits, chocolate, and a little black coffee. But at all times, his table was simple and almost poor. He hardly ever touched wine, never gave dinners, nor accepted invitations. "The head of the State," he would say, "should live to work, not to get fat." In spite of excessive fatigues and almost continual abstinence, he rigorously observed the fast days of the Church.

García Moreno, in fact, did the work of ten ordinary men, and never would put off any business or letter until the next day. "You really must not kill yourself," people would exclaim, "that person can wait." "God may make men wait," he would reply, "but I have not the right. When God wants me to rest, He will send me illness or death."

One day his Minister, Carvajal, was determined he should have a holiday, and carried him off with several of the other Ministers, to a new *hacienda* he had just bought. After a long ride, García Moreno went over the whole establishment. Carvajal offered his guests an excellent dinner, with good cigars and cards afterwards. When, towards evening, García Moreno gave the signal for departure, Carvajal implored him to remain and pass the night under his roof. "I am very willing," replied the President, "but you, gentlemen," he added, turning to the Ministers, "are you able to stay here all night, and be at your offices tomorrow at eleven?" They declared they would, and resumed their game. At midnight, however, García Moreno went home. The next morning, as usual, he went to the Government offices at eleven o'clock and found no one, upon which he sent messengers to each of the Ministers to desire them to

come to their respective offices, where he was waiting for them.

Besides this virtue of temperance, God had given to García Moreno the strength and courage which belong to heroes. It was enough to see him in a moment of real danger, when no one could be otherwise than struck by his intrepidity. His natural energy had been developed by unheard-of acts of bravery. The sanguinary fights in which he had been engaged, the constant revolutions, the daily plots of his enemies against his life—all these made him look upon death as an event which he must expect at any moment. From the patriotic love he had for his country, he was quite willing to accept the sacrifice. Hence the prophetic utterances in the ode to *Fabius*: “Sinister presages of evil sadden my soul; bloody pictures surround me in my agitated sleep...the ball of a villain will pierce my heart; but if my country, delivered from oppression, breathes freely at last, willingly will I go down to the tomb.”

Not only did he not fear death, but like the martyrs he desired it for the love of God. How often did he write and utter these words: “What a happiness and glory for me if I should be called upon to shed my blood for Jesus Christ and His Church.”

No less remarkable was his perfect rectitude, his strong sense of *justice*, the fourth great virtue of a perfect man. *Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*,² was his motto. In the bitter struggle with the modern revolutionary and satanic spirit of which we have followed the history during twenty years of his life, he braved death a thousand times, but conquered at the last, and traced with a firm hand that Christian Constitution which substituted for the pretended “rights of man” the promulgation of the real rights of God. “What a misfortune,” he exclaimed during the Commune, “that so

² “Do what you must, come what may.”

glorious a country as France should be governed by bandits. Led by a man of energy and Christian courage, she would soon deserve again her old title of Eldest Daughter of the Church.”

After his duty to God, came that to the people. No amount of pressure or menace would induce him to give places to unworthy persons. “The great evil of this country,” he would say, “is not to know when to say ‘No.’ Men intrigue for such and such a place, for such and such a man, whereas another is justly entitled to it. A man should be chosen for his fitness for the charge, not the charge for the man.”

His love of justice made him severe towards any who took advantage of their position to oppress or despoil the poor. In his journeys through the provinces, he was surrounded with persons claiming justice at his hands. He received them with paternal kindness, heard all their complaints, like St. Louis under the oak of Vincennes; and when he had satisfied himself as to the truth of their statements, gave judgment on the spot. One day he found that a rich proprietor, to round off his Property, had seized some land belonging to some Indians, who were too poor to plead their rights. He obliged this gentleman to restore the ground, and deprived him of his office. Another time he found a poor widow from whom 10,000 piastres had been extorted unjustly. García Moreno called for his treasurer, and told him to pay her the money. “And who will repay so large a sum?” he exclaimed. “N—” replied García Moreno, naming the thief, whom he sent for and forced him to give the 10,000 piastres at once, while he bitterly reproached him for his crime. On another occasion he found a poor woman who had sold all her little property to bring up her children, to a man who had forced her to give a receipt for the sale before the money had been paid; and then had taken advantage of her innocence, and refused to pay her a farthing. García

Moreno summoned the man before him, and simply stating that the poor woman was in want of her money, begged him not to delay the payment any longer. The rogue swore by his gods that he had paid her and showed the receipt in due form.

“My friend,” replied García Moreno, feigning surprise, “I am sorry I suspected you unjustly, and so I owe you a reparation. For some time I have wanted a man as Governor of the Islands of Galapagos, and I will appoint you. As it would not be proper that you should go without an escort, two police agents will accompany you to your house, where you will make immediate preparations for departure.”

The rogue, finding himself detected, threw himself at the feet of the widow, paid her the money, and implored her to get his sentence revoked. The poor woman went and pleaded for him to the President, who said smiling, “Yet I had appointed him Governor; however, if he does not like his new dignity, I will allow him to resign.”

Never did García Moreno knowingly commit an injustice towards his neighbor. During the war of 1859, some soldiers had destroyed a house to obtain some firing. He remembered it and sent to the Bishop to find out the owner, to whom he instantly forwarded an indemnity.

His enemies always did homage to his justice, but declared he was often inexorable. The truth is, that he often sinned by pardoning people too easily. One of the leaders of the Revolution, Colonel Vivero, found himself reduced to hiding himself in the neighborhood of the capital, and at last determined to leave the country. For this purpose he asked a merchant for some money which he had left in his hands. The tradesman put off the payment on various pretexts, and at last invited him to come to receive it on a certain night; while he, in the meantime, treacherously informed García Moreno of his movements, so that he might be arrested. Brought before the President, and threatened with a council

of war, Vivero replied: "Do with me what you will; but do not allow this villain of a merchant, who has betrayed me solely to escape the payment of his debt, to remain unpunished."

García Moreno inquired into the facts, found they were true, sent the merchant to prison, and turning to Colonel Vivero said: "You are free; only do not conspire any more against the Government." He thus showed his generosity when any of his mortal enemies fell into his hands; but to spare men like Maldonado, Campoverde, and others, would have been simply to leave Ecuador to the mercy of the anarchists. "We have enough assassins in the country without these," he said to one who was pleading for their pardon. "Your sympathy is roused by the fate of the criminals; mine is reserved for their victims."

His passionate love of justice was united to an exquisite tenderness and kindness of heart towards all who suffered.

The poor knew it well, and one saw him continually, on his way home from his office, surrounded with people of every class, to whom he would listen patiently, giving advice to one, money to another, and sending all away grateful and contented. If all his deeds of charity were known, or we had space to record them, they would alone fill a volume.

With his friends he was always simple, openhearted, playful even, though preserving a certain dignity which was natural to him. His conversation was charming. With his extraordinary knowledge of such a variety of subjects, he would talk of medicine with medical men, jurisprudence with lawyers, theology with ecclesiastics, agriculture with peasants, and everyone found the time spent with him delightful, but too short. Even those who had been most prejudiced against him beforehand, when once admitted into his intimacy, were as much surprised at his genial manners and amiability as at the extent of his learning.



“When God took away from them their little girl, this man apparently so calm and so austere, was quite inconsolable and did nothing but cry.”

But it was especially in the bosom of his own family that he showed all the tenderness of his loving nature. He never was so happy as when he could be quite alone with them, although so often compelled by political events to leave them. His wife, from whom he had no secrets, was worthy of him, and shared in all his joys and sorrows. When God took away from them their little girl, this man apparently so calm and so austere, was quite inconsolable and did nothing but cry. "O how weak I am!" he exclaimed. "I, who thought myself so strong!" His tenderness now centered in his boy, whom he hoped to bring up to be like himself. He trained him early in the love of God and of duty. In 1874, he presented the child to the director of the Brothers with this simple recommendation: "Here is my son. He is six years old, and what I wish is, that you should bring him up as a good Christian. Science and virtue will make him a good citizen. Do not be over-indulgent with him, I beg of you, and if he deserves punishment, do not look upon him as the son of the President of the Republic, but as simply one of your scholars whom you have to train with the rest."

We have already spoken of his passionate love for his mother. God preserved her to him up to the age of ninety-four, and he always devoted himself to her with the same tenderness and veneration. She died in 1873, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. To the letters of condolence he received on that occasion, he replied, like a true Christian: "You should rather congratulate me: my mother lived for nearly a century. She was a saint. She died on the Feast of Carmel. I feel sure she is in Heaven."

In his answer to his cousin, the Archbishop of Toledo, who had been her nephew, he thanked him warmly for having offered the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul, and added: "I am sure that she has already received the reward of her admirable virtues. Her faith was the most living thing I have ever known; it was enough to move

mountains. Although naturally excessively timid, she was courageous to the pitch of heroism when it was a question of meeting any misfortune or danger; or to fulfill any duty. How often in my childhood she made me understand, with the greatest zeal, that the only thing to dread here below was sin! She used to say to me that I would always be happy if I knew how to sacrifice all earthly things, honor, and life itself, rather than offend God. I would never end this letter if I were to tell you all that my dear, holy mother was, and all that I owe to her. The greatest favor you can confer upon me, is to pray for her and to recommend her to all the members of our family.”

We must now close this chapter of the virtues of García Moreno, and reveal the motive power or first principle of this truly heroic life.

CHAPTER X

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN

PIETY in a great statesman, in the midst of the political agitations and so-called “progress” of modern society, would seem to be a singular thing. The St. Louis’, St. Edwards, or St. Ferdinands are out of place on the thrones of Constitutional Kings or Presidents of Republics. García Moreno knew this well, but triumphed over this prejudice as over every other. In spite of the fashion of the day, of the rage of the Freemasons, and his own absorbing occupations, he never forgot that for a man to succeed in regenerating a people he must first sanctify his own soul. The piety which animated him and made him ascend daily nearer to God was fed by the three great theological virtues—faith, hope, and charity. He was not only a man of faith, but of that earnest and living kind which we rarely meet with in these days. He attributed this great gift not only to the solidly Christian education given him by his mother, but to having had the sons of Catholic Spain as his ancestors. We must add, however, that his own studies fortified this virtue in his soul; for if imperfect science, as Bacon says, alienates men from religion, true science brings them back to it. As a philosopher full of logic and good sense, as a theologian thoroughly well versed in the history and dogma of the Church, as well as with an intimate knowledge of Holy Scripture, he often, with a word, pulverized the objections of false philosophers, and had nothing but contempt for the shallow and superficial brains who were taken by their specious fallacies.

One day when he was speaking of the Islands of Galapagos, he discussed the whole question of the epochs of Creation, the order assigned by Moses to the evolutions of the globe and the Deluge in relation to newly proved geo-

logical facts, and that with such erudition, science, and logic, that all his hearers were amazed. No one was more struck than Mgr. Vanutelli, the Apostolic Delegate, who was present during this discussion. García Moreno looked upon the Syllabus as upon the Credo for nations which did not desire to perish, and could not understand the pretensions of those who talked of saving the world while eliminating their Savior. His extraordinary clearness of perception in spiritual matters was obtained by a daily meditation on the Divine mysteries. In spite of his innumerable occupations, he devoted half an hour each day to this practice. The Gospel text was the ordinary subject of his mental prayer, and he knew it by heart. The *Imitation of Jesus Christ* was also his constant companion on his journeys as well as at home. After his death, a worn copy was found in his pocket, given him by a devoted friend on September 24, 1860, the day of the taking of Guayaquil. St. Teresa is said to have exclaimed one day: "O! if kings would but pray for half an hour everyday, the face of the earth would be changed!" Perhaps García Moreno was the first head of a State who realized, since St. Teresa's days, the wish of her Apostolic heart. Certainly, he was the only potentate in the nineteenth century who had so completely changed the face of his country.

Thus, cultivated and developed by study and meditation, his faith became a living action, revealed to us by traits which Pope Benedict XIV declared "heroic." The deep conviction of the grandeur of God; contempt of earthly goods; courage in the midst of tribulations; constancy in works undertaken for the glory of God; the public and courageous confession of his belief; and the punctual and joyous practice of the duties imposed upon him by faith—such was his daily life.

To all objections, difficulties, and impossibilities, García Moreno would answer invariably with his favorite words: *God never dies*. "God is—and that is enough. What is

impossible to God?" What Prime Minister has ever inserted a paragraph of this sort in his message to the Chambers? "Among the great blessings which God, in His ineffable mercy, has bestowed upon our country, I reckon that of being once more reassembled under His protection and under the shadow of that peace, which He has preserved for us, who are nothing, who can do nothing, and who but too often repay His paternal goodness with monstrous ingratitude." Again, when speaking of the acts of his administration: "If I enter into these details, it is not for my own honor, but to give glory to Him to Whom we owe all, and Whom we adore as our Redeemer, our Father, our Savior, and our God."

This continual realization of the greatness of God filled his soul with a sovereign contempt for earthly things. Hence his absolute disinterestedness; his joy at being able to pour gold and silver into the laps of the poor, the sick, the widows and the orphans. Hence, also, his patience in trials. No complaint ever passed his lips. He would sometimes say: "If my enemies pursued me for any criminal act, I would ask their pardon and try to amend; but if they hate me for wishing to preserve for my country that most precious of treasures, faith, and because I have always shown myself a faithful and obedient son of the Church, I have nothing to answer except: 'God never dies.'"

When accused of hypocrisy on account of his public religious practices, he replied: "Hypocrisy consists in acting differently from what one believes. Real hypocrites, therefore, are men who have the faith, but who, from human respect, do not dare to show it in their practice." Any grave infraction of the commandments of God or any public scandal, would sadden him terribly. One day, when a case of gross immorality was brought before him, he exclaimed: "You give me more pain than if you were to announce to me an eruption of Cotopaxi!"

From this vivid faith proceeded two other virtues: hope, which threw itself at the feet of God to implore His aid; and charity, by which he gave his heart entirely to Our Lord. This man, so inflexible before tyrants, was as simple as a little child on his knees before God. As a boy, as we have before mentioned, he wished to consecrate himself to the service of the altar. During his holidays, which he generally passed at Monte Christi, in his brother's house, who was the vicar of the parish, he was continually found praying in the church. The rest of his time was spent in study in his own room. His resolutions and the rule he had laid down for his daily life we find written in his own hand on the last page of his *Imitation*. It will give some idea of his intimate union with God:

“Every morning when saying my prayers I will ask specially for the virtue of humility.

“Everyday I will hear Mass, say the Rosary, and read, besides a chapter of the *Imitation*, this rule and the annexed instructions.

“I will take care to keep myself as much as possible in the presence of God, especially in conversation, so as not to speak useless words. I will constantly offer my heart to God, and principally before beginning any action.

“I will say to myself continually: I am worse than a demon and deserve that Hell should be my dwelling place. When I am tempted, I will add: What shall I think of this in the hour of my last agony?

“In my room, never to pray sitting when I can do so on my knees or standing. Practice daily little acts of humility, like kissing the ground, for example. Desire all kinds of humiliations, while taking care at the same time not to deserve them. To rejoice when my actions or my person are abused and censured.

“Never to speak of myself, unless it be to own my defects or faults.

“To make every effort, by the thought of Jesus and Mary, to restrain my impatience and contradict my natural inclinations. To be patient and amiable even with people who bore me; never to speak evil of my enemies.

“Every morning, before beginning my work, I will write down what I have to do, being very careful to distribute my time well, to give myself only to useful and necessary business and to continue it with zeal and perseverance. I will scrupulously observe the laws of justice and truth, and have no intention in all my actions save the greater glory of God.

“I will make a particular examen twice a day on my exercise of different virtues, and a general examination every evening. I will go to confession every week.

“I will avoid all familiarities, even the most innocent, as prudence requires. I will never pass more than an hour in any amusement, and in general, never before eight o’clock in the evening.”

This rule of life unveils the soul of García Moreno. Those who knew him best bear witness to with what conscientiousness and even scrupulous fidelity he lived up to it. He never omitted any pious exercise; in camp, or in his hurried journeys, he would kneel in some hut, or corner of his tent, or in the woods, and say the Rosary with his aide-de-camp or anyone else who was present. However long and weary might be the distance he had to go, he always found means to hear Mass on Sundays and Feastdays, and often served it himself in the place of the Indian or other person whose business it was. Sometimes when he had traveled on horseback for two or three days and nights together, he arrived at his home worn out with fatigue; but he never would go and rest until he had heard Mass.

A German professor of the Polytechnic School, who, during the long years passed at Quito, had known the President intimately, and who had often been with him to his *hacienda*, writes: “He always edified me more than I can



“He never omitted any pious exercise; in camp, or in his hurried journeys, he would kneel in some hut, or corner of his tent, or in the woods.”

express by his goodness, his simplicity, his charming yet serious amiability, and above all, by his deep and fervent piety. In the morning when the hour drew near for Mass, he would go to the chapel, prepare the vestments and serve the Mass himself, in presence of his family and the inhabitants of the village. If you could only have seen him, with his tall and commanding figure, his noble features, his white hair, his military air, and yet the expression on his face of the ardent faith and loving charity with which his whole soul was filled, you would understand the respect and veneration felt by everyone for this man, who was truly one after God's own heart."¹

This same edifying sight was renewed in the evening. Surrounded by his family, his servants, and aides-de-camp, the President read the night prayers, to which he added a pious reading of some book, on which he would often comment by expressing the love and confidence in God with which his whole heart was filled. On Sundays and Feastdays he would explain the Catechism to the servants and assist at all the Offices of the Church with the greatest respect, accompanied by his wife and son. On great solemnities, he would attend the Cathedral officially in uniform, surrounded by his Ministers and all the civil and military dignitaries. His noble, dignified, and recollected demeanor, and his pious and sustained attention during Mass edified all who saw him. He exacted the like respect for all religious ceremonies from those around him, and anyone who was wanting in it was certain not to escape a grave reproof. On the occasion of a Jubilee which exacted the attendance at three processions to gain the Indulgence, it was observed to him that owing to the pressure and importance of his work he could demand a commutation of the decree. "God forbid!" he

¹ *Notice on Don Gabriel Garcia Moreno*. By Adolf Von Berlichingen, S.J.

exclaimed, "I am nothing but a poor Christian like the rest!" and he followed the three processions between his wife and child, and bareheaded in spite of the burning sun. He made a like answer to the Superior of a religious house, who, to spare him a quarter of an hour's walk, offered to send him his confessor. "My Father," he replied, "it is the duty of a sinner to go and find his judge, and not for the judge to be running after the sinner!"

His great devotion was for the Blessed Sacrament, to which he paid daily visits, kneeling with the greatest devotion before the altar. He went to Communion every Sunday and often during the week as well. If the Host was being carried to a dying person, he used to consider it an honor to escort It, bearing a lighted candle or torch, in the midst of his people. When Corpus Christi came, he would put on his General's uniform and all his orders, and seizing the banner, walk first before the dais as a servant announcing the coming of his Master. While his officers who held the canopy used to shelter themselves under the shade of the wall, the President walked boldly on in front, in spite of the tropical sun, and when implored to put on his hat to avoid a sunstroke, he protested that never would he cover his head before his God.

His tender veneration to our Lady we have before mentioned; but to belong to her more particularly he entered into a congregation which the Jesuits had established at Quito, composed of two classes, persons of rank and workmen. He insisted on being enrolled among the latter, and to the objections raised, simply answered: "You make a mistake. My place is among the people." He made a point of assisting regularly at all their meetings, proud of wearing the medal of Mary among his "dear workmen," and they delighted at having their beloved President amongst them.

When Pius IX solemnly proclaimed St. Joseph Patron of the Universal Church, and raised his Feast to one of obli-

gation, García Moreno at once established it in Ecuador, where it was celebrated with the greatest solemnity.

Besides the Holy Family, the people of Ecuador have a special devotion to Saint Mariana of Jesus, a native of their country, and called "The Lily of Quito." The first time García Moreno was President, he restored her chapel, which had fallen into decay, to which her relics were transferred in 1865, and afterwards placed in a magnificent shrine.

In 1873, he added one more act to perpetuate the reign of God in his country; and that was to consecrate Ecuador by an official decree to the Sacred Heart. He proposed it first to the Bishops at the third Council of Quito, who received the idea with enthusiasm. García Moreno then submitted it to the Chambers, who voted it without one dissenting voice. This decree of a nineteenth century Parliament is too curious not to be inserted here.

"Considering that the third Council of Quito, by a special decree, has consecrated the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and placed it under His defense and protection, and that it is right for the representatives of the nation to associate themselves with an Act which will ensure the safety and prosperity of the State...the Congress decrees that the Republic thus consecrated to the Sacred Heart, shall adopt It as its Patron and Protector. The Feast of the Sacred Heart, as a civil Feast of the first class, shall be celebrated in all the Cathedrals with the greatest possible solemnity; while to excite the zeal and piety of the faithful, in each large church an altar shall be raised to the Sacred Heart, in which, at the cost of the State, shall be placed a stone commemorating the present decree."

Soon after, the Feast was celebrated in every church of the Republic on the same day and hour. García Moreno attended it officially in the Cathedral, with all the civil and military authorities. After the Archbishop had pronounced

the Act of Consecration in the name of the Church, García Moreno repeated the same formula in the name of the State.

Never had the people assisted at a more touching sight, or one dearer to the Heart of our Divine Lord.

Some members of the Congress, filled with enthusiasm, wished to erect a church in Quito specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart; but others opposed it, thinking that it might eclipse that of "Our Lady of Mercy," the Patroness of the Republic. García Moreno being consulted, said smilingly to the objectors: "Do you think, then, that our Lady is jealous of her Son?" It took ten years, however, of struggle and difficulty before this temple was erected.

Before concluding this chapter, we must say a few words of the Apostolic spirit of García Moreno. Had he been a priest, he would have been another St. Francis Xavier; but even as a layman his burning thirst for souls was visible in every act of his life. *The reign of God in the souls of men*—that was his fixed idea, the one ambition of his noble heart, the motive of all his public and private labors. When he went into the country, the peasants relate that he went to see them all, sparing neither rewards to the good nor corrections to the bad. "He used to explain Christian doctrines to the ignorant, say the Rosary with us all, prepare us for Confession and Communion, explain the Gospel to us, and insist upon our all going to Mass. Peace and charity and abundance then reigned among us; for the mere presence of our excellent master seemed to drive away all evil."

He had invited some Irish laborers from the United States to manage certain large sawmills which he had set up. On his first visit, having carefully examined their work, he invited them to an open-air dinner, and then questioned his guests about the religious customs of their country, ending by asking them if they knew any hymns to our Lady. The Irishmen sang with a will. "You love the Blessed Virgin then in your country?" asked the President. "Oh! yes, with all our

hearts.” “Well then, my children, let us kneel down all together and say her Rosary, that you may persevere in loving and serving God,” which was done, amidst the tears of the poor fellows who never forgot his kindness and condescension.

His zeal suggested to him the most ingenious methods of winning souls to Jesus Christ. He had a friend at Quito, who was always ready to help him, even with large sums of money, whenever he needed them, but who never approached the Sacraments. It is the custom at Quito that, at the end of the month of Mary, the faithful offer our Lady, instead of flowers, their good resolutions for the future, in writing. García Moreno asked his friend one day whether he had done this. His friend understood the allusion and wanted to escape. “Wait a moment!” the President exclaimed. “I myself have offered her a beautiful bouquet and, as usual, you must bear the cost of it.” “You know my purse is always open to you,” replied his friend. “May I reckon upon you?” “Certainly.” “Well, I have promised the Blessed Virgin that you will go to Communion with me the last day of her month. You see that, without you, I cannot offer my bouquet!” The poor man, greatly embarrassed, said that he had “very odd ideas”; and that “an action of such importance needed great preparation.” “That is the reason I have told you beforehand,” replied García Moreno. Touched by his intense anxiety for his soul, his friend left him, but only to go into retreat for some days; and when the close of the month of Mary came, he was found kneeling at the altar by the side of the President, who was perfectly overjoyed at the success of his scheme. He was equally happy when the papers announced any important conversion in any part of the world. “Glory to God and the Church,” he wrote in 1874, “for the number of important conversions which have lately taken place, especially those of Lord Ripon, Lord Bury, and Her Majesty the Queen Mother of Bavaria. Such examples

cannot fail to exercise a great influence on all right-minded Protestants.” We have given our readers a faithful picture of the inner life of this great statesman, and are disposed to ask, “Where shall we find his equal, save in the lives of the saints?”

CHAPTER XI

THE STATESMAN BISHOP

PERHAPS García Moreno would never have been so well known in Europe had it not been for his energetic protest against the invasion of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel. He had followed day by day the passion of Pius IX—the lamb struggling in vain against the wolves, the crusade of the Pontifical Zouaves against these new Saracens, which had filled him with admiration. When the crime was consummated, and the Papal Encyclical protesting against it arrived at Ecuador, people on the following day read an energetic remonstrance in the official papers addressed to the Minister of Victor Emmanuel against “the iniquitous invasion of Rome and the slavery of the Roman Pontiff, in spite of insidious promises, always violated, and derisive guarantees of independence, by which they hoped to disguise the ignominious servitude of the Head of the Church.” Not content with this personal protest, he sent copies to all the Governments of America, exhorting them warmly to reprove with him “the violent and unjust occupation of Rome.” “If the Kings of the Old World keep silence, at least let Victor Emmanuel find in the New World the energetic reprobation of both people and Governments.” Alas! no potentate echoed his words; and he scarcely expected they would. He “only wished to accomplish his duty as a Catholic,” and “to render his protest as public as possible.” “After all,” he added, “what does it signify? God has no need of us, nor of anything, to accomplish His promise; and He will accomplish it, in spite of Hell and its satellites, the Freemasons, who are more or less masters of modern Governments.”

But if Kings and Presidents were silent, the effects of García Moreno’s protest on the people was immense, and

produced a real national manifestation, in which clergy and laity were equally associated. In a magnificent address to the Apostolic Delegate, they wrote: "We can do nothing against these odious acts, but we reprove and condemn them with all our hearts, and we implore the God of nations and of armies to abridge these days of tribulation by giving back to the Head of the Church his liberty and independence."

The Catholic world universally applauded the noble protest of the President. "Ecuador," exclaimed the leading journal of Bogota, "would be nothing without García Moreno, and this illustrious man, in spite of his genius, would be nothing without his intrepid defense of the Roman Church. Honor and glory to him who has dared to say, 'A Catholic people cannot socially deny Jesus Christ.'... This man has saved the honor of our century; and in the nimbus of glory which surrounds him, one forgets the feebleness of the nation which has taken upon itself to speak in the name of all." A Spanish journal, *La Cruz*, was still more enthusiastic; and after stigmatizing the shameful silence of European Kings and Governments, turns to the little Republic of Ecuador, "small in a certain sense, but great in her faith," and adds: "Honor and glory to its noble Chief, who, as a faithful interpreter of its popular aspirations, has known how to avenge the oppression of the Church, the outrage on religion, and the sad spectacle of Rome invaded by hordes of savages a thousand times more worthy of malediction than the hordes of Attila."

The French Catholic Press was equally warm in its admiration of the action of the President, and speaks of Ecuador as "the only Catholic State which, profiting by its rights as a free country, has so nobly protested against this flagrant violation of the rights of nations."

On reading García Moreno's energetic reprobation of the sacrilegious acts of the Piedmontese Government, Pius IX exclaimed, "Ah! if he were but the King of a powerful

nation, the Pope would have some one to support him in this world!" On March 21, 1871, he sent him a Brief of congratulation and of gratitude, in which, after dwelling on the important services he had always rendered to religion, the Pope added: "Your energetic protest has been of supreme comfort to us in the midst of the afflictions which overwhelm us; and we have resolved, as a testimony of our affectionate benevolence, to create you a Knight of the First Class of the Order of Pius IX. Admitted into this glorious corporation, you can henceforth wear the great decoration of this order and enjoy all the distinctions and privileges with which we have enriched it."

García Moreno was filled with joy at the thought that any act of his had consoled the Sovereign Pontiff, and thanked him warmly for the great honor he had conferred upon him, but of which he thought himself altogether unworthy, having only, as he expressed it, "fulfilled a simple duty." He resolved on showing his gratitude by an act of spontaneous generosity, of which the usurpation of the temporal power gave him the occasion.

The Pope, deprived of his States and his revenues, was reduced to beggary. To cover the expenses of his enormous ecclesiastical administration, Catholics had started the offering called Peter's pence. García Moreno asked himself why Catholic Governments should not send their offering to the Pope as well as families and individuals. At the Congress of 1873, after having shown the prosperous state of the finances, he boldly brought forward his proposal as follows: "A special duty is laid upon us to succor our Holy Father the Pope, now deprived of his revenues. You can appropriate to his use ten percent of the tithe conceded to the State. The offering will not be large, but it will enable us to prove that we are loyal and affectionate sons of the common Father of the Faithful, and we will continue it through the ephemeral triumph of the Italian usurpation. As we have the happiness

to be Catholics, let us be so logically and openly; in our public as well as in our private lives; and let us confirm the truth of our words and feelings by the public testimony of our deeds.”

Carried away by the enthusiasm which his words had aroused, the Congress unanimously voted the sum of 10,000 piastres¹ to the Holy Father as a national gift, “the humble offering of our little Republic,” as the deputies expressed it to the Apostolic Delegate, “which we implore you to offer to Pius IX of immortal memory on behalf of a people who revere his virtues and admire his grandeur.”

“Cease to represent your Republic as humble and small,” replied the Papal Delegate. “States who raise themselves by such acts of generosity cease to be small!”

The good Pope was deeply touched at this filial gift, and wrote a beautiful letter to the President, in which he enumerated, one by one, the great things he had effected in Ecuador during so short a time, while praising the prudence, zeal, and charity of which he had given so striking an example. This warm and detailed praise of his acts, by the highest authority on earth, frightened the modesty of García Moreno, who answered the Pope as follows:

“Most Holy Father! I cannot express to you the profound gratitude I feel for your Holiness’ most paternal and affectionate letter. The approbation which you have deigned to give to my humble efforts is the greatest reward I could wish for on earth; but I consider it very much beyond my deserts. I feel and confess that all is owing to God, not only the growing prosperity of our little State, but the means I have employed to develop it, and the desire with which He has inspired me to labor for His glory. I do not, then, deserve any reward. I have, on the contrary, more reason to fear that

¹ About 52,000 francs, or £2,080 sterling. [This would be worth approximately £3,500,000 or US\$6,500,000 in 2006–Ed.].

God will judge me as responsible for all the good I could have done with the help of His grace and did not do. May your Holiness then deign to implore Him to pardon and save me in spite of my faults. May He enlighten and direct me in all things, and give me the grace to die in defense of the Faith and of Holy Church...With these feelings, most Holy Father, I implore once more a blessing for the Republic, for my family, and for myself. With your Apostolic blessing, I feel an increase of confidence in God, the source of all strength and courage."

Such were the mutual relations between Pius IX and García Moreno. Pius IX loved in García Moreno the noble, high-minded, and just man, who alone had the courage to resist the revolutionary spirit of the day. On his side, García Moreno felt a passionate devotion towards the heroic Pontiff, who was always on the breach to defend the rights and interests of the Church. These two souls were as one in their love of truth. Pius IX preached it as the great Bishop within the Church: García Moreno, as the statesman bishop without, was ever at hand to help him and to offer him, if necessary, the sacrifice of his life. Writing to one of his friends who had had an audience at the Vatican, he says: "I envy you the happiness of being able to kiss the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and to talk freely to him, for I love him as a father, and for his defense and his liberty I would give even the life of my son." Both Pius IX and García Moreno merited the supreme honor of sharing in the Passion of Jesus Christ. One was given up to the jailors of the Revolution: the other to its assassins.

CHAPTER XII

HIS RE-ELECTION
1874, 1875

WE have seen how completely the whole face of the country was changed since García Moreno had resumed supreme power. But when the year 1874 drew towards its close, the great question of the new Presidential Election began to agitate men's minds. There was no doubt that García Moreno, the idol and benefactor of the people, would obtain an immense majority of votes over any other candidate, and endless addresses, signed by thousands of electors, were issued in favor of his re-election. This exasperated the Radical party, who, beaten in 1869, hoped to have their revenge in 1875. Not to shock the people too much, they chose for their candidate the liberal Catholic, Borrero. García Moreno had in vain tried to disarm this old friend by offering him office. He always refused point blank. Again, when, in 1873, the Governor of Cuenca seized and exiled Borrero, García Moreno reversed the sentence and brought Borrero home. But this "Cato of Ecuador," as he was called, refused all his advances. Between these two men, in fact, union was impossible. When people spoke to García Moreno about the fusion of parties, he replied without hesitation: "I have always held that the struggle between good and evil was eternal. Consequently the cause of right and religion cannot be amalgamated with that of our opponents. We will welcome all those who wish to join our ranks: we will prosecute no one except for crime; but we cannot change our convictions, which are anchored in our souls, and which nothing can shake. Give up, then, all idea of my conversion, or of the fusion of parties!"¹

¹ Letter to Sarrade, March 25, 1871.

Borrero called him a narrow-minded bigot; but be that as it may, his Liberalism, together with his enmity to García Moreno, caused him to be chosen as the favored candidate of the sects, and the *New Era* of Guayaquil, edited by young men, moved heaven and earth in his favor. Borrero, however, felt that his chances of success were so small that he implored his friends not to risk the disgrace of a defeat. Then the refugees of Lima and other places tried to intimidate the electors by frantic articles against García Moreno. One of them, Pedro Moncajo, wrote a pretended biography of the President, accusing him of every imaginable crime. Another pamphlet recommended assassination as "the only way for a nation to free itself from a tyrant." The atheist Juan Montalvo, published a pamphlet called the *Perpetual Dictatorship*, which was nothing but a tissue of outrages and blasphemies against García Moreno and the Church, and called forth an indignant reply from the United States Minister. "These accusations," he wrote, "make one smile with pity and contempt for their author, especially when one knows García Moreno and his history. Having resided in Ecuador for many years, and being perfectly cognizant of all that has passed, I speak with a thorough knowledge of my subject, and I do not exaggerate when I say that García Moreno is the most illustrious man in South America." García Moreno himself received these insults with joy. "God has permitted that a pamphlet should appear by Juan Montalvo against me and the Church, in which I am stigmatized as a tyrant and a thief. I have reason to know that it is the work of the Freemasons, who have already distributed two thousand copies. But once more I thank God that I am calumniated as a Catholic."

All these maneuvers to prevent his re-election hardly affected him, as he had long wished to retire into private life. He only consented to be put in nomination if such were the absolute will of the nation, but strictly forbade his subordi-

nates to make any efforts in favor of his candidature. On July 29, 1874, his father-in-law, Ignacio de Alcazar, wrote to reproach him for his indifferentism, adding: "If the sects triumph, religion will be persecuted and public works abandoned; civil war will recommence, and you will be assassinated in order to get rid of you." García Moreno replied: "You have forgotten that I have never intrigued to obtain the Presidency, and even if I wished for it, I have no right to do anything to obtain the votes of the electors...If, by the will of God, the people give me their suffrages, I will accept the Presidency, because in that case I could not refuse, without being wanting in my duty to the nation." Again on the 12th of September, Ignacio returned to the charge, complaining of his inactivity, when his enemies were moving heaven and earth against him. "I do not understand," answered García Moreno, "what you want my Ministers to do. As private persons, they are free to vote as they like; but as public functionaries I exact that they shall not take part in any propaganda in my favor." These letters to a relation whom he so tenderly loved, prove that García Moreno submitted to his re-election, but did not wish for it.

The people, however, did not take that view, and determined to re-elect him at whatever cost; so that finally Borrero withdrew his candidature, but after a furious diatribe against García Moreno in the *New Era*, declaring that "the article in the Constitution which authorized his re-election was simply an invention of his own to ensure his perpetual Presidency." But the editors had reckoned too far on García Moreno's patience. He summoned Proaño and Valverde before the Court at Guayaquil for their seditious articles, and when the judge acquitted them, from fear of the Revolutionists, García Moreno appealed to the Tribunal of Quito. Letters from Cuenca at the same time warned him that a Revolution was about to break out in Guayaquil under the leadership of a certain Colonel Polanco, an officer of

artillery. The Government accordingly degraded Polanco, and when the Quito tribunal, with the cowardice of their Guayaquil brethren, refused to give judgment in the matter of the newspaper articles, García Moreno took the matter in his own hands. Having shown his Council the fresh dangers with which the country was threatened, he placed the provinces of Guayaquil and Cuenca in a state of siege, and having summoned before him Proano and Valverde, ordered them to disavow publicly their infamous articles. On their refusal, he exiled them to Peru; while Dr. Arizaga, the *alter ego* of Borrero, was imprisoned in Quito.

These affairs took place in the beginning of January 1875. Fifty days of the state of siege sufficed to put down the Radical insurrection. Powerless to demolish "the tyrant," as the followers of Borrero called García Moreno, they retired from the fight, leaving the "vile slaves" to reinstate García Moreno once more in the President's chair. The Election took place in May with the most perfect quiet. Without promises or menaces or any excitement, twenty-three thousand electors spontaneously and joyfully gave their votes for the man whom they justly called the savior of their country.

The Radicals, finding all their efforts fruitless to weaken his popularity, then made up their minds to resort to extreme measures, and secretly prepared their daggers and revolvers.

CHAPTER XIII

THE ASSASSINATION

IT is impossible in these days to ignore the existence of a secret society called Freemasonry, of which the secret consists in uniting itself with the devil to destroy the reign of God upon the earth. For a long time they dissimulated their infamous designs under the specious guise of philanthropy, but now they work openly. *Ecraser l'infâme*, they cry with Voltaire, which in plain English means, "Destroy Jesus Christ." "Clericalism is the great enemy," exclaimed one of their heads the other day; but when he used the word "clericalism," he meant "Christianity." The whole of the horrible ritual of the sects may be summed up in the words of Proudhon, one of their leaders: "Listen to my words. The first duty of every intelligent man is to drive the idea of God from his mind and conscience. Lying spirit, imbecile God, Thy reign is at an end! Seek for other victims among the beasts! Thou art dethroned and broken in pieces...Come, Satan come, though calumniated by priests and kings, let me embrace thee and hug thee to my breast. Thou knowest me for a long while and I know thee...God is hypocrisy and lies. God is tyranny and misery. God is the real spirit of evil. Thou, alone, O Satan, canst ennoble work, and place the seal on virtue."

All Freemasons do not use as strong language as Proudhon, but all have in their hearts the same hatred of good, and the same love of evil. Leo XIII exclaims in one of his Encyclicals, "They do not attempt to hide it any longer. They are audacious enough to lift their arm against God, and openly plot to deprive the world of all faith in Jesus Christ and His benefits."

We can easily understand, therefore, what was their rage against García Moreno, who had exposed and defeated their

schemes throughout Ecuador. All the Freemasonic newspapers throughout the world, in Europe as in America, held him up to public execration, and finally he was solemnly condemned to death by the Great Council of the Order.

The plots for his assassination became so notorious that many people implored him to take extra precautions, and not to expose so precious a life needlessly. But he would not listen. In answer to a religious who wrote to him on the subject, he wrote: "I am very grateful for your charitable advice, though it tells me nothing new. I know very well that certain men wish for my death; but these wishes only injure those who form them. Tell the person who gave you the warning that I fear God, but God alone. I forgive my enemies with all my heart; I would do good to them if I knew who they were, and if they gave me the opportunity." To Don Ignacio and other devoted friends he made similar answers. To the editor of *La Nacional* (who had denounced these Cains, comparing García Moreno to Abel, and adding: "Abel forgave his brother, but his blood did not the less cry out to Heaven for vengeance. Strike, then, O Cains; but know that God will avenge His own"), García Moreno wrote, saying:

"This is not the language a Government should hold which is striving to do what is right without fear of the consequences. If these men desire to kill me, let them come; they will not slaughter us as timid sheep...God will be our buckler against the enemy...If I fall, nothing can be more desirable or glorious for a Catholic; for the recompense is an eternal one."

The inhabitants of Quito, however, watched with increasing anxiety nightly meetings, in the house of the Peruvian Minister, of men who were well-known enemies of the President. There was Polanco, a man of good family, who had intended to become a monk, but had given up all religious practices and now vowed eternal hatred to García

Moreno. Then Moncayo, who had passed some years in a religious community, and to whom, when he came out, the President had refused office. Campuzano, an old conspirator; Andrade, the son of a peasant of Ibarra; Cornejo, a young man of respectable family, formerly devoted to García Moreno, but now perverted by the sects; lastly, a grenadier named Rayo, who had held an important post from which he had been dismissed by the President for malpractices, and now had turned saddler, to gain his livelihood, but who had vowed eternal vengeance against the man who had detected and punished him.

Another man, named Cortes, arrived at Quito under suspicious circumstances, and spent his time at the Peruvian Embassy in declaiming against despots and singing hymns of liberty. He pushed his insolence so far that García Moreno ordered him to leave the territory of the Republic. But the conspirators continued their secret correspondence with their accomplices at Lima, and that in the most audacious manner. The aide-de-camp of García Moreno found, one day, certain letters on his desk waiting for the Government stamp. Suspecting their nature, García Moreno opened them, and found they were for Urbina, from the Revolutionists of Quito. Mgr. Vanutelli, in the same way, being at Guayaquil in the month of July, 1875, on his way to embark for Europe, opened a packet of letters addressed to him from Lima, and found they were intended for Polanco, to whom he unsuspectingly forwarded them through a Jesuit Father—they contained the last instructions of the lodges!

No one could disguise the imminence of the danger, and a prelate, who was devoted to García Moreno, said to him: "It is a matter of public notoriety that the sects have publicly condemned you, and that their assassins are sharpening their poniards. For the love of God, take some precautions!" "And what precautions do you suggest?" replied the President. "Never to go out without an escort." "And who

will defend me against the escort, if they, too, should be corrupted? I would rather place my trust in God.” And he added the words of the Psalmist: *Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam.*¹

It was under these sad circumstances that he wrote his last letter to the Sovereign Pontiff, which breathes throughout, the piety of a saint and the courage of a martyr: “I implore your blessing, most Holy Father, having, without any merit on my part, been again elected President of this Catholic Republic. The new Presidential era only begins on the 30th of August, when I shall have to take the oath to the Constitution, and when it will be my duty to give official notice of it to your Holiness. But I wished to let you know it today, so as to obtain from Heaven the light and strength which I need now, more than at any other time, to remain the devoted son of our Holy Redeemer and the loyal and obedient servant of His Vicar.

“Today, when all the Masonic lodges, excited by those in Germany and Belgium, utter against me the vilest and most horrible calumnies, and are moving heaven and earth to find means to assassinate me, I need more than ever the Divine protection, so as to live and die for the defense of our holy religion and of this dear Republic which God has called upon me to govern. What greater happiness can be awarded to me, most Holy Father, than to see myself detested and calumniated for the love of our Divine Redeemer? But what still greater happiness would it be if your blessing could obtain from Heaven the grace to shed my blood for Him Who, being God, has deigned to shed every drop of His at the pillar and upon the Cross!”...He then asked two favors of the Pope: one, some nuns for the leper hospital; the other, the relics of St. Peter Claver, abandoned at Carthage.

¹ “Unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it” (Ps. 126, 1).

“Your Holiness,” he continued, “has beatified this Apostle of Catholic charity, and cannot wish his precious remains to lie in a place where they are neither appreciated nor venerated. Our poor Ecuador neither seeks for nor desires other protection than that of God, and will be too happy to have, then, another advocate in Heaven.”

Full of these holy thoughts, García Moreno set himself quietly to work to prepare his message for the coming Congress, which was to open on the 10th of August. On the Feast of St. Anne (July 26th), who was the patroness of his wife, among the many letters of congratulation which she received, was one warning her to watch with still greater vigilance over her husband’s life, as his assassins were determined before long to carry out their threats. On this occasion his friends again renewed their entreaties for him to take measures lest he should fall into their hands. He only replied joyously: “Well! what does a traveler wish but to arrive at the end of his journey? or a sailor but to see the shores of his own country after a bad and dangerous voyage? I cannot consent to have a guard. My fate is in the hands of God, Who will take me out of this world when and how it may please Him.”

On the 2nd of August a religious wrote to him from Latacunga, that the conspiracy would break out in a few days, and that a man named Rayo was amongst them. “Rayo!” exclaimed García Moreno, “it must be an infamous calumny. I saw him at Holy Communion only a few days ago; a Christian cannot be an assassin.” In fact, this man had so dissembled his villainy, and the President mistrusted him so little, that, wishing to take a ride with his boy on the 10th of August, he had ordered a new saddle for the little Gabriel from this very Rayo!

On the 4th of August he wrote a last letter to his friend, Juan Aguirre, who, ever since his college days, had been his intimate friend. A few months before, on the eve of starting

for Europe, Juan had come to wish him good-bye. After a long and intimate talk, García Moreno accompanied his friend to the door, and embracing him warmly, exclaimed: "I feel we shall never see each other again; it is our last good-bye!" Then, turning aside not to show the tears which rushed into his eyes, he repeated: "Adiós! we shall never meet again on earth." On the 4th of August he reminded his friend of this presentiment, and added: "I am about to be assassinated, but I am happy to die for my faith. We shall meet one another in Heaven."

On the 5th of August, wishing to finish his message to Congress, he told his aide-de-camp not to admit anyone. Towards evening, a priest arrived and implored to see the President. The officer refused; but the priest insisted, saying that the communication he had to make could not be put off until the next day. Being admitted, he said: "You have been warned that your death was decreed by the Freemasons; but you have not been told when. I have just heard that the assassins are going to try and carry out their plot at once, perhaps tomorrow. For God's sake, take your measures accordingly!" "I have already received similar warnings," replied García Moreno calmly, "and after having calmly reflected, I have come to the conclusion that the only measure I can take is to prepare myself to appear before God." And he then went on with his work as if a message of no importance had been given to him. It was remarked, nevertheless, that he passed the greater part of the night in prayer.

The next day was the 6th of August, the Feast of the Transfiguration. At six o'clock in the morning he went as usual to the Dominican Church to hear Mass. It was the First Friday of the month, the day specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart. With many others of the faithful, the President drew near to the altar, and received the God of the Eucharist, as the Viaticum for his last journey, for after having received

so many warnings, he could not doubt that he was in danger of death. He prolonged his thanksgiving and prayer until eight o'clock.

The conspirators had been watching him all morning, and were stationed in the square opposite the church in little groups, where they remained during Mass. They meant to attack him on coming out of church, but were deterred by the number of people who came out at the same time. He therefore came back safely to his own house, spent some time with his wife and son, and then went to his own room to give the last touches to his message, which he was to communicate that day to his Ministers.

Towards one o'clock, with his manuscript in his hand, he went with his aide-de-camp towards the Palace, stopping on his way at a relation of his wife's, whose house was on the Plaza Major. As the heat was extreme, he took some cooling drink, which put him in a perspiration, and obliged him to button up his coat on going out—an insignificant act which nevertheless had fatal consequences. At this moment, the conspirators were in a *café* in the square watching the movements of their victim. As soon as they perceived him, they went out, one by one, and hid behind the columns of the peristyle, each in the place assigned to him by Polanco, who himself went to the other side of the square to watch the event. The President, before going to the Palace, wished to adore the Blessed Sacrament which that day was exposed in the Cathedral.² For a long time he remained kneeling on the floor of the church absorbed in recollection and prayer. As, at the approach of night, created objects disappear, and nature seems to repose in a solemn calm, God, at that supreme moment, dispelled all earthly thoughts from the soul of His servant, and drew him nearer to Himself, in the

² The Cathedral and the Palace or Government House, form one of the angles of the Plaza Major.

repose of a celestial union. One of the assassins, Rayo, impatient of a delay which might prove fatal to their plans, sent a messenger to the President to say that he was wanted for some pressing business. García Moreno rose at once, left the Cathedral, and had already made three or four steps towards the door of the palace, when Rayo, drawing a huge cutlass (called in the country a *machete*) from under his cloak, inflicted a terrible wound on his shoulder. "Vile assassin!" cried the President, trying in vain to seize his revolver in his buttoned-up coat, while Rayo inflicted a fresh wound on his head, and the other conspirators fired at him with their revolvers. At that moment, a young man sprang upon Rayo, and tried to disarm him, but was wounded himself, and had to let go his hold. Pierced with balls, and with his head bleeding, the heroic victim still tried to defend himself and disengage his revolver, when Rayo, with a double blow of his cutlass, severed his left arm, and cut off his right hand. A second discharge threw the martyr to the bottom of the steps, where, stretched on the ground, and covered with blood, he remained motionless, when the ferocious Rayo again assailed him, crying out, "Die, destroyer of liberty!" "*Dios no muere!*"³ murmured for the last time the Christian hero.

All this was the work of a moment. The noise of the firing drew everyone to the windows, while a panic filled every heart. The public functionaries barricaded the Palace, thinking that they were all about to be murdered. The aide-de-camp had rushed off to the barracks for help, while Polanco, Cornejo, and Andrade took to flight, crying: "The tyrant is dead!" Women flew to help the President from their shops under the arcade, rending the air with their cries. In a few minutes the square was filled with people, the soldiers in vain seeking for the assassins, the priests of the Cathedral

³ "God does not die!"

hurrying to give the last consolations of religion to the murdered man, if he were still breathing. He could not answer them or move, but his eyes showed that he was not unconscious. He was carried into the Cathedral and laid at the feet of Our Lady of Seven Dolors.

A surgeon tried to stop his gaping wounds, but it was useless. His livid and discolored lips showed that he was on the point of expiring. A priest asked him to forgive his murderers; his dying look answered that he had done so. The pardon of God descended upon him with the absolution; Extreme Unction was administered to him in the midst of the sobs and tears of all the assistants, and a quarter of an hour later he expired.

During this quarter of an hour of agony another scene took place in the square. A ball, intended for the President, struck Rayo in the leg, so that he could not escape with the rest. Thinking to provoke a Radical demonstration, he brandished his weapon in the air, glorying in having "immolated the tyrant." One of the soldiers, furious at the death of his beloved general, pointed his gun at him. "You have no right to kill me!" screamed Rayo. "And you, what right had you to assassinate my master?" replied the soldier, and shot him dead on the spot. His body, seized by the furious people, was dragged with every indignity, by a cord round his neck, through the streets of the city and finally thrown into a public cesspool, only to be buried afterwards in a spot reserved for parricides and excommunicated persons. Large checks from the Bank of Peru, found in the pockets of the assassin, proved that the venerable Order of Freemasons, like the Great Council of the Jews, does not spare its gold to the Judas it employs.

In the evening of that fatal day the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Guayraud, made an official report on the body of the President. The martyr had received five or six bullets and fourteen blows of the terrible cutlass, one of which had



*“ He was carried into the Cathedral and laid at the feet of
Our Lady of Seven Dolors.”*

pierced the brain. He had, in fact, seven or eight mortal wounds. On the breast of the President was a relic of the True Cross, the scapular of the Passion, and that of the Sacred Heart. Round his neck they found his rosary, to which a medal was attached representing on one side Pope Pius IX, and on the other the Vatican Council. The effigy of Pius IX was stained with his blood, as if to prove by this touching symbolism that the love of the Church and its Head had caused the death of the glorious martyr. An *agenda* of his daily notes was also found upon him. On the last page he had, on that very day, written in pencil these few words, which are worthy of a saint: "My Savior, Jesus Christ, give me greater love for Thee and profound humility, and teach me what I should do this day for Thy greater glory and service." If we ask ourselves why God permitted that the blood of one whom He had created expressly, as it seemed, for the regeneration of his country and the triumph of the Church, should be shed by vile criminals, we can only answer that it pleases God to glorify in a special manner those who have the most bravely confessed His truth. The supreme glory is to seal with one's blood the truth one has defended by word and deed. God gave this glory to His Son, to the martyrs of the Church throughout all ages, and to García Moreno. But did the people, so devoted to him, deserve this chastisement? No, but let them take courage. As the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, so the blood of García Moreno will produce, not only in Ecuador but in other nations, true champions of the people and of the Church of God. A man dies, but God does not—*Dios no muere*.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MOURNING

1875

NO sooner had the death of García Moreno become known than the whole town went into mourning. The streets were hung with black, the bells tolled from all the churches, the cannon sounded hour by hour, and the grief of the people was so universal that one might have imagined that each family had lost its dearest member. Instead of breaking out in a Revolution, as the Radicals hoped, the whole capital was filled with sorrow and consternation.

The official journals justly interpreted the public feeling when they wrote: "Under the weight of this terrible and unexpected sorrow all life seems to have stopped short; men's lips are dumb and their hearts fail them...By destroying our chief, a band of villains flattered themselves that they would at the same time annihilate our religion and our country. But the spirit of García Moreno abides with us, and the martyr in Heaven will plead for his sorrowing people."

In fact, there was not a semblance of disorder: the assassins fled in different directions so as not to be themselves torn in pieces by public vengeance. The Vice-President, Don Xavier Leon, was declared the head of the Executive, and placed the Republic in a state of siege. By a circular addressed to the Governors of the Provinces he ordered them to use every means to track the murderers...Appealing to the army, he said: "Officers and soldiers! Men, whose hands are still red with the blood of your beloved General-in-Chief, may strive to enlist you under another banner than that of religion and your country. But you will not forget his teaching—you will be faithful to his laws. Brave soldiers! Turn your eyes towards Heaven,

see on the head of him for whom you are weeping the glorious crown of a martyr, and swear to defend the institutions for which he gave his life." From Cuenca, Guayaquil, and all the other provinces came protestations of devotion to the country and of the deepest sorrow, while the whole Diplomatic Corps associated itself with the grief of the nation. The 9th of August was the day fixed for the public funeral in the metropolitan church. On the catafalque were engraved these words as a summary of his life: "To the regenerator of his country and the invincible defender of the Catholic faith." During the three days which elapsed between his death and the funeral, the body was exposed, seated in an arm-chair, dressed in his presidential uniform and surrounded by his guards. One would have thought he was only asleep. His assassins had hacked his body to pieces, but respected his face, of which the manly and expressive features remained intact. During three days the sobbing people crowded without intermission round the bier, not only from Quito, but from all the neighborhood. An interminable procession of men, women, and children went to pray by the body, and left it, crying bitterly, and exclaiming: "We have lost our father! He has shed his blood for us!" On the day of the funeral a magnificent catafalque was erected in the Cathedral, on which lay the body of the President in his General's uniform, the head still uncovered. Then came the Archbishop and his clergy, the members of the Government, and all the civil and military authorities. Only the President's chair of state remained vacant, and at the sight of that the people burst out in tears and groans. The emotion was redoubled when Don Vincent Cuesta¹ applied the words of Holy Writ to this new Judas Machabeus: "The people of Israel bewailed him with great lamentations and

¹ Dean of the Cathedral of Riobamba and Senator.

said: How is the mighty man fallen that saved the people of Israel?" (I Machabees ix. 20, 21). After dwelling on the terrible event he exclaimed: "O! God of nations! How is it Thou hast permitted this sentinel of Thy House, this defender of Thy Church, the glory and pride of his people, thus to fall by the hands of the impious, bathed in his own blood? O! my God! prostrate before Thine infinite Majesty, we can but adore Thine inscrutable designs. Thou hast given him to us and Thou hast taken him away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! We will strive to drive from our hearts all feelings of vengeance, and will not even ask his assassins: Cains, what have you done with the blood of this just man?"

Sobs stifled the voice of the orator as he described not only his public acts, but his personal and private virtues, his faith, piety, charity, and zeal, and his late noble protest against the invasion of the Pontifical States, which had attracted the attention of the whole world to their nation, and added: "The soldier of God has died as a martyr to his zeal and his faith." Then, apostrophizing the body, he exclaimed: "García Moreno! Your eyes do not see our tears! Your ears cannot hear the lamentations of your people! Your noble heart no longer beats in your breast, but your soul understands us! Ah! from that happy region to which your heroic virtue has brought you, look down in pity on your children! Do not abandon your country to anarchy and ruin! Ask of God to raise up a man worthy to succeed you, one who will carry on your great work and will know how to say, with you, *Adveniat regnum tuum.*"

Towards the end of the ceremony the rumor spread among the people that an attempt had been made to murder little Gabriel, the late President's son, and that some men had disinterred Rayo to place him in consecrated ground. The body of García Moreno was, in consequence, secretly and provisionally placed in an unknown grave, so as to save it from the risk of sacrilegious profanation.

These infamies so exasperated the people that they were determined to make an end of the assassins. Polanco and Campuzano were already in prison. The former hoped that a Radical *pronunciamento* would follow on the President's assassination, but on seeing the indignation of the people and the fury of the soldiers, he ran to take refuge in a shop, and afterwards tried to escape to a safer retreat. But the soldiers followed and seized him. Young Cornejo had hid himself in a hut on the mountains, and sent a servant to get his things. But this man found the house deserted. Cornejo's parents, inconsolable at the crime of their son, had disappeared, so that all he could do was to go with a light and try to collect some of the clothes of the fugitive. One of the neighbors watched and followed him; the servant was arrested and condemned to be instantly shot unless he would reveal Cornejo's hiding-place. Cornejo, hearing through an Indian of the approach of the troops, escaped to the woods. The soldiers surrounded them, but finding that he could not be dislodged from the thickets, the exasperated peasants set fire to the forest. Seeing the flames coming near him, Cornejo got into the hollow of a tree, and had nearly baffled pursuit when he lifted up his head to get some air, was seen by a soldier and nearly torn to pieces by the people. Tried by a council of war, Cornejo made a complete confession, which proved that Polanco had been the soul of the whole tragedy. Condemned to death, Cornejo expressed true contrition and wrote a letter to his mother, saying: "I am glad to die to expiate my crime and to have had the happiness before my death of being reconciled to God. If I had escaped I should have been lost forever." Just before, Campuzano had paid his debt to justice. After his condemnation he was offered life if he would reveal the names of his accomplices. "It is useless," exclaimed the poor wretch, "my companions would never forgive me. I had rather be shot than stabbed."



“The soldiers surrounded them, but finding that he could not be dislodged from the thickets, the exasperated peasants set fire to the forest.”

Polanco, strangely enough, was only condemned to ten years' imprisonment. But God was less patient than the court. He escaped two years later during a Revolution, and, pouring out blasphemies against the Sacred Heart, told the soldier to fire on the banner, when a ball hit him dead on the spot.

Andrade and Moncajo managed to gain the frontier and remained in exile until the temporary triumph of Veintimilla in 1877. But although, to the great scandal of the people, the Radical Government allowed them to return, they were obliged to fly from the menaces and contempt of their countrymen, who would have nothing to say to García Moreno's murderers.

A few days after the funeral, the Chambers met. Vice-President Leon informed the senators and deputies of the measures taken to preserve public order, and added: "It is at the election of a new President that men of honor must meet. We will leave revolt and assassination to others. As for me, I only wish to return into private life. I should prefer exile to supreme power when I see what has been the reward given to the most noble and generous of men. As the Minister, the friend and companion of the late President, I have now but one wish, and that is, to weep, in the midst of my family, for the purest, best, and most virtuous man I have ever known."

The Minister of the Interior then presented to Congress the message which García Moreno had in his hand at the moment of his assassination. It was impossible to express the emotion caused in the House by the sight of this manuscript, all stained with his blood, in which this father of his people had expressed his supreme wishes, and the reading of which was listened to in a kind of religious silence.

"A few years ago," wrote García Moreno, "Ecuador repeated sadly the complaint of Bolívar when he addressed his last message to the Congress of 1830: *I blush to own it.*

We have conquered our independence, it is true, but at the cost of every other good."

"Since the time that, placing all our hope in God, we have left the current of impiety and apostasy which seems to carry away the world in these days of blindness, and that we have reorganized ourselves (in 1869) as a really Catholic country, all has gone on improving from day to day for the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country." Then he gave a summary of all that had been done in the different branches of the administration, and wound up with the touching words:

"In a few days the mandate confided to me in 1869 will have expired. The Republic has enjoyed six years of peace, and during that time, has marched on steadily in the path of progress under the visible protection of Divine Providence. The results obtained would have been greater if I had possessed all the qualities required for good government, or if, to do good, it were enough ardently to desire it.

"If I have committed faults, I ask your pardon for them a thousand times, and beg my countrymen to believe that my will has never ceased to try and follow out what seemed to me best for the nation. If, on the contrary, you think I have succeeded in anything, attribute the merit first to God and to the Immaculate dispenser of the treasures of His mercy; and next, to yourselves, to the people, to the army, and to all those who in the different branches of the Government have helped me, with so much intelligence and fidelity, to carry out my difficult duties."

The Congress was worthy of such a message. It answered by a manifesto in honor of García the Great—"Great, not only in the eyes of the people of Ecuador, but of America and of the whole world"; and determined to perpetuate his memory by raising a monument to commemorate the benefits he had conferred on his country. In the session of the 16th of September, they issued a decree in

which, after enumerating the many great works he had successfully undertaken and carried out "in the religious, moral, material, and intellectual order," it adds:

"Ecuador, by the mouth of its representatives, accords to the memory of the most excellent Don Gabriel García Moreno the homage of her eternal gratitude; and to glorify him according to his deserts, discerns to him the name of *The Regenerator of his country, and the Martyr of Catholic Civilization*. To preserve his mortal remains, a mausoleum shall be raised, worthy of this great and noble man, on a site chosen by the Executive. To recommend his glorious name to the esteem and respect of posterity, a marble statue shall be raised in his honor, which shall bear on its pedestal the following inscription: *To García Moreno, the most noble of the sons of Ecuador, dying for religion and his country, a grateful Republic*.

"In the halls of the Municipal Council and other official assemblies, the bust of García Moreno shall be also placed, with the inscription: *To the Regenerator of his country; to the Martyr of Catholic Civilization*. The great national road and the railroad, which were the principal material works of the late President, shall both bear the name of García Moreno."

We must go far back in history before we shall find a man grand enough to deserve such praises, or a people just enough to award them. But all nations combined to do him honor, not only in New Granada and Chili, but in Buenos Aires, Lima, and in North America, the most eloquent panegyrics of the hero and martyr appeared in every paper. The Confraternity of St. Michael at New York decreed that on the 6th of August a Solemn Mass should be offered up yearly "on this glorious anniversary, at which all the members of the confraternity should assist, with the intention of asking God, through the intercession of this

great Christian martyr, that his heroism should fill the hearts of all Catholics from one end of America to the other.”

In Europe the sensation caused by his death was almost as great. The papers in Spain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and England vied with one another in describing the episodes of his glorious life, and still more heroic death. In Paris, at St. Sulpice, solemn obsequies were celebrated in his honor, while at Notre Dame an eloquent sermon preached by a well-known Jesuit orator asked his hearers to recognize in García Moreno “the just man of our century.” Louis Veuillot, in the *Univers* of September 27, 1875, wrote a magnificent editorial in his honor; and, above all, Pius IX publicly honored this son who was, in deed and in truth, so worthy of him. In an address to the pilgrims of Laval on the 20th of September, after speaking of the iniquities committed by the sects, not only in Europe but in America, that great Pontiff continued with tears in his voice: “In the midst of all this, the Republic of Ecuador was miraculously distinguished by the spirit of justice and the unshakeable faith of its President, who showed himself ever the submissive son of the Church, full of devotion for the Holy See, and of zeal to maintain religion and piety throughout his nation. And now the impious, in their blind fury, look upon, as an insult to their pretended modern civilization, the existence of a Government, which, while consecrating itself to the material well-being of the people, strives at the same time to assure its moral and spiritual progress. Then, in the councils of darkness organized by the sects, these villains decreed the murder of the illustrious President. He fell under the steel of an assassin, as a victim to his faith and Christian charity... For Pius IX also, the death of García Moreno is the death of a martyr.”

The Pope did not limit himself to words. A few days later he had a magnificent funeral service celebrated for the soul of García Moreno, as Pontiffs do when God has taken

away one of the most eminent children of the Church; and when certain Italian Catholics determined to erect a statue in his honor, Pius IX largely contributed to it, and placed it in the American College. On the four sides of this monument is the following inscription:

RELIGIONIS INTEGERRIMUS CUSTOS,
 AUCTOR STUDIORUM OPTIMORUM,
 OBSEQUENTISSIMUS IN CHRISTI SEDEM
 JUSTITIÆ CULTOR, SCELERUM VINDEX.²

The marble likewise tells the story of his martyrdom, and the profound mourning of the Catholic world:

GABRIEL GARCÍA MORENO
 SUMMUS REIPUBLICÆ QUITENSIS
 IN AMERICA PRÆSES IMPIA MANU
 PER PRODITIONEM INTEREMPTUS NONIS AUG.
 A.D. MDCCCLXXV
 CUJUS VIRTUTEM ET GLORIOSÆ MORTIS
 CAUSAM
 ADMIRATIONE ET LAUDIBUS DIRI CASUS
 ATROCITATEM
 BONI OMNES PROSECUTI SUNT. PIUS IX PONT.
 MAX.
 PECUNIA SUA ET PLURIM, CATHOL.
 COLLATIONE EGREGIE
 DE ECCLESIA ET REPUBLICA MERITO.³

2 To the faithful guardian of Religion,
 Patron of the sciences,
 Most devoted to the Holy See,
 Upholder of justice, avenger of crime.

3 Gabriel Garcia Moreno
 President of the Republic of Ecuador

Pius IX and García Moreno, both crusaders against the Revolution, one martyred by it, the other imprisoned, the prisoner praising the martyr before the world—and God, “Who never dies,” crowning both—this is indeed a glorious remembrance on which to dwell.

Treacherously assassinated by the hand of the wicked
On August 6th, 1875.
Good men of the whole world
Celebrated his heroic virtues,
His glorious death for the faith,
And wept over the crime which took him from the world.
The Sovereign Pontiff Pope Pius IX
By his munificence
To the courageous defender.

EPILOGUE

ECUADOR AFTER GARCÍA MORENO

OUR readers will probably ask themselves, with some anxiety, what became of the Christian Republic after the crime of the 6th of August? Did the Revolution succeed in its odious and bloody reaction, or were the people faithful to their great and heroic chief?

A glance at the history of the Republic during the subsequent ten or twelve years will show the political wisdom and foresight, as well as the posthumous influence, of the martyred hero.

CHAPTER I

THE PRESIDENT BORRERO

1875, 1876

THE day after the assassination, the Vice-President Leon consented to remain in power until the election of a new President. Ecuador in consequence remained calm and quiet for three months. But then came the fresh elections, and the Liberal Borrero was chosen, whose first act was to inveigh against the Constitution which he had sworn to defend. The Radicals, enchanted at his proposed reforms, began to agitate the whole country in his favor. An old officer unveiled the plot of the Revolutionists, who wished to substitute Pedro Carbo for Borrero and bring back Urbina as General-in-Chief of the army. "I pity Borrero," exclaimed the veteran. "If he yields to the Radical cry, he will lose himself and the country with him. His only chance is to adopt the motto of García Moreno: 'Liberty for all and for everything, except for evil and for wrongdoers.'"

Borrero tried to temporize between the two parties, but allowed the most shameful abuse of religion in the papers, and dismissed such of the Ministers as were unfavorable to his new plans of reform.

To his great disgust, however, the people remained faithful to their late chief, and on the anniversary of his death, in 1876, made a magnificent demonstration in his honor. The whole city went into mourning, while at his solemn obsequies in the Cathedral, everyone attended save Borrero himself and a few of his officials. Don Miguel Garces pronounced the funeral oration, in which he declared that "if Constantine were considered great for having given peace to the Church, Theodosius for having protected it, and Charlemagne for having saved it from the barbarians, García Moreno, with still more faith, zeal, and energy, had made

himself the champion of the holiest of causes"; and, "that to eclipse all other heroes, he had only needed a wider field for his great genius."

But Borrero continued blind to the political wisdom of his predecessor. To try their strength, the Radicals organized a Revolution in Guayaquil, which was easily put down, but the leaders of which were pardoned by Borrero. To find a more effective tool, they then pitched upon Veintimilla, a man without faith or principle, ignorant, stupid, a drunkard and a gambler, whom they insisted on having as commandant of the troops at Guayaquil. Even Borrero was startled at this demand, but too weak to resist, he gave him the appointment. Veintimilla began by dismissing all the good and faithful officers to replace them with his accomplices. Borrero, warned of his treason, wrote to expostulate.

Veintimilla replied "that if he had changed his subordinates it was only because he suspected their loyalty, they having served the tyrant (García Moreno!) for fifteen years; that if the President disapproved of this act of prudence, he, Veintimilla, could only resign; since a soldier, like a woman, has only his honor, which if once doubted, is lost forever."

Borrero was foolish enough to believe in him.

Veintimilla next asked for some troops to be sent to him from Quito, pretending to fear an insurrection on the approaching feast of the Independence. In spite of the entreaties of his friends, Borrero fell into the trap, and sent him the men and arms required.

All means of defense being thus taken away from the capital, Veintimilla threw aside the mask. On the 8th of September, the Radicals issued a proclamation, declaring that "Borrero was a traitor to all Liberal principles, and by his absurd policy, was perpetuating institutions incompatible with a democratic Government, so that they refused any longer to obey him, and proclaimed the great citizen, Ignacio Veintimilla, President of the Republic."

Borrero was thunderstruck at this treachery, and instantly made an appeal to arms. The Conservatives joined him to repress the revolt; but unhappily, Borrero always mistrusted them, and refused to employ the only capable generals. The troops remained inactive at Guaranda for a month, during which time Veintimilla's preparations were completed, and he marched on Guaranda at the head of an army, while Urbina attacked Riobamba with a smaller corps. General Sáenz, having only a small force at Guaranda, went to meet Urbina, who defeated him in the battle of Galte, while Veintimilla, passing through the feeble troops at Guaranda, arrived in triumph at Quito. The country fell altogether into the hands of the red Republicans; Borrero was thrown into prison, where he lingered for two months and was finally exiled to Lima; and thus the great work of García Moreno was threatened with entire destruction.

CHAPTER II

THE DICTATOR VEINTIMILLA

1877-1883

UNDER the specious name of *regeneration*, Veintimilla brought to his country ruin and death. A decree of February 1, 1877, on the secularization of education, inaugurated the era of persecution. The Bishops and clergy protested; they were threatened with exile; then the Archbishop of Quito, Mgr. Checa, declared that he would "oppose with all his strength the propagation of error in his diocese." A fortnight later, this holy and venerable prelate was poisoned on Good Friday, strychnine having been put into the wine used for the Holy Sacrifice!! Then the Government ordered a funeral service to be celebrated in memory of the soldiers who had fallen in the revolt of Veintimilla, "victims of their devotion to liberty and their hatred of tyrants." Needless to say that the Bishops refused to allow their ministry to be thus profaned.

Veintimilla vowed to be revenged, and chose for his next victim, Dr. Ansenio Andrade, Vicar-Capitular of Quito. A body of young men, without arms, had striven to resist the tyrant and been defeated. Veintimilla ordered the church bells to be rung to celebrate the victory. Andrade refused: Veintimilla inflicted a fine on all the clergy of the capital. Andrade forbade them to pay it; and then feeling sure of arrest, left in the hands of the chapter a decree of interdict on all the churches, which was to be carried out twenty-four hours after his seizure. This was done; the churches were all closed, and the people in sorrow and consternation, met in the public squares, exasperated against the Government, and organized public processions of penance to disarm the wrath of God. Two days later, the great volcano of Cotopaxi burst into eruption, bridges were destroyed, clouds of ashes darkened the air, whole villages disappeared, and for three

days, the thickest darkness covered the whole country, so that the frightened people thought the hour of the Last Judgment was at hand. But neither the terrors of God nor of man arrested the action of the Government. A decree of the 28th of June suspended the Concordat and re-established the law of patronage. The Bishops protested as one man. The Bishop of Riobamba pronounced a sentence of excommunication against all, whether priests or laymen, who should obey the new decree. Andrade withdrew the interdict from compassion for the faithful; and, concealed in the woods of Pichincha, lived as an anchorite, while administering, as well as he could, to the needs of the Church at Quito.

Veintimilla then tried to starve the clergy into submission by declaring that every bishop and priest, unless they obeyed his orders, should be deprived of their ecclesiastical revenues. The venerable Archbishop of Cuenca tried to reason with him upon these attempts at sacrilege, and exclaimed, "You incur one anathema and excommunication after the other. Have you forgotten, General Veintimilla, that you have a soul? Do you think God will not demand of you an account of your actions? Have you made a pact with death or do you fancy there is no Hell?...As bishop and as citizen I protest against this, and all your other attempts against the Church of God."

Veintimilla remained deaf to all remonstrances, but the people trembled with indignation. Even the Liberals remembered with sorrow the prophetic words of García Moreno: "I do not want you, but you will want me. When I shall be no longer at hand to protect you, you will become the prey of the Revolutionists." The patriots of Quito grouped themselves around General Yépez and fought in the streets of the capital until their last cartridge was exhausted. This exasperated the Radical party, who accused the Bishops of having favored the rising. The Bishop of Loja was obliged to escape across the frontier; the Bishop of Guayaquil was



“The Apostolic Nuncio officiated amidst the tears of the assistants, and a beautiful funeral oration was pronounced by Fr. Proaño, S.J.”

poisoned; the Bishop of Riobamba was only saved from his assassins by hiding in the mountains. All the notabilities of the Conservative party, magistrates, generals, or officials were either imprisoned or sent into exile. Veintimilla hoped thus to induce the people to submit, but he was mistaken. The public indignation rose to such a height, and the cries of "Down with Veintimilla" became so menacing, that the Dictator found himself compelled either to fly or to change his policy. He made up his mind, at last, to get rid of Urbina and Montalvo, and to be reconciled with the Bishops and the Church. He did so by placing himself under the protection of the Convention, which met again in 1878.

When Pedro Carbo proposed to suppress the clause which declared "the Catholic religion to be that of the State," Julio Castro, the Vice-President, opposed the motion on the ground of inexpediency, and asserted that the Government "was bound to support the actual state of things, which was, unity of belief." Then twenty-eight deputies proposed the abrogation of the decree suspending the Concordat, but the violence of Urbina stopped, for a time, this act of justice. The question of the liberty of the Press next came under discussion, and restrictive laws were imposed, to the rage of the Radicals. But Veintimilla had suddenly become a Conservative, and decreed that all the priests should be recalled from exile, and that Dr. Andrada and others, who had been pursued from political motives, should enjoy henceforth perfect liberty. Veintimilla, in fact, only wished to have an opportunity to indulge his passions and live at his ease.

During the four succeeding years, the revenues of the State were entirely absorbed in pandering to the vice and luxuries of the President and to paying off Urbina and his insatiable friends for the damages they pretended to have suffered under the reign of the "tyrant" García Moreno. The dilapidation of the public finances was such that no Finance

Minister had the courage to give in his accounts. All public works were stopped. Even the new roads were allowed to fall into decay. The university and colleges closed, the professors dismissed, the students scattered—such, at the commencement of 1882, was the sad spectacle offered by Ecuador.

The Conservatives rejoiced to see the end approaching of this fatal Presidency. But Veintimilla, only listening to his ambition, went to Guayaquil and got himself elected by his friends as a permanent Dictator; and then hoping to throw dust in the eyes of the Conservatives, he solemnly received the Apostolic Nuncio, to whom he declared that his only anxiety was to preserve and even draw closer the links which bound the nation to the Holy See. As a proof of his sincerity, he restored the Concordat and appointed his old enemy, Riobamba, as Archbishop of Quito.

But he had reckoned too long on the patience of the people. They had tolerated a Constitutional President; they could not stand a permanent Dictator. The whole nation flew to arms. In the name of García Moreno, of Ascasubi, and of Flores, they appealed to the army to become once more the real defenders of their country. On the 10th of January, the patriots surrounded and entered Quito, and after a sanguinary battle, took possession of the capital. Six months later, Veintimilla was driven out of Guayaquil, his last refuge, as, twenty-five years before, García Moreno had driven out Franco, the last of Urbina's lieutenants: and the reign of tyranny was at an end.

CHAPTER III

THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED

HEART

1883-1886

THE Republic of Ecuador could then calculate what the abandonment of the principles of García Moreno had cost her. In eight months the Liberalism of Borrero had thrown her into the hands of the Radicals; and during the following eight years the country had been completely ruined. All the public works of García Moreno had been stopped; the Treasury was empty; the schools and colleges closed; and nothing but bloodshed, poisonings, and plots were heard of on every side. Three things only had, to a certain degree, arrested the total destruction of all García Moreno's labors: the conduct of the clergy, who, in spite of persecutions and exile had held to their high Catholic standard; the strong Catholic feeling of the people, who had clung to their Bishops and, in many cases, forced the Radicals to draw back; and above all, God, "Who does not die," became, by the consecration of the Republic to the Sacred Heart, the official protector of Ecuador, and had at last delivered the country from the hands of her tyrants. García Moreno had prophesied: "After my death, Ecuador will fall again into the hands of the Revolutionists, who will govern her as despots, under the specious name of Liberalism. But the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom I have consecrated my country, will save her once more, that she may live honored and free under the safeguard of true Catholic principles."

The provisional Government, grateful for their unexpected victory, echoed the feelings of the people by decreeing immediately the erection of a national church, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, to be built at the cost of the

State, though aided by voluntary contributions. Of course, this proposal met with violent opposition from the Radical benches in the Chambers, they, pretending that God did not need temples made with hands to show gratitude for His benefits. But Dr. Matovelle, as champion of the Catholic cause, showed how the object of this monumental church was not to increase the number of churches, but to make a public, solemn, and national manifestation of the Catholic faith. "Gentlemen!" the orator exclaimed. "The great crime of our days is the mean and cowardly apostasy of all the nations of the earth. All Governments have ceased to recognize the social rights of Jesus Christ and of His Church...What we desire is that the Convention of 1884 should fall on its knees before the Divine Head of all the kingdoms of the earth; that the Republic should renew her original consecration and raise a durable monument to attest to all future generations that Ecuador is the Republic of the Sacred Heart, not of the imaginary God of the Pantheists, but of the true God, Our Lord Jesus Christ." Moved by these noble words, more than three parts of the deputies voted for the proposal. The work of García Moreno had thus borne its fruit and proved that his memory was profoundly anchored in the hearts of his people.

The Honorable José Maria Caamaño, one of the leading men of the Conservative party, had been elected President a year before the tenth anniversary of the terrible drama at Quito, and he determined on a solemn glorification of the Christian hero whom the miserable tyrants of the preceding years had so wantonly insulted.

On the 6th of August, the whole city being hung with black, a magnificent service was held in the Cathedral in the presence of all the Bishops, the President, and the civil and military dignitaries. All eyes turned lovingly to the young Gabriel, then fifteen years of age, who for the first time publicly led the mourning for his noble father. Around him were

grouped the widow and relations of García Moreno, the circle of "young Catholics," which he had established, the nobility of Quito, and an innumerable number of people of all ranks. The Apostolic Nuncio officiated amidst the tears of the assistants, and a beautiful funeral oration was pronounced by Fr. Proaño, S.J., in which he dwelt on his noble nature, his admirable character, and the signal benefits he had conferred on his country winding up with the words: "His murderers declared that August 6, 1875, would open out to the country a new era of peace and prosperity; that the death of the Ecuador Colossus would give a fresh start to civilization and progress. Fools! how have they kept their promises?...*Et nunc, reges, intelligite!*"

The new President was worthy to listen to these great lessons: Conservative and Catholic, devoted to the Church and to the people, he did not understand a policy which made a pact with Revolution. It is said that the day when he was to swear on the Gospels not to undertake anything against the Catholic Church, he went to see the widow of García Moreno and asked her to lend him the scarf of her illustrious and noble husband. "I hold," he said, "to people looking upon me as the humble successor of his glorious and loyal policy." "I will not lend it, but give it to you," replied that noble-minded lady. "No one is more worthy to wear it than yourself."

On June 21, 1886, a great Eucharistic Congress was held in Quito to celebrate the second centenary of the public worship of the Church to the Sacred Heart. The Chambers were closed on that day; so that the whole of the deputies, with the President at their head, should celebrate this national *fête*. At sunrise, salvos of artillery woke the whole city. At seven o'clock the whole of the churches were filled with men and women of every rank to receive Holy Communion. In the Cathedral alone, ten thousand souls received the Bread of Life. Then followed a solemn Act of

Faith and Reparation, pronounced by the Archbishop in presence of all the civil, military, and ecclesiastical authorities. It ran as follows:

“King of kings! and Lord of lords! on Whom alone depend all the empires and nations of the earth, in gratitude for Thy great mercies, the public authorities of Church and State, prostrate at Thy feet, offer to Thy Divine Heart, and consecrate to It forever, the Republic of Ecuador. Deign to accept this people as Thy heritage, to reign over them forever, to deliver them from their enemies, and to show to the whole world the happiness enjoyed by a nation, which has chosen Thee for its Savior and its God.”

Then began, amidst the tears of the assistants, the Act of Expiation and Reparation for all the offences committed against the Divine Majesty. “Lord and God, our Creator and Master, by Whom alone all kings reign and legislators rule the nations of the world, to Thee are due solemn acts of praise and thanksgiving for having defended us from our enemies and overwhelmed us with Thy gifts. But alas! instead of corresponding with Thy goodness, we have sinned against Thee, we have trodden under foot Thy Divine Laws, and deserved all Thy chastisements. Look not upon our iniquities, O Lord! but only upon Thy mercy.

Then followed the Litany of Reparation, the responses being said by the whole people.

“For all our iniquities.”

“Pardon us, good Lord.”

“For the sins of Thy priests.”

“Pardon! pardon!”

“For the injustices of our rulers,

“For the faults of our magistrates,

“For the sins of fathers of families,

“For the crimes of unworthy men,

“For their impieties and blasphemies,

“For their perjuries and sacrileges,

“For our Revolutions and fratricidal wars,

“For the attacks against ecclesiastical authority,

“For the plots against civil authority,

“For the horrible crimes of the 6th of August and 30th of March,

“For the shameful excesses of the Press,

“For our political crimes,

“For our public scandals,

“In a word, for all our social iniquities,”

“*Pardon. us, good Lord! pardon us!*” cried the whole immense multitude as with one voice.

A few days after this act of public expiation, the Feast of the Sacred Heart reunited again all the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, who, with the President at their head, consecrated themselves, one by one, anew to the Sacred Heart. Their example was followed by the whole city, and until the end of that great day, soldiers, judges, fathers and mothers of families, young men, and children filled the great Basilica, renewing one by one their act of consecration. This scene, worthy of the heroic ages of faith, proved that the work of García Moreno had not died with him. But an equally strong proof was given in 1887, when the whole world prepared to celebrate the Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. After a magnificent speech from President Caamaño, the Congress voted a decree of congratulation to the Pope, and of protestation of unalterable fidelity: while the sum of 50,000 francs was voted as the offering of the nation, and the 31st of December was appointed as a national *fête*, when the *Te Deum* was to be sung in all the churches in presence of the authorities.

The Archbishop of Quito also presented to the Pope, in the name of the faithful, a massive silver reliquary containing a relic of the Blessed Marianne de Jesus, beautifully cased with emblematic devices, which included a medallion of the President-Martyr.

Greatly touched at the sight of this relic, Leo XIII answered the Ambassador:

“We offer our most ardent wishes for the prosperity of Ecuador and its President, to whom we earnestly recommend the interests of the Catholic Faith, which will ensure the happiness of the people. . . . We accept also with joy the precious gift which your Excellency has presented to us on this our happy anniversary. This autograph message which the illustrious García Moreno proposed to read to Congress before he was struck down by the hands of assassins, we shall religiously preserve as a touching remembrance of a man who was the champion of the Catholic Faith, and to whom may be justly applied the words made use of by the Church to celebrate the memory of the holy martyrs, St Thomas of Canterbury and St. Stanislas of Poland: *Pro Ecclesia gladiis impiorum occubuit.*”

We will close this biography with these words of the great Pontiff: and we venture to hope that a new era of prosperity is opening for Ecuador under the shadow of the Cross, for the President elected in 1888 is the same Antonio Flores who presented the bloody message of his martyred predecessor to the Pope. A man of wisdom and experience, having had occasion, during his many diplomatic missions, both in Europe and America, to meditate on the evils which ruin nations and on the errors which destroy Governments, he is thoroughly inspired with the two maxims of García Moreno: “Liberty for all and for everything, except for evil and for wrongdoers.” And again: “Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all other things shall be added unto you.”

May the God “Who never dies” maintain His sovereignty over this nation of our martyred hero, and preserve it as the type and model of a truly Christian State.





Garcia Moreno's home on Saint Dominic's plaza. The monastery where he attended his last Mass is next door. The picture below shows the house of Garcia Moreno adjacent to Saint Dominic's monastery and Plaza.





Altar in Saint Dominic's monastery where Garcia Moreno attended his last Mass on the day of his assassination, a first Friday. The plaque reads, "On this altar President Garcia Moreno communicated on Friday, August 6, 1875."





Behind the Cathedral is another church called the Sagrario. Garcia Moreno visited this church for a long time of prayer just before his assassination. He knew that the Blessed Sacrament would be exposed on the first Friday of the month.



This photo shows the interior of the Sagrada. Garcia Moreno was particularly devoted to this statue of the Sacred Heart above the main altar and prayed longer than usual before the statue. In his last letter to the Holy Father he wrote, "I need more than ever the Divine protection, so as to live and die for the defense of our holy religion and of this dear Republic which God has called upon me to govern."



Above is the Presidential Palace on Independence Plaza also called the Grand Plaza where Garcia Moreno was assassinated. Notice the plaque marking the spot he was attacked (above the horse's saddle). The plaque below reads: "God does not die." "Here the President of the Republic Gabriel Garcia Moreno was assassinated."





Adjacent to the Presidential Palace is the Royal Convent of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, It is at the corner of the Plaza and the main entrance can be seen above. Below is the statue of Our Lady of Good Success who in 1599 foretold the assassination of Garcia Moreno on this Plaza next to the Royal Convent.





Basilica of the National Vow in Quito erected by Father Matovelle as a permanent memorial of Garcia Moreno's consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart in 1874.

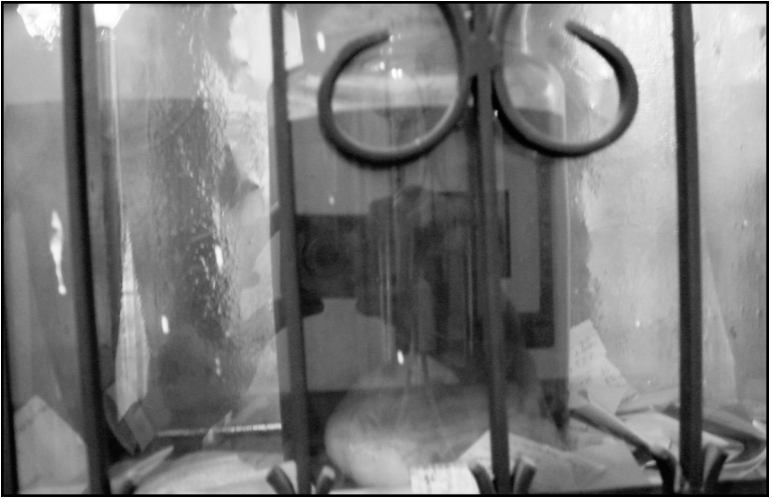


Statue of Garcia Moreno erected in front of the Basilica on Calle Garcia Moreno, the main street of the capital city of Ecuador.



Adjacent to the Basilica is the private chapel of the Oblate Fathers, known also as “Room of the Hearts.” The heart of Garcia Moreno shown below has been preserved in alcohol.



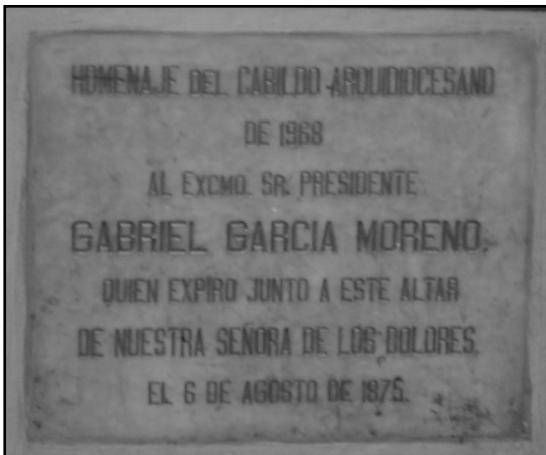


Above is the heart of Garcia Moreno preserved in alcohol. Below is the heart of Archbishop Checa y Barba now in the left wall of the chapel. Both hearts were discovered in matching wooden boxes in either side of the arch of the chapel of the Good Shepherd Convent in 1975. Notice the metal biretta cover on the top of this jar.





At this altar of Our Lady of Sorrows Garcia Moreno received the Last Sacraments, and when asked by a priest if he forgave his assassin, he squeezed his hand to show that he did. It is located behind the main altar of the Cathedral.



The plaque reads: “Homage of the Archdiocesan Council in 1968 to His Excellency, President Gabriel Garcia Moreno who died next to this altar of Our Lady of Sorrows on August 6, 1875.



This niche is where the heart of Garcia Moreno was hidden in the Convent of the Good Shepherd.



Garcia Moreno's marble tombstone in the crypt of the Cathedral.

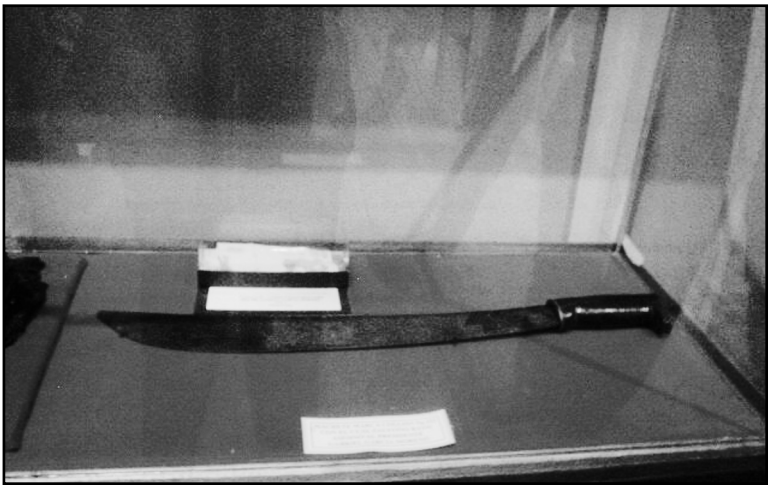


Sister Mercedes of the Sisters of St. Catherine stands by the place where Garcia Moreno's body was hidden for nearly 100 years. Below is the nuns' chapel. The location of the tomb was right of the altar in a corner.





The Superior of the Convent of Saint Catherine in 1959 requested of the Cardinal of Quito that when the body of Garcia Moreno would some day removed from their convent that they be allowed to keep a major relic. Here is the arm bone they now display in their museum of their convent. Below is the original machete that Faustino Rayo used to kill Garcia Moreno





Piece of the skull of Garcia Moreno that was cut off his head by the machete of his assassin. It was kept by the Jesuits and used to verify his remains. The skull was indeed lacking this very piece of bone in the head.



Sawdust soaked with the blood of Garcia Moreno that was used in the verification of the remains of Garcia Moreno.



Above is wood from the casket of Garcia Moreno.

Below is a crucifix of Garcia Moreno.





This portrait of Archbishop Checa y Barba of Quito is now in the convent of the Good Shepherd where the hearts of Garcia Moreno and of the Archbishop were hidden for 100 years. The Archbishop and Garcia Moreno together consecrated Ecuador to the Sacred Heart, reading the formula one after the other. Because of the Archbishop's protests of the Masonic persecution of the Church that followed the death of Garcia Moreno, his chalice was poisoned with arsenic when celebrating Mass in the Cathedral on Holy Thursday, 1877.



Above is the chalice, paten, and purificator that the Archbishop used for his last Mass when he was poisoned with arsenic. Below is a commemorative picture of the official consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart by Archbishop Checa y Barba and Garcia Moreno in 1874.





Father Paul Kimball of the Society of St. Pius X stands next to the statue of Garcia Moreno. It was first placed in the American College in Rome.



It is currently in the Pontifical College of Latin American in Rome.



*The Statue was erected
by Pope Pius IX and
Italian Catholics.*



*The Latin inscription reads: "JUSTITIAE CULTOR,
SCELERUM VINDEX," which in English means,
"Upholder of justice, avenger of crime."*

