

threats had been thrown out by the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church against their religious opponents. The former claim to have been systematically insulted by the Protestants, who had a small newspaper organ. The latter energetically deny having done anything more than to fairly discuss sectarian dogmas. A prayer meeting was held by Hutchinson on the evening of the 25th, and a similar gathering was agreed on for the following evening. This meeting was held, but Hutchinson was ill and unable to be present. The Protestant church has only two doors, both opening on the street. One was closed, and the other, that nearer to the town, open. In front of the door, between it and the street, an umbrageous tree grows. Under the shade of this tree and at either side of the door, watching the proceedings within the church, the assassins, numbering some thirty-five or forty men, took their stand. Procopis Diaz had addressed the congregation in place of their absent minister, and they were singing a hymn when eight or ten of the cut-throats outside entered, and, dividing themselves, occupied stands near either side of the pulpit; without any sign or warning whatever, these incarnate devils bared their murderous machetes and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the peaceful inmates of the church, not entirely indiscriminate, for the leader of the murderers and one of his men marked out Diaz as their special victim. A couple of machete blows were aimed at his head, which, if received in their full force, must have terminated his existence. As it happened, he had had sufficient presence of mind to dodge his head behind the pulpit, and a portion of the board was cut through before the weapon reached its mark. He drew a pistol and tried to fire, but the assailants were too quick for him, and the leader inflicted a ghastly gash on his pistol hand. While this was passing, the heroic wife of Diaz picked up a chair, rushed upon one of her husband's would-be murderers, pinned him to the wall, and by main force wrenched the machete from his bloody hands. With this she defended herself, and hastened to the aid of Diaz. Perceiving a favorable opportunity, she said to her husband, "Now, fire." He did so, and fatally shot the leader.

Within the church a bloody and murderous hand-to-hand fight was waged for six or eight minutes. The machete was wielded with fearful effect; human flesh cut and gashed like bullock meat, while the blood streamed in torrents over the floor now encumbered by dying or wounded men and women. Ten or a dozen shots were fired, a few from the assailed, some of whom had revolvers. At the commencement of the onslaught, those who were near the door attempted to escape. This was a fatal mistake, for as the affrighted worshippers gained the street, they were deliberately cut down by the ambushed ruffians on both sides of the door outside. In this way the American citizen Henry Morris met his death. His head was nearly severed from the body by a machete blow, and his chest was cut open at a single stroke, deep into the ribs. He and two other men and a woman were killed outright, and eleven wounded more or less severely, of whom several have since died. Morris was a colored man from Boston; he leaves a wife and several children; he had been in Acapulco some eighteen years or more, having come to this town in the capacity of body-servant to Mr. Van Brunt, formerly agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The massacre commenced about ten minutes after 8 o'clock, and lasted only six or eight minutes. The first news which the authorities had of it was from a wounded man called Juan El Negro, who made his way to the plaza, and at the drug store there was met by Major Francisco Mejia, commander of the few federal troops stationed about Acapulco. Mejia at once started on a run to the scene of action, some four hundred yards off, and a few minutes later the town police, followed soon after by the federal troops from the Castle, were on the ground. More than five minutes could not have elapsed from the closing of the battle to the time when the authorities reached their posts. As usual in such cases, the police and their allies came too late. They got to the fatal field only in time to pick up the dead and wounded, but not early enough to arrest upon the spot or follow up any one who could be immediately recognized as a participant in the dreadful tragedy.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that