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HISTORY OF
THE CONQUEST OF PERU
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL
MISCELLANIES



Joseph Brown. sc.

PEDRO DE LA GASCA,

President of the Royal Audience of Peru.

FROM THE PORTRAIT IN THE SACRISTY OF THE SANTA MARIA MAGDALENA AT VALLADOLID.

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HISTORY
OF THE
CONQUEST OF PERU

WITH A PRELIMINARY VIEW OF THE
CIVILIZATION OF THE INCAS

BY
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

"Congestæ cumulantur opes, orbisque rapinas
Accipit."
CLAUDIAN, In Ruf., lib. i. v. 194

"So color de religion
Van á buscar plata y oro
Del encubierto tesoro."
LOPE DE VEGA, El Nuevo Mundo, Jorn. 1

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WITH THE AUTHOR'S LATEST CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS

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PREFACE.

THE most brilliant passages in the history of Spanish adventure in the New World are undoubtedly afforded by the conquests of Mexico and Peru,—the two states which combined with the largest extent of empire a refined social polity and considerable progress in the arts of civilization. Indeed, so prominently do they stand out on the great canvas of history that the name of the one, notwithstanding the contrast they exhibit in their respective institutions, most naturally suggests that of the other; and when I sent to Spain to collect materials for an account of the Conquest of Mexico I included in my researches those relating to the Conquest of Peru.

The larger part of the documents, in both cases, was obtained from the same great repository,—the archives of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid; a body specially intrusted with the preservation of whatever may serve to illustrate the Spanish colonial annals. The richest portion of its collection is probably that furnished by the papers of Muñoz. This eminent scholar, the historiographer of the Indies, employed nearly fifty years of his life in amassing materials for a history of Spanish discovery and conquest in America. For this, as he acted under the authority of the government, every facility was afforded him; and public offices and private depositories, in all the principal cities of the empire, both at home and throughout the wide extent of its colonial possessions, were freely opened to his inspection. The result was a magnificent collection of manuscripts, many of which he patiently transcribed with his own hand. But he did not live to reap the fruits of his persevering industry. The first volume of his work, relating to the voyages of Columbus, was scarcely finished when he died; and his manuscripts, at least that portion of them which have reference to Mexico and Peru, were destined to serve the uses of another, an inhabitant of that New World to which they related.

Another scholar, to whose literary stores I am largely indebted, is Don Martín Fernández de Navarrete, late Director of the Royal Academy of History. Through the greater part of his long life he was employed in assembling original documents to illustrate the colonial annals. Many of these have been incorporated in his great work, "*Colección de los Viajes y Descubrimientos*," which, although far from being completed after the original plan of its author, is of inestimable service to the historian. In following down the track of discovery, Navarrete turned aside from the conquests of Mexico and Peru, to exhibit the voyages of his countrymen in the Indian seas. His manuscripts relating to the two former countries he courteously allowed to be copied for me. Some of them have since appeared in print, under the auspices of his learned coadjutors, Salvá and Baranda, associated with him in the Academy; but the documents placed in my hands formed a most important contribution to my materials for the present history.

The death of this illustrious man, which occurred some time after the present work was begun, has left a void in his country not easy to be filled; for he was zealously devoted to letters, and few have done more to extend the knowledge of her colonial history. Far from an exclusive solicitude for his own literary projects, he was ever ready to extend his sympathy and assistance to those of others. His reputation as a scholar was enhanced by the higher qualities which he possessed as a man,—by his benevolence, his simplicity of manners, and unsullied moral worth. My own obligations to him are large; for from the publication of my first historical work, down to the last week of his life, I have constantly received proofs from him of his hearty and most efficient interest in the prosecution of my historical labours; and I now the more willingly pay this well-merited tribute to his deserts, that it must be exempt from all suspicion of flattery.

In the list of those to whom I have been indebted for materials I must also include the name of M. Ternaux-Compans, so well known by his faithful and elegant French versions of the Muñoz manuscripts; and that of my friend Don Pascual de Gayangos, who, under the modest dress of translation, has furnished a most acute and learned commentary on Spanish-Arabian history, —securing for himself the foremost rank in that difficult department of letters, which has been illumined by the labours of a Masdeu, a Casiri, and a Conde.

To the materials derived from these sources I have added some manuscripts of an important character from the library of the Escorial. These, which chiefly relate to the ancient institutions of Peru, formed part of the splendid collection of Lord Kingsborough, which has unfortunately shared the lot of most literary collections, and been dispersed, since the death of its noble author. For these I am indebted to that industrious bibliographer Mr. O. Rich, now resident in London. Lastly, I must not omit to mention my obligations, in another way, to my friend Charles Folsom, Esq., the learned librarian of the Boston Athenæum, whose minute acquaintance with the grammatical structure and the true idiom of our English tongue has enabled me to correct many inaccuracies into which I had fallen in the composition both of this and of my former works.

From these different quarters I have accumulated a large amount of manuscripts, of the most various character and from the most authentic sources; royal grants and ordinances, instructions of the court, letters of the emperor to the great colonial officers, municipal records, personal diaries and memoranda, and a mass of private correspondence of the principal actors in this turbulent drama. Perhaps it was the turbulent state of the country which led to a more frequent correspondence between the government at home and the colonial officers. But, whatever be the cause, the collection of manuscript materials in reference to Peru is fuller and more complete than that which relates to Mexico; so that there is scarcely a nook or corner so obscure, in the path of the adventurer, that some light has not been thrown on it by the written correspondence of the period. The historian has rather had occasion to complain of the *embarras des richesses*; for in the multiplicity of contradictory testimony it is not always easy to detect the truth, as the multiplicity of cross-lights is apt to dazzle and bewilder the eye of the spectator.

The present History has been conducted on the same general plan with that of the Conquest of Mexico. In an Introductory Book I have endeavoured to portray the institutions of the Incas, that the reader may be acquainted with the character and condition of that extraordinary race before he enters on the story of their subjugation. The remaining books are occupied with

the narrative of the Conquest. And here the subject, it must be allowed, notwithstanding the opportunities it presents for the display of character, strange romantic incident, and picturesque scenery, does not afford so obvious advantages to the historian as the Conquest of Mexico. Indeed, few subjects can present a parallel with that, for the purposes either of the historian or the poet. The natural development of the story, there, is precisely what would be prescribed by the severest rules of art. The conquest of the country is the great end always in the view of the reader. From the first landing of the Spaniards on the soil, their subsequent adventures, their battles and negotiations, their ruinous retreat, their rally and final siege, all tend to this grand result, till the long series is closed by the downfall of the capital. In the march of events, all moves steadily forward to this consummation. It is a magnificent epic, in which the unity of interest is complete.

In the "Conquest of Peru," the action, so far as it is founded on the subversion of the Incas, terminates long before the close of the narrative. The remaining portion is taken up with the fierce feuds of the Conquerors, which would seem, from their very nature, to be incapable of being gathered round a central point of interest. To secure this, we must look beyond the immediate overthrow of the Indian empire. The conquest of the natives is but the first step, to be followed by the conquest of the Spaniards—the rebel Spaniards—themselves, till the supremacy of the crown is permanently established over the country. It is not till this period that the acquisition of this transatlantic empire can be said to be completed; and by fixing the eye on this remoter point the successive steps of the narrative will be found leading to one great result, and that unity of interest preserved which is scarcely less essential to historic than dramatic composition. How far this has been effected in the present work must be left to the judgment of the reader.

No history of the Conquest of Peru, founded on original documents and aspiring to the credit of a classic composition, like the "Conquest of Mexico" by Solís, has been attempted, so far as I am aware, by the Spaniards. The English possess one of high value, from the pen of Robertson, whose masterly sketch occupies its due space in his great work on America. It has been my object to exhibit this same story in all its romantic details; not merely to portray the characteristic features of the Conquest, but to fill up the outline with the colouring of life, so as to present a minute and faithful picture of the times. For this purpose, I have, in the composition of the work, availed myself freely of my manuscript materials, allowed the actors to speak as much as possible for themselves, and especially made frequent use of their letters; for nowhere is the heart more likely to disclose itself than in the freedom of private correspondence. I have made liberal extracts from these authorities in the notes, both to sustain the text, and to put in a printed form those productions of the eminent captains and statesmen of the time, which are not very accessible to Spaniards themselves.

M. Amédée Pichot, in the Preface to the French translation of the "Conquest of Mexico," infers from the plan of the composition that I must have carefully studied the writings of his countryman M. de Barante. The acute critic does me but justice in supposing me familiar with the principles of that writer's historical theory, so ably developed in the Preface to his "Ducs de Bourgogne." And I have had occasion to admire the skilful manner in which he illustrates this theory himself, by constructing out of the rude materials of a distant time a monument of genius that transports us at once into the midst of the Feudal Ages,—and this without the incongruity which usually attaches to a modern-antique. In like manner I have attempted to seize the character-

istic expression of a distant age and to exhibit it in the freshness of life. But in an essential particular I have deviated from the plan of the French historian. I have suffered the scaffolding to remain after the building has been completed. In other words, I have shown to the reader the steps of the process by which I have come to my conclusions. Instead of requiring him to take my version of the story on trust, I have endeavoured to give him a reason for my faith. By copious citations from the original authorities, and by such critical notices of them as would explain to him the influences to which they were subjected, I have endeavoured to put him in a position for judging for himself, and thus for revising, and, if need be, reversing, the judgments of the historian. He will, at any rate, by this means, be enabled to estimate the difficulty of arriving at truth amidst the conflict of testimony; and he will learn to place little reliance on those writers who pronounce on the mysterious past with what Fontenelle calls "a frightful degree of certainty,"—a spirit the most opposite to that of the true philosophy of history.

Yet it must be admitted that the chronicler who records the events of an earlier age has some obvious advantages in the store of manuscript materials at his command,—the statements of friends, rivals, and enemies furnishing a wholesome counterpoise to each other,—and also in the general course of events, as they actually occurred, affording the best commentary on the true motives of the parties. The actor, engaged in the heat of the strife, finds his view bounded by the circle around him, and his vision blinded by the smoke and dust of the conflict; while the spectator, whose eye ranges over the ground from a more distant and elevated point, though the individual objects may lose somewhat of their vividness, takes in at a glance all the operations of the field. Paradoxical as it may appear, truth founded on contemporary testimony would seem, after all, as likely to be attained by the writer of a later day as by contemporaries themselves.

Before closing these remarks, I may be permitted to add a few of a personal nature. In several foreign notices of my writings, the author has been said to be blind; and more than once I have had the credit of having lost my sight in the composition of my first history. When I have met with such erroneous accounts, I have hastened to correct them. But the present occasion affords me the best means of doing so; and I am the more desirous of this as I fear some of my own remarks, in the Prefaces to my former histories, have led to the mistake.

While at the University, I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after, was attacked by inflammation so severely that for some time I lost the sight of that also; and, though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated, while twice in my life, since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing, for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and in my disabled condition, with my transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state, I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities; and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes; and when these had swelled to a considerable amount they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for

the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text.

Still another difficulty occurred, in the mechanical labour of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing-case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without the aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in the art of deciphering, and a fair copy—with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been repeatedly expressed in reference to my *modus operandi* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be of some assistance to others in similar circumstances.

Though I was encouraged by the sensible progress of my work, it was necessarily slow. But in time the tendency to inflammation diminished, and the strength of the eye was confirmed more and more. It was at length so far restored that I could read for several hours of the day, though my labours in this way necessarily terminated with the daylight. Nor could I ever dispense with the services of a secretary, or with the writing-case; for, contrary to the usual experience, I have found writing a severer trial to the eye than reading,—a remark, however, which does not apply to the reading of manuscript; and to enable myself, therefore, to revise my composition more carefully, I caused a copy of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" to be printed for my own inspection before it was sent to the press for publication. Such as I have described was the improved state of my health during the preparation of the "Conquest of Mexico;" and, satisfied with being raised so nearly to a level with the rest of my species, I scarcely envied the superior good fortune of those who could prolong their studies into the evening and the later hours of the night.

But a change has again taken place during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation that, impaired as the organ has become from having been tasked, probably, beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labour, with these impediments, I cannot say. Perhaps long habit, and a natural desire to follow up the career which I have so long pursued, may make this, in a manner, necessary, as my past experience has already proved that it is practicable.

From this statement—too long, I fear, for his patience—the reader who feels any curiosity about the matter will understand the real extent of my embarrassments in my historical pursuits. That they have not been very light will be readily admitted, when it is considered that I have had but a limited use of my eye in its best state, and that much of the time I have been debarred from the use of it altogether. Yet the difficulties I have had to contend with are very far inferior to those which fall to the lot of a blind man. I know of no historian now alive who can claim the glory of having overcome such obstacles, but the author of "La Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands;" who, to use his own touching and beautiful language, "has made himself the friend of darkness," and who, to a profound philosophy that

requires no light but that from within, unites a capacity for extensive and various research, that might well demand the severest application of the student.

The remarks into which I have been led at such length will, I trust, not be set down by the reader to an unworthy egotism, but to their true source, a desire to correct a misapprehension to which I may have unintentionally given rise myself, and which has gained me the credit with some—far from grateful to my feelings, since undeserved—of having surmounted the incalculable obstacles which lie in the path of the blind man.

Boston, April 2, 1847.

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BOOK I.

INTRODUCTION.

VIEW OF THE CIVILIZATION OF THE INCAS.

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CHAPTER I.

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—SOURCES OF PERUVIAN CIVILIZATION— EMPIRE OF THE INCAS—ROYAL FAMILY—NOBILITY.

OF the numerous nations which occupied the great American continent at the time of its discovery by the Europeans, the two most advanced in power and refinement were undoubtedly those of Mexico and Peru. But, though resembling one another in extent of civilization, they differed widely as to the nature of it; and the philosophical student of his species may feel a natural curiosity to trace the different steps by which these two nations strove to emerge from the state of barbarism and place themselves on a higher point in the scale of humanity. In a former work I have endeavoured to exhibit the institutions and character of the ancient Mexicans, and the story of their conquest by the Spaniards. The present will be devoted to the Peruvians; and, if their history shall be found to present less strange anomalies and striking contrasts than that of the Aztecs, it may interest us quite as much by the pleasing picture it offers of a well-regulated government and sober habits of industry under the patriarchal sway of the Incas.

The empire of Peru, at the period of the Spanish invasion, stretched along the Pacific from about the second degree north to the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude; a line, also, which describes the western boundaries of the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. Its breadth cannot so easily be determined; for, though bounded everywhere by the great ocean on the west, towards the east it spread out, in many parts, considerably beyond the mountains, to the confines of barbarous states, whose exact position is undetermined, or whose names are effaced from the map of history. It is certain, however, that its breadth was altogether disproportioned to its length.¹

¹ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 65.*—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica del Peru* (Anvers, 1554), cap. 41.—Garcilasso de la Vega, *Commentarios Reales* (Lisboa, 1609), Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 8.—

According to the last authority, the empire, in its greatest breadth, did not exceed one hundred and twenty leagues. But Garcilasso's geography will not bear criticism.

* [In regard to the real authorship of the work erroneously attributed by Prescott to

Juan de Sarmiento, see *infra*, p. 78, note.—ED.]

The topographical aspect of the country is very remarkable. A strip of land, rarely exceeding twenty leagues in width, runs along the coast, and is hemmed in through its whole extent by a colossal range of mountains, which, advancing from the Straits of Magellan, reaches its highest elevation—indeed, the highest on the American continent—about the seventeenth degree south,² and, after crossing the line, gradually subsides into hills of inconsiderable magnitude, as it enters the Isthmus of Panamá. This is the famous Cordillera of the Andes, or “copper mountains,”³ as termed by the natives, though they might with more reason have been called “mountains of gold.” Arranged sometimes in a single line, though more frequently in two or three lines running parallel or obliquely to each other, they seem to the voyager on the ocean but one continuous chain; while the huge volcanoes, which to the inhabitants of the table-land look like solitary and independent masses, appear to him only like so many peaks of the same vast and magnificent range. So immense is the scale on which Nature works in these regions that it is only when viewed from a great distance that the spectator can in any degree comprehend the relation of the several parts to the stupendous whole. Few of the works of Nature, indeed, are calculated to produce impressions of higher sublimity than the aspect of this coast, as it is gradually unfolded to the eye of the mariner sailing on the distant waters of the Pacific; where mountain is seen to rise above mountain, and Chimborazo, with its glorious canopy of snow, glittering far above the clouds, crowns the whole⁴ as with a celestial diadem.⁴

The face of the country would appear to be peculiarly unfavourable to the purposes both of agriculture and of internal communication. The sandy strip along the coast, where rain rarely falls, is fed only by a few scanty streams, that furnish a remarkable contrast to the vast volumes of water which roll down the eastern sides of the Cordilleras into the Atlantic. The precipitous steeps of the sierra, with its splintered sides of porphyry and granite, and its higher regions wrapped in snows that never melt under the fierce sun of the equator, unless it be from the desolating action of its own volcanic fires, might seem equally unpropitious to the labours of the husbandman. And all communication between the parts of the long-extended territory might be thought to be precluded by the savage character of the region, broken up by precipices, furious torrents, and impassable *quebradas*,—those hideous rents in the mountain-chain, whose depths the eye of the terrified traveller, as he winds along

² According to Malte-Brun, it is under the equator that we meet with the loftiest summits of this chain. (Universal Geography, Eng. trans., book 86.) But more recent measurements have shown this to be between fifteen and seventeen degrees south, where the Nevado de Sorata rises to the enormous height of 25,250 feet, and the Illimani to 24,300.†

³ At least, the word *anta*, which has been thought to furnish the etymology of *Andes*, in the Peruvian tongue, signified “copper.” †

* [Chimborazo (21,420 feet), formerly supposed to be the highest peak of the Andes, is surpassed by several summits in Peru, and by Aconcagua, in Chili (23,200, or, according to Captains Fitzroy and Beechey, 23,910 feet), the highest elevation in South America.—Ed.]

† [It is now known that the Andes nowhere attain the elevations here mentioned, and the

Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 14.

⁴ Humboldt, Vues des Cordillères de Monumens des Peuples indigènes de l’Amérique (Paris, 1810), p. 106.—Malte-Brun, book 88.—The few brief sketches which M. de Humboldt has given of the scenery of the Cordilleras, showing the hand of a great painter, as well as of a philosopher, make us regret the more that he has not given the results of his observations in this interesting region as minutely as he has done in respect to Mexico.

height of Sorata and Illimani, as stated by the latest authorities, is 21,286, and 21,149 feet respectively.—Ed.]

‡ [But this etymology has not been generally accepted, and it is in fact highly improbable. The real derivation, as Humboldt remarks, is “lost in the obscurity of the past.”—Ed.]

his aerial pathway, vainly endeavours to fathom.⁵ Yet the industry, we might almost say the genius, of the Indian was sufficient to overcome all these impediments of Nature.

By a judicious system of canals and subterraneous aqueducts, the waste places on the coast were refreshed by copious streams, that clothed them in fertility and beauty. Terraces were raised upon the steep sides of the Cordillera; and, as the different elevations had the effect of difference of latitude, they exhibited in regular gradation every variety of vegetable form, from the stimulated growth of the tropics to the temperate products of a northern clime; while flocks of *Uamas*—the Peruvian sheep—wandered with their shepherds over the broad, snow-covered wastes on the crests of the sierra, which rose beyond the limits of cultivation. An industrious population settled along the lofty regions of the plateaus, and towns and hamlets, clustering amidst orchards and wide-spreading gardens, seemed suspended in the air far above the ordinary elevation of the clouds.⁶ Intercourse was maintained between these numerous settlements by means of the great roads which traversed the mountain-passes and opened an easy communication between the capital and the remotest extremities of the empire.

The source of this civilization is traced to the valley of Cuzco, the central region of Peru, as its name implies.⁷ The origin of the Peruvian empire, like the origin of all nations, except the very few which, like our own, have had the good fortune to date from a civilized period and people, is lost in the mists of fable, which, in fact, have settled as darkly round its history as round that of any nation, ancient or modern, in the Old World. According to the tradition most familiar to the European scholar, the time was when the ancient races of the continent were all plunged in deplorable barbarism; when they worshipped nearly every object in nature indiscriminately, made war their pastime, and feasted on the flesh of their slaughtered captives. The Sun, the great luminary and parent of mankind, taking compassion on their degraded condition, sent two of his children, Manco Capac and Mama Oello Huaco, to gather the natives into communities and teach them the arts of civilized life. The celestial pair, brother and sister, husband and wife, advanced along the high plains in the neighbourhood of Lake Titicaca to about the sixteenth degree south. They bore with them a golden wedge, and were directed to take up their residence on the spot where the sacred emblem should without effort sink into the ground. They proceeded accordingly but a short distance, as far as the valley of Cuzco, the spot indicated by the performance of the miracle, since there the wedge speedily sank into the earth and disappeared for ever. Here the children of the Sun established their residence, and soon entered upon their beneficent mission among the rude inhabitants of the country; Manco Capac teaching the men the arts of agriculture, and Mama Oello⁸ initiating her own sex in the mysteries of weaving and spinning. The

⁵ "These crevices are so deep," says M. de Humboldt, with his usual vivacity of illustration, "that if Vesuvius or the Puy de Dôme were seated in the bottom of them, they would not rise above the level of the ridges of the neighbouring sierra." *Vues des Cordillères*, p. 9.

⁶ The plains of Quito are at the height of between nine and ten thousand feet above the sea. (See Condamine, *Journal d'un Voyage à l'Equateur* (Paris, 1751), p. 48.) Other valleys or plateaus in this vast group of mountains reach a still higher elevation.

⁷ "Cuzco, in the language of the Incas,"

says Garcilasso, "signifies *navel*." *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 18.

⁸ "Mama, with the Peruvians, signified 'mother.'" (*Garcilasso, Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 1.) The identity of this term with that used by Europeans is a curious coincidence. It is scarcely more so, however, than that of the corresponding word *papa*, which with the ancient Mexicans denoted a priest of high rank; reminding us of the *papa*, "pope," of the Italians. With both, the term seems to embrace in its most comprehensive sense the paternal relation, in which it is most familiarly employed by most of the nations of

simple people lent a willing ear to the messengers of Heaven, and, gathering together in considerable numbers, laid the foundations of the city of Cuzco. The same wise and benevolent maxims which regulated the conduct of the first Incas⁹ descended to their successors, and under their mild sceptre a community gradually extended itself along the broad surface of the table-land, which asserted its superiority over the surrounding tribes. Such is the pleasing picture of the origin of the Peruvian monarchy, as portrayed by Garcilasso de la Vega, the descendant of the Incas, and through him made familiar to the European reader.¹⁰

But this tradition is only one of several current among the Peruvian Indians, and probably not the one most generally received. Another legend speaks of certain white and bearded men, who, advancing from the shores of Lake Titicaca, established an ascendancy over the natives and imparted to them the blessings of civilization. It may remind us of the tradition existing among the Aztecs in respect to Quetzalcoatl, the good deity, who with a similar garb and aspect came up the great plateau from the east on a like benevolent mission to the natives. The analogy is the more remarkable as there is no trace of any communication with, or even knowledge of, each other to be found in the two nations.¹¹

The date usually assigned for these extraordinary events was about four hundred years before the coming of the Spaniards, or early in the twelfth century.¹² But, however pleasing to the imagination, and however popular, the legend of Manco Capac, it requires but little reflection to show its improbability, even when divested of supernatural accompaniments. On the shores of Lake Titicaca extensive ruins exist at the present day, which the Peruvians themselves acknowledge to be of older date than the pretended advent of the Incas, and to have furnished them with the models of their architecture.¹³

Europe. Nor was the use of it limited to modern times, being applied in the same way both by Greeks and Romans; "*πάππα φιλε*," says Nausikaa, addressing her father, in the simple language which the modern versifiers have thought too simple to render literally.

* *Inca* signified *king* or *lord*. *Capac* meant *great* or *powerful*. It was applied to several of the successors of Manco, in the same manner as the epithet *Yupanqui*, signifying *rich in all virtues*, was added to the names of several Incas. (Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 41.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 17.) The good qualities commemorated by the cognomens of most of the Peruvian princes afford an honourable, though not altogether unspurious, tribute to the excellence of their characters.

¹⁰ *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 9-16.

¹¹ These several traditions, all of a very puerile character, are to be found in *Onde-*

gardo, *Relacion Segunda*, MS.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 1.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 105.—*Conquista i Poblacion del Piru*, MS.—*Declaracion de los Presidente é Oidores de la Audiencia Reale del Peru*, MS.—all of them authorities contemporary with the Conquest. The story of the bearded white men finds its place in most of their legends.*

¹² Some writers carry back the date five hundred, or even five hundred and fifty, years before the Spanish invasion. (Balboa, *Histoire du Pérou*, chap. i.—Velasco, *Histoire du Royaume de Quito*, tom. i. p. 81.—Ambo auct. ap. *Relations et Mémoires originaux pour servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique*, par Ternaux-Compans (Paris, 1840).) In the Report of the Royal Audience of Peru, the epoch is more modestly fixed at two hundred years before the Conquest. *Dec. de la Aud. Real.*, MS.

¹³ "Otras cosas ay mas que dezir deste

* [Such legends will not be considered "puerile," nor will their similarity with those of remote races seem inexplicable, when they are viewed in their true light, as embodying conceptions of nature formed by the human mind in the early stages of its development. Thus considered, "the very myths," as Mr. Tylor remarks, "that were discarded as lying fables, prove to be sources of history in ways that their makers and transmitters little

dreamed of." The Peruvian traditions seem, in particular, to deserve a closer investigation than they have yet received. Besides the authorities cited by Prescott, the relations of Christoval de Molina and the Indian Saicamayhua, translated by Mr. Markham, are entitled to mention, both for the minuteness and the variations with which they present the leading features of the same oft-repeated nature-myth.—*En.*]

The date of their appearance, indeed, is manifestly irreconcilable with their subsequent history. No account assigns to the Inca dynasty more than thirteen princes before the Conquest. But this number is altogether too small to have spread over four hundred years, and would not carry back the foundations of the monarchy, on any probable computation, beyond two centuries and a half,—an antiquity not incredible in itself, and which, it may be remarked, does not precede by more than half a century the alleged foundation of the capital of Mexico. The fiction of Manco Capac and his sister-wife was devised, no doubt, at a later period, to gratify the vanity of the Peruvian monarchs, and to give additional sanction to their authority by deriving it from a celestial origin.*

We may reasonably conclude that there existed in the country a race

Tiaguano, que passo por no detenerme: concluyedo que yo para mi tengo esta antigalla por la mas antigua de todo el Peru. Y assi se tiene que antes q los Ingas reynassen con muchos tiempos estavan hechos algunos edificios destos: porque yo he oydo afirmar a Indios, que los Ingas hizieron los edificios grandes del Cuzco por la forma que vieron tener la muralla o pared que se vee en este pueblo." (Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 105.) See also Garcilasso (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 1), who gives an account of these remains, on the authority of a Spanish ecclesiastic, which might compare, for the marvellous, with any of the legends of his order. Other ruins of similar traditional antiquity are noticed by Herrera (Historia general de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas y

Tierra Firme del Mar Océano (Madrid, 1730), dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 9.) McCulloch, in some sensible reflections on the origin of the Peruvian civilization, adduces, on the authority of Garcilasso de la Vega, the famous temple of Pachacamac, not far from Lima, as an example of architecture more ancient than that of the Incas. (Researches, Philosophical and Antiquarian, concerning the Aboriginal History of America (Baltimore, 1829), p. 405.) This, if true, would do much to confirm the views in our text. But McCulloch is led into an error by his blind guide, Rycart, the translator of Garcilasso, for the latter does not speak of the temple as existing before the time of the Incas, but before the time when the country was conquered by the Incas. Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 30.

* [This theory of the origin of the story is scarcely more plausible or philosophical than that of Garcilasso de la Vega, who conjectures that Manco Capac "may have been some Indian of good understanding, prudence, and judgment, who appreciated the great simplicity of those nations, and saw the necessity they had for instruction and teaching in natural life. He may have invented a fable with sagacity and astuteness, that he might be respected; saying that he and his wife were children of the Sun, who had come from Heaven, and that their Father had sent them to teach and do good to the people. . . . The belief in the fable of the Ynca's origin would be confirmed by the benefits and privileges he conferred on the Indians, until they at last firmly believed that he was the Child of the Sun, come from Heaven." (Markham's trans., i. 94.) Mr. Markham pronounces "all this sensible enough," and it at least indicates the true spirit, if not the right method, of investigation. But a wider comparison of popular traditions has led to a general rejection, in such cases as the present, of the idea of conscious invention—whether as idle fable or designed imposture—to account for their origin. The only question in regard to such a story is whether it is to be considered as purely mythical or as the mythical adaptation or development of an historical fact. In this instance Dr. Brinton takes the latter view,

asserting that Manco Capac was "a real character." "first of the historical Incas," "the Rudolph of Hapsburg of their reigning family," who "flourished about the eleventh century," and to whom "tradition has transferred a portion of the story of Viracocha," the Peruvian deity. (Myths of the New World, 179.) Mr. Tylor, on the other hand, after noticing the legend of the Muyscas, a neighbouring people, in which Bochica and Huythaca are evident personifications of the sun and moon, says, "Like to this in meaning, though different in fancy, is the civilization-myth of the Incas. . . . In after-ages the Sun and Moon were still represented in rule and religion by the Inca and his sister-wife, continuing the mighty race of Manco Capac and Mama Oello. But the two great ancestors returned when their earthly work was done, to become, what we may see they had never ceased to be, the sun and moon themselves." (Primitive Culture, i. 319.) It would not be inconsistent with a full acceptance of this theory to consider all such myths as veiling the real existence of men of superior endowments, to whom civilization must everywhere have owed its earliest developments; but to link them with the actual history of these personages would require very different evidence from what exists in the present or any similar case.—ED.]

advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas; and, in conformity with nearly every tradition, we may derive this race from the neighbourhood of Lake Titicaca;¹⁴ a conclusion strongly confirmed by the imposing architectural remains which still endure, after the lapse of so many years, on its borders. Who this race were, and whence they came, may afford a tempting theme for inquiry to the speculative antiquarian. But it is a land of darkness that lies far beyond the domain of history.¹⁵

The same mists that hang round the origin of the Incas continue to settle on their subsequent annals; and so imperfect were the records employed by the Peruvians, and so confused and contradictory their traditions, that the historian finds no firm footing on which to stand till within a century of the Spanish conquest.¹⁶ At first, the progress of the Peruvians seems to have been slow, and almost imperceptible. By their wise and temperate policy

¹⁴ Among other authorities for this tradition, see Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 3, 4. —Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 6. —*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS., —Zarate, *Historia del Descubrimiento y de la Conquista del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 10, ap. Barcia, *Historiadores primitivos de las Indias occidentales* (Madrid, 1749), tom. 3.—In most, not all, of the traditions, Manco Capac is recognized as the name of the founder of the Peruvian monarchy, though his history and character are related with sufficient discrepancy.

¹⁵ Mr. Ranking,

“Who can deep mysteries unriddle
As easily as thread a needle,”

finds it “highly probable that the first Inca of Peru was a son of the Grand Khan Kublai”; (*Historical Researches on the Conquest of Peru* etc., by the Moguls (London, 1827), p. 170.) The coincidences are curious, though we shall hardly jump at the conclusion of the adventurous author. Every scholar will agree with Humboldt in the wish that “some learned traveller would visit the borders of the lake of Titicaca, the district of Callao, and the high plains of Tiahuanaco, the theatre of the ancient American civilization.” (*Vues des*

Cordillères, p. 199.) And yet the architectural monuments of the aborigines, hitherto brought to light, have furnished few materials for a bridge of communication across the dark gulf that still separates the Old World from the New.*

¹⁶ A good deal within a century, to say truth. Garcilasso and Sarmiento, for example, the two ancient authorities in highest repute, have scarcely a point of contact in their accounts of the earlier Peruvian princes; the former representing the sceptre as gliding down in peaceful succession from hand to hand through an unbroken dynasty, while the latter garnishes his tale with as many conspiracies, depositions, and revolutions as belong to most barbarous and, unhappily, most civilized communities. When to these two are added the various writers, contemporary and of the succeeding age, who have treated of the Peruvian annals, we shall find ourselves in such a conflict of traditions that criticism is lost in conjecture. Yet this uncertainty as to historical events fortunately does not extend to the history of arts and institutions which were in existence on the arrival of the Spaniards.

* [The regions mentioned by Humboldt were visited in 1847 by a French savant, M. Angrand, who brought away carefully-prepared plans of many of the ruins, of which a description is given by Desjardins (*Le Pérou avant la Conquête espagnole*), tending to confirm the conclusions drawn from previous sources of information, that a civilization, superior to that of the Incas, had passed away long before the period of the Spanish conquest. A work announced as in the press, by Mr. Hutchinson, formerly English consul in Peru, may be expected to give the fruits of more recent explorations. But it may be safely predicted that no discoveries that may be made will ever establish the fact of a communication at some remote period between the two hemispheres. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the whole inquiry, so persistently pursued, has not sprung from an illusion. Had the Eastern Continent been discovered by a voyager from the Western, it

would perhaps have been assumed that the latter had furnished those swarms which afterwards passed through Asia into Europe, and that here was the original seat of the human family and the spot where culture had first begun to dawn. Mr. James S. Wilson's discovery, on the coast of Ecuador, of articles of pottery and of gold, “in a stratum of mould beneath the sea-level, and covered by several feet of clay,” proves, according to Murchison, that “within the human period the lands on the west coast of equatorial America were depressed and submerged; and that after the accumulation of marine clays above the terrestrial relics the whole coast was elevated to its present position.” If, then, the existence not only of the human race, but of human art, in America, antedates the present conformation of the continent, how futile must be every attempt to connect its early history with that of Egypt or of India! —Ed.]

they gradually won over the neighbouring tribes to their dominion, as these latter became more and more convinced of the benefits of a just and well-regulated government. As they grew stronger, they were enabled to rely more directly on force; but, still advancing under cover of the same beneficent pretexts employed by their predecessors, they proclaimed peace and civilization at the point of the sword. The rude nations of the country, without any principle of cohesion among themselves, fell one after another before the victorious arm of the Incas. Yet it was not till the middle of the fifteenth century that the famous Topa Inca Yupanqui, grandfather of the monarch who occupied the throne at the coming of the Spaniards, led his armies across the terrible desert of Atacama, and, penetrating to the southern region of Chili, fixed the permanent boundary of his dominions at the river Maule. His son, Huayna Capac, possessed of ambition and military talent fully equal to his father's, marched along the Cordillera towards the north, and, pushing his conquests across the equator, added the powerful kingdom of Quito to the empire of Peru.¹⁷

The ancient city of Cuzco, meanwhile, had been gradually advancing in wealth and population, till it had become the worthy metropolis of a great and flourishing monarchy. It stood in a beautiful valley on an elevated region of the plateau, which among the Alps would have been buried in eternal snows, but which within the tropics enjoyed a genial and salubrious temperature. Towards the north it was defended by a lofty eminence, a spur of the great Cordillera; and the city was traversed by a river, or rather a small stream, over which bridges of timber, covered with heavy slabs of stone, furnished an easy means of communication with the opposite banks. The streets were long and narrow, the houses low, and those of the poorer sort built of clay and reeds. But Cuzco was the royal residence, and was adorned with the ample dwellings of the great nobility; and the massy fragments still incorporated in many of the modern edifices bear testimony to the size and solidity of the ancient.¹⁸

The health of the city was promoted by spacious openings and squares, in which a numerous population from the capital and the distant country assembled to celebrate the high festivals of their religion. For Cuzco was the "Holy City;"¹⁹ and the great temple of the Sun, to which pilgrims resorted from the farthest borders of the empire, was the most magnificent structure in the New World, and unsurpassed, probably, in the costliness of its decorations by any building in the Old.

Towards the north, on the sierra or rugged eminence already noticed, rose

¹⁷ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 57, 64.—*Conq. 1.º Pobl. del Piru*, MS.—Velasco, *Hist. de Quito*, p. 59.—*Dec. de la Aud. Real.*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 18, 19; lib. 8, cap. 5-8.—The last historian, and, indeed, some others, refer the conquest of Chili to Yupanqui, the father of Topa Inca. The exploits of the two monarchs are so blended together by the different annalists as in a manner to confound their personal identity.

¹⁸ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 8-11.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 92.—

"El Cuzco tuvo gran manera y calidad, denio ser fundada por gente de gran ser. Aua grandes calles, saluo q̄ era angostas, y las casas hechas de piedra pura cõ tan lindas juntas, q̄ ilustra el antiguedad del edificio,

pues estauan piedras tan grãdes muy bien assentadas." (*Ibid.*, ubi supra.) Compare with this Miller's account of the city as existing at the present day: "The walls of many of the houses have remained unaltered for centuries. The great size of the stones, the variety of their shapes, and the inimitable workmanship they display, gave to the city that interesting air of antiquity and romance which fills the mind with pleasing though painful veneration." *Memoirs of Gen. Miller in the Service of the Republic of Peru* (London, 1829, 2nd ed.), vol. ii. p. 225.

¹⁹ "La Imperial Ciudad de Cozco, que la adoravan los Indios, como á Cosa Sagrada." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 20.—Also Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.

a strong fortress, the remains of which at the present day, by their vast size, excite the admiration of the traveller.²⁰ It was defended by a single wall of great thickness, and twelve hundred feet long on the side facing the city, where the precipitous character of the ground was of itself almost sufficient for its defence. On the other quarter, where the approaches were less difficult, it was protected by two other semicircular walls of the same length as the preceding. They were separated a considerable distance from one another and from the fortress; and the intervening ground was raised so that the walls afforded a breastwork for the troops stationed there in times of assault. The fortress consisted of three towers, detached from one another. One was appropriated to the Inca, and was garnished with the sumptuous decorations befitting a royal residence rather than a military post. The other two were held by the garrison, drawn from the Peruvian nobles, and commanded by an officer of the blood royal; for the position was of too great importance to be intrusted to inferior hands. The hill was excavated below the towers, and several subterraneous galleries communicated with the city and the palaces of the Inca.²¹

The fortress, the walls, and the galleries were all built of stone, the heavy blocks of which were not laid in regular courses, but so disposed that the small ones might fill up the interstices between the great. They formed a sort of rustic work, being rough-hewn except towards the edges, which were finely wrought; and, though no cement was used, the several blocks were adjusted with so much exactness and united so closely that it was impossible to introduce even the blade of a knife between them.²² Many of these stones were of vast size; some of them being full thirty-eight feet long, by eighteen broad, and six feet thick.²³

We are filled with astonishment when we consider that these enormous masses were hewn from their native bed and fashioned into shape by a people ignorant of the use of iron; that they were brought from quarries, from four to fifteen leagues distant,²⁴ without the aid of beasts of burden; were transported across rivers and ravines, raised to their elevated position on the sierra, and finally adjusted there with the nicest accuracy, without the knowledge of tools and machinery familiar to the European. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed on this great structure, and fifty years consumed in the building.²⁵ However this may be, we see in it the workings of a des-

²⁰ See, among others, the Memoirs, above cited, of Gen. Miller, which contain a minute and very interesting notice of modern Cuzco. (Vol. 4. p. 223, et seq.) Ulloa, who visited the country in the middle of the last century, is unbounded in his expressions of admiration. Voyage to South America, Eng. trans. (London, 1806), book vii. ch. 12.

²¹ Betanzos, Suma y Narracion de los Yngas, MS., cap. 12.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 27-29.—The demolition of the fortress, begun immediately after the Conquest, provoked the remonstrance of more than one enlightened Spaniard, whose voice, however, was impotent against the spirit of cupidity and violence. See Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 48.

²² Ibid., ubi supra.—Inscripciones, Medallas, Templos, Edificios, Antigüedades, y Monumentos del Peru, MS. This manuscript, which formerly belonged to Dr. Robertson, and which is now in the British Museum, is

the work of some unknown author, somewhere probably about the time of Charles III.,—a period when, as the sagacious scholar to whom I am indebted for a copy of it remarks, a spirit of sounder criticism was visible in the Castilian historians.

²³ Acosta, Natural and Morall Historie of the East and West Indies, Eng. trans. (London, 1604), lib. 6, cap. 14.—He measured the stones himself.—See also Garcilasso, Com. Real., loc. cit.

²⁴ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 93.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Many hundred blocks of granite may still be seen, it is said, in an unfinished state, in a quarry near Cuzco.

²⁵ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 48.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 27, 28.—The Spaniards, puzzled by the execution of so great a work with such apparently inadequate means, referred it all, in their summary way, to the Devil; an opinion which Garcilasso seems

potism which had the lives and fortunes of its vassals at its absolute disposal, and which, however mild in its general character, esteemed these vassals, when employed in its service, as lightly as the brute animals for which they served as a substitute.

The fortress of Cuzco was but part of a system of fortifications established throughout their dominions by the Incas. This system formed a prominent feature in their military policy; but before entering on this latter it will be proper to give the reader some view of their civil institutions and scheme of government.

The sceptre of the Incas, if we may credit their historian, descended in unbroken succession from father to son, through their whole dynasty. Whatever we may think of this, it appears probable that the right of inheritance might be claimed by the eldest son of the *Coya*, or lawful queen, as she was styled, to distinguish her from the host of concubines who shared the affections of the sovereign.²⁶ The queen was further distinguished, at least in later reigns, by the circumstance of being selected from the sisters of the Inca, an arrangement which, however revolting to the ideas of civilized nations, was recommended to the Peruvians by its securing an heir to the crown of the pure heaven-born race, uncontaminated by any mixture of earthly mould.²⁷

In his early years, the royal offspring was intrusted to the care of the *amautas*, or "wise men," as the teachers of Peruvian science were called, who instructed him in such elements of knowledge as they possessed, and especially in the cumbersome ceremonial of their religion, in which he was to take a prominent part. Great care was also bestowed on his military education, of the last importance in a state which, with its professions of peace and good will, was ever at war for the acquisition of empire.

In this military school he was educated with such of the Inca nobles as were nearly of his own age; for the sacred name of Inca—a fruitful source of obscurity in their annals—was applied indifferently to all who descended by the male line from the founder of the monarchy.²⁸ At the age of sixteen the pupils underwent a public examination, previous to their admission to what may be called the order of chivalry. This examination was conducted by some of the oldest and most illustrious Incas. The candidates were required to show their prowess in the athletic exercises of the warrior; in wrestling and boxing, in running such long courses as fully tried their agility and strength, in severe fasts of several days' duration, and in mimic combats, which, although the weapons were blunted, were always attended with wounds, and sometimes with death. During this trial, which lasted thirty days, the royal neophyte

willing to indorse. The author of the *Antig. y Monumentos del Peru*, MS., rejects this notion with becoming gravity.

²⁶ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 7.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 26.—Acosta speaks of the eldest brother of the Inca as succeeding in preference to the son (lib. 6, cap. 12). He may have confounded the Peruvian with the Aztec usage. The Report of the Royal Audience states that a brother succeeded in default of a son. Dec. de la And. *Real.*, MS.

²⁷ "*Et soror et conjux.*" According to Garcilasso, the heir-apparent *always* married a sister. (*Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 9.) Ondegardo notices this as an innovation at the close of the fifteenth century. (*Relacion Primera*, MS.) The historian of the Incas, however, is confirmed in his extraordinary statement by Sarmiento. *Relacion*, MS., cap. 7.*

²⁸ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 26.

* ["The sister-marriage of the Incas," remarks Mr. Taylor, "had in their religion at once a meaning and a justification,—as typifying, namely, the supposed relation of the sun and moon, like the Egyptian Osiris and Isis. (*Primitive Culture*, i. 261). It may,

however, indicate also different ideas from those of our race in regard to consanguinity. See Morgan, *Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Family* (Smithsonian Contributions).—Ed.]

fared no better than his comrades, sleeping on the bare ground, going unshod, and wearing a mean attire,—a mode of life, it was supposed, which might tend to inspire him with more sympathy with the destitute. With all this show of impartiality, however, it will probably be doing no injustice to the judges to suppose that a politic discretion may have somewhat quickened their perceptions of the real merits of the heir-apparent.

At the end of the appointed time, the candidates selected as worthy of the honours of their barbaric chivalry were presented to the sovereign, who condescended to take a principal part in the ceremony of inauguration. He began with a brief discourse, in which, after congratulating the young aspirants on the proficiency they had shown in martial exercises, he reminded them of the responsibilities attached to their birth and station, and, addressing them affectionately as "children of the Sun," he exhorted them to imitate their great progenitor in his glorious career of beneficence to mankind. The novices then drew near, and, kneeling one by one before the Inca, he pierced their ears with a golden bodkin; and this was suffered to remain there till an opening had been made large enough for the enormous pendants which were peculiar to their order, and which gave them, with the Spaniards, the name of *orejones*.²⁹ This ornament was so massy in the ears of the sovereign that the cartilage was distended by it nearly to the shoulder, producing what seemed a monstrous deformity in the eyes of the Europeans, though, under the magical influence of fashion, it was regarded as a beauty by the natives.

When this operation was performed, one of the most venerable of the nobles dressed the feet of the candidates in the sandals worn by the order, which may remind us of the ceremony of buckling on the spurs of the Christian knight. They were then allowed to assume the girdle or sash around the loins, corresponding with the *toga virilis* of the Romans, and intimating that they had reached the season of manhood. Their heads were adorned with garlands of flowers, which, by their various colours, were emblematic of the clemency and goodness that should grace the character of every true warrior; and the leaves of an evergreen plant were mingled with the flowers, to show that these virtues should endure without end.³⁰ The prince's head was further ornamented by a fillet, or tasseled fringe, of a yellow colour, made of the fine threads of the vicuña wool, which encircled the forehead as the peculiar insignia of the heir-apparent. The great body of the Inca nobility next made their appearance, and, beginning with those nearest of kin, knelt down before the prince and did him homage as successor to the crown. The whole assembly then moved to the great square of the capital, where songs and dances and other public festivities closed the important ceremonial of the *kuaracu*.³¹

The reader will be less surprised by the resemblance which this ceremonial

²⁹ From *oreja*, "ear."—"Los caballeros de la sangre [Real tenían orejas horadadas, y de ellas colgando grandes rodetes de plata y oro: llamaronles por esto' los *orejones* los Castellanos la primera vez que los vieron." (Montesinos, *Memorias antiguas historiales del Peru*, MS., lib. 2, cap. 6.) The ornament, which was in the form of a wheel, did not depend from the ear, but was inserted in the gristle of it, and was as large as an orange. "La hacen tan ancha como una gran rosca de naranja; los Señores i Principales traian aquellas roscas de oro fino en las orejas." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Also Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*,

Parte 1, cap. 22.) "The larger the hole," says one of the old Conquerors, "the more of a gentleman!" Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

³⁰ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 27.

³¹ *Ibid.*, cap. 24-28.—According to Fernandez, the candidates wore white shirts, with something like a cross embroidered in front! (*Historia del Peru* (Sevilla, 1571), Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 6.) We may fancy ourselves occupied with some chivalrous ceremonial of the Middle Ages.

bears to the inauguration of a Christian knight in the feudal ages, if he reflects that a similar analogy may be traced in the institutions of other people more or less civilized, and that it is natural that nations occupied with the one great business of war should mark the period when the preparatory education for it was ended, by similar characteristic ceremonies.

Having thus honourably passed through his ordeal, the heir-apparent was deemed worthy to sit in the councils of his father, and was employed in offices of trust at home, or, more usually, sent on distant expeditions to practise in the field the lessons which he had hitherto studied only on the mimic theatre of war. His first campaigns were conducted under the renowned commanders who had grown gray in the service of his father, until, advancing in years and experience, he was placed in command himself, and, like Huayna Capac, the last and most illustrious of his line, carried the banner of the rainbow, the armorial ensign of his house, far over the borders, among the remotest tribes of the plateau.

The government of Peru was a despotism, mild in its character, but in its form a pure and unmitigated despotism. The sovereign was placed at an immeasurable distance above his subjects. Even the proudest of the Inca nobility, claiming a descent from the same divine original as himself, could not venture into the royal presence, unless barefoot, and bearing a light burden on his shoulders in token of homage.³² As the representative of the Sun, he stood at the head of the priesthood, and presided at the most important of the religious festivals.³³ He raised armies, and usually commanded them in person. He imposed taxes, made laws, and provided for their execution by the appointment of judges, whom he removed at pleasure. He was the source from which everything flowed,—all dignity, all power, all emolument. He was, in short, in the well-known phrase of the European despot, “himself the state.”³⁴

The Inca asserted his claims as a superior being by assuming a pomp in his manner of living well calculated to impose on his people. His dress was of the finest wool of the vicuña, richly dyed, and ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones. Round his head was wreathed a turban of many-coloured folds, called the *llautu*, with a tasselled fringe, like that worn by the prince, but of a scarlet colour, while two feathers of a rare and curious bird, called the *coraquenque*, placed upright in it, were the distinguishing insignia of royalty. The birds from which these feathers were obtained were found in a desert country among the mountains; and it was death to destroy or to take them, as they were reserved for the exclusive purpose of supplying the royal

³² Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 11.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 7.—“Porque verdaderamente á lo que yo he averiguado toda la pretension de los Ingas fue una subjeccion en toda la gente, qual yo nunca he oido decir de ninguna otra nacion en tanto grado, que por muy principal que un Señor fuese, dende que entrava cerca del Cuzco en cierta señal que estava puesta en cada camino de quatro que hay, havia dende allí de venir cargado hasta la presencia del Inga, y allí dejava la carga y hacia su obediencia.” Oudegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.

³³ It was only at one of these festivals, and hardly authorizes the sweeping assertion of Carli that the royal and sacerdotal authority were blended together in Peru. We shall see, hereafter, the important and indepen-

dent position occupied by the high-priest.

³⁴ “Le Sacerdoce et l’Empire étoient divisés au Mexique; au lieu qu’ils étoient réunis au Pérou, comme au Tibet et à la Chine, et comme il le fut à Rome, lorsqu’Auguste jeta les fondemens de l’Empire, en y réunissant le Sacerdoce ou la dignité de Souverain Pontife.” *Lettres Américaines* (Paris, 1788), trad. Franç., tom. 1. let. 7.

³⁴ “Porque el Inga dava á entender que era hijo del Sol, con este titulo se hacia adorar, i gobernava principalmente en tanto grado que nadie se le atrevia, i su palabra era ley, i nadie osaba ir contra su palabra ni voluntad; aunque obiese de matar cient mill Indios, no havia ninguno en su Reino que le osase decir que no lo hiciese.” *Conq. i. Pob. del Piru*, MS.

head-gear. Every succeeding monarch was provided with a new pair of these plumes, and his credulous subjects fondly believed that only two individuals of the species had ever existed to furnish the simple ornament for the diadem of the Incas.²⁵

Although the Peruvian monarch was raised so far above the highest of his subjects, he condescended to mingle occasionally with them, and took great pains personally to inspect the condition of the humbler classes. He presided at some of the religious celebrations, and on these occasions entertained the great nobles at his table, when he complimented them, after the fashion of more civilized nations, by drinking the health of those whom he most delighted to honour.²⁶

But the most effectual means taken by the Incas for communicating with their people were their progresses through the empire. These were conducted, at intervals of several years, with great state and magnificence. The sedan, or litter, in which they travelled, richly emblazoned with gold and emeralds, was guarded by a numerous escort. The men who bore it on their shoulders were provided by two cities, specially appointed for the purpose. It was a post to be coveted by no one, if, as is asserted, a fall was punished with death.²⁷ They travelled with ease and expedition, halting at the *tambos*, or inns, erected by government along the route, and occasionally at the royal palaces, which in the great towns afforded ample accommodations to the whole of the monarch's retinue. The noble roads which traversed the table-land were lined with people, who swept away the stones and stubble from their surface, strewing them with sweet-scented flowers, and vying with each other in carrying forward the baggage from one village to another. The monarch halted from time to time to listen to the grievances of his subjects, or to settle some points which had been referred to his decision by the regular tribunals. As the princely train wound its way along the mountain-passes, every place was thronged with spectators eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign; and when he raised the curtains of his litter and showed himself to their eyes, the air was rent with acclamations as they invoked blessings on his head.²⁸ Tradition long commemorated the spots at which he halted, and the simple people of the country held them in reverence as places consecrated by the presence of an Inca.²⁹

²⁵ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 22; lib. 6, cap. 28.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 114.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 12.

²⁶ One would hardly expect to find among the American Indians this social and kindly custom of our Saxon ancestors,—now fallen somewhat out of use, in the capricious innovations of modern fashion. Garcilasso is diffuse in his account of the forms observed at the royal table. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 23.) The only hours of eating were at eight or nine in the morning, and at sunset, which took place at nearly the same time, in all seasons, in the latitude of Cuzco. The historian of the Incas admits that, though temperate in eating, they indulged freely in their cups, frequently prolonging their revelry to a late hour of the night. *Ibid.*, Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 1.

²⁷ "In lectica, aureo tabulato constricta, humeris ferebant; in summa, ea erat observantia, ut vultum ejus intueri maxime incivile putarent, et inter balulos, quicumque vel leviter pede offensus hasitaret, e vestigio interficerent." Levinus Apollonius, De Pu-

ruvie Regionis Inventione, et Rebus in eadem gestis (Antverpiæ, 1567), fol. 37.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 11.—According to this writer, the litter was carried by the nobles; one thousand of whom were specially reserved for the humiliating honour. *Ubi supra*.

²⁸ The acclamations must have been potent indeed, if, as Sarmiento tells us, they sometimes brought the birds down from the sky! "De esta manera eran tan temidos los Reyes que si salian por el Reyno y permitian alzar algun paño de los que iban en las andas para dejarse ver de sus vasallos, alzaban tan gran alarido que hacian caer las aves de lo alto donde iban volando á ser tomadas á manos." (Relacion, MS., cap. 10.) The same author has given in another place a more credible account of the royal progresses, which the Spanish reader will find extracted in Appendix No. 1.

²⁹ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 14; lib. 6, cap. 3.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 11.

The royal palaces were on a magnificent scale, and, far from being confined to the capital or a few principal towns, were scattered over all the provinces of their vast empire.⁴⁰ The buildings were low, but covered a wide extent of ground. Some of the apartments were spacious, but they were generally small, and had no communication with one another, except that they opened into a common square or court. The walls were made of blocks of stone of various sizes, like those described in the fortress of Cuzco, rough-hewn, but carefully wrought near the line of junction, which was scarcely visible to the eye. The roofs were of wood or rushes, which have perished under the rude touch of time, that has shown more respect for the walls of the edifices. The whole seems to have been characterized by solidity and strength, rather than by any attempt at architectural elegance.⁴¹

But whatever want of elegance there may have been in the exterior of the imperial dwellings, it was amply compensated by the interior, in which all the opulence of the Peruvian princes was ostentatiously displayed. The sides of the apartments were thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments. Niches, prepared in the walls, were filled with images of animals and plants curiously wrought of the same costly materials; and even much of the domestic furniture, including the utensils devoted to the most ordinary menial services, displayed the like wanton magnificence!⁴² With these gorgeous decorations were mingled richly-coloured stuffs of the delicate manufacture of the Peruvian wool, which were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns, with all the luxuries of Europe and Asia at their command, did not disdain to use them.⁴³ The royal household consisted of a throng of menials, supplied by the neighbouring towns and villages, which, as in Mexico, were bound to furnish the monarch with fuel and other necessaries for the consumption of the palace.

But the favourite residence of the Incas was at Yucay, about four leagues distant from the capital. In this delicious valley, locked up within the friendly arms of the sierra, which sheltered it from the rude breezes of the east, and refreshed by gushing fountains and streams of running water, they built the most beautiful of their palaces. Here, when wearied with the dust and toil of the city, they loved to retreat, and solace themselves with the society of their favourite concubines, wandering amidst groves and airy gardens, that shed around their soft, intoxicating odours and lulled the senses to voluptuous repose. Here, too, they loved to indulge in the luxury of their baths, replenished by streams of crystal water which were conducted through subterranean silver channels into basins of gold. The spacious gardens were stocked with numerous varieties of plants and flowers that grew without effort in this *temperate* region of the tropics, while parterres of a more extra-

⁴⁰ Velasco has given some account of several of these palaces situated in different parts in the kingdom of Quito. Hist. de Quito, tom. i. pp. 195-197.

⁴¹ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 44.—Antig. y Monumentos de Peru, MS.—See, among others, the description of the remains still existing of the royal buildings at Callao, about ten leagues south of Quito, by Ulloa, Voyage to South America, book 6, ch. 11, and since, more carefully, by Humboldt, Vues des Cordillères, p. 197.

⁴² Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 1.—"Tanto que cordero el servicio de la Casa del Rey así de cantaras para su vino, como de cocina, todo era oro y plata, y esto no

en un lugar y en una parte lo tenia, sino en muchas." (Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 11.) See also the flaming accounts of the palaces of Bilcas, to the west of Cuzco, by Cieza de Leon, as reported to him by Spaniards who had seen them in their glory. (Cronica, cap. 89.) The niches are still described by modern travellers as to be found in the walls. (Humboldt, Vues des Cordillères, p. 197.)

⁴³ "La ropa de la cama toda era de mantas, y freçadas de lana de Vicuña, que es tan fina, y tan regalada, que entre otras cosas precladas de aquellas Tierras, se las han traído para la cama del Rey Don Phelipe Segundo." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 1.

ordinary kind were planted by their side, glowing with the various forms of vegetable life skilfully imitated in gold and silver! Among them the Indian corn, the most beautiful of American grains, is particularly commemorated, and the curious workmanship is noticed with which the golden ear was half disclosed amidst the broad leaves of silver, and the light tassel of the same material that floated gracefully from its top.⁴⁴

If this dazzling picture staggers the faith of the reader, he may reflect that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold; that the natives understood the art of working the mines, to a considerable extent; that none of the ore, as we shall see hereafter, was converted into coin, and that the whole of it passed into the hands of the sovereign for his own exclusive benefit, whether for purposes of utility or ornament. Certain it is that no fact is better attested by the Conquerors themselves, who had ample means of information, and no motive for misstatement. The Italian poets, in their gorgeous pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Morgana, came nearer the truth than they imagined.

Our surprise, however, may reasonably be excited when we consider that the wealth displayed by the Peruvian princes was only that which each had amassed individually for himself. He owed nothing to inheritance from his predecessors. On the decease of an Inca, his palaces were abandoned; all his treasures, except what were employed in his obsequies, his furniture and apparel, were suffered to remain as he left them, and his mansions, save one, were closed up for ever. The new sovereign was to provide himself with everything new for his royal state. The reason of this was the popular belief that the soul of the departed monarch would return after a time to re-animate his body on earth; and they wished that he should find everything to which he had been used in life prepared for his reception.⁴⁵

When an Inca died, or, to use his own language, "was called home to the mansions of his father, the Sun,"⁴⁶ his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp and solemnity. The bowels were taken from the body and deposited in the temple of Tampu, about five leagues from the capital. A quantity of his plate and jewels was buried with them, and a number of his attendants and favourite concubines, amounting sometimes, it is said, to a thousand, were immolated on his tomb.⁴⁷ Some of them showed the natural repugnance to the sacrifice occasionally manifested by the victims of a similar superstition in India. But these were probably the menials and more humble attendants; since the women have been known, in more than one instance, to lay violent hands on themselves, when restrained from testifying their fidelity by this act of conjugal martyrdom. This melancholy ceremony was followed by a general mourning throughout the empire. At stated intervals, for a year, the people assembled to renew the expressions of their sorrow; processions were made, displaying the banner of the departed monarch; bards and minstrels were appointed to chronicle his achievements, and their songs continued to be

⁴⁴ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 26; lib. 6, cap. 2.—Sarmiento, *Relacion, MS.*, cap. 24.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 94.—The last writer speaks of a cement, made in part of liquid gold, as used in the royal buildings of Tambo, a valley not far from Yucay! (*Ubi supra.*) We may excuse the Spaniards for demolishing such edifices,—if they ever met with them.

⁴⁵ Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 12.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real*, Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 4.

⁴⁶ The Aztecs, also, believed that the soul

of the warrior who fell in battle went to accompany the Sun in his bright progress through the heavens. (See *Conquest of Mexico*, book 1, chap. 3.)

⁴⁷ *Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.*—Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 6.—Four thousand of these victims, according to Sarmiento,—we may hope it is an exaggeration,—graced the funeral obsequies of Huayna Capac, the last of the Incas before the coming of the Spaniards, *Relacion, MS.*, cap. 65.

marshaled at high festivals in the presence of the reigning monarch,—thus stimulating the living by the glorious example of the dead.⁴⁶

The body of the deceased Inca was skilfully embalmed, and removed to the great temple of the Sun at Cuzco. There the Peruvian sovereign, on entering the awful sanctuary, might behold the effigies of his royal ancestors, ranged in opposite files,—the men on the right, and their queens on the left, of the great luminary which blazed in refulgent gold on the walls of the temple. The bodies, clothed in the princely attire which they had been accustomed to wear, were placed on chairs of gold, and sat with their heads inclined downward, their hands placidly crossed over their bosoms, their countenances exhibiting their natural dusky hue,—less liable to change than the fresher colouring of a European complexion,—and their hair of raven black, or silvered over with age, according to the period at which they died! It seemed like a company of solemn worshippers fixed in devotion,—so true were the forms and lineaments to life. The Peruvians were as successful as the Egyptians in the miserable attempt to perpetuate the existence of the body beyond the limits assigned to it by nature.⁴⁷

They cherished a still stranger illusion in the attentions which they continued to pay to these insensible remains, as if they were instinct with life. One of the houses belonging to a deceased Inca was kept open and occupied by his guard and attendants, with all the state appropriate to royalty. On certain festivals, the revered bodies of the sovereigns were brought out with great ceremony into the public square of the capital. Invitations were sent by the captains of the guard of the respective Incas to the different nobles and officers of the court; and entertainments were provided in the names of their masters, which displayed all the profuse magnificence of their treasures,—and “such a display,” says an ancient chronicler, “was there in the great square of Cuzco, on this occasion, of gold and silver plate and jewels, as no other city in the world ever witnessed.”⁴⁸ The banquet was served by the menials of the respective households, and the guests partook of the melancholy cheer in the presence of the royal phantom with the same attention to the forms of courtly etiquette as if the living monarch had presided!⁴⁹

⁴⁶ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 62.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 5.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 8.

⁴⁷ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 29.—The Peruvians secreted these mummies of their sovereigns after the Conquest, that they might not be profaned by the insults of the Spaniards. Ondegardo, when *corregidor* of Cuzco, discovered five of them, three male and two female. The former were the bodies of Viracocha, of the great Tupac Inca Yupanqui, and of his son Huayna Capac. Garcilasso saw them in 1560. They were dressed in their regal robes, with no insignia but the *lluautu* on their heads. They were in a sitting posture, and, to use his own expression, “perfect as life, without so much as a hair or an eyebrow wanting.” As they were carried through the streets, decently shrouded with a mantle, the Indians threw themselves on their knees, in sign of reverence, with many tears and groans, and were still more touched as they beheld some of the Spaniards themselves doffing their caps, in token of respect to departed royalty. (*Ibid.*,

ubi supra.) The bodies were subsequently removed to Lima; and Father Acosta, who saw them there some twenty years later, speaks of them as still in perfect preservation.

⁴⁸ “Tenemos por muy cierto que ni en Jerusalem, Roma, ni en Persia, ni en ninguna parte del mundo por ninguna Republica ni Rey de el, se juntaba en un lugar tanta riqueza de Metales de oro y Plata y Pedreria como en esta Plaza del Cuzco; quando estas fiestas y otras semejantes se hacian.” Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 27.

⁴⁹ *Idem*, Relacion, MS., cap. 8, 27.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—It was only, however, the great and good princes that were thus honoured, according to Sarmiento, “whose souls the silly people fondly believed, on account of their virtues, were in heaven, although, in truth,” as the same writer assures us, “they were all the time burning in the flames of hell!” “Digo los que habiendo sido en vida buenos y valerosos, generosos con los Indios en les hacer mercedes, perdonadores de injurias, porque á estos tales canonizaban en su ceguedad por Santos y

The nobility of Peru consisted of two orders, the first and by far the most important of which was that of the Incas, who, boasting a common descent with their sovereign, lived, as it were, in the reflected light of his glory. As the Peruvian monarchs availed themselves of the right of polygamy to a very liberal extent, leaving behind them families of one or even two hundred children,⁵² the nobles of the blood royal, though comprehending only their descendants in the male line, came in the course of years to be very numerous.⁵³ They were divided into different lineages, each of which traced its pedigree to a different member of the royal dynasty, though all terminated in the divine founder of the empire.

They were distinguished by many exclusive and very important privileges; they wore a peculiar dress, spoke a dialect, if we may believe the chronicler, peculiar to themselves,⁵⁴ and had the choicest portion of the public domain assigned for their support. They lived, most of them, at court, near the person of the prince, sharing in his counsels, dining at his board, or supplied from his table. They alone were admissible to the great offices in the priesthood. They were invested with the command of armies and of distant garrisons, were placed over the provinces, and, in short, filled every station of high trust and emolument.⁵⁵ Even the laws, severe in their general tenor, seem not to have been framed with reference to them; and the people, investing the whole order with a portion of the sacred character which belonged to the sovereign, held that an Inca noble was incapable of crime.⁵⁶

The other order of nobility was the *Curacas*, the caciques of the conquered nations, or their descendants. They were usually continued by the government in their places, though they were required to visit the capital occasionally, and to allow their sons to be educated there as the pledges of their loyalty. It is not easy to define the nature or extent of their privileges. They were possessed of more or less power, according to the extent of their patrimony and the number of their vassals. Their authority was usually transmitted from father to son, though sometimes the successor was chosen by the people.⁵⁷ They did not occupy the highest posts of state, or those

honrraban sus huesos, sin entender que las animas ardan en los Ynfiernos y creian que estaban en el Cielo." Sarmiento, Relacion, M.S., ubi supra.

⁵² Garcilasso says over three hundred! (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 19.) The fact, though rather startling, is not incredible, if, like Huayna Capac, they counted seven hundred wives in their seraglio. See Sarmiento, Relacion, M.S., cap. 7.

⁵³ Garcilasso mentions a class of Incas *por privilegio*, who were allowed to possess the name and many of the immunities of the blood royal, though only descended from the great vassals that first served under the banner of Manco Capac. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 22.) This important fact, to which he often refers, one would be glad to see confirmed by a single authority.

⁵⁴ Los Incas tuvieron otra Lengua particular, que hablaban entre ellos, que no la entendian los demás Indios, ni les era licito

aprenderla, como Language Divino. Esta me escriven del Perú, que se ha perdido totalmente; porque como pereció la Republica particular de los Incas, pereció tambien el Language dellos." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 1.*

⁵⁵ "Una sola gente hallo yo que era exenta, que eran los Incas del Cuzco y por alli al rededor de ambas parcialidades, porque estos no solo no pagavan tributo, pero aun comian de lo que traian al Inga de todo el reino, y estos eran por la mayor parte los Governadores en todo el reino, y por donde quiera que iban se les hacia mucha honrra." Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

⁵⁶ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 15.

⁵⁷ In this event, it seems, the successor named was usually presented to the Inca for confirmation. (Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.) At other times the Inca himself selected the heir from among the children of

* [An analysis of fifteen words preserved by Garcilasso has led to the conclusion that the supposed secret language of the Incas was only a dialect of the common tongue. Meyer,

Ueber] die Ureinbewohner von Peru, cited by Brinton, Myths of the New World, p. 31. —Ed.]

nearest the person of the sovereign, like the nobles of the blood. Their authority seems to have been usually local, and always in subordination to the territorial jurisdiction of the great provincial governors, who were taken from the Incas.⁵⁸

It was the Inca nobility, indeed, who constituted the real strength of the Peruvian monarchy. Attached to their prince by ties of consanguinity, they had common sympathies and, to a considerable extent, common interests with him. Distinguished by a peculiar dress and insignia, as well as by language and blood, from the rest of the community, they were never confounded with the other tribes and nations who were incorporated into the great Peruvian monarchy. After the lapse of centuries they still retained their individuality as a peculiar people. They were to the conquered races of the country what the Romans were to the barbarous hordes of the Empire, or the Normans to the ancient inhabitants of the British Isles. Clustering around the throne, they formed an invincible phalanx to shield it alike from secret conspiracy and open insurrection. Though living chiefly in the capital, they were also distributed throughout the country in all its high stations and strong military posts, thus establishing lines of communication with the court, which enabled the sovereign to act simultaneously and with effect on the most distant quarters of his empire. They possessed, moreover, an intellectual pre-eminence, which, no less than their station, gave them authority with the people. Indeed, it may be said to have been the principal foundation of their authority. The crania of the Inca race show a decided superiority over the other races of the land in intellectual power;⁵⁹ and it cannot be denied that it was the fountain of that peculiar civilization and social polity which raised the Peruvian monarchy above every other state in South America. Whence this remarkable race came, and what was its early history, are among those mysteries that meet us so frequently in the annals of the New World, and which time and the antiquary have as yet done little to explain.*

the deceased Curaca. "In short," says Ondegardo, "there was no rule of succession so sure, but it might be set aside by the supreme will of the sovereign." *Rel. Prim.*, MS.

⁵⁸ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 10.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 11.—*Dec. de la Aud.*, MS.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 93.—*Conq. 1 Pob. del Piru*, MS.

[The wildest speculations on this point have not been those of early writers, unguided by any principles of philological or ethnological science, and accustomed to regard the Hebrew Scriptures as the sole fountain of knowledge in regard to the origin and

⁵⁹ Dr. Morton's valuable work contains several engravings of both the Inca and the common Peruvian skull, showing that the facial angle in the former, though by no means great, was much larger than that in the latter, which was singularly flat and deficient in intellectual character. *Crania Americana* (Philadelphia, 1829).†

diffusion of the human race. Modern research in matters of language and mythology, while dispelling many illusions and furnishing a key to many riddles, has opened a field in which the imagination, equipped with a quasi-scientific apparatus, finds a wider range than

† [It seems extremely improbable that Dr. Morton should have been able to obtain any well-authenticated crania of the Incas. "With the exception," says Rivero, "of the mummies of the four [?] emperors which were carried to Lima, . . . and the remains of which it has been impossible to discover up to this day, the sepulchres of the others are unknown, as well as of the nobility descended from them." (*Peruvian Antiquities*, Eng. trans., p. 40.) The same writer asserts that all the Peruvian crania figured in the work of Dr. Morton belong to those of the three races

which, according to him, constituted the general mass of the population, the Chinchas, the Aymaraes, and the Huancas. The crania of all these races are, he further states, distinguished by an osteologic anomaly: the presence, namely, of an interparietal bone, of a more or less triangular form, perfectly distinct in the first month after birth, and subsequently united to the occipital, the suture being marked by a furrow which is never obliterated and which is easily recognized in all the crania.—Ed.]

CHAPTER II.

ORDERS OF THE STATE — PROVISIONS FOR JUSTICE — DIVISION OF LANDS — REVENUES AND REGISTERS—GREAT ROADS AND POSTS—MILITARY TACTICS AND POLICY.

If we are surprised at the peculiar and original features of what may be called the Peruvian aristocracy, we shall be still more so as we descend to the lower orders of the community and see the very artificial character of their institutions,—as artificial as those of ancient Sparta, and, though in a different way, quite as repugnant to the essential principles of our nature. The institutions of Lycurgus, however, were designed for a petty state, while those of Peru, although originally intended for such, seemed, like the magic tent in the Arabian tale, to have an indefinite power of expansion, and were as well suited to the most flourishing condition of the empire as to its infant fortunes. In this remarkable accommodation to change of circumstances we see the proofs of a contrivance that argues no slight advance in civilization.

The name of Peru was not known to the natives. It was given by the Spaniards, and originated, it is said, in a misapprehension of the Indian name

ever before. The discoveries of the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg in regard to the origin of the Mexican civilization have been matched by those of a Peruvian scholar, Dr. Vincente Fidel Lopez, who, in a work entitled *Les Races aryennes du Pérou* (Paris, 1871), has brought forward a vast array of argument to prove that the dominant race in Peru was an offshoot of the great Indo-European family, transplanted at some remote period to the American soil, and not connected by blood with any of its other occupants. This theory is based on a comparison of languages, of architectural and other remains, and of institutions and ideas. The Quichua language, it is admitted, differs in *form* from all the recognized Aryan tongues. Like the other American languages, it is *polysynthetic*, though Dr. Lopez, who makes no distinction between the two terms, calls it *agglutinative*, classing it with the dialects of the Turanian family. But many philologists hold that there must have been a period when the oldest Aryan tongues were destitute of inflexions and employed the same modes of expression as the Chinese and other monosyllabic languages. There is therefore a "missing link," which is supplied by the Quichua, this being agglutinative in form but Aryan in substance. The latter point is established by the identity of its leading roots with those of the Sanscrit: that is to say, there are *kas*, *tas*, and *vas*, with meanings capable of being distorted into some similarity, in both. The argument in regard to architecture, pottery, etc., is of a more familiar kind, having been long since adduced in support of various conjectures. The mythological hypotheses are more amus-

ing. Dr. Lopez holds, with M. Brasseur, that all myths are identical; but while the latter insists that their common significance is geological, the former contends that it is astronomical. A single example will illustrate the method by which the author establishes his points. The most ancient Peruvian deity, as Dr. Lopez believes, was *Ati*, the representative of the *waning moon*, identical with the *Atē* of the Homeric mythology. Another step brings us to Hecate,—properly 'Εξ-α-ῆ, *of or by Atē*,—and a third to Athene—*Ati-inna*—and Minerva, both names signifying the same thing, *viz., force de la lune*. Lest it should be supposed that such conjectures have sprung from the remoteness and isolation in which, as Dr. Lopez complains, the Peruvian scholar is placed, it may be proper to mention that he has been anticipated and even outstripped in his leading ideas by some German savants, who, by a similar etymological process, have identified both the Peruvians and the Aztecs as Celts. "Aber woher kamen diese Kelten?" asks one of these enthusiastic explorers. "Denn dass es Kelten gewesen sind, kann nicht mehr zweifelhaft sein." And he answers his own inquiry by showing the probability that they were Irish, "the last pagan remains of that people," who rescued their old druidical worship from the inroads of Christianity, and having carried it across the ocean,—whether stopping at Greenland on the way or not he is unable to decide,—planted it on the Andes, "that is to say, *the beautiful land, from an, pleasant, beautiful, and des, land.*" Frenzel, *Der Belus oder Sonnendienst auf den Anden, oder Kelten in America* (Leipzig, 1867).—Ed.]

of "river."¹ However this may be, it is certain that the natives had no other epithet by which to designate the large collection of tribes and nations who were assembled under the sceptre of the Incas, than that of *Tavantinsuyu*, or "four quarters of the world."² This will not surprise a citizen of the United States, who has no other name by which to class himself among nations than what is borrowed from a quarter of the globe.³ The kingdom, conformably to its name, was divided into four parts, distinguished each by a separate title, and to each of which ran one of the four great roads that diverged from Cuzco, the capital or *navel* of the Peruvian monarchy. The city was in like manner divided into four quarters; and the various races which gathered there from the distant parts of the empire lived each in the quarter nearest to its respective province. They all continued to wear their peculiar national costume, so that it was easy to determine their origin; and the same order and system of arrangement prevailed in the motley population of the capital as in the great provinces of the empire. The capital, in fact, was a miniature image of the empire.⁴

The four great provinces were each placed under a viceroy or governor, who ruled over them with the assistance of one or more councils for the different departments. These viceroys resided, some portion of their time, at least, in the capital, where they constituted a sort of council of state to the Inca.⁵ The nation at large was distributed into decades, or small bodies of ten; and every tenth man, or head of a decade, had supervision of the rest,—being required to see that they enjoyed the rights and immunities to which they

¹ Pelu, according to Garcilasso, was the Indian name for "river," and was given by one of the natives in answer to a question put to him by the Spaniards, who conceived it to be the name of the country. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 6.) Such blunders have led to the names of many places both in North and South America. Montesinos, however, denies that there is such an Indian term for "river."* (Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 1, cap. 2.) According to this writer, Peru was the ancient *Ophir*, whence Solomon drew such stores of wealth, and which, by a very natural transition, has in time been corrupted into *Phiru*, *Piru*, *Peru*! The first book of the *Memorias*, consisting of thirty-two chapters, is devoted to this precious discovery.†

² Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 11.

³ Yet an American may find food for his

vanity in the reflection that the name of a quarter of the globe, inhabited by so many civilized nations, has been exclusively conceded to him.—Was it conceded or assumed? ‡

⁴ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 9, 10.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 93.—The capital was further divided into two parts, the Upper and Lower town, founded, as pretended, on the different origin of the population; a division recognized also in the inferior cities. Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.

⁵ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 15.—For this account of the councils I am indebted to Garcilasso, who frequently fills up gaps that have been left by his fellow-labourers. Whether the filling up will, in all cases, bear the touch of time as well as the rest of his work, one may doubt.

* [This statement would appear to be correct, and Garcilasso's etymology must be rejected on that, if on no other ground. More probable derivations are those given by Pascual de Andagoya,—from *Biru*, the name of a province first visited by Gaspar de Morales and Francisco Pizarro,—and by Father Blas Valera,—from the Quichua word *Pirua*, a granary. Garcilasso's objection, that the spelling *Piru* was a later and corrupt form, would, even if well founded, be of little moment.—Ed.]

† [A recent writer, forgetting, as Montesinos seems also to have done, that *Peru* was not the native name for the country, suggests its connection with *Persia*—itself a mere corruption—as an argument in support of the Aryan origin of the Quichuans!—Ed.]

‡ [This comparison, which seems quite out of place, might be supposed to imply that the Peruvian word translated "four quarters of the world" bore a similar meaning to that conveyed by the English phrase. But Garcilasso himself explains it as indicating merely the four cardinal points, by which divisions of territory, as well as architectural arrangements and even social organizations, were so commonly regulated among primitive nations. The extent to which this was carried in America, and the consequent importance and sacredness attached to the number four, as exemplified in many myths and traditions, have been pointed out with great fullness of research and illustration by Dr. Brierton, in his *Myths of the New World*.—Ed.]

were entitled, to solicit aid in their behalf from government, when necessary, and to bring offenders to justice. To this last they were stimulated by a law that imposed on them, in case of neglect, the same penalty that would have been incurred by the guilty party. With this law hanging over his head, the magistrate of Peru, we may well believe, did not often go to sleep on his post.⁶

The people were still further divided into bodies of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, and a thousand, each with an officer having general supervision over those beneath, and the higher ones possessing, to a certain extent, authority in matters of police. Lastly, the whole empire was distributed into sections or departments of ten thousand inhabitants, with a governor over each, from the Inca nobility, who had control over the *curacas* and other territorial officers in the district. There were, also, regular tribunals of justice, consisting of magistrates in each of the towns or small communities, with jurisdiction over petty offences, while those of a graver character were carried before superior judges, usually the governors or rulers of the districts. These judges all held their authority and received their support from the crown, by which they were appointed and removed at pleasure. They were obliged to determine every suit in five days from the time it was brought before them; and there was no appeal from one tribunal to another. Yet there were important provisions for the security of justice. A committee of visitors patrolled the kingdom at certain times to investigate the character and conduct of the magistrates; and any neglect or violation of duty was punished in the most exemplary manner. The inferior courts were also required to make monthly returns of their proceedings to the higher ones, and these made reports in like manner to the viceroys: so that the monarch, seated in the centre of his dominions, could look abroad, as it were, to their most distant extremities, and review and rectify any abuses in the administration of the law.⁷

The laws were few and exceedingly severe. They related almost wholly to criminal matters. Few other laws were needed by a people who had no money, little trade, and hardly anything that could be called fixed property. The crimes of theft, adultery, and murder were all capital; though it was wisely provided that some extenuating circumstances might be allowed to mitigate the punishment.⁸ Blasphemy against the Sun, and malediction of the Inca,—offences, indeed, of the same complexion,—were also punished with death. Removing landmarks, turning the water away from a neighbour's land into one's own, burning a house, were all severely punished. To burn a bridge was death. The Inca allowed no obstacle to those facilities of communication so essential to the maintenance of public order. A rebellious city or province was laid waste, and its inhabitants exterminated. Rebellion against the "Child of the Sun" was the greatest of all crimes.⁹

⁶ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Montesinos, Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 6.—Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—How analogous is the Peruvian to the Anglo-Saxon division into hundreds and tithings! But the Saxon law which imposed only a fine on the district in case of a criminal's escape was more humane.

⁷ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Ondegardo, Rel. Prim. et Seg., MSS.—Garciasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 11-14.—Montesinos, Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 6.—The accounts of the Peruvian tribunals by the early authorities are very meagre and unsatisfactory. Even the lively imagination of Garciasso has failed to supply the blank.

⁸ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 3.—Theft was punished less severely if the offender had been really guilty of it to supply the necessities of life. It is a singular circumstance that the Peruvian law made no distinction between fornication and adultery, both being equally punished with death. Yet the law could hardly have been enforced, since prostitutes were assigned, or at least allowed, a residence in the suburbs of the cities. See Garciasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 34.

⁹ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 23.—"I los traidores entre ellos llamava *aucaces*, i esta palabra es la mas abilitada de todas quantas

The simplicity and severity of the Peruvian code may be thought to infer a state of society but little advanced, which had few of those complex interests and relations that grow up in a civilized community, and which had not proceeded far enough in the science of legislation to economize human suffering by proportioning penalties to crimes. But the Peruvian institutions must be regarded from a different point of view from that in which we study those of other nations. The laws emanated from the sovereign, and that sovereign held a divine commission and was possessed of a divine nature. To violate the law was not only to insult the majesty of the throne, but it was sacrilege. The slightest offence, viewed in this light, merited death; and the gravest could incur no heavier penalty.¹⁰ Yet in the infliction of their punishments they showed no unnecessary cruelty; and the sufferings of the victim were not prolonged by the ingenious torments so frequent among barbarous nations.¹¹

These legislative provisions may strike us as very defective, even as compared with those of the semi-civilized races of Anahuac, where a gradation of courts, moreover, with the right of appeal, afforded a tolerable security for justice. But in a country like Peru, where few but criminal causes were known, the right of appeal was of less consequence. The law was simple, its application easy; and, where the judge was honest, the case was as likely to be determined correctly on the first hearing as on the second. The inspection of the board of visitors, and the monthly returns of the tribunals, afforded no slight guarantee for their integrity. The law which required a decision within five days would seem little suited to the complex and embarrassing litigation of a modern tribunal. But, in the simple questions submitted to the Peruvian judge, delay would have been useless; and the Spaniards, familiar with the evils growing out of long-protracted suits, where the successful litigant is too often a ruined man, are loud in their encomiums of this swift-handed and economical justice.¹²

The fiscal regulations of the Incas, and the laws respecting property, are the most remarkable features in the Peruvian polity. The whole territory of the empire was divided into three parts, one for the Sun, another for the Inca, and the last for the people. Which of the three was the largest is doubtful. The proportions differed materially in different provinces. The distribution, indeed, was made on the same general principle, as each new conquest was added to the monarchy; but the proportion varied according to the amount of population, and the greater or less amount of land consequently required for the support of the inhabitants.¹³

pueden decir aun Indio del Pirú, que quiere decir traidor á su Señor." (Conq. i Pob. del Pirú, MS.) "En las rebeliones y alzamientos se hicieron los castigos tan asperos, que algunas veces asolaron las provincias de todos los varones de edad sin quedar ninguno." Oudegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

¹⁰ "El castigo era riguroso, que por la mayor parte era de muerte, por liviano que fuese el delito; porque decian, que no los castigavan por el delito que avian hecho, ni por la ofensa agena, sino por aver quebrantado el mandamiento, y rompido la palabra del Inca, que lo respetavan como á Dios." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 12.

¹¹ One of the punishments most frequent for minor offences was to carry a stone on the back. A punishment attended with no suffering but what arises from the disgrace attached to it is very justly characterized by McCulloh as a

proof of sensibility and refinement. Researches, p. 361.

¹² The Royal Audience of Peru under Philip II.—there cannot be a higher authority—bears emphatic testimony to the cheap and efficient administration of justice under the Incas: "De suerte que los vicios eran bien castigados y la gente estaba bien sujeta y obediente; y aunque en las dichas penas havia escaso, redundaba en buen gobierno y policia suya, y mediante ella eran aumentados. . . . Porque los Yndios alababan la gobernacion del Ynga, y aun los Españoles que algo alcanzan de ella, es porque todas las cosas susodichas se determinaban sin hacierles costas." Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.

¹³ Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 15.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 1.—"Si estas partes fuesen iguales, o qual fuese mayor, yo lo he procurado averiguar, y en unas es diferente de

The lands assigned to the Sun furnished a revenue to support the temples and maintain the costly ceremonial of the Peruvian worship and the multitudinous priesthood. Those reserved for the Inca went to support the royal state, as well as the numerous members of his household and his kindred, and supplied the various exigencies of government. The remainder of the lands was divided, *per capita*, in equal shares among the people. It was provided by law, as we shall see hereafter, that every Peruvian should marry at a certain age. When this event took place, the community or district in which he lived furnished him with a dwelling, which, as it was constructed of humble materials, was done at little cost. A lot of land was then assigned to him sufficient for his own maintenance and that of his wife. An additional portion was granted for every child, the amount allowed for a son being the double of that for a daughter. The division of the soil was renewed every year, and the possessions of the tenant were increased or diminished according to the numbers in his family.¹⁴ The same arrangement was observed with reference to the curacas, except only that a domain was assigned to them corresponding with the superior dignity of their stations.¹⁵

A more thorough and effectual agrarian law than this cannot be imagined. In other countries where such a law has been introduced, its operation, after a time, has given way to the natural order of events, and, under the superior intelligence and thrift of some and the prodigality of others, the usual vicissitudes of fortune have been allowed to take their course and restore things to their natural inequality. Even the iron law of Lycurgus ceased to operate after a time, and melted away before the spirit of luxury and avarice. The nearest approach to the Peruvian constitution was probably in Judea, where, on the recurrence of the great national jubilee, at the close of every half-century, estates reverted to their original proprietors. There was this important difference in Peru; that not only did the lease, if we may so call it, terminate with the year, but during that period the tenant had no power to alienate or to add to his possessions. The end of the brief term found him in precisely the same condition that he was in at the beginning. Such a state of things might be supposed to be fatal to anything like attachment to the soil, or to that desire of improving it which is natural to the permanent proprietor, and hardly less so to the holder of a long lease. But the practical operation of the law seems to have been otherwise; and it is probable that, under the influence of that love of order and aversion to change which marked the Peruvian institutions, each new partition of the soil usually confirmed the occupant in his possession, and the tenant for a year was converted into a proprietor for life.

The territory was cultivated wholly by the people. The lands belonging to the Sun were first attended to. They next tilled the lands of the old, of the

otras, y finalme^{te} yo tengo entendido que se hacia conforme á la disposicion de la tierra y á la calidad de los Indios." Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

¹⁴ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Garcilaseo, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 2.—The portion granted to each new-married couple, according to Garcilaseo, was a *fanega* and a half of land. A similar quantity was added for each male child that was born, and half of the quantity for each female. The *fanega* was as much land as could be planted with a hundred-weight of Indian corn. In the fruitful soil of Peru, this was a liberal allowance for a family.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 3.—It is singu-

lar that, while so much is said of the Inca sovereign, so little should be said of the Inca nobility, of their estates, or the tenure by which they held them. Their historian tells us that they had the best of the lands, wherever they resided, besides the interest which they had in those of the Sun and the Inca, as children of the one and kinsmen of the other. He informs us, also, that they were supplied from the royal table when living at court. (lib. 6, cap. 3.) But this is very loose language. The student of history will learn, on the threshold, that he is not to expect precise, or even very consistent, accounts of the institutions of a barbarous age and people from contemporary annalists.

sick, of the widow and the orphan, and of soldiers engaged in actual service; in short, of all that part of the community who, from bodily infirmity or any other cause, were unable to attend to their own concerns. The people were then allowed to work on their own ground, each man for himself, but with the general obligation to assist his neighbour when any circumstance—the burden of a young and numerous family, for example—might demand it.¹⁶ Lastly, they cultivated the lands of the Inca. This was done, with great ceremony, by the whole population in a body. At break of day they were summoned together by proclamation from some neighbouring tower or eminence, and all the inhabitants of the district, men, women, and children, appeared dressed in their gayest apparel, bedecked with their little store of finery and ornaments, as if for some great jubilee. They went through the labours of the day with the same joyous spirit, chanting their popular ballads which commemorated the heroic deeds of the Incas, regulating their movements by the measure of the chant, and all mingling in the chorus, of which the word *hailli*, or “triumph,” was usually the burden. These national airs had something soft and pleasing in their character, that recommended them to the Spaniards; and many a Peruvian song was set to music by them after the Conquest, and was listened to by the unfortunate natives with melancholy satisfaction, as it called up recollections of the past, when their days glided peacefully away under the sceptre of the Incas.¹⁷

A similar arrangement prevailed with respect to the different manufactures as to the agricultural products of the country. The flocks of llamas, or Peruvian sheep, were appropriated exclusively to the Sun and to the Inca.¹⁸ Their number was immense. They were scattered over the different provinces, chiefly in the colder regions of the country, where they were intrusted to the care of experienced shepherds, who conducted them to different pastures according to the change of season. A large number was every year sent to the capital for the consumption of the court, and for the religious festivals and sacrifices. But these were only the males, as no female was allowed to be killed. The regulations for the care and breeding of these flocks were prescribed with the greatest minuteness, and with a sagacity which excited the admiration of the Spaniards, who were familiar with the management of the great migratory flocks of merinos in their own country.¹⁹

At the appointed season they were all sheared, and the wool was deposited in the public magazines. It was then dealt out to each family in such quantities as sufficed for its wants, and was consigned to the female part of the household, who were well instructed in the business of spinning and weaving. When this labour was accomplished, and the family was provided with a coarse but warm covering, suited to the cold climate of the mountains,—for in the lower country cotton, furnished in like manner by the crown, took the place, to a certain extent, of wool,—the people were required to labour for the Inca. The quantity of the cloth needed, as well as the peculiar kind and quality of

¹⁶ Garcilasso relates that an Indian was hanged by Husyna Capac for tilling the ground of a curaca, his near relation, before that of the poor. The gallows was erected on the curaca's own land. Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 2.

¹⁷ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 1-3.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.

¹⁸ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Yet sometimes the sovereign would recompense some great chief, or even some one among the people, who had rendered him a service, by

the grant of a small number of llamas,—never many. These were not to be disposed of or killed by their owners, but descended as common property to their heirs. This strange arrangement proved a fruitful source of litigation after the Conquest. Ibid., ubi supra.

¹⁹ See especially the account of the Licentiate Ondegardo, who goes into more detail than any contemporary writer concerning the management of the Peruvian flocks. Rel. Seg., MS.

the fabric, was first determined at Cuzco. The work was then apportioned among the different provinces. Officers appointed for the purpose superintended the distribution of the wool, so that the manufacture of the different articles should be intrusted to the most competent hands.²⁰ They did not leave the matter here, but entered the dwellings, from time to time, and saw that the work was faithfully executed. This domestic inquisition was not confined to the labours for the Inca. It included, also, those for the several families; and care was taken that each household should employ the materials furnished for its own use in the manner that was intended, so that no one should be unprovided with necessary apparel.²¹ In this domestic labour all the female part of the establishment was expected to join. Occupation was found for all, from the child five years old to the aged matron not too infirm to hold a distaff. No one, at least none but the decrepit and the sick, was allowed to eat the bread of idleness in Peru. Idleness was a crime in the eye of the law, and, as such, severely punished; while industry was publicly commended and stimulated by rewards.²²

The like course was pursued with reference to the other requisitions of the government. All the mines in the kingdom belonged to the Inca. They were wrought exclusively for his benefit, by persons familiar with this service and selected from the districts where the mines were situated.²³ Every Peruvian of the lower class was a husbandman, and, with the exception of those already specified, was expected to provide for his own support by the cultivation of his land. A small portion of the community, however, was instructed in mechanical arts,—some of them of the more elegant kind, subservient to the purposes of luxury and ornament. The demand for these was chiefly limited to the sovereign and his court; but the labour of a larger number of hands was exacted for the execution of the great public works which covered the land. The nature and amount of the services required were all determined at Cuzco by commissioners well instructed in the resources of the country and in the character of the inhabitants of different provinces.²⁴

This information was obtained by an admirable regulation, which has scarcely a counterpart in the annals of a semi-civilized people. A register was kept of all the births and deaths throughout the country, and exact returns of the actual population were made to the government every year, by means of the *quipus*, a curious invention, which will be explained hereafter.²⁵ At certain intervals, also, a general survey of the country was made, exhibiting a complete view of the character of the soil, its fertility, the nature of its products, both agricultural and mineral,—in short, of all that constituted the physical

²⁰ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim. et Seg., MSS.—The manufacture of cloths for the Inca included those for the numerous persons of the blood royal, who wore garments of a finer texture than was permitted to any other Peruvian. Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 6.

²¹ Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 15.

²² Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 11.

²³ Garcilasso would have us believe that the Inca was indebted to the curacas for his gold and silver, which were furnished by the great vassals as presents. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 7.) This improbable statement is contradicted by the Report of the Royal Audience, MS., by Sarmiento (Relacion, MS., cap. 15), and by Ondegardo (Rel. Prim., MS.),

who all speak of the mines as the property of the government and wrought exclusively for its benefit. From this reservoir the proceeds were liberally dispensed in the form of presents among the great lords, and still more for the embellishment of the temples.

²⁴ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 13-16.—Ondegardo, Rel. Prim. et Seg., MSS.

²⁵ Montesinos, Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 6.—Pedro Pizarro, Relacion del Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reynos del Perú, MS.—“Cada provincia, en fin del año, mandava asentar en los quipos, por la cuenta de sus nudos, todos los hombres que habian muerto en ella en aquel año, y por el consiguiente los que habian nacido, y por principio del año que entraba, venian con los quipos al Cuzco.” Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 16.

resources of the empire.²⁰ Furnished with these statistical details, it was easy for the government, after determining the amount of requisitions, to distribute the work among the respective provinces best qualified to execute it. The task of apportioning the labour was assigned to the local authorities, and great care was taken that it should be done in such a manner that, while the most competent hands were selected, the weight should not fall disproportionately on any.²⁷

The different provinces of the country furnished persons peculiarly suited to different employments, which, as we shall see hereafter, usually descended from father to son. Thus, one district supplied those most skilled in working the mines, another the most curious workers in metals or in wood, and so on.²⁸ The artisan was provided by government with the materials; and no one was required to give more than a stipulated portion of his time to the public service. He was then succeeded by another for the like term; and it should be observed that all who were engaged in the employment of the government—and the remark applies equally to agricultural labour—were maintained, for the time, at the public expense.²⁹ By this constant rotation of labour it was intended that no one should be overburdened, and that each man should have time to provide for the demands of his own household. It was impossible—in the judgment of a high Spanish authority—to improve on the system of distribution, so carefully was it accommodated to the condition and comfort of the artisan.³⁰ The security of the working-classes seems to have been ever kept in view in the regulations of the government; and these were so discreetly arranged that the most wearing and unwholesome labours, as those of the mines, occasioned no detriment to the health of the labourer; a striking contrast to his subsequent condition under the Spanish rule.³¹

A part of the agricultural produce and manufactures was transported to Cuzco, to minister to the immediate demands of the Inca and his court. But far the greater part was stored in magazines scattered over the different provinces. These spacious buildings, constructed of stone, were divided between the Sun and the Inca, though the greater share seems to have been appropriated by the monarch. By a wise regulation, any deficiency in the contributions of the Inca might be supplied from the granaries of the Sun.³² But such a necessity could rarely have happened; and the providence of the government usually left a large surplus in the royal depositories, which was removed to a third class of magazines, whose design was to supply the people in seasons of scarcity, and, occasionally, to furnish relief to individuals whom sickness or misfortune had reduced to poverty; thus in a manner justifying the assertion

²⁰ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 14.

²⁷ Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.—Sarmiento, *Rel.*, MS., cap. 15.—“Presupuesta y entendida la dicha division que el Inga tenia hecha de su gente, y orden que tenia puesta en el gobierno de ella, era muy facil haverla en la division y cobranza de los dichos tributos; porque era claro y cierto lo que á cada uno cabia sin que hubiese desigualdad ni engaño.” *Dec. de la Aud. Real.*, MS.

²⁸ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 15.—Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.

²⁹ Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 6.

³⁰ “Y tambien se tenia cuenta que el trabajo que pasavan fuese moderado, y con el menos riesgo que fuese posible. . . . Era tanta

la orden que tuvieron estos Indios, que a mi parecer aunque mucho se piense en ello seria dificilísimo mejorarla conocida su condicion y costumbres.” Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.

³¹ “The working of the mines,” says the President of the Council of the Indies, “was so regulated that no one felt it a hardship, much less was his life shortened by it.” (Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 15.) It is a frank admission for a Spaniard.

³² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 34.—Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.—“E asi esta parte del Inga no hay duda sino que de todas tres era la mayor, y en los depositos se parece bien que yó visité muchos en diferentes partes, é son mayores é mas largos que nó los de su religion sin comparasion.” *Idem*, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.

of a Castilian document, that a large portion of the revenues of the Inca found its way back again, through one channel or another, into the hands of the people.³³ These magazines were found by the Spaniards, on their arrival, stored with all the various products and manufactures of the country,—with maize, *coca*, *quinua*, woollen and cotton stuffs of the finest quality, with vases and utensils of gold, silver, and copper, in short, with every article of luxury or use within the compass of Peruvian skill.³⁴ The magazines of grain, in particular, would frequently have sufficed for the consumption of the adjoining district for several years.³⁵ An inventory of the various products of the country, and the quarters whence they were obtained, was every year taken by the royal officers, and recorded by the *quipucamayus* on their registers, with surprising regularity and precision. These registers were transmitted to the capital and submitted to the Inca, who could thus at a glance, as it were, embrace the whole results of the national industry and see how far they corresponded with the requisitions of the government.³⁶

Such are some of the most remarkable features of the Peruvian institutions relating to property, as delineated by writers who, however contradictory in the details, have a general conformity of outline. These institutions are certainly so remarkable that it is hardly credible they should ever have been enforced throughout a great empire and for a long period of years. Yet we have the most unequivocal testimony to the fact from the Spaniards, who landed in Peru in time to witness their operation; some of whom, men of high judicial station and character, were commissioned by the government to make investigations into the state of the country under its ancient rulers.

The impositions on the Peruvian people seem to have been sufficiently heavy. On them rested the whole burden of maintaining not only their own order, but every other order in the state. The members of the royal house, the great nobles, even the public functionaries, and the numerous body of the priesthood, were all exempt from taxation.³⁷ The whole duty of defraying the expenses of the government belonged to the people. Yet this was not materially different from the condition of things formerly existing in most parts of Europe, where the various privileged classes claimed exemption—not always with success, indeed—from bearing part of the public burdens. The great hardship in the case of the Peruvian was that he could not better his condition. His labours were for others, rather than for himself. However industrious, he could not add a rood to his own possessions, nor advance himself one hair's breadth in the social scale. The great and universal motive to honest industry, that of bettering one's lot, was lost upon him. The great law of human progress was not for him. As he was born, so he was to die. Even his time he could not

³³ "Todos los dichos tributos y servicios que el Inga imponía y llevaba como dicho es eran con color y para efecto del gobierno y pro común de todos, así como lo que se ponía en depositos todo se combertía y distribuía entre los mismos naturales." Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.

³⁴ Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 15.—"No podre decir," says one of the Conquerors, "los depositos. Vide de ropas y de todos generos de ropas y vestidos que en este reino se hacian y vsavan que faltava tiempo para vello y entendimiento para comprender tanta cosa, muchos depositos de barretas de cobre para las minas y de costales y sogas de vasos de palo y platos del oro y plata que aqui se halla hera cosa despanto." Pedro Pizarro, Descub.

y Conq., MS.

³⁵ For ten years, sometimes, if we may credit Ondegardo, who had every means of knowing: "É ansi cuando nó era menester se estaba en los depositos é habia algunas vezes comida de diez años. . . . Los cuales todos se hallaron llenos cuando llegaron los Españoles desto y de todas las cosas necesarias para la vida humana." Rel. Seg., MS.

³⁶ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—"Por tanta orden é cuenta que seria dificultoso creerlo ni darlo á entender como ellos lo tienen en su cuenta é por registros é por menudo lo manifestaron que se pudiera por estenso." Idem, Rel. Seg., MS.

³⁷ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 15.

properly call his own. Without money, with little property of any kind, he paid his taxes in labour.³⁸ No wonder that the government should have dealt with sloth as a crime. It was a crime against the state, and to be wasteful of time was, in a manner, to rob the exchequer. The Peruvian, labouring all his life for others, might be compared to the convict in a treadmill, going the same dull round of incessant toil, with the consciousness that, however profitable the results to the state, they were nothing to him.

But this is the dark side of the picture. If no man could become rich in Peru, no man could become poor. No spendthrift could waste his substance in riotous luxury. No adventurous schemer could impoverish his family by the spirit of speculation. The law was constantly directed to enforce a steady industry and a sober management of his affairs. No mendicant was tolerated in Peru. When a man was reduced by poverty or misfortune (it could hardly be by fault), the arm of the law was stretched out to minister relief; not the stinted relief of private charity, nor that which is doled out, drop by drop, as it were, from the frozen reservoirs of "the parish," but in generous measure, bringing no humiliation to the object of it, and placing him on a level with the rest of his countrymen.³⁹

No man could be rich, no man could be poor, in Peru; but all might enjoy, and did enjoy, a competence. Ambition, avarice, the love of change, the morbid spirit of discontent, those passions which most agitate the minds of men, found no place in the bosom of the Peruvian. The very condition of his being seemed to be at war with change. He moved on in the same unbroken circle in which his fathers had moved before him, and in which his children were to follow. It was the object of the Incas to infuse into their subjects a spirit of passive obedience and tranquillity—a perfect acquiescence in the established order of things. In this they fully succeeded. The Spaniards who first visited the country are emphatic in their testimony that no government could have been better suited to the genius of the people, and no people could have appeared more contented with their lot or more devoted to their government.⁴⁰

Those who may distrust the accounts of Peruvian industry will find their doubts removed on a visit to the country. The traveller still meets, especially in the central regions of the table-land, with memorials of the past, remains of temples, palaces, fortresses, terraced mountains, great military roads, aqueducts, and other public works, which, whatever degree of science they may display in their execution, astonish him by their number, the massive character of the materials, and the grandeur of the design. Among them, perhaps the most remarkable are the great roads, the broken remains of which are still in sufficient preservation to attest their former magnificence. There were many of these roads, traversing different parts of the kingdom; but the most con-

³⁸ "Solo el trabajo de las personas era el tributo que se dava, porque ellos no poseian otra cosa." Oudegado, Rel. Prim., MS.

³⁹ "Era tanta la orden que tenia en todos sus Reinos y provincias, que no consentia haver ningun Indio pobre ni menesteroso, porque havia orden i formas para ello sin que los pueblos recibiesen vexacion ni molestia, porque el Inga lo suplia de sus tributos." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.) The Licenciante Oudegado sees only a device of Satan in these provisions of the Peruvian law, by which the old, the infirm, and the poor were rendered, in a manner, independent of their children and

those nearest of kin, on whom they would naturally have leaned for support; no surer way to harden the heart, he considers, than by thus disengaging it from the sympathies of humanity; and no circumstance has done more, he concludes, to counteract the influence and spread of Christianity among the natives. (Rel. Seg., MS.) The views are ingenious; but in a country where the people had no property, as in Peru, there would seem to be no alternative for the supernumeraries but to receive support from government or to starve.

⁴⁰ Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 12, 15.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 10.

siderable were the two which extended from Quito to Cuzco, and, again diverging from the capital, continued in a southerly direction towards Chili.

One of these roads passed over the grand plateau, and the other along the lowlands on the borders of the ocean. The former was much the more difficult achievement, from the character of the country. It was conducted over pathless sierras buried in snow; galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry: in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appall the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, of which scattered fragments only remain, is variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles; and stone pillars, in the manner of European mile-stones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league, all along the route. Its breadth scarcely exceeded twenty feet.⁴¹ It was built of heavy flags of freestone, and, in some parts at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places, where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain-torrents, wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, and left the superincumbent mass—such is the cohesion of the materials—still spanning the valley like an arch!⁴²

Over some of the boldest streams it was necessary to construct suspension-bridges, as they are termed, made of the tough fibres of the maguey, or of the osier of the country, which has an extraordinary degree of tenacity and strength. These osiers were woven into cables of the thickness of a man's body. The huge ropes, then stretched across the water, were conducted through rings or holes cut in immense buttresses of stone raised on the opposite banks of the river and there secured to heavy pieces of timber. Several of these enormous cables, bound together, formed a bridge, which, covered with planks, well secured and defended by a railing of the same osier materials on the sides, afforded a safe passage for the traveller. The length of this aerial bridge, sometimes exceeding two hundred feet, caused it, confined as it was only at the extremities, to dip with an alarming inclination towards the centre, while the motion given to it by the passenger occasioned an oscillation still more frightful, as his eye wandered over the dark abyss of waters that foamed and tumbled many a fathom beneath. Yet these light and fragile fabrics were crossed without fear by the Peruvians, and are still retained by the Spaniards over those streams which, from the depth or impetuosity of the current, would seem impracticable for the usual modes of conveyance. The wider and more tranquil waters were crossed on *balsas*—a kind of raft still much used by the

⁴¹ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—“Este camino hecho por valles ondos y por sierras altas, por montes de nieve, por tremedales de agua y por peña viva y junto á rios furiosos por estas partes y ballano y empedrado por las laderas, bien sacado por las sierras, deshechado, por las peñas socavado, por junto á los rios sus paredes, entre nieves con escalones y descanso, por todas partes limpio barrido descombrado, lleno de aposentos, de depositos de tesoros, de Templos del Sol, de Postas que havia en este camino.” Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 60.

⁴² “On avait comblé les vides et les ravins par de grandes masses de maçonnerie. Les

torrents qui descendent des hauteurs après des pluies abondantes avaient creusé les endroits les moins solides, et s'étaient frayé une voie sous le chemin, le laissant ainsi suspendu en l'air comme un pont fait d'une seule pièce.” (Velasco, Hist. de Quito, tom. i. p. 206.) This writer speaks from personal observation, having examined and measured different parts of the road, in the latter part of the last century. The Spanish scholar will find in Appendix No. 2 an animated description of this magnificent work and of the obstacles encountered in the execution of it, in a passage borrowed from Sarmiento, who saw it in the days of the Incas.

natives—to which sails were attached, furnishing the only instance of this higher kind of navigation among the American Indians.⁴³

The other great road of the Incas lay through the level country between the Andes and the ocean. It was constructed in a different manner, as demanded by the nature of the ground, which was for the most part low, and much of it sandy. The causeway was raised on a high embankment of earth, and defended on either side by a parapet or wall of clay; and trees and odoriferous shrubs were planted along the margin, regaling the sense of the traveller with their perfumes, and refreshing him by their shades, so grateful under the burning sky of the tropics. In the strips of sandy waste which occasionally intervened, where the light and volatile soil was incapable of sustaining a road, huge piles, many of them to be seen at this day, were driven into the ground to indicate the route to the traveller.⁴⁴

All along these highways, caravansaries, or *tambos*, as they were called, were erected, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from each other, for the accommodation, more particularly, of the Inca and his suite and those who journeyed on the public business. There were few other travellers in Peru. Some of these buildings were on an extensive scale, consisting of a fortress, barracks, and other military works, surrounded by a parapet of stone and covering a large tract of ground. These were evidently destined for the accommodation of the imperial armies when on their march across the country. The care of the great roads was committed to the districts through which they passed, and under the Incas a large number of hands was constantly employed to keep them in repair. This was the more easily done in a country where the mode of travelling was altogether on foot; though the roads are said to have been so nicely constructed that a carriage might have rolled over them as securely as on any of the great roads of Europe.⁴⁵ Still, in a region where the elements of fire and water are both actively at work in the business of destruction, they must, without constant supervision, have gradually gone to decay. Such has been their fate under the Spanish conquerors, who took no care to enforce the admirable system for their preservation adopted by the Incas. Yet the broken portions that still survive here and there, like the fragments of the great Roman roads scattered over Europe, bear evidence to their primitive grandeur, and have drawn forth the eulogium from a discriminating traveller, usually not too profuse in his panegyric, that "the roads of the Incas were among the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man."⁴⁶

The system of communication through their dominions was still further improved by the Peruvian sovereigns by the introduction of posts, in the same manner as was done by the Aztecs. The Peruvian posts, however, established on all the great routes that conducted to the capital, were on a much more extended plan than those in Mexico. All along these routes, small buildings

⁴³ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 7.—A particular account of these bridges, as they are still to be seen in different parts of Peru, may be found in Humboldt. (*Vues des Cordillères*, p. 230, et seq.) The *balsas* are described with equal minuteness by Stevenson. *Residence in America*, vol. II, p. 222, et seq.

⁴⁴ Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 60.—*Relacion del primer Descubrimiento de la Costa y Mar del Sur*, MS.—This anonymous document of one of the early Conquerors contains a minute and probably trustworthy account of both the high-roads, which the writer saw in their

glory, and which he ranks among the greatest wonders of the world.

⁴⁵ *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 37.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 11.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 9, cap. 13.

⁴⁶ "Cette chaussée, bordée de grandes pierres de taille, peut être comparée aux plus belles routes des Romains que j'ai vues en Italie, en France et en Espagne. . . . Le grand chemin de l'Inca, un des ouvrages les plus utiles et en même temps des plus gigantesques que les hommes aient exécuté." Humboldt, *Vues des Cordillères*, p. 294.

were erected, at the distance of less than five miles asunder,⁴⁷ in each of which a number of runners, or *chasquis*, as they were called, were stationed to carry forward the despatches of government.⁴⁸ These despatches were either verbal, or conveyed by means of *quipus*, and sometimes accompanied by a thread of the crimson fringe worn round the temples of the Inca, which was regarded with the same implicit deference as the signet-ring of an Oriental despot.⁴⁹

The *chasquis* were dressed in a peculiar livery, intimating their profession. They were all trained to the employment, and selected for their speed and fidelity. As the distance each courier had to perform was small, and as he had ample time to refresh himself at the stations, they ran over the ground with great swiftness, and messages were carried through the whole extent of the long routes, at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles a day. The office of the *chasquis* was not limited to carrying despatches. They frequently brought various articles for the use of the court; and in this way fish from the distant ocean, fruits, game, and different commodities from the hot regions on the coast, were taken to the capital in good condition and served fresh at the royal table.⁵⁰ It is remarkable that this important institution should have been known to both the Mexicans and the Peruvians without any correspondence with one another, and that it should have been found among two barbarian nations of the New World long before it was introduced among the civilized nations of Europe.⁵¹

By these wise contrivances of the Incas, the most distant parts of the long-extended empire of Peru were brought into intimate relations with each other. And while the capitals of Christendom, but a few hundred miles apart, remained as far asunder as if seas had rolled between them, the great capitals Cuzco and Quito were placed by the high-roads of the Incas in immediate correspondence. Intelligence from the numerous provinces was transmitted on the wings of the wind to the Peruvian metropolis, the great focus to which all the lines of communication converged. Not an insurrectionary movement could occur, not an invasion on the remotest frontier, before the tidings were conveyed to the capital and the imperial armies were on their march across the magnificent roads of the country to suppress it. So admirable was the machinery contrived by the American despots for maintaining tranquillity throughout their dominions! It may remind us of the similar institutions of ancient Rome, when, under the Cæsars, she was mistress of half the world.

⁴⁷ The distance between the post-houses is variously stated; most writers not estimating it at more than three-fourths of a league. I have preferred the authority of Ondegardo, who usually writes with more conscientiousness and knowledge of his ground than most of his contemporaries.

⁴⁸ The term *chasqui*, according to Montesiños, signifies "one that receives a thing." (Mem. antiguas, MS., cap. 7.) But Garcilasso, a better authority for his own tongue, says it meant "one who makes an exchange." Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 8.

⁴⁹ "Con vn hilo de esta Borla, entregado á uno de aquellos Orejones, gobernaban la Tierra, i proveian lo que querian con maior obediencia, que en ninguna Provincia del Mundo se ha visto tener á las Provisiones de su Rei." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 9.

⁵⁰ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 18.—Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—If we may trust Montesiños, the royal table was served with fish,

taken a hundred leagues from the capital, in twenty-four hours after it was drawn from the ocean! (Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 7.) This is rather too expeditious for anything but railways.

⁵¹ The institution of the Peruvian posts seems to have made a great impression on the minds of the Spaniards who first visited the country; and ample notices of it may be found in Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 15.—Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 5.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS., et auct. plurimis.—The establishment of posts is of old date among the Chinese, and probably still older among the Persians. (See Herodotus, Hist., Urania, sec. 98.) It is singular that an invention designed for the uses of a despotic government should have received its full application only under a free one. For in it we have the germ of that beautiful system of intercommunication which binds all the nations of Christendom together as one vast commonwealth.

A principal design of the great roads was to serve the purposes of military communication. It formed an important item of their military policy, which is quite as well worth studying as their municipal.

Notwithstanding the pacific professions of the Incas, and the pacific tendency, indeed, of their domestic institutions, they were constantly at war. It was by war that their paltry territory had been gradually enlarged to a powerful empire. When this was achieved, the capital, safe in its central position, was no longer shaken by these military movements, and the country enjoyed, in a great degree, the blessings of tranquillity and order. But, however tranquil at heart, there is not a reign upon record in which the nation was not engaged in war against the barbarous nations on the frontier. Religion furnished a plausible pretext for incessant aggression, and disguised the lust of conquest in the Incas, probably, from their own eyes, as well as from those of their subjects. Like the followers of Mahomet, bearing the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, the Incas of Peru offered no alternative but the worship of the Sun or war.

It is true, their fanaticism—or their policy—showed itself in a milder form than was found in the descendants of the Prophet. Like the great luminary which they adored, they operated by gentleness, more potent than violence.⁵² They sought to soften the hearts of the rude tribes around them, and melt them by acts of condescension and kindness. Far from provoking hostilities, they allowed time for the salutary example of their own institutions to work its effect, trusting that their less civilized neighbours would submit to their sceptre, from a conviction of the blessings it would secure to them. When this course failed, they employed other measures, but still of a pacific character, and endeavoured by negotiation, by conciliatory treatment, and by presents to the leading men, to win them over to their dominion. In short, they practised all the arts familiar to the most subtle politician of a civilized land to secure the acquisition of empire. When all these expedients failed, they prepared for war.

Their levies were drawn from all the different provinces; though from some, where the character of the people was particularly hardy, more than from others.⁵³ It seems probable that every Peruvian who had reached a certain age might be called to bear arms. But the rotation of military service, and the regular drills, which took place twice or thrice in a month, of the inhabitants of every village, raised the soldiers generally above the rank of a raw militia. The Peruvian army, at first inconsiderable, came with the increase of population, in the latter days of the empire, to be very large, so that their monarchs could bring into the field, as contemporaries assure us, a force amounting to two hundred thousand men. They showed the same skill and respect for order in their military organization as in other things. The troops were divided into bodies corresponding with our battalions and companies, led by officers, that rose, in regular gradation, from the lowest subaltern to the Inca noble who was intrusted with the general command.⁵⁴

Their arms consisted of the usual weapons employed by nations, whether civilized or uncivilized, before the invention of powder,—bows and arrows, lances, darts, a short kind of sword, a battle-axe or partisan, and slings, with which they were very expert. Their spears and arrows were tipped with copper, or, more commonly, with bone, and the weapons of the Inca lords

⁵² "Mas se hicieron Señores al principio por maña, que por fuerza." Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

⁵³ Idem, Rel. Prim., MS.—Dec. de la Aud.

Real., MS.

⁵⁴ Gomara, Cronica, cap. 195.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

were frequently mounted with gold or silver. Their heads were protected by casques made either of wood or of the skins of wild animals, and sometimes richly decorated with metal and with precious stones, surmounted by the brilliant plumage of the tropical birds. These, of course, were the ornaments only of the higher orders. The great mass of the soldiery were dressed in the peculiar costume of their provinces, and their heads were wreathed with a sort of turban or roll of different-coloured cloths, that produced a gay and animating effect. Their defensive armour consisted of a shield or buckler, and a close tunic of quilted cotton, in the same manner as with the Mexicans. Each company had its particular banner, and the imperial standard, high above all, displayed the glittering device of the rainbow,—the armorial ensign of the Incas, intimating their claims as children of the skies.⁵⁵

By means of the thorough system of communication established in the country, a short time sufficed to draw the levies together from the most distant quarters. The army was put under the direction of some experienced chief, of the blood royal, or, more frequently, headed by the Inca in person. The march was rapidly performed, and with little fatigue to the soldier; for, all along the great routes, quarters were provided for him, at regular distances, where he could find ample accommodations. The country is still covered with the remains of military works, constructed of porphyry or granite, which tradition assures us were designed to lodge the Inca and his army.⁵⁶

At regular intervals, also, magazines were established, filled with grain, weapons, and the different munitions of war, with which the army was supplied on its march. It was the especial care of the government to see that these magazines, which were furnished from the stores of the Incas, were always well filled. When the Spaniards invaded the country, they supported their own armies for a long time on the provisions found in them.⁵⁷ The Peruvian soldier was forbidden to commit any trespass on the property of the inhabitants whose territory lay in the line of march. Any violation of this order was punished with death.⁵⁸ The soldier was clothed and fed by the industry of the people, and the Incas rightly resolved that he should not repay this by violence. Far from being a tax on the labours of the husbandman, or even a burden on his hospitality, the imperial armies traversed the country, from one extremity to the other, with as little inconvenience to the inhabitants as would be created by a procession of peaceful burghers or a muster of holiday soldiers for a review.

From the moment war was proclaimed, the Peruvian monarch used all possible expedition in assembling his forces, that he might anticipate the

⁵⁵ Gomara, *Cronica*, ubi supra.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 20.—Velasco, *Hist. de Quito*, tom. i. pp. 176-179.—This last writer gives a minute catalogue of the ancient Peruvian arms, comprehending nearly everything familiar to the European soldier, except fire-arms. It was judicious in him to omit these.

⁵⁶ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 11.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 60.—Condamine speaks of the great number of these fortified places, scattered over the country between Quito and Lima, which he saw in his visit to South America in 1737; some of which he has described with great minuteness. *Mémoire sur quelques anciens Monumens du Pérou, du Temps des Incas*, ap. *Histoire de l'Académie Royale des Sciences et de Belles-Lettres* (Berlin, 1748), tom. ii.

p. 438.

⁵⁷ "E así cuando," says Ondegardo, speaking from his own personal knowledge, "el Señor Presidente Gasca pasó con la gente de castigo de Gonzalo Pizarro por el valle de Jauja, estuvo allí siete semanas á lo que me acuerdo, se hallaron en deposito maiz de cuatro y de tres y de dos años mas de 15 7. banegas junto al camino, 6 allí comió la gente, y se entendió que si fuera menester muchas mas nó faltaran en el valle en aquellos depositos, conforme á la orden antigua, porque á mi cargo estubo el reparirlas y hacer la cuenta para pagarlas." *Rel. Seg.*, MS.

⁵⁸ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 44.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 14.

movements of his enemies and prevent a combination with their allies. It was, however, from the neglect of such a principle of combination that the several nations of the country, who might have prevailed by confederated strength, fell one after another under the imperial yoke. Yet, once in the field, the Inca did not usually show any disposition to push his advantages to the utmost and urge his foe to extremity. In every stage of the war, he was open to propositions for peace; and, although he sought to reduce his enemies by carrying off their harvests and distressing them by famine, he allowed his troops to commit no unnecessary outrage on person or property. "We must spare our enemies," one of the Peruvian princes is quoted as saying, "or it will be our loss, since they and all that belongs to them must soon be ours."⁵² It was a wise maxim, and, like most other wise maxims, founded equally on benevolence and prudence. The Incas adopted the policy claimed for the Romans by their countryman, who tells us that they gained more by clemency to the vanquished than by their victories.⁵³

In the same considerate spirit, they were most careful to provide for the security and comfort of their own troops; and when a war was long protracted, or the climate proved unhealthy, they took care to relieve their men by frequent reinforcements, allowing the earlier recruits to return to their homes.⁵⁴ But while thus economical of life, both in their own followers and in the enemy, they did not shrink from sterner measures when provoked by the ferocious or obstinate character of the resistance; and the Peruvian annals contain more than one of those sanguinary pages which cannot be pondered at the present day without a shudder. It should be added that the beneficent policy which I have been delineating as characteristic of the Incas did not belong to all, and that there was more than one of the royal line who displayed a full measure of the bold and unscrupulous spirit of the vulgar conqueror.

The first step of the government after the reduction of a country was to introduce there the worship of the Sun. Temples were erected, and placed under the care of a numerous priesthood, who expounded to the conquered people the mysteries of their new faith and dazzled them by the display of its rich and stately ceremonial.⁵⁵ Yet the religion of the conquered was not treated with dishonour. The Sun was to be worshipped above all; but the images of their gods were removed to Cuzco and established in one of the temples, to hold their rank among the inferior deities of the Peruvian Pantheon. Here they remained as hostages, in some sort, for the conquered nation, which would be the less inclined to forsake its allegiance when by doing so it must leave its own gods in the hands of its enemies.⁵⁶

The Incas provided for the settlement of their new conquests, by ordering a census to be taken of the population and a careful survey to be made of the country, ascertaining its products and the character and capacity of its soil.⁵⁷ A division of the territory was then made on the same principle with that adopted throughout their own kingdom, and their respective portions were assigned to the Sun, the sovereign, and the people. The amount of the last was regulated by the amount of the population, but the share of each indi-

⁵² "Mandabase que en los mantenimientos y casas de los enemigos se hiciese poco daño, diciendoles el Señor, presto serán estos nuestros como los que ya lo son; como esto tenían conocido, procuraban que la guerra fuese la mas liviana que sur pudiese." Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 14.

⁵³ "Plus pene parcendo victis, quam vincendo imperium auxisse." *Livy*, lib. 39,

cap. 42.

⁵⁴ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 18.

⁵⁵ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 14.

⁵⁶ Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 12.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 12.

⁵⁷ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 13, 14.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 15.

vidual was uniformly the same. It may seem strange that any people should patiently have acquiesced in an arrangement which involved such a total surrender of property. But it was a conquered nation that did so, held in awe, on the least suspicion of meditated resistance, by armed garrisons, who were established at various commanding points throughout the country.⁶⁵ It is probable, too, that the Incas made no greater changes than was essential to the new arrangement, and that they assigned estates, as far as possible, to their former proprietors. The curacas, in particular, were confirmed in their ancient authority; or, when it was found expedient to depose the existing curaca, his rightful heir was allowed to succeed him.⁶⁶ Every respect was shown to the ancient usages and laws of the land, as far as was compatible with the fundamental institutions of the Incas. It must also be remembered that the conquered tribes were, many of them, too little advanced in civilization to possess that attachment to the soil which belongs to a cultivated nation.⁶⁷ But, to whatever it be referred, it seems probable that the extraordinary institutions of the Incas were established with little opposition in the conquered territories.⁶⁸

Yet the Peruvian sovereigns did not trust altogether to this show of obedience in their new vassals; and, to secure it more effectually, they adopted some expedients too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Immediately after a recent conquest, the curacas and their families were removed for a time to Cuzco. Here they learned the language of the capital, became familiar with the manners and usages of the court, as well as with the general policy of the government, and experienced such marks of favour from the sovereign as would be most grateful to their feelings and might attach them most warmly to his person. Under the influence of these sentiments, they were again sent to rule over their vassals, but still leaving their eldest sons in the capital, to remain there as a guarantee for their own fidelity, as well as to grace the court of the Inca.⁶⁹

Another expedient was of a bolder and more original character. This was nothing less than to revolutionize the language of the country. South America, like North America, had a great variety of dialects, or rather languages, having little affinity with one another. This circumstance occasioned great embarrassment to the government in the administration of the different provinces with whose idioms they were unacquainted. It was determined, therefore, to substitute one universal language, the *Quichua*,—the language of the court, the capital, and the surrounding country,—the richest and most comprehensive of the South American dialects. Teachers were provided in the towns and

⁶⁵ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 19.

⁶⁶ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 11.

⁶⁷ Sarmiento has given a very full and interesting account of the singularly humane policy observed by the Incas in their conquests, forming a striking contrast with the usual course of those scourges of mankind, whom mankind is wise enough to requite with higher admiration, even, than it bestows on its benefactors. As Sarmiento, who was President of the Royal Council of the Indies, and came into the country soon after the Conquest, is a high authority, and as his work,* lodged in the dark recesses of

the Escorial, is almost unknown, I have transferred the whole chapter to Appendix No. 3.

⁶⁸ According to Velasco, even the powerful state of Quito, sufficiently advanced in civilization to have the law of property well recognized by its people, admitted the institutions of the Incas "not only without repugnance, but with joy." (*Hist. de Quito*, tom. ii. p. 183.) But Velasco, a modern authority, believed easily,—or reckoned on his readers' doing so.

⁶⁹ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 12; lib. 7, cap. 2.

* [Sarmiento never visited America, and, as already mentioned, was not the author of

the work here referred to. See *infra*, p. 78, —Ed.]

villages throughout the land, who were to give instruction to all, even the humblest classes; and it was intimated at the same time that no one should be raised to any office of dignity or profit who was unacquainted with this tongue. The curacas and other chiefs who attended at the capital became familiar with this dialect in their intercourse with the court, and, on their return home, set the example of conversing in it among themselves. This example was imitated by their followers, and the Quichua gradually became the language of elegance and fashion, in the same manner as the Norman French was affected by all those who aspired to any consideration in England after the Conquest. By this means, while each province retained its peculiar tongue, a beautiful medium of communication was introduced, which enabled the inhabitants of one part of the country to hold intercourse with every other, and the Inca and his deputies to communicate with all. This was the state of things on the arrival of the Spaniards. It must be admitted that history furnishes few examples of more absolute authority than such a revolution in the language of an empire at the bidding of a master.⁷⁰

Yet little less remarkable was another device of the Incas for securing the loyalty of their subjects. When any portion of the recent conquests showed a pertinacious spirit of disaffection, it was not uncommon to cause a part of the population, amounting, it might be, to ten thousand inhabitants or more, to remove to a distant quarter of the kingdom, occupied by ancient vassals of undoubted fidelity to the crown. A like number of these last was transplanted to the territory left vacant by the emigrants. By this exchange the population was composed of two distinct races, who regarded each other with an eye of jealousy, that served as an effectual check on any mutinous proceeding. In time, the influence of the well-affected prevailed, supported as they were by royal authority and by the silent working of the national institutions, to which the strange races became gradually accustomed. A spirit of loyalty sprang up by degrees in their bosoms, and before a generation had passed away the different tribes mingled in harmony together as members of the same community.⁷¹ Yet the different races continued to be distinguished by difference of dress; since, by the law of the land, every citizen was required to wear the costume of his native province.⁷² Neither could the colonist who had been thus unceremoniously transplanted return to his native district. For, by another law, it was forbidden to any one to change his residence without license.⁷³ He was settled for life. The Peruvian government prescribed to every man his local habitation, his sphere of action, nay, the very nature and quality of that action. He ceased to be a free agent; it might be almost said that it relieved him of personal responsibility.

In following out this singular arrangement, the Incas showed as much regard for the comfort and convenience of the colonist as was compatible with the execution of their design. They were careful that the *mitimaes*, as these emigrants were styled, should be removed to climates most congenial with their own. The inhabitants of the cold countries were not transplanted to the warm,

⁷⁰ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 35; lib. 7, cap. 1, 2.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 55.—“Aun la Criatura no hubiese dejado el Pecho de su Madre quando le comenzasen á mostrar la Lengua que havia de saber; y aunque al principio fué dificultoso, ó muchos se pusieron en no querer deprender mas lenguas de las suyas propias, los Reyes pudieron tanto que salieron con su intencion y ellos tubieron por bien de cumplir su man-

dado y tan de veras se entendió en ello que en tiempo de pocos años se savia y usaba una lengua en mas de mil y doscientas leguas.” Ibid., cap. 21.

⁷¹ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 11.

⁷² “This regulation,” says Father Acosta, “the Incas held to be of great importance to the order and right government of the realm.” Lib. 6, cap. 15.

⁷³ Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

nor the inhabitants of the warm countries to the cold.⁷⁴ Even their habitual occupations were consulted, and the fisherman was settled in the neighbourhood of the ocean or the great lakes, while such lands were assigned to the husbandman as were best adapted to the culture with which he was most familiar.⁷⁵ And, as migration by many, perhaps by most, would be regarded as a calamity, the government was careful to show particular marks of favour to the *mitimacs*, and, by various privileges and immunities, to ameliorate their condition, and thus to reconcile them, if possible, to their lot.⁷⁶

The Peruvian institutions, though they may have been modified and matured under successive sovereigns, all bear the stamp of the same original,—were all cast in the same mould. The empire, strengthening and enlarging at every successive epoch of its history, was in its latter days but the development, on a great scale, of what it was in miniature at its commencement, as the infant germ is said to contain within itself all the ramifications of the future monarch of the forest. Each succeeding Inca seemed desirous only to tread in the path and carry out the plans of his predecessor. Great enterprises, commenced under one, were continued by another, and completed by a third. Thus, while all acted on a regular plan, without any of the eccentric or retrograde movements which betray the agency of different individuals, the state seemed to be under the direction of a single hand, and steadily pursued, as if through one long reign, its great career of civilization and of conquest.

The ultimate aim of its institutions was domestic quiet. But it seemed as if this were to be obtained only by foreign war. Tranquillity in the heart of the monarchy, and war on its borders, was the condition of Peru. By this war it gave occupation to a part of its people, and, by the reduction and civilization of its barbarous neighbours, gave security to all. Every Inca sovereign, however mild and benevolent in his domestic rule, was a warrior, and led his armies in person. Each successive reign extended still wider the boundaries of the empire. Year after year saw the victorious monarch return laden with spoils and followed by a throng of tributary chieftains to his capital. His reception there was a Roman triumph. The whole of its numerous population poured out to welcome him, dressed in the gay and picturesque costumes of the different provinces, with banners waving above their heads, and strewing branches and flowers along the path of the conqueror. The Inca, borne aloft in his golden chair on the shoulders of his nobles, moved in solemn procession, under the triumphal arches that were thrown across the way, to the great temple of the Sun. There, without attendants,—for all but the monarch were excluded from the hallowed precincts,—the victorious prince, stripped of his royal insignia, barefooted, and with all humility, approached the awful shrine and offered up sacrifice and thanksgiving to the glorious Deity who presided over the fortunes of the Incas. This ceremony concluded, the whole population gave itself up to festivity; music, revelry, and dancing were heard in every quarter of the capital, and illuminations and bonfires commemorated the victorious campaign of the Inca and the accession of a new territory to his empire.⁷⁷

⁷⁴ "Trasmutaban de las tales Provincias la cantidad de gente de que de ella parecia convenir que saliese, á los cuales mandaban pasar á poblar otra tierra del temple y manera de donde salian, si fria fria, si caliente caliente, en donde les daban tierras, y campos, y casas, tanto, y mas como dejaron." Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 19.

⁷⁵ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

⁷⁶ The descendants of these *mitimacs* are still to be found in Quito, or were so at the close of the last century, according to Velasco, distinguished by this name from the rest of the population. Hist. de Quito, tom. i. p. 175.

⁷⁷ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 55.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 11, 17; lib. 6, cap. 16.

In this celebration we see much of the character of a religious festival. Indeed, the character of religion was impressed on all the Peruvian wars. The life of an Inca was one long crusade against the infidel, to spread wide the worship of the Sun, to reclaim the benighted nations from their brutish superstitions and impart to them the blessings of a well-regulated government. This, in the favourite phrase of our day, was the "mission" of the Inca. It was also the mission of the Christian conqueror who invaded the empire of this same Indian potentate. Which of the two executed his mission most faithfully, history must decide.

Yet the Peruvian monarchs did not show a childish impatience in the acquisition of empire. They paused after a campaign, and allowed time for the settlement of one conquest before they undertook another, and in this interval occupied themselves with the quiet administration of their kingdom, and with the long progresses which brought them into nearer intercourse with their people. During this interval, also, their new vassals had begun to accommodate themselves to the strange institutions of their masters. They learned to appreciate the value of a government which raised them above the physical evils of a state of barbarism, secured them protection of person and a full participation in all the privileges enjoyed by their conquerors; and, as they became more familiar with the peculiar institutions of the country, habit, that second nature, attached them the more strongly to these institutions from their very peculiarity. Thus, by degrees, and without violence, arose the great fabric of the Peruvian empire, composed of numerous independent and even hostile tribes, yet, under the influence of a common religion, common language, and common government, knit together as one nation, animated by a spirit of love for its institutions and devoted loyalty to its sovereign. What a contrast to the condition of the Aztec monarchy, on the neighbouring continent, which, composed of the like heterogeneous materials, without any internal principle of cohesion, was only held together by the stern pressure, from without, of physical force! Why the Peruvian monarchy should have fared no better than its rival in its conflict with European civilization will appear in the following pages.

CHAPTER III.

PERUVIAN RELIGION—DEITIES—GORGEOUS TEMPLES—FESTIVALS—VIRGINS OF THE SUN—MARRIAGE.

It is a remarkable fact that many, if not most, of the rude tribes inhabiting the vast American continent, however disfigured their creeds may have been in other respects by a childish superstition, had attained to the sublime conception of one Great Spirit, the Creator of the Universe, who, immaterial in his own nature, was not to be dishonoured by an attempt at visible representation, and who, pervading all space, was not to be circumscribed within the walls of a temple.* Yet these elevated ideas, so far beyond the ordinary range

* [This statement represents what is still, probably, the common belief—based on the representations of the early missionaries and of many subsequent explorers—in regard to the religious ideas of the aboriginal races. The subject has, however, undergone of late a more critical investigation, in connection

with the general inquiry as to the development of religious conceptions, and of monotheism, considered either as an original intuition or as the latest outcome of more primitive beliefs. Dr. Brinton, who considers that the intuition of an unseen power—"the sum of those intelligent activities which the

of the untutored intellect, do not seem to have led to the practical consequences that might have been expected; and few of the American nations have shown more solicitude for the maintenance of a religious worship, or found in their faith a powerful spring of action.

But with progress in civilization ideas more akin to those of civilized communities were gradually unfolded; a liberal provision was made, and a separate order instituted, for the services of religion, which were conducted with a minute and magnificent ceremonial, that challenged comparison, in some respects, with that of the most polished nations of Christendom. This was the case with the nations inhabiting the table-land of North America, and with the natives of Bogotá, Quito, Peru, and the other elevated regions on the great Southern continent. It was, above all, the case with the Peruvians, who claimed a divine original for the founders of their empire, whose laws all rested on a divine sanction, and whose domestic institutions and foreign wars were alike directed to preserve and propagate their faith. Religion was the basis of their polity, the very condition, as it were, of their social existence. The government of the Incas, in its essential principles, was a theocracy.

Yet, though religion entered so largely into the fabric and conduct of the political institutions of the people, their mythology, that is, the traditional legends by which they affected to unfold the mysteries of the universe, was exceedingly mean and puerile. Scarce one of their traditions—except the beautiful one respecting the founders of their royal dynasty—is worthy of note, or throws much light on their own antiquities or the primitive history of man. Among the traditions of importance is one of the deluge, which they held in common with so many of the nations in all parts of the globe, and which they related with some particulars that bear resemblance to a Mexican legend.¹

Their ideas in respect to a future state of being deserve more attention. They admitted the existence of the soul hereafter, and connected with this a

¹ They related that, after the deluge, seven persons issued from a cave where they had saved themselves, and by them the earth was re-peopled. One of the traditions of the Mexicans deduced their descent, and that of the kindred tribes, in like manner, from seven persons who came from as many caves

in Aztlan.* (Conf. Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 19; lib. 7, cap. 2.—Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.) The story of the deluge is told by different writers with many variations, in some of which it is not difficult to detect the plastic hand of the Christian convert.

individual, reasoning from the analogy of his own actions, imagines to be behind and to bring about natural phenomena"—is common to the species, traces this conception in the American mythologies, especially those in which the air, the breath of life, appears as the symbol of an animating or creative Spirit. Yet he adds, "Let none of these expressions, however, be construed to prove the distinct recognition of One Supreme Being. Of monotheism, either as displayed in the one personal definite God of the Semitic races, or in the dim pantheistic sense of the Brahmins, there was not a single instance on the American continent. . . . The phrases Good Spirit, Great Spirit, and similar ones, have occasioned endless discrepancies in the minds of travellers. In most instances they are entirely of modern origin, coined at the suggestion of missionaries, applied to the white man's God." (Myths of the New World, p.

52.) Mr. Tylor finds among various races of North and South America, of Africa and of Polynesia, the "acknowledgment of a Supreme Creator," yet always in connection with a system of polytheism, of which this belief is the culmination. (Primitive Culture, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 332.) It may be doubted, however, whether it is possible to arrive at any certainty in regard to conceptions so vague in themselves and so liable to be moulded into definite shapes by the mediums through which they are communicated.—Ed.]

* [A similar tradition is found in some Sanscrit legends. "This coincidence," remarks Dr. Brinton, "arises from the mystic powers attached to the number seven, derived from its frequent occurrence in astrology." (Myths of the New World, p. 203.) Yet the evidence he adduces will hardly apply to the American myths.—Ed.]

belief in the resurrection of the body. They assigned two distinct places for the residence of the good and of the wicked, the latter of which they fixed in the centre of the earth. The good, they supposed, were to pass a luxurious life of tranquillity and ease, which comprehended their highest notions of happiness. The wicked were to expiate their crimes by ages of wearisome labour. They associated with these ideas a belief in an evil principle or spirit, bearing the name of Cupay, whom they did not attempt to propitiate by sacrifices, and who seems to have been only a shadowy personification of sin,* that exercised little influence over their conduct.²

It was this belief in the resurrection of the body which led them to preserve the body with so much solicitude,—by a simple process, however, that, unlike the elaborate embalming of the Egyptians, consisted in exposing it to the action of the cold, exceedingly dry, and highly rarefied atmosphere of the mountains.³ As they believed that the occupations in the future world would have great resemblance to those of the present, they buried with the deceased noble some of his apparel, his utensils, and, frequently, his treasures, and completed the gloomy ceremony by sacrificing his wives and favourite domestics, to bear him company and do him service in the happy regions beyond the clouds.⁴ Vast mounds of an irregular or, more frequently, oblong shape, penetrated by galleries running at right angles to each other, were raised over the dead, whose dried bodies or mummies have been found in considerable numbers, sometimes erect, but more often in the sitting posture common to the Indian tribes of both continents. Treasures of great value have also been occasionally drawn from these monumental deposits, and have stimulated speculators to repeated excavations with the hope of similar good fortune. It was a lottery like that of searching after mines, but where the chances have proved still more against the adventurers.⁵

* Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 123.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 2, 7.—One might suppose that the educated Peruvians—if I may so speak—imagined the common people had no souls, so little is said of their opinions as to the condition of these latter in a future life, while they are diffuse on the prospects of the higher orders, which they fondly believed were to keep pace with their condition here.

² Such, indeed, seems to be the opinion of Garcilasso, though some writers speak of resinous and other applications for embalming

³ [Dr. Brinton, citing with approval the remark of Jacob Grimm, that “the idea of the Devil is foreign to all primitive religions,” denies that such a conception had any existence in the American mythologies, and contends that “the Cupay of the Peruvians never was, as Prescott would have us believe, the shadowy embodiment of evil, but simply and solely their god of the dead, the Pluto of their pantheon, corresponding to the Mictla of the Mexicans.” It is certain that many myths of the American Indians, in which a good and an evil power are opposed to each other, owed this idea to the later introduction of the Christian notions of Satan, or to the misconception of narrators influenced by the same belief. Yet Mr. Tylor, while admitting the skill with which many of these legends have been analyzed by Dr. Brinton, and the general

the body. The appearance of the royal mummies found at Cuzco, as reported both by Ondegardo and Garcilasso, makes it probable that no foreign substance was employed for their preservation.

⁴ Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.—The Licentiate says that this usage continued even after the Conquest, and that he had saved the life of more than one favourite domestic, who had fled to him for protection, as they were about to be sacrificed to the Manes of their deceased lords. *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

⁵ Yet these sepulchral mines have some-

force of his criticism, maintains that “rudimentary forms of Dualism, the antagonism of a Good and Evil Deity, are well known among the lower races of mankind,” and, after reviewing the evidences of this conception in various stages of development, makes the pregnant remark that “the conception of the light-god as the good deity, in contrast to a rival god of evil, is one plainly suggested by nature.” (*Primitive Culture*, i. 287-297.) It is therefore among the sun-worshippers that we might especially expect to find the instinctive conception of a power of darkness, as the representative not merely of death but of the evil principle. This dualism is, accordingly, the distinguishing feature of the Zoroastrian religion, and its existence in that of Peru cannot well be questioned on the sole ground of inherent improbability.—Ed.]

The Peruvians, like so many other of the Indian races, acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the different names of Pachacamac and Viracocha.⁶ No temple was raised to this invisible Being, save one only in the valley which took its name from the deity himself, not far from the Spanish city of Lima. Even this temple had existed there before the country came under the sway of the Incas, and was the great resort of Indian pilgrims from remote parts of the land,—a circumstance which suggests the idea that the worship of this Great Spirit, though countenanced, perhaps, by their accommodating policy, did not originate with the Peruvian princes.^{7*}

The deity whose worship they especially inculcated, and which they never failed to establish wherever their banners were known to penetrate, was the Sun. It was he who, in a particular manner, presided over the destinies of man; gave light and warmth to the nations, and life to the vegetable world; whom they revered as the father of their royal dynasty, the founder of

times proved worth the digging. Sarmiento speaks of gold to the value of 100,000 *castellanos* as occasionally buried with the Indian lords (Relacion, MS., cap. 57); and Las Casas—not the best authority in numerical estimates—says that treasures worth more than half a million of ducats had been found within twenty years after the Conquest, in the tombs near Truxillo. (Œuvres, ed. Llorente (Paris, 1822), tom. ii. p. 192.) Baron Humboldt visited the sepulchre of a Peruvian prince, in the same quarter of the country, whence a Spaniard in 1576 drew forth a mass of gold worth a million of dollars! Vues des Cordillères, p. 29.

⁶ *Pachacamac* signifies "He who sustains or gives life to the universe." The name of

the great deity is sometimes expressed by both Pachacamac and Viracocha combined. (See Balboa, Hist. du Pérou, chap. 6.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 21.) An old Spaniard finds in the popular meaning of *Viracocha*, "foam of the sea," an argument for deriving the Peruvian civilization from some voyager from the Old World. Cong. i. Pob. del Piru, MS.

⁷ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Cong., MS.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 27.—Ulloa notices the extensive ruins of brick, which mark the probable site of the temple of Pachacamac, attesting by their present appearance its ancient magnificence and strength. Mémoires philosophiques, historiques, physiques (Paris, 1787), trad. Fr., p. 78.

* [Not only this inference, but the facts on which it rests, are strenuously disputed by Mr. Markham, on the ground that Pachacamac "is an Ynca word, and is wholly foreign to, and unconnected with, the coast language." It was the name, he says, given by the Incas to the coast-city, when they conquered it, "for some reason that has not been preserved, possibly on account of its size and importance." "The natives worshipped a fish-god there under a name now lost, which became famous as an oracle and attracted pilgrims; and when the Incas conquered the place they raised a temple to the Sun on the summit of the hill commanding the city." "But they never built any temple to Pachacamac, and there never was one to that deity, except at Cuzco." (Reports of the Discovery of Peru, Introduction, xiv.-xx.) There seems to be here much more of assertion than of argument or proof. The statement that there was a temple to Pachacamac at Cuzco is a novel one, for which no authority is adduced, and it is in direct contradiction to the reiterated assertions of Garcilasso, that the Peruvians worshipped Pachacamac only "inwardly, as an unknown God," to whom they built no temples and offered no sacrifices. For the statement that the Incas "erected a temple of the Sun" at Pachacamac (p. xix.), we are referred to Cieza

de Leon, who says that "they agreed with the native chiefs and with the ministers of this god or devil, that the temple of Pachacamac should continue with the authority and reverence it formerly possessed, and that the loftiest part should be set aside as a temple of the Sun." That the temple had existed long prior to the conquest of the place by the Incas is asserted by all authorities and attested by the great antiquity of its remains. Garcilasso asserts that its builders had borrowed the conception of Pachacamac from the Incas,—a less probable supposition than that of Prescott, and equally rejected by Mr. Markham, though the statement of the same author that "the Yncas placed their idols in this temple, which were figures of fishes," seems to be the chief foundation for his own account of the worship practised by the people of the coast, respecting which he admits that little is known. What is known of it with any certainty comes to us from Garcilasso de la Vega and Cieza de Leon; and both these authorities represent the temple and worship of Pachacamac as having existed in the valley of that name previous to the conquest, or rather peaceful subjugation, of the province by the Incas, and their sanction of this religion, in conjunction with that of the Sun, as the result of a compromise.—Ep.]

their empire; and whose temples rose in every city and almost every village throughout the land, while his altars smoked with burnt-offerings,—a form of sacrifice peculiar to the Peruvians among the semi-civilized nations of the New World.*

Besides the Sun, the Incas acknowledged various objects of worship in some way or other connected with this principal deity. Such was the Moon, his sister-wife; the Stars, revered as part of her heavenly train,—though the fairest of them, Venus, known to the Peruvians by the name of Chasca, or the “youth with the long and curling locks,” was adored as the page of the Sun, whom he attends so closely in his rising and in his setting. They dedicated temples also to the Thunder and Lightning,⁹ in whom they recognized the Sun's dread ministers, and to the Rainbow, whom they worshipped as a beautiful emanation of their glorious deity.¹⁰

In addition to these, the subjects of the Incas enrolled among their inferior deities many objects in nature, as the elements, the winds, the earth, the air, great mountains and rivers, which impressed them with ideas of sublimity and power, or were supposed in some way or other to exercise a mysterious influence over the destinies of man.¹¹ They adopted also a notion, not unlike that professed by some of the schools of ancient philosophy, that everything on earth had its archetype or idea, its *mother*, as they emphatically styled it, which they held sacred, as, in some sort, its spiritual essence.¹² But their

* At least, so says Dr. McCulloh; and no better authority can be required on American antiquities. (Researches, p. 392.) Might he not have added *barbarous* nations, also?

⁹ Thunder, Lightning, and Thunderbolt could be all expressed by the Peruvians in one word, *Illapa*. Hence some Spaniards have inferred a knowledge of the Trinity in the natives! “The Devil stole all he could,” exclaims Herrera, with righteous indignation. (Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 5.) These, and even rasher conclusions (see Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 28), are scouted by Garcilasso, as inventions of Indian converts, willing to please the imaginations of their Christian teachers. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 5, 6; lib. 3, cap. 21.) Imposture on the one hand, and credulity on the other, have furnished a plentiful harvest of absurdities, which has been diligently gathered in by the pious antiquary of a later generation.

¹⁰ Garcilasso's assertion that these heavenly bodies were objects of reverence as holy things, but not of worship (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 1, 23), is contradicted by Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.,—Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.,—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 4, —Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 121,—and, I might add, by almost every writer of authority whom I have consulted.* It is contradicted,

in a manner, by the admission of Garcilasso himself, that these several objects were all personified by the Indians as living beings, and had temples dedicated to them as such, with their effigies delineated in the same manner as was that of the Sun in his dwelling. Indeed, the effort of the historian to reduce the worship of the Incas to that of the Sun alone is not very reconcilable with what he elsewhere says of the homage paid to Pachacamac, above all, and to Rimac, the great oracle of the common people. The Peruvian mythology was, probably, not unlike that of Hindostan, where, under two, or at most three, principal deities, were assembled a host of inferior ones, to whom the nation paid religious homage, as personifications of the different objects in nature.

¹¹ Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—These consecrated objects were termed *huacas*,—a word of most prolific import; since it signified a temple, a tomb, any natural object remarkable for its size or shape, in short, a cloud of meanings, which by their contradictory sense have thrown incalculable confusion over the writings of historians and travellers.

¹² “La orden por donde fundavan sus huacas que ellos llamavan á las Idolatrias hera porque decian que todas criava el sol i que las dava madre por madre que mostravan á la

* (“Mr. Prescott gives his high authority in support of the Spanish historians Ondegardo, Herrera, and Gomara, and against Garcilasso de la Vega, in this matter [the worship of lightning and thunder as deities]. Yet surely, in a question relating to the religion of his ancestors, the testimony of the Ynca . . . is worth more than that of all the Spanish historians put together, Cieza de Leon alone

excepted.” (Markham, translation of Garcilasso (1869), vol. i. p. 103, note.) “The sun, moon, and *thunder* appear to have been the deities next in importance to Pachayachachi; sacrifices were made to them at all the periodical festivities, and several of the prayers given by Molina are addressed to them.” Markham, Rites and Laws of the Yncas (1873). Introduction, p. xi.—Ed.]

system, far from being limited even to these multiplied objects of devotion, embraced within its ample folds the numerous deities of the conquered nations, whose images were transported to the capital, where the burdensome charges of their worship were defrayed by their respective provinces. It was a rare stroke of policy in the Incas, who could thus accommodate their religion to their interests.¹³

But the worship of the Sun constituted the peculiar care of the Incas, and was the object of their lavish expenditure. The most ancient of the many temples dedicated to this divinity was in the island of Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have proceeded. From this circumstance, this sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration. Everything which belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize which surrounded the temple and formed part of its domain, imbibed a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed among the different public magazines, in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the remainder of the store. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary!¹⁴

But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of *Coricancha*, or "the Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described in the other public buildings of the country, and was so finely executed that a Spaniard who saw it in its glory assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it.¹⁵ Yet this substantial and, in some respects, magnificent structure was thatched with straw!

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction, in the same manner as the sun is often personified with us. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered

tierra, porque decian que tenia madre, i tenian lé echo su vulto i sus adoratorios, i al fuego decian que tambien tenia madre i al mais i á las otras sementeras i á las ovejas iganado decian que tenian madre, i á la chocha que el brevaje que ellos usan decian que el vinagre della hera la madre i lo reverenciavan i llamavan mama agua madre del vinagre, i á cada cosa adoravan destas de su manera." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

¹³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—So it seems to have been regarded by the Licentiate Ondegardo: "E los Idolos estaban en aql galpon grande de la casa del Sol, y cada Idolo destes tenia su servicio y gastos y mugeres, y en la casa del Sol le iban á hacer reverencia los que venian de su provincial para lo qual é sacrificios que se hacian proveian de su misma tierra ordinaria é muy abundantemente por la misma orden que lo hacian quando estaba en la misma provincia, que daba gran autoridad á mi parecer é aun fuerza á estos Ingas

que cierto me causó gran admiracion." Rel. Seg., MS.

¹⁴ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 25.

¹⁵ "Tenia este Templo en circuito mas de quatro cientos pasos, todo cercado de una muralla fuerte, labrado todo el edificio de cantera muy excelente de fina piedra, muy bien puesta y asentada, y algunas piedras eran muy grandes y soberbias, no tenian mezcla de tierra ni cal, sino con el betun que ellos suelen hacer sus edificios, y estan tan bien labradas estas piedras que no se les parece mezcla ni juntura ninguna. En toda España no he visto cosa que pueda comparar á estas paredes y postura de piedra, sino á la torre que llaman la Calahorra que está junto con la puente de Cordoba, y á una obra que vi en Toledo, quando fui á presentar la primera parte de mi Cronica al Principe Da Felipe." Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 24.

with emeralds and precious stones.¹⁶ It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere incrustated. Gold, in the figurative language of the people, was "the tears wept by the sun,"¹⁷ and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly material; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stone-work, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice.¹⁸

Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the Moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was delineated in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale, silvery light of the beautiful planet. There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, who formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third, to the Rainbow, whose many-coloured arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were, besides, several other buildings, or insulated apartments, for the accommodation of the numerous priests who officiated in the services of the temple.¹⁹

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn;²⁰ the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there,—among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous,—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.²¹

¹⁶ Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 44, 92.—"La figura del Sol, muy grande, hecha de oro obrada muy primamente engastonada en muchas piedras ricas." Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 24.

¹⁷ "I al oro asimismo decian que era lagrimas que el Sol llorava." Conq. i. Pob. del Piru, MS.

¹⁸ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 24.—Antig. y Monumentos del Peru, MS.—"Cada junto á la techumbre de una plancha de oro de palmo i medio de ancho i lo mismo tenian por de dentro en cada bobio ó casa i aposento." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.) "Tenia una cinta de planchas de oro de anchor de mas de un palmo enlazadas en las piedras." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁹ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 24.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 21.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁰ "El bulto del Sol tenian muy grande de

oro, i todo el servicio desta casa era de plata i oro, i tenian doze borones de plata blanca que dos hombres no abrazarian cada uno quadros, i eran mas altos que una buena pica donde hechavan el maiz que havian de dar al Sol, segun ellos decian que comiese." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—The original, as the Spanish reader perceives, says each of these silver vases or bins was as high as a good lance, and so large that two men with outspread arms could barely encompass them! As this might perhaps embarrass even the most accommodating faith, I have preferred not to become responsible for any particular dimensions.

²¹ Levinus Apollonius, fol. 38.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 24.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—"Tenian un Jardin que los Terrones eran pedazos de oro fino y estaban artificiosamente sembrado de maizales los quales eran oro así las Cañas de ello como las ojas y mazorca, y estaban tan

If the reader sees in this fairy picture only the romantic colouring of some fabulous *El Dorado*, he must recall what has been said before in reference to the palaces of the Incas, and consider that these "Houses of the Sun," as they were styled, were the common reservoir into which flowed all the streams of public and private benefaction throughout the empire. Some of the statements, through credulity, and others, in the desire of exciting admiration, may be greatly exaggerated; but in the coincidence of contemporary testimony it is not easy to determine the exact line which should mark the measure of our skepticism. Certain it is that the glowing picture I have given is warranted by those who saw these buildings in their pride, or shortly after they had been despoiled by the cupidity of their countrymen. Many of the costly articles were buried by the natives, or thrown into the waters of the rivers and the lakes; but enough remained to attest the unprecedented opulence of these religious establishments. Such things as were in their nature portable were speedily removed, to gratify the craving of the Conquerors, who even tore away the solid cornices and frieze of gold from the great temple, filling the vacant places with the cheaper, but—since it affords no temptation to avarice—more durable, material of plaster. Yet even thus shorn of their splendour the venerable edifices still presented an attraction to the spoiler, who found in their dilapidated walls an inexhaustible quarry for the erection of other buildings. On the very ground once crowned by the gorgeous Coricancha rose the stately church of St. Dominic, one of the most magnificent structures of the New World. Fields of maize and lucerne now bloom on the spot which glowed with the golden gardens of the temple; and the friar chants his orisons within the consecrated precincts once occupied by the Children of the Sun.²²

Besides the great temple of the Sun, there was a large number of inferior temples and religious houses in the Peruvian capital and its environs, amounting, as is stated, to three or four hundred.²³ For Cuzco was a sanctified spot, venerated not only as the abode of the Incas, but of all those deities who presided over the motley nations of the empire. It was the city beloved of the Sun; where his worship was maintained in its splendour; "where every fountain, pathway, and wall," says an ancient chronicler, "was regarded as a holy mystery."²⁴ And unfortunate was the Indian noble who, at some period or other of his life, had not made his pilgrimage to the Peruvian Mecca.

Other temples and religious dwellings were scattered over the provinces, and some of them constructed on a scale of magnificence that almost rivalled that of the metropolis. The attendants on these composed an army of themselves. The whole number of functionaries, including those of the sacerdotal order, who officiated at the Coricancha alone, was no less than four thousand.²⁵

bien plantados que aunque hiciesen recios bientos no se arrancaban. Sin todo esto tenían hechas mas de veinte obejas de oro con sus Corderos y los Pastores con sus ondas y cayados que las guardaban hecho de este metal; havia mucha cantidad de Tinajas de oro y de Plata y esmeraldas, vasos, ollas y todo genero de vasijas todo de oro fino; por otras Paredes tenían esculpidas y pintadas otras mayores cosas, en fin era uno de los ricos Templos que hubo en el mundo." Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 24.

²² Miller's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 223, 224.

²³ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 8.—"Havia en aquella ciudad y legua y

media de la redonda quatrocientos y tantos lugares, donde se hacian sacrificios, y se gastava mucha suma de hacienda en ellos." Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.

²⁴ "Que aquella ciudad del Cuzco era casa y morada de Dioses, e assi nó havia en toda ella fuente ni paso ni pared que nó dixesen que tenia misterio." Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.

²⁵ *Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—An army, indeed, if, as Cieza de Leon states, the number of priests and menials employed in the famous temple of Blicas, on the route to Chili, amounted to 40,000! (*Cronica*, cap. 89.) Everything relating relating to these Houses of the Sun appears to have been on a grand

At the head of all, both here and throughout the land, stood the great High-Priest, or Villac Umu, as he was called. He was second only to the Inca in dignity, and was usually chosen from his brothers or nearest kindred. He was appointed by the monarch, and held his office for life; and he, in turn, appointed to all the subordinate stations of his own order. This order was very numerous. Those members of it who officiated in the House of the Sun, in Cuzco, were taken exclusively from the sacred race of the Incas. The ministers in the provincial temples were drawn from the families of the curacas; but the office of high-priest in each district was reserved for one of the blood royal. It was designed by this regulation to preserve the faith in its purity, and to guard against any departure from the stately ceremonial which it punctiliously prescribed.²⁹

The sacerdotal order, though numerous, was not distinguished by any peculiar badge or costume from the rest of the nation. Neither was it the sole depository of the scanty science of the country, nor was it charged with the business of instruction, nor with those parochial duties, if they may so be called, which bring the priest in contact with the great body of the people,—as was the case in Mexico. The cause of this peculiarity may probably be traced to the existence of a superior order, like that of the Inca nobles, whose sanctity of birth so far transcended all human appointments that they in a manner engrossed whatever there was of religious veneration in the people. They were, in fact, the holy order of the state. Doubtless, any of them might, as very many of them did, take on themselves the sacerdotal functions; and their own insignia and peculiar privileges were too well understood to require any further badge to separate them from the people.

The duties of the priest were confined to ministrations in the temple. Even here his attendance was not constant, as he was relieved after a stated interval by other brethren of his order, who succeeded one another in regular rotation. His science was limited to an acquaintance with the fasts and festivals of his religion, and the appropriate ceremonies which distinguished them. This, however frivolous might be its character, was no easy acquisition; for the ritual of the Incas involved a routine of observances as complex and elaborate as ever distinguished that of any nation, whether pagan or Christian. Each month had its appropriate festival, or rather festivals. The four principal had reference to the Sun, and commemorated the great periods of his annual progress, the solstices and equinoxes. Perhaps the most magnificent of all the national solemnities was the feast of Raymi, held at the period of the summer solstice, when the Sun, having touched the southern extremity of his course, retraced his path, as if to gladden the hearts of his chosen people by his presence. On this occasion the Indian nobles from the different quarters of the country thronged to the capital to take part in the great religious celebration.

For three days previous, there was a general fast, and no fire was allowed to be lighted in the dwellings. When the appointed day arrived, the Inca and his court, followed by the whole population of the city, assembled at early dawn in the great square to greet the rising of the Sun. They were dressed in their gayest apparel, and the Indian lords vied with each other in the display of costly ornaments and jewels on their persons, while canopies of gaudy

scale. But we may easily believe this a clerical error for 4000.

²⁹ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 27.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—It was only while the priests were engaged in the service of the temples that they were maintained, according

to Garcilasso, from the estates of the Sun. At other times they were to get their support from their own lands, which, if he is correct, were assigned to them in the same manner as to the other orders of the nation. *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 8.

feather-work and richly-tinted stuffs, borne by the attendants over their heads, gave to the great square, and the streets that emptied into it, the appearance of being spread over with one vast and magnificent awning. Eagerly they watched the coming of their deity, and no sooner did his first yellow rays strike the turrets and loftiest buildings of the capital than a shout of gratulation broke forth from the assembled multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, that swelled louder and louder as his bright orb, rising above the mountain-range towards the east, shone in full splendour on his votaries. After the usual ceremonies of adoration, a libation was offered to the great deity by the Inca, from a huge golden vase, filled with the fermented liquor of maize or of maguey, which, after the monarch had tasted it himself, he dispensed among his royal kindred. These ceremonies completed, the vast assembly was arranged in order of procession and took its way towards the Coricancha.²⁷

As they entered the street of the sacred edifice, all divested themselves of their sandals, except the Inca and his family, who did the same on passing through the portals of the temple, where none but these august personages were admitted.²⁸ After a decent time spent in devotion, the sovereign, attended by his courtly train, again appeared, and preparations were made to commence the sacrifice. This, with the Peruvians, consisted of animals, grain, flowers, and sweet-scented gums,—sometimes of human beings, on which occasions a child or beautiful maiden was usually selected as the victim. But such sacrifices were rare, being reserved to celebrate some great public event, as a coronation, the birth of a royal heir, or a great victory. They were never followed by those cannibal repasts familiar to the Mexicans and to many of the fierce tribes conquered by the Incas. Indeed, the conquests of these princes might well be deemed a blessing to the Indian nations, if it were only from their suppression of cannibalism, and the diminution, under their rule, of human sacrifices.²⁹

²⁷ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 27.—The reader will find a brilliant, and not very extravagant, account of the Peruvian festivals in Marmontel's romance of *Les Incas*. The French author saw in their gorgeous ceremonial a fitting introduction to his own literary pageant. Tom. i. chap. 1-4.

²⁸ "Ningun Indio comun osaba pasar por la calle del Sol calzado; ni ninguno, aunque fuese mui grand Señor, entrava en las casas del Sol con zapatos." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

²⁹ Garcilasso de la Vega flatly denies that the Incas were guilty of human sacrifices, and maintains, on the other hand, that they uniformly abolished them in every country they subdued, where they had previously existed. (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 9, et alibi.) But in this material fact he is unequivocally contradicted by Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 22.—Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.,—Montesinos,

Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 8,—Balboa, Hist. du Pérou, chap. 5, 8,—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 72,—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.,—Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 19,—and I might add, I suspect, were I to pursue the inquiry, by nearly every ancient writer of authority; some of whom, having come into the country soon after the Conquest, while its primitive institutions were in vigour, are entitled to more deference in a matter of this kind than Garcilasso himself. It was natural that the descendant of the Incas should desire to relieve his race from so odious an imputation; and we must have charity for him if he does show himself on some occasions, where the honour of his country is at stake, "high gravel blind." It should be added, in justice to the Peruvian government, that the best authorities concur in the admission that the sacrifices were few, both in number and in magnitude, being reserved for such extraordinary occasions as those mentioned in the text.*

* [In a long note on the passage in Garcilasso relating to the subject, Mr. Markham asserts that "the Yncas did not offer up human sacrifices," and, complaining that "Mr. Prescott allows himself to accept Spanish testimony in preference to that of the Ynca"

Garcilasso, examines the evidence adduced, and rejects it as proceeding from credulity, prejudice, and ignorance. Several of the objections he alleges would require detailed consideration if the question had not since been definitively settled by his own publica-

At the feast of Raymi, the sacrifice usually offered was that of the llama ; and the priest, after opening the body of his victim, sought in the appearances which it exhibited to read the lesson of the mysterious future. If the auguries were unpropitious, a second victim was slaughtered, in the hope of receiving some more comfortable assurance. The Peruvian augur might have learned a good lesson of the Roman,—to consider every omen as favourable which served the interests of his country.³⁰

A fire was then kindled by means of a concave mirror of polished metal, which, collecting the rays of the sun into a focus upon a quantity of dried cotton, speedily set it on fire. It was the expedient used on the like occasions in ancient Rome, at least under the reign of the pious Numa. When the sky was overcast, and the face of the good deity was hidden from his worshippers, which was esteemed a bad omen, fire was obtained by means of friction. The sacred flame was intrusted to the care of the Virgins of the Sun ; and if, by any neglect, it was suffered to go out in the course of the year, the event was regarded as a calamity that boded some strange disaster to the monarchy.³¹ A burnt-offering of the victims was then made on the altars of the deity. This sacrifice was but the prelude to the slaughter of a great number of llamas, part of the flocks of the Sun, which furnished a banquet not only for the Inca and his court, but for the people, who made amends at these festivals for the frugal fare to which they were usually condemned. A fine bread or cake, kneaded of maize flour by the fair hands of the Virgins of the Sun, was also placed on the royal board, where the Inca, presiding over the feast, pledged his great nobles in generous goblets of the fermented liquor of the country, and the long revelry of the day was closed at night by music and dancing. Dancing and drinking were the favourite pastimes of the Peruvians. These amusements continued for several days, though the sacrifices terminated on the first. Such was the great festival of Raymi ; and the recurrence of this and similar festivities gave relief to the monotonous routine of toil prescribed to the lower orders of the community.³²

In the distribution of bread and wine at this high festival, the orthodox Spaniards who first came into the country saw a striking resemblance to the

³⁰ "Augurque cum esset, dicere ausus est, optimis auspiciis ea geri, quae pro republica salute gererentur." (Cicero, De Senectute.)—This inspection of the entrails of animals for the purposes of divination is worthy of note, as a most rare, if not a solitary, instance of the kind among the nations of the New World, though so familiar in the ceremonial of sacrifice among the pagan nations of the Old.

³¹ "Vigilemque sacra verat ignem, Excubias divum aeternas."

Plutarch, in his life of Numa, describes the reflectors used by the Romans for kindling the sacred fire, as concave instruments of brass, though not spherical like the Peruvian, but of a triangular form.

³² Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 28, 29.—Garciasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 23.

tion, in an English translation, of an important and trustworthy account, by Christoval de Molina, of the rites practised by the Incas. From this it appears that, while the ordinary sacrifices consisted of the "sheep" and "lambs" of the country, the great festival called *Ccapacocha* or *Cachahuaca* was celebrated with human sacrifices, both at Cuzco and at the chief town of each province. The victims consisted of children, male and female, aged about ten years, one or two being selected from each lineage or tribe. Some were strangled ; "from others they took out the hearts while yet alive, and offered them to

the *huacas* while yet palpitating." The bodies were interred with the other sacrifices. "They also had a custom, when they conquered and subjugated any nations, of selecting some of the handsomest of the conquered people and sending them to Cuzco, where they were sacrificed to the Sun, who, as they said, had given them the victory." (Fables and Rites of the Incas, pp. 54-59.) Mr. Markham describes the narrative of Molina as supplying "more than one incidental corroboration of the correctness of Garcilasso's statements," but omits to notice its incidental contradiction of them on this very important point.—Ed.]



Christian communion ;³² as in the practice of confession and penance, which, in a most irregular form indeed, seems to have been used by the Peruvians, they discerned a coincidence with another of the sacraments of the Church.³⁴ The good fathers were fond of tracing such coincidences, which they considered as the contrivance of Satan, who thus endeavoured to delude his victims by counterfeiting the blessed rites of Christianity.³⁵ Others, in a different vein, imagined that they saw in such analogies the evidence that some of the primitive teachers of the gospel, perhaps an apostle himself, had paid a visit to these distant regions and scattered over them the seeds of religious truth.³⁶ But it seems hardly necessary to invoke the Prince of Darkness, or the intervention of the blessed saints, to account for coincidences which have existed in countries far removed from the light of Christianity, and in ages, indeed, when its light had not yet risen on the world. It is much more reasonable to refer such casual points of resemblance to the general constitution of man and the necessities of his moral nature.³⁷

Another singular analogy with Roman Catholic institutions is presented by the Virgins of the Sun, the "elect," as they were called,³⁸ to whom I have already had occasion to refer. These were young maidens, dedicated to the service of the deity, who, at a tender age, were taken from their homes and introduced into convents, where they were placed under the care of certain elderly matrons, *mamaconas*, who had grown gray within their walls.³⁹ Under these venerable guides the holy virgins were instructed in the nature of their religious duties. They were employed in spinning and embroidery, and, with the fine hair of the vicuña, wove the hangings for the temples, and the apparel for the Inca and his household.⁴⁰ It was their duty, above all, to watch over the sacred fire obtained at the festival of Raymi. From the moment they entered the establishment, they were cut off from all connection with the world, even with their own family and friends. No one but the Inca, and the Coya or queen, might enter the consecrated precincts. The greatest attention was

³² "That which is most admirable in the hatred and presumption of Sathan is, that he not only counterfeited in idolatry and sacrifices, but also in certain ceremonies, our sacraments, which Jesus Christ our Lord instituted, and the holy Church uses, having especially pretended to imitate, in some sort, the sacrament of the communion, which is the most high and divine of all others." Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 23.

³⁴ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 4.—Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—"The father of lies would likewise counterfeit the sacrament of Confession, and in his idolatries sought to be honoured with ceremonies very like to the manner of Christians." Acosta, lib. 5, cap. 25.

³⁵ Cieza de Leon, not content with many marvellous accounts of the influence and real apparition of Satan in the Indian ceremonies, has garnished his volume with numerous wood-cuts representing the Prince of Evil in bodily presence, with the usual accompaniments of tail, claws, etc., as if to re-enforce the homilies in his text! The Peruvian saw in his idol a god. His Christian conqueror saw in it the Devil. One may be puzzled to decide which of the two might lay claim to the grossest superstition.

³⁶ Piedrahita, the historian of the Muycas,

is satisfied that this apostle must have been St. Bartholomew, whose travels were known to have been extensive. (Cong. de Granada, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 3.) The Mexican antiquaries consider St. Thomas as having had charge of the mission to the people of Anahuac. These two apostles, then, would seem to have divided the New World, at least the civilized portions of it, between them. How they came, whether by Behring's Straits, or directly across the Atlantic, we are not informed. Velasco—a writer of the eighteenth century!—has little doubt that they did really come. Hist. de Quito, tom. 1, pp. 89, 90.

³⁷ The subject is illustrated by some examples in the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," vol. iii., Appendix No. 1; since the same usages in that country led to precisely the same rash conclusions among the Conquerors.

³⁸ "Llamavase Casa de Escogidas; porque las escogian, 6 por Linage, 6 por Hermosura." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 1.

³⁹ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—The word *mamacona* signified "matron;" *mama*, the first half of this compound word, as already noticed, meaning "mother." See Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 1.

⁴⁰ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Cong., MS.

paid to their morals, and visitors were sent every year to inspect the institutions and to report on the state of their discipline.⁴¹ Woe to the unhappy maiden who was detected in an intrigue! By the stern law of the Incas she was to be buried alive, her lover was to be strangled, and the town or village to which he belonged was to be razed to the ground, and "sowed with stones," as if to efface every memorial of his existence.⁴² One is astonished to find so close a resemblance between the institutions of the American Indian, the ancient Roman, and the modern Catholic! Chastity and purity of life are virtues in woman that would seem to be of equal estimation with the barbarian and with the civilized.—Yet the ultimate destination of the inmates of these religious houses was materially different.

The great establishment at Cuzco consisted wholly of maidens of the royal blood, who amounted, it is said, to no less than fifteen hundred. The provincial convents were supplied from the daughters of the curacas and inferior nobles, and occasionally, where a girl was recommended by great personal attractions, from the lower classes of the people.⁴³ The "Houses of the Virgins of the Sun" consisted of low ranges of stone buildings, covering a large extent of ground surrounded by high walls, which excluded those within entirely from observation. They were provided with every accommodation for the fair inmates, and were embellished in the same sumptuous and costly manner as the palaces of the Incas, and the temples; for they received the particular care of the government, as an important part of the religious establishment.⁴⁴

Yet the career of all the inhabitants of these cloisters was not confined within their narrow walls. Though Virgins of the Sun, they were brides of the Inca, and at a marriageable age the most beautiful among them were selected for the honours of his bed and transferred to the royal seraglio. The full complement of this amounted in time not only to hundreds, but thousands, who all found accommodations in his different palaces throughout the country. When the monarch was disposed to lessen the number of his establishment, the concubine with whose society he was willing to dispense returned, not to her former monastic residence, but to her own home; where, however humble might be her original condition, she was maintained in great state, and, far from being dishonoured by the situation she had filled, was held in universal reverence as the Inca's bride.⁴⁵

The great nobles of Peru were allowed, like their sovereign, a plurality of wives. The people, generally, whether by law, or by necessity stronger than law, were more happily limited to one. Marriage was conducted in a manner that gave it quite as original a character as belonged to the other institutions of the country. On an appointed day of the year, all those of a marriageable

⁴¹ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.

⁴² Balboa, Hist. du Pérou, chap. 9.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 11.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 3.—According to the historian of the Incas, the terrible penalty was never incurred by a single lapse on the part of the fair sisterhood; though, if it had been, the sovereign, he assures us, would have "exacted it to the letter, with as little compunction as he would have drowned a puppy." (Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 3.) Other writers contend, on the contrary, that these Virgins had very little claim to the reputation of Vestals. (See Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 121.) Such imputations are common

enough on the inhabitants of religious houses, whether pagan or Christian. They are contradicted in the present instance by the concurrent testimony of most of those who had the best opportunity of arriving at truth, and are made particularly improbable by the superstitious reverence entertained for the Incas.

⁴³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 1.

⁴⁴ Ibid., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 5.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 44.

⁴⁵ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 4.—Montesinos, Mem. antiguas, MS., lib. 2, cap. 19.

age—which, having reference to their ability to take charge of a family, in the males was fixed at not less than twenty-four years, and in the women at eighteen or twenty—were called together in the great squares of their respective towns and villages, throughout the empire. The Inca presided in person over the assembly of his own kindred, and, taking the hands of the different couples who were to be united, he placed them within each other, declaring the parties man and wife. The same was done by the curacas towards all persons of their own or inferior degree in their several districts. This was the simple form of marriage in Peru. No one was allowed to select a wife beyond the community to which he belonged, which generally comprehended all his own kindred;⁴⁶ nor was any but the sovereign authorized to dispense with the law of nature—or, at least, the usual law of nations—so far as to marry his own sister.⁴⁷ No marriage was esteemed valid without the consent of the parents; and the preference of the parties, it is said, was also to be consulted; though, considering the barriers imposed by the prescribed age of the candidates, this must have been within rather narrow and whimsical limits. A dwelling was got ready for the new-married pair at the charge of the district, and the prescribed portion of land assigned for their maintenance. The law of Peru provided for the future, as well as for the present. It left nothing to chance. The simple ceremony of marriage was followed by general festivities among the friends of the parties, which lasted several days; and as every wedding took place on the same day, and as there were few families who had not some one of their members or their kindred personally interested, there was one universal bridal jubilee throughout the empire.⁴⁸

The extraordinary regulations respecting marriage under the Incas are eminently characteristic of the genius of the government; which, far from limiting itself to matters of public concern, penetrated into the most private recesses of domestic life, allowing no man, however humble, to act for himself, even in those personal matters in which none but himself, or his family at most, might be supposed to be interested. No Peruvian was too low for the fostering vigilance of government. None was so high that he was not made to feel his dependence upon it in every act of his life. His very existence as an individual was absorbed in that of the community. His hopes and his fears, his joys and his sorrows, the tenderest sympathies of his nature, which would most naturally shrink from observation, were all to be regulated by law. He was not allowed even to be happy in his own way. The government of the Incas was the mildest, but the most searching, of despotisms.

⁴⁶ By the strict letter of the law, according to Garcilasso, no one was to marry out of his own lineage. But this narrow rule had a most liberal interpretation, since all of the same town, and even province, he assures us, were reckoned of kin to one another. *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 4, cap. 8.

⁴⁷ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 9.—This practice, so revolting to our

feelings that it might well be deemed to violate the law of nature, must not, however, be regarded as altogether peculiar to the Incas, since it was countenanced by some of the most polished nations of antiquity.

⁴⁸ Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 36.—Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Montesinos, *Mem. antiguas*, MS., lib. 2, cap. 6.

[The precise nature of the Peruvian religion does not seem to have been much elucidated by the discussions it has undergone in recent years. The chief source of perplexity lies in the recognition of a Creator, or World-Deity, side by side with the adoration of the Sun as the presiding divinity and direct object of worship. Mr. Tylor speaks of this as a "rivalry full of interest in the history of

barbaric religion;" and he takes the view that the Sun, originally "a subordinate God," "the divine ancestor of the Inca family," "by virtue of his nearer intercourse and power," gradually "usurped the place of the Supreme Deity." (*Conf. Primitive Culture*, 1st edition, vol. ii. p. 307, and 2nd edition, vol. ii. p. 338.) But the facts cited in support of this theory are too slight or too questionable to

form a sufficient basis for it. The reported speech of one of the later Incas, in which the doctrine that the Sun is "the maker of all things," or himself "a living thing," is condemned, and he is compared to "a beast who makes a daily round under the eye of a master," "an arrow which must go whither it is sent, not whither it wishes," may be regarded as, what Mr. Tylor indeed calls it, "a philosophic protest," and as nothing more. The forms of prayer collected by Molina from the lips of certain aged Indians, addressed conjointly to the Creator, the Sun, and the Thunder, prove, if anything, that the supremacy of the first-mentioned person in this singular trinity was an article of that "state church" which, according to Mr. Tylor, organized the worship of the Sun and raised it to predominance. As to the statement, on Mr. Markham's authority, that the great temple at Cuzco was originally dedicated to Pachacamac, this seems to rest merely on a tradition related by Molina, which attributes the enlargement of the temple and the erection of a golden statue to the Creator to the same Inca who is represented as having denied the

divinity of the Sun. In fact, the whole of this evidence better accords with the view taken by M. Desjardins, who considers the Inca referred to—Yupanqui according to most authorities—as having introduced the worship of Pachacamac at Cuzco, where before the Sun had been worshipped as the Supreme God. (*Le Pérou avant la Conquête espagnole*, p. 94.) "But these notions," he remarks, "of an immaterial, infinite, and eternal God could not easily penetrate the minds of the multitude, who adhered to their ancient superstitions." (*Ibid.*, p. 103.) That the complex character of the Peruvian mythology proceeded chiefly from the union under one government of several different races, and the tolerance, and to some extent the adoption, by the conquerors of various local or tribal religions, is a point on which all who have given the subject any close investigation concur. (See Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 176, et al.) Hence the variety and conflicting character of the traditions, which cannot be constructed into a system, since they represent diverse and perhaps fluctuating conceptions.—Ed.]

CHAPTER IV.

EDUCATION—QUIPUS—ASTRONOMY—AGRICULTURE—AQUEDUCTS— GUANO—IMPORTANT ESCULENTS.

"SCIENCE was not intended for the people; but for those of generous blood. Persons of low degree are only puffed up by it, and rendered vain and arrogant. Neither should such meddle with the affairs of government; for this would bring high offices into disrepute, and cause detriment to the state."¹ Such was the favourite maxim, often repeated, of Tupac Inca Yupanqui, one of the most renowned of the Peruvian sovereigns. It may seem strange that such a maxim should ever have been proclaimed in the New World, where popular institutions have been established on a more extensive scale than was ever before witnessed; where government rests wholly on the people, and education—at least, in the great northern division of the continent—is mainly directed to qualify the people for the duties of government. Yet this maxim was strictly conformable to the genius of the Peruvian monarchy, and may serve as a key to its habitual policy; since, while it watched with unwearied solicitude over its subjects, provided for their physical necessities, was mindful of their morals, and showed, throughout, the affectionate concern of a parent for his children, it yet regarded them only as children, who were never to emerge from the state of pupilage, to act or to think for themselves, but whose whole duty was comprehended in the obligation of implicit obedience.

Such was the humiliating condition of the people under the Incas, while the numerous families of the blood royal enjoyed the benefit of all the light of

¹ "No es lícito, que enseñen à los hijos de los Plebeios, las Ciencias, que pertenescen à los Generosos, y no mas; porque como Gente baja, no se eleven, y ensobervescan, y menosabén, y apoquen la Republica: bastales, que

aprendan los Oficios de sus Padres; que el Mandar, y Governar no es de Plebeios, que es bacer agravio al Oficio, y à la Republica, encomendarsela à Gente comun." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 8.

education which the civilization of the country could afford, and long after the Conquest the spots continued to be pointed out where the seminaries had existed for their instruction. These were placed under the care of the *amautas*, or "wise men," who engrossed the scanty stock of science—if science it could be called—possessed by the Peruvians, and who were the sole teachers of youth. It was natural that the monarch should take a lively interest in the instruction of the young nobility, his own kindred. Several of the Peruvian princes are said to have built their palaces in the neighbourhood of the schools, in order that they might the more easily visit them and listen to the lectures of the *amautas*, which they occasionally re-enforced by a homily of their own.² In these schools the royal pupils were instructed in all the different kinds of knowledge in which their teachers were versed, with especial reference to the stations they were to occupy in after-life. They studied the laws, and the principles of administering the government, in which many of them were to take part. They were initiated in the peculiar rites of their religion most necessary to those who were to assume the sacerdotal functions. They learned also to emulate the achievements of their royal ancestors by listening to the chronicles compiled by the *amautas*. They were taught to speak their own dialect with purity and elegance; and they became acquainted with the mysterious science of the quipu, which supplied the Peruvians with the means of communicating their ideas to one another, and of transmitting them to future generations.³

The quipu was a cord about two feet long, composed of different-coloured threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colours, and were tied into knots. The word *quipu*, indeed, signifies a knot. The colours denoted sensible objects; as, for instance, *white* represented *silver*, and *yellow*, *gold*. They sometimes also stood for abstract ideas. Thus, *white* signified *peace*, and *red*, *war*. But the quipus were chiefly used for arithmetical purposes. The knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required. By means of these they went through their calculations with great rapidity, and the Spaniards who first visited the country bear testimony to their accuracy.⁴

Officers were established in each of the districts, who, under the title of *quipucamayus*, or "keepers of the quipu," were required to furnish the government with information on various important matters. One had charge of the revenues, reported the quantity of raw material distributed among the labourers, the quality and quantity of the fabrics made from it, and the amount of stores, of various kinds, paid into the royal magazines. Another exhibited the register of births and deaths, the marriages, the number of those qualified to bear arms, and the like details in reference to the population of the kingdom. These returns were annually forwarded to the capital, where they were submitted to the inspection of officers acquainted with the art of deciphering these mystic records. The government was thus provided with a valuable mass of statistical information, and the skeins of many-coloured threads, collected and carefully preserved, constituted what might be called the national archives.⁵

² Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 10.—The descendant of the Incas notices the remains, visible in his day, of two of the palaces of his royal ancestors, which had been built in the vicinity of the schools, for more easy access to them.

³ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte] 1, lib. 4,

cap. 19.

⁴ Conquista 1 Poblacion del Piru, MS.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 9.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 8.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 8.

⁵ Ondegardo expresses his astonishment at the variety of objects embraced by these

But, although the quipus sufficed for all the purposes of arithmetical computation demanded by the Peruvians, they were incompetent to represent the manifold ideas and images which are expressed by writing. Even here, however, the invention was not without its use. For, independently of the direct representation of simple objects, and even of abstract ideas, to a very limited extent, as above noticed, it afforded great help to the memory by way of association. The peculiar knot or colour, in this way, suggested what it could not venture to represent; in the same manner—to borrow the homely illustration of an old writer—as the number of the Commandment calls to mind the Commandment itself. The quipus, thus used, might be regarded as the Peruvian system of mnemonics.

Annalists were appointed in each of the principal communities, whose business it was to record the most important events which occurred in them. Other functionaries of a higher character, usually the amautas, were intrusted with the history of the empire, and were selected to chronicle the great deeds of the reigning Inca, or of his ancestors.* The narrative, thus concocted, could be communicated only by oral tradition; but the quipus served the chronicler to arrange the incidents with method and to refresh his memory. The story, once treasured up in the mind, was indelibly impressed there by frequent repetition. It was repeated by the amauta to his pupils, and in this way history, conveyed partly by oral tradition and partly by arbitrary signs, was handed down from generation to generation, with sufficient discrepancy of details, but with a general conformity of outline to the truth.

The Peruvian quipus were, doubtless, a wretched substitute for that beautiful contrivance, the alphabet, which, employing a few simple characters as the representatives of sounds instead of ideas, is able to convey the most delicate shades of thought that ever passed through the mind of man. The Peruvian invention, indeed, was far below that of the hieroglyphics, even below the rude picture-writing of the Aztecs; for the latter art, however incompetent to convey abstract ideas, could depict sensible objects with tolerable accuracy. It is an evidence of the total ignorance in which the two nations remained of each other, that the Peruvians should have borrowed nothing of the hieroglyphical system of the Mexicans, and this, notwithstanding that the existence of the maguey-plant, *agave*, in South America might have furnished them with the very material used by the Aztecs for the construction of their maps.[†]

It is impossible to contemplate without interest the struggles made by different nations, as they emerge from barbarism, to supply themselves with some visible symbol of thought,—that mysterious agency by which the mind of the individual may be put in communication with the minds of a whole community. The want of such a symbol is itself the greatest impediment to the progress of civilization. For what is it but to imprison the thought, which has the elements of immortality, within the bosom of its author, or of the small

simple records, “hardly credible by one who had not seen them.” “En aquella ciudad se hallaron muchos viejos oficiales antiguos del Inga, así de la religion, como del Gobierno, y otra cosa que no pudiera creer sino la viera, que por hilos y nudos se hallan figuradas las leyes, y estatutos así de lo uno como de lo otro, y las sucesiones de los Reyes y tiempo que governaron: y hallose lo que todo esto tenían a su cargo que no fue poco, y aun tube alguna claridad de los estatutos que en tiempo de cada uno se havian puesto.” (Rel. Prim., MS.) (See also Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 9.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 8.—Garcilasso,

Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 8, 9.) A vestige of the quipus is still to be found in some parts of Peru, where the shepherds keep the tallies of their numerous flocks by means of this ancient arithmetic.

* Garcilasso, *ubi supra*.

† Garcilasso, *ubi supra*.—Dec. de la And. Real., MS.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 9.—Yet the quipus must be allowed to bear some resemblance to the belts of wampum—made of coloured beads strung together—in familiar use among the North American tribes for commemorating treaties, and for other purposes.

circle who come in contact with him, instead of sending it abroad to give light to thousands and to generations yet unborn! Not only is such a symbol an essential element of civilization, but it may be assumed as the very criterion of civilization; for the intellectual advancement of a people will keep pace pretty nearly with its facilities for intellectual communication.

Yet we must be careful not to underrate the real value of the Peruvian system, nor to suppose that the quipus were as awkward an instrument in the hand of a practised native as they would be in ours. We know the effect of habit in all mechanical operations, and the Spaniards bear constant testimony to the adroitness and accuracy of the Peruvians in this. Their skill is not more surprising than the facility with which habit enables us to master the contents of a printed page, comprehending thousands of separate characters, by a single glance, as it were, though each character must require a distinct recognition by the eye, and that, too, without breaking the chain of thought in the reader's mind. We must not hold the invention of the quipus too lightly, when we reflect that they supplied the means of calculation demanded for the affairs of a great nation, and that, however insufficient, they afforded no little help to what aspired to the credit of literary composition.

The office of recording the national annals was not wholly confined to the amautas. It was assumed in part by the *haravecs*, or poets, who selected the most brilliant incidents for their songs or ballads, which were chanted at the royal festivals and at the table of the Inca.⁸ In this manner a body of traditional minstrelsy grew up, like the British and Spanish ballad poetry, by means of which the name of many a rude chieftain, that might have perished for want of a chronicler, has been borne down the tide of rustic melody to later generations.

Yet history may be thought not to gain much by this alliance with poetry; for the domain of the poet extends over an ideal realm peopled with the shadowy forms of fancy, that bear little resemblance to the rude realities of life. The Peruvian annals may be deemed to show somewhat of the effects of this union, since there is a tinge of the marvellous spread over them down to the very latest period, which, like a mist before the reader's eye, makes it difficult to distinguish between fact and fiction.

The poet found a convenient instrument for his purposes in the beautiful Quichua dialect. We have already seen the extraordinary measures taken by the Incas for propagating their language throughout their empire. Thus naturalized in the remotest provinces, it became enriched by a variety of exotic words and idioms, which, under the influence of the court and of poetic culture, if I may so express myself, was gradually blended, like some finished mosaic made up of coarse and disjointed materials, into one harmonious whole. The Quichua became the most comprehensive and various, as well as the most elegant, of the South American dialects.⁹

⁸ Dec. de la Aud. Real., MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 27.—The word *haravec* signified "inventor" or "finder;" and in his title, as well as in his functions, the minstrel-poet may remind us of the Norman *trouvère*. Garcilasso has translated one of the little lyrical pieces of his countrymen. It is light and lively; but one short specimen affords no basis for general criticism.

⁹ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Sarmiento justly laments that his countrymen should have suffered this dialect, which might have proved so serviceable in their intercourse with

the motley tribes of the empire, to fall so much out of use as it has done: "Y con tanto digo que fué harto beneficio para los Españoles haver esta lengua, pues podían con ella andar por todas partes en algunas de las quales ya se vá perdiendo." Relacion, MS., cap. 21.—According to Velasco, the Incas, on arriving with their conquering legions at Quito, were astonished to find a dialect of the Quichua spoken there, although it was unknown over much of the intermediate country; a singular fact, if true. (Hist. de Quito, tom. 1, p. 185.) The author, a native of that country, had

Besides the compositions already noticed, the Peruvians, it is said, showed some talent for theatrical exhibitions; not those barren pantomimes which, addressed simply to the eye, have formed the amusement of more than one rude nation. The Peruvian pieces aspired to the rank of dramatic compositions, sustained by character and dialogue, founded sometimes on themes of tragic interest, and at others on such as, from their light and social character, belong to comedy.¹⁰ Of the execution of these pieces we have now no means of judging.* It was probably rude enough, as befitted an unformed people. But, whatever may have been the execution, the mere conception of such an amusement is a proof of refinement that honourably distinguishes the Peruvian from the other American races, whose pastime was war, or the ferocious sports that reflect the image of it.

The intellectual character of the Peruvians, indeed, seems to have been marked rather by a tendency to refinement than by those hardier qualities which insure success in the severer walks of science. In these they were behind several of the semi-civilized nations of the New World. They had some acquaintance with geography, so far as related to their own empire, which was indeed extensive; and they constructed maps with lines raised on them to denote the boundaries and localities, on a similar principle with those formerly used by the blind. In astronomy they appear to have made but moderate proficiency. They divided the year into twelve lunar months, each of which, having its own name, was distinguished by its appropriate festival.¹¹ They had, also, weeks, but of what length, whether of seven, nine, or ten days, is uncertain. As their lunar year would necessarily fall short of the true time, they rectified their calendar by solar observations made by means of a number of cylindrical columns raised on the high lands round Cuzco, which served them for taking azimuths; and by measuring their shadows they ascertained the exact times of the solstices. The period of the equinoxes they determined by the help of a solitary pillar, or gnomon, placed in the centre of a circle, which was described in the area of the great temple and traversed by a diameter that was drawn from east to west. When the shadows were scarcely visible under the noontide rays of the sun, they said that "the god sat with all his light upon the column."¹² Quito, which lay immediately under the equator, where the vertical rays of the sun threw no shadow at noon, was held in especial veneration as the favoured abode of the great deity. The period of the equinoxes was celebrated by public rejoicings. The pillar

access to some rare sources of information; and his curious volumes show an intimate analogy between the science and social institutions of the people of Quito and Peru. Yet his book betrays an obvious anxiety to set the pretensions of his own country in the most imposing point of view, and he frequently hazards assertions with a confidence that is not well calculated to secure that of his readers.

¹⁰ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, ubi supra.

¹¹ Ondegardo, *Rel. Prim.*, MS.—Fernandez, who differs from most authorities in dating the commencement of the year from June, gives the names of the several months, with their appropriate occupations. *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 10.

¹² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 22-26.—The Spanish conquerors threw down these pillars, as savouring of idolatry in the Indians. Which of the two were best entitled to the name of barbarians?

* [Dr. Vincente Lopez speaks of two specimens of this dramatic literature, preserved, in an altered form, by Spanish tradition,—the *Apu-Ollantay* and the *Uska-Paukar*. The latter, he says, contains entire rôles which are evidently of Spanish and Catholic origin. To the former he is inclined to ascribe a greater degree of genuineness; though its

authenticity has been altogether denied, and its composition ascribed to Dr. Valdez. (*Les Races aryennes du Pérou*, pp. 325-329.) An English translation of it has been published by Mr. Markham, under the title of "Ollanta, an Ancient Ynca Drama" (London, 1871.—Ed.)

was crowned by the golden chair of the Sun, and both then and at the solstices the columns were hung with garlands, and offerings of flowers and fruits were made, while high festival was kept throughout the empire. By these periods the Peruvians regulated their religious rites and ceremonial and prescribed the nature of their agricultural labours. The year itself took its departure from the date of the winter solstice.¹³

This meagre account embraces nearly all that has come down to us of Peruvian astronomy. It may seem strange that a nation which has proceeded thus far in its observations should have gone no farther, and that, notwithstanding its general advance in civilization, it should in this science have fallen so far short not only of the Mexicans, but of the Muyscas, inhabiting the same elevated regions of the great southern plateau with themselves. These latter regulated their calendar on the same general plan of cycles and periodical series as the Aztecs, approaching yet nearer to the system pursued by the people of Asia.¹⁴

It might have been expected that the Incas, the boasted children of the Sun, would have made a particular study of the phenomena of the heavens and have constructed a calendar on principles as scientific as that of their semi-civilized neighbours. One historian, indeed, assures us that they threw their years into cycles of ten, a hundred, and a thousand years, and that by these cycles they regulated their chronology.¹⁵ But this assertion—not improbable in itself—rests on a writer but little gifted with the spirit of criticism, and is counterbalanced by the silence of every higher and earlier authority, as well as by the absence of any monument, like those found among other American nations, to attest the existence of such a calendar. The inferiority of the Peruvians may be, perhaps, in part explained by the fact of their priesthood being drawn exclusively from the body of the Incas, a privileged order of nobility, who had no need, by the assumption of superior learning, to fence themselves round from the approaches of the vulgar. The little true science possessed by the Aztec priest supplied him with a key to unlock the mysteries of the heavens, and the false system of astrology which he built upon it gave him credit as a being who had something of divinity in his own nature. But the Inca noble was divine by birth. The illusory study of astrology, so captivating to the unenlightened mind, engaged no share of his attention. The only persons in Peru who claimed the power of reading the mysterious future were the diviners, men who, combining with their pretensions some skill in the healing art, resembled the conjurers found among many of the Indian tribes. But the office was held in little repute, except among

¹³ Betanzos, *Nar. de los Ingas*, MS., cap. 16. — Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., esp. 23. — Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 3. — The most celebrated gnomon in Europe, that raised on the dome of the metropolitan church of Florence, was erected by the famous Toscanelli—for the purpose of determining the solstices, and regulating the festivals of the Church—about the year 1468; perhaps at no very distant date from that of the similar astronomical contrivance of the American Indian. See Tiraboschi, *Historia della Letteratura Italiana*, tom. vi. lib. 2, cap. 2, sec. 38.

¹⁴ A tolerably meagre account—yet as full, probably, as authorities could warrant—of this interesting people has been given by Piedrahita, Bishop of Panamá, in the first two Books of his *Historia general de las Conquistas del*

nuevo Regno de Granada (Madrid, 1688).—M. de Humboldt was fortunate in obtaining a MS., composed by a Spanish ecclesiastic resident in Santa Fé de Bogotá, in relation to the Muysca calendar, of which the Prussian philosopher has given a large and luminous analysis. *Vues des Cordillères*, p. 244.

¹⁵ Montesinos, *Mem. antiguas*, MS., lib. 2, cap. 7.—“Renovó la computacion de los tiempos, que se iba perdiendo, y se contaron en su Reynado los años por 365 días y seis horas; á los años añadió décadas de diez años, á cada diez décadas una centuria de 100 años, y á cada diez centurias una capachota ó Jutihuacan, que son 1000 años, que quiere decir el grande año del Sol; así contaban los siglos y los sucesos memorables de sus Reyes.” *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

the lower classes, and was abandoned to those whose age and infirmity disqualified them for the real business of life.¹⁶

The Peruvians had knowledge of one or two constellations, and watched the motions of the planet Venus, to which, as we have seen, they dedicated altars. But their ignorance of the first principles of astronomical science is shown by their ideas of eclipses, which they supposed denoted some great derangement of the planet; and when the moon laboured under one of these mysterious infirmities they sounded their instruments, and filled the air with shouts and lamentations, to rouse her from her lethargy. Such puerile conceits as these form a striking contrast with the real knowledge of the Mexicans, as displayed in their hieroglyphical maps, in which the true cause of this phenomenon is plainly depicted.¹⁷

But, if less successful in exploring the heavens, the Incas must be admitted to have surpassed every other American race in their dominion over the earth. Husbandry was pursued by them on principles that may be truly called scientific. It was the basis of their political institutions. Having no foreign commerce, it was agriculture that furnished them with the means of their internal exchanges, their subsistence, and their revenues. We have seen their remarkable provisions for distributing the land in equal shares among the people, while they required every man, except the privileged orders, to assist in its cultivation. The Inca himself did not disdain to set the example. On one of the great annual festivals he proceeded to the environs of Cuzco, attended by his court, and, in the presence of all the people, turned up the earth with a golden plough,—or an instrument that served as such,—thus consecrating the occupation of the husbandman as one worthy to be followed by the Children of the Sun.¹⁸

The patronage of the government did not stop with this cheap display of royal condescension, but was shown in the most efficient measures for facilitating the labours of the husbandman. Much of the country along the sea-coast suffered from want of water, as little or no rain fell there, and the few streams, in their short and hurried course from the mountains, exerted only a very limited influence on the wide extent of territory. The soil, it is true, was for the most part sandy and sterile; but many places were capable of being reclaimed, and, indeed, needed only to be properly irrigated to be susceptible of extraordinary production. To these spots water was conveyed by means of canals and subterraneous aqueducts executed on a noble scale. They consisted of large slabs of freestone nicely fitted together without cement, and discharged a volume of water sufficient, by means of latent ducts or sluices, to moisten the lands in the lower level, through which they passed. Some of these aqueducts were of great length. One that traversed the district of Condesuyu measured between four and five hundred miles. They were brought from some elevated lake or natural reservoir in the heart of the mountains, and were fed at intervals

¹⁶ "Ansi mismo les hicieron señalar gente para hechizeros que tambien es entre ellos, oficio publico y conocido en todos, . . . los diputados para ello no lo tenían por trabajo, por que ninguno podia tener semejante oficio como los dichos sino fuesen viejos ó viejas, y personas inválidas para trabajar, como mancos, cojos ó conrechos, y gente así á quien faltava las fuerzas para ello." Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.

¹⁷ See Codex Tel.-Remensis, Part 4, Pl. 22, ap. Antiquities of Mexico, vol. I., London, 1829.

¹⁸ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 16.—The

nobles, also it seems, at this high festival, imitated the example of their master. "Pasadas todas las fiestas, en la última llevaban muchos arados de manos, los quales antiguamente heran de oro; i echos los oficios, tomava el Inga un arado i comenzava con el a romper la tierra, i lo mismo los demas señores, para que de allí adelante en todo su señorío hiciesen lo mismo, i sin que el Inga hiciese esto no avia Indio que osase romper la tierra, ni pensavan que produjese si el Inga no la rompía primero i esto vaste quanto á las fiestas." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

by other basins which lay in their route along the slopes of the sierra. In this descent a passage was sometimes to be opened through rocks,—and this without the aid of iron tools; impracticable mountains were to be turned, rivers and marshes to be crossed; in short, the same obstacles were to be encountered as in the construction of their mighty roads. But the Peruvians seemed to take pleasure in wrestling with the difficulties of nature. Near Caxamarca a tunnel is still visible which they excavated in the mountains to give an outlet to the waters of a lake when these rose to a height in the rainy seasons that threatened the country with inundation.¹⁹

Most of these beneficent works of the Incas were suffered to go to decay by their Spanish conquerors. In some spots the waters are still left to flow in their silent, subterraneous channels, whose windings and whose sources have been alike unexplored. Others, though partially dilapidated, and closed up with rubbish and the rank vegetation of the soil, still betray their course by occasional patches of fertility. Such are the remains in the valley of Nasca, a fruitful spot that lies between long tracts of desert; where the ancient water-courses of the Incas, measuring four or five feet in depth by three in width, and formed of large blocks of uncemented masonry, are conducted from an unknown distance.

The greatest care was taken that every occupant of the land through which these streams passed should enjoy the benefit of them. The quantity of water allotted to each was prescribed by law; and royal overseers superintended the distribution and saw that it was faithfully applied to the irrigation of the ground.²⁰

The Peruvians showed a similar spirit of enterprise in their schemes for introducing cultivation into the mountainous parts of their domain. Many of the hills, though covered with a strong soil, were too precipitous to be tilled. These they cut into terraces, faced with rough stone, diminishing in regular gradation towards the summit; so that, while the lower strip, or *anden*, as it was called by the Spaniards, that belted round the base of the mountain, might comprehend hundreds of acres, the uppermost was only large enough to accommodate a few rows of Indian corn.²¹ Some of the eminences presented such a mass of solid rock that after being hewn into terraces they were obliged to be covered deep with earth before they could serve the purpose of the husbandman. With such patient toil did the Peruvians combat the formidable obstacles presented by the face of their country! Without the use of the tools or the machinery familiar to the European, each individual could have done little; but acting in large masses, and under a common direction, they were enabled by indefatigable perseverance to achieve results to have attempted which might have filled even the European with dismay.²²

¹⁹ Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 21.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 24.—Stevenson, *Narrative of a Twenty Years' Residence in South America* (London, 1829), vol. i. p. 412; ii. pp. 173, 174.—“Sacuan acéquan en cabos y por partes que es cosa estraña afirmar lo: porque las echaan por lugares altos y baxos: y por laderas de los cabeços y haldas de sierras q̄ estan en los valles: y por ellos mismos atrauiessan muchas: unas por una parte, y otras por otra, que es gran delectació caminar por aquellos valles: porque parece que se anda entre huertas y florestas llenas de frescuras.” Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 66.

²⁰ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—

Memoirs of Gen. Miller, vol. ii. p. 220.

²¹ Miller supposes that it was from these *andenes* that the Spaniards gave the name of Andes to the South American Cordilleras. (*Memoirs of Gen. Miller*, vol. ii. p. 219.) But the name is older than the Conquest, according to Garcilasso, who traces it to *Anti*, the name of a province that lay east of Cuzco. (*Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 11.) *Anta*, the word for copper, which was found abundant in certain quarters of the country, may have suggested the name of the province, if not immediately that of the mountains.

²² *Memoirs of Gen. Miller*, ubi supra.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 1.

In the same spirit of economical husbandry which redeemed the rocky sierra from the curse of sterility, they dug below the arid soil of the valleys and sought for a stratum where some natural moisture might be found. These excavations, called by the Spaniards *hoyas*, or "pits," were made on a great scale, comprehending frequently more than an acre, sunk to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and fenced round within by a wall of *adobes*, or bricks baked in the sun. The bottom of the excavation, well prepared by a rich manure of the sardines,—a small fish obtained in vast quantities along the coast,—was planted with some kind of grain or vegetable.²³

The Peruvian farmers were well acquainted with the different kinds of manures, and made large use of them; a circumstance rare in the rich lands of the tropics, and probably not elsewhere practised by the rude tribes of America. They made great use of *guano*, the valuable deposit of sea-fowl, that has attracted so much attention of late from the agriculturists both of Europe and of our own country, and the stimulating and nutritious properties of which the Indians perfectly appreciated. This was found in such immense quantities on many of the little islands along the coast as to have the appearance of lofty hills, which, covered with a white saline incrustation, led the Conquerors to give them the name of the *sierra nevada*, or "snowy mountains."²⁴

The Incas took their usual precautions for securing the benefits of this important article to the husbandman. They assigned the small islands on the coast to the use of the respective districts which lay adjacent to them. When the island was large, it was distributed among several districts, and the boundaries for each were clearly defined. All encroachment on the rights of another was severely punished. And they secured the preservation of the fowl by penalties as stern as those by which the Norman tyrants of England protected their own game. No one was allowed to set foot on the island during the season for breeding, under pain of death; and to kill the birds at any time was punished in the like manner.²⁴

With this advancement in agricultural science, the Peruvians might be supposed to have had some knowledge of the plough, in such general use among the primitive nations of the Eastern continent. But they had neither the iron ploughshare of the Old World, nor had they animals for draught, which, indeed, were nowhere found in the New. The instrument which they used was a strong, sharp-pointed stake, traversed by a horizontal piece, ten or twelve inches from the point, on which the ploughman might set his foot and force it into the ground. Six or eight strong men were attached by ropes to the stake, and dragged it forcibly along,—pulling together, and keeping time as they moved by chanting their national songs, in which they were accompanied by the women who followed in their train, to break up the sods with their rakes. The mellow soil offered slight resistance; and the labourer, by long practice, acquired a dexterity which enabled him to turn up the ground to the requisite depth with astonishing facility. This substitute for the plough was but a clumsy contrivance; yet it is curious as the only specimen of the kind among the American aborigines, and was perhaps not much inferior to the wooden instrument introduced in its stead by the European conquerors.²⁵

²³ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 73.—The remains of these ancient excavations still excite the wonder of the modern traveller. See Stevenson, Residence in South America, vol. 1, p. 359.—Also McCulloch, Researches, p.

358.

²⁴ Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 36.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 3.

²⁵ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 2.

It was frequently the policy of the Incas, after providing a deserted tract with the means for irrigation and thus fitting it for the labours of the husbandman, to transplant there a colony of *mitimaes*, who brought it under cultivation by raising the crops best suited to the soil. While the peculiar character and capacity of the lands were thus consulted, a means of exchange of the different products was afforded to the neighbouring provinces, which, from the formation of the country, varied much more than usual within the same limits. To facilitate these agricultural exchanges, fairs were instituted, which took place three times a month in some of the most populous places, where, as money was unknown, a rude kind of commerce was kept up by the barter of their respective products. These fairs afforded so many holidays for the relaxation of the industrious labourer.²⁴

Such were the expedients adopted by the Incas for the improvement of their territory; and, although imperfect, they must be allowed to show an acquaintance with the principles of agricultural science that gives them some claim to the rank of a civilized people. Under their patient and discriminating culture, every inch of good soil was tasked to its greatest power of production; while the most unpromising spots were compelled to contribute something to the subsistence of the people. Everywhere the land teemed with evidence of agricultural wealth, from the smiling valleys along the coast to the terraced steeps of the sierra, which, rising into pyramids of verdure, glowed with all the splendours of tropical vegetation.

The formation of the country was particularly favourable, as already remarked, to an infinite variety of products, not so much from its extent as from its various elevations, which, more remarkable even than those in Mexico, comprehend every degree of latitude from the equator to the polar regions. Yet, though the temperature changes in this region with the degree of elevation, it remains nearly the same in the same spots throughout the year; and the inhabitant feels none of those grateful vicissitudes of season which belong to the temperate latitudes of the globe. Thus, while the summer lies in full power on the burning regions of the palm and the cocoa-tree that fringe the borders of the ocean, the broad surface of the table-land blooms with the freshness of perpetual spring, and the higher summits of the Cordilleras are white with everlasting winter.

The Peruvians turned this fixed variety of climate, if I may so say, to the best account, by cultivating the productions appropriate to each; and they particularly directed their attention to those which afforded the most nutriment to man. Thus, in the lower level were to be found the cassava-tree and the banana, that bountiful plant, which seems to have relieved man from the primeval curse—if it were not rather a blessing—of toiling for his sustenance.²⁵ As the banana faded from the landscape, a good substitute was found in the maize, the great agricultural staple of both the northern and southern divisions of the American continent, and which, after its exportation to the Old World, spread so rapidly there as to suggest the idea of its being indigenous to it.²⁶

²⁴ Sarmiento, Rel., MS., cap. 19.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 36; lib. 7, cap. 1.—Herrera, Hist. gen., dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 3.

²⁵ The prolific properties of the banana are shown by M. de Humboldt, who states that its productiveness, as compared with that of wheat, is as 133 to 1, and with that of the potato, as 44 to 1. (Essai politique sur le Royaume de la Nouvelle-Espagne, Paris, 1827, tom. II. p. 389.) It is a mistake to sup-

pose that this plant was not indigenous to South America. The banana-leaf has been frequently found in ancient Peruvian tombs.

²⁶ The misnomer of *blé de Turquie* shows the popular error. Yet the rapidity of its diffusion through Europe and Asia after the discovery of America is of itself sufficient to show that it could not have been indigenous to the Old World and have so long remained generally unknown there.

The Peruvians were well acquainted with the different modes of preparing this useful vegetable, though it seems they did not use it for bread, except at festivals; and they extracted a sort of honey from the stalk, and made an intoxicating liquor from the fermented grain, to which, like the Aztecs, they were immoderately addicted.¹⁹

The temperate climate of the table-land furnished them with the maguey, *agave Americana*, many of the extraordinary qualities of which they comprehended, though not its most important one of affording a material for paper. Tobacco, too, was among the products of this elevated region. Yet the Peruvians differed from every other Indian nation to whom it was known, by using it only for medicinal purposes, in the form of snuff.²⁰ They may have found a substitute for its narcotic qualities in the coca (*Erythroxylum Peruvianum*), or *coca*, as called by the natives. This is a shrub which grows to the height of a man. The leaves when gathered are dried in the sun, and, being mixed with a little lime, form a preparation for chewing, much like the betel-leaf of the East.²¹ With a small supply of this coca in his pouch, and a handful of roasted maize, the Peruvian Indian of our time performs his wearisome journeys, day after day, without fatigue, or, at least, without complaint. Even food the most invigorating is less grateful to him than his loved narcotic. Under the Incas, it is said to have been exclusively reserved for the noble orders. If so, the people gained one luxury by the Conquest; and after that period it was so extensively used by them that this article constituted a most important item of the colonial revenue of Spain.²² Yet, with the soothing charms of an opiate, this weed so much vaunted by the natives, when used to excess, is said to be attended with all the mischievous effects of habitual intoxication.²³

Higher up on the slopes of the Cordilleras, beyond the limits of the maize and of the *quinoa*,—a grain bearing some resemblance to rice, and largely cultivated by the Indians,—was to be found the potato, the introduction of which into Europe has made an era in the history of agriculture. Whether indigenous to Peru, or imported from the neighbouring country of Chili, it formed the great staple of the more elevated plains, under the Incas, and its culture was continued to a height in the equatorial regions which reached many thousand feet above the limits of perpetual snow in the temperate latitudes of Europe.²⁴ Wild specimens of the vegetable might be seen still

¹⁹ Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 16.—The saccharine matter contained in the maize-stalk is much greater in tropical countries than in more northern latitudes; so that the natives in the former may be seen sometimes sucking it like the sugar-cane. One kind of the fermented liquors, *sora*, made from the corn, was of such strength that the use of it was forbidden by the Incas, at least to the common people. Their injunctions do not seem to have been obeyed so implicitly in this instance as usual.

²⁰ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 25.

²¹ The pungent leaf of the betel is in like manner mixed with lime when chewed. (Elphinstone, History of India, London, 1841, vol. 1, p. 331.) The similarity of this social indulgence, in the remote East and West, is singular.

²² Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 22.—Stevenson, Residence in South

America, vol. ii. p. 63.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 96.

²³ A traveller (Poeppig) noticed in the Foreign Quarterly Review (No. 33) expatiates on the malignant effects of the habitual use of the *coca*, as very similar to those produced on the chewer of opium. Strange that such baneful properties should not be the subject of more frequent comment with other writers! I do not remember to have seen them even adverted to.

²⁴ Malte-Brun, book 86.—The potato, found by the early discoverers in Chili, Peru, New Granada, and all along the Cordilleras of South America, was unknown in Mexico,—an additional proof of the entire ignorance in which the respective nations of the two continents remained of one another. M. de Humboldt, who has bestowed much attention on the early history of this vegetable, which has exerted so important an influence on European society, supposes that the cultivation of

higher, springing up spontaneously amidst the stunted shrubs that clothed the lofty sides of the Cordilleras, till these gradually subsided into the mosses and the short yellow grass, *pajonal*, which, like a golden carpet, was unrolled around the base of the mighty cones, that rose far into the regions of eternal silence, covered with the snows of centuries.³⁵

CHAPTER V.

PERUVIAN SHEEP—GREAT HUNTS—MANUFACTURES—MECHANICAL SKILL— ARCHITECTURE—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

A NATION which had made such progress in agriculture might be reasonably expected to have made also some proficiency in the mechanical arts,—especially when, as in the case of the Peruvians, their agricultural economy demanded in itself no inconsiderable degree of mechanical skill. Among most nations, progress in manufactures has been found to have an intimate connection with the progress of husbandry. Both arts are directed to the same great object of supplying the necessaries, the comforts, or, in a more refined condition of society, the luxuries, of life; and when the one is brought to a perfection that infers a certain advance in civilization, the other must naturally find a corresponding development under the increasing demands and capacities of such a state. The subjects of the Incas, in their patient and tranquil devotion to the more humble occupations of industry which bound them to their native soil, bore greater resemblance to the Oriental nations, as the Hindoos and Chinese, than they bore to the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family, whose hardy temper has driven them to seek their fortunes on the stormy ocean and to open a commerce with the most distant regions of the globe. The Peruvians, though lining a long extent of sea-coast, had no foreign commerce.

They had peculiar advantages for domestic manufacture in a material incomparably superior to anything possessed by the other races of the Western continent. They found a good substitute for linen in a fabric which, like the Aztecs, they knew how to weave from the tough thread of the maguey. Cotton grew luxuriantly on the low, sultry level of the coast, and furnished them with a clothing suitable to the milder latitudes of the country. But from the llama and the kindred species of Peruvian sheep they obtained a fleece adapted to the colder climate of the table-land, "more estimable," to quote the language of a well-informed writer, "than the down of the Canadian beaver, the fleece of the *brebis des Calmoucks*, or of the Syrian goat."¹

it in Virginia, where it was known to the early planters, must have been originally derived from the Southern Spanish colonies. *Essai politique*, tom. ii. p. 462.

³⁵ While Peru, under the Incas, could boast these indigenous products, and many others less familiar to the European, it was unacquainted with several, of great importance, which, since the Conquest, have thriven there as on their natural soil. Such are the olive, the grape, the fig, the apple, the orange, the sugar-cane. None of the cereal grains of the Old World were found there. The first

wheat was introduced by a Spanish lady of Truxillo, who took great pains to disseminate it among the colonists, of which the government, to its credit, was not unmindful. Her name was Maria de Escobar. History, which is so much occupied with celebrating the scourges of humanity, should take pleasure in commemorating one of its real benefactors.

¹ Walton, *Historical and Descriptive Account of the Peruvian Sheep* (London, 1811), p. 115. This writer's comparison is directed to the wool of the vicuña, the most esteemed of the genus for its fleece.

Of the four varieties of the Peruvian sheep, the llama, the one most familiarly known, is the least valuable on account of its wool. It is chiefly employed as a beast of burden, for which, although it is somewhat larger than any of the other varieties, its diminutive size and strength would seem to disqualify it. It carries a load of little more than a hundred pounds, and cannot travel above three or four leagues in a day. But all this is compensated by the little care and cost required for its management and its maintenance. It picks up an easy subsistence from the moss and stunted herbage that grow scantily along the withered sides and the steeps of the Cordilleras. The structure of its stomach, like that of the camel, is such as to enable it to dispense with any supply of water for weeks, nay, months together. Its spongy hoof, armed with a claw or pointed talon to enable it to take secure hold on the ice, never requires to be shod; and the load laid upon its back rests securely in its bed of wool, without the aid of girth or saddle. The llamas move in troops of five hundred or even a thousand, and thus, though each individual carries but little, the aggregate is considerable. The whole caravan travels on at its regular pace, passing the night in the open air without suffering from the coldest temperature, and marching in perfect order and in obedience to the voice of the driver. It is only when overloaded that the spirited little animal refuses to stir, and neither blows nor caresses can induce him to rise from the ground. He is as sturdy in asserting his rights on this occasion as he is usually docile and unresisting.²

The employment of domestic animals distinguished the Peruvians from the other races of the New World. This economy of human labour by the substitution of the brute is an important element of civilization, inferior only to what is gained by the substitution of machinery for both. Yet the ancient Peruvians seem to have made much less account of it than their Spanish conquerors, and to have valued the llama, in common with the other animals of that genus, chiefly for its fleece. Immense herds of these "large cattle," as they were called, and of the "smaller cattle,"³ or *alpacas*, were held by the government, as already noticed, and placed under the direction of shepherds, who conducted them from one quarter of the country to another, according to the changes of the season. These migrations were regulated with all the precision with which the code of the *mesta* determined the migrations of the vast merino flocks in Spain; and the Conquerors, when they landed in Peru, were amazed at finding a race of animals so similar to their own in properties and habits, and under the control of a system of legislation which might seem to have been imported from their native land.⁴

But the richest store of wool was obtained, not from these domesticated animals, but from the two other species, the *huanacos* and the *vicuñas*, which roamed in native freedom over the frozen ranges of the Cordilleras; where not unfrequently they might be seen scaling the snow-covered peaks which no living thing inhabits save the condor, the huge bird of the Andes, whose broad pinions bear him up in the atmosphere to the height of more than

² Walton, Hist. and Descrip. Account of the Peruvian Sheep, p. 23, et seq.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 16.—Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 41.—*Llama*, according to Garcilasso de la Vega, is a Peruvian word signifying "flock." (Ibid., ubi supra.) The natives got no milk from their domesticated animals; nor was milk used, I believe, by any tribe on the American continent.

³ *Ganado maior, ganado menor.*

⁴ The judicious Ondegardo emphatically recommends the adoption of many of these regulations by the Spanish government, as peculiarly suited to the exigencies of the natives: "En esto de los ganados pareció haber hecho muchas constituciones en diferentes tiempos é algunas tan utiles é provechosas para su conservacion que convalida que tambien guardasen agora." Rel. Seg., MS.

twenty thousand feet above the level of the sea.⁵ In these rugged pastures, "the flock without a fold" finds sufficient sustenance in the *ychnu*, a species of grass which is found scattered all along the great ridge of the Cordilleras, from the equator to the southern limits of Patagonia. And as these limits define the territory traversed by the Peruvian sheep, which rarely, if ever, venture north of the line, it seems not improbable that this mysterious little plant is so important to their existence that the absence of it is the principal reason why they have not penetrated to the northern latitudes of Quito and New Granada.⁶

But, although thus roaming without a master over the boundless wastes of the Cordilleras, the Peruvian peasant was never allowed to hunt these wild animals, which were protected by laws as severe as were the sleek herds that grazed on the more cultivated slopes of the plateau. The wild game of the forest and the mountain was as much the property of the government as if it had been enclosed within a park or penned within a fold.⁷ It was only on stated occasions, at the great hunts which took place once a year, under the personal superintendence of the Inca or his principal officers, that the game was allowed to be taken. These hunts were not repeated in the same quarter of the country oftener than once in four years, that time might be allowed for the waste occasioned by them to be replenished. At the appointed time, all those living in the district and its neighbourhood, to the number, it might be, of fifty or sixty thousand men,⁸ were distributed round, so as to form a cordon of immense extent, that should embrace the whole country which was to be hunted over. The men were armed with long poles and spears, with which they beat up game of every description lurking in the woods, the valleys, and the mountains, killing the beasts of prey without mercy, and driving the others, consisting chiefly of the deer of the country, and the huanacos and vicuñas, towards the centre of the wide-extended circle; until, as this gradually contracted, the timid inhabitants of the forest were concentrated on some spacious plain, where the eye of the hunter might range freely over his victims, who found no place for shelter or escape.

The male deer and some of the coarser kind of the Peruvian sheep were slaughtered; their skins were reserved for the various useful manufactures to which they are ordinarily applied, and their flesh, cut into thin slices, was distributed among the people, who converted it into *charqui*, the dried meat of the country, which constituted then the sole, as it has since the principal, animal food of the lower classes of Peru.⁹

But nearly the whole of the sheep, amounting usually to thirty or forty thousand, or even a larger number, after being carefully sheared, were suffered to escape and regain their solitary haunts among the mountains. The wool thus collected was deposited in the royal magazines, whence, in due time, it was dealt out to the people. The coarser quality was worked up into garments for their own use, and the finer for the Inca; for none but an Inca noble could wear the fine fabric of the vicuña.¹⁰

The Peruvians showed great skill in the manufacture of different articles for the royal household from this delicate material, which, under the name of

⁵ Malte-Brun, book 86.

⁶ *Ychnu*, called in the Flora Peruana *Javara*; Class, Monandria Dignia. See Walton, p. 17.

⁷ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

⁸ Sometimes even a hundred thousand mustered, when the Inca hunted in person, if we may credit Sarmiento: "De donde havien-dose ya juntado cinquenta ó sesenta mil

Personas ó cien mil si mandado les era." Relacion, MS., cap. 13.

⁹ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.—*Charqui*; hence, probably, says McCulloh, the term "jerked," applied to the dried beef of South America. Researches, p. 377.

¹⁰ Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., loc. cit.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 81.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 6, cap. 6.

vigonia wool, is now familiar to the looms of Europe. It was wrought into shawls, robes, and other articles of dress for the monarch, and into carpets, coverlets, and hangings for the imperial palaces and the temples. The cloth was finished on both sides alike; ¹¹ the delicacy of the texture was such as to give it the lustre of silk, and the brilliancy of the dyes excited the admiration and the envy of the European artisan. ¹² The Peruvians produced also an article of great strength and durability by mixing the hair of animals with wool; and they were expert in the beautiful feather-work, which they held of less account than the Mexicans, from the superior quality of the materials for other fabrics which they had at their command. ¹³

The natives showed a skill in other mechanical arts similar to that displayed by their manufactures of cloth. Every man in Peru was expected to be acquainted with the various handicrafts essential to domestic comfort. No long apprenticeship was required for this, where the wants were so few as among the simple peasantry of the Incas. But, if this were all, it would imply but a very moderate advancement in the arts. There were certain individuals, however, carefully trained to those occupations which minister to the demands of the more opulent classes of society. These occupations, like every other calling and office in Peru, always descended from father to son. ¹⁴ The division of castes, in this particular, was as precise as that which existed in Egypt or Hindostan. If this arrangement be unfavourable to originality, or to the development of the peculiar talent of the individual, it at least conduces to an easy and finished execution, by familiarizing the artist with the practice of his art from childhood. ¹⁵

The royal magazines and the *huacas* or tombs of the Incas have been found to contain many specimens of curious and elaborate workmanship. Among these are vases of gold and silver, bracelets, collars, and other ornaments for the person; utensils of every description, some of fine clay, and many more of copper; mirrors of a hard, polished stone, or burnished silver, with a great variety of other articles made frequently on a whimsical pattern, evincing quite as much ingenuity as taste or inventive talent. ¹⁶ The character of the Peruvian mind led to imitation, in fact, rather than invention, to delicacy and minuteness of finish, rather than to boldness or beauty of design.

That they should have accomplished these difficult works with such tools as they possessed is truly wonderful. It was comparatively easy to cast and even to sculpture metallic substances, both of which they did with consummate skill.

¹¹ Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 41.

¹² "Ropas finisimas para los Reyes, que lo eran tanto que parecian de sarga de seda y con colores tan perfectos quanto se puede afirmar." Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 13.

¹³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—"Ropa finisima para los señores Ingas de lana de las Vicunias. Y cierto fue tan prima esta ropa, como auran visto en España: por alguna que alla fue luego que se gano esta reyno. Los vestidos destes Ingas eran camisetas desta ropa: vnas pobladas de argenteria de oro, otras de esmeraldas y piedras preciosas: y algunas de plumas de aues: otras de solamente la manta. Para hazer estas ropas, tunieró y tienen tan perfetos colores de carmesí, azul, amarillo, negro, y de otras suertes, que verdaderamente tienen ventaja á las de España." Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 114.

¹⁴ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim. et Seg., MSS.—

Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 7, 8, 13.

¹⁵ At least, such was the opinion of the Egyptians, who referred to this arrangement of castes as the source of their own peculiar dexterity in the arts. See Diodorus Sic., lib. 1, sec. 74.

¹⁶ Ulloa, Not. Amer., ent. 21.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 114.—Condamine, Mém. ap. Hist. de l'Acad. Royale de Berlin, tom. ii. pp. 454-456.—The last writer says that a large collection of massive gold ornaments of very rich workmanship was long preserved in the royal treasury of Quito. But on his going there to examine them he learned that they had just been melted down into ingots to send to Carthagená, then besieged by the English! The art of war can flourish only at the expense of all the other arts.

But that they should have shown the like facility in cutting the hardest substances, as emeralds and other precious stones, is not so easy to explain. Emeralds they obtained in considerable quantity from the barren district of Atacames, and this inflexible material seems to have been almost as ductile in the hands of the Peruvian artist as if it had been made of clay.¹⁷ Yet the natives were unacquainted with the use of iron, though the soil was largely impregnated with it.¹⁸ The tools used were of stone, or more frequently of copper. But the material on which they relied for the execution of their most difficult tasks was formed by combining a very small portion of tin with copper.¹⁹ This composition gave a hardness to the metal which seems to have been little inferior to that of steel. With the aid of it, not only did the Peruvian artisan hew into shape porphyry and granite, but by his patient industry accomplished works which the European would not have ventured to undertake. Among the remains of the monuments of Cannar may be seen movable rings in the muzzles of animals, all nicely sculptured of one entire block of granite.²⁰ It is worthy of remark that the Egyptians, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians, in their progress towards civilization, should never have detected the use of iron, which lay around them in abundance, and that they should each, without any knowledge of the other, have found a substitute for it in such a curious composition of metals as gave to their tools almost the temper of steel;²¹ a secret that has been lost—or, to speak more correctly, has never been discovered—by the civilized European.

I have already spoken of the large quantity of gold and silver wrought into various articles of elegance and utility for the Incas; though the amount was inconsiderable, in comparison with what could have been afforded by the mineral riches of the land, and with what has since been obtained by the more sagacious and unscrupulous cupidity of the white man. Gold was gathered by the Incas from the deposits of the streams. They extracted the ore also in considerable quantities from the valley of Curimayo, north-east of the Caxamarca, as well as from other places; and the silver-mines of Porco, in particular, yielded them considerable returns. Yet they did not attempt to penetrate into the bowels of the earth by sinking a shaft, but simply excavated a cavern in the steep sides of the mountain, or, at most, opened a horizontal vein of moderate depth. They were equally deficient in the knowledge of the best means of detaching the precious metal from the dross with which it was united, and had no idea of the virtues of quicksilver—a mineral not rare in Peru—as an amalgam to effect this decomposition.²² Their method of smelting the ore was by means of furnaces built in elevated and exposed situations, where they might be fanned by the strong breezes of the mountains. The subjects of the Incas, in short, with all their patient perseverance, did little more than penetrate below the crust, the outer rind, as it were, formed over those golden caverns which lie hidden in the dark depths of the Andes.

¹⁷ They had turquoises, also, and might have had pearls, but for the tenderness of the Incas, who were unwilling to risk the lives of their people in this perilous fishery! At least, so we are assured by Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 23.

¹⁸ "No tenían herramientas de hierro ni azero." Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist.*, general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 4.

¹⁹ M. de Humboldt brought with him back to Europe one of these metallic tools, a chisel, found in a silver-mine opened by the Incas not far from Cuzco. On an analysis, it was

found to contain 0.94 of copper and 0.06 of tin. See *Vues des Cordillères*, p. 117.

²⁰ "Quoiqu'il en soit," says M. de la Condamine, "nous avons vu en quelques autres ruines des ornemens du même granit, qui représentoient des mufles d'animaux, dont les narines percées portoiënt des anneaux mobiles de la même pierre." *Mém. ap. Hist. de l'Acad. Royale de Berlin*, tom. ii. p. 452.

²¹ See the *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, Book 1, chap. 5.

²² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 25.

Yet what they gleaned from the surface was more than adequate for all their demands. For they were not a commercial people, and had no knowledge of money.²² In this they differed from the ancient Mexicans, who had established currency of a determinate value. In one respect, however, they were superior to their American rivals, since they made use of weights to determine the quantity of their commodities, a thing wholly unknown to the Aztecs. This fact is ascertained by the discovery of silver balances, adjusted with perfect accuracy, in some of the tombs of the Incas.²⁴

But the surest test of the civilization of a people—at least, as sure as any—afforded by mechanical art is to be found in their architecture, which presents so noble a field for the display of the grand and the beautiful, and which at the same time is so intimately connected with the essential comforts of life. There is no object on which the resources of the wealthy are more freely lavished, or which calls out more effectually the inventive talent of the artist. The painter and the sculptor may display their individual genius in creations of surpassing excellence, but it is the great monuments of architectural taste and magnificence that are stamped in a peculiar manner by the genius of the nation. The Greek, the Egyptian, the Saracen, the Gothic,—what a key do their respective styles afford to the character and condition of the people! The monuments of China, of Hindostan, and of Central America are all indicative of an immature period, in which the imagination has not been disciplined by study, and which, therefore, in its best results, betrays only the ill-regulated aspirations after the beautiful, that belong to a semi-civilized people.

The Peruvian architecture, bearing also the general characteristics of an imperfect state of refinement, had still its peculiar character; and so uniform was that character that the edifices throughout the country seem to have been all cast in the same mould.²⁵ They were usually built of porphyry or granite; not unfrequently of brick. This, which was formed into blocks or squares of much larger dimensions than our brick, was made of a tenacious earth mixed up with reeds or tough grass, and acquired a degree of hardness with age that made it insensible alike to the storms and the more trying sun of the tropics.²⁶ The walls were of great thickness, but low, seldom reaching to more than twelve or fourteen feet in height. It is rare to meet with accounts of a building that rose to a second story.²⁷

The apartments had no communication with one another, but usually opened into a court; and, as they were unprovided with windows, or apertures that served for them,²⁸ the only light from without must have been admitted by the

²² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 7; lib. 6, cap. 8.—Ondegardo, *Rel. Seg.*, MS.—This, which Bonaparte thought so incredible of the little island of Loo Choo, was still more extraordinary in a great and flourishing empire like Peru,—the country, too, which contained within its bowels the treasures that were one day to furnish Europe with the basis of its vast metallic currency.

²⁴ Ulloa, *Not. Amer.*, ent. 21.

²⁵ It is the observation of Humboldt. "Il est impossible d'examiner attentivement un seul édifice du temps des Incas, sans reconnaître le même type dans tous les autres qui

couvrent le dos des Andes, sur une longueur de plus de quatre cent cinquante lieues, depuis mille jusqu'à quatre mille mètres d'élévation au-dessus du niveau de l'Océan. On dirait qu'un seul architecte a construit ce grand nombre de monuments." *Vues des Cordillères*, p. 197.

²⁶ Ulloa, who carefully examined these bricks, suggests that there must have been some secret in their composition,—so superior in many respects to our own manufacture,—now lost. *Not. Amer.*, ent. 20.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

* [According to Mr. Markham, the palaces of the Incas "had small square windows, and deep recesses of the same size, at inter-

vals;" and he adds, "It has been stated that the ancient Peruvian buildings had no windows. This is a mistake. Amongst other

doorways. These were made with the sides approaching each other towards the top, so that the lintel was considerably narrower than the threshold, a peculiarity, also, in Egyptian architecture. The roofs have, for the most part, disappeared with time. Some few survive in the less ambitious edifices, of a singular bell-shape, and made of a composition of earth and pebbles. They are supposed, however, to have been generally formed of more perishable materials, of wood or straw. It is certain that some of the most considerable stone buildings were thatched with straw. Many seem to have been constructed without the aid of cement; and writers have contended that the Peruvians were unacquainted with the use of mortar, or cement of any kind.²⁸ But a close, tenacious mould, mixed with lime, may be discovered filling up the interstices of the granite in some buildings; and in others, where the well-fitted blocks leave no room for this coarser material, the eye of the antiquary has detected a fine bituminous glue, as hard as the rock itself.²⁹

The greatest simplicity is observed in the construction of the buildings, which are usually free from outward ornament; though in some the huge stones are shaped into a convex form with great regularity, and adjusted with such nice precision to one another that it would be impossible, but for the flutings, to determine the line of junction. In others the stone is rough, as it was taken from the quarry, in the most irregular forms, with the edges nicely wrought and fitted to each other. There is no appearance of columns or of arches; though there is some contradiction as to the latter point. But it is not to be doubted that, although they may have made some approach to this mode of construction by the greater or less inclination of the walls, the Peruvian architects were wholly unacquainted with the true principle of the circular arch reposing on its key-stone.³⁰

The architecture of the Incas is characterized, says an eminent traveller, "by simplicity, symmetry, and solidity."³¹ It may seem unphilosophical to condemn the peculiar fashion of a nation as indicating want of taste, because its standard of taste differs from our own. Yet there is an incongruity in the composition of the Peruvian buildings which argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the first principles of architecture. While they put together their bulky masses of porphyry and granite with the nicest art, they were incapable of mortising their timbers, and, in their ignorance of iron, knew no better way of holding the beams together than tying them with thongs of maguey. In the same incongruous spirit, the building that was thatched with straw and unilluminated by a window was glowing with tapestries of gold and silver! These are the inconsistencies of a rude people, among whom the arts are but

²⁸ Among others, see Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 15.—Robertson, History of America (London, 1796), vol. iii. p. 213.

²⁹ Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—Ulloa, Not. Amer., ent. 21.—Humboldt, who analyzed the cement of the ancient structures at Canar, says that it is a true mortar, formed of a mixture of pebbles and a clayey marl. (Vues des Cordillères, p. 116.) Father Velasco is in raptures with an "almost imperceptible kind of cement" made of lime and a bituminous substance resembling glue, which incorporated with the stones so as to hold them firmly together like one solid mass, yet left nothing visible to the eye of the common ob-

server. This glutinous composition, mixed with pebbles, made a sort of *macadamized* road much used by the Incas, as hard and almost as smooth as marble. Hist. de Quito, tom. i. pp. 126-128.

³⁰ Condamine, Mém. ap. Hist. de l'Acad. Royale de Berlin, tom. ii. p. 448.—Antig. y Monumentos del Peru, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 4.—Acosta, lib. 6, cap. 14.—Ulloa, Voyage to South America, vol. i. p. 469.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.

³¹ "Simplicité, symétrie, et solidité, voilà les trois caractères par lesquels se distinguent avantageusement tous les édifices péruviens." Humboldt, Vues des Cordillères, p. 115.

instances, I may mention the occurrence of one in the palace of the Colcampata, at Cuzco." Cleza de Leon, Eng. trans., Introduction, p.

xxix. See also Rivero, Antiquities of Peru, p. 233.—Ed.]

partially developed. It might not be difficult to find examples of like inconsistency in the architecture and domestic arrangements of our Anglo-Saxon and, at a still later period, of our Norman ancestors.

Yet the buildings of the Incas were accommodated to the character of the climate, and were well fitted to resist those terrible convulsions which belong to the land of volcanoes. The wisdom of their plan is attested by the number which still survive, while the more modern constructions of the Conquerors have been buried in ruins. The hand of the Conquerors, indeed, has fallen heavily on these venerable monuments, and, in their blind and superstitious search for hidden treasure, has caused infinitely more ruin than time or the earthquake.²² Yet enough of these monuments still remain to invite the researches of the antiquary. Those only in the most conspicuous situations have been hitherto examined. But, by the testimony of travellers, many more are to be found in the less frequented parts of the country; and we may hope they will one day call forth a kindred spirit of enterprise to that which has so successfully explored the mysterious recesses of Central America and Yucatan.*

I cannot close this analysis of the Peruvian institutions without a few reflections on their general character and tendency, which, if they involve some repetition of previous remarks, may, I trust, be excused, from my desire to leave a correct and consistent impression on the reader. In this survey we cannot but be struck with the total dissimilarity between these institutions and those of the Aztecs,—the other great nation who led in the march of civilization on this Western continent, and whose empire in the northern portion of it was as conspicuous as that of the Incas in the south. Both nations came on the plateau and commenced their career of conquest at dates, it may be, not far removed from each other.²³ And it is worthy of notice that,

²² The anonymous author of the *Antig. y Monumentos del Peru*, MS., gives us, at second hand, one of those golden traditions which, in early times, fostered the spirit of adventure. The tradition, in this instance, he thinks well entitled to credit. The reader will judge for himself.

"It is a well-authenticated report, and generally received, that there is a secret hall in the fortress of Cuzco, where an immense treasure is concealed, consisting of the statues of all the Incas, wrought in gold. A lady is still living, Doña Maria de Esquivel, the wife of the last Inca, who has visited this hall, and I have heard her relate the way in which she was carried to see it.

"Don Carlos, the lady's husband, did not maintain a style of living becoming his high rank. Doña Maria sometimes reproached him, declaring that she had been deceived into marrying a poor Indian under the lofty title

of Lord or Inca. She said this so frequently that Don Carlos one night exclaimed, 'Lady! do you wish to know whether I am rich or poor? You shall see that no lord nor king in the world has a larger treasure than I have.' Then, covering her eyes with a handkerchief, he made her turn round two or three times, and, taking her by the hand, led her a short distance before he removed the bandage. On opening her eyes, what was her amazement! She had gone not more than two hundred paces, and descended a short flight of steps, and she now found herself in a large quadrangular hall, where, ranged on benches round the walls, she beheld the statues of the Incas, each of the size of a boy twelve years old, all of massive gold! She saw also many vessels of gold and silver. 'In fact,' she said, 'it was one of the most magnificent treasures in the whole world!'"

²³ *Ante*, chap. 1.

* [In the foregoing remarks the author has scarcely done justice to the artistic character of the Peruvian architecture, its great superiority to the Mexican, and the resemblances which it offers, in style and development, to the early stages of Greek and Egyptian art. The subject has been fully, and of course very ably, treated by Mr. Fergusson, in his *Handbook of Architecture*. The Peruvian pottery,

which Prescott has passed over with a mere incidental mention, might also have claimed particular notice. Its characteristics are now more familiar, from numerous specimens in public and private collections. For a description of these interesting relics, and a comparison with other remains of ancient ceramic art, see Wilson, *Prehistoric Man*, chap. 17.—*Ed.*]

in America, the elevated region along the crests of the great mountain-ranges should have been the chosen seat of civilization in both hemispheres.

Very different was the policy pursued by the two races in their military career. The Aztecs, animated by the most ferocious spirit, carried on a war of extermination, signaling their triumphs by the sacrifice of hecatombs of captives; while the Incas, although they pursued the game of conquest with equal pertinacity, preferred a milder policy, substituting negotiation and intrigue for violence, and dealt with their antagonists so that their future resources should not be crippled, and that they should come as friends, not as foes, into the bosom of the empire.

Their policy towards the conquered forms a contrast no less striking to that pursued by the Aztecs. The Mexican vassals were ground by excessive imposts and military conscriptions. No regard was had to their welfare, and the only limit to oppression was the power of endurance. They were overawed by fortresses and armed garrisons, and were made to feel every hour that they were not part and parcel of the nation, but held only in subjugation as a conquered people. The Incas, on the other hand, admitted their new subjects at once to all the rights enjoyed by the rest of the community; and, though they made them conform to the established laws and usages of the empire, they watched over their personal security and comfort with a sort of parental solicitude. The motley population, thus bound together by common interest, was animated by a common feeling of loyalty, which gave greater strength and stability to the empire as it became more and more widely extended; while the various tribes who successively came under the Mexican sceptre, being held together only by the pressure of external force, were ready to fall asunder the moment that that force was withdrawn. The policy of the two nations displayed the principle of fear as contrasted with the principle of love.

The characteristic features of their religious systems had as little resemblance to each other. The whole Aztec pantheon partook more or less of the sanguinary spirit of the terrible war-god who presided over it, and their frivolous ceremonial almost always terminated with human sacrifice and cannibal orgies. But the rites of the Peruvians were of a more innocent cast, as they tended to a more spiritual worship. For the worship of the Creator is most nearly approached by that of the heavenly bodies, which, as they revolve in their bright orbits, seem to be the most glorious symbols of his beneficence and power.

In the minuter mechanical arts, both showed considerable skill; but in the construction of important public works, of roads, aqueducts, canals, and in agriculture in all its details, the Peruvians were much superior. Strange that they should have fallen so far below their rivals in their efforts after a higher intellectual culture, in astronomical science more especially, and in the art of communicating thought by visible symbols. When we consider the greater refinement of the Incas, their inferiority to the Aztecs in these particulars can be explained only by the fact that the latter in all probability were indebted for their science to the race who preceded them in the land,—that shadowy race whose origin and whose end are alike veiled from the eye of the inquirer, but who possibly may have sought a refuge from their ferocious invaders in those regions of Central America, the architectural remains of which now supply us with the most pleasing monuments of Indian civilization. It is with this more polished race, to whom the Peruvians seem to have borne some resemblance in their mental and moral organization, that they should be compared. Had the empire of the Incas been permitted to extend itself with the rapid strides with which it was advancing at the period of the Spanish con-

quest, the two races might have come into conflict, or perhaps into alliance, with one another.

The Mexicans and Peruvians, so different in the character of their peculiar civilization, were, it seems probable, ignorant of each other's existence; and it may appear singular that, during the simultaneous continuance of their empires, some of the seeds of science and of art which pass so imperceptibly from one people to another should not have found their way across the interval which separated the two nations. They furnish an interesting example of the opposite directions which the human mind may take in its struggle to emerge from darkness into the light of civilization.*

A closer resemblance—as I have more than once taken occasion to notice—may be found between the Peruvian institutions and some of the despotic governments of Eastern Asia; those governments where despotism appears in its more mitigated form, and the whole people, under the patriarchal sway of the sovereign, seem to be gathered together like the members of one vast family. Such were the Chinese, for example, whom the Peruvians resembled in their implicit obedience to authority, their mild yet somewhat stubborn temper, their solicitude for forms, their reverence for ancient usage, their skill in the minuter manufactures, their imitative rather than inventive cast of mind, and their invincible patience, which serves instead of a more adventurous spirit for the execution of difficult undertakings.²⁴

* Count Carlh has amused himself with tracing out the different points of resemblance between the Chinese and the Peruvians. The Emperor of China was styled the son of Heaven or of the Sun. He also held a plough once a year in presence of his people, to show

his respect for agriculture. And the solstices and equinoxes were noted, to determine the periods of their religious festivals. The coincidences are curious. *Lettres Americaines*, tom. ii. pp. 7, 8.

* [Professor Daniel Wilson, commenting on this passage, remarks that, "whilst there seems little room for doubt that those two nations were ignorant of each other at the period of the discovery of America, there are many indications in some of their arts of an earlier intercourse between the northern and southern continent." (*Prehistoric Man*, 2nd edition, p. 285.) This supposition is connected with a theory put forward by the learned writer in regard to the aboriginal population of America. Rejecting the common opinion of its ethnical unity, he considers the indications as pointing to two, or possibly three, great divisions of race, with as many distinct lines of immigration. He conceives "the earliest current of population" from "a supposed Asiatic cradle land" "to have spread through the islands of the Pacific and to have reached the South American continent long before an excess of Asiatic population had diffused itself into its own inhospitable northern steppes. By an Atlantic Ocean migration, another wave of population occupied the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores, and so passed to the Antilles, Central America, and probably by the Cape Verdes, or, guided by the more southern equatorial current, to Brazil. Latest of all, Behring Straits and the North Pacific Islands may have become the highway for a northern migration by which certain striking diversities of nations of the

northern continent, including the conquerors of the Mexican plateau, are most easily accounted for." (*Ibid.*, p. 604.) "The north and south tropics were the centres of two distinct and seemingly independent manifestations of native development," but with "clear indications of an overlapping of two or more distinct migratory trails leading from opposite points." (*Ibid.*, p. 602.) It is to be remarked that the novelty of this theory consists, not in any new suggestion to account for the original settlement of America, but in the adoption and symmetrical blending of various conjectures, and the application of them to explain the differences of physical characteristics, customs, development, etc., between the savage and civilized or semi-civilized nations scattered over the continent. The evidence offered in its support does not admit of being summarized here. Elaborate as it is, it will scarcely be considered sufficient to establish the certainty of the general conclusions deduced by the author. On the other hand, his arguments in disproof of a supposed craniological uniformity of type among the American aborigines appear to be irresistible, and to justify the statement that "the form of the human skull is just as little constant among different tribes or races of the New World as of the Old." (*Ibid.*, p. 483.)—*Ed.*]

A still closer analogy may be found with the natives of Hindostan in their division into castes, their worship of the heavenly bodies and the elements of nature, and their acquaintance with the scientific principles of husbandry. To the ancient Egyptians, also, they bore considerable resemblance in the same particulars, as well as in those ideas of a future existence which led them to attach so much importance to the permanent preservation of the body.

But we shall look in vain in the history of the East for a parallel to the absolute control exercised by the Incas over their subjects. In the East, this was founded on physical power,—on the external resources of the government. The authority of the Inca might be compared with that of the Pope in the day of his might, when Christendom trembled at the thunders of the Vatican, and the successor of St. Peter set his foot on the necks of princes. But the authority of the Pope was founded on opinion. His temporal power was nothing. The empire of the Incas rested on both. It was a theocracy more potent in its operation than that of the Jews; for, though the sanction of the law might be as great among the latter, the law was expounded by a human lawgiver, the servant and representative of Divinity. But the Inca was both the lawgiver and the law. He was not merely the representative of Divinity, or, like the Pope, its vicegerent, but he was Divinity itself. The violation of his ordinance was sacrilege. Never was there a scheme of government enforced by such terrible sanctions, or which bore so oppressively on the subjects of it. For it reached not only to the visible acts, but to the private conduct, the words, the very thoughts, of its vassals.

It added not a little to the efficacy of the government that below the sovereign there was an order of hereditary nobles of the same divine original with himself, who, placed far below himself, were still immeasurably above the rest of the community, not merely by descent, but, as it would seem, by their intellectual nature. These were the exclusive depositaries of power, and, as their long hereditary training made them familiar with their vocation and secured them implicit deference from the multitude, they became the prompt and well-practised agents for carrying out the executive measures of the administration. All that occurred throughout the wide extent of his empire—such was the perfect system of communication—passed in review, as it were, before the eyes of the monarch, and a thousand hands, armed with irresistible authority, stood ready in every quarter to do his bidding. Was it not, as we have said, the most oppressive, though the mildest, of despotisms?

It was the mildest, from the very circumstance that the transcendent rank of the sovereign, and the humble, nay, superstitious, devotion to his will, made it superfluous to assert this will by acts of violence or rigour. The great mass of the people may have appeared to his eyes as but little removed above the condition of the brute, formed to minister to his pleasures. But from their very helplessness he regarded them with feelings of commiseration, like those which a kind master might feel for the poor animals committed to his charge, or—to do justice to the beneficent character attributed to many of the Incas—that a parent might feel for his young and impotent offspring. The laws were carefully directed to their preservation and personal comfort. The people were not allowed to be employed on works pernicious to their health, nor to pine—a sad contrast to their subsequent destiny—under the imposition of tasks too heavy for their powers. They were never made the victims of public or private extortion; and a benevolent forecast watched carefully over their necessities, and provided for their relief in seasons of infirmity and for their sustenance in health. The government of the Incas, however arbitrary in form, was in its spirit truly patriarchal.

Yet in this there was nothing cheering to the dignity of human nature. What the people had was conceded as a boon, not as a right. When a nation was brought under the sceptre of the Incas, it resigned every personal right, even the rights dearest to humanity. Under this extraordinary polity, a people advanced in many of the social refinements, well skilled in manufactures and agriculture, were unacquainted, as we have seen, with money. They had nothing that deserved to be called property. They could follow no craft, could engage in no labour, no amusement, but such as was specially provided by law. They could not change their residence or their dress without a license from the government. They could not even exercise the freedom which is conceded to the most abject in other countries,—that of selecting their own wives. The imperative spirit of despotism would not allow them to be happy or miserable in any way but that established by law. The power of free agency—the inestimable and inborn right of every human being—was annihilated in Peru.

The astonishing mechanism of the Peruvian polity could have resulted only from the combined authority of opinion and positive power in the ruler to an extent unprecedented in the history of man. Yet that it should have so successfully gone into operation, and so long endured, in opposition to the taste, the prejudices, and the very principles of our nature, is a strong proof of a generally wise and temperate administration of the government.

The policy habitually pursued by the Incas for the *prevention* of evils that might have disturbed the order of things is well exemplified in their provisions against poverty and idleness. In these they rightly discerned the two great causes of disaffection in a populous community. The industry of the people was secured not only by their compulsory occupations at home, but by their employment on those great public works which covered every part of the country, and which still bear testimony in their decay to their primitive grandeur. Yet it may well astonish us to find that the natural difficulty of these undertakings, sufficiently great in itself, considering the imperfection of their tools and machinery, was inconceivably enhanced by the politic contrivance of the government. The royal edifices of Quito, we are assured by the Spanish conquerors, were constructed of huge masses of stone, many of which were carried all the way along the mountain-roads from Cuzco, a distance of several hundred leagues.³⁵ The great square of the capital was filled to a considerable depth with mould brought with incredible labour up the steep slopes of the Cordilleras from the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean.³⁶

³⁵ “Era muy principal intento que la gente no holgase, que dava causa a que despues que los Ingas estuvieron en paz hacer traer de Quito al Cuzco piedra que venia de provincia en provincia para hacer casas para si ó pa el Sol en gran cantidad, y del Cuzco llevalla a Quito pa el mismo efecto, . . . y así destas cosas hacian los Ingas muchas de pocho provecho y de escusivo trabajo en que traian ocupadas las provincias ordinarias, y en fin el trabajo era causa de su conservacion.” Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.—Also Antig. y Monumentos del Peru, MS.

³⁶ This was literally gold dust; for Ondegardo states that, when governor of Cuzco, he caused great quantities of gold vessels and ornaments to be disinterred from the sand in which they had been secreted by the natives: “Que toda aquella plaza del Cuzco le sacaron la tierra propia, y se llevó á otras partes por

cosa de gran estima, é la hincheron de arena de la costa de la mar, como hasta dos palmos y medio en algunas partes, mas sembraron por toda ella muchos vasos de oro é plata, y hovejuelas y hombrecillos pequeños de lo mismo, lo cual se ha sacado en mucha cantidad, que todo lo hemos visto; desta arena estaba toda la plaza, quando yo fui á gobernar aquella Ciudad: é si fue verdad que aquella se trajo de ellos, afirman é tienen puestos en sus registros, parece que sea así, que toda la tierra junta tubo necesidad de entender en ello, por que la plaza es grande, y no tiene numero las cargas que en ella entraron: y la costa por lo mas cerca esta mas de noventa leguas á lo que creo, y cierto yo me satisface, porque todos dicen, que aquel genero de arena, no lo hay hasta la costa.” Rel. Seg., MS.

Labour was regarded not only as a means, but as an end, by the Peruvian law.

With their manifold provisions against poverty the reader has already been made acquainted. They were so perfect that in their wide extent of territory—much of it smitten with the curse of barrenness—no man, however humble, suffered for the want of food and clothing. Famine, so common a scourge in every other American nation, so common at that period in every country of civilized Europe, was an evil unknown in the dominions of the Incas.

The most enlightened of the Spaniards who first visited Peru, struck with the general appearance of plenty and prosperity, and with the astonishing order with which everything throughout the country was regulated, are loud in their expressions of admiration. No better government, in their opinion, could have been devised for the people. Contented with their condition, and free from vice, to borrow the language of an eminent authority of that early day, the mild and docile character of the Peruvians would have well fitted them to receive the teachings of Christianity, had the love of conversion, instead of gold, animated the breasts of the Conquerors.²⁷ And a philosopher of a later time, warmed by the contemplation of the picture—which his own fancy had coloured—of public prosperity and private happiness under the rule of the Incas, pronounces “the moral man in Peru far superior to the European.”²⁸

Yet such results are scarcely reconcilable with the theory of the government I have attempted to analyze. Where there is no free agency there can be no morality. Where there is no temptation there can be little claim to virtue. Where the routine is rigorously prescribed by law, the law, and not the man, must have the credit of the conduct. If that government is the best which is felt the least, which encroaches on the natural liberty of the subject only so far as is essential to civil subordination, then of all governments devised by man the Peruvian has the least real claim to our admiration.

It is not easy to comprehend the genius and the full import of institutions so opposite to those of our own free republic, where every man, however humble his condition, may aspire to the highest honours of the state,—may select his own career and carve out his fortune in his own way; where the light of knowledge, instead of being concentrated on a chosen few, is shed abroad like the light of day, and suffered to fall equally on the poor and the rich; where the collision of man with man wakens a generous emulation that calls out latent talent and tasks the energies to the utmost; where consciousness of independence gives a feeling of self-reliance unknown to the timid subjects

²⁷ “Y si Dios permitiera que tubieran quien con celo de Cristiandad, y no con ramo de codicia, en lo pasado, les dieran entera noticia de nuestra sagrada Religion, era gente en que bien imprimiera, segun vemos por lo que ahora con la buena orden que hay se obra.” Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 22.—But the most emphatic testimony to the merits of the people is that afforded by Manco Sierra Lejesema, the last survivor of the early Spanish Conquerors, who settled in Peru. In the preamble to his testament, made, as he states, to relieve his conscience, at the time of his death, he declares that the whole population, under the Incas, was distinguished by sobriety and industry; that such things as robbery and theft were unknown; that, far from licentiousness, there was not even a prostitute

in the country; and that everything was conducted with the greatest order, and entire submission to authority. The panegyric is somewhat too unqualified for a whole nation, and may lead one to suspect that the stings of remorse for his own treatment of the natives goaded the dying veteran into a higher estimate of their deserts than was strictly warranted by facts. Yet this testimony by such a man at such a time is too remarkable, as well as too honourable to the Peruvians, to be passed over in silence by the historian; and I have transferred the document in the original to Appendix No. 4.

²⁸ “Sans doute l’homme moral du Pérou étoit infiniment plus perfectionné que l’Européen.” Carli, *Lettres Americaines*, tom. i. p. 215.

of a despotism ; where, in short, the government is made for man,—not as in Peru, where man seemed to be made only for the government. The New World is the theatre on which these two political systems, so opposite in their character, have been carried into operation. The empire of the Incas has passed away and left no trace. The other great experiment is still going on,—the experiment which is to solve the problem, so long contested in the Old World, of the capacity of man for self-government. Alas for humanity, if it should fail !

The testimony of the Spanish conquerors is not uniform in respect to the favourable influence exerted by the Peruvian institutions on the character of the people. Drinking and dancing are said to have been the pleasures to which they were immoderately addicted. Like the slaves and serfs in other lands, whose position excluded them from more serious and ennobling occupations, they found a substitute in frivolous or sensual indulgence. Lazy, luxurious, and licentious, are the epithets bestowed on them by one of those who saw them at the Conquest, but whose pen was not too friendly to the Indians.²⁹ Yet the spirit of independence could hardly be strong in a people who had no interest in the soil, no personal rights to defend ; and the facility with which they yielded to the Spanish invader—after every allowance for their comparative inferiority—argues a deplorable destitution of that patriotic feeling which holds life as little in comparison with freedom.

But we must not judge too hardly of the unfortunate native because he quailed before the civilization of the European. We must not be insensible to the really great results that were achieved by the government of the Incas. We must not forget that under their rule the meanest of the people enjoyed a far greater degree of personal comfort, at least a greater exemption from physical suffering, than was possessed by similar classes in other nations on the American continent,—greater, probably, than was possessed by these classes in most of the countries of feudal Europe. Under their sceptre the higher orders of the state had made advances in many of the arts that belong to a cultivated community. The foundations of a regular government were laid, which, in an age of rapine, secured to its subjects the inestimable blessings of tranquillity and safety. By the well-sustained policy of the Incas, the rude tribes of the forest were gradually drawn from their fastnesses and gathered within the folds of civilization ; and of these materials was constructed a flourishing and populous empire, such as was to be found in no other quarter of the American continent. The defects of this government were those of over-refinement in legislation,—the last defects to have been looked for, certainly, in the American aborigines.

²⁹ "Heran muy dados á la lujuria y al beber, tenían acceso carnal con las hermanas y las mugeres de sus padres como no fuesen sus mismas madres, y aun algunos avia que con ellas mismas lo hacian y ansi mismo con sus hijas. Estando borrachos tocavan algunos en el pecado nefando, emborrachavase muy á menudo, y estando borrachos todo lo que el demonio les traia á la voluntad hacian. Heran

estos orejones muy soberbios y presuntuosos. . . . Tenian otras muchas maldades que por ser muchas no las digo." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—These random aspersions of the hard conqueror show too gross an ignorance of the institutions of the people to merit much confidence as to what is said of their character.

NOTE.—I have not thought it necessary to swell this Introduction by an inquiry into the origin of Peruvian civilization, like that appended to the history of the Mexican. The Peruvian history doubtless suggests analogies with more than one nation in the East, some of which have been briefly adverted to in the pre-

ceding pages ; although these analogies are adduced there not as evidence of a common origin, but as showing the coincidences which might naturally spring up among different nations under the same phase of civilization. Such coincidences are neither so numerous nor so striking as those afforded by

the Aztec history. The correspondence presented by the astronomical science of the Mexicans is alone of more importance than all the rest. Yet the light of analogy afforded by the institutions of the Incas seems to point, as far as it goes, towards the same

Two of the prominent authorities on whom I have relied in this Introductory portion of the work are Juan de Sarmiento and the Licentiate Ondegardo. Of the former I have been able to collect no information beyond what is afforded by his own writings. In the title prefixed to his manuscript he is styled President of the Council of the Indies, a post of high authority, which infers a weight of character and means of information that entitle his opinions on colonial topics to great deference.

These means of information were much enlarged by Sarmiento's visit to the colonies during the administration of Gasca. Having conceived the design of compiling a history of the ancient Peruvian institutions, he visited Cuzco, as he tells us, in 1550, and there drew from the natives themselves the materials for his narrative. His position gave him access to the most authentic sources of knowledge, and from the lips of the Inca nobles, the best-instructed of the conquered race, he gathered the traditions of their national history and institutions. The quipus formed, as we have seen, an imperfect system of mnemonics, requiring constant attention, and much inferior to the Mexican hieroglyphics. It was only by diligent instruction that they were made available to historical purposes; and this instruction was so far neglected after the Conquest that the ancient annals of the country would have perished with the generation which was the sole depository of them, had it not been for the efforts of a few intelligent scholars, like Sarmiento, who saw the importance, at this critical period, of cultivating an intercourse with the natives and drawing from them their hidden stores of information.

* [It is singular that Prescott should have fallen into the error of supposing this language to indicate that the work was the composition of the person whose name appears in the title. Señor Gayangos, in a letter to Mr. Squier which that gentleman has kindly communicated to the editor, says, "It is evident to me that this Relation was written—perhaps by order of Don Juan Sarmiento, president of the Council of the Indies—for him, and not by him, as stated by Prescott;" and he points out the improbability of Sarmiento's ever having visited America, as well as of his having used the deferential tone in which the author of the manuscript addresses certain members of the Royal Audience, persons far inferior in rank to an ecclesiastic of high position holding one of the first offices in the kingdom. The mistake was so far fortunate that the doubts suggested by it seem to have led to an

direction; and as the investigation could present but little substantially to confirm, and still less to confute, the views taken in the former disquisition, I have not thought it best to fatigue the reader with it.

To give still further authenticity to his work, Sarmiento travelled over the country, examined the principal objects of interest with his own eyes, and thus verified the accounts of the natives as far as possible by personal observation. The result of these labours was his work entitled "Relacion de la sucesion y gobierno de las Yngas Señores naturales que fueron de las Provincias del Peru y otras cosas tocantes á aquel Reyno, para el Iltmo. Señor Don Juan Sarmiento, Presidente del Consejo R^o de Indias."*

It is divided into chapters, and embraces about four hundred folio pages in manuscript. The introductory portion of the work is occupied with the traditional tales of the origin and early period of the Incas; teeming, as usual in the antiquities of a barbarous people, with legendary fables of the most wild and monstrous character. Yet these puerile conceptions afford an inexhaustible mine for the labours of the antiquarian, who endeavours to unravel the allegorical web which a cunning priesthood had devised as symbolical of those mysteries of creation that it was beyond their power to comprehend. But Sarmiento happily confines himself to the mere statement of traditional fables, without the chimerical ambition to explain them.

From this region of romance Sarmiento passes to the institutions of the Peruvians, describes their ancient polity, their religion, their progress in the arts, especially agriculture, and presents, in short, an elaborate picture of the civilization which they reached under the Inca dynasty. This part of his work, resting, as it does, on the best authority, confirmed in many instances by his own observation, is of unquestionable value, and is written with an apparent respect for truth,

investigation, with the result of determining the real authorship of this important Relation, and of clearing up, at the same time, another mooted and not less interesting point in regard to one of the chief authorities for early Peruvian history. Señor Gonzalez de la Rosa, a learned Peruvian, is able, according to a recent statement (London Athenæum, July 5, 1873), "to prove that the manuscript in question is really the second part of the 'Chronicle of Peru' by Cieza de Leon, hitherto supposed to be lost." The evidence promised has not yet been adduced. It consists, no doubt, chiefly of those internal proofs which are in fact sufficient to put the matter beyond question, and which will find more appropriate mention in connection with Prescott's account of the life and writings of Cieza de Leon, *infra*, book iv., chap. 9.—Ed.]

that engages the confidence of the reader. The concluding portion of the manuscript is occupied with the civil history of the country. The reigns of the early Incas, which lie beyond the sober province of history, he despatches with commendable brevity. But on the three last reigns—fortunately, those of the greatest princes who occupied the Peruvian throne—he is more diffuse. This was comparatively firm ground for the chronicler, for the events were too recent to be obscured by the vulgar legends that gather like moss round every incident of the older time. His account stops with the Spanish invasion; for this story, Sarmiento felt, might be safely left to his contemporaries who acted a part in it, but whose taste and education had qualified them but indifferently for exploring the antiquities and social institutions of the natives.

Sarmiento's work is composed in a simple, perspicuous style, without that ambition of rhetorical display too common with his countrymen. He writes with honest candour, and, while he does ample justice to the merits and capacity of the conquered races, he notices with indignation the atrocities of the Spaniards and the demoralizing tendency of the Conquest. It may be thought, indeed, that he forms too high an estimate of the attainments of the nation under the Incas. And it is not improbable that, astonished by the vestiges it afforded of an original civilization, he became enamoured of his subject, and thus exhibited it in colours somewhat too glowing to the eye of the European. But this was an amiable failing, not too largely shared by the stern Conquerors, who subverted the institutions of the country, and saw little to admire in it save its gold. It must be further admitted that Sarmiento has no design to impose on his reader, and that he is careful to distinguish between what he reports on hearsay and what on personal experience. The Father of History himself does not discriminate between these two things more carefully.

Neither is the Spanish historian to be altogether vindicated from the superstition which belongs to his time; and we often find him referring to the immediate interposition of Satan those effects which might quite as well be charged on the perverseness of man. But this was common to the age, and to the wisest men in it; and it is too much to demand of a man to be wiser than his generation. It is sufficient praise of Sarmiento, that, in an age when superstition was too often allied with fanaticism, he seems to have had no tincture of bigotry in his nature. His heart opens with benevolent fulness to the unfortunate native; and his language, while it is not kindled into the religious glow of the missionary, is warmed by a generous ray of philanthropy that embraces the conquered no less than the conquerors, as his brethren.

Notwithstanding the great value of Sar-

miento's work for the information it affords of Peru under the Incas, it is but little known, has been rarely consulted by historians, and still remains among the unpublished manuscripts which lie, like uncoined bullion, in the secret chambers of the Escorial.

The other authority to whom I have alluded, the Licentiate Polo de Ondegardo, was a highly respectable jurist, whose name appears frequently in the affairs of Peru. I find no account of the period when he first came into the country. But he was there on the arrival of Gasca, and resided at Lima under the usurpation of Gonzalo Pizarro. When the artful Cepeda endeavoured to secure the signatures of the inhabitants to the instrument proclaiming the sovereignty of his chief, we find Ondegardo taking the lead among those of his profession in resisting it. On Gasca's arrival he consented to take a commission in his army. At the close of the rebellion he was made corregidor of La Plata, and subsequently of Cuzco, in which honourable station he seems to have remained several years. In the exercise of his magisterial functions he was brought into familiar intercourse with the natives, and had ample opportunity for studying their laws and ancient customs. He conducted himself with such prudence and moderation that he seems to have won the confidence not only of his countrymen but of the Indians; while the administration was careful to profit by his large experience in devising measures for the better government of the colony.

The *Relaciones*, so often cited in this History, were prepared at the suggestion of the viceroys, the first being addressed to the Marques de Cañete, in 1561, and the second, ten years later, to the Conde de Nieva. The two cover about as much ground as Sarmiento's manuscript; and the second memorial, written so long after the first, may be thought to intimate the advancing age of the author, in the greater carelessness and diffuseness of the composition.

As these documents are in the nature of answers to the interrogatories propounded by the government, the range of topics might seem to be limited within narrower bounds than the modern historian would desire. These queries, indeed, had particular reference to the revenues, the tributes,—the financial administration, in short,—of the Incas; and on these obscure topics the communication of Ondegardo is particularly full. But the enlightened curiosity of the government embraced a far wider range; and the answers necessarily implied an acquaintance with the domestic policy of the Incas, with their laws and social habits, their religion, science, and arts, in short, with all that make up the elements of civilization. Ondegardo's memoirs, therefore, cover the whole ground of inquiry for the philosophic historian.

In the management of these various subjects Ondegardo displays both acuteness and erudition. He never shrinks from the dis-

discussion, however difficult; and while he gives his conclusions with an air of modesty, it is evident that he feels conscious of having derived his information through the most authentic channels. He rejects the fabulous with disdain; decides on the probabilities of such facts as he relates, and candidly exposes the deficiency of evidence. Far from displaying the simple enthusiasm of the well-meaning but credulous missionary, he proceeds with the cool and cautious step of a lawyer accustomed to the conflict of testimony and the uncertainty of oral tradition. This circumspect manner of proceeding, and the temperate character of his judgments, entitle Ondegardo to much higher consideration as an authority than most of his countrymen who have treated of Indian antiquities.

There runs through his writings a vein of humanity, shown particularly in his tenderness to the unfortunate natives, to whose ancient civilization he does entire, but not extravagant, justice; while, like Sarmiento, he fearlessly denounces the excesses of his own countrymen, and admits the dark reproach they had brought on the honour of the nation. But while this censure forms the strongest ground for condemnation of the Conquerors, since it comes from the lips of a Spaniard like themselves, it proves, also, that Spain in this age of violence could send forth from her bosom wise and good men who refused to make common cause with the licentious rabble around them. Indeed, proof enough is given in these very memorials of the unceasing efforts of the colonial government, from the good viceroy Mendoza downwards, to secure protection and the benefit of a mild legislation to the unfortunate natives. But the iron Conquerors, and the colonist whose heart softened only to the touch of gold, presented a formidable barrier to improvement.

Ondegardo's writings are honourably distinguished by freedom from that superstition which is the debasing characteristic of the times,—a superstition shown in the easy credit given to the marvellous, and this equally whether in heathen or in Christian story; for in the former the eye of credulity could discern as readily the direct interposition of Satan, as in the latter the hand of the Almighty. It is this ready belief in a spiritual agency, whether for good or for evil, which forms one of the most prominent features in the writings of the sixteenth century. Nothing could be more repugnant to the true spirit of philosophical inquiry, or more irreconcilable with rational criticism. Far from betraying such weakness, Ondegardo writes in a direct and business-like

manner, estimating things for what they are worth by the plain rule of common sense. He keeps the main object of his argument ever in view, without allowing himself, like the garrulous chroniclers of the period, to be led astray into a thousand rambling episodes that bewilder the reader and lead to nothing.

Ondegardo's memoirs deal not only with the antiquities of the nation, but with its actual condition, and with the best means for redressing the manifold evils to which it was subjected under the stern rule of its conquerors. His suggestions are replete with wisdom, and a merciful policy, that would reconcile the interests of government with the prosperity and happiness of its humblest vassal. Thus, while his contemporaries gathered light from his suggestions as to the present condition of affairs, the historian of later times is no less indebted to him for information in respect to the past. His manuscript was freely consulted by Herrera, and the reader, as he peruses the pages of the learned historian of the Indies, is unconsciously enjoying the benefit of the researches of Ondegardo. His valuable *Relaciones* thus had their uses for future generations, though they have never been admitted to the honours of the press. The copy in my possession, like that of Sarmiento's manuscript, for which I am indebted to that industrious bibliographer Mr. Rich, formed part of the magnificent collection of Lord Kingsborough,—a name ever to be held in honour by the scholar for his indefatigable efforts to illustrate the antiquities of America.

Ondegardo's manuscripts, it should be remarked, do not bear his signature. But they contain allusions to several actions of the writer's life, which identify them, beyond any reasonable doubt, as his production. In the archives of Simancas is a duplicate copy of the first memorial, *Relacion Primera*, though, like the one in the Escorial, without its author's name. Muñoz assigns it to the pen of Gabriel de Rojas, a distinguished cavalier of the Conquest. This is clearly an error; for the author of the manuscript identifies himself with Ondegardo, by declaring, in his reply to the fifth interrogatory, that he was the person who discovered the mummies of the Incas in Cuzco,—an act expressly referred, both by Acosta and Garcilasso, to the Licentiate Polo de Ondegardo, when corregidor of that city. Should the savans of Madrid hereafter embrace among the publications of valuable manuscripts these *Relaciones*, they should be careful not to be led into an error here by the authority of a critic like Muñoz, whose criticism is really at fault.

BOOK II

MINISTRY OF THE

CHAPTER I

THE GREAT AND MIGHTY KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN—AND OF IRELAND—BY THE GRACE OF GOD—

BOOK SECOND.

DISCOVERY OF PERU.

BOOK II.

DISCOVERY OF PERU.

CHAPTER I.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCIENCE—ART OF NAVIGATION—MARITIME DISCOVERY
—SPIRIT OF THE SPANIARDS—POSSESSIONS IN THE NEW WORLD—RU-
MOURS CONCERNING PERU.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the comparative merit of the ancients and the moderns in the arts, in poetry, eloquence, and all that depends on imagination, there can be no doubt that in science the moderns have eminently the advantage. It could not be otherwise. In the early ages of the world, as in the early period of life, there was the freshness of a morning existence, when the gloss of novelty was on everything that met the eye; when the senses, not blunted by familiarity, were more keenly alive to the beautiful, and the mind, under the influence of a healthy and natural taste, was not perverted by philosophical theory; when the simple was necessarily connected with the beautiful, and the epicurean intellect, sated by repetition, had not begun to seek for stimulants in the fantastic and capricious. The realms of fancy were all untravelled, and its fairest flowers had not been gathered, nor its beauties despoiled, by the rude touch of those who affected to cultivate them. The wing of genius was not bound to the earth by the cold and conventional rules of criticism, but was permitted to take its flight far and wide over the broad expanse of creation.

But with science it was otherwise. No genius could suffice for the creation of facts,—hardly for their detection. They were to be gathered in by painful industry; to be collected from careful observation and experiment. Genius, indeed, might arrange and combine these facts into new forms, and elicit from their combinations new and important inferences, and in this process might almost rival in originality the creations of the poet and the artist. But if the processes of science are necessarily slow, they are sure. There is no retrograde movement in her domain. Arts may fade, the Muse become dumb, a moral lethargy may lock up the faculties of a nation, the nation itself may pass away and leave only the memory of its existence, but the stores of science it has garnered up will endure for ever. As other nations come upon the stage, and new forms of civilization arise, the monuments of art and of imagination, productions of an older time, will lie as an obstacle in the path of improvement. They cannot be built upon; they occupy the ground which the new aspirant for immortality would cover. The whole work is to be gone over again, and other forms of beauty—whether higher or lower in the scale of merit, unlike the past—must arise to take a place by their side. But, in science, every stone that has been laid remains as the foundation for another.

The coming generation takes up the work where the preceding left it. There is no retrograde movement. The individual nation may recede, but science still advances. Every step that has been gained makes the ascent easier for those who come after. Every step carries the patient inquirer after truth higher and higher towards heaven, and unfolds to him, as he rises, a wider horizon, and new and more magnificent views of the universe.

Geography partook of the embarrassments which belonged to every other department of science in the primitive ages of the world. The knowledge of the earth could come only from an extended commerce; and commerce is founded on artificial wants or an enlightened curiosity, hardly compatible with the earlier condition of society. In the infancy of nations, the different tribes, occupied with their domestic feuds, found few occasions to wander beyond the mountain chain or broad stream that formed the natural boundary of their domains. The Phœnicians, it is true, are said to have sailed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and to have launched out on the great western ocean. But the adventures of these ancient voyagers belong to the mythic legends of antiquity, and ascend far beyond the domain of authentic record.

The Greeks, quick and adventurous, skilled in mechanical art, had many of the qualities of successful navigators, and within the limits of their little inland sea ranged fearlessly and freely. But the conquests of Alexander did more to extend the limits of geographical science, and opened an acquaintance with the remote countries of the East. Yet the march of the conqueror is slow in comparison with the movements of the unencumbered traveller. The Romans were still less enterprising than the Greeks, were less commercial in their character. The contributions to geographical knowledge grew with the slow acquisitions of empire. But their system was centralizing in its tendency; and, instead of taking an outward direction and looking abroad for discovery, every part of the vast imperial domain turned towards the capital as its head and central point of attraction. The Roman conqueror pursued his path by land, not by sea. But the water is the great highway between nations, the true element for the discoverer. The Romans were not a maritime people. At the close of their empire, geographical science could hardly be said to extend farther than to an acquaintance with Europe,—and this not its more northern division,—together with a portion of Asia and Africa; while they had no other conception of a world beyond the Western waters than was to be gathered from the fortunate prediction of the poet.¹

Then followed the Middle Ages; the dark ages, as they are called, though in their darkness were matured those seeds of knowledge which, in fulness of time, were to spring up into new and more glorious forms of civilization. The organization of society became more favourable to geographical science. Instead of one overgrown, lethargic empire, oppressing everything by its colossal weight, Europe was broken up into various independent communities, many of which, adopting liberal forms of government, felt all the impulses natural to freemen; and the petty republics on the Mediterranean and the Baltic sent forth their swarms of seamen in a profitable commerce, that knit together the different countries scattered along the great European waters.

¹ Seneca's well-known prediction, in his *Medea*, is perhaps the most remarkable random prophecy on record. For it is not a simple extension of the boundaries of the known parts of the globe that is so confidently announced, but the existence of a *New World* across the waters, to be revealed in coming ages:

“Quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Typhisque Novos
Detegat Orbem.”

It was the lucky hit of the philosopher rather than the poet.

But the improvements which took place in the art of navigation, the more accurate measurement of time, and, above all, the discovery of the polarity of the magnet, greatly advanced the cause of geographical knowledge. Instead of creeping timidly along the coast, or limiting his expeditions to the narrow basins of inland waters, the voyager might now spread his sails boldly on the deep, secure of a guide to direct his bark unerringly across the illimitable waste. The consciousness of this power led thought to travel in a new direction; and the mariner began to look with earnestness for another path to the Indian Spice-islands than that by which the Eastern caravans had traversed the continent of Asia. The nations on whom the spirit of enterprise at this crisis naturally descended were Spain and Portugal, placed as they were on the outposts of the European continent, commanding the great theatre of future discovery.

Both countries felt the responsibility of their new position. The crown of Portugal was constant in its efforts, through the fifteenth century, to find a passage round the southern point of Africa into the Indian Ocean; though so timid was the navigation that every fresh headland became a formidable barrier, and it was not till the latter part of the century that the adventurous Diaz passed quite round the Stormy Cape, as he termed it, but which John the Second, with happier augury, called the Cape of Good Hope. But, before Vasco da Gama had availed himself of this discovery to spread his sails in the Indian seas, Spain entered on her glorious career and sent Columbus across the Western waters.

The object of the great navigator was still the discovery of a route to India, but by the west instead of the east. He had no expectation of meeting with a continent in his way, and, after repeated voyages, he remained in his original error, dying, as is well known, in the conviction that it was the eastern shore of Asia which he had reached. It was the same object which directed the nautical enterprises of those who followed in the Admiral's track; and the discovery of a strait into the Indian Ocean was the burden of every order from the government, and the design of many an expedition to different points of the new continent, which seemed to stretch its leviathan length along from one pole to the other. The discovery of an Indian passage is the true key to the maritime movements of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century. It was the great leading idea that gave its peculiar character to the enterprise of the age.

It is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province or a kingdom that had been gained, but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilization, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep.² It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a colouring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen and nourished the chimerical sentiments

² The Venetian ambassador Andrea Navagiero, who travelled through Spain in 1525, near the period of the commencement of our narrative, notices the general fever of emigration. Seville, in particular, the great port of

embarkation, was so stripped of its inhabitants, he says, "that the city was left almost to the women." *Viaggio fatto in Spagna* (Vinegia, 1563), fol. 15.

of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons which seemed to realize the classic legends of antiquity, to stories of Patagonian giants, to flaming pictures of an *El Dorado* where the sands sparkled with gems and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers.

Yet that the adventurers were no impostors, but dupes, too easy dupes, of their own credulous fancies, is shown by the extravagant character of their enterprises; by expeditions in search of the magical Fountain of Health, of the golden Temple of Doboynba, of the golden sepulchres of Zenu; for gold was ever floating before their distempered vision, and the name of *Castilla del Oro*, Golden Castle, the most unhealthy and unprofitable region of the Isthmus, held out a bright promise to the unfortunate settler, who too frequently, instead of gold, found there only his grave.

In this realm of enchantment, all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their defenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger and thirst and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics, these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more—and not the least remarkable—in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

The character of the warrior took on somewhat of the exaggerated colouring shed over his exploits. Proud and vainglorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appall and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty, the cruelty that flowed equally—strange as it may seem—from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age,—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins, which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to Heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisitor at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace upon earth and good will towards man!

What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the Western hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism; but independence,—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing

from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labour. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path and beckoned them onwards through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of their social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brow, till it took deep root in the land and sent up its branches high towards the heavens; while the communities of the neighbouring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendours of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus, the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now Protestant America!

Under the pressure of that spirit of nautical enterprise which filled the maritime communities of Europe in the sixteenth century, the whole extent of the mighty continent, from Labrador to Terra del Fuego, was explored in less than thirty years after its discovery; and in 1521 the Portuguese Maghellan, sailing under the Spanish flag, solved the problem of the strait, and found a westerly way to the long-sought Spice-islands of India,—greatly to the astonishment of the Portuguese, who, sailing from the opposite direction, there met their rivals, face to face, at the antipodes. But while the whole eastern coast of the American continent had been explored, and the central portion of it colonized,—even after the brilliant achievement of the Mexican conquest,—the veil was not yet raised that hung over the golden shores of the Pacific.

Floating rumours had reached the Spaniards, from time to time, of countries in the far west, teeming with the metal they so much coveted; but the first distinct notice of Peru was about the year 1511, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Southern Sea, was weighing some gold which he had collected from the natives. A young barbarian chieftain, who was present, struck the scales with his fist, and, scattering the glittering metal around the apartment, exclaimed, "If this is what you prize so much that you are willing to leave your distant homes and risk even life itself for it, I can tell you of a land where they eat and drink out of golden vessels, and gold is as cheap as iron is with you." It was not long after this startling intelligence that Balboa achieved the formidable adventure of scaling the mountain-rampart of the isthmus which divides the two mighty oceans from each other; when, armed with sword and buckler, he rushed into the waters of the Pacific, and cried out, in the true chivalrous vein, that "he claimed this unknown sea, with all that it contained, for the King of Castile, and that he would make good the claim against all, Christian or infidel, who dared to gainsay it!"² All the broad continent and sunny isles washed by the waters of the Southern Ocean! Little did the bold cavalier comprehend the full import of his magnificent vaunt.

² Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 1, lib. 10, cap. 2.—Quintana, *Vidas de Españoles célebres*

(Madrid, 1830), tom. ii, p. 44.

On this spot he received more explicit tidings of the Peruvian empire, heard proofs recounted of its civilization, and was shown drawings of the llama, which, to the European eye, seemed a species of the Arabian camel. But, although he steered his caravel for these golden realms, and even pushed his discoveries some twenty leagues south of the Gulf of St. Michael, the adventure was not reserved for him. The illustrious discoverer was doomed to fall a victim to that miserable jealousy with which a little spirit regards the achievements of a great one.

The Spanish colonial domain was broken up into a number of petty governments, which were dispensed sometimes to court favourites, though, as the duties of the post, at this early period, were of an arduous nature, they were more frequently reserved for men of some practical talent and enterprise. Columbus, by virtue of his original contract with the crown, had jurisdiction over the territories discovered by himself, embracing some of the principal islands, and a few places on the continent. This jurisdiction differed from that of other functionaries, inasmuch as it was hereditary; a privilege found in the end too considerable for a subject, and commuted, therefore, for a title and a pension. These colonial governments were multiplied with the increase of empire, and by the year 1524, the period at which our narrative properly commences, were scattered over the islands, along the Isthmus of Darien, the broad tract of Terra Firma, and the recent conquests in Mexico. Some of these governments were of no great extent; others, like that of Mexico, were of the dimensions of a kingdom; and most had an indefinite range for discovery assigned to them in their immediate neighbourhood, by which each of the petty potentates might enlarge his territorial sway and enrich his followers and himself. This politic arrangement best served the ends of the crown, by affording a perpetual incentive to the spirit of enterprise. Thus living on their own little domains at a long distance from the mother-country, these military rulers held a sort of vice-regal sway, and too frequently exercised it in the most oppressive and tyrannical manner,—oppressive to the native, and tyrannical towards their own followers. It was the natural consequence, when men originally low in station, and unprepared by education for office, were suddenly called to the possession of a brief, but in its nature irresponsible, authority. It was not till after some sad experience of these results that measures were taken to hold these petty tyrants in check by means of regular tribunals, or Royal Audiences, as they were termed, which, composed of men of character and learning, might interpose the arm of the law, or at least the voice of remonstrance, for the protection of both colonist and native.

Among the colonial governors who were indebted for their situation to their rank at home was Don Pedro Arias de Avila, or Pedrarias, as usually called. He was married to a daughter of Doña Beatriz de Bobadilla, the celebrated Marchioness of Moya, best known as the friend of Isabella the Catholic. He was a man of some military experience and considerable energy of character. But, as it proved, he was of a malignant temper; and the base qualities which might have passed unnoticed in the obscurity of private life were made conspicuous, and perhaps created in some measure, by sudden elevation to power; as the sunshine, which operates kindly on a generous soil and stimulates it to production, calls forth from the unwholesome marsh only foul and pestilent vapours. This man was placed over the territory of *Castilla del Oro*, the ground selected by Nuñez de Balboa for the theatre of his discoveries. Success drew on this latter the jealousy of his superior, for it was crime enough in the eyes of Pedrarias to deserve too well. The tragical history of this cavalier belongs to a period somewhat earlier than that with which we are to be

occupied. It has been traced by abler hands than mine, and, though brief, forms one of the most brilliant passages in the annals of the American conquerors.⁴

But, though Pedrarias was willing to cut short the glorious career of his rival, he was not insensible to the important consequences of his discoveries. He saw at once the unsuitableness of Darien for prosecuting expeditions on the Pacific, and, conformably to the original suggestion of Balboa, in 1519 he caused his rising capital to be transferred from the shores of the Atlantic to the ancient site of Panamá, some distance east of the present city of that name.⁵ This most unhealthy spot, the cemetery of many an unfortunate colonist, was favourably situated for the great object of maritime enterprise; and the port, from its central position, afforded the best point of departure for expeditions, whether to the north or south, along the wide range of undiscovered coast that lined the Southern Ocean. Yet in this new and more favourable position several years were suffered to elapse before the course of discovery took the direction of Peru. This was turned exclusively towards the north, or rather west, in obedience to the orders of the government, which had ever at heart the detection of a strait that, as was supposed, must intersect some part or other of the long-extended Isthmus. Armament after armament was fitted out with this chimerical object; and Pedrarias saw his domain extending every year farther and farther without deriving any considerable advantage from his acquisitions. Veragua, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, were successively occupied; and his brave cavaliers forced a way across forest and mountain and warlike tribes of savages, till, at Honduras, they came in collision with the companions of Cortés, the Conquerors of Mexico, who had descended from the great northern plateau on the regions of Central America, and thus completed the survey of this wild and mysterious land.

It was not till 1522 that a regular expedition was despatched in the direction south of Panamá, under the conduct of Pascual de Andagoya, a cavalier of much distinction in the colony. But that officer penetrated only to the Puerto de Piñas, the limit of Balboa's discoveries, when the bad state of his health compelled him to re-embark and abandon his enterprise at its commencement.⁶

Yet the floating rumours of the wealth and civilization of a mighty nation

* The memorable adventures of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa have been recorded by Quintana (*Espanoles célebres*, tom. ii.) and by Irving in his *Companions of Columbus*. It is rare that the life of an individual has formed the subject of two such elegant memorials, produced at nearly the same time, and in different languages, without any communication between the authors.

* The court gave positive instructions to Pedrarias to make a settlement in the Gulf of St. Michael, in obedience to the suggestion of Vasco Nuñez, that it would be the most eligible site for discovery and traffic in the South Sea: "El asiento que se oviere de hacer en el golfo de S. Miguel en la mar del sur debe ser en el puerto que mejor se hallare y mas conveniente para la contratacion de aquel golfo, porque segund lo que Vasco Nuñez escribe, sería muy necesario que allí haya algunos navios, así para descubrir las cosas del golfo; y de la comarca dél, como para la contratacion de rescates de las otras cosas necesarias al buen proveimiento de aquello; é para que estos

navios aprovechen es menester que se hagan allí." Capítulo de Carta escrita por el Rey Católico á Pedrarias Dávila, ap. Navarrete, *Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos* (Madrid, 1829), tom. iii. No. 3.

* According to Montesinos, Andagoya received a severe injury by a fall from his horse, while showing off the high-mettled animal to the wondering eyes of the natives. (*Annales del Peru*, MS., año 1524.) But the Adelantado, in a memorial of his own discoveries, drawn up by himself, says nothing of this unlucky feat of horsemanship, but imputes his illness to his having fallen into the water, an accident by which he was near being drowned, so that it was some years before he recovered from the effects of it,—a mode of accounting for his premature return, more soothing to his vanity, probably, than the one usually received. This document, important as coming from the pen of one of the primitive discoverers, is preserved in the Indian Archives of Seville, and was published by Navarrete, *Coleccion*, tom. iii. No. 7.

at the south were continually reaching the ears and kindling the dreamy imaginations of the colonists; and it may seem astonishing that an expedition in that direction should have been so long deferred. But the exact position and distance of this fairy realm were matter of conjecture. The long tract of intervening country was occupied by rude and warlike races; and the little experience which the Spanish navigators had already had of the neighbouring coast and its inhabitants, and, still more, the tempestuous character of the seas,—for their expeditions had taken place at the most unpropitious seasons of the year,—enhanced the apparent difficulties of the undertaking and made even their stout hearts shrink from it.

Such was the state of feeling in the little community of Panamá for several years after its foundation. Meanwhile, the dazzling conquest of Mexico gave a new impulse to the ardour of discovery, and in 1524 three men were found in the colony in whom the spirit of adventure triumphed over every consideration of difficulty and danger that obstructed the prosecution of the enterprise. One among them was selected as fitted by his character to conduct it to a successful issue. That man was Francisco Pizarro; and, as he held the same conspicuous post in the Conquest of Peru that was occupied by Cortés in that of Mexico, it will be necessary to take a brief review of his early history.

CHAPTER II.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO—HIS EARLY HISTORY—FIRST EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH—DISTRESSES OF THE VOYAGERS—SHARP ENCOUNTERS—RETURN TO PANAMA—ALMAGRO'S EXPEDITION.

1524—1525.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO was born at Truxillo, a city of Estremadura, in Spain. The period of his birth is uncertain; but probably it was not far from 1471.¹ He was an illegitimate child, and that his parents should not have taken pains to perpetuate the date of his birth is not surprising. Few care to make a particular record of their transgressions. His father, Gonzalo Pizarro, was a colonel of infantry, and served with some distinction in the Italian campaigns under the Great Captain, and afterwards in the wars of Navarre. His mother, named Francisca Gonzales, was a person of humble condition in the town of Truxillo.²

¹ The few writers who venture to assign the date of Pizarro's birth do it in so vague and contradictory a manner as to inspire us with but little confidence in their accounts. Herrera, it is true, says positively that he was sixty-three years old at the time of his death, in 1541. (Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 6.) This would carry back the date of his birth only to 1478. But Garcilasso de la Vega affirms that he was more than fifty years old in 1525. (Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 1.) This would place his birth before 1475. Pizarro y Orellana, who, as a kinsman of the Conqueror, may be supposed to have had better means of information, says he was fifty-four years of age at the same date of 1525. (Va-

rones ilustres del Nuevo-Mundo (Madrid, 1639), p. 128.) But at the period of his death he calls him nearly eighty years old! (p. 185.) Taking this latter as a round exaggeration for effect in the particular connection in which it is used, and admitting the accuracy of the former statement, the epoch of his birth will conform to that given in the text. This makes him somewhat late in life to set about the conquest of an empire. But Columbus, when he entered on his career, was still older.

² Xerez, Conquista del Peru, ap. Barcia tom. iii. p. 179.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Pizarro y Orellana, Varones ilustres, p. 128.

But little is told of Francisco's early years, and that little not always deserving of credit. According to some, he was deserted by both his parents, and left as a foundling at the door of one of the principal churches of the city. It is even said that he would have perished, had he not been nursed by a sow.² This is a more discreditably fountain of supply than that assigned to the infant Romulus. The early history of men who have made their names famous by deeds in after-life, like the early history of nations, affords a fruitful field for invention.

It seems certain that the young Pizarro received little care from either of his parents, and was suffered to grow up as nature dictated. He was neither taught to read nor write, and his principal occupation was that of a swineherd. But this torpid way of life did not suit the stirring spirit of Pizarro, as he grew older, and listened to the tales, widely circulated and so captivating to a youthful fancy, of the New World. He shared in the popular enthusiasm, and availed himself of a favourable moment to abandon his ignoble charge and escape to Seville, the port where the Spanish adventurers embarked to seek their fortunes in the West. Few of them could have turned their backs on their native land with less cause for regret than Pizarro.⁴

In what year this important change in his destiny took place we are not informed. The first we hear of him in the New World is at the island of Hispaniola, in 1510, where he took part in the expedition to Uraba in Terra Firma, under Alonzo de Ojeda, a cavalier whose character and achievements find no parallel but in the pages of Cervantes. Hernando Cortés, whose mother was a Pizarro, and related, it is said, to the father of Francis, was then in St. Domingo, and prepared to accompany Ojeda's expedition, but was prevented by a temporary lameness. Had he gone, the fall of the Aztec empire might have been postponed for some time longer, and the sceptre of Montezuma have descended in peace to his posterity. Pizarro shared in the disastrous fortunes of Ojeda's colony, and by his discretion obtained so far the confidence of his commander as to be left in charge of the settlement when the latter returned for supplies to the islands. The lieutenant continued at his perilous post for nearly two months, waiting deliberately until death should have thinned off the colony sufficiently to allow the miserable remnant to be embarked in the single small vessel that remained to it.⁵

After this, we find him associated with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and co-operating with him in establishing the settlement at Darien. He had the glory of accompanying this gallant cavalier in his terrible march across the mountains, and of being among the first Europeans, therefore, whose eyes were greeted with the long-promised vision of the Southern Ocean.

After the untimely death of his commander, Pizarro attached himself to the fortunes of Pedrarias, and was employed by that governor in several military expeditions, which, if they afforded nothing else, gave him the requisite training for the perils and privations that lay in the path of the future Conqueror of Peru.

In 1515 he was selected, with another cavalier, named Morales, to cross the Isthmus and traffic with the natives on the shores of the Pacific. And there,

² "Nació en Truxillo, i echaronlo á la puerta de la Iglesia, mamó una Puerca ciertos Dias, no se ballando quien le quisiese dar leche." Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 144.

⁴ According to the Comendador Pizarro y Orellana, Francis Pizarro served, while quite a stripling, with his father, in the Italian wars, and afterwards, under Columbus and other

illustrious discoverers, in the New World, whose successes the author modestly attributes to his kinsman's valour as a principal cause! Varones ilustres, p. 137.

⁵ Pizarro y Orellana, Varones ilustres, pp. 121-128.—Herrera, Hist. gen., dec. 1, lib. 7, cap. 14.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1510.

while engaged in collecting his booty of gold and pearls from the neighbouring islands, as his eye ranged along the shadowy line of coast till it faded in the distance, his imagination may have been first fired with the idea of, one day, attempting the conquest of the mysterious regions beyond the mountains. On the removal of the seat of government across the Isthmus to Panamá, Pizarro accompanied Pedrarias, and his name became conspicuous among the cavaliers who extended the line of conquest to the north over the martial tribes of Veragua. But all these expeditions, whatever glory they may have brought him, were productive of very little gold, and at the age of fifty the captain Pizarro found himself in possession only of a tract of unhealthy land in the neighbourhood of the capital, and of such *repartimientos* of the natives as were deemed suited to his military services.⁶ The New World was a lottery, where the great prizes were so few that the odds were much against the player; yet in the game he was content to stake health, fortune, and, too often, his fair fame.

Such was Pizarro's situation when, in 1522, Andagoya returned from his unfinished enterprise to the south of Panamá, bringing back with him more copious accounts than any hitherto received of the opulence and grandeur of the countries that lay beyond.⁷ It was at this time, too, that the splendid achievements of Cortés made their impression on the public mind and gave a new impulse to the spirit of adventure. The southern expeditions became a common topic of speculation among the colonists of Panamá. But the region of gold, as it lay behind the mighty curtain of the Cordilleras, was still veiled in obscurity. No idea could be formed of its actual distance; and the hardships and difficulties encountered by the few navigators who had sailed in that direction gave a gloomy character to the undertaking, which had hitherto deterred the most daring from embarking in it. There is no evidence that Pizarro showed any particular alacrity in the cause. Nor were his own funds such as to warrant any expectation of success without great assistance from others. He found this in two individuals of the colony, who took too important a part in the subsequent transactions not to be particularly noticed.

One of them, Diego de Almagro, was a soldier of fortune, somewhat older, it seems probable, than Pizarro; though little is known of his birth, and even the place of it is disputed. It is supposed to have been the town of Almagro in New Castile, whence his own name, for want of a better source, was derived; for, like Pizarro, he was a foundling.⁸ Few particulars are known of him till the present period of our history; for he was one of those whom the working of turbulent times first throws upon the surface,—less fortunate, perhaps, than if left in their original obscurity. In his military career, Almagro had earned the reputation of a gallant soldier. He was frank and liberal in his disposition, somewhat hasty and ungovernable in his passions, but, like men of a sanguine temperament, after the first sallies had passed away, not difficult

⁶ "Teniendo su casa, i Hacienda, i Repartimiento de Indios como uno de los Principales de la Tierra; porque siempre lo fue." Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 79.

⁷ Andagoya says that he obtained, while at Birú, very minute accounts of the empire of the Incas, from certain itinerant traders who frequented that country: "En esta provincia supe y hube relacion, ansí de los señores como de mercaderes é intérpretes que ellos tenían, de toda la costa de todo lo que despues se ha visto hasta el Cuzco, particularmente de cada provincia la manera y gente della, porque

estos alcanzaban por vía de mercadería mucha tierra." Navarrete, *Coleccion*, tom. iii. No. 7.

⁸ "Decia él que hera de Almagro," says Pedro Pizarro, who knew him well. *Relacion del Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reynos del Peru*, MS.—See also Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 141.—Pizarro y Orellana, *Varones Ilustres*, p. 211. The last writer admits that Almagro's parentage is unknown, but adds that the character of his early exploits infers an illustrious descent. This would scarcely pass for evidence with the College of Herald's.

to be appeased. He had, in short, the good qualities and the defects incident to an honest nature not improved by the discipline of early education or self-control.

The other member of the confederacy was Hernando de Luque, a Spanish ecclesiastic, who exercised the functions of vicar at Panamá, and had formerly filled the office of schoolmaster in the Cathedral of Darien. He seems to have been a man of singular prudence and knowledge of the world, and by his respectable qualities had acquired considerable influence in the little community to which he belonged, as well as the control of funds, which made his co-operation essential to the success of the present enterprise.

It was arranged among the three associates that the two cavaliers should contribute their little stock towards defraying the expenses of the armament, but by far the greater part of the funds was to be furnished by Luque. Pizarro was to take command of the expedition, and the business of victualing and equipping the vessels was assigned to Almagro. The associates found no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the governor to their undertaking. After the return of Andagoya, he had projected another expedition, but the officer to whom it was to be intrusted died. Why he did not prosecute his original purpose, and commit the affair to an experienced captain like Pizarro, does not appear. He was probably not displeased that the burden of the enterprise should be borne by others, so long as a good share of the profits went into his own coffers. This he did not overlook in his stipulations.⁹

Thus fortified with the funds of Luque and the consent of the governor, Almagro was not slow to make preparations for the voyage. Two small vessels were purchased, the larger of which had been originally built by Balboa for himself, with a view to this same expedition. Since his death, it had lain dismantled in the harbour of Panamá. It was now refitted as well as circumstances would permit, and put in order for sea, while the stores and provisions were got on board with an alacrity which did more credit, as the event proved, to Almagro's zeal than to his forecast.

There was more difficulty in obtaining the necessary complement of hands; for a general feeling of distrust had gathered round expeditions in this direction, which could not readily be overcome. But there were many idle hangers-on in the colony, who had come out to mend their fortunes, and were willing to take their chance of doing so, however desperate. From such materials as these, Almagro assembled a body of somewhat more than a hundred men;¹⁰ and, everything being ready, Pizarro assumed the command, and, weighing anchor, took his departure from the little port of Panamá about the middle of November, 1524. Almagro was to follow in a second vessel of inferior size, as soon as it could be fitted out.¹¹

⁹ "Así que estos tres compañeros ya dichos acordaron de yr á conquistar esta provincia ya dicha. Pues consultandolo con Pedro Arias de Avila que á la sazón hera governador en tierra firme, vino en ello haciendo compañía con los dichos compañeros con condicion que Pedro Arias no havia de contribuir entonces con ningún dinero ni otra cosa sino de lo que se hallase en la tierra de lo que á el le cupiese por virtud de la compañía de allí se pagasen los gastos que á el le cupiesen. Los tres compañeros vinieron en ello por aver esta licencia porque de otra manera no la alcanzaran." (Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Cong., MS.) Andagoya, however, affirms that the governor was interested equally with the other associates

in the adventure, each taking a fourth part on himself. (Navarrete, Colección, tom. iii. No. 7.) But whatever was the original interest of Pedrarias, it mattered little, as it was surrendered before any profits were realized from the expedition.

¹⁰ Herrera, the most popular historian of these transactions, estimates the number of Pizarro's followers at only eighty. But every other authority which I have consulted raises them to over a hundred. Father Naharro, a contemporary, and resident at Lima, even allows a hundred and twenty-nine. Relación sumaria de la Entrada de los Españoles en el Perú, MS.

¹¹ There is the usual discrepancy among

The time of year was the most unsuitable that could have been selected for the voyage; for it was the rainy season, when the navigation to the south, impeded by contrary winds, is made doubly dangerous by the tempests that sweep over the coast. But this was not understood by the adventurers. After touching at the Isle of Pearls, the frequent resort of navigators, at a few leagues' distance from Panamá, Pizarro held his way across the Gulf of St. Michael, and steered almost due south for the Puerto de Piñas, a headland in the province of Biruquete, which marked the limit of Andagoya's voyage. Before his departure, Pizarro had obtained all the information which he could derive from that officer in respect to the country, and the route he was to follow. But the cavalier's own experience had been too limited to enable him to be of much assistance.

Doubling the Puerto de Piñas, the little vessel entered the river Birú, the misapplication of which name is supposed by some to have given rise to that of the empire of the Incas.¹² After sailing up this stream for a couple of leagues, Pizarro came to anchor, and, disembarking his whole force except the sailors, proceeded at the head of it to explore the country. The land spread out into a vast swamp, where the heavy rains had settled in pools of stagnant water, and the muddy soil afforded no footing to the traveller. This dismal morass was fringed with woods, through whose thick and tangled undergrowth they found it difficult to penetrate; and, emerging from them, they came out on a hilly country, so rough and rocky in its character that their feet were cut to the bone, and the weary soldier, encumbered with his heavy mail or thick-padded doublet of cotton, found it difficult to drag one foot after the other. The heat at times was oppressive; and, fainting with toil and famished for want of food, they sank down on the earth from mere exhaustion. Such was the ominous commencement of the expedition to Peru.

Pizarro, however, did not lose heart. He endeavoured to revive the spirits of his men, and besought them not to be discouraged by difficulties which a brave heart would be sure to overcome, reminding them of the golden prize which awaited those who persevered. Yet it was obvious that nothing was to be gained by remaining longer in this desolate region. Returning to their vessel, therefore, it was suffered to drop down the river and proceed along its southern course on the great ocean.

After coasting a few leagues, Pizarro anchored off a place not very inviting in its appearance, where he took in a supply of wood and water. Then, stretching more towards the open sea, he held on in the same direction towards the south. But in this he was baffled by a succession of heavy tempests, accompanied with such tremendous peals of thunder and floods of rain as are found only in the terrible storms of the tropics. The sea was lashed into fury, and, swelling into mountain billows, threatened every moment to overwhelm the crazy little bark, which opened at every seam. For ten days the unfortunate voyagers were tossed about by the pitiless elements, and it was only by incessant exertions—the exertions of despair—that they preserved the ship from foundering. To add to their calamities, their provisions began to fail, and they were short of water, of which they had been furnished only with a

authors about the date of this expedition. Most fix it at 1525. I have conformed to Xerez, Pizarro's secretary, whose narrative was published ten years after the voyage, and who could hardly have forgotten the date of so memorable an event in so short an interval of time. (See his *Conquista del Peru*, ap. *Barcia*, tom. iii. p. 179.)—The year seems to

be settled by Pizarro's *Capitulacion* with the crown, which I had not examined till after the above was written. This instrument, dated July, 1529, speaks of his first expedition as having taken place about five years previous. (See Appendix No. 7.)

¹² Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 3, lib. 6, cap. 13.

small number of casks; for Almagro had counted on their recruiting their scanty supplies, from time to time, from the shore. Their meat was wholly consumed, and they were reduced to the wretched allowance of two ears of Indian corn a day for each man.

Thus harassed by hunger and the elements, the battered voyagers were too happy to retrace their course and regain the port where they had last taken in supplies of wood and water. Yet nothing could be more unpromising than the aspect of the country. It had the same character of low, swampy soil that distinguished the former landing-place; while thick-matted forests, of a depth which the eye could not penetrate, stretched along the coast to an interminable length. It was in vain that the wearied Spaniards endeavoured to thread the mazes of this tangled thicket, where the creepers and flowering vines, that shoot up luxuriant in a hot and humid atmosphere, had twined themselves round the huge trunks of the forest-trees and made a net-work that could be opened only with the axe. The rain, in the mean time, rarely slackened, and the ground, strewed with leaves and saturated with moisture, seemed to slip away beneath their feet.

Nothing could be more dreary and disheartening than the aspect of these funeral forests, where the exhalations from the overcharged surface of the ground poisoned the air, and seemed to allow no life, except that, indeed, of myriads of insects, whose enamelled wings glanced to and fro, like sparks of fire, in every opening of the woods. Even the brute creation appeared instinctively to have shunned the fatal spot, and neither beast nor bird of any description was seen by the wanderers. Silence reigned unbroken in the heart of these dismal solitudes; at least, the only sounds that could be heard were the plashing of the raindrops on the leaves, and the tread of the forlorn adventurers.¹³

Entirely discouraged by the aspect of the country, the Spaniards began to comprehend that they had gained nothing by changing their quarters from sea to shore, and they felt the most serious apprehensions of perishing from famine in a region which afforded nothing but such unwholesome berries as they could pick here and there in the woods. They loudly complained of their hard lot, accusing their commander as the author of all their troubles, and as deluding them with promises of a fairy-land, which seemed to recede in proportion as they advanced. It was of no use, they said, to contend against fate, and it was better to take their chance of regaining the port of Panamá in time to save their lives, than to wait where they were to die of hunger.

But Pizarro was prepared to encounter much greater evils than these before returning to Panamá, bankrupt in credit, an object of derision as a vain-glorious dreamer who had persuaded others to embark in an adventure which he had not the courage to carry through himself. The present was his only chance. To return would be ruin. He used every argument, therefore, that mortified pride or avarice could suggest to turn his followers from their purpose; represented to them that these were the troubles that necessarily lay in the path of the discoverer, and called to mind the brilliant successes of their countrymen in other quarters, and the repeated reports which they had themselves received of the rich regions along this coast, of which it required only courage and constancy on their part to become the masters. Yet, as their present exigencies were pressing, he resolved to send back the vessel to the Isle of Pearls, to lay in a fresh stock of provisions for his company, which

¹³ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. III. p. 180.—Relacion del primer. Descub., MS.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1516.—

Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 7.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 6, cap. 13.

might enable them to go forward with renewed confidence. The distance was not great, and in a few days they would all be relieved from their perilous position. The officer detached on this service was named Montenegro; and, taking with him nearly half the company, after receiving Pizarro's directions, he instantly weighed anchor and steered for the Isle of Pearls.

On the departure of his vessel, the Spanish commander made an attempt to explore the country and see if some Indian settlement might not be found, where he could procure refreshments for his followers. But his efforts were vain, and no trace was visible of a human dwelling; though in the dense and impenetrable foliage of the equatorial regions the distance of a few rods might suffice to screen a city from observation. The only means of nourishment left to the unfortunate adventurers were such shell-fish as they occasionally picked up on the shore, or the bitter buds of the palm-tree, and such berries and unsavoury herbs as grew wild in the woods. Some of these were so poisonous that the bodies of those who ate them swelled up and were tormented with racking pains. Others, preferring famine to this miserable diet, pined away from weakness and actually died of starvation. Yet their resolute leader strove to maintain his own cheerfulness and to keep up the drooping spirits of his men. He freely shared with them his scanty stock of provisions, was unwearied in his endeavours to procure them sustenance, tended the sick, and ordered barracks to be constructed for their accommodation, which might at least shelter them from the drenching storms of the season. By this ready sympathy with his followers in their sufferings he obtained an ascendancy over their rough natures which the assertion of authority, at least in the present extremity, could never have secured to him.

Day after day, week after week, had now passed away, and no tidings were heard of the vessel that was to bring relief to the wanderers. In vain did they strain their eyes over the distant waters to catch a glimpse of their coming friends. Not a speck was to be seen in the blue distance, where the canoe of the savage dared not venture, and the sail of the white man was not yet spread. Those who had borne up bravely at first now gave way to despondency, as they felt themselves abandoned by their countrymen on this desolate shore. They pined under that sad feeling which "maketh the heart sick." More than twenty of the little band had already died, and the survivors seemed to be rapidly following.¹⁴

At this crisis reports were brought to Pizarro of a light having been seen through a distant opening in the woods. He hailed the tidings with eagerness, as intimating the existence of some settlement in the neighbourhood, and, putting himself at the head of a small party, went in the direction pointed out, to reconnoitre. He was not disappointed, and, after extricating himself from a dense wilderness of underbrush and foliage, he emerged into an open space, where a small Indian village was planted. The timid inhabitants, on the sudden apparition of the strangers, quitted their huts in dismay; and the famished Spaniards, rushing in, eagerly made themselves masters of their contents. These consisted of different articles of food, chiefly maize and cocoanuts. The supply, though small, was too seasonable not to fill them with rapture.

The astonished natives made no attempt at resistance. But, gathering more confidence as no violence was offered to their persons, they drew nearer the white men, and inquired, "Why they did not stay at home and till their own lands, instead of roaming about to rob others who had never harmed

¹⁴ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 3, lib. 6, cap. 19.—*Relacion del primer. Descub.*, MS.— Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ubi supra.

them?"¹⁵ Whatever may have been their opinion as to the question of right, the Spaniards, no doubt, felt then that it would have been wiser to do so. But the savages wore about their persons gold ornaments of some size, though of clumsy workmanship. This furnished the best reply to their demand. It was the golden bait which lured the Spanish adventurer to forsake his pleasant home for the trials of the wilderness. From the Indians Pizarro gathered a confirmation of the reports he had so often received of a rich country lying farther south; and at the distance of ten days' journey across the mountains, they told him, there dwelt a mighty monarch whose dominions had been invaded by another still more powerful, the Child of the Sun.¹⁶ It may have been the invasion of Quito that was meant, by the valiant Inca Huayna Capac, which took place some years previous to Pizarro's expedition.

At length, after the expiration of more than six weeks, the Spaniards beheld with delight the return of the wandering bark that had borne away their comrades, and Montenegro sailed into port with an ample supply of provisions for his famishing countrymen. Great was his horror at the aspect presented by the latter, their wild and haggard countenances and wasted frames,—so wasted by hunger and disease that their old companions found it difficult to recognize them. Montenegro accounted for his delay by incessant head-winds and bad weather; and he himself had also a doleful tale to tell of the distress to which he and his crew had been reduced by hunger on their passage to the Isle of Pearls. It is minute incidents like these with which we have been occupied that enable one to comprehend the extremity of suffering to which the Spanish adventurer was subjected in the prosecution of his great work of discovery.

Revived by the substantial nourishment to which they had so long been strangers, the Spanish cavaliers, with the buoyancy that belongs to men of a hazardous and roving life, forgot their past distresses in their eagerness to prosecute their enterprise. Re-embarking, therefore, on board his vessel, Pizarro bade adieu to the scene of so much suffering, which he branded with the appropriate name of *Puerto de la Hambre*, the Port of Famine, and again opened his sails to a favourable breeze that bore him onwards towards the south.

Had he struck boldly out into the deep, instead of hugging the inhospitable shore, where he had hitherto found so little to recompense him, he might have spared himself the repetition of wearisome and unprofitable adventures and reached by a shorter route the point of his destination. But the Spanish mariner groped his way along these unknown coasts, landing at every convenient headland, as if fearful lest some fruitful region or precious mine might be overlooked should a single break occur in the line of survey. Yet it should be remembered that, though the true point of Pizarro's destination is obvious to us, familiar with the topography of these countries, he was wandering in the dark, feeling his way along inch by inch, as it were, without chart to guide him, without knowledge of the seas or of the bearings of the coast, and even

¹⁵ "Porque decian à los Castellanos, que por què no sembraban, i cogian, sin andar tomando los Bastimentos agenos, pasando tantos trabajos?" Herrera, Hist. general, loc. cit.

¹⁶ "Dióles noticia el viejo por medio del lengua, como diez soles de allí había un Rey muy poderoso yendo por espesas montañas, y que otro mas poderoso hijo del sol había venido de milagro á quitarle el Reino sobre que tenían muy sangrientas batallas." (Montesinos, Au-

nales, MS., año 1525.) The conquest of Quito by Huayna Capac took place more than thirty years before this period in our history. But the particulars of this revolution, its time or precise theatre, were probably but very vaguely comprehended by the rude nations in the neighbourhood of Panamá; and their allusion to it in an unknown dialect was as little comprehended by the Spanish voyagers, who must have collected their information from signs much more than words.

with no better defined idea of the object at which he aimed than that of a land, teeming with gold, that lay somewhere at the south! It was a hunt after an *El Dorado*, on information scarcely more circumstantial or authentic than that which furnished the basis of so many chimerical enterprises in this land of wonders. Success only, the best argument with the multitude, deemed the expeditions of Pizarro from a similar imputation of extravagance.

Holding on his southerly course under the lee of the shore, Pizarro, after a short run, found himself abreast of an open reach of country, or at least one less encumbered with wood, which rose by a gradual swell as it receded from the coast. He landed with a small body of men, and, advancing a short distance into the interior, fell in with an Indian hamlet. It was abandoned by the inhabitants, who on the approach of the invaders had betaken themselves to the mountains; and the Spaniards, entering their deserted dwellings, found there a good store of maize and other articles of food, and rude ornaments of gold of considerable value. Food was not more necessary for their bodies than was the sight of gold, from time to time, to stimulate their appetite for adventure. One spectacle, however, chilled their blood with horror. This was the sight of human flesh, which they found roasting before the fire, as the barbarians had left it, preparatory to their obscene repast. The Spaniards, conceiving that they had fallen in with a tribe of Caribs, the only race in that part of the New World known to be cannibals, retreated precipitately to their vessel.¹⁷ They were not steeled by sad familiarity with the spectacle, like the Conquerors of Mexico.

The weather, which had been favourable, now set in tempestuous, with heavy squalls, accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning, and the rain, as usual in these tropical tempests, descended not so much in drops as in unbroken sheets of water. The Spaniards, however, preferred to take their chance on the raging element rather than remain in the scene of such brutal abominations. But the fury of the storm gradually subsided, and the little vessel held on her way along the coast, till, coming abreast of a bold point of land named by Pizarro Punta Quemada, he gave orders to anchor. The margin of the shore was fringed with a deep belt of mangrove-trees, the long roots of which, interlacing one another, formed a kind of submarine lattice-work that made the place difficult of approach. Several avenues, opening through this tangled thicket, led Pizarro to conclude that the country must be inhabited, and he disembarked, with the greater part of his force, to explore the interior.

He had not penetrated more than a league when he found his conjecture verified by the sight of an Indian town, of larger size than those he had hitherto seen, occupying the brow of an eminence, and well defended by palisades. The inhabitants, as usual, had fled, but left in their dwellings a good supply of provisions and some gold trinkets, which the Spaniards made no difficulty of appropriating to themselves. Pizarro's flimsy bark had been strained by the heavy gales it had of late encountered, so that it was unsafe to prosecute the voyage farther without more thorough repairs than could be given to her on this desolate coast. He accordingly determined to send her back with a few hands to be careened at Panamá, and meanwhile to establish his quarters in his present position, which was so favourable for defence. But first he despatched a small party under Montenegro to reconnoitre the country, and, if possible, to open a communication with the natives.

¹⁷ "I en las Ollas de la comida, que estaban al Fuego, entre la Carne, que sacaban, havia Pies i Manos de Hombres, de donde conocieron,

que aquellos Indios eran Caribes." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 8, cap. 11.

The latter were a warlike race. They had left their habitations in order to place their wives and children in safety. But they had kept an eye on the movements of the invaders, and when they saw their forces divided they resolved to fall upon each body singly before it could communicate with the other. So soon, therefore, as Montenegro had penetrated through the defiles of the lofty hills which shoot out like spurs of the Cordilleras along this part of the coast, the Indian warriors, springing from their ambush, sent off a cloud of arrows and other missiles that darkened the air, while they made the forest ring with their shrill war-whoop. The Spaniards, astonished at the appearance of the savages, with their naked bodies gaudily painted, and brandishing their weapons as they glanced among the trees and straggling underbrush that choked up the defile, were taken by surprise and thrown for a moment into disarray. Three of their number were killed and several wounded. Yet, speedily rallying, they returned the discharge of the assailants with their cross-bows,—for Pizarro's troops do not seem to have been provided with muskets on this expedition,—and then, gallantly charging the enemy, sword in hand, succeeded in driving them back into the fastnesses of the mountains. But it only led them to shift their operations to another quarter, and make an assault on Pizarro before he could be relieved by his lieutenant.

Availing themselves of their superior knowledge of the passes, they reached that commander's quarters long before Montenegro, who had commenced a countermarch in the same direction; and, issuing from the woods, the bold savages saluted the Spanish garrison with a tempest of darts and arrows, some of which found their way through the joints of the harness and the quilted mail of the cavaliers. But Pizarro was too well-practised a soldier to be off his guard. Calling his men about him, he resolved not to abide the assault tamely in the works, but to sally out and meet the enemy on their own ground. The barbarians, who had advanced near the defences, fell back as the Spaniards burst forth with their valiant leader at their head. But, soon returning with admirable ferocity to the charge, they singled out Pizarro, whom by his bold bearing and air of authority they easily recognized as the chief, and, hurling at him a storm of missiles, wounded him, in spite of his armour, in no less than seven places.¹⁸

Driven back by the fury of the assault directed against his own person, the Spanish commander retreated down the slope of the hill, still defending himself as he could with sword and buckler, when his foot slipped, and he fell. The enemy set up a fierce yell of triumph, and some of the boldest sprang forward to despatch him. But Pizarro was on his feet in an instant, and, striking down two of the foremost with his strong arm, held the rest at bay till his soldiers could come to the rescue. The barbarians, struck with admiration at his valour, began to falter, when Montenegro luckily coming on the ground at the moment, and falling on their rear, completed their confusion; and, abandoning the field, they made the best of their way into the recesses of the mountains. The ground was covered with their slain; but the victory was dearly purchased by the death of two more Spaniards and a long list of wounded.

A council of war was then called. The position had lost its charm in the eyes of the Spaniards, who had met here with the first resistance they had yet experienced on their expedition. It was necessary to place the wounded in some secure spot, where their injuries could be attended to. Yet it was not

¹⁸ Naborro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Xerez, Couq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 180.—

Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Balboa, *Hist. du Pérou*, chap. 16.

safe to proceed farther, in the crippled state of their vessel. On the whole, it was decided to return and report their proceedings to the governor; and, though the magnificent hopes of the adventurers had not been realized, Pizarro trusted that enough had been done to vindicate the importance of the enterprise and to secure the countenance of Pedrarias for the further prosecution of it.¹⁹

Yet Pizarro could not make up his mind to present himself, in the present state of the undertaking, before the governor. He determined, therefore, to be set on shore with the principal part of his company at Chicamá, a place on the main land, at a short distance west of Panamá. From this place, which he reached without any further accident, he despatched the vessel, and in it his treasurer, Nicolas de Ribera, with the gold he had collected, and with instructions to lay before the governor a full account of his discoveries and the result of the expedition.

While these events were passing, Pizarro's associate, Almagro, had been busily employed in fitting out another vessel for the expedition at the port of Panamá. It was not till long after his friend's departure that he was prepared to follow him. With the assistance of Luque, he at length succeeded in equipping a small caravel and embarking a body of between sixty and seventy adventurers, mostly of the lowest order of the colonists. He steered in the track of his comrade, with the intention of overtaking him as soon as possible. By a signal previously concerted of notching the trees, he was able to identify the spots visited by Pizarro,—Puerto de Piñas, Puerto de la Hambre, Pueblo Quemado,—touching successively at every point of the coast explored by his countrymen, though in a much shorter time. At the last-mentioned place he was received by the fierce natives with the same hostile demonstrations as Pizarro, though in the present encounter the Indians did not venture beyond their defences. But the hot blood of Almagro was so exasperated by this check that he assaulted the place and carried it sword in hand, setting fire to the outworks and dwellings, and driving the wretched inhabitants into the forests.

His victory cost him dear. A wound from a javelin on the head caused an inflammation in one of his eyes, which, after great anguish, ended in the loss of it. Yet the intrepid adventurer did not hesitate to pursue his voyage, and, after touching at several places on the coast, some of which rewarded him with a considerable booty in gold, he reached the mouth of the Rio de San Juan, about the fourth degree of north latitude. He was struck with the beauty of the stream, and with the cultivation on its borders, which were sprinkled with Indian cottages showing some skill in their construction, and altogether intimating a higher civilization than anything he had yet seen.

Still his mind was filled with anxiety for the fate of Pizarro and his followers. No trace of them had been found on the coast for a long time, and it was evident they must have foundered at sea or made their way back to Panamá. This last he deemed most probable; as the vessel might have passed him unnoticed under the cover of the night or of the dense fogs that sometimes hang over the coast.

Impressed with this belief, he felt no heart to continue his voyage of discovery, for which, indeed, his single bark, with its small complement of men, was altogether inadequate. He proposed, therefore, to return without delay. On his way he touched at the Isle of Pearls, and there learned the result of his friend's expedition and the place of his present residence. He directed his course at once to Chicamá, where the two cavaliers soon had the satisfaction

¹⁹ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 3, lib. 8, cap. 11.—Xerez, ubi supra.

of embracing each other and recounting their several exploits and escapes. Almagro returned even better freighted with gold than his confederate, and at every step of his progress he had collected fresh confirmation of the existence of some great and opulent empire in the South. The confidence of the two friends was much strengthened by their discoveries; and they unhesitatingly pledged themselves to one another to die rather than abandon the enterprise.²⁰

The best means of obtaining the levies requisite for so formidable an undertaking—more formidable, as it now appeared to them, than before—were made the subject of long and serious discussion. It was at length decided that Pizarro should remain in his present quarters, inconvenient and even unwholesome as they were rendered by the humidity of the climate and the pestilent swarms of insects that filled the atmosphere. Almagro would pass over to Panamá, lay the case before the governor, and secure, if possible, his good will towards the prosecution of the enterprise. If no obstacle were thrown in their way from this quarter, they might hope, with the assistance of Luque, to raise the necessary supplies; while the results of the recent expedition were sufficiently encouraging to draw adventurers to their standard in a community which had a craving for excitement that gave even danger a charm, and which held life cheap in comparison with gold.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAMOUS CONTRACT—SECOND EXPEDITION—RUIZ EXPLORES THE COAST—PIZARRO'S SUFFERINGS IN THE FORESTS—ARRIVAL OF NEW RECRUITS—FRESH DISCOVERIES AND DISASTERS—PIZARRO ON THE ISLE OF GALLO.

1526-1527.

ON his arrival at Panamá, Almagro found that events had taken a turn less favourable to his views than he had anticipated. Pedrarias, the governor, was preparing to lead an expedition in person against a rebellious officer in Nicaragua; and his temper, naturally not the most amiable, was still further soured by this defection of his lieutenant and the necessity it imposed on him of a long and perilous march. When, therefore, Almagro appeared before him with the request that he might be permitted to raise further levies to prosecute his enterprise, the governor received him with obvious dissatisfaction, listened coldly to the narrative of his losses, turned an incredulous ear to his magnificent promises for the future, and bluntly demanded an account of the lives which had been sacrificed by Pizarro's obstinacy, but which, had they been spared, might have stood him in good stead in his present expedition to Nicaragua. He positively declined to countenance the rash schemes of the two adventurers any longer, and the conquest of Peru would have been crushed in the bud, but for the efficient interposition of the remaining associate, Fernando de Luque.

This sagacious ecclesiastic had received a very different impression from Almagro's narrative from that which had been made on the mind of the irritable governor. The actual results of the enterprise in gold and silver thus

²⁰ Xerez, ubi supra.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, loc. cit.—Balboa, *Hist. du Perou*, chap. 15.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Herrera,

Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 8, cap. 13.—Levinus Apollonius, fol. 12.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 103.

far, indeed, had been small,—forming a mortifying contrast to the magnitude of their expectations. But in another point of view they were of the last importance; since the intelligence which the adventurers had gained at every successive stage of their progress confirmed, in the strongest manner, the previous accounts, received from Andagoya and others, of a rich Indian empire at the south, which might repay the trouble of conquering it as well as Mexico had repaid the enterprise of Cortés. Fully entering, therefore, into the feelings of his military associates, he used all his influence with the governor to incline him to a more favourable view of Almagro's petition; and no one in the little community of Panamá exercised greater influence over the councils of the executive than Father Luque, for which he was indebted no less to his discretion and acknowledged sagacity than to his professional station.

But while Pedrarias, overcome by the arguments or importunity of the churchman, yielded a reluctant assent to the application, he took care to testify his displeasure with Pizarro, on whom he particularly charged the loss of his followers, by naming Almagro as his equal in command in the proposed expedition. This mortification sank deep into Pizarro's mind. He suspected his comrade, with what reason does not appear, of soliciting this boon from the governor. A temporary coldness arose between them, which subsided, in outward show at least, on Pizarro's reflecting that it was better to have this authority conferred on a friend than on a stranger, perhaps an enemy. But the seeds of permanent distrust were left in his bosom, and lay waiting for the due season to ripen into a fruitful harvest of discord.¹

Pedrarias had been originally interested in the enterprise, at least so far as to stipulate for a share of the gains, though he had not contributed, as it appears, a single ducat towards the expenses. He was at length, however, induced to relinquish all right to a share of the contingent profits. But in his manner of doing so he showed a mercenary spirit better becoming a petty trader than a high officer of the crown. He stipulated that the associates should secure to him the sum of one thousand *pesos de oro* in requital of his good will, and they eagerly closed with his proposal, rather than be encumbered with his pretensions. For so paltry a consideration did he resign his portion of the rich spoil of the Incas!² But the governor was not gifted with the eye of a prophet. His avarice was of that short-sighted kind which defeats itself. He had sacrificed the chivalrous Balboa just as that officer was opening to him the conquest of Peru, and he would now have quenched the spirit of enterprise, that was taking the same direction, in Pizarro and his associates.

Not long after this, in the following year, he was succeeded in his government by Don Pedro de los Rios, a cavalier of Cordova. It was the policy of the Castilian crown to allow no one of the great colonial officers to occupy the

¹ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 180.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1526.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 8, cap. 12.

² Such is the account of Oviedo, who was present at the interview between the governor and Almagro when the terms of compensation were discussed. The dialogue, which is amusing enough, and well told by the old Chronicler, may be found translated in Appendix No. 5. Another version of the affair is given in the *Relacion*, often quoted by me, of one of the Peruvian conquerors, in which Pedrarias is said to have gone out of the partnership voluntarily, from his disgust at the unpromising state of affairs: "Vuelto con

la dicha gente á Panamá, destrozados y gastados que ya no tenían haciendas para tomar con provisiones y gentes que todo lo habían gastado, el dicho Pedrarias de Avila les dijo, que ya el no quería mas hacer compañía con ellos en los gastos de la armada, que si ellos querían volver á su costa, que lo hiciesen; y así como gente que había perdido todo lo que tenía y tanto había trabajado, acordaron de tornar á proseguir su jornada y dar fin á las vidas y haciendas que les quedaba, ó descubrir aquella tierra, y ciertamente ellos tubieron grande constancia y animo." *Relacion del primer. Descub.*, MS.

same station so long as to render himself formidable by his authority.³ It had, moreover, many particular causes of disgust with Pedrarias. The functionary sent out to succeed him was fortified with ample instructions for the good of the colony, and especially of the natives, whose religious conversion was urged as a capital object, and whose personal freedom was unequivocally asserted, as loyal vassals of the crown. It is but justice to the Spanish government to admit that its provisions were generally guided by a humane and considerate policy, which was as regularly frustrated by the cupidity of the colonist and the capricious cruelty of the conqueror. The few remaining years of Pedrarias were spent in petty squabbles, both of a personal and official nature; for he was still continued in office, though in one of less consideration than that which he had hitherto filled. He survived but a few years, leaving behind him a reputation not to be envied, of one who united a pusillanimous spirit with uncontrollable passions, but who displayed, notwithstanding, a certain energy of character, or, to speak more correctly, an impetuosity of purpose, which might have led to good results had it taken a right direction. Unfortunately, his lack of discretion was such that the direction he took was rarely of service to his country or to himself.

Having settled their difficulties with the governor, and obtained his sanction to their enterprise, the confederates lost no time in making the requisite preparations for it. Their first step was to execute the memorable contract which served as the basis of their future arrangements; and, as Pizarro's name appears in this, it seems probable that that chief had crossed over to Panamá so soon as the favourable disposition of Pedrarias had been secured.⁴ The instrument, after invoking in the most solemn manner the names of the Holy Trinity and Our Lady the Blessed Virgin, sets forth that whereas the parties have full authority to discover and subdue the countries and provinces lying south of the Gulf, belonging to the empire of Peru, and as Fernando de Luque had advanced the funds for the enterprise in bars of gold of the value of twenty thousand *pesos*, they mutually bind themselves to divide equally among them the whole of the conquered territory. This stipulation is reiterated over and over again, particularly with reference to Luque, who, it is declared, is to be entitled to one-third of all lands, *repartimientos*, treasures of every kind, gold, silver, and precious stones,—to one-third even of all vassals, rents, and emoluments arising from such grants as may be conferred by the crown on either of his military associates, to be held for his own use, or for that of his heirs, assigns, or legal representative.

The two captains solemnly engage to devote themselves exclusively to the present undertaking until it is accomplished; and in case of failure in their part of the covenant they pledge themselves to reimburse Luque for his advances, for which all the property they possess shall be held responsible, and this declaration is to be a sufficient warrant for the execution of judgment

³ This policy is noticed by the sagacious Martyr: "De mutandis namque plerisque gubernatoribus, ne longa nimis imperii assuetudine insolescant, cogitatur, qui precipua non fuerint prouinciarum domitores, de hisce ducibus namque alia ratio ponderatur." (De Orbe Novo (Parisii, 1587), p. 498.) One cannot but regret that the philosopher who took so keen an interest in the successive revelations of the different portions of the New World should have died before the empire of the Incas was disclosed to Europeans. He lived to learn and to record the wonders of

"Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezuma; Not Cuzco in Peru, the richer seat of Atabalipa."

⁴ In opposition to most authorities,—but not to the judicious Quintana,—I have conformed to Montesinos, in placing the execution of the contract at the commencement of the second, instead of the first, expedition. This arrangement coincides with the date of the instrument itself, which, moreover, is reported *in extenso* by no ancient writer whom I have consulted except Montesinos.

against them, in the same manner as if it had proceeded from the decree of a court of justice.

The commanders, Pizarro and Almagro, made oath, in the name of God and the Holy Evangelists, sacredly to keep this covenant, swearing it on the missal, on which they traced with their own hands the sacred emblem of the cross. To give still greater efficacy to the compact, Father Luque administered the sacrament to the parties, dividing the consecrated wafer into three portions, of which each one of them partook; while the by-standers, says an historian, were affected to tears by this spectacle of the solemn ceremonial with which these men voluntarily devoted themselves to a sacrifice that seemed little short of insanity.⁵

The instrument, which was dated March 10th, 1526, was subscribed by Luque, and attested by three respectable citizens of Panamá, one of whom signed on behalf of Pizarro, and the other for Almagro; since neither of these parties, according to the avowal of the instrument, was able to subscribe his own name.⁶

Such was the singular compact by which three obscure individuals coolly carved out and partitioned among themselves an empire of whose extent, power, and resources, of whose situation, of whose existence even, they had no sure or precise knowledge. The positive and unhesitating manner in which they speak of the grandeur of this empire, of its stores of wealth, so conformable to the event, but of which they could have really known so little, forms a striking contrast with the general skepticism and indifference manifested by nearly every other person, high and low, in the community of Panamá.⁷

The religious tone of the instrument is not the least remarkable feature in it, especially when we contrast this with the relentless policy pursued by the very men who were parties to it in their conquest of the country. "In the name of the Prince of Peace," says the illustrious historian of America, "they ratified a contract of which plunder and bloodshed were the objects."⁸ The reflection seems reasonable. Yet, in criticising what is done, as well as what is written, we must take into account the spirit of the times.⁹ The invocation of Heaven was natural, where the object of the undertaking was in part a religious one. Religion entered more or less into the theory, at least, of the Spanish conquests in the New World. That motives of a baser sort mingled largely with these higher ones, and in different proportions according to the character of the individual, no one will deny. And few are they that have proposed to themselves a long career of action without the intermixture of some vulgar personal motive,—fame, honours, or emolument. Yet that religion furnishes a key to the American crusades, however rudely they may have been conducted, is evident from the history of their origin; from the sanction openly given to them by the Head of the Church; from the throng of self-devoted missionaries who followed in the track of the conquerors to garner up

⁵ This singular instrument is given at length by Montesinos. (Annales, MS., año 1526.) It may be found in the original in Appendix No. 6.

⁶ For some investigation of the fact, which has been disputed by more than one, of Pizarro's ignorance of the art of writing, see book 4, chap. 5, of this History.

⁷ The epithet of *loco*, or "madman," was punningly bestowed on Father Luque, for his spirited exertions in behalf of the enterprise: *Padre Luque à loco*, says Oviedo of him, as if

it were synonymous. *Historia de las Indias Islas e Tierra Firme del Mar Oceano*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 1.

⁸ Robertson, *America*, vol. iii. p. 5.

⁹ "A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ,"

says the great bard of Reason. A fair criticism will apply the same rule to action as to writing, and, in the moral estimate of conduct, will take largely into account the spirit of the age which prompted it.

the rich harvest of souls; from the reiterated instructions of the crown, the great object of which was the conversion of the natives; from those superstitious acts of the iron-hearted soldiery themselves, which, however they may be set down to fanaticism, were clearly too much in earnest to leave any ground for the charge of hypocrisy. It was indeed a fiery cross that was borne over the devoted land, scathing and consuming it in its terrible progress; but it was still the cross, the sign of man's salvation, the only sign by which generations and generations yet unborn were to be rescued from eternal perdition.

It is a remarkable fact which has hitherto escaped the notice of the historian, that Luque was not the real party to this contract. He represented another, who placed in his hands the funds required for the undertaking. This appears from an instrument signed by Luque himself and certified before the same notary that prepared the original contract. The instrument declares that the whole sum of twenty thousand *pesos* advanced for the expedition was furnished by the Licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, then at Panamá; that the vicar acted only as his agent and by his authority; and that, in consequence, the said Espinosa and no other was entitled to a third of all the profits and acquisitions resulting from the conquest of Peru. This instrument, attested by three persons, one of them the same who had witnessed the original contract, was dated on the 6th of August, 1531.¹⁰ The Licentiate Espinosa was a respectable functionary, who had filled the office of principal *alcalde* in Darien, and since taken a conspicuous part in the conquest and settlement of Tierra Firme. He enjoyed much consideration for his personal character and station; and it is remarkable that so little should be known of the manner in which the covenant so solemnly made was executed in reference to him. As in the case of Columbus, it is probable that the unexpected magnitude of the results was such as to prevent a faithful adherence to the original stipulation; and yet, from the same consideration, one can hardly doubt that the twenty thousand *pesos* of the bold speculator must have brought him a magnificent return. Nor did the worthy vicar of Panamá, as the history will show hereafter, go without his reward.

Having completed these preliminary arrangements, the three associates lost no time in making preparations for the voyage. Two vessels were purchased, larger and every way better than those employed on the former occasion. Stores were laid in, as experience dictated, on a larger scale than before, and proclamation was made of "an expedition to Peru." But the call was not readily answered by the skeptical citizens of Panamá. Of nearly two hundred men who had embarked on the former cruise, not more than three-fourths now remained.¹¹ This dismal mortality, and the emaciated, poverty-stricken aspect of the survivors, spoke more eloquently than the braggart promises and magnificent prospects held out by the adventurers. Still, there were men in the community of such desperate circumstances that any change seemed like a chance of bettering their condition. Most of the former company also, strange to say, felt more pleased to follow up the adventure to the end than to abandon

¹⁰ The instrument making this extraordinary disclosure is cited at length in a manuscript entitled *Noticia general del Perú, Tierra Firme y Chili*, by Francisco Lopez de Caravantes, a fiscal officer in these colonies. The MS., formerly preserved in the library of the great college of Cuenca at Salamanca, is now to be found in her Majesty's library at Madrid. The passage is extracted by Quintana, *Espa-*

ñoles célebres, tom. ii. Apend. No. 2, nota.

¹¹ "Con ciento i diez Hombres salió de Panamá, i fue donde estaba el Capitan Pizarro con otros cinquenta de los primeros ciento i diez, que con él salieron, i de los setenta, que el Capitan Almagro llevó, quando le fue à buscar, que los ciento i treinta à eran muertos." Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 190.

it as they saw the light of a better day dawning upon them. From these sources the two captains succeeded in mustering about one hundred and sixty men, making altogether a very inadequate force for the conquest of an empire. A few horses were also purchased, and a better supply of ammunition and military stores than before, though still on a very limited scale. Considering their funds, the only way of accounting for this must be by the difficulty of obtaining supplies at Panamá, which, recently founded, and on the remote coast of the Pacific, could be approached only by crossing the rugged barrier of mountains, which made the transportation of bulky articles extremely difficult. Even such scanty stock of materials as it possessed was probably laid under heavy contribution, at the present juncture, by the governor's preparations for his own expedition to the north.

Thus indifferently provided, the two captains, each in his own vessel, again took their departure from Panamá, under the direction of Bartholomew Ruiz, a sagacious and resolute pilot, well experienced in the navigation of the Southern Ocean. He was a native of Moguer, in Andalusia, that little nursery of nautical enterprise, which furnished so many seamen for the first voyages of Columbus. Without touching at the intervening points of the coast, which offered no attraction to the voyagers, they stood farther out to sea, steering direct for the Rio de San Juan, the utmost limit reached by Almagro. The season was better selected than on the former occasion, and they were borne along by favourable breezes to the place of their destination, which they reached without accident in a few days. Entering the mouth of the river, they saw the banks well lined with Indian habitations; and Pizarro, disembarking at the head of a party of soldiers, succeeded in surprising a small village and carrying off a considerable booty of gold ornaments found in the dwellings, together with a few of the natives.¹²

Flushed with their success, the two chiefs were confident that the sight of the rich spoil so speedily obtained could not fail to draw adventurers to their standard in Panamá; and, as they felt more than ever the necessity of a stronger force to cope with the thickening population of the country which they were now to penetrate, it was decided that Almagro should return with the treasure and beat up for reinforcements, while the pilot Ruiz, in the other vessel, should reconnoitre the country towards the south, and obtain such information as might determine their future movements. Pizarro, with the rest of the force, would remain in the neighbourhood of the river, as he was assured by the Indian prisoners that not far off in the interior was an open reach of country, where he and his men could find comfortable quarters. This arrangement was instantly put in execution. We will first accompany the intrepid pilot in his cruise towards the south.

Coasting along the great continent, with his canvas still spread to favourable winds, the first place at which Ruiz cast anchor was off the little island of Gallo, about two degrees north. The inhabitants, who were not numerous, were prepared to give him a hostile reception; for tidings of the invaders had preceded them along the country, and even reached this insulated spot. As the object of Ruiz was to explore, not to conquer, he did not care to entangle himself in hostilities with the natives: so, changing his purpose of landing, he weighed anchor, and ran down the coast as far as what is now called the Bay of St. Matthew. The country, which, as he advanced, continued to exhibit evidence of a better culture as well as of a more dense population than the parts hitherto seen, was crowded, along the shores, with spectators, who gave

¹² Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. pp. 180, 181.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*,

MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 3. lib. 8, cap. 13.

no signs of fear or hostility. They stood gazing on the vessel of the white men as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some mysterious being descended from the skies.

Without staying long enough on this friendly coast to undeceive the simple people, Ruiz, standing off shore, struck out into the deep sea; but he had not sailed far in that direction when he was surprised by the sight of a vessel, seeming in the distance like a caravel of considerable size, traversed by a large sail that carried it sluggishly over the waters. The old navigator was not a little perplexed by this phenomenon, as he was confident no European bark could have been before him in these latitudes, and no Indian nation yet discovered, not even the civilized Mexican, was acquainted with the use of sails in navigation. As he drew near, he found it was a large vessel, or rather raft, called *balsa* by the natives, consisting of a number of huge timbers of a light, porous wood, tightly lashed together, with a frail flooring of reeds raised on them by way of deck. Two masts or sturdy poles, erected in the middle of the vessel, sustained a large square sail of cotton, while a rude kind of rudder and a movable keel, made of plank inserted between the logs, enabled the mariner to give a direction to the floating fabric, which held on its course without the aid of oar or paddle.¹² The simple architecture of this craft was sufficient for the purposes of the natives, and indeed has continued to answer them to the present day; for the *balsa*, surmounted by small thatched huts or cabins, still supplies the most commodious means for the transportation of passengers and luggage on the streams and along the shores of this part of the South American continent.

On coming alongside, Ruiz found several Indians, both men and women, on board, some with rich ornaments on their persons, besides several articles wrought with considerable skill in gold and silver, which they were carrying for purposes of traffic to the different places along the coast. But what most attracted his attention was the woollen cloth of which some of their dresses were made. It was of a fine texture, delicately embroidered with figures of birds and flowers, and dyed in brilliant colours. He also observed in the boat a pair of balances made to weigh the precious metals.¹⁴ His astonishment at these proofs of ingenuity and civilization, so much higher than anything he had ever seen in the country, was heightened by the intelligence which he collected from some of these Indians. Two of them had come from Tumbez, a Peruvian port, some degrees to the south; and they gave him to understand that in their neighbourhood the fields were covered with large flocks of the animals from which the wool was obtained, and that gold and silver were almost as common as wood in the palaces of their monarch. The Spaniards listened greedily to reports which harmonized so well with their fond desires. Though half distrusting the exaggeration, Ruiz resolved to detain some of the Indians, including the natives of Tumbez, that they might repeat the

¹² "Traia sus manteles y antenas de muy fina madera y velas de algodón del mismo talle de manera que los nuestros navios." Relacion de los primeros Descubrimientos de F. Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, sacada del Codice No. 129 de la Biblioteca Imperial de Vienna, MS.

¹⁴ In a short notice of this expedition, written apparently at the time of it, or soon after, a minute specification is given of the several articles found in the *balsa*; among them are mentioned vases and mirrors of burnished silver, and curious fabrics both

cotton and woollen: "Espejos guarnecidos de la dicha plata, y tasas y otras vasijas para beber, trahian muchas mantas de lana y de algodón, y camisas y aljubas y alcaçeres y alaremes, y otras muchas ropas, todo lo mas de ello muy labrado de labores muy ricas de colores de grana y carmisi y azul y amarillo, y de todas otras colores de diversas maneras de labores y figuras de aves y animales, y Pescados, y arbolesas y trahian unos pesos cbiquitos de pesar oro como hechura de Romana, y otras muchas cosas." Relacion sacada de la Biblioteca Imperial de Vienna, MS.

wondrous tale to his commander, and at the same time, by learning the Castilian, might hereafter serve as interpreters with their countrymen. The rest of the party he suffered to proceed without further interruption on their voyage. Then, holding on his course, the prudent pilot, without touching at any other point of the coast, advanced as far as the Punta de Pasado, about half a degree south, having the glory of being the first European who, sailing in this direction on the Pacific, had crossed the equinoctial line. This was the limit of his discoveries; on reaching which he tacked about, and, standing away to the north, succeeded, after an absence of several weeks, in regaining the spot where he had left Pizarro and his comrades.¹⁵

It was high time; for the spirits of that little band had been sorely tried by the perils they had encountered. On the departure of his vessels, Pizarro marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champaign country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forests seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towered to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where Nature works on so gigantic a scale.¹⁶ Hill continued to rise above hill, as he advanced, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves to join that colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

On crossing these woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depth, where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amidst the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep gloom in every conceivable variety of colour. Birds, especially of the parrot tribe, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds above their heads, and made grimaces like the fiendish spirits of these solitudes; while hideous reptiles, engendered in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers. Here was seen the gigantic boa, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach.¹⁷ Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.¹⁸

Famine came in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest,—occasionally the potato, as it grew without cultivation, or the wild cocoanut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitoes which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering, they thought only of return;

¹⁵ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 181.—Relacion sacada de la Biblioteca Imperial de Vienna, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 8, cap. 13.—One of the authorities speaks of his having been sixty days on this cruise. I regret not to be able to give precise dates of the events in these early expeditions. But chronology is a thing beneath the notice of these ancient chroniclers, who seem to think that the date of events so

fresh in their own memory must be so in that of every one else.

¹⁶ "Todo era montañas, con arboles hasta el 'cielo!" Herrera, Hist. general, ubi supra.

¹⁷ Ibid., ubi supra.

¹⁸ Herrera, loc. cit.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 108.—Nabarro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

and all schemes of avarice and ambition—except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits—were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panamá.

It was at this crisis that the pilot Ruiz returned with the report of his brilliant discoveries; and, not long after, Almagro sailed into port with his vessel laden with provisions and a considerable reinforcement of volunteers. The voyage of that commander had been prosperous. When he arrived at Panamá, he found the government in the hands of Don Pedro de los Rios; and he came to anchor in the harbour, unwilling to trust himself on shore till he had obtained from Father Laque some account of the dispositions of the executive. These were sufficiently favourable; for the new governor had particular instructions fully to carry out the arrangements made by his predecessor with the associates. On learning Almagro's arrival, he came down to the port to welcome him, professing his willingness to afford every facility for the execution of his designs. Fortunately, just before this period a small body of military adventurers had come to Panamá from the mother-country, burning with desire to make their fortunes in the New World. They caught much more eagerly than the old and wary colonists at the golden bait held out to them; and with their addition, and that of a few supernumerary stragglers who hung about the town, Almagro found himself at the head of a reinforcement of at least eighty men, with which, having laid in a fresh supply of stores, he again set sail for the Rio de San Juan.

The arrival of the new recruits all eager to follow up the expedition, the comfortable change in their circumstances produced by an ample supply of provisions, and the glowing pictures of the wealth that awaited them in the south, all had their effect on the dejected spirits of Pizarro's followers. Their late toils and privations were speedily forgotten, and, with the buoyant and variable feelings incident to a freebooter's life, they now called as eagerly on their commander to go forward in the voyage as they had before called on him to abandon it. Availing themselves of the renewed spirit of enterprise, the captains embarked on board their vessels, and, under the guidance of the veteran pilot, steered in the same track he had lately pursued.

But the favourable season for a southern course, which in these latitudes lasts but a few months in the year, had been suffered to escape. The breezes blew steadily towards the north, and a strong current, not far from shore, set in the same direction. The winds frequently rose into tempests, and the unfortunate voyagers were tossed about, for many days, in the boiling surges, amidst the most awful storms of thunder and lightning, until at length they found a secure haven in the island of Gallo, already visited by Ruiz. As they were now too strong in numbers to apprehend an assault, the crews landed, and, experiencing no molestation from the natives, they continued on the island for a fortnight, refitting their damaged vessels, and recruiting themselves after the fatigues of the ocean. Then, resuming their voyage, the captains stood towards the south until they reached the bay of St. Matthew. As they advanced along the coast, they were struck, as Ruiz had been before, with the evidences of a higher civilization constantly exhibited in the general aspect of the country and its inhabitants. The hand of cultivation was visible in every quarter. The natural appearance of the coast, too, had something in it more inviting; for instead of the eternal labyrinth of mangrove-trees, with their complicated roots snarled into formidable coils under the water, as if to waylay and entangle the voyager, the low margin of the sea was covered with a stately growth of ebony, and with a species of mahogany, and other hard woods that take the most brilliant and variegated polish. The sandal-wood,

and many balsamic trees of unknown names, scattered their sweet odours far and wide, not in an atmosphere tainted with vegetable corruption, but on the pure breezes of the ocean, bearing health as well as fragrance on their wings. Broad patches of cultivated land intervened, disclosing hill-sides covered with the yellow maize and the potato, or checkered, in the lower levels, with blooming plantations of cacao.¹⁹

The villages became more numerous; and, as the vessels rode at anchor off the port of Tacamez, the Spaniards saw before them a town of two thousand houses or more, laid out into streets, with a numerous population clustering around it in the suburbs.²⁰ The men and women displayed many ornaments of gold and precious stones about their persons, which may seem strange considering that the Peruvian Incas claimed a monopoly of jewels for themselves and the nobles on whom they condescended to bestow them. But, although the Spaniards had now reached the outer limits of the Peruvian empire, it was not Peru, but Quito, and that portion of it but recently brought under the sceptre of the Incas, where the ancient usages of the people could hardly have been effaced under the oppressive system of the American despots. The adjacent country was, moreover, particularly rich in gold, which, collected from the washings of the streams, still forms one of the staple products of Barbacoas. Here, too, was the fair River of Emeralds, so called from the quarries of the beautiful gem on its borders, from which the Indian monarchs enriched their treasury.²¹

The Spaniards gazed with delight on these undeniable evidences of wealth, and saw in the careful cultivation of the soil a comfortable assurance that they had at length reached the land which had so long been seen in brilliant, though distant, perspective before them. But here again they were doomed to be disappointed by the warlike spirit of the people, who, conscious of their own strength, showed no disposition to quail before the invaders. On the contrary, several of their canoes shot out, loaded with warriors, who, displaying a gold mask as their ensign, hovered round the vessels with looks of defiance, and, when pursued, easily took shelter under the lee of the land.²²

A more formidable body mustered along the shore, to the number, according to the Spanish accounts, of at least ten thousand warriors, eager, apparently, to come to close action with the invaders. Nor could Pizarro, who had landed with a party of his men in the hope of a conference with the natives, wholly prevent hostilities; and it might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy so superior in numbers, but for a ludicrous

¹⁹ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 181.—Relacion sacada de la Biblioteca Imperial de Vienna, MS.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1526.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 1.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

²⁰ Pizarro's secretary speaks of one of the towns as containing 3000 houses: "En esta Tierra havia muchos Mantenimientos, i la Gente tenia mui buena orden de vivir, los Pueblos con sus Calles, i Plazas: Pueblo havia que tenia mas de tres mil Casas, i otros havia menores." *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 181.

²¹ Stevenson, who visited this part of the coast early in the present century, is profuse in his description of its mineral and vegetable treasures. The emerald-mine in the neighbourhood of Las Esmeraldas, once so famous, is now placed under the ban of a superstition

more befitting the times of the Incas. "I never visited it," says the traveller, "owing to the superstitious dread of the natives, who assured me that it was enchanted, and guarded by an enormous dragon, which poured forth thunder and lightning on those who dared to ascend the river." *Residence in South America*, vol. ii. p. 406.

²² "Salieron á los dichos navios quatorce canoas grandes con muchos Indios dos armados de oro y plata, y trabian en la una canoa ó en estandarte y encima de él un bolto de un mucho desio de oro, y dieron una suelta á los navios por avisarlos en manera que no los pudiese enofar, y así dieron vuelta acta á su pueblo, y los navios no los pudieron tomar porque se metieron en los baxos junto á la tierra." *Relacion sacada de la Biblioteca Imperial de Vienna*, MS.

accident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which so astonished the barbarians, who were not prepared for this division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that, filled with consternation, they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels!²³

A council of war was now called. It was evident that the forces of the Spaniards were unequal to a contest with so numerous and well-appointed a body of natives; and, even if they should prevail here, they could have no hope of stemming the torrent which must rise against them in their progress, — for the country was becoming more and more thickly settled, and towns and hamlets started into view at every new headland which they doubled. It was better, in the opinion of some, — the faint-hearted, — to abandon the enterprise at once, as beyond their strength. But Almagro took a different view of the affair. "To go home," he said, "with nothing done, would be ruin, as well as disgrace. There was scarcely one but had left creditors at Panamá, who looked for payment to the fruits of this expedition. To go home now would be to deliver themselves at once into their hands. It would be to go to prison. Better to roam a freeman, though in the wilderness, than to lie bound with fetters in the dungeons of Panamá."²⁴ "The only course for them," he concluded, "was the one lately pursued. Pizarro might find some more commodious place where he could remain with part of the force while he himself went back for recruits to Panamá. The story they had now to tell of the riches of the land, as they had seen them with their own eyes, would put their expedition in a very different light, and could not fail to draw to their banner as many volunteers as they needed."

But this recommendation, however judicious, was not altogether to the taste of the latter commander, who did not relish the part, which constantly fell to him, of remaining behind in the swamps and forests of this wild country. "It is all very well," he said to Almagro, "for you, who pass your time pleasantly enough, careering to and fro in your vessel, or snugly sheltered in a land of plenty at Panamá; but it is quite another matter for those who stay behind to droop and die of hunger in the wilderness."²⁵ To this Almagro retorted with some heat, professing his own willingness to take charge of the brave men who would remain with him, if Pizarro declined it. The controversy assuming a more angry and menacing tone, from words they would have soon come to blows, as both, laying their hands on their swords, were preparing to rush on each other, when the treasurer Ribera, aided by the pilot Ruiz, suc-

²³ "Al tiempo del romper los unos con los otros, uno de aquellos de caballo cayó del caballo abajo; y como los Indios vieron dividirse aquel animal en dos partes, teniendo por cierto que todo era una cosa, fué tanto el miedo que tubieron que volvieron las espaldas dando voces á los suyos, diciendo, que se habia hecho dos haciendo admiracion dello: lo cual no fué sin misterio; porque á no acacer esto se presume, que mataran todos los cristianos." (Relacion del primer Descub., MS.) This way of accounting for the panic of the barbarians is certainly quite as credible as the explanation, under similar circumstances, afforded by the apparition of the militant apostle St. James, so often noticed by the historians of these wars.

²⁴ "No era bien bolver pobres, á pedir limosna, i morir en las Carceles, los que tenian deudas." Herrera, Hist. general, dec.

3, lib. 10, cap. 2.

²⁵ "Como iba, i venia en los Navios, adonde no le faltaba Vitualia, no padecia la miseria de la hambre, i otras angustias que tenian, i ponian á todos en estrema congoja." (Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 2.) The cavaliers of Cortés and Pizarro, however doughty their achievements, certainly fell short of those knights-errant, commemorated by Hudibras, who,

"As some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink;
Because, when thorough deserts vast
And regions desolate they past,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight."

ceeded in pacifying them. It required but little effort on the part of these cooler counsellors to convince the cavaliers of the folly of a conduct which must at once terminate the expedition in a manner little creditable to its projectors. A reconciliation consequently took place, sufficient, at least in outward show, to allow the two commanders to act together in concert. Almagro's plan was then adopted; and it only remained to find out the most secure and convenient spot for Pizarro's quarters.

Several days were passed in touching at different parts of the coast, as they retraced their course; but everywhere the natives appeared to have caught the alarm, and assumed a menacing, and from their numbers a formidable, aspect. The more northerly region, with its unwholesome fens and forests, where nature wages a war even more relentless than man, was not to be thought of. In this perplexity, they decided on the little island of Gallo, as being, on the whole, from its distance from the shore, and from the scantiness of its population, the most eligible spot for them in their forlorn and destitute condition.²⁶

But no sooner was the resolution of the two captains made known than a feeling of discontent broke forth among their followers, especially those who were to remain with Pizarro on the island. "What!" they exclaimed, "were they to be dragged to that obscure spot to die by hunger? The whole expedition had been a cheat and a failure, from beginning to end. The golden countries, so much vaunted, had seemed to fly before them as they advanced; and the little gold they had been fortunate enough to glean had all been sent back to Panamá to entice other fools to follow their example. What had they got in return for all their sufferings? The only treasures they could boast were their bows and arrows, and they were now to be left to die on this dreary island, without so much as a rood of consecrated ground to lay their bones in!"²⁷

In this exasperated state of feeling, several of the soldiers wrote back to their friends, informing them of their deplorable condition, and complaining of the cold-blooded manner in which they were to be sacrificed to the obstinate cupidity of their leaders. But the latter were wary enough to anticipate this movement, and Almagro defeated it by seizing all the letters in the vessels and thus cutting off at once the means of communication with their friends at home. Yet this act of unscrupulous violence, like most other similar acts, fell short of its purpose; for a soldier named Sarabia had the ingenuity to evade it by introducing a letter into a ball of cotton, which was to be taken to Panamá as a specimen of the products of the country and presented to the governor's lady.²⁸

The letter, which was signed by several of the disaffected soldiery besides the writer, painted in gloomy colours the miseries of their condition, accused the two commanders of being the authors of this, and called on the authorities

²⁶ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Relacion sacada de la Biblioteca Imperial de Viena, MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Zarate Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 2.—It was singularly unfortunate that Pizarro, instead of striking farther south, should have so long clung to the northern shores of the continent. Dampier notices them as afflicted with incessant rain; while the inhospitable forests and the particularly ferocious character of the natives continued to make these regions but little known down to his time. See his

Voyages and Adventures (London, 1776), vol. 1, chap. 14.

²⁷ "Miserablemente morir adonde aun no havia lugar Sagrado, para sepultura de sus cuerpos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 3.

²⁸ "Metieron en un ovillo de algodón una carta firmada de muchos en que sumariamente daban cuenta de las hambres, muertes y desnudez que padecian, y que era cosa de risa todo, pues las riquezas se habian convertido en flechas, y no havia otra cosa." Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1527.

at Panamá to interfere by sending a vessel to take them from the desolate spot while some of them might still be found surviving the horrors of their confinement. The epistle concluded with a stanza, in which the two leaders were stigmatized as partners in a slaughter-house,—one being employed to drive in the cattle for the other to butcher. The verses, which had a currency in their day among the colonists to which they were certainly not entitled by their poetical merits, may be thus rendered into corresponding doggerel :

" Look out, Señor Governor,
For the drover while he's near ;
Since he goes home to get the sheep
For the butcher, who stays here,"

CHAPTER IV.

INDIGNATION OF THE GOVERNOR—STERN RESOLUTION OF PIZARRO—PROSECUTION OF THE VOYAGE—BRILLIANT ASPECT OF TUMBEZ—DISCOVERIES ALONG THE COAST—RETURN TO PANAMA—PIZARRO EMBARKS FOR SPAIN.

1527—1528.

Nor long after Almagro's departure, Pizarro sent off the remaining vessel, under the pretext of its being put in repair at Panamá. It probably relieved him of a part of his followers, whose mutinous spirit made them an obstacle rather than a help in his forlorn condition, and with whom he was the more willing to part from the difficulty of finding subsistence on the barren spot which he now occupied.

Great was the dismay occasioned by the return of Almagro and his followers in the little community of Panamá ; for the letter surreptitiously conveyed in the ball of cotton fell into the hands for which it was intended, and the contents soon got abroad, with the usual quantity of exaggeration. The haggard and dejected mien of the adventurers, of itself, told a tale sufficiently disheartening, and it was soon generally believed that the few ill-fated survivors of the expedition were detained against their will by Pizarro, to end their days with their disappointed leader on his desolate island.

Pedro de los Rios, the governor, was so much incensed at the result of the expedition, and the waste of life it had occasioned to the colony, that he turned a deaf ear to all the applications of Luque and Almagro for further countenance in the affair ; he derided their sanguine anticipations of the future, and finally resolved to send an officer to the isle of Gallo, with orders to bring back every Spaniard whom he should find still living in that dreary abode. Two vessels were immediately despatched for the purpose, and placed under charge of a cavalier named Tafur, a native of Cordova.

Meanwhile, Pizarro and his followers were experiencing all the miseries which might have been expected from the character of the barren spot on which they were imprisoned. They were, indeed, relieved from all apprehensions of the natives, since these had quitted the island on its occupation

²² Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 181.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS. —Balboa, Hist. du Pérou, chap. 15.—" Al fin de la peticion que hacian en la carta al Governador puso Juan de Sarabia, natural de Trujillo, esta cuarteta :

Pues Señor Gobernador,
Mírelo bien por entero
que allá va el recogedor,
y acá queda el carnicero."
Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1527.

by the white men; but they had to endure the pains of hunger even in a greater degree than they had formerly experienced in the wild woods of the neighbouring continent. Their principal food was crabs and such shell-fish as they could scantily pick up along the shores. Incessant storms of thunder and lightning, for it was the rainy season, swept over the devoted island and drenched them with a perpetual flood. Thus, half naked, and pining with famine, there were few in that little company who did not feel the spirit of enterprise quenched within them, or who looked for any happier termination of their difficulties than that afforded by a return to Panamá. The appearance of Tafur, therefore, with his two vessels, well stored with provisions, was greeted with all the rapture that the crew of a sinking wreck might feel on the arrival of some unexpected succour; and the only thought, after satisfying the immediate cravings of hunger, was to embark and leave the detested isle for ever.

But by the same vessel letters came to Pizarro from his two confederates, Luque and Almagro, beseeching him not to despair in his present extremity, but to hold fast to his original purpose. To return under the present circumstances would be to seal the fate of the expedition; and they solemnly engaged, if he would remain firm at his post, to furnish him in a short time with the necessary means for going forward.¹

A ray of hope was enough for the courageous spirit of Pizarro. It does not appear that he himself had entertained, at any time, thoughts of returning. If he had, these words of encouragement entirely banished them from his bosom, and he prepared to stand the fortune of the cast on which he had so desperately ventured. He knew, however, that solicitations or remonstrances would avail little with the companions of his enterprise; and he probably did not care to win over the more timid spirits who, by perpetually looking back, would only be a clog on his future movements. He announced his own purpose, however, in a laconic but decided manner, characteristic of a man more accustomed to act than to talk, and well calculated to make an impression on his rough followers.

Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches; here, Panamá and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line.² He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name imports, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader, for good or for evil.³ Fame, to quote the enthu-

¹ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 182.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 2.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1527.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 3.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

² "Obedeciola Pizarro y antes que se egecutase sacó un Puñal, y con notable animo hizo con la punta una raya de Oriente á Poniente; y señalando al medio dia, que era la parte de su noticia, y derrotero dijo: Camaradas y amigos, esta parte es la de la muerte, de los trabajos, de las hambres, de la desnudez, de los agnaceros, y desamparos; la otra la del gusto: Por aquí se ba á Panama á ser

pobres, por allá al Peru á ser ricos. Escoja el que fuere buen Castellano lo que mas bien le estubiere. Diciendo esto pasó la raya: signieronle Barthome Ruiz natural de Moguer, Pedro de Candi Griego, natural de Candia." Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1527.

³ The names of these thirteen faithful companions are preserved in the convention made with the crown two years later, where they are suitably commemorated for their loyalty. Their names should not be omitted in a history of the Conquest of Peru. They were "Bartolomé Ruiz, Cristoval de Peralta, Pedro de Candia, Domingo de Soria Luce, Nicolás de

siastic language of an ancient chronicler, has commemorated the names of this little band, "who thus, in the face of difficulties unexampled in history, with death rather than riches for their reward, preferred it all to abandoning their honour, and stood firm by their leader as an example of loyalty to future ages."⁴

But the act excited no such admiration in the mind of Tafur, who looked on it as one of gross disobedience to the commands of the governor, and as little better than madness, involving the certain destruction of the parties engaged in it. He refused to give any sanction to it himself by leaving one of his vessels with the adventurers to prosecute their voyage, and it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded even to allow them a part of the stores which he had brought for their support. This had no influence on their determination, and the little party, bidding adieu to their returning comrades, remained unshaken in their purpose of abiding the fortunes of their commander.⁵

There is something striking to the imagination in the spectacle of these few brave spirits thus consecrating themselves to a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight-errantry. A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny.⁶ Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion, now so temptingly presented, for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.

In the vessel that bore back Tafur and those who seceded from the expedition the pilot Ruiz was also permitted to return, in order to co-operate with Luque and Almagro in their application for further succour.

Not long after the departure of the ships, it was decided by Pizarro to abandon his present quarters, which had little to recommend them, and which, he reflected, might now be exposed to annoyance from the original

Ribera, Francisco de Cuellar, Alonso de Molina, Pedro Alcon, Garcia de Jerez, Anton de Carrion, Alonso Briceño, Martin de Paz, Joan de la Torre."

⁴ "Estos fueron los trece de la fama. Estos los que cercados de los mayores trabajos que pudo el Mundo ofrecer á hombres, y los que estando mas para esperar la muerte que las riquezas que se les prometian, todo lo pospusieron á la honra, y siguieron á su capitán y caudillo para egemplo de lealtad en lo futuro." Montesinos, Anuales, MS., año 1527.

⁵ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 2.—Montesinos, Anuales, MS., año 1527.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 3.

⁶ This common sentiment is expressed with

uncommon beauty by the fanciful Bolardo, where he represents Rinaldo as catching Fortune, under the guise of the fickle fairy Morgana, by the forelock. The Italian reader may not be displeased to refresh his memory with it:

"Chi cerca in questo mondo aver tesoro,
O diletto, e piacere, honore, e stato,
Ponga la mano a questa chioma d'oro,
Ch'io porto in fronte, e lo farò beato;
Ma quando ha in destro sí fatto lavoro
Non prenda indugio, che 'l tempo passato
Persuto è tutto, e non ritorna mai,
Ed io mi volto, e lui lascio con guai."

Orlando Innamorato, lib. 2, canto 8

inhabitants, should they take courage and return on learning the diminished number of the white men. The Spaniards, therefore, by his orders, constructed a rude boat or raft, on which they succeeded in transporting themselves to the little island of Gorgona, twenty-five leagues to the north of their present residence. It lay about five leagues from the continent, and was uninhabited. It had some advantages over the isle of Gallo; for it stood higher above the sea, and was partially covered with wood, which afforded shelter to a species of pheasant, and the hare or rabbit of the country, so that the Spaniards, with their cross-bows, were enabled to procure a tolerable supply of game. Cool streams that issued from the living rock furnished abundance of water, though the drenching rains that fell without intermission left them in no danger of perishing by thirst. From this annoyance they found some protection in the rude huts which they constructed; though here, as in their former residence, they suffered from the no less intolerable annoyance of venomous insects, which multiplied and swarmed in the exhalations of the rank and stimulated soil. In this dreary abode Pizarro omitted no means by which to sustain the drooping spirits of his men. Morning prayers were duly said, and the evening hymn to the Virgin was regularly chanted; the festivals of the Church were carefully commemorated, and every means taken by their commander to give a kind of religious character to his enterprise, and to inspire his rough followers with a confidence in the protection of Heaven, that might support them in their perilous circumstances.⁷

In these uncomfortable quarters, their chief employment was to keep watch on the melancholy ocean, that they might hail the first signal of the anticipated succour. But many a tedious month passed away, and no sign of it appeared. All around was the same wide waste of waters, except to the eastward, where the frozen crest of the Andes, touched with the ardent sun of the equator, glowed like a ridge of fire along the whole extent of the great continent. Every speck in the distant horizon was carefully noticed, and the drifting timber or masses of sea-weed, heaving to and fro on the bosom of the waters, was converted by their imaginations into the promised vessel; till, sinking under successive disappointments, hope gradually gave way to doubt, and doubt settled into despair.⁸

Meanwhile the vessel of Tafur had reached the port of Panamá. The tidings which she brought of the inflexible obstinacy of Pizarro and his followers filled the governor with indignation. He could look on it in no other light than as an act of suicide, and steadily refused to send further assistance to men who were obstinately bent on their own destruction. Yet Luque and Almagro were true to their engagements. They represented to the governor that, if the conduct of their comrade was rash, it was at least in the service of the crown and in prosecuting the great work of discovery. Rios had been instructed, on his taking the government, to aid Pizarro in the enterprise; and to desert him now would be to throw away the remaining chance of success, and to incur the responsibility of his death and that of the brave men who adhered to him. These remonstrances, at length, so far operated on the mind of that functionary that he reluctantly consented that a vessel should be sent to the island of Gorgona, but with no more hands than were necessary to work her, and with positive instructions to Pizarro to return in six months

* "Cada Mañana daban gracias á Dios: á las tardes decían la Salve, i otras Oraciones, por las Horas. sabían las Fiestas, i tenían cuenta con los Viernes, i Domingos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 3.

* "Al cabo de muchos Dias aguardando, estaban tan angustiados, que los salages, que se hacían bien dentro de la Mar, les parecia, que era el Navio." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 4.

and report himself at Panamá, whatever might be the future results of his expedition.

Having thus secured the sanction of the executive, the two associates lost no time in fitting out a small vessel with stores and a supply of arms and ammunition, and despatched it to the island. The unfortunate tenants of this little wilderness, who had now occupied it for seven months,⁹ hardly dared to trust their senses when they descried the white sails of the friendly bark coming over the waters. And although, when the vessel anchored off the shore, Pizarro was disappointed to find that it brought no additional recruits for the enterprise, yet he greeted it with joy, as affording the means of solving the great problem of the existence of the rich southern empire, and of thus opening the way for its future conquest. Two of his men were so ill that it was determined to leave them in the care of some of the friendly Indians who had continued with him through the whole of his sojourn, and to call for them on his return. Taking with him the rest of his hardy followers and the natives of Tumbes, he embarked, and, speedily weighing anchor, bade adieu to the "Hell," as it was called by the Spaniards, which had been the scene of so much suffering and such undaunted resolution.¹⁰

Every heart was now elated with hope, as they found themselves once more on the waters, under the guidance of the good pilot Ruiz, who, obeying the directions of the Indians, proposed to steer for the land of Tumbes, which would bring them at once into the golden empire of the Incas,—the El Dorado of which they had been so long in pursuit. Passing by the dreary isle of Gallo, which they had such good cause to remember, they stood farther out to sea until they made Point Tacumez, near which they had landed on the previous voyage. They did not touch at any part of the coast, but steadily held on their way, though considerably impeded by the currents, as well as by the wind, which blew with little variation from the south. Fortunately, the wind was light, and, as the weather was favourable, their voyage, though slow, was not uncomfortable. In a few days they came in sight of Point Pasado, the limit of the pilot's former navigation; and, crossing the line, the little bark entered upon those unknown seas which had never been ploughed by European keel before. The coast, they observed, gradually declined from its former bold and rugged character, gently sloping towards the shore, and spreading out into sandy plains, relieved here and there by patches of uncommon richness and beauty; while the white cottages of the natives glistening along the margin of the sea, and the smoke that rose among the distant hills, intimated the increasing population of the country.

At length, after the lapse of twenty days from their departure from the island, the adventurous vessel rounded the point of St. Helena and glided smoothly into the waters of the beautiful gulf of Guayaquil. The country was here studded along the shore with towns and villages, though the mighty chain of the Cordilleras, sweeping up abruptly from the coast, left but a narrow strip of emerald verdure, through which numerous rivulets, spreading fertility around them, wound their way to the sea.

The voyagers were now abreast of some of the most stupendous heights of this magnificent range; Chimborazo, with its broad round summit, towering like the dome of the Andes, and Cotopaxi, with its dazzling cone of silvery white, that knows no change except from the action of its own volcanic fires;

⁹ "Estubieron con estos trabajos con igualdad de animo siete meses." Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1527.

¹⁰ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom.

iii. p. 182.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1527.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 4.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

for this mountain is the most terrible of the American volcanoes, and was in formidable activity at no great distance from the period of our narrative. Well pleased with the signs of civilization that opened on them at every league of their progress, the Spaniards at length came to anchor, off the island of Santa Clara, lying at the entrance of the bay of Tumbez.¹¹

The place was uninhabited, but was recognized by the Indians on board as occasionally resorted to by the warlike people of the neighbouring island of Puná for purposes of sacrifice and worship. The Spaniards found on the spot a few bits of gold rudely wrought into various shapes, and probably designed as offerings to the Indian deity. Their hearts were cheered, as the natives assured them they would see abundance of the same precious metal in their own city of Tumbez.

The following morning they stood across the bay for this place. As they drew near, they beheld a town of considerable size, with many of the buildings apparently of stone and plaster, situated in the bosom of a fruitful meadow, which seemed to have been redeemed from the sterility of the surrounding country by careful and minute irrigation. When at some distance from shore, Pizarro saw standing towards him several large balsas, which were found to be filled with warriors going on an expedition against the island of Puná. Running alongside of the Indian flotilla, he invited some of the chiefs to come on board of his vessel. The Peruvians gazed with wonder on every object which met their eyes, and especially on their own countrymen, whom they had little expected to meet there. The latter informed them in what manner they had fallen into the hands of the strangers, whom they described as a wonderful race of beings, that had come thither for no harm, but solely to be made acquainted with the country and its inhabitants. This account was confirmed by the Spanish commander, who persuaded the Indians to return in their balsas and report what they had learned to their townsmen, requesting them at the same time to provide his vessel with refreshments, as it was his desire to enter into friendly intercourse with the natives.

The people of Tumbez were gathered along the shore, and were gazing with unutterable amazement on the floating castle, which, now having dropped anchor, rode lazily at its moorings in their bay. They eagerly listened to the accounts of their countrymen, and instantly reported the affair to the *curaca* or ruler of the district, who, conceiving that the strangers must be beings of a superior order, prepared at once to comply with their request. It was not long before several balsas were seen steering for the vessel, laden with bananas, plantains, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pine-apples, cocoanuts, and other rich products of the bountiful vale of Tumbez. Game and fish, also, were added, with a number of llamas, of which Pizarro had seen the rude drawings belonging to Balboa, but of which till now he had met with no living specimen. He examined this curious animal, the Peruvian sheep,—or, as the Spaniards called it, the “little camel” of the Indians,—with much interest, greatly admiring the mixture of wool and hair which supplied the natives with the materials for their fabrics.

At that time there appeared to be at Tumbez an Inca noble, or *orejón*,—for so, as I have already noticed, men of his rank were called by the Spaniards, from the huge ornaments of gold attached to their ears. He expressed great

¹¹ According to Garcilasso, two years elapsed between the departure from Gorgona and the arrival at Tumbez. (Com. Real., Parte 2. lib. 1, cap. 11.) Such gross defiance of chronology is rather uncommon even in the narratives of

these transactions, where it is as difficult to fix a precise date, amidst the silence, rather than the contradictions, of contemporary statements, as if the events had happened before the deluge.

curiosity to see the wonderful strangers, and had, accordingly, come out with the balsams for the purpose. It was easy to perceive from the superior quality of his dress, as well as from the deference paid to him by the others, that he was a person of consideration; and Pizarro received him with marked distinction. He showed him the different parts of the ship, explaining to him the uses of whatever engaged his attention, and answering his numerous queries, as well as he could, by means of the Indian interpreters. The Peruvian chief was especially desirous of knowing whence and why Pizarro and his followers had come to these shores. The Spanish captain replied that he was the vassal of a great prince, the greatest and most powerful in the world, and that he had come to this country to assert his master's *lawful supremacy* over it. He had further come to rescue the inhabitants from the darkness of unbelief in which they were now wandering. They worshipped an evil spirit, who would sink their souls into everlasting perdition; and he would give them the knowledge of the true and only God, Jesus Christ, since to believe in Him was eternal salvation.¹²

The Indian prince listened with deep attention and apparent wonder, but answered nothing. It may be that neither he nor his interpreters had any very distinct ideas of the doctrines thus abruptly revealed to them. It may be that he did not believe there was any other potentate on earth greater than the Inca; none, at least, who had a better right to rule over his dominions. And it is very possible he was not disposed to admit that the great luminary whom he worshipped was inferior to the God of the Spaniards. But whatever may have passed in the untutored mind of the barbarian, he did not give vent to it, but maintained a discreet silence, without any attempt to controvert or to convince his Christian antagonist.

He remained on board the vessel till the hour of dinner, of which he partook with the Spaniards, expressing his satisfaction at the strange dishes, and especially pleased with the wine, which he pronounced far superior to the fermented liquors of his own country. On taking leave, he courteously pressed the Spaniards to visit Tumbez, and Pizarro dismissed him with the present, among other things, of an iron hatchet, which had greatly excited his admiration; for the use of iron, as we have seen, was as little known to the Peruvians as the Mexicans.

On the day following, the Spanish captain sent one of his own men, named Alonso de Molina, on shore, accompanied by a negro who had come in the vessel from Panamá, together with a present for the curaca of some swine and poultry, neither of which were indigenous to the New World. Towards evening his emissary returned with a fresh supply of fruits and vegetables, that the friendly people sent to the vessel. Molina had a wondrous tale to tell. On landing, he was surrounded by the natives, who expressed the greatest astonishment at his dress, his fair complexion, and his long beard. The women, especially, manifested great curiosity in respect to him, and Molina seemed to be entirely won by their charms and captivating manners. He probably intimated his satisfaction by his demeanour, since they urged him to stay among them, promising in that case to provide him with a beautiful wife.

Their surprise was equally great at the complexion of his sable companion. They could not believe it was natural, and tried to rub off the imaginary dye with their hands. As the African bore all this with characteristic good humour,

¹² The text abridges somewhat the discourse of the military polemic; which is reported at length by Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 4.—See also Montesinos, Annales,

MS., año 1527.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Relacion del primer Descub. MS.

displaying at the same time his rows of ivory teeth, they were prodigiously delighted.¹³ The animals were no less above their comprehension; and, when the cock crew, the simple people clapped their hands and inquired what he was saying.¹⁴ Their intellects were so bewildered by sights so novel that they seemed incapable of distinguishing between man and brute.

Molina was then escorted to the residence of the curaca, whom he found living in much state, with porters stationed at his doors, and with a quantity of gold and silver vessels, from which he was served. He was then taken to different parts of the Indian city, and saw a fortress built of rough stone, and, though low, spreading over a large extent of ground.¹⁵ Near this was a temple; and the Spaniard's description of its decorations, blazing with gold and silver, seemed so extravagant that Pizarro, distrusting his whole account, resolved to send a more discreet and trustworthy emissary on the following day.¹⁶

The person selected was Pedro de Candia, the Greek cavalier mentioned as one of the first who intimated his intention to share the fortunes of his commander. He was sent on shore, dressed in complete mail, as became a good knight, with his sword by his side, and his arquebuse on his shoulder. The Indians were even more dazzled by his appearance than by Molina's, as the sun fell brightly on his polished armour and glanced from his military weapons. They had heard much of the formidable arquebuse from their townsmen who had come in the vessel, and they besought Candia "to let it speak to them." He accordingly set up a wooden board as a target, and, taking deliberate aim, fired off the musket. The flash of the powder and the startling report of the piece, as the board, struck by the ball, was shivered into splinters, filled the natives with dismay. Some fell on the ground, covering their faces with their hands, and others approached the cavalier with feelings of awe, which were gradually dispelled by the assurance they received from the smiling expression of his countenance.¹⁷

They then showed him the same hospitable attentions which they had paid to Molina; and his description of the marvels of the place, on his return, fell nothing short of his predecessor's. The fortress, which was surrounded by a triple row of wall, was strongly garrisoned. The temple he described as literally tapestried with plates of gold and silver. Adjoining this structure was a sort of convent appropriated to the Inca's destined brides, who manifested great curiosity to see him. Whether this was gratified is not clear; but Candia described the gardens of the convent, which he entered, as glowing

¹³ "No se cansaban de mirarle, hacianle labar, para ver si se le quitaba la Tinta negra, i èl ho hacia de buena gana, riendose, i mostrando sus Dientes blancos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 5.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

¹⁵ "Cerca del solia estar una fortaleza muy fuerte y de libda obra, hecha por los Yngas reyes del Cuzco y señores de todo el Peru. . . . Ya esta el edificio desta fortaleza muy gastado y deshecho: mas no para que dexé de dar muestra de lo mucho que fue." Cleza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 4.

¹⁶ Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, loc. cit.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 2.

¹⁷ It is moreover stated that the Indians, desirous to prove still further the superhuman nature of the Spanish cavalier, let loose on him a tiger—a jaguar probably—which was caged in the royal fortress. But Don Pedro

was a good Catholic, and he gently laid the cross which he wore round his neck on the animal's back, who, instantly forgetting his ferocious nature, crouched at the cavalier's feet and began to play round him in innocent gambols. The Indians, now more amazed than ever, nothing doubted of the sanctity of their guest, and bore him in triumph on their shoulders to the temple. This credible anecdote is repeated, without the least qualification or distrust, by several contemporary writers. (See Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 3, lib. 10, cap. 5.—Cleza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 54.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 12.) This last author may have had his version from Candia's own son, with whom he tells us he was brought up at school. It will no doubt find an easy admission with those of the present day who conceive that the age of miracles has not yet passed.

with imitations of fruits and vegetables all in pure gold and silver.¹⁸ He had seen a number of artisans at work, whose sole business seemed to be to furnish these gorgeous decorations for the religious houses.

The reports of the cavalier may have been somewhat overcoloured.¹⁹ It was natural that men coming from the dreary wilderness in which they had been buried the last six months should have been vividly impressed by the tokens of civilization which met them on the Peruvian coast. But Tumbes was a favourite city of the Peruvian princes. It was the most important place on the northern borders of the empire, contiguous to the recent acquisition of Quito. The great Tupac Yupanqui had established a strong fortress there, and peopled it with a colony of *mítimaes*. The temple, and the house occupied by the Virgins of the Sun, had been erected by Huayna Capac, and were liberally endowed by that Inca, after the sumptuous fashion of the religious establishments of Peru. The town was well supplied with water by numerous aqueducts; and the fruitful valley in which it was embosomed, and the ocean which bathed its shores, supplied ample means of subsistence to a considerable population. But the cupidity of the Spaniards, after the Conquest, was not slow in despoiling the place of its glories; and the sight of its proud towers and temples, in less than half a century after that fatal period, was to be traced only by the huge mass of ruins that encumbered the ground.²⁰

The Spaniards were nearly mad with joy, says an old writer, at receiving these brilliant tidings of the Peruvian city. All their fond dreams were now to be realized, and they had at length reached the realm which had so long flitted in visionary splendour before them. Pizarro expressed his gratitude to Heaven for having crowned his labours with so glorious a result; but he bitterly lamented the hard fate which, by depriving him of his followers, denied him, at such a moment, the means of availing himself of his success. Yet he had no cause for lamentation; and the devout Catholic saw in this very circumstance a providential interposition which prevented the attempt at conquest while such attempts would have been premature. Peru was not yet torn asunder by the dissensions of rival candidates for the throne; and, united and strong under the sceptre of a warlike monarch, she might well have bid defiance to all the forces that Pizarro could muster. "It was manifestly the work of Heaven," exclaims a devout son of the Church, "that the natives of the country should have received him in so kind and loving a spirit as best fitted to facilitate the conquest; for it was the Lord's hand which led him and his followers to this remote region for the extension of the holy faith, and for the salvation of souls."²¹

¹⁸ "Que habia visto un jardin donde las yerbas eran de oro imitando en un todo á las naturales, arboles con frutas de lo mismo, y otras muchas cosas á este modo, con que aficionó grandemente á sus compañeros á esta conquista." Montesinos, *Annales*, año 1527.

¹⁹ The worthy knight's account does not seem to have found favour with the old Conqueror, so often cited in these pages, who says that, when they afterwards visited Tumbes, the Spaniards found Candia's relation a lie from beginning to end, except, indeed, in respect to the temple; though the veteran acknowledges that what was deficient in Tumbes was more than made up by the magnificence of other places in the empire not then visited. "Lo cual fué mentira; porque despues que todos los Españoles entramos en ella, se vió por vista de ojos haber mentido en

todo, salvo en lo del templo, que este era cosa de ver, aunque mucho mas de lo que aquel encareció, lo que faitó en esta ciudad, se halló despues en otras que muchas leguas mas adelante se descubrieron." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

²⁰ Cieza de Leon, who crossed this part of the country in 1548, mentions the wanton manner in which the hand of the Conqueror had fallen on the Indian edifices, which lay in ruins even at that early period. *Cronica*, cap. 67.

²¹ "I si le recibiesen con amor, hiciese su Mrd. lo que mas conveniente le pareciese al efecto de su conquista: porque tenia entendido, que el haverlos traído Dios era para que su santa fé se dilatase i aquellas almas se salvasen." *Nabarro, Relacion sumaria*, MS.

Having now collected all the information essential to his object, Pizarro, after taking leave of the natives of Tumbez and promising a speedy return, weighed anchor, and again turned his prow towards the south. Still keeping as near as possible to the coast, that no place of importance might escape his observation, he passed Cape Blanco, and, after sailing about a degree and a half, made the port of Payta. The inhabitants, who had notice of his approach, came out in their balsas to get sight of the wonderful strangers, bringing with them stores of fruits, fish, and vegetables, with the same hospitable spirit shown by their countrymen at Tumbez.

After staying here a short time, and interchanging presents of trifling value with the natives, Pizarro continued his cruise; and, sailing by the sandy plains of Sechura for an extent of near a hundred miles, he doubled the Punta de Aguja, and swept down the coast as it fell off towards the east, still carried forward by light and somewhat variable breezes. The weather now became unfavourable, and the voyagers encountered a succession of heavy gales, which drove them some distance out to sea and tossed them about for many days. But they did not lose sight of the mighty ranges of the Andes, which, as they proceeded towards the south, were still seen, at nearly the same distance from the shore, rolling onwards, peak after peak, with their stupendous surges of ice, like some vast ocean that had been suddenly arrested and frozen up in the midst of its wild and tumultuous career. With this landmark always in view, the navigator had little need of star or compass to guide his bark on her course.

As soon as the tempest had subsided, Pizarro stood in again for the continent, touching at the principal points as he coasted along. Everywhere he was received with the same spirit of generous hospitality, the natives coming out in their balsas to welcome him, laden with their little cargoes of fruits and vegetables, of all the luscious varieties that grow in the *tierra caliente*. All were eager to have a glimpse of the strangers, the "Children of the Sun," as the Spaniards began already to be called, from their fair complexions, brilliant armour, and the thunderbolts which they bore in their hands.²² The most favourable reports, too, had preceded them, of the urbanity and gentleness of their manners, thus unlocking the hearts of the simple natives and disposing them to confidence and kindness. The iron-hearted soldier had not yet disclosed the darker side of his character. He was too weak to do so. The hour of conquest had not yet come.

In every place Pizarro received the same accounts of a powerful monarch who ruled over the land, and held his court on the mountain plains of the interior, where his capital was depicted as blazing with gold and silver and displaying all the profusion of an Oriental satrap. The Spaniards, except at Tumbez, seem to have met with little of the precious metals among the natives on the coast. More than one writer asserts that they did not covet them, or at least, by Pizarro's orders, affected not to do so. He would not have them betray their appetite for gold, and actually refused gifts when they were proffered!²³ It is more probable that they saw little display of wealth, except in the embellishments of the temples and other sacred buildings, which they did not dare to violate. The precious metals, reserved for the uses of religion

²² "Que resplandecian como el Sol. Llamabanlos hijos del Sol por esto." Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1528.

²³ Pizarro wished the natives to understand, says Father Naharro, that their good alone, and not the love of gold, had led him to their

distant land! "Sin haver querido recibir el oro, plata i perlas que les ofrecieron, á fin de que conociesen no era codicia, sino deseo de su bien el que les habia traído de tan lejas tierras á las suyas." *Relacion sumaria*, MS.

and for persons of high degree, were not likely to abound in the remote towns and hamlets on the coast.

Yet the Spaniards met with sufficient evidence of general civilization and power to convince them that there was much foundation for the reports of the natives. Repeatedly they saw structures of stone and plaster, occasionally showing architectural skill in the execution, if not elegance of design. Whenever they cast anchor, they beheld green patches of cultivated country redeemed from the sterility of nature and blooming with the variegated vegetation of the tropics; while a refined system of irrigation, by means of aqueducts and canals, seemed to be spread like a net-work over the surface of the country, making even the desert to blossom as the rose. At many places where they landed they saw the great road of the Incas which traversed the sea-coast, often, indeed, lost in the volatile sands, where no road could be maintained, but rising into a broad and substantial causeway as it emerged on a firmer soil. Such a provision for internal communication was in itself no slight monument of power and civilization.

Still beating to the south, Pizarro passed the site of the future flourishing city of Truxillo, founded by himself some years later, and pressed on till he rode off the port of Santa. It stood on the banks of a broad and beautiful stream; but the surrounding country was so exceedingly arid that it was frequently selected as a burial-place by the Peruvians, who found the soil most favourable for the preservation of their mummies. So numerous, indeed, were the Indian *huacas* that the place might rather be called the abode of the dead than of the living.²⁴

Having reached this point, about the ninth degree of southern latitude, Pizarro's followers besought him not to prosecute the voyage farther. Enough and more than enough had been done, they said, to prove the existence and actual position of the great Indian empire of which they had so long been in search. Yet, with their slender force, they had no power to profit by the discovery. All that remained, therefore, was to return and report the success of their enterprise to the governor at Panamá. Pizarro acquiesced in the reasonableness of this demand. He had now penetrated nine degrees farther than any former navigator in these southern seas, and, instead of the blight which, up to this hour, had seemed to hang over his fortunes, he could now return in triumph to his countrymen. Without hesitation, therefore, he prepared to retrace his course, and stood again towards the north.

On his way he touched at several places where he had before landed. At one of these, called by the Spaniards Santa Cruz, he had been invited on shore by an Indian woman of rank, and had promised to visit her on his return. No sooner did his vessel cast anchor off the village where she lived, than she came on board, followed by a numerous train of attendants. Pizarro received her with every mark of respect, and on her departure presented her with some trinkets which had a real value in the eyes of an Indian princess. She urged the Spanish commander and his companions to return the visit, engaging to send a number of hostages on board as security for their good treatment. Pizarro assured her that the frank confidence she had shown towards them proved that this was unnecessary. Yet no sooner did he put off in his boat, the following day, to go on shore, than several of the principal persons in the

²⁴ "Lo que mas me admiro, quando passe por este valle, fue ver la muchedumbre que tienen de sepolturas: y que por todas las sierras y secadales en los altos del valle ay numero grande de apartados, hechos a su

usança, todo cubiertas de huesos de muertos. De manera que lo que ay en este valle mas que ver, es las sepolturas de los muertos, y los campos que labraron siendo vivos." Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 70.

place came alongside of the ship to be received as hostages during the absence of the Spaniards,—a singular proof of consideration for the sensitive apprehensions of her guests.

Pizarro found that preparations had been made for his reception in a style of simple hospitality that evinced some degree of taste. Arbours were formed of luxuriant and wide-spreading branches, interwoven with fragrant flowers and shrubs that diffused a delicious perfume through the air. A banquet was provided, teeming with viands prepared in the style of the Peruvian cookery, and with fruits and vegetables of tempting hue and luscious to the taste, though their names and nature were unknown to the Spaniards. After the collation was ended, the guests were entertained with music and dancing by a troop of young men and maidens simply attired, who exhibited in their favourite national amusement all the agility and grace which the supple limbs of the Peruvian Indians so well qualified them to display. Before his departure, Pizarro stated to his kind host the motives of his visit to the country, in the same manner as he had done on other occasions, and he concluded by unfurling the royal banner of Castile, which he had brought on shore, requesting her and her attendants to raise it in token of their allegiance to his sovereign. This they did with great good humour, laughing all the while, says the chronicler, and making it clear that they had a very imperfect conception of the serious nature of the ceremony. Pizarro was contented with this outward display of loyalty, and returned to his vessel well satisfied with the entertainment he had received, and meditating, it may be, on the best mode of repaying it, hereafter, by the subjugation and conversion of the country.

The Spanish commander did not omit to touch also at Tumbez on his homeward voyage. Here some of his followers, won by the comfortable aspect of the place and the manners of the people, intimated a wish to remain, conceiving, no doubt, that it would be better to live where they would be persons of consequence than to return to an obscure condition in the community of Panamá. One of these men was Alonso de Molina, the same who had first gone on shore at this place and been captivated by the charms of the Indian beauties. Pizarro complied with their wishes, thinking it would not be amiss to find, on his return, some of his own followers who would be instructed in the language and usages of the natives. He was also allowed to carry back in his vessel two or three Peruvians, for the similar purpose of instructing them in the Castilian. One of them, a youth named by the Spaniards Felipillo, plays a part of some importance in the history of subsequent events.

On leaving Tumbez, the adventurers steered directly for Panamá, touching only, on their way, at the ill-fated island of Gorgona, to take on board their two companions who were left there too ill to proceed with them. One had died; and, receiving the other, Pizarro and his gallant little band continued their voyage, and, after an absence of at least eighteen months, found themselves once more safely riding at anchor in the harbour of Panamá.²⁵

The sensation caused by their arrival was great, as might have been expected. For there were few, even among the most sanguine of their friends, who did not imagine that they had long since paid for their temerity, and fallen victims to the climate or the natives, or miserably perished in a watery grave. Their joy was proportionately great, therefore, as they saw the wanderers now returned, not only in health and safety, but with certain

²⁵ Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1528.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq.,

MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 2, cap. 6, 7.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

tidings of the fair countries which had so long eluded their grasp. It was a moment of proud satisfaction to the three associates, who, in spite of obloquy, derision, and every impediment which the distrust of friends or the coldness of government could throw in their way, had persevered in their great enterprise until they had established the truth of what had been so generally denounced as a chimera. It is the misfortune of those daring spirits who conceive an idea too vast for their own generation to comprehend, or, at least, to attempt to carry out, that they pass for visionary dreamers. Such had been the fate of Luque and his associates. The existence of a rich Indian empire at the south, which in their minds, dwelling long on the same idea and alive to all the arguments in its favour, had risen to the certainty of conviction, had been derided by the rest of their countrymen as a mere *mirage* of the fancy, which, on nearer approach, would melt into air; while the projectors who staked their fortunes on the adventure were denounced as madmen. But their hour of triumph, their slow and hard-earned triumph, had now arrived.

Yet the governor, Pedro de los Rios, did not seem, even at this moment, to be possessed with a conviction of the magnitude of the discovery,—or perhaps he was discouraged by its very magnitude. When the associates now with more confidence applied to him for patronage in an undertaking too vast for their individual resources, he coldly replied, "He had no desire to build up other states at the expense of his own; nor would he be led to throw away more lives than had already been sacrificed by the cheap display of gold and silver toys and a few Indian sheep!"²⁶

Sorely disheartened by this repulse from the only quarter whence effectual aid could be expected, the confederates, without funds, and with credit nearly exhausted by their past efforts, were perplexed in the extreme. Yet to stop now,—what was it but to abandon the rich mine which their own industry and perseverance had laid open, for others to work at pleasure? In this extremity the fruitful mind of Luque suggested the only expedient by which they could hope for success. This was to apply to the crown itself. No one was so much interested in the result of the expedition. It was for the government, indeed, that discoveries were to be made, that the country was to be conquered. The government alone was competent to provide the requisite means, and was likely to take a much broader and more liberal view of the matter than a petty colonial officer.

But who was there qualified to take charge of this delicate mission? Luque was chained by his professional duties to Panamá; and his associates, unlettered soldiers, were much better fitted for the business of the camp than of the court. Almagro, blunt, though somewhat swelling and ostentatious in his address, with a diminutive stature and a countenance naturally plain, now much disfigured by the loss of an eye, was not so well qualified for the mission as his companion in arms, who, possessing a good person and altogether a commanding presence, was plausible, and, with all his defects of education, could, where deeply interested, be even eloquent in discourse. The ecclesiastic, however, suggested that the negotiation should be committed to the Licentiate Corral, a respectable functionary, then about to return on some public business to the mother-country. But to this Almagro strongly objected. No one, he said, could conduct the affair so well as the party interested in it. He had a high opinion of Pizarro's prudence, his discernment of

²⁶ "No entendia de despoblar su Governacion, para que se fuesen à poblar nuevas Tierras, muriendo en tal demanda mas Gente de la que havia muerto, cebando à los Hombres

con la muestra de las Ovejas, Oro, i Plata, que havian traído." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 3, cap. 1.

character, and his cool, deliberate policy.²⁷ He knew enough of his comrade to have confidence that his presence of mind would not desert him even in the new, and therefore embarrassing, circumstances in which he would be placed at court. No one, he said, could tell the story of their adventures with such effect as the man who had been the chief actor in them. No one could so well paint the unparalleled sufferings and sacrifices which they had encountered; no other could tell so forcibly what had been done, what yet remained to do, and what assistance would be necessary to carry it into execution. He concluded, with characteristic frankness, by strongly urging his confederate to undertake the mission.

Pizarro felt the force of Almagro's reasoning, and, though with undisguised reluctance, acquiesced in a measure which was less to his taste than an expedition to the wilderness. But Luque came into the arrangement with more difficulty. "God grant, my children," exclaimed the ecclesiastic, "that one of you may not defraud the other of his blessing!"²⁸ Pizarro engaged to consult the interests of his associates equally with his own. But Luque, it is clear, did not trust Pizarro.

There was some difficulty in raising the funds necessary for putting the envoy in condition to make a suitable appearance at court; so low had the credit of the confederates fallen, and so little confidence was yet placed in the result of their splendid discoveries. Fifteen hundred ducats were at length raised; and Pizarro, in the spring of 1528, bade adieu to Panamá, accompanied by Pedro de Candia.²⁹ He took with him, also, some of the natives, as well as two or three llamas, various nice fabrics of cloth, with many ornaments and vases of gold and silver, as specimens of the civilization of the country, and vouchers for his wonderful story.

²⁷ "E por pura importunacion de Almagro cupole á Pizarro, porque siempre Almagro le tubo respeto, e desecó honrarle." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 1.

²⁸ "Plegue á Dios, Hijos, que no os hurteis la bendicion el uno al otro que yo todavía

holgaria, que á lo menos fuerades entrambos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 3, cap. 1.

²⁹ "Juntaronle mil y quinientos pesos de oro, que dió de buena voluntad D^a Fernando de Luque." Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1528.

Of all the writers on ancient Peruvian history, no one has acquired so wide celebrity, or been so largely referred to by later compilers, as the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega. He was born in Cuzco, in 1540, and was a *mestizo*, that is, of mixed descent, his father being European and his mother Indian. His father, Garcilasso de la Vega, was one of that illustrious family whose achievements, both in arms and letters, shed such lustre over the proudest period of the Castilian annals. He came to Peru, in the suite of Pedro de Alvarado, soon after the country had been gained by Pizarro. Garcilasso attached himself to the fortunes of this chief, and, after his death, to those of his brother Gonzalo,—remaining constant to the latter, through his rebellion, up to the hour of his rout at Xaquixaguana, when Garcilasso took the same course with most of his faction, and passed over to the enemy. But this demonstration of loyalty, though it saved his life, was too late to redeem his credit with the victorious party; and the obloquy which he incurred by his share in the rebellion threw a cloud over his subsequent fortunes, and even over those of his son, as it appears, in after-years.

The historian's mother was of the Peruvian blood royal. She was niece of Huayna Capac, and granddaughter of the renowned Tupac Inca Yupanqui. Garcilasso, while he betrays obvious satisfaction that the blood of the civilized European flows in his veins, shows himself not a little proud of his descent from the royal dynasty of Peru; and this he intimated by combining with his patronymic the distinguishing title of the Peruvian princes,—subscribing himself always Garcilasso Inca de la Vega.

His early years were passed in his native land, where he was reared in the Roman Catholic faith, and received the benefit of as good an education as could be obtained amidst the incessant din of arms and civil commotion. In 1560, when twenty years of age, he left America, and from that time took up his residence in Spain. Here he entered the military service, and held a captain's commission in the war against the Moriscos, and, afterwards, under Don John of Austria. Though he acquitted himself honorably in his adventurous career, he does not seem to have been satisfied with the manner in which his services were required by the government.

The old reproach of the father's disloyalty still clung to the son, and Garcilasso assures us that this circumstance defeated all his efforts to recover the large inheritance of landed property belonging to his mother, which had escheated to the crown. "Such were the prejudices against me," says he, "that I could not urge my ancient claims or expectations; and I left the army so poor and so much in debt that I did not care to show myself again at court, but was obliged to withdraw into an obscure solitude, where I lead a tranquil life for the brief space that remains to me, no longer deluded by the world or its vanities."

The scene of this obscure retreat was not, however, as the reader might imagine from this tone of philosophic resignation, in the depths of some rural wilderness, but in Cordova, once the gay capital of Moalem science, and still the busy haunt of men. Here our philosopher occupied himself with literary labours, the more sweet and soothing to his wounded spirit that they tended to illustrate the faded glories of his native land and exhibit them in their primitive splendour to the eyes of his adopted countrymen. "And I have no reason to regret," he says in his Preface to his account of Florida, "that Fortune has not smiled on me, since this circumstance has opened a literary career which, I trust, will secure to me a wider and more enduring fame than could flow from any worldly prosperity."

In 1609 he gave to the world the First Part of his great work, the *Commentarios Reales*, devoted to the history of the country under the Incas; and in 1616, a few months before his death, he finished the Second Part, embracing the story of the Conquest, which was published at Cordova the following year. The chronicler, who thus closed his labours with his life, died at the ripe old age of seventy-six. He left a considerable sum for the purchase of masses for his soul, showing that the complaints of his poverty are not to be taken literally. His remains were interred in the cathedral church of Cordova, in a chapel which bears the name of Garcilasso; and an inscription was placed on his monument, intimating the high respect in which the historian was held both for his moral worth and his literary attainments.

The First Part of the *Commentarios Reales* is occupied, as already noticed, with the ancient history of the country, presenting a complete picture of its civilization under the Incas,—far more complete than has been given by any other writer. Garcilasso's mother was but ten years old at the time of her cousin Atahualpa's accession, or rather usurpation, as it is called by the party of Cuzco. She had the good fortune to escape the massacre which, according to the Chronicler, befell most of her kindred, and, with her brother, continued to reside in their ancient capital after the Conquest. Their conversations naturally turned to the good old times

of the Inca rule, which, coloured by their fond regrets, may be presumed to have lost nothing as seen through the magnifying medium of the past. The young Garcilasso listened greedily to the stories which recounted the magnificence and prowess of his royal ancestors, and, though he made no use of them at the time, they sank deep into his memory, to be treasured up for a future occasion. When he prepared, after the lapse of many years, in his retirement at Cordova, to compose the history of his country, he wrote to his old companions and schoolfellows of the Inca family, to obtain fuller information than he could get in Spain on various matters of historical interest. He had witnessed in his youth the ancient ceremonies and usages of his countrymen, understood the science of their quipus, and mastered many of their primitive traditions. With the assistance he now obtained from his Peruvian kindred, he acquired a familiarity with the history of the great Inca race, and of their national institutions, to an extent that no person could have possessed unless educated in the midst of them, speaking the same language, and with the same Indian blood flowing in his veins. Garcilasso, in short, was the representative of the conquered race; and we might expect to find the lights and shadows of the picture disposed under his pencil so as to produce an effect very different from that which they had hitherto exhibited under the hands of the Conquerors.

Such, to a certain extent, is the fact; and this circumstance affords a means of comparison which would alone render his works of great value in arriving at just historic conclusions. But Garcilasso wrote late in life, after the story had been often told by Castilian writers. He naturally deferred much to men, some of whom enjoyed high credit on the score both of their scholarship and their social position. His object, he professes, was not so much to add anything new of his own, as to correct their errors and the misconceptions into which they had been brought by their ignorance of the Indian languages and the usages of his people. He does, in fact, however, go far beyond this; and the stores of information which he has collected have made his work a large repository, whence later labourers in the same field have drawn copious materials. He writes from the fullness of his heart, and illuminates every topic that he touches with a variety and richness of illustration that leave little to be desired by the most importunate curiosity. The difference between reading his *Commentaries* and the accounts of European writers is the difference that exists between reading a work in the original and in a bald translation. Garcilasso's writings are an emanation from the Indian mind.

Yet his *Commentaries* are open to a grave objection,—and one naturally suggested by his position. Addressing himself to the cultivated European, he was most desirous to

display the ancient glories of his people, and still more of the Inca race, in their most imposing form. This, doubtless, was the great spur to his literary labours, for which previous education, however good for the evil time on which he was cast, had far from qualified him. Garcilasso, therefore, wrote to effect a particular object. He stood forth as counsel for his unfortunate countrymen, pleading the cause of that degraded race before the tribunal of posterity. The exaggerated tone of panegyric consequent on this becomes apparent in every page of his work. He pictures forth a state of society such as an Utopian philosopher would hardly venture to depict. His royal ancestors became the types of every imaginary excellence, and the golden age is revived for a nation which, while the war of proselytism is raging on its borders, enjoys within all the blessings of tranquillity and peace. Even the material splendours of the monarchy, sufficiently great in this land of gold, become heightened, under the glowing imagination of the Inca chronicler into the gorgeous illusions of a fairy-tale.

Yet there is truth at the bottom of his wildest conceptions, and it would be unfair to the Indian historian to suppose that he did not himself believe most of the magic marvels which he describes. There is no credulity like that of a Christian convert,—one newly converted to the faith. From long dwelling in the darkness of paganism, his eyes, when first opened to the light of truth, have not acquired the power of discriminating the just proportions of objects, of distinguishing between the real and the imaginary. Garcilasso was not a convert, indeed, for he was bred from infancy in the Roman Catholic faith. But he was surrounded by converts and neophytes,—by those of his own blood, who, after practising all their lives the rites of paganism, were now first admitted into the Christian fold. He listened to the teachings of the missionary, learned from him to give implicit credit to the marvellous legends of the Saints, and the no less marvellous accounts of his own victories in his spiritual warfare for the propagation of the faith. Thus early accustomed to such large drafts on his credulity, his reason lost its heavenly power of distinguishing truth from error, and he became so familiar with the miraculous that the miraculous was no longer a miracle.

Yet, while large deductions are to be made on this account from the chronicler's reports, there is always a germ of truth which it is not difficult to detect, and even to disengage from the fanciful covering which envelops it; and, after every allowance for the exaggerations of national vanity, we shall find an abundance of genuine information in respect to the antiquities of his country, for which we shall look in vain in any European writer.

Garcilasso's work is the reflection of the age in which he lived. It is addressed to the

imagination, more than to sober reason. We are dazzled by the gorgeous spectacle it perpetually exhibits, and delighted by the variety of amusing details and animated gossip sprinkled over its pages. The story of the action is perpetually varied by discussions on topics illustrating its progress, so as to break up the monotony of the narrative and afford an agreeable relief to the reader. This is true of the First Part of his great work. In the Second there was no longer room for such discussion. But he has supplied the place by garrulous reminiscences, personal anecdotes, incidental adventures, and a host of trivial details,—trivial in the eyes of the pedant,—which historians have been too willing to discard, as below the dignity of history. We have the actors in this great drama in their private dress, become acquainted with their personal habits, listen to their familiar sayings, and, in short, gather up those minutiae which in the aggregate make up so much of life, and not less of character.

It is this confusion of the great and the little, thus artlessly blended together, that constitutes one of the charms of the old romantic chronicle,—not the less true that, in this respect, it approaches nearer to the usual tone of romance. It is in such writings that we may look to find the form and pressure of the age. The worm-eaten state-papers, official correspondence, public records, are all serviceable, indispensable, to history. They are the framework on which it is to repose; the skeleton of facts which gives it its strength and proportions. But they are as worthless as the dry bones of the skeleton, unless clothed with the beautiful form and garb of humanity and instinct with the spirit of the age. Our debt is large to the antiquarian, who with conscientious precision lays broad and deep the foundations of historic truth; and no less to the philosophic annalist, who exhibits man in the dress of public life,—man in masquerade; but our gratitude must surely not be withheld from those who, like Garcilasso de la Vega, and many a romancer of the Middle Ages, have held up the mirror—distorted though it may somewhat be—to the interior of life, reflecting every object, the great and the mean, the beautiful and the deformed, with their natural prominence and their vivacity of colouring, to the eye of the spectator. As a work of art, such a production may be thought to be below criticism. But, although it defy the rules of art in its composition, it does not necessarily violate the principles of taste; for it conforms in its spirit to the spirit of the age in which it was written. And the critic, who coldly condemns it on the severe principles of art, will find a charm in its very simplicity, that will make him recur again and again to its pages, while more correct and classical compositions are laid aside and forgotten.

I cannot dismiss this notice of Garcilasso, though already long protracted, without some allusion to the English translation of his

Commentaries. It appeared in James the Second's reign, and is the work of Sir Paul Rycaut, Knight. It was printed at London in 1688, in folio, with considerable pretension in its outward dress, well garnished with wood-cuts, and a frontispiece displaying the gaunt and rather sardonic features, not of the author, but his translator. The version keeps pace with the march of the original, corresponding precisely in books and chapters, and seldom, though sometimes, using the freedom, so common in these ancient versions, of abridgment and omission. Where it does depart from the original, it is rather from ignorance than intention. Indeed, so far as

the plea of ignorance will avail him, the worthy knight may urge it stoutly in his defence. No one who reads the book will doubt his limited acquaintance with his own tongue, and no one who compares it with the original will deny his ignorance of the Castilian. It contains as many blunders as paragraphs, and most of them such as might shame a schoolboy. Yet such are the rude charms of the original, that this ruder version of it has found considerable favour with readers; and Sir Paul Rycaut's translation, old as it is, may still be met with in many a private, as well as public, library.

BOOK THIRD

CONQUEST OF PERU

BOOK III.

CONQUEST OF PERU.

CHAPTER I.

PIZZARRO'S DEPARTURE FROM LIMA—HIS EXPEDITIONARY WITH THE INDIANS—THE
FIGHTS AND BATTLE—DEPARTURE TO THE NEW WORLD—CONQUEST
OF THE KINGDOM—HIS GREAT PATRIOTISM—ADVANTAGE OF THE INDIAN
NATIONS IN THE ISLAND OF PERU.

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CHAPTER I.

PIZARRO'S RECEPTION AT COURT—HIS CAPITULATION WITH THE CROWN—HE VISITS HIS BIRTHPLACE—RETURNS TO THE NEW WORLD—DIFFICULTIES WITH ALMAGRO—HIS THIRD EXPEDITION—ADVENTURES ON THE COAST—BATTLES IN THE ISLE OF PUNA.

1528-1531.

PIZARRO and his officer, having crossed the Isthmus, embarked at Nombre de Dios for the old country, and, after a good passage, reached Seville early in the summer of 1528. There happened to be at that time in port a person well known in the history of Spanish adventure as the Bachelor Enciso. He had taken an active part in the colonization of Tierra Firme, and had a pecuniary claim against the early colonists of Darien, of whom Pizarro was one. Immediately on the landing of the latter, he was seized by Enciso's orders and held in custody for the debt. Pizarro, who had fled from his native land as a forlorn and houseless adventurer, after an absence of more than twenty years, passed, most, of them, in unprecedented toil and suffering, now found himself on his return the inmate of a prison. Such was the commencement of those brilliant fortunes which, as he had trusted, awaited him at home. The circumstance excited general indignation; and no sooner was the court advised of his arrival in the country, and the great purpose of his mission, than orders were sent for his release, with permission to proceed at once on his journey.

Pizarro found the emperor at Toledo, which he was soon to quit, in order to embark for Italy. Spain was not the favourite residence of Charles the Fifth in the earlier part of his reign. He was now at that period of it when he was enjoying the full flush of his triumphs over his gallant rival of France, whom he had defeated and taken prisoner at the great battle of Pavia; and the victor was at this moment preparing to pass into Italy to receive the imperial crown from the hands of the Roman Pontiff. Elated by his successes and his elevation to the German throne, Charles made little account of his hereditary kingdom, as his ambition found so splendid a career thrown open to it on the wide field of European politics. He had hitherto received too inconsiderable returns from his transatlantic possessions to give them the attention they deserved. But as the recent acquisition of Mexico and the brilliant anticipations in respect to the southern continent were pressed upon his notice, he felt their importance as likely to afford him the means of prosecuting his ambitious and most expensive enterprises.

Pizarro, therefore, who had now come to satisfy the royal eyes, by visible proofs, of the truth of the golden rumours which from time to time had reached

Castile, was graciously received by the emperor. Charles examined the various objects which his officer exhibited to him with great attention. He was particularly interested by the appearance of the llama, so remarkable as the only beast of burden yet known on the new continent; and the fine fabrics of woollen cloth which were made from its shaggy sides gave it a much higher value, in the eyes of the sagacious monarch, than what it possessed as an animal for domestic labour. But the specimens of gold and silver manufacture, and the wonderful tale which Pizarro had to tell of the abundance of the precious metals, must have satisfied even the cravings of royal cupidity.

Pizarro, far from being embarrassed by the novelty of his situation, maintained his usual self-possession, and showed that decorum and even dignity in his address which belong to the Castilian. He spoke in a simple and respectful style, but with the earnestness and natural eloquence of one who had been an actor in the scenes he described, and who was conscious that the impression he made on his audience was to decide his future destiny. All listened with eagerness to the account of his strange adventures by sea and land, his wanderings in the forests, or in the dismal and pestilent swamps on the sea-coast, without food, almost without raiment, with feet torn and bleeding at every step, with his few companions becoming still fewer by disease and death, and yet pressing on with unconquerable spirit to extend the empire of Castile and the name and power of her sovereign; but when he painted his lonely condition on the desolate island, abandoned by the government at home, deserted by all but a handful of devoted followers, his royal auditor, though not easily moved, was affected to tears. On his departure from Toledo, Charles commended the affairs of his vassal in the most favourable terms to the consideration of the Council of the Indies.¹

There was at this time another man at court, who had come there on a similar errand from the New World, but whose splendid achievements had already won for him a name that threw the rising reputation of Pizarro comparatively into the shade. This man was Hernando Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico. He had come home to lay an empire at the feet of his sovereign, and to demand in return the redress of his wrongs and the recompense of his great services. He was at the close of his career, as Pizarro was at the commencement of his; the Conqueror of the North and of the South; the two men appointed by Providence to overturn the most potent of the Indian dynasties, and to open the golden gates by which the treasures of the New World were to pass into the coffers of Spain.

Notwithstanding the emperor's recommendation, the business of Pizarro went forward at the tardy pace with which affairs are usually conducted in the court of Castile. He found his limited means gradually sinking under the expenses incurred by his present situation, and he represented that unless some measures were speedily taken in reference to his suit, however favourable they might be in the end, he should be in no condition to profit by them. The queen, accordingly, who had charge of the business, on her husband's departure, expedited the affair, and on the twenty-sixth of July, 1529, she executed the memorable *Capitulation* which defined the powers and privileges of Pizarro.*

¹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Conq. 1. Pob. del Piru, MS.—“Hablaba tan bien en la materia, que se llevó los aplausos y atencion en Toledo donde el Emperador estaba, dióle

audiencia con mucho gusto, tratólo amoroso, y oyóle tierno, especialmente cuando le hizo relacion de su consistencia y de los trece compañeros en la Isla en medio de tantos trabajos.” Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1528.

* [There seems to be in this sentence a confusion of two distinct personages. On leaving

Spain in 1529, Charles intrusted the government to his wife, the *Empress Isabella*, who

The instrument secured to that chief the right of discovery and conquest in the province of Peru, or New Castile,—as the country was then called, in the same manner as Mexico had received the name of New Spain,—for the distance of two hundred leagues south of Santiago. He was to receive the titles and rank of Governor and Captain-General of the province, together with those of Adelantado and Alguacil Mayor, for life; and he was to have a salary of seven hundred and twenty-five thousand maravedis, with the obligation of maintaining certain officers and military retainers, corresponding with the dignity of his station. He was to have the right to erect certain fortresses, with the absolute government of them; to assign *encomiendas* of Indians, under the limitations prescribed by law; and, in fine, to exercise nearly all the prerogatives incident to the authority of a viceroy.

His associate, Almagro, was declared commander of the fortress of Tumbez, with an annual rent of three hundred thousand maravedis, and with the further rank and privileges of an hidalgo. The reverend Father Luque received the reward of his services in the bishopric of Tumbez, and he was also declared Protector of the Indians of Peru. He was to enjoy the yearly stipend of a thousand ducats,—to be derived, like the other salaries and gratuities in this instrument, from the revenues of the conquered territory.

Nor were the subordinate actors in the expedition forgotten. Ruiz received the title of Grand Pilot of the Southern Ocean, with a liberal provision; Candia was placed at the head of the artillery; and the remaining eleven companions on the desolate island were created hidalgos and caballeros, and raised to certain municipal dignities,—in prospect.*

therefore "had charge of the business" referred to, and may have "expedited the affair." But "the queen" in whose name the agreement with Pizarro was "executed" was the unfortunate Juana, Charles's mother.—[Ed.]

* [Mr. Markham, after quoting this clause of the instrument, which contains the list of names before cited as those of the men who elected to remain with Pizarro at the island of Gallo, instead of returning to Panamá (p. 114, note 3), observes, "It has always been supposed that these were the men who crossed the line, and hence their number has been placed at thirteen. But it is not asserted in the Capitulation that the men whose names are given in it were those who crossed the line, and it might be that Pizarro, in asking favours for his most faithful companions, on the one hand omitted one or more of those who crossed the line, and on the other included some who did not take part in that transaction, but who joined him afterwards." Proceeding on this supposition, he rejects the accounts of Cieza de Leon, Gomara, Herrera, and Garcilasso, who all concur in fixing the number of those who remained at Gallo at thirteen, and accepts instead the statement of Francisco de Xerez, afterwards secretary of Pizarro, who, in a brief mention of the affair, gives the number as sixteen. (Reports on the Discovery of Peru, p. 8, note.) But had Mr. Markham been at the pains to read the whole of the document on whose assumed silence in regard to the point in question his argument is chiefly based, he would probably have refrained from

contradicting the general mass of contemporary authorities, as well as the modern writers who have conformed to them. The preamble to the Capitulation, reciting the services and enterprises for which Pizarro and his companions were to be rewarded, says expressly that on account of the dangers and toils of the voyage he was deserted on an uninhabited island by all the people that had gone with him, except *thirteen alone*, who chose to remain with him. ("Donde pasastes muchos peligros e trabajo, á causa de lo cual os dejó toda la gente que con vos iba en una isla des poblada con solos trece hombres que no vos quisieron dejar.") This settles the number of the faithful few on the authority of Pizarro himself, and accounts for the fact that the subsequent clause, enumerating their names, mentions only in a general way "the great service they had rendered in the said voyage and discovery."

It should perhaps be mentioned that Sir Arthur Helps makes the number fourteen, without citing his authority, and rejects the common version of the story of "crossing the line," as an example of "the invincible passion for melodramatic representation which people of second-rate imagination delight in,—those especially who have not seen much of human affairs, and who do not know in how plain and unpretending a manner the greatest things are, for the most part, transacted." (The Spanish Conquest in America, Am. ed., vol. iii. p. 409.) It may be admitted that there are many people of second-rate, or even third- or fourth-rate, imagination, who have

Several provisions of a liberal tenor were also made, to encourage emigration to the country. The new settlers were to be exempted from some of the most onerous but customary taxes, as the *alcabala*, or to be subject to them only in a mitigated form. The tax on the precious metals drawn from mines was to be reduced, at first, to one-tenth, instead of the fifth imposed on the same metals when obtained by barter or by rapine.

It was expressly enjoined on Pizarro to observe the existing regulations for the good government and protection of the natives; and he was required to carry out with him a specified number of ecclesiastics, with whom he was to take counsel in the conquest of the country, and whose efforts were to be dedicated to the service and conversion of the Indians; while lawyers and attorneys, on the other hand, whose presence was considered as boding ill to the harmony of the new settlements, were strictly prohibited from setting foot in them.

Pizarro, on his part, was bound, in six months from the date of the instrument, to raise a force, well equipped for the service, of two hundred and fifty men, of whom one hundred might be drawn from the colonies; and the government engaged to furnish some trifling assistance in the purchase of artillery and military stores. Finally, he was to be prepared, in six months after his return to Panamá, to leave that port and embark on his expedition.²

Such are some of the principal provisions of this Capitulation, by which the Castilian government, with the sagacious policy which it usually pursued on the like occasions, stimulated the ambitious hopes of the adventurer by high-sounding titles and liberal promises of reward contingent on his success, but took care to stake nothing itself on the issue of the enterprise. It was careful to reap the fruits of his toil, but not to pay the cost of them.

A circumstance that could not fail to be remarked in these provisions was the manner in which the high and lucrative posts were accumulated on Pizarro, to the exclusion of Almagro, who, if he had not taken as conspicuous a part in personal toil and exposure, had at least divided with him the original burden of the enterprise, and, by his labour in another direction, had contributed quite as essentially to its success. Almagro had willingly conceded the post of honour to his confederate; but it had been stipulated, on Pizarro's departure for Spain, that, while he solicited the office of Governor and Captain-General for himself, he should secure that of Adelantado for his companion. In like manner, he had engaged to apply for the see of Tumbez for the vicar of Panamá, and the office of Alguacil Mayor for the pilot Ruiz. The bishopric took the direction that was concerted, for the soldier could scarcely claim the mitre of the prelate; but the other offices, instead of their appropriate distribution, were all concentrated in himself. Yet it was in reference to his

² This remarkable document, formerly in the archives of Simancas, and now transferred to the *Archivo General de las Indias* in Seville, was transcribed for the rich collection

of the late Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, to whose kindness I am indebted for a copy of it. It will be found printed entire, in the original, in Appendix No. 7.

employed themselves either in amplifying or simplifying the events of history; but, without holding any official position, one may have seen enough of "human affairs" to believe that neither the greatest nor the smallest things are always transacted with the extreme quietude and gentleness that accord with the tone of an idyllic historian. In regard to this particular affair, Sir Arthur Helps relies on what he calls the "simple story" told by

Herrera, according to whom it was Tafur who drew the line, and who makes no mention of Pizarro's speech. Garcilasso, on the other hand, gives exactly the same relation as Montesinos, whom Prescott has followed; and we can feel little difficulty in agreeing with Mr. Markham that "of these two accounts [Herrera's and Garcilasso's] that of Garcilasso is far more likely to be true."—Ed.]

application for his friends that Pizarro had promised on his departure to deal fairly and honourably by them all.²

It is stated by the military chronicler, Pedro Pizarro, that his kinsman did, in fact, urge the suit strongly in behalf of Almagro, but that he was refused by the government, on the ground that offices of such paramount importance could not be committed to different individuals. The ill effects of such an arrangement had been long since felt in more than one of the Indian colonies, where it had led to rivalry and fatal collision.³ Pizarro, therefore, finding his remonstrances unheeded, had no alternative but to combine the offices in his own person, or to see the expedition fall to the ground. This explanation of the affair has not received the sanction of other contemporary historians. The apprehensions expressed by Luque, at the time of Pizarro's assuming the mission, of some such result as actually occurred, founded, doubtless, on a knowledge of his associate's character, may warrant us in distrusting the alleged vindication of his conduct; and our distrust will not be diminished by familiarity with his subsequent career. Pizarro's virtue was not of a kind to withstand temptation,—though of a much weaker sort than that now thrown in his path.

The fortunate cavalier was also honoured with the habit of St. Jago;⁴ and he was authorized to make an important innovation in his family escutcheon,—for by the father's side he might claim his armorial bearings. The black eagle and the two pillars emblazoned on the royal arms were incorporated with those of the Pizarros; and an Indian city, with a vessel in the distance on the waters, and the llama of Peru, revealed the theatre and the character of his exploits; while the legend announced that “under the auspices of Charles, and by the industry, the genius, and the resources of Pizarro, the country had been discovered and reduced to tranquillity,”—thus modestly intimating both the past and prospective services of the Conqueror.⁵

These arrangements having been thus completed to Pizarro's satisfaction, he left Toledo for Truxillo, his native place, in Estremadura, where he thought he should be most likely to meet with adherents for his new enterprise, and where it doubtless gratified his vanity to display himself in the palmy, or at least promising, state of his present circumstances. If vanity be ever pardonable, it is certainly in a man who, born in an obscure station in life, without family, interest, or friends to back him, has carved out his own fortunes in the world, and, by his own resources, triumphed over all the obstacles which nature and accident had thrown in his way. Such was the condition of Pizarro as he now revisited the place of his nativity, where he had hitherto been known only as a poor outcast, without a home to shelter, a father to own him

² “Al fin se capituló, que Francisco Pizarro negociase la Governacion para si: i para Diego de Almagro, el Adelantamiento: i para Hernando de Luque, el Obispado: i para Bartolomé Ruiz, el Alguacilazgo Maior: i Mercedes para los que quedaban vivos, de los trece Compañeros, afirmando siempre Francisco Pizarro, que todo lo queria para ellos, i prometiéndolo, que negociaria lealmente, i sin ninguna cautela.” Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 3, cap. 1.

³ “Y don Francisco Pizarro pidió conforme á lo que llevaba capitulado y bordenado con sus compañeros ya dicho, y en el consejo se le respondió que no avia lugar de dar governacion á dos compañeros, á causa de que en santa marta se avia dado así á dos com-

pañeros y el uno avia muerto al otro. . . . Pues pedido, como digo, muchas vezes por don Francisco Pizarro se les hiziese la merced á ambos compañeros, se le respondió la pidiessse parassi sino que se daria á otro, y visto que no avia lugar lo que pedia y queria pedio se le hiziese la merced á el, y así se le hizo.” Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁴ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. III. p. 182.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 1.—Caro de Torres, Historia de los Ordenes militares (ed. Madrid, 1629), p. 113.

⁵ “Caroli Cæsaris auspicio, et labore, ingenio, ac impensa Ducis Pizarro inventa, et pacata.” Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 6, cap. 5.

or a friend to lean upon. But he now found both friends and followers, and some who were eager to claim kindred with him and take part in his future fortunes. Among these were four brothers. Three of them, like himself, were illegitimate,—one of whom, named Francisco Martín de Alcántara, was related to him by the mother's side, the other two, named Gonzalo and Juan Pizarro, were descended from the father. "They were all poor, and proud as they were poor," says Oviedo, who had seen them; "and their eagerness for gain was in proportion to their poverty."⁷

The remaining and eldest brother, named Hernando, was a legitimate son,—"legitimate," continues the same caustic authority, "by his pride, as well as by his birth." His features were plain, even disagreeably so; but his figure was good. He was large of stature, and, like his brother Francis, had on the whole an imposing presence.⁸ In his character he combined some of the worst defects incident to the Castilian. He was jealous in the extreme; impatient, not merely of affront, but of the least slight, and implacable in his resentment. He was decisive in his measures, and unscrupulous in their execution. No touch of pity had power to arrest his arm. His arrogance was such that he was constantly wounding the self-love of those with whom he acted; thus begetting an ill will which unnecessarily multiplied obstacles in his path. In this he differed from his brother Francis, whose plausible manners smoothed away difficulties and conciliated confidence and co-operation in his enterprises. Unfortunately, the evil counsels of Hernando exercised an influence over his brother which more than compensated the advantages derived from his singular capacity for business.

Notwithstanding the general interest which Pizarro's adventures excited in his country, that chief did not find it easy to comply with the provisions of the Capitulation in respect to the amount of his levies. Those who were most astonished by his narrative were not always most inclined to take part in his fortunes. They shrank from the unparalleled hardships which lay in the path of the adventurer in that direction; and they listened with visible distrust to the gorgeous pictures of the golden temples and gardens of Tumbes, which they looked upon as indebted in some degree, at least, to the colouring of his fancy, with the obvious purpose of attracting followers to his banner. It is even said that Pizarro would have found it difficult to raise the necessary funds, but for the seasonable aid of Cortés, a native of Estremadura like himself, his companion in arms in early days, and, according to report, his kinsman.⁹ No one was in a better condition to hold out a helping hand to a brother adventurer, and probably no one felt greater sympathy in Pizarro's fortunes, or greater confidence in his eventual success, than the man who had so lately trod the same career with renown.

The six months allowed by the Capitulation had elapsed, and Pizarro had assembled somewhat less than his stipulated complement of men, with which he was preparing to embark in a little squadron of three vessels at Seville; but before they were wholly ready he received intelligence that the officers of the Council of the Indies proposed to inquire into the condition of the vessels and ascertain how far the requisitions had been complied with.

⁷ "Trujo tres o cuatro hermanos suyos tan soberbios como pobres, é tan sin hacienda como deseosos de alcanzarla." Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 3, cap. 1.

⁸ Oviedo's portrait of him is by no means flattering. He writes like one too familiar with the original. "É de todos ellos el Hernando Pizarro solo era legitimo, é mas legiti-

mado en la soberbia, hombre de alta estatura é grueso, la lengua é labios gordos, é la punta de la nariz con sobrada carne é encendida, y este fue el desavenidor y estorbador del sosiego de todos y en especial de los dos viejos compañeros Francisco Pizarro é Diego de Almagro." Hist. de las Indias, MS. ubi supra.

⁹ Pizarro y Orrellano, Varones ilustres, p. 143.

Without loss of time, therefore, Pizarro, afraid, if the facts were known, that his enterprise might be nipped in the bud, slipped his cables, and, crossing the bar of San Lucar, in January, 1530, stood for the isle of Gomera,—one of the Canaries,—where he ordered his brother Hernando, who had charge of the remaining vessels, to meet him.

Scarcely had he gone, before the officers arrived to institute the search. But when they objected the deficiency of men they were easily—perhaps willingly—deceived by the pretext that the remainder had gone forward in the vessel with Pizarro. At all events, no further obstacles were thrown in Hernando's way, and he was permitted, with the rest of the squadron, to join his brother, according to agreement, at Gomera.

After a prosperous voyage, the adventurers reached the northern coast of the great southern continent, and anchored off the port of Santa Marta. Here they received such discouraging reports of the countries to which they were bound, of forests teeming with insects and venomous serpents, of huge alligators that swarmed on the banks of the streams, and of hardships and perils such as their own fears had never painted, that several of Pizarro's men deserted, and their leader, thinking it no longer safe to abide in such treacherous quarters, set sail at once for Nombre de Dios.

Soon after his arrival there, he was met by his two associates, Luque and Almagro, who had crossed the mountains for the purpose of hearing from his own lips the precise import of the Capitulation with the crown. Great, as might have been expected, was Almagro's discontent at learning the result of what he regarded as the perfidious machinations of his associate. "It is thus," he exclaimed, "that you have dealt with the friend who shared equally with you in the trials, the dangers, and the cost of the enterprise, and this, notwithstanding your solemn engagements on your departure to provide for his interests as faithfully as your own? How could you allow me to be thus dishonoured in the eyes of the world by so paltry a compensation, which seems to estimate my services as nothing in comparison with your own?"¹⁰

Pizarro, in reply, assured his companion that he had faithfully urged his suit, but that the government refused to confide powers which intrenched so closely on one another to different hands. He had no alternative but to accept all himself or to decline all; and he endeavoured to mitigate Almagro's displeasure by representing that the country was large enough for the ambition of both, and that the powers conferred on himself were, in fact, conferred on Almagro, since all that he had would ever be at his friend's disposal, as if it were his own. But these honeyed words did not satisfy the injured party; and the two captains soon after returned to Panamá with feelings of estrangement, if not hostility, towards one another, which did not augur well for their enterprise.

Still, Almagro was of a generous temper, and might have been appeased by the politic concessions of his rival, but for the interference of Hernando Pizarro, who, from the first hour of their meeting, showed little respect for the veteran, which, indeed, the diminutive person of the latter was not calculated to inspire, and who now regarded him with particular aversion as an impediment to the career of his brother.

Almagro's friends—and his frank and liberal manners had secured him many—were no less disgusted than himself with the overbearing conduct of this new ally. They loudly complained that it was quite enough to suffer from the perfidy of Pizarro, without being exposed to the insults of his family, who had now come over with him to fatten on the spoils of conquest which

¹⁰ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 4, lib. 7, cap. 9.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

belonged to their leader. The rupture soon proceeded to such a length that Almagro avowed his intention to prosecute the expedition without further co-operation with his partner, and actually entered into negotiations for the purchase of vessels for that object. But Luque, and the Licentiate Espinosa, who had fortunately come over at that time from St. Domingo, now interposed to repair a breach which must end in the ruin of the enterprise and the probable destruction of those most interested in its success. By their mediation, a show of reconciliation was at length effected between the parties, on Pizarro's assurance that he would relinquish the dignity of Adelantado in favour of his rival, and petition the emperor to confirm him in the possession of it,—an assurance, it may be remarked, not easy to reconcile with his former assertion in respect to the avowed policy of the crown in bestowing this office. He was, moreover, to apply for a distinct government for his associate, as soon as he had become master of the country assigned to himself, and was to solicit no office for either of his own brothers until Almagro had been first provided for. Lastly, the former contract in regard to the division of the spoil into three equal shares between the three original associates was confirmed in the most explicit manner. The reconciliation thus effected among the parties answered the temporary purpose of enabling them to go forward in concert in the expedition. But it was only a thin scar that had healed over the wound, which, deep and rankling within, waited only fresh cause of irritation to break out with a virulence more fatal than ever.¹¹

No time was now lost in preparing for the voyage. It found little encouragement, however, among the colonists of Panamá, who were too familiar with the sufferings on the former expeditions to care to undertake another, even with the rich bribe that was held out to allure them. A few of the old company were content to follow out the adventure to its close; and some additional stragglers were collected from the province of Nicaragua,—a shoot, it may be remarked, from the colony of Panamá. But Pizarro made slender additions to the force brought over with him from Spain, though this body was in better condition, and, in respect to arms, ammunition, and equipment generally, was on a much better footing, than his former levies. The whole number did not exceed one hundred and eighty men, with twenty-seven horses for the cavalry. He had provided himself with three vessels, two of them of a good size, to take the place of those which he had been compelled to leave on the opposite side of the Isthmus at Nombre de Dios; an armament small for the conquest of an empire, and far short of that prescribed by the Capitulation with the crown. With this the intrepid chief proposed to commence operations, trusting to his own successes, and the exertions of Almagro, who was to remain behind for the present, to muster reinforcements.¹²

On St. John the Evangelist's day, the banners of the company and the royal standard were consecrated in the cathedral church of Panamá; a sermon was preached before the little army by Fray Juan de Vargas, one of the Dominicans selected by the government for the Peruvian mission; and mass was performed, and the sacrament administered to every soldier previous to

¹¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1529.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 3.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 1.—There seems to have been little good will, at bottom, between any of the confederates; for Father Luque wrote to Oviedo that both of his partners had repaid his services with ingratitude: "Padre Luque,

compañero de estos Capitanes, con cuya hacienda hicieron ellos sus hechos, puesto que el uno ó el otro se lo pagaron con ingratitud según á mí me lo escribió el mismo electo de su mano." *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

¹² The numerical estimates differ, as usual. I conform to the statement of Pizarro's secretary, Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 132.

his engaging in the crusade against the infidel.¹³ Having thus solemnly invoked the blessing of Heaven on the enterprise, Pizarro and his followers went on board their vessels, which rode at anchor in the Bay of Panamá, and early in January, 1531, sallied forth on his third and last expedition for the conquest of Peru.

It was his intention to steer direct for Tumbez, which held out so magnificent a show of treasure on his former voyage. But head-winds and currents, as usual, baffled his purpose, and after a run of thirteen days, much shorter than the period formerly required for the same distance, his little squadron came to anchor in the Bay of St. Matthew, about one degree north; and Pizarro, after consulting with his officers, resolved to disembark his forces and advance along the coast, while the vessels held their course at a convenient distance from the shore.

The march of the troops was severe and painful in the extreme; for the road was constantly intersected by streams, which, swollen by the winter rains, widened at their mouths into spacious estuaries. Pizarro, who had some previous knowledge of the country, acted as guide as well as commander of the expedition. He was ever ready to give aid where it was needed, encouraging his followers to ford or swim the torrents as they best could, and cheering the desponding by his own buoyant and courageous spirit.

At length they reached a thick-settled hamlet, or rather town, in the province of Coaque. The Spaniards rushed on the place, and the inhabitants, without offering resistance, fled in terror to the neighbouring forests, leaving their effects—of much greater value than had been anticipated—in the hands of the invaders. “We fell on them, sword in hand,” says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*; “for if we had advised the Indians of our approach we should never have found there such store of gold and precious stones.”¹⁴ The natives, however, according to another authority, stayed voluntarily; “for, as they had done no harm to the white men, they flattered themselves none would be offered to them, but that there would be only an interchange of good offices with the strangers,”¹⁵—an expectation founded, it may be, on the good character which the Spaniards had established for themselves on their preceding visit, but one in which the simple people now found themselves most unpleasantly deceived.

Rushing into the deserted dwellings, the invaders found there, besides stuffs of various kinds, and food most welcome in their famished condition, a large quantity of gold and silver wrought into clumsy ornaments, together with many precious stones; for this was the region of the *esmeraldas*, or emeralds, where that valuable gem was most abundant. One of these jewels, that fell into the hands of Pizarro in this neighbourhood, was as large as a pigeon's egg. Unluckily, his rude followers did not know the value of their prize; and they broke many of them in pieces by pounding them with hammers.¹⁶ They

¹³ “El qual haviendo hecho bendecir en la Iglesia mayor las banderas i estandarte real dia de San Juan Evangelista de dicho año de 1530, i que todos los soldados confesasen i comulgasen en el convento de Nuestra Señora de la Merced, dia de los Inocentes en la misa cantada que se celebró con toda solemnidad i sermon que predicó el P. Presentado Fr. Juan de Vargas, uno de los religiosos que en cumplimiento de la obediencia de sus prelados i orden del Emperador passaban á la conquista.” Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

¹⁴ “Pues llegados á este pueblo de Coaque

dieron de supito sin savello la gente del porque el estuvieran avisados. No se tomara la cantidad de oro y esmeraldas que en el se tomaron.” Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁵ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 7, cap. 9.

¹⁶ Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 4.—“A lo que se ha entendido en las esmeraldas ovo gran fierro y torpeda en algunas Personas por no conoscellas. Aunque quieren decir que algunos que las conocieron las guardaron. Pero finalmente muchos y vieron esmeraldas

were led to this extraordinary proceeding, it is said, by one of the Dominican missionaries, Fray Reginaldo de Pedraza, who assured them that this was the way to prove the true emerald, which could not be broken. It was observed that the good father did not subject his own jewels to this wise experiment; but, as the stones, in consequence of it, fell in value, being regarded merely as coloured glass, he carried back a considerable store of them to Panamá.¹⁷

The gold and silver ornaments rifled from the dwellings were brought together and deposited in a common heap; when a fifth was deducted for the crown, and Pizarro distributed the remainder in due proportions among the officers and privates of his company. This was the usage invariably observed on the like occasions throughout the Conquest. The invaders had embarked in a common adventure. Their interest was common, and to have allowed every one to plunder on his own account would only have led to insubordination and perpetual broils. All were required, therefore, on pain of death, to contribute whatever they obtained, whether by bargain or by rapine, to the general stock; and all were too much interested in the execution of the penalty to allow the unhappy culprit who violated the law any chance of escape.¹⁸

Pizarro, with his usual policy, sent back to Panamá a large quantity of the gold, no less than twenty thousand *castellanos* in value, in the belief that the sight of so much treasure, thus speedily acquired, would settle the doubts of the wavering, and decide them on joining his banner.¹⁹ He judged right. As one of the Conquerors piously expresses it, "It pleased the Lord that we should fall in with the town of Coaque, that the riches of the land might find credit with the people, and that they should flock to it."²⁰

Pizarro, having refreshed his men, continued his march along the coast, but no longer accompanied by his vessels, which had returned for recruits to Panamá. The road, as he advanced, was checkered with strips of sandy waste, which, drifted about by the winds, blinded the soldiers, and afforded only treacherous footing for man and beast. The glare was intense; and the rays of a vertical sun beat fiercely on the iron mail and the thick quilted doublets of cotton, till the fainting troops were almost suffocated with the heat. To add to their distresses, a strange epidemic broke out in the little army. It took the form of ulcers, or rather hideous warts of great size, which covered the body, and when lanced, as was the case with some, discharged such a quantity of blood as proved fatal to the sufferer. Several died of this frightful disorder, which was so sudden in its attack, and attended with such prostration of strength, that those who lay down well at night were unable to

de mucho valor; vnos las provavan en yunques, dandolas con martillos, diciendo que si hera esmeralda no se quebraria; otros las deprecaban, diciendo que era vidrio." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y. Conq., MS.

¹⁷ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 4, lib. 7, cap. 9.

¹⁸ "Los Españoles las reocieron y juntaron el oro y la plata porque así estava mandado y hordenado sopena de la vida el que otra cosa hiziese, porque todos lo avian de traer á monton para que de allí el governador lo repartiese, dando á cada uno conforme á su persona y meritos de servicios; y esta horden se guardo en toda esta tierra en la conquista della, y al que se le hallara oro ó plata escondido muriera por ello, y deste medio nadie oso escondello." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y

Conq., MS.

¹⁹ The booty was great indeed, if, as Pedro Pizarro, one of the Conquerors present, says, it amounted in value to 200,000 gold *castellanos*: "Aqui se hallo mucha chaquiras de oro y de plata, muchas coronas hechas de oro á manera de imperiales, y otras muchas piezas en que se avaleo montar mas de dozentos mill castellanos." (Descub. y Conq., MS.) Narbarro, Montesinos, and Herrera content themselves with stating that he sent back 20,000 *castellanos* in the vessels to Panamá.

²⁰ "Fueron a dar en vn pueblo que se dezia Coaque que fue nuestro Señor servido tapasen con el, porque con lo que en el se hallo se acredito la tierra y vino gente a ella." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

lift their hands to the heads in the morning.²¹ The epidemic, which made its first appearance during this invasion, and which did not long survive it, spread over the country, sparing neither native nor white man.²² It was one of those plagues from the vial of wrath, which the destroying angel, who follows in the path of the conqueror, pours out on the devoted nations.

The Spaniards rarely experienced on their march either resistance or annoyance from the inhabitants, who, instructed by the example of Coaque, fled with their effects into the woods and neighbouring mountains. No one came out to welcome the strangers and offer the rites of hospitality, as on their last visit to the land. For the white men were no longer regarded as good beings that had come from heaven, but as ruthless destroyers, who, invulnerable to the assaults of the Indians, were borne along on the backs of fierce animals, swifter than the wind, with weapons in their hands that scattered fire and desolation as they went. Such were the stories now circulated of the invaders, which, preceding them everywhere on their march, closed the hearts, if not the doors, of the natives against them. Exhausted by the fatigue of travel and by disease, and grievously disappointed at the poverty of the land, which now offered no compensation for their toils, the soldiers of Pizarro cursed the hour in which they had enlisted under his standard, and the men of Nicaragua in particular, says the old chronicler, calling to mind their pleasant quarters in their luxurious land, sighed only to return to their Mahometan paradise.²³

At this juncture the army was gladdened by the sight of a vessel from Panamá, which brought some supplies, together with the royal treasurer, the *veedor* or inspector, the comptroller, and other high officers appointed by the crown to attend the expedition. They had been left in Spain by Pizarro, in consequence of his abrupt departure from the country; and the Council of the Indies, on learning the circumstance, had sent instructions to Panamá to prevent the sailing of his squadron from that port. But the Spanish government, with more wisdom, countermanded the order, only requiring the functionaries to quicken their own departure and take their place without loss of time in the expedition.

The Spaniards in their march along the coast had now advanced as far as Puerto Viejo. Here they were soon after joined by another small reinforcement of about thirty men, under an officer named Benalcazar, who subsequently rose to high distinction in this service. Many of the followers of Pizarro would now have halted at this spot and established a colony there. But that chief thought more of conquering than of colonizing, at least for the present; and he proposed, as his first step, to get possession of Tumbez, which he regarded as the gate of the Peruvian empire. Continuing his march, therefore, to the shores of what is now called the Gulf of Guayaquil, he arrived off the little island of Puná, lying at no great distance from the Bay of Tumbez. This island, he thought, would afford him a convenient place to encamp until he was prepared to make his descent on the Indian city.

The dispositions of the islanders seemed to favour his purpose. He had not been long in their neighbourhood before a deputation of the natives, with their cacique at their head, crossed over in their balsas to the main land to welcome the Spaniards to their residence. But the Indian interpreters of Tumbez,

²¹ Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1530.

²² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 15.

²³ "Aunque ellos no ninguno por aver venido, porque como avian dexado el paraíso de

mahoma que hera Nicaragua y ballaron la isla alzada y falta de comidas y la mayor parte de la gente enferma y no oro ni plata como atras avian ballado, algunos y todos se holgaran de volver de adonde avian venido." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

who had returned with Pizarro from Spain, and continued with the camp, put their master on his guard against the meditated treachery of the islanders, whom they accused of designing to destroy the Spaniards by cutting the ropes that held together the floats and leaving those upon them to perish in the waters. Yet the cacique, when charged by Pizarro with this perfidious scheme, denied it with such an air of conscious innocence that the Spanish commander trusted himself and his followers, without further hesitation, to his conveyance, and was transported in safety to the shores of Puná.

Here he was received in a hospitable manner, and his troops were provided with comfortable quarters. Well satisfied with his present position, Pizarro resolved to occupy it until the violence of the rainy season was past, when the arrival of the reinforcements he expected would put him in better condition for marching into the country of the Inca.

The island, which lies in the mouth of the river of Guayaquil, and is about eight leagues in length by four in breadth at the widest part, was at that time partially covered with a noble growth of timber. But a large portion of it was subjected to cultivation, and bloomed with plantations of cacao, of the sweet potato, and the different products of a tropical clime, evincing agricultural knowledge as well as industry in the population. They were a warlike race, but had received from their Peruvian foes the appellation of "perfidious." It was the brand fastened by the Roman historians on their Carthaginian enemies,—with perhaps no better reason. The bold and independent islanders opposed a stubborn resistance to the arms of the Incas; and, though they had finally yielded, they had been ever since at feud, and often in deadly hostility, with their neighbours of Tumbez.

The latter no sooner heard of Pizarro's arrival on the island than, trusting probably to their former friendly relations with him, they came over in some number to the Spanish quarters. The presence of their detested rivals was by no means grateful to the jealous inhabitants of Puná, and the prolonged residence of the white men on their island could not be otherwise than burdensome. In their outward demeanour they still maintained the same show of amity; but Pizarro's interpreters again put him on his guard against the proverbial perfidy of their hosts. With his suspicions thus roused, the Spanish commander was informed that a number of the chiefs had met together to deliberate on a plan of insurrection. Not caring to wait for the springing of the mine, he surrounded the place of meeting with his soldiers and made prisoners of the suspected chieftains. According to one authority, they confessed their guilt.²⁴ This is by no means certain. Nor is it certain that they meditated an insurrection. Yet the fact is not improbable in itself; though it derives little additional probability from the assertion of the hostile interpreters. It is certain, however, that Pizarro was satisfied of the existence of a conspiracy; and, without further hesitation, he abandoned his wretched prisoners, ten or twelve in number, to the tender mercies of their rivals of Tumbez, who instantly massacred them before his eyes.²⁵

Maddened by this outrage, the people of Puná sprang to arms, and threw themselves at once, with fearful yells and the wildest menaces of despair, on the Spanish camp. The odds of numbers were greatly in their favour, for they mustered several thousand warriors. But the more decisive odds of arms and discipline were on the side of their antagonists; and, as the Indians

²⁴ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 183.

²⁵ "Y el marques don Francisco Pizarro, por tenellos por amigos y estuviesen de paz

quando alla passasen, les dio algunos principales los quales ellos matavan en presencia de los españoles, cortandoles las cavezas por el cogoto." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

rushed forward in a confused mass to the assault, the Castilians coolly received them on their long pikes or swept them down by the volleys of their musketry. Their ill-protected bodies were easily cut to pieces by the sharp sword of the Spaniard; and Hernando Pizarro, putting himself at the head of the cavalry, charged boldly into the midst, and scattered them far and wide over the field, until, panic-struck by the terrible array of steel-clad horsemen and the stunning reports and the flash of fire-arms, the fugitives sought shelter in the depths of their forests. Yet the victory was owing, in some degree, at least,—if we may credit the Conquerors,—to the interposition of Heaven; for St. Michael and his legions were seen high in the air above the combatants, contending with the arch-enemy of man and cheering on the Christians by their example!²⁶

Nor more than three or four Spaniards fell in the fight; but many were wounded, and among them Hernando Pizarro, who received a severe injury in the leg from a javelin. Nor did the war end here; for the implacable islanders, taking advantage of the cover of night, or of any remissness on the part of the invaders, were ever ready to steal out of their fastnesses and spring on their enemy's camp, while, by cutting off his straggling parties and destroying his provisions, they kept him in perpetual alarm.

In this uncomfortable situation, the Spanish commander was gladdened by the appearance of two vessels off the island. They brought a reinforcement consisting of a hundred volunteers, besides horses for the cavalry. It was commanded by Hernando de Soto, a captain afterwards famous as the discoverer of the Mississippi, which still rolls its majestic current over the place of his burial,—a fitting monument for his remains, as it is of his renown.²⁷

This reinforcement was most welcome to Pizarro, who had been long discontented with his position on an island, where he found nothing to compensate the life of unintermitting hostility which he was compelled to lead. With these recruits he felt himself in sufficient strength to cross over to the continent and resume military operations on the proper theatre for discovery and conquest. From the Indians of Tumbez he learned that the country had been for some time distracted by a civil war between two sons of the late monarch, competitors for the throne. This intelligence he regarded as of the utmost importance, for he remembered the use which Cortés had made of similar dissensions among the tribes of Anahuac. Indeed, Pizarro seems to have had the example of his great predecessor before his eyes on more occasions than this. But he fell far short of his model; for, notwithstanding the restraint he sometimes put upon himself, his coarser nature and more ferocious temper often betrayed him into acts most repugnant to sound policy, which would never have been countenanced by the Conqueror of Mexico.

²⁶ The city of San Miguel was so named by Pizarro to commemorate the event; and the existence of such a city may be considered by some as establishing the truth of the miracle.—"En la batalla de Puná vieron muchos, ya de los Indios, ya de los nuestros, que habla en el aire otros dos campos, uno acaudillado por el Arcangel S^o Miguel con espada y rodela, y otro por Luzbel y sus secuaces; mas apenas cantaron los Castellanos la victoria huyeron los diablos, y formando un gran torbellino de viento se oyeron en el aire unas terribles voces que decian, Vencistenos! Mi-

guel vencistenos! De aqui tornó Dⁿ Francisco Pizarro tanta devocion al sto Arcangel, que prometió llamar la primera ciudad que fundase de su nombre: cumpliólo asi como veremos adelante." Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1530.

²⁷ The transactions in Puná are given at more or less length by Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—*Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Montesinos, Annales*, MS., ubi supra.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—*Xerez, Conq. del Peru*, ap. *Barcia*, tom. iii. p. 182, 183.

CHAPTER II.

PERU AT THE TIME OF THE CONQUEST—REIGN OF HUAYNA CAPAC—THE INCA BROTHERS—CONTEST FOR THE EMPIRE—TRIUMPH AND CRUELITIES OF ATAHUALPA.

BEFORE accompanying the march of Pizarro and his followers into the country of the Incas, it is necessary to make the reader acquainted with the critical situation of the kingdom at that time. For the Spaniards arrived just at the consummation of an important revolution,—a crisis most favourable to their views of conquest, and one, indeed, but for which the conquest, with such a handful of soldiers, could never have been achieved.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century died Tupac Inca Yupanqui, one of the most renowned of the "Children of the Sun," who, carrying the Peruvian arms across the burning sands of Atacama, penetrated to the remote borders of Chili, while in the opposite direction he enlarged the limits of the empire by the acquisition of the southern provinces of Quito. The war in this quarter was conducted by his son Huayna Capac, who succeeded his father on the throne, and fully equalled him in military daring and in capacity for government.

Under this prince, the whole of the powerful state of Quito, which rivalled that of Peru itself in wealth and refinement, was brought under the sceptre of the Incas; whose empire received by this conquest the most important accession yet made to it since the foundation of the dynasty of Manco Capac. The remaining days of the victorious monarch were passed in reducing the independent tribes on the remote limits of his territory, and, still more, in cementing his conquests by the introduction of the Peruvian polity. He was actively engaged in completing the great works of his father, especially the high-roads which led from Quito to the capital. He perfected the establishment of posts, took great pains to introduce the Quichua dialect throughout the empire, promoted a better system of agriculture, and, in fine, encouraged the different branches of domestic industry and the various enlightened plans of his predecessors for the improvement of his people. Under his sway the Peruvian monarchy reached its most palmy state; and under both him and his illustrious father it was advancing with such rapid strides in the march of civilization as would soon have carried it to a level with the more refined despotisms of Asia, furnishing the world, perhaps, with higher evidence of the capabilities of the American Indian than is elsewhere to be found on the great Western continent. But other and gloomier destinies were in reserve for the Indian races.

The first arrival of the white men on the South American shores of the Pacific was about ten years before the death of Huayna Capac, when Balboa crossed the Gulf of St. Michael and obtained the first clear report of the empire of the Incas. Whether tidings of these adventurers reached the Indian monarch's ears is doubtful. There is no doubt, however, that he obtained the news of the first expedition under Pizarro and Almagro, when the latter commander penetrated as far as the Rio de San Juan, about the fourth degree north. The accounts which he received made a strong impression on the mind of Huayna Capac. He discerned in the formidable prowess and weapons of the invaders proofs of a civilization far superior to that of his own people.

He intimated his apprehension that they would return, and that at some day, not far distant perhaps, the throne of the Incas might be shaken by these strangers endowed with such incomprehensible powers.¹ To the vulgar eye, it was a little speck on the verge of the horizon; but that of the sagacious monarch seemed to descry in it the dark thunder-cloud that was to spread wider and wider till it burst in fury on his nation.

There is some ground for believing thus much. But other accounts, which have obtained a popular currency, not content with this, connect the first tidings of the white men with predictions long extant in the country, and with supernatural appearances which filled the hearts of the whole nation with dismay. Comets were seen flaming athwart the heavens. Earthquakes shook the land; the moon was girdled with rings of fire of many colours; a thunder-bolt fell on one of the royal palaces and consumed it to ashes; and an eagle, chased by several hawks, was seen, screaming in the air, to hover above the great square of Cuzco, when, pierced by the talons of his tormentors, the king of birds fell lifeless in the presence of many of the Inca nobles, who read in this an augury of their own destruction. Huayna Capac himself, calling his great officers around him, as he found he was drawing near his end, announced the subversion of his empire by the race of white and bearded strangers, as the consummation predicted by the oracles after the reign of the twelfth Inca, and he enjoined it on his vassals not to resist the decrees of Heaven, but to yield obedience to its messengers.²

Such is the report of the impressions made by the appearance of the Spaniards in the country, reminding one of the similar feelings of superstitious terror occasioned by their appearance in Mexico. But the traditions of the latter land rest on much higher authority than those of the Peruvians, which, unsupported by contemporary testimony, rest almost wholly on the naked assertion of one of their own nation, who thought to find, doubtless, in the inevitable decrees of Heaven, the best apology for the supineness of his countrymen.

It is not improbable that rumours of the advent of a strange and mysterious race should have spread gradually among the Indian tribes along the great table-land of the Cordilleras, and should have shaken the hearts of the stoutest warriors with feelings of undefined dread, as of some impending calamity. In this state of mind, it was natural that physical convulsions, to which that volcanic country is peculiarly subject, should have made an unwonted impression on their minds, and that the phenomena which might have been regarded only as extraordinary, in the usual seasons of political security, should now be interpreted by the superstitious soothsayer as the handwriting on the heavens, by which the God of the Incas proclaimed the approaching downfall of their empire.

Huayna Capac had, as usual with the Peruvian princes, a multitude of concubines, by whom he left a numerous posterity. The heir to the crown, the son of his lawful wife and sister, was named Huascar.³ At the period of the

¹ Sarmiento, an honest authority, tells us he had this from some of the Inca lords who heard it. *Relacion*, MS., cap. 65.

² A minute relation of these supernatural occurrences is given by the Inca Garcilasso de la Vega (*Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 9, cap. 14), whose situation opened to him the very best sources of information, which is more than counterbalanced by the defects in his own character as an historian,—his childish credulity, and his desire to magnify and mystify

everything relating to his own order, and, indeed, his nation. His work is the source of most of the facts—and the falsehoods—that have obtained circulation in respect to the ancient Peruvians. Unfortunately, at this distance of time it is not always easy to distinguish the one from the other.

³ *Huascar*, in the Quichua dialect, signifies "a cable." The reason of its being given to the heir-apparent is remarkable. Huayna Capac celebrated the birth of the prince by a

history at which we are now arrived, he was about thirty years of age. Next to the heir-apparent, by another wife, a cousin of the monarch's, came Manco Capac, a young prince who will occupy an important place in our subsequent story. But the best-beloved of the Inca's children was Atahualpa. His mother was the daughter of the last *Scyri* of Quito, who had died of grief, it was said, not long after the subversion of his kingdom by Huayna Capac. The princess was beautiful, and the Inca, whether to gratify his passion, or, as the Peruvians say, willing to make amends for the ruin of her parents, received her among his concubines. The historians of Quito assert that she was his lawful wife; but this dignity, according to the usages of the empire, was reserved for maidens of the Inca blood.

The latter years of Huayna Capac were passed in his new kingdom of Quito. Atahualpa was accordingly brought up under his own eye, accompanied him, while in his tender years, in his campaigns, slept in the same tent with his royal father, and ate from the same plate.⁴ The vivacity of the boy, his courage and generous nature, won the affections of the old monarch to such a degree that he resolved to depart from the established usages of the realm and divide his empire between him and his elder brother Huascar. On his death-bed he called the great officers of the crown around him, and declared it to be his will that the ancient kingdom of Quito should pass to Atahualpa, who might be considered as having a natural claim on it, as the dominion of his ancestors. The rest of the empire he settled on Huascar; and he enjoined it on the two brothers to acquiesce in this arrangement and to live in amity with each other. This was the last act of the heroic monarch; doubtless the most impolitic of his whole life. With his dying breath he subverted the fundamental laws of the empire; and, while he recommended harmony between the successors to his authority, he left in this very division of it the seeds of inevitable discord.⁵

His death took place, as seems probable, at the close of 1525, not quite seven years before Pizarro's arrival at Puná.⁶ The tidings of his decease spread sorrow and consternation throughout the land; for, though stern and even inexorable to the rebel and the long-resisting foe, he was a brave and magnanimous monarch, and legislated with the enlarged views of a prince who regarded every part of his dominions as equally his concern. The people of Quito, flattered by the proofs which he had given of preference for them by

festival, in which he introduced a massive gold chain for the nobles to hold in their hands as they performed their national dances. The chain was seven hundred feet in length, and the links nearly as big round as a man's wrist! (See Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 14.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 1.) The latter writer had the particulars, he tells us, from his old Inca uncle,—who seems to have dealt largely in the marvellous; not too largely for his audience, however, as the story has been circulated without a scruple by most of the Castilian writers both of that and of the succeeding age.

⁴ "Atabalipa era bien quisto de los Capitanes viejos de su Padre y de los Soldados, porque andubo en la guerra en su nifia y porque él en vida le mostró tanto amor que no le dejaba comer otra cosa que lo que él le daba de su plato." Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 66.

⁵ Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 1,

lib. 8, cap. 9.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 12.—Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 65.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 201.

⁶ The precise date of this event, though so near the time of the Conquest, is matter of doubt. Balboa, a contemporary with the Conquerors, and who wrote at Quito, where the Inca died, fixes it at 1525. (*Hist. du Pérou*, chap. 14.) Velasco, another inhabitant of the same place, after an investigation of the different accounts, comes to the like conclusion. (*Hist. de Quito*, tom. i. p. 232.) Dr. Robertson, after telling us that Huayna Capac died in 1529, speaks again of this event as having happened in 1527. (*Conf. America*, vol. iii. pp. 25, 381.) Any one who has been bewildered by the chronological snarl of the ancient chronicles will not be surprised at meeting occasionally with such inconsistencies in a writer who is obliged to take them as his guides.

his permanent residence in that country and his embellishment of their capital, manifested unfeigned sorrow at his loss; and his subjects at Cuzco, proud of the glory which his arms and his abilities had secured for his native land, held him in no less admiration; while the more thoughtful and the more timid, in both countries, looked with apprehension to the future, when the sceptre of the vast empire, instead of being swayed by an old and experienced hand, was to be consigned to rival princes, naturally jealous of one another, and, from their age, necessarily exposed to the unwholesome influence of crafty and ambitious counsellors. The people testified their regret by the unwonted honours paid to the memory of the deceased Inca. His heart was retained in Quito, and his body, embalmed after the fashion of the country, was transported to Cuzco, to take its place in the great temple of the Sun, by the side of the remains of his royal ancestors. His obsequies were celebrated with sanguinary splendour in both the capitals of his far-extended empire; and several thousand of the imperial concubines, with numerous pages and officers of the palace, are said to have proved their sorrow, or their superstition, by offering up their own lives, that they might accompany their departed lord to the bright mansions of the Sun.*

For nearly five years after the death of Huayna Capac, the royal brothers reigned, each over his allotted portion of the empire, without distrust of one another, or, at least, without collision. It seemed as if the wish of their father was to be completely realized, and that the two states were to maintain their respective integrity and independence as much as if they had never been united into one. But, with the manifold causes for jealousy and discontent, and the swarms of courtly sycophants who would find their account in fomenting these feelings, it was easy to see that this tranquil state of things could not long endure. Nor would it have endured so long, but for the more gentle temper of Huascar, the only party who had ground for complaint. He was four or five years older than his brother, and was possessed of courage not to be doubted; but he was a prince of a generous and easy nature, and perhaps, if left to himself, might have acquiesced in an arrangement which, however unpalatable, was the will of his deified father. But Atahualpa was of a different temper. Warlike, ambitious, and daring, he was constantly engaged in enterprises for the enlargement of his own territory; though his crafty policy was scrupulous not to aim at extending his acquisitions in the direction of his royal brother. His restless spirit, however, excited some alarm at the court of Cuzco, and Huascar at length sent an envoy to Atahualpa, to remonstrate with him on his ambitious enterprises, and to require him to render him homage for his kingdom of Quito.

This is one statement. Other accounts pretend that the immediate cause of rupture was a claim instituted by Huascar for the territory of Tumebamba, held by his brother as part of his patrimonial inheritance. It matters little what was the ostensible ground of collision between persons placed by circumstances in so false a position in regard to one another that collision must, at some time or other, inevitably occur.

The commencement, and, indeed, the whole course, of hostilities which soon broke out between the rival brothers are stated with irreconcilable and, considering the period was so near to that of the Spanish invasion, with unac-

* One cannot doubt this monarch's popularity with the female part of his subjects, at least, if, as the historian of the Incas tells us, "he was never known to refuse a woman, of whatever age or degree she might be, any

favour that she asked of him"! *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 7.

* Sarmiento, *Relacion*, MS., cap. 65.—*Herrera*, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 17.

countable discrepancy. By some it is said that in Atahualpa's first encounter with the troops of Cuzco he was defeated and made prisoner near Tumbamba, a favourite residence of his father, in the ancient territory of Quito and in the district of Cañaris. From this disaster he recovered by a fortunate escape from confinement, when, regaining his capital, he soon found himself at the head of a numerous army, led by the most able and experienced captains in the empire. The liberal manners of the young Atahualpa had endeared him to the soldiers, with whom, as we have seen, he served more than one campaign in his father's lifetime. These troops were the flower of the great army of the Inca, and some of them had grown gray in his long military career, which had left them at the north, where they readily transferred their allegiance to the young sovereign of Quito. They were commanded by two officers of great consideration, both possessed of large experience in military affairs and high in the confidence of the late Inca. One of them was named Quizquiz; the other, who was the maternal uncle of Atahualpa, was called Challechima.

With these practised warriors to guide him, the young monarch put himself at the head of his martial array and directed his march towards the south. He had not advanced farther than Ambato, about sixty miles distant from his capital, when he fell in with a numerous host which had been sent against him by his brother, under the command of a distinguished chieftain, of the Inca family. A bloody battle followed, which lasted the greater part of the day; and the theatre of combat was the skirts of the mighty Chimborazo.*

The battle ended favourably for Atahualpa, and the Peruvians were routed with great slaughter and the loss of their commander. The prince of Quito availed himself of his advantage to push forward his march until he arrived before the gates of Tumbamba, which city, as well as the whole district of Cañaris, though an ancient dependency of Quito, had sided with his rival in the contest. Entering the captive city like a conqueror, he put the inhabitants to the sword, and razed it with all its stately edifices, some of which had been reared by his own father, to the ground. He carried on the same war of extermination as he marched through the offending district of Cañaris. In some places, it is said, bands of children, as well as of older persons, were sent out, in melancholy procession, with green branches in their hands, to deprecate his wrath; but the vindictive conqueror, deaf to their entreaties, laid the country waste with fire and sword, sparing no man capable of bearing arms who fell into his hands.¹⁰

The fate of Cañaris struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, and one place after another opened its gates to the victor, who held on his triumphant march towards the Peruvian capital. His arms experienced a temporary check before the island of Puná, whose bold warriors maintained the cause of

* Garcilasso denies that anything but insignificant skirmishes took place before the decisive action fought on the plains of Cuzco. But Sarmiento, who gathered his accounts of these events, as he tells us, from the actors in them, walked over the field of battle at Ambato, when the ground was still covered with the bones of the slain: "Yo hé pasado por este Pueblo y hé visto el Lugar donde dicen que esta Batalla se dió, y cierto segun hay la osamenta devieron aun de morir mas gente de la que cuentan." *Relacion, MS., cap. 69.*

¹⁰ "Cuentan muchos Indios á quien yo lo oí, que por amansar su ira, mandaron á un es-

cuadron grande de niños y á otro de hombres de toda edad, que saliesen hasta las ricas andas donde venia con gran pompa, llevando en las manos ramos verdes y ojas de palma, y que le pidiesen la gracia y amistad suya para el pueblo, sin mirar la injuria pasada, y que en tantos clamores se lo suplicasen, y con tanta humildad, que bastara quebrantar corazones de piedra; mas poca impresion hicieron en el cruel de Atabalpa, porque dicen que mandó á sus capitanes y gentes que matasen á todos aquellos que habian venido, lo cual fué hecho, no perdonando sino á algunos niños y á las mugeres sagradas del Templo." *Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 70.*

his brother. After some days lost before this place, Atahualpa left the contest to their old enemies, the people of Tumbes, who had early given in their adhesion to him, while he resumed his march and advanced as far as Caxamalca, about seven degrees south. Here he halted with a detachment of the army, sending forward the main body under the command of his two generals, with orders to move straight upon Cuzco. He preferred not to trust himself farther in the enemy's country, where a defeat might be fatal. By establishing his quarters at Caxamalca, he would be able to support his generals in case of a reverse, or, at worst, to secure his retreat on Quito until he was again in condition to renew hostilities.

The two commanders, advancing by rapid marches, at length crossed the Apurimac River, and arrived within a short distance of the Peruvian capital. Meanwhile, Huascar had not been idle. On receiving tidings of the discomfiture of his army at Ambato, he made every exertion to raise levies throughout the country. By the advice, it is said, of his priests,—the most incompetent advisers in times of danger,—he chose to await the approach of the enemy in his own capital; and it was not till the latter had arrived within a few leagues of Cuzco that the Inca, taking counsel of the same ghostly monitors, sallied forth to give him battle.

The two armies met on the plains of Quipaypan, in the neighbourhood of the Indian metropolis. Their numbers are stated with the usual discrepancy; but Atahualpa's troops had considerably the advantage in discipline and experience, for many of Huascar's levies had been drawn hastily together from the surrounding country. Both fought, however, with the desperation of men who felt that everything was at stake. It was no longer a contest for a province, but for the possession of an empire. Atahualpa's troops, flushed with recent success, fought with the confidence of those who relied on their superior prowess; while the loyal vassals of the Inca displayed all the self-devotion of men who held their own lives cheap in the service of their master.

The fight raged with the greatest obstinacy from sunrise to sunset; and the ground was covered with heaps of the dying and the dead, whose bones lay bleaching on the battle-field long after the conquest by the Spaniards. At length, fortune declared in favour of Atahualpa, or, rather, the usual result of superior discipline and military practice followed. The ranks of the Inca were thrown into irretrievable disorder, and gave way in all directions. The conquerors followed close on the heels of the flying. Huascar himself, among the latter, endeavoured to make his escape with about a thousand men who remained round his person. But the royal fugitive was discovered before he had left the field; his little party was enveloped by clouds of the enemy, and nearly every one of the devoted band perished in defence of their Inca. Huascar was made prisoner, and the victorious chiefs marched at once on his capital, which they occupied in the name of their sovereign.¹¹

These events occurred in the spring of 1532, a few months before the landing of the Spaniards. The tidings of the success of his arms and the capture of his unfortunate brother reached Atahualpa at Caxamalca. He instantly gave orders that Huascar should be treated with the respect due to his rank, but that he should be removed to the strong fortress of Xauxa and held there in strict confinement. His orders did not stop here,—if we are to receive the accounts of Garcilasso de la Vega, himself of the Inca race, and by his mother's side nephew of the great Huayna Capac.

¹¹ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 77.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 9.—Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom.

III. p. 202.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 1, cap. 12.—Sarmiento, Relacion, MS., cap. 70, —Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

According to this authority, Atahualpa invited the Inca nobles throughout the country to assemble at Cuzco, in order to deliberate on the best means of partitioning the empire between him and his brother. When they had met in the capital, they were surrounded by the soldiery of Quito and butchered without mercy. The motive for this perfidious act was to exterminate the whole of the royal family, who might each one of them show a better title to the crown than the illegitimate Atahualpa. But the massacre did not end here. The illegitimate offspring, like himself, half-brothers of the monster, all, in short, who had any of the Inca blood in their veins, were involved in it; and, with an appetite for carnage unparalleled in the annals of the Roman Empire or of the French Republic, Atahualpa ordered all the females of the blood royal, his aunts, nieces, and cousins, to be put to death, and that, too, with the most refined and lingering tortures. To give greater zest to his revenge, many of the executions took place in the presence of Huascar himself, who was thus compelled to witness the butchery of his own wives and sisters, while, in the extremity of anguish, they in vain called on him to protect them!¹²

Such is the tale told by the historian of the Incas, and received by him, as he assures us, from his mother and uncle, who, being children at the time, were so fortunate as to be among the few that escaped the massacre of their house.¹³ And such is the account repeated by many a Castilian writer since, without any symptom of distrust. But a tissue of unprovoked atrocities like these is too repugnant to the principles of human nature—and, indeed, to common sense—to warrant our belief in them on ordinary testimony.

The annals of semi-civilized nations unhappily show that there have been instances of similar attempts to extinguish the whole of a noxious race which had become the object of a tyrant's jealousy; though such an attempt is about as chimerical as it would be to extirpate any particular species of plant the seeds of which had been borne on every wind over the country. But, if the attempt to exterminate the Inca race was actually made by Atahualpa, how comes it that so many of the pure descendants of the blood royal—nearly six hundred in number—are admitted by the historian to have been in existence seventy years after the imputed massacre?¹⁴ Why was the massacre, instead of being limited to the legitimate members of the royal stock, who could show a better title to the crown than the usurper, extended to all, however remotely or in whatever way, connected with the race? Why were aged women and young maidens involved in the proscription, and why were they subjected to such refined and superfluous tortures, when it is obvious that beings so impotent could have done nothing to provoke the jealousy of the tyrant? Why, when so many were sacrificed from some vague apprehension of distant danger,

¹² Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 9, cap. 35-39.—“A las Mujeres, Hermanas, Tias, Sobrinas, Primas Hermanas, y Madrastras de Atahualpa, colgavan de los Arboles, y de muchas Horcas muy altas que hicieron: à unas colgaron de los cabellos, à otras por debajo de los brazos, y à otras de otras maneras feas, que por la honestidad se callan: davanles sus hijuelos, que los tuviesen en brazos, tenianlos hasta que se les caian, y se aporreavan.” (*Ibid.*, cap. 37.) The variety of torture shows some invention in the writer, or, more probably, in the writer's uncle, the ancient Inca, the *raconteur* of these Bluebeard butcheries.

¹³ “Las crueldades, que Atahualpa en los

de la Sangre Real hizo, diré de Relacion de mi Madre, y de un Hermano suyo, que se llamó Don Fernando Huallpa Tupac Inca Yupanqui, que entonces eran Niños de menos de diez Años.” Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 9, cap. 14.

¹⁴ This appears from a petition for certain immunities, forwarded to Spain in 1603, and signed by five hundred and sixty-seven Indians of the royal Inca race. (*Ibid.*, Parte 3, lib. 9, cap. 40.) Oviedo says that Huayna Capac left a hundred sons and daughters, and that *most of them were alive at the time of his writing*: “Tubo cien hijos y hijas, y la mayor parte de ellos son vivos.” *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 9.

was his rival Huascar, together with his younger brother Manco Capac, the two men from whom the conqueror had most to fear, suffered to live? Why, in short, is the wonderful tale not recorded by others before the time of Garcilasso, and nearer by half a century to the events themselves? ¹⁵

That Atahualpa may have been guilty of excesses, and abused the rights of conquest by some gratuitous acts of cruelty, may be readily believed; for no one who calls to mind his treatment of the Cañaris—which his own apologists do not affect to deny ¹⁶—will doubt that he had a full measure of the vindictive temper which belongs to

"Those souls of fire, and Children of the Sun,
With whom revenge was virtue."

But there is a wide difference between this and the monstrous and most unprovoked atrocities imputed to him, implying a diabolical nature not to be admitted on the evidence of an Indian partisan, the sworn foe of his house, and repeated by Castilian chroniclers, who may naturally seek, by blazoning the enormities of Atahualpa, to find some apology for the cruelty of their countrymen towards him.

The news of the great victory was borne on the wings of the wind to Caxamalca; and loud and long was the rejoicing, not only in the camp of Atahualpa, but in the town and surrounding country; for all now came in, eager to offer their congratulations to the victor and do him homage. The prince of Quito no longer hesitated to assume the scarlet *borla*, the diadem of the Incas. His triumph was complete. He had beaten his enemies on their own ground, had taken their capital, had set his foot on the neck of his rival, and won for himself the ancient sceptre of the Children of the Sun. But the hour of triumph was destined to be that of his deepest humiliation. Atahualpa was not one of those to whom, in the language of the Grecian bard, "the gods are willing to reveal themselves." ¹⁷ He had not read the handwriting on the heavens. The small speck which the clear-sighted eye of his father had discerned on the distant verge of the horizon, though little noticed by Atahualpa, intent on the deadly strife with his brother, had now risen high towards the zenith, spreading wider and wider, till it wrapped the skies in darkness and was ready to burst in thunders on the devoted nation.

¹⁵ I have looked in vain for some confirmation of this story in Oviedo, Sarmiento, Xerez, Cieza de Leon, Zarate, Pedro Pizarro, Gomara,—all living at the time, and having access to the best sources of information, and all, it may be added, disposed to do stern justice to the evil qualities of the Indian monarch.

¹⁶ No one of the apologists of Atahualpa goes quite so far as Father Velasco, who, in the overflowings of his loyalty for a Quito

monarch, regards his massacre of the Cañaris as a very fair retribution for their offences: "Si les auteurs dont je viens de parler s'étaient trouvés dans les mêmes circonstances qu'Atahualpa et avaient éprouvé autant d'offenses graves et de trahisons, je ne croirai jamais qu'ils eussent agi autrement." Hist. de Quito, tom. i. p. 253.

¹⁷ "Ὅδ' γὰρ πῶ πάντεσσι θεοὶ φαίνονται ἵναργεῖν."

ΟΔΥΣ. π, v. 161.

CHAPTER III.

THE SPANIARDS LAND AT TUMBEZ—PIZARRO RECONNOITRES THE COUNTRY—
FOUNDATION OF SAN MIGUEL—MARCH INTO THE INTERIOR—EMBASSY
FROM THE INCA—ADVENTURES ON THE MARCH—ARRIVAL AT THE FOOT
OF THE ANDES.

1532.

WE left the Spaniards at the island of Puná, preparing to make their descent on the neighbouring continent at Tumbes. This port was but a few leagues distant, and Pizarro, with the greater part of his followers, passed over in the ships, while a few others were to transport the commander's baggage and the military stores on some of the Indian balsas. One of the latter vessels which first touched the shore was surrounded, and three persons who were on the raft were carried off by the natives to the adjacent woods and there massacred. The Indians then got possession of another of the balsas, containing Pizarro's wardrobe; but, as the men who defended it raised loud cries for help, they reached the ears of Hernando Pizarro, who, with a small body of horse, had effected a landing some way farther down the shore. A broad tract of miry ground, overflowed at high water, lay between him and the party thus rudely assailed by the natives. The tide was out, and the bottom was soft and dangerous. With little regard to the danger, however, the bold cavalier spurred his horse into the slimy depths, and, followed by his men, with the mud up to their saddle-girths, plunged forward into the midst of the marauders, who, terrified by the strange apparition of the horsemen, fled precipitately, without show of fight, to the neighbouring forests.

This conduct of the natives at Tumbes is not easy to be explained, considering the friendly relations maintained with the Spaniards on their preceding visit, and lately renewed in the island of Puná. But Pizarro was still more astonished, on entering their town, to find it not only deserted, but, with the exception of a few buildings, entirely demolished. Four or five of the most substantial private dwellings, the great temple, and the fortress—and these greatly damaged, and wholly despoiled of their interior decorations—alone survived to mark the site of the city and attest its former splendour.¹ The scene of desolation filled the conquerors with dismay; for even the raw recruits, who had never visited the coast before, had heard the marvellous stories of the golden treasures of Tumbes, and they had confidently looked forward to them as an easy spoil after all their fatigues. But the gold of Peru seemed only like a deceitful phantom, which, after beckoning them on through toil and danger, vanished the moment they attempted to grasp it.

Pizarro despatched a small body of troops in pursuit of the fugitives; and, after some slight skirmishing, they got possession of several of the natives, and among them, as it chanced, the curaca of the place. When brought before the Spanish commander, he exonerated himself from any share in the violence offered to the white men, saying it was done by a lawless party of his people, without his knowledge at the time; and he expressed his willingness to deliver them up to punishment, if they could be detected. He explained

¹ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 185.—“Aunque lo del templo del Sol en quien ellos adoran era cosa de ver, porque tenían grandes edificios, y todo el por de

dentro y de fuera pintado de grandes pinturas y ricos matices de colores, porque los hay en aquella tierra.” *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

the dilapidated condition of the town by the long wars carried on with the fierce tribes of Puná, who had at length succeeded in getting possession of the place and driving the inhabitants into the neighbouring woods and mountains. The Inca, to whose cause they were attached, was too much occupied with his own feuds to protect them against their enemies.

Whether Pizarro gave any credit to the cacique's exculpation of himself may be doubted. He dissembled his suspicions, however, and, as the Indian lord promised obedience in his own name and that of his vassals, the Spanish general consented to take no further notice of the affair. He seems now to have felt for the first time, in its full force, that it was his policy to gain the good will of the people among whom he had thrown himself in the face of such tremendous odds. It was, perhaps, the excesses of which his men had been guilty in the earlier stages of the expedition that had shaken the confidence of the people of Tumbez and incited them to this treacherous retaliation.

Pizarro inquired of the natives who now, under promise of impunity, came into the camp, what had become of his two followers that remained with them in the former expedition. The answers they gave were obscure and contradictory. Some said they had died of an epidemic; others, that they had perished in the war with Puná; and others intimated that they had lost their lives in consequence of some outrage attempted on the Indian women. It was impossible to arrive at the truth. The last account was not the least probable. But, whatever might be the cause, there was no doubt they had both perished.

This intelligence spread an additional gloom over the Spaniards, which was not dispelled by the flaming pictures now given by the natives of the riches of the land, and of the state and magnificence of the monarch in his distant capital among the mountains. Nor did they credit the authenticity of a scroll of paper which Pizarro had obtained from an Indian to whom it had been delivered by one of the white men left in the country. "Know, whoever you may be," said the writing, "that may chance to set foot in this country, that it contains more gold and silver than there is iron in Biscay." This paper, when shown to the soldiers, excited only their ridicule, as a device of their captain to keep alive their chimerical hopes.²

Pizarro now saw that it was not politic to protract his stay in his present quarters, where a spirit of disaffection would soon creep into the ranks of his followers unless their spirits were stimulated by novelty or a life of incessant action. Yet he felt deeply anxious to obtain more particulars than he had hitherto gathered of the actual condition of the Peruvian empire, of its strength and resources, of the monarch who ruled over it, and of his present situation. He was also desirous, before taking any decisive step for penetrating the country, to seek out some commodious place for a settlement, which might afford him the means of a regular communication with the colonies, and a place of strength, on which he himself might retreat in case of disaster.

He decided, therefore, to leave part of his company at Tumbez, including those who, from the state of their health, were least able to take the field, and with the remainder to make an excursion into the interior and reconnoitre the land, before deciding on any plan of operations. He set out early in May, 1532, and, keeping along the more level regions himself, sent a small detach-

² For the account of the transactions in Tumbez, see Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 1.—*Relacion del primer De-*

scub., MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 4, lib. 9, cap. 1, 2.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 185.

ment under the command of Hernando de Soto to explore the skirts of the vast sierra.

He maintained a rigid discipline on the march, commanding his soldiers to abstain from all acts of violence, and punishing disobedience in the most prompt and resolute manner.² The natives rarely offered resistance. When they did so, they were soon reduced, and Pizarro, far from adopting vindictive measures, was open to the first demonstrations of submission. By this lenient and liberal policy he soon acquired a name among the inhabitants which effaced the unfavourable impressions made of him in the earlier part of the campaign. The natives, as he marched through the thick-settled hamlets which sprinkled the level region between the Cordilleras and the ocean, welcomed him with rustic hospitality, providing good quarters for his troops, and abundant supplies, which cost but little in the prolific soil of the *tierra caliente*. Everywhere Pizarro made proclamation that he came in the name of the Holy Vicar of God and of the sovereign of Spain, requiring the obedience of the inhabitants as true children of the Church and vassals of his lord and master. And, as the simple people made no opposition to a formula of which they could not comprehend a syllable, they were admitted as good subjects of the crown of Castile, and their act of homage—or what was readily interpreted as such—was duly recorded and attested by the notary.³

At the expiration of some three or four weeks spent in reconnoitring the country, Pizarro came to the conclusion that the most eligible site for his new settlement was in the rich valley of Tangarala, thirty leagues south of Tumbes, traversed by more than one stream that opens a communication with the ocean. To this spot, accordingly, he ordered the men left at Tumbes to repair at once in their vessels; and no sooner had they arrived than busy preparations were made for building up the town in a manner suited to the wants of the colony. Timber was procured from the neighbouring woods, stones were dragged from their quarries, and edifices gradually rose, some of which made pretensions to strength, if not to elegance. Among them were a church, a magazine for public stores, a hall of justice, and a fortress. A municipal government was organized, consisting of regidores, alcaldes, and the usual civic functionaries. The adjacent territory was parcelled out among the residents, and each colonist had a certain number of the natives allotted to assist him in his labours; for, as Pizarro's secretary remarks, "it being evident that the colonists could not support themselves without the services of the Indians, the ecclesiastics and the leaders of the expedition all agreed that a *repartimiento* of the natives would serve the cause of religion, and tend greatly to their spiritual welfare, since they would thus have the opportunity of being initiated in the true faith."⁴

² "Mando el Gobernador por pregon é so graves penas que no le fuese hecha fuerza ni descortesía, é que se les hiciese muy buen tratamiento por los Españoles é sus criados." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 2.

³ "E mandabales notificar é dar á entender con las lenguas el requerimiento que su Magestad manda que se les haga á los Indios para traerlos en conocimiento de nuestra Santa fé católica, y requiriendoles con la paz, é que obedezcan á la Iglesia Católica é Apostólica de Roma, é en lo temporal den la obediencia á su Magestad é á los Reyes sus sucesores en los reynos de Castilla í de Leon; respondieron que así lo querían é

harían, guardarian é cumplirían enteramente; é el Gobernador los recibio por tales vasallos de sus Magestades por auto publico de notarios." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., ubi supra.

⁴ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Conq. í Pob. del Piru, MS.—Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 55.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—"Porque los Vecinos, sin ainda í servicios de los Naturales no se podían sostener, ni poblarse el Pueblo. . . . A esta causa, con acuerdo de el Religioso, í de los Oficiales, que les parecio convenir así al servicio de Dios, í bien de los Naturales, el Gobernador depositó los Caciques, í Indios en los Vecinos de este Pueblo, porque les alu-

Having made these arrangements with such conscientious regard to the welfare of the benighted heathen, Pizarro gave his infant city the name of San Miguel, in acknowledgment of the service rendered him by that saint in his battles with the Indians of Puná. The site originally occupied by the settlement was afterwards found to be so unhealthy that it was abandoned for another on the banks of the beautiful Piura. The town is still of some note for its manufactures, though dwindled from its ancient importance; but the name of San Miguel de Piura, which it bears, still commemorates the foundation of the first European colony in the empire of the Incas.

Before quitting the new settlement, Pizarro caused the gold and silver ornaments which he had obtained in different parts of the country to be melted down into one mass, and a fifth to be deducted for the crown. The remainder, which belonged to the troops, he persuaded them to relinquish for the present, under the assurance of being repaid from the first spoils that fell into their hands.* With these funds, and other articles collected in the course of the campaign, he sent back the vessels to Panamá. The gold was applied to paying off the ship-owners and those who had furnished the stores for the expedition. That he should so easily have persuaded his men to resign present possessions for a future contingency is proof that the spirit of enterprise was renewed in their bosoms in all its former vigour, and that they looked forward with the same buoyant confidence to the results.

In his late tour of observation the Spanish commander had gathered much important intelligence in regard to the state of the kingdom. He had ascertained the result of the struggle between the Inca brothers, and that the victor now lay with his army encamped at the distance of only ten or twelve days' journey from San Miguel. The accounts he heard of the opulence and power of that monarch, and of his great southern capital, perfectly corresponded with the general rumours before received, and contained, therefore, something to stagger the confidence, as well as to stimulate the cupidity, of the invaders.

Pizarro would gladly have seen his little army strengthened by reinforcements, however small the amount, and on that account postponed his departure for several weeks. But no reinforcement arrived; and, as he received no further tidings from his associates, he judged that longer delay would probably be attended with evils greater than those to be encountered on the march; that discontents would inevitably spring up in a life of inaction, and the strength and spirits of the soldier sink under the enervating influence of a tropical climate. Yet the force at his command, amounting to less than two hundred soldiers in all, after reserving fifty for the protection of the new settlement, seemed but a small one for the conquest of an empire. He might, indeed, instead of marching against the Inca, take a southerly direction towards the rich capital of Cuzco. But this would only be to postpone the hour of reckoning. For in what quarter of the empire could he hope to set his foot, where the arm of its master would not reach him? By such a course, moreover, he would show his own distrust of himself. He would shake that opinion of his invincible prowess which he had hitherto endeavoured to impress on the natives, and which constituted a great secret of his strength; which, in short, held sterner sway over the mind than the display of numbers and

dasen a sostener, i los Christianos los doctrinasen en nuestra Santa Fe, conforme á los Mandamientos de su Magestad." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 187.

* "E sacado el quinto para su Magestad,

lo restante que perteneció al Egercito de la Conquista, el Gobernador le tomó prestado de los compañeros para se lo paga del primer oro que se obiese." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS. Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 2.

mere physical force. Worse than all, such a course would impair the confidence of his troops in themselves, and their reliance on himself. This would be to paralyse the arm of enterprise at once. It was not to be thought of.

But, while Pizarro decided to march into the interior, it is doubtful whether he had formed any more definite plan of action. We have no means of knowing his intentions, at this distance of time, otherwise than as they are shown by his actions. Unfortunately, he could not write, and he has left no record, like the inestimable Commentaries of Cortés, to enlighten us as to his motives. His secretary, and some of his companions in arms, have recited his actions in detail; but the motives which led to them they were not always so competent to disclose.

It is possible that the Spanish general, even so early as the period of his residence at San Miguel, may have meditated some daring stroke, some effective *coup-de-main*, which, like that of Cortés when he carried off the Aztec monarch to his quarters, might strike terror into the hearts of the people and at once decide the fortunes of the day. It is more probable, however, that he now only proposed to present himself before the Inca as the peaceful representative of a brother monarch, and by these friendly demonstrations disarm any feeling of hostility, or even of suspicion. When once in communication with the Indian prince, he could regulate his future course by circumstances.

On the 24th of September, 1532, five months after landing at Tumbez, Pizarro marched out at the head of his little body of adventurers from the gates of San Miguel, having enjoined it on the colonists to treat their Indian vassals with humanity and to conduct themselves in such a manner as would secure the good will of the surrounding tribes. Their own existence, and with it the safety of the army and the success of the undertaking, depended on this course. In the place were to remain the royal treasurer, the *veedor*, or inspector of metals, and other officers of the crown; and the command of the garrison was intrusted to the *contador*, Antonio Navarro.⁷ Then, putting himself at the head of his troops, the chief struck boldly into the heart of the country in the direction where, as he was informed, lay the camp of the Inca. It was a daring enterprise, thus to venture with a handful of followers into the heart of a powerful empire, to present himself face to face before the Indian monarch in his own camp, encompassed by the flower of his victorious army! Pizarro had already experienced more than once the difficulty of maintaining his ground against the rude tribes of the north, so much inferior in strength and numbers to the warlike legions of Peru. But the hazard of the game, as I have already more than once had occasion to remark, constituted its great charm with the Spaniard. The brilliant achievements of his countrymen, on the like occasions, with means so inadequate, inspired him with confidence in his own good star, and this confidence was one source of his success. Had he faltered for a moment, had he stopped to calculate chances, he must inevitably have failed; for the odds were too great to be combated by sober reason. They were only to be met triumphantly by the spirit of the knight-errant.

After crossing the smooth waters of the Piura, the little army continued to advance over a level district intersected by streams that descended from the neighbouring Cordilleras. The face of the country was shagged over with forests of gigantic growth, and occasionally traversed by ridges of barren land, that seemed like shoots of the adjacent Andes, breaking up the surface of the

⁷ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii, p. 187.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq.,

MS.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 10.

region into little sequestered valleys of singular loveliness. The soil, though rarely watered by the rains of heaven, was naturally rich, and wherever it was refreshed with moisture, as on the margins of the streams, it was enamelled with the brightest verdure. The industry of the inhabitants, moreover, had turned these streams to the best account, and canals and aqueducts were seen crossing the low lands in all directions, and spreading over the country, like a vast net-work, diffusing fertility and beauty around them. The air was scented with the sweet odours of flowers, and everywhere the eye was refreshed by the sight of orchards laden with unknown fruits, and of fields waving with yellow grain and rich in luscious vegetables of every description that teem in the sunny clime of the equator. The Spaniards were among a people who had carried the refinements of husbandry to a greater extent than any yet found on the American continent; and, as they journeyed through this paradise of plenty, their condition formed a pleasing contrast to what they had before endured in the dreary wilderness of the mangroves.

Everywhere, too, they were received with confiding hospitality by the simple people; for which they were no doubt indebted, in a great measure, to their own inoffensive deportment. Every Spaniard seemed to be aware that his only chance of success lay in conciliating the good opinion of the inhabitants among whom he had so recklessly cast his fortunes. In most of the hamlets, and in every place of considerable size, some fortress was to be found, or royal caravansary, destined for the Inca on his progresses, the ample halls of which furnished abundant accommodations for the Spaniards; who were thus provided with quarters along their route at the charge of the very government which they were preparing to overturn.*

On the fifth day after leaving San Miguel, Pizarro halted in one of these delicious valleys, to give his troops repose and to make a more complete inspection of them. Their number amounted in all to one hundred and seventy-seven, of which sixty-seven were cavalry. He mustered only three arquebusiers in his whole company, and a few cross-bowmen, altogether not exceeding twenty.^b The troops were tolerably well equipped, and in good condition. But the watchful eye of their commander noticed with uneasiness that, notwithstanding the general heartiness in the cause manifested by his followers, there were some among them whose countenances lowered with discontent, and who, although they did not give vent to it in open murmurs, were far from moving with their wonted alacrity. He was aware that if this spirit became contagious it would be the ruin of the enterprise; and he thought it best to exterminate the gangrene at once, and at whatever cost, than to wait until it had infected the whole system. He came to an extraordinary resolution.

Calling his men together, he told them that "a crisis had now arrived in their affairs, which it demanded all their courage to meet. No man should think of going forward in the expedition who could not do so with his whole heart, or had the least misgiving as to its success. If any repented of his share in it, it was not too late to turn back. San Miguel was but poorly garrisoned, and he should be glad to see it in greater strength. Those who chose might return to this place, and they should be entitled to the same proportion

* Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 4.—Naharro, *Relacion Sumaria*, MS.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

^b There is less discrepancy in the estimate of the Spanish force here than usual. The paucity of numbers gave less room for it. No

account carries them as high as two hundred. I have adopted that of the secretary Xerez (*Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. ii. p. 187), who has been followed by Oviedo (*Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 1, cap. 3) and by the judicious Herrera (*Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 1, cap. 2).

of lands and Indian vassals as the present residents. With the rest, were they few or many, who chose to take their chance with him, he should pursue the adventure to the end.¹⁰

It was certainly a remarkable proposal for a commander who was ignorant of the amount of disaffection in his ranks, and who could not safely spare a single man from his force, already far too feeble for the undertaking. Yet, by insisting on the wants of the little colony of San Miguel, he afforded a decent pretext for the secession of the malcontents, and swept away the barrier of shame which might have still held them in the camp. Notwithstanding the fair opening thus afforded, there were but few, nine in all, who availed themselves of the general's permission. Four of these belonged to the infantry, and five to the horse. The rest loudly declared their resolve to go forward with their brave leader; and, if there were some whose voices were faint amidst the general acclamation, they at least relinquished the right of complaining hereafter, since they had voluntarily rejected the permission to return.¹¹ This stroke of policy in their sagacious captain was attended with the best effects. He had winnowed out the few grains of discontent which, if left to themselves, might have fermented in secret till the whole mass had swelled into mutiny. Cortés had compelled his men to go forward heartily in his enterprise by burning their vessels and thus cutting off the only means of retreat. Pizarro, on the other hand, threw open the gates to the disaffected and facilitated their departure. Both judged right, under their peculiar circumstances, and both were perfectly successful.

Feeling himself strengthened, instead of weakened, by his loss, Pizarro now resumed his march, and on the second day arrived before a place called Zaran, situated in a fruitful valley among the mountains. Some of the inhabitants had been drawn off to swell the levies of Atahualpa. The Spaniards had repeated experience on their march of the oppressive exactions of the Inca, who had almost depopulated some of the valleys to obtain reinforcements for his army. The curaca of the Indian town where Pizarro now arrived received him with kindness and hospitality, and the troops were quartered as usual in one of the royal *tambos* or caravansaries, which were found in all the principal places.¹²

Yet the Spaniards saw no signs of their approach to the royal encampment, though more time had already elapsed than was originally allowed for reaching it. Shortly before entering Zaran, Pizarro had heard that a Peruvian garrison was established in a place called Caxas, lying among the hills, at no great distance from his present quarters. He immediately despatched a small party under Hernando de Soto in that direction, to reconnoitre the ground, and bring him intelligence of the actual state of things, at Zaran, where he would halt until his officer's return.

Day after day passed on, and a week had elapsed before tidings were received of his companions, and Pizarro was becoming seriously alarmed for their fate, when on the eighth morning Soto appeared, bringing with him an envoy from the Inca himself. He was a person of rank, and was attended by several followers of inferior condition. He had met the Spaniards at Caxas, and now accompanied them on their return, to deliver his sovereign's message,

¹⁰ "Que todos los que quiriesen bolverse á la ciudad de San Miguel y vecindarse allí demas de los vecinos que allí quedaban el les depositaria repartimientos de Indios con que se sostubiesen como lo habia hecho con los otros vecinos; é que con los Españoles que quedasen, pocos ó muchos, iria á conquistar

é pacificar la tierra en demanda y persecucion del camino que llevaba." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 5, cap. 3.

¹¹ Ibid., MS., loc. cit.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 1, cap. 2.—Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Garcia, tom. iii. p. 187.

¹² Conq. 1 Pob. del Piru, MS.

with a present to the Spanish commander. The present consisted of two fountains, made of stone, in the form of fortresses; some fine stuffs of woollen embroidered with gold and silver; and a quantity of goose-flesh, dried and seasoned in a peculiar manner, and much used as a perfume, in a pulverized state, by the Peruvian nobles.¹³ The Indian ambassador came charged also with his master's greeting to the strangers, whom Atahualpa welcomed to his country and invited to visit him in his camp among the mountains.¹⁴

Pizarro well understood that the Inca's object in this diplomatic visit was less to do him courtesy than to inform himself of the strength and condition of the invaders. But he was well pleased with the embassy, and dissembled his consciousness of its real purpose. He caused the Peruvian to be entertained in the best manner the camp could afford, and paid him the respect, says one of the Conquerors, due to the ambassador of so great a monarch.¹⁵ Pizarro urged him to prolong his visit for some days, which the Indian envoy declined, but made the most of his time while there, by gleaning all the information he could in respect to the use of every strange article which he saw, as well as the object of the white men's visit to the land, and the quarter whence they came.

The Spanish captain satisfied his curiosity in all these particulars. The intercourse with the natives, it may be here remarked, was maintained by means of two of the youths who had accompanied the Conquerors on their return home from their preceding voyage. They had been taken by Pizarro to Spain, and, as much pains had been bestowed on teaching them the Castilian, they now filled the office of interpreters and opened an easy communication with their countrymen. It was of inestimable service; and well did the Spanish commander reap the fruits of his forecast.¹⁶

On the departure of the Peruvian messenger, Pizarro presented him with a cap of crimson cloth, some cheap but showy ornaments of glass, and other toys, which he had brought for the purpose from Castile. He charged the envoy to tell his master that the Spaniards came from a powerful prince who dwelt far beyond the waters; that they had heard much of the fame of Atahualpa's victories, and were come to pay their respects to him, and to offer their

¹³ "Dos Fortaleças, à manéra de Fuente, figuradas en Piedra, con que beba, i dos cargas de Patos secos, desollados, para que hechos polvos, se sabume con ellos, porque así se usa entre los Señores de su Tierra: i que la embiaba à decir, que èl tiene voluntad de ser su Amigo, i esperalle de Paz en Caxamalca." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 189.

¹⁴ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 3.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 189.—Garcilasso de la Vega tells us that Atahualpa's envoy addressed the Spanish commander in the most bumble and deprecatory manner, as Son of the Sun and of the great God Viracocha. He adds that he was loaded with a prodigious present of all kinds of game, living and dead, gold and silver vases, emeralds, turquoises, etc., etc., enough to furnish out the finest chapter of the Arabian Nights. (Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 19.) It is extraordinary that none of the Conquerors, who had a quick eye for these dainties, should allude to them. One

cannot but suspect that the "old uncle" was amusing himself at his young nephew's expense,—and, as it has proved, at the expense of most of his readers, who receive the Inca's fairy-tales as historic facts.

¹⁵ "I mandò, que le diesen de comer à el, i à los que con èl venian, i todo lo que huviesen menester, i fuesen bien aposentados, como Embajadores de tan Gran Señor." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 189.

¹⁶ "Los Indios de la tierra se entendian muy bien con los Españoles, porque aquellos moçachos Indios que en el descubrimiento de la tierra Pizarro truxo à España, entendian muy bien nuestra lengua, y los tenta allí, con los cuales se entendia muy bien con todos los naturales de la tierra." (Relacion del primer Descub., MS.) Yet it is a proof of the ludicrous blunders into which the Conquerors were perpetually falling, that Pizarro's secretary constantly confounds the Inca's name with that of his capital. Huayna Capac he always styles "old Cuzco," and his son Huascar "young Cuzco."

services by aiding him with their arms against his enemies; and he might be assured they would not halt on the road longer than was necessary, before presenting themselves before him.

Pizarro now received from Soto a full account of his late expedition. That chief, on entering Caxas, found the inhabitants mustered in hostile array, as if to dispute his passage. But the cavalier soon convinced them of his pacific intentions, and, laying aside their menacing attitude, they received the Spaniards with the same courtesy which had been shown them in most places on their march.

Here Soto found one of the royal officers, employed in collecting the tribute for the government. From this functionary he learned that the Inca was quartered with a large army at Caxamalca, a place of considerable size on the other side of the Cordillera, where he was enjoying the luxury of the warm baths, supplied by natural springs, for which it was then famous, as it is at the present day. The cavalier gathered, also, much important information in regard to the resources and the general policy of government, the state maintained by the Inca, and the stern severity with which obedience to the law was everywhere enforced. He had some opportunity of observing this for himself, as, on entering the village, he saw several Indians hanging dead by their heels, having been executed for some violence offered to the Virgins of the Sun, of whom there was a convent in the neighbourhood.¹⁷

From Caxas, De Soto had passed to the adjacent town of Guancabamba, much larger, more populous, and better built than the preceding. The houses, instead of being made of clay baked in the sun, were many of them constructed of solid stone, so nicely put together that it was impossible to detect the line of junction. A river which passed through the town was traversed by a bridge, and the high-road of the Incas which crossed this district was far superior to that which the Spaniards had seen on the sea-board. It was raised in many places, like a causeway, paved with heavy stone flags, and bordered by trees that afforded a grateful shade to the passenger, while streams of water were conducted through aqueducts along the sides to slake his thirst. At certain distances, also, they noticed small houses, which, they were told, were for the accommodation of the traveller, who might thus pass without inconvenience from one end of the kingdom to the other.¹⁸ In another quarter they beheld one of those magazines destined for the army, filled with grain and with articles of clothing; and at the entrance of the town was a stone building, occupied by a public officer, whose business it was to collect the tolls or duties on various commodities brought into the place or carried out of it.¹⁹ These accounts of De Soto not only confirmed all that the Spaniards had heard of the Indian empire, but greatly raised their ideas of its resources and domestic policy. They might well have shaken the confidence of hearts less courageous.

Pizarro, before leaving his present quarters, despatched a messenger to San Miguel with particulars of his movements, sending at the same time the

¹⁷ "A la entrada del Pueblo havia ciertos Indios ahorcados de los pies: i supo de este Principal, que Atabalipa los mandò matar, porque uno de ellos entrò en la Casa de las Mujeres à dormir con una: al qual, i à todos los Porteros que consintieron, ahorcò." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Garcia, tom. iii. p. 188.

¹⁸ "Van por este camino caños de agua de donde los caminantes beben, traídos de sus nacimientos de otras partes, y à cada jornada una Casa à manera de Venta donde se apo-

sentan los que van é vienen." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 3.

¹⁹ "A la entrada de este Camino en el Pueblo de Cajas esta una casa al principio de una puente donde reside una guarda que recibe el Portazgo de todos los que van é vienen, é paganlo en la misma cosa que llevan, y ninguno puede sacar carga del Pueblo sino la mete, y esta costumbre es allí antigua." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., ubi supra.

articles received from the Inca, as well as those obtained at different places on the route. The skill shown in the execution of some of these fabrics sent to Castile excited great admiration there. The fine woollen cloths, especially, with their rich embroidery, were pronounced equal to textures of silk, from which it was not easy to distinguish them. The material was probably the delicate wool of the vicuña, none of which had then been seen in Europe.²⁰

Pizarro, having now acquainted himself with the most direct route to Caxamalca,—the Caxamarca of the present day,*—resumed his march, taking a direction nearly south. The first place of any size at which he halted was Motupe, pleasantly situated in a fruitful valley, among hills of no great elevation, which cluster round the base of the Cordilleras. The place was deserted by its curaca, who, with three hundred of its warriors, had gone to join the standard of their Inca. Here the general, notwithstanding his avowed purpose to push forward without delay, halted four days. The tardiness of his movements can be explained only by the hope which he may have still entertained of being joined by further reinforcements before crossing the Cordilleras. None such appeared, however; and, advancing across a country in which tracts of sandy plain were occasionally relieved by a broad expanse of verdant meadow, watered by natural streams and still more abundantly by those brought through artificial channels, the troops at length arrived at the borders of a river. It was broad and deep, and the rapidity of the current opposed more than ordinary difficulty to the passage. Pizarro, apprehensive lest this might be disputed by the natives on the opposite bank, ordered his brother Hernando to cross over with a small detachment under cover of night and secure a safe landing for the rest of the troops. At break of day Pizarro made preparations for his own passage, by hewing timber in the neighbouring woods and constructing a sort of floating bridge, on which before nightfall the whole company passed in safety, the horses swimming, being led by the bridle. It was a day of severe labour, and Pizarro took his own share in it freely, like a common soldier, having ever a word of encouragement to say to his followers.

On reaching the opposite side, they learned from their comrades that the people of the country, instead of offering resistance, had fled in dismay. One of them, having been taken and brought before Hernando Pizarro, refused to answer the questions put to him respecting the Inca and his army; till, being put to the torture, he stated that Atahualpa was encamped, with his whole force, in three separate divisions, occupying the high grounds and plains of Caxamalca. He further stated that the Inca was aware of the approach of the white men and of their small number, and that he was purposely deceiving them into his own quarters, that he might have them more completely in his power.

This account, when reported by Hernando to his brother, caused the latter much anxiety. As the timidity of the peasantry, however, gradually wore off, some of them mingled with the troops, and among them the curaca or principal person of the village. He had himself visited the royal camp, and he informed the general that Atahualpa lay at the strong town of Huamachuco,

²⁰ "Piezas de lana de la tierra, que era cosa mucho de ver segun su primer é gentileza, é no se sabian determinar si era seda ó lana segun su fineza con muchas labores é

figuras de oro de martillo de tal manera asentado en la ropa que era cosa de maravillar." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 4.

* [The letter *l*, except in the combination *ll* or *ll*, which is equivalent to the Italian *gl*, is scarcely found in the Quichua—according to Tschudi, only in the word *lampá*, a hoe.

The Spaniards supplied the omission by changing *r* to *l* in several names, as *Lima* for *Rimac*.—Ed.

twenty leagues or more south of Caxamalca, with an army of at least fifty thousand men.

These contradictory statements greatly perplexed the chieftain; and he proposed to one of the Indians who had borne him company during a great part of the march, to go as a spy into the Inca's quarters and bring him intelligence of his actual position, and, as far as he could learn them, of his intentions towards the Spaniards. But the man positively declined this dangerous service, though he professed his willingness to go as an authorized messenger of the Spanish commander.

Pizarro acquiesced in this proposal, and instructed his envoy to assure the Inca that he was advancing with all convenient speed to meet him. He was to acquaint the monarch with the uniformly considerate conduct of the Spaniards towards his subjects in their progress through the land, and to assure him that they were now coming in full confidence of finding in him the same amicable feelings towards themselves. The emissary was particularly instructed to observe if the strong passes on the road were defended, or if any preparations of a hostile character were to be discerned. This last intelligence he was to communicate to the general by means of two or three nimble-footed attendants who were to accompany him on his mission.²¹

Having taken this precaution, the wary commander again resumed his march, and at the end of three days reached the base of the mountain-rampart behind which lay the ancient town of Caxamalca. Before him rose the stupendous Andes, rock piled upon rock, their skirts below dark with ever-green forests, varied here and there by terraced patches of cultivated garden, with the peasant's cottage clinging to their shaggy sides, and their crests of snow glittering high in the heavens,—presenting altogether such a wild chaos of magnificence and beauty as no other mountain-scenery in the world can show. Across this tremendous rampart, through a labyrinth of passes, easily capable of defence by a handful of men against an army, the troops were now to march. To the right ran a broad and level road, with its border of friendly shades, and wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast. It was one of the great routes leading to Cuzco, and seemed by its pleasant and easy access to invite the wayworn soldier to choose it in preference to the dangerous mountain-defiles. Many were accordingly of opinion that the army should take this course and abandon the original destination to Caxamalca. But such was not the decision of Pizarro.

The Spaniards had everywhere proclaimed their purpose, he said, to visit the Inca in his camp. This purpose had been communicated to the Inca himself. To take an opposite direction now would only be to draw on them the imputation of cowardice, and to incur Atahuallpa's contempt. No alternative remained but to march straight across the sierra to his quarters. "Let every one of you," said the bold cavalier, "take heart and go forward like a good soldier, nothing daunted by the smallness of your numbers. For in the greatest extremity God ever fights for his own; and doubt not he will humble the pride of the heathen, and bring him to the knowledge of the true faith, the great end and object of the Conquest."²²

²¹ Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 4.—*Conq. 1 Pobl. del Piru*, MS.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—*Xerez, Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 190.

²² "Que todos se animasen y esforzassen á hacer como de ellos esperaba y como buenos españoles lo suelen hacer, é que no les pudiese temor la multitud que se decia que 'habia de

gente ni el poco numero de los cristianos, que aunque menos fuesen é mayor el exercito contrario, la ayuda de Dios es mucho mayor, y en las mayores necesidades socorre y favorece a los suyos para desbaratar y abajar la soberbia de los infieles é traerlos en conocimiento de nuestra S^a fe catolica." Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 4.

Pizarro, like Cortés, possessed a good share of that frank and manly eloquence which touches the heart of the soldier more than the parade of rhetoric or the finest flow of elocution. He was a soldier himself, and partook in all the feelings of the soldier, his joys, his hopes, and his disappointments. He was not raised by rank and education above sympathy with the humblest of his followers. Every chord in their bosoms vibrated with the same pulsations as his own, and the conviction of this gave him a mastery over them. "Lead on," they shouted, as he finished his brief but animating address, "lead on wherever you think best. We will follow with good will, and you shall see that we can do our duty in the cause of God and the King!"²² There was no longer hesitation. All thoughts were now bent on the instant passage of the Cordilleras.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERE PASSAGE OF THE ANDES—EMBASSIES FROM ATAHUALLPA—THE SPANIARDS REACH CAXAMALCA—EMBASSY TO THE INCA—INTERVIEW WITH THE INCA—DESPONDENCY OF THE SPANIARDS.

1532.

THAT night Pizarro held a council of his principal officers, and it was determined that he should lead the advance, consisting of forty horse and sixty foot, and reconnoitre the ground; while the rest of the company, under his brother Hernando, should occupy their present position till they received further orders.

At early dawn the Spanish general and his detachment were under arms and prepared to breast the difficulties of the sierra. These proved even greater than had been foreseen. The path had been conducted in the most judicious manner round the rugged and precipitous sides of the mountains, so as best to avoid the natural impediments presented by the ground. But it was necessarily so steep, in many places, that the cavalry were obliged to dismount, and, scrambling up as they could, to lead their horses by the bridle. In many places, too, where some huge crag or eminence overhung the road, this was driven to the very verge of the precipice; and the traveller was compelled to wind along the narrow ledge of rock, scarcely wide enough for his single steed, where a misstep would precipitate him hundreds, nay, thousands of feet into the dreadful abyss! The wild passes of the sierra, practicable for the half-naked Indian, and even for the sure and circumspect mule,—an animal that seems to have been created for the roads of the Cordilleras,—were formidable to the man-at-arms encumbered with his panoply of mail. The tremendous fissures or *quebradas*, so frightful in this mountain-chain, yawned open, as if the Andes had been split asunder by some terrible convulsion, showing a broad expanse of the primitive rock on their sides, partially mantled over with the spontaneous vegetation of ages; while their obscure depths furnished a channel for the torrents, that, rising in the heart of the sierra, worked their way gradually into light and spread over the savannas and green valleys of the *tierra caliente* on their way to the great ocean.

²² "Todos dijeron que fuese por el Camino que quisiere i viese que mas convenia, que todos le seguirian con buena voluntad é obra al tiempo del efecto, y veria lo que cada uno

de ellos haria en servicio de Dios é de su Magestad." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., loc. cit.

Many of these passes afforded obvious points of defence; and the Spaniards, as they entered the rocky defiles, looked with apprehension lest they might rouse some foe from his ambush. This apprehension was heightened as, at the summit of a steep and narrow gorge, in which they were engaged, they beheld a strong work, rising like a fortress, and frowning, as it were, in gloomy defiance on the invaders. As they drew near this building, which was of solid stone, commanding an angle of the road, they almost expected to see the dusky forms of the warriors rise over the battlements, and to receive their tempest of missiles on their bucklers; for it was in so strong a position that a few resolute men might easily have held there an army at bay. But they had the satisfaction to find the place untenanted, and their spirits were greatly raised by the conviction that the Indian monarch did not intend to dispute their passage, when it would have been easy to do so with success.

Pizarro now sent orders to his brother to follow without delay, and, after refreshing his men, continued his toilsome ascent, and before nightfall reached an eminence crowned by another fortress, of even greater strength than the preceding. It was built of solid masonry, the lower part excavated from the living rock, and the whole work executed with skill not inferior to that of the European architect.¹

Here Pizarro took up his quarters for the night. Without waiting for the arrival of the rear, on the following morning he resumed his march, leading still deeper into the intricate gorges of the sierra. The climate had gradually changed, and the men and horses, especially the latter, suffered severely from the cold, so long accustomed as they had been to the sultry climate of the tropics.² The vegetation also had changed its character; and the magnificent timber which covered the lower level of the country had gradually given way to the funereal forest of pine, and, as they rose still higher, to the stunted growth of numberless Alpine plants, whose hardy natures found a congenial temperature in the icy atmosphere of the more elevated regions. These dreary solitudes seemed to be nearly abandoned by the brute creation as well as by man. The light-footed vicuña, roaming in its native state, might be sometimes seen looking down from some airy cliff, where the foot of the hunter dared not venture. But instead of the feathered tribes whose gay plumage sparkled in the deep glooms of the tropical forests, the adventurers now beheld only the great bird of the Andes, the loathsome condor, which, sailing high above the clouds, followed with doleful cries in the track of the army, as if guided by instinct in the path of blood and carnage.

At length they reached the crest of the Cordillera, where it spreads out into a bold and bleak expanse, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation, except what is afforded by the *pajonal*, a dried yellow grass, which, as it is seen from below, encircling the base of the snow-covered peaks, looks, with its brilliant straw-colour lighted up in the rays of an ardent sun, like a setting of gold round pinnacles of burnished silver. The land was sterile, as usual in mining-districts, and they were drawing near the once famous gold-quarries on the way to Caxamalca:

“Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise.”

Here Pizarro halted for the coming up of the rear. The air was sharp and

¹ “Tan ancha la Cerca como qualquier Fortaleça de España, con sus Puertas: que si en esta Tierra oviese los Maestros, i Herramientas de España, no pudiera ser mejor labrada la Cerca.” Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap.

Barcia, tom. iii. p. 192.

² “Es tanto el frío que hace en esta Sierra, que como los Caballos venían hechos al calor, que en los Valles hacia algunos de ellos se resfriaron.” *Ibid.*, p. 191.

frosty; and the soldiers, spreading their tents, lighted fires, and, huddling round them, endeavoured to find some repose after their laborious march.³

They had not been long in these quarters, when a messenger arrived, one of those who had accompanied the Indian envoy sent by Pizarro to Atahuallpa. He informed the general that the road was free from enemies, and that an embassy from the Inca was on its way to the Castilian camp. Pizarro now sent back to quicken the march of the rear, as he was unwilling that the Peruvian envoy should find him with his present diminished numbers. The rest of the army were not far distant, and not long after reached the encampment.

In a short time the Indian embassy also arrived, which consisted of one of the Inca nobles and several attendants, bringing a welcome present of llamas to the Spanish commander. The Peruvian bore, also, the greetings of his master, who wished to know when the Spaniards would arrive at Caxamalca, that he might provide suitable refreshments for them. Pizarro learned that the Inca had left Huamachuco, and was now lying with a small force in the neighbourhood of Caxamalca, at a place celebrated for its natural springs of warm water. The Peruvian was an intelligent person, and the Spanish commander gathered from him many particulars respecting the late contests which had distracted the empire.

As the envoy vaunted in lofty terms the military prowess and resources of his sovereign, Pizarro thought it politic to show that it had no power to overawe him. He expressed his satisfaction at the triumphs of Atahuallpa, who, he acknowledged, had raised himself high in the rank of Indian warriors. But he was as inferior, he added with more policy than politeness, to the monarch who ruled over the white men, as the petty curacas of the country were inferior to him. This was evident from the ease with which a few Spaniards had overrun this great continent, subduing one nation after another that had offered resistance to their arms. He had been led by the fame of Atahuallpa to visit his dominions and to offer him his services in his wars, and, if he were received by the Inca in the same friendly spirit with which he came, he was willing, for the aid he could render him, to postpone awhile his passage across the country to the opposite seas. The Indian, according to the Castilian accounts, listened with awe to this strain of glorification from the Spanish commander. Yet it is possible that the envoy was a better diplomatist than they imagined, and that he understood it was only the game of brag at which he was playing with his more civilized antagonist.⁴

On the succeeding morning, at an early hour, the troops were again on their march, and for two days were occupied in threading the airy defiles of the Cordilleras. Soon after beginning their descent on the eastern side, another emissary arrived from the Inca, bearing a message of similar import to the preceding, and a present, in like manner, of Peruvian sheep. This was the same noble that had visited Pizarro in the valley. He now came in more state, quaffing *chicha*—the fermented juice of the maize—from golden goblets borne by his attendants, which sparkled in the eyes of the rapacious adventurers.⁵

³ "É aposentaronse los Españoles en sus toldos ó pabellones de algodón de la tierra que llevaban, é haciendo fuegos para defenderse del mucho frío que en aquella Sierra hacen, porque sin ellos no se pudieron valer sin padecer mucho trabajo; y según á los cristianos les pareció, y aun como era lo cierto, no podía haber mas frío en parte de España

en invierno." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 4.

⁴ Xerez, Conq. del Perú, ap. Barcia, tom. III. p. 193.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 5.

⁵ "Este Embajador traía servicio de Señor, i cinco ó seis Vasos de Oro fino, con que bebía, i con ellos daba á beber á los Españoles de la

While he was in the camp, the Indian messenger, originally sent by Pizarro to the Inca, returned, and no sooner did he behold the Peruvian, and the honourable reception which he met with from the Spaniards, than he was filled with wrath, which would have vented itself in personal violence, but for the interposition of the by-standers. It was hard, he said, that this Peruvian dog should be thus courteously treated, when he himself had nearly lost his life on a similar mission among his countrymen. On reaching the Inca's camp he had been refused admission to his presence, on the ground that he was keeping a fast and could not be seen. They had paid no respect to his assertion that he came as an envoy from the white men, and would, probably, not have suffered him to escape with life, if he had not assured them that any violence offered to him would be retaliated in full measure on the persons of the Peruvian envoys now in the Spanish quarters. There was no doubt, he continued, of the hostile intentions of Atahualpa; for he was surrounded with a powerful army, strongly encamped about a league from Caxamalca, while that city was entirely evacuated by its inhabitants.

To all this the Inca's envoy coolly replied that Pizarro's messenger might have reckoned on such a reception as he had found, since he seemed to have taken with him no credentials of his mission. As to the Inca's fast, that was true; and, although he would doubtless have seen the messenger had he known there was one from the strangers, yet it was not safe to disturb him at these solemn seasons, when engaged in his religious duties. The troops by whom he was surrounded were not numerous, considering that the Inca was at that time carrying on an important war; and as to Caxamalca, it was abandoned by the inhabitants in order to make room for the white men, who were so soon to occupy it.⁶

This explanation, however plausible, did not altogether satisfy the general; for he had too deep a conviction of the cunning of Atahualpa, whose intentions towards the Spaniards he had long greatly distrusted. As he proposed, however, to keep on friendly relations with the monarch for the present, it was obviously not his cue to manifest suspicion. Affecting, therefore, to give full credit to the explanation of the envoy, he dismissed him with reiterated assurances of speedily presenting himself before the Inca.

The descent of the sierra, though the Andes are less precipitous on their eastern side than towards the west, was attended with difficulties almost equal to those of the upward march; and the Spaniards felt no little satisfaction when, on the seventh day, they arrived in view of the valley of Caxamalca, which, enamelled with all the beauties of cultivation, lay unrolled like a rich and variegated carpet of verdure, in strong contrast with the dark forms of the Andes, that rose up everywhere around it. The valley is of an oval shape, extending about five leagues in length by three in breadth. It was inhabited by a population of a superior character to any which the Spaniards had met on the other side of the mountains, as was argued by the superior style of their attire and the greater cleanliness and comfort visible both in their persons and dwellings.⁷ As far as the eye could reach, the level tract exhibited the show of a diligent and thrifty husbandry. A broad river rolled through the meadows, supplying facilities for copious irrigation by means of

Chicha que traia." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 193.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., ubi supra.—The latter author, in this part of his work, has done little more than make a transcript of that of Xerez. His endorsement of Pizarro's secretary, however, is of value, from the fact that, with less

temptation to misstate or overstate, he enjoyed excellent opportunities for information.

⁶ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 194.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., ubi supra.

⁷ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 195.

the usual canals and subterraneous aqueducts. The land, intersected by verdant hedge-rows, was checkered with patches of various cultivation; for the soil was rich, and the climate, if less stimulating than that of the sultry regions of the coast, was more favourable to the hardy products of the temperate latitudes. Below the adventurers, with its white houses glittering in the sun, lay the little city of Caxamalca, like a sparkling gem on the dark skirts of the sierra. At the distance of about a league farther, across the valley, might be seen columns of vapour rising up towards the heavens, indicating the place of the famous hot baths, much frequented by the Peruvian princes. And here, too, was a spectacle less grateful to the eyes of the Spaniards; for along the slope of the hills a white cloud of pavilions was seen covering the ground, as thick as snow-flakes, for the space, apparently, of several miles. "It filled us all with amazement," exclaims one of the Conquerors, "to behold the Indians occupying so proud a position! So many tents, so well appointed, as were never seen in the Indies till now! The spectacle caused something like confusion and even fear in the stoutest bosom. But it was too late to turn back, or to betray the least sign of weakness, since the natives in our own company would, in such case, have been the first to rise upon us. So, with as bold a countenance as we could, after coolly surveying the ground, we prepared for our entrance into Caxamalca."^a

What were the feelings of the Peruvian monarch we are not informed, when he gazed on the martial cavalcade of the Christians, as, with banners streaming, and bright panoplies glistening in the rays of the evening sun, it emerged from the dark depths of the sierra and advanced in hostile array over the fair domain which, to this period, had never been trodden by other foot than that of the red man. It might be, as several of the reports had stated, that the Inca had purposely decoyed the adventurers into the heart of his populous empire, that he might envelop them with his legions and the more easily become master of their property and persons.^b Or was it from a natural feeling of curiosity, and relying on their professions of friendship, that he had thus allowed them, without any attempt at resistance, to come into his presence? At all events, he could hardly have felt such confidence in himself as not to look with apprehension, mingled with awe, on the mysterious strangers, who, coming from an unknown world and possessed of such wonderful gifts, had made their way across mountain and valley in spite of every obstacle which man and nature had opposed to them.

Pizarro, meanwhile, forming his little corps into three divisions, now moved forward, at a more measured pace, and in order of battle, down the slopes that led towards the Indian city. As he drew near, no one came out to welcome

^a "Y eran tantas las tiendas que parecian, que cierto nos puso harto espanto, porque no pensabamos que Indios pudiesen tener tan soberbia estancia, ni tantas tiendas, ni tan á punto, lo cual hasta allí en las Indias nunca se vió, que nos causó á todos los Españoles harta confusion y temor; aunque no convenia mostrarse, ni menos volver atras, porque si alguna flaqueza en nosotros sintieran, los mismos Indios que llevabamos nos mataran, y así con animoso semblante, despues de haber muy bien atalayado el pueblo y tiendas que he dicho, abajamos por el valle abajo, y entramos en el pueblo de Cajamalca." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

^b This was evidently the opinion of the old Conqueror, whose imperfect manuscript forms

one of the best authorities for this portion of our narrative: "Teniendonos en muy poco, y no haciendo cuenta que 190 hombres le habian de ofender, dió lugar y consintió que pasásemos por aquel paso y por otros muchos tan malos como él, porque realmente, á lo que despues se supo y averiguó, su intencion era vernos y preguntarnos, de donde veniamos? y quien nos habia hechado allí? y que queriamos? Porque era muy sabio y discreto, y aunque sin luz ni escriptura, amigo de saber y de sutil entendimiento; y despues de holgádose con nosotros, tomarnos los caballos y las cosas que á él mas le aplacian, y sacrificar á los demas." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

him; and he rode through the streets without meeting with a living thing, or hearing a sound, except the echoes, sent back from the deserted dwellings, of the tramp of the soldiery.

It was a place of considerable size, containing about ten thousand inhabitants, somewhat more, probably, than the population assembled at this day within the walls of the modern city of Caxamalca.¹⁰ The houses, for the most part, were built of clay, hardened in the sun; the roofs thatched or of timber. Some of the more ambitious dwellings were of hewn stone; and there was a convent in the place, occupied by the Virgins of the Sun, and a temple dedicated to the same tutelary deity, which last was hidden in the deep embowering shades of a grove on the skirts of the city. On the quarter towards the Indian camp was a square—if square it might be called, which was almost triangular in form—of an immense size, surrounded by low buildings. These consisted of capacious halls, with wide doors or openings communicating with the square. They were probably intended as a sort of barracks for the Inca's soldiers.¹¹ At the end of the *plaza*, looking towards the country, was a fortress of stone, with a stairway leading from the city, and a private entrance from the adjoining suburbs. There was still another fortress on the rising ground which commanded the town, built of hewn stone and encompassed by three circular walls,—or rather one and the same wall, which wound up spirally around it. It was a place of great strength, and the workmanship showed a better knowledge of masonry, and gave a higher impression of the architectural science of the people, than anything the Spaniards had yet seen.¹²

It was late in the afternoon of the fifteenth of November, 1532, when the Conquerors entered the city of Caxamalca. The weather, which had been fair during the day, now threatened a storm, and some rain mingled with hail—for it was unusually cold—began to fall.¹³ Pizarro, however, was so anxious to ascertain the dispositions of the Inca that he determined to send an embassy at once to his quarters. He selected for this Hernando de Soto with fifteen horse, and, after his departure, conceiving that the number was too small in case of any unfriendly demonstrations by the Indians, he ordered his brother Hernando to follow with twenty additional troopers. This captain and one other of his party have left us an account of the excursion.¹⁴

Between the city and the imperial camp was a causeway, built in a substan-

¹⁰ According to Stevenson, this population, which is of a very mixed character, amounts, or did amount some thirty years ago, to about seven thousand. That sagacious traveller gives an animated description of the city, in which he resided some time, and which he seems to have regarded with peculiar predilection. Yet it does not hold probably the relative rank at the present day that it did in that of the Incas. Residence in South America, vol. ii. p. 131.

¹¹ Carta de Hern. Pizarro, ap. Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 15. — Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 195.

¹² "Fuerças son, que entre Indios no se han visto tales." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 195.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

¹³ Desde à poco rato començo à llover, i caer granizo." (Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 195.) Caxamalca, in

the Indian tongue, signifies "place of frost;" for the temperature, though usually bland and genial, is sometimes affected by frosty winds from the east, very pernicious to vegetation. Stevenson, Residence in South America, vol. ii. p. 129.

¹⁴ Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.—The Letter of Hernando Pizarro, addressed to the Royal Audience of St. Domingo, gives a full account of the extraordinary events recorded in this and the ensuing chapter, in which that cavalier took a prominent part. Allowing for the partialities incident to a chief actor in the scenes he describes, no authority can rank higher. The indefatigable Oviedo, who resided in St. Domingo, saw its importance, and fortunately incorporated the document in his great work, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 15.—The anonymous author of the Relacion del primer Descub., MS., was also detached on this service.

tial manner across the meadow-land that intervened. Over this the cavalry galloped at a rapid pace, and before they had gone a league they came in front of the Peruvian encampment, where it spread along the gentle slope of the mountains. The lances of the warriors were fixed in the ground before their tents, and the Indian soldiers were loitering without, gazing with silent astonishment at the Christian cavalcade, as with clangour of arms and shrill blast of trumpet it swept by, like some fearful apparition on the wings of the wind.

The party soon came to a broad but shallow stream, which, winding through the meadow, formed a defence for the Inca's position. Across it was a wooden bridge; but the cavaliers, distrusting its strength, preferred to dash through the waters, and without difficulty gained the opposite bank. A battalion of Indian warriors was drawn up under arms on the farther side of the bridge, but they offered no molestation to the Spaniards; and these latter had strict orders from Pizarro—scarcely necessary in their present circumstances—to treat the natives with courtesy. One of the Indians pointed out the quarter occupied by the Inca.¹⁵

It was an open court-yard, with a light building or pleasure-house in the centre, having galleries running round it, and opening in the rear on a garden. The walls were covered with a shining plaster, both white and coloured, and in the area before the edifice was seen a spacious tank or reservoir of stone, fed by aqueducts that supplied it with both warm and cold water.¹⁶ A basin of hewn stone—it may be of a more recent construction—still bears, on the spot, the name of the "Inca's bath."¹⁷ The court was filled with Indian nobles, dressed in gayly-ornamented attire, in attendance on the monarch, and with women of the royal household. Amidst this assembly it was not difficult to distinguish the person of Atahualpa, though his dress was simpler than that of his attendants. But he wore on his head the crimson *borla* or fringe, which, surrounding the forehead, hung down as low as the eyebrow. This was the well-known badge of Peruvian sovereignty, and had been assumed by the monarch only since the defeat of his brother Huascar. He was seated on a low stool or cushion, somewhat after the Morisco or Turkish fashion, and his nobles and principal officers stood around him with great ceremony, holding the stations suited to their rank.¹⁸

The Spaniards gazed with much interest on the prince, of whose cruelty and cunning they had heard so much, and whose valour had secured to him the possession of the empire. But his countenance exhibited neither the fierce passions nor the sagacity which had been ascribed to him; and, though in his bearing he showed a gravity and a calm consciousness of authority well becoming a king, he seemed to discharge all expression from his features, and to

¹⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.

¹⁶ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 202.—"Y al estanque venian dos caños de agua, uno caliente y otro frio, y allí se templava la una con la otra, para quando el Señor se queria bañar ó sus mugeres que otra persona no osava entrar en el so pena de la vida." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁷ Stevenson, Residence in South America, vol. ii. p. 164.

¹⁸ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 196.—Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.—The appearance of the Peruvian monarch is described in simple but animated style by the

Conqueror so often quoted, one of the party: "Llegados al patio de la dicha casa que tenía delante della, vimos estar en medio de gran muchedumbre de Indios asentado aquel gran Señor Atabalica (de quien tanta noticia, y tantas cosas nos habian dicho) con una corona en la cabeza, y una borla que le salia della, y le cubria toda la frente, la cual era la insinia real, sentado en una sillceta muy baja del suelo, como los turcos y moros acostumbran sentarse, el cual estaba con tanta magestad y aparato cual nunca se ha visto jamas, porque estaba cercado de mas de seisientos Señores de su tierra." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

discover only the apathy so characteristic of the American races. On the present occasion this must have been in part, at least, assumed. For it is impossible that the Indian prince should not have contemplated with curious interest a spectacle so strange, and, in some respects, appalling, as that of these mysterious strangers, for which no previous description could have prepared him.

Hernando Pizarro and Soto, with two or three only of their followers, slowly rode up in front of the Inca; and the former, making a respectful obeisance, but without dismounting, informed Atahualpa that he came as an ambassador from his brother, the commander of the white men, to acquaint the monarch with their arrival in his city of Caxamalca. They were the subjects of a mighty prince across the waters, and had come, he said, drawn thither by the report of his great victories, to offer their services, and to impart to him the doctrines of the true faith which they professed; and he brought an invitation from the general to Atahualpa that the latter would be pleased to visit the Spaniards in their present quarters.

To all this the Inca answered not a word; nor did he make even a sign of acknowledgment that he comprehended it; though it was translated for him by Felipillo, one of the interpreters already noticed. He remained silent, with his eyes fastened on the ground; but one of his nobles, standing by his side, answered, "It is well."¹⁹ This was an embarrassing situation for the Spaniards, who seemed to be as far from ascertaining the real disposition of the Peruvian monarch towards themselves as when the mountains were between them.

In a courteous and respectful manner, Hernando Pizarro again broke the silence by requesting the Inca to speak to them himself and to inform them what was his pleasure.²⁰ To this Atahualpa condescended to reply, while a faint smile passed over his features, "Tell your captain that I am keeping a fast, which will end to-morrow morning. I will then visit him, with my chiefs. In the mean time, let him occupy the public buildings on the square, and no other, till I come, when I will order what shall be done."²¹

Soto, one of the party present at this interview, as before noticed, was the best mounted and perhaps the best rider in Pizarro's troop. Observing that Atahualpa looked with some interest on the fiery steed that stood before him, champing the bit and pawing the ground with the natural impatience of a war-horse, the Spaniard gave him the rein, and, striking his iron heel into his side, dashed furiously over the plain, then, wheeling him round and round, displayed all the beautiful movements of his charger, and his own excellent horsemanship. Suddenly checking him in full career, he brought the animal almost on his haunches, so near the person of the Inca that some of the foam that flecked his horse's sides was thrown on the royal garments. But Atahu-

¹⁹ "Las cuales por él oídas, con ser su inclinacion preguntarnos y saber de donde veniamos, y que queriamos, y ver nuestras personas y caballos, tubo tanta serenidad en el rostro, y tanta gravedad en su persona, que no quiso responder palabra á lo que se le decia, salvo que un Señor de aquellos que estaban par de el respondia: 'bien está.'" *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

²⁰ "Visto por el dicho Hernando Pizarro que él no habiaba, y que aquella tercera persona respondia de suyo, tornó le á suplicar, que el habiase por su boca, y le respondiese lo que quisiere." *Ibid.*, MS., ubi supra.

²¹ "El cual á esto volvió la cabeza á mirarle

sonriendose y le dijo: Decid á ese Capitan que os embia acá; que yo estoy en ayuno, y le acabo mañana por la mañana, que en bebiendo una vez, yo ire con algunos destos principales míos á verme con él, que en tanto él se aposente en esas casas que estan en la plaza que son comunes á todos, y que no entren en otra ninguna hasta que Yo vaya, que Yo mandare lo que se ha de hacer." *Ibid.*, MS., ubi supra.—In this singular interview I have followed the account of the cavalier who accompanied Hernando Pizarro, in preference to that of the latter, who represents himself as talking in a lordly key, that savours too much of the vaunt of the hidalgo.

allpa maintained the same marble composure as before, though several of his soldiers, whom De Soto passed in the course, were so much disconcerted by it that they drew back in manifest terror,—an act of timidity for which they paid dearly, *if*, as the Spaniards assert, Atahualpa caused them to be put to death that same evening for betraying such unworthy weakness to the strangers.²²

Refreshments were now offered by the royal attendants to the Spaniards, which they declined, being unwilling to dismount. They did not refuse, however, to quaff the sparkling chicha from golden vases of extraordinary size, presented to them by the dark-eyed beauties of the harem.²³ Taking then a respectful leave of the Inca, the cavaliers rode back to Caxamalca, with many moody speculations on what they had seen: on the state and opulence of the Indian monarch; on the strength of his military array, their excellent appointments, and the apparent discipline in their ranks,—all arguing a much higher degree of civilization, and consequently of power, than anything they had witnessed in the lower regions of the country. As they contrasted all this with their own diminutive force, too far advanced, as they now were, for succour to reach them, they felt they had done rashly in throwing themselves into the midst of so formidable an empire, and were filled with gloomy forebodings of the result.²⁴ Their comrades in the camp soon caught the infectious spirit of despondency, which was not lessened as night came on, and they beheld the watch-fires of the Peruvians lighting up the sides of the mountains and glittering in the darkness, “as thick,” says one who saw them, “as the stars of heaven.”²⁵

Yet there was one bosom in that little host which was not touched with the feeling either of fear or dejection. That was Pizarro's, who secretly rejoiced that he had now brought matters to the issue for which he had so long panted. He saw the necessity of kindling a similar feeling in his followers, or all would be lost. Without unfolding his plans, he went round among his men, beseeching them not to show faint hearts at this crisis, when they stood face to face with the foe whom they had been so long seeking. “They were to rely on themselves, and on that Providence which had carried them safe through so many fearful trials. It would not now desert them; and if numbers, however great, were on the side of their enemy, it mattered little, when the arm of Heaven was on theirs.”²⁶ The Spanish cavalier acted under

²² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—“*¡Algunos Indios, con miedo, se desviaron de la Carrera, por lo qual Atabalpa los hizo luego matar.*” (*Zarate, Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 4.)—Xerez states that Atahualpa confessed this himself, in conversation with the Spaniards after he was taken prisoner.—Soto's charger might well have made the Indians start, if, as Balboa says, he took twenty feet at a leap, and this with a knight in armour on his back! *Hist. du Pérou*, chap. 22.

²³ *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 196.

²⁴ “*Hecho esto y visto y atalayado la grandeza del exercito, y las tiendas que era bien de ver, nos bolvimos á donde el dicho capitán nos estaba esperando, harto espantados de lo que habíamos visto, habiendo y tomando entre nosotros muchos acuerdos y opiniones de lo que se debía hacer, estando todos con mucho*

temor por ser tan pocos, y estar tan metidos en la tierra donde no podíamos ser socorridos.” (*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.) Pedro Pizarro is honest enough to confirm this account of the consternation of the Spaniards. (*Descub. y Conq.*, MS.) Fear was a strange sensation for the Castilian cavalier. But if he did not feel some touch of it on that occasion, he must have been akin to that doughty knight who, as Charles V. pronounced, “never could have snuffed a candle with his fingers.”

²⁵ “*Hecimos la guardia en la plaza, de donde se vían los fuegos del exercito de los Indios, lo cual era cosa espantable, que como estaban en una ladera la mayor parte, y tan juntos unos de otros, no parecia sino un cielo muy estrellado.*” *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

²⁶ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 197.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.

the combined influence of chivalrous adventure and religious zeal. The latter was the more effective in the hour of peril; and Pizarro, who understood well the characters he had to deal with, by presenting the enterprise as a crusade, kindled the dying embers of enthusiasm in the bosoms of his followers, and restored their faltering courage.

He then summoned a council of his officers, to consider the plan of operations, or rather to propose to them the extraordinary plan on which he had himself decided. This was to lay an ambuscade for the Inca and take him prisoner in the face of his whole army! It was a project full of peril,—bordering, as it might well seem, on desperation. But the circumstances of the Spaniards were desperate. Whichever way they turned, they were menaced by the most appalling dangers; and better was it bravely to confront the danger than weakly to shrink from it, when there was no avenue for escape.

To fly was now too late. Whither could they fly? At the first signal of retreat, the whole army of the Inca would be upon them. Their movements would be anticipated by a foe far better acquainted with the intricacies of the sierra than themselves; the passes would be occupied, and they would be hemmed in on all sides; while the mere fact of this retrograde movement would diminish their confidence and with it their effective strength, while it doubled that of their enemy.

Yet to remain long inactive in their present position seemed almost equally perilous. Even supposing that Atahualpa should entertain friendly feelings towards the Christians, they could not confide in the continuance of such feelings. Familiarity with the white men would soon destroy the idea of anything supernatural, or even superior, in their natures. He would feel contempt for their diminutive numbers. Their horses, their arms and showy appointments, would be an attractive bait in the eye of the barbaric monarch, and when conscious that he had the power to crush their possessors he would not be slow in finding a pretext for it. A sufficient one had already occurred in the high-handed measures of the Conquerors on their march through his dominions.

But what reason had they to flatter themselves that the Inca cherished such a disposition towards them? He was a crafty and unscrupulous prince, and, if the accounts they had repeatedly received on their march were true, had ever regarded the coming of the Spaniards with an evil eye. It was scarcely possible he should do otherwise. His soft messages had only been intended to decoy them across the mountains, where, with the aid of his warriors, he might readily overpower them. They were entangled in the toils which the cunning monarch had spread for them.

Their only remedy, then, was to turn the Inca's arts against himself; to take him, if possible, in his own snare. There was no time to be lost; for any day might bring back the victorious legions who had recently won his battles at the south, and thus make the odds against the Spaniards far greater than now.

Yet to encounter Atahualpa in the open field would be attended with great hazard; and, even if victorious, there would be little probability that the person of the Inca, of so much importance, would fall into their hands. The invitation he had so unsuspectingly accepted to visit them in their quarters afforded the best means for securing this desirable prize. Nor was the enterprise so desperate, considering the great advantages afforded by the character and weapons of the invaders and the unexpectedness of the assault. The mere circumstance of acting on a concerted plan would alone make a small number more than a match for a much larger one. But it was not necessary

to admit the whole of the Indian force into the city before the attack; and the person of the Inca once secured, his followers, astounded by so strange an event, were they few or many, would have no heart for further resistance; and with the Inca once in his power, Pizarro might dictate laws to the empire.

In this daring project of the Spanish chief it was easy to see that he had the brilliant exploit of Cortés in his mind when he carried off the Aztec monarch in his capital. But that was not by violence,—at least not by open violence,—and it received the sanction, compulsory though it were, of the monarch himself. It was also true that the results in that case did not altogether justify a repetition of the experiment, since the people rose in a body to sacrifice both the prince and his kidnappers. Yet this was owing, in part at least, to the indiscretion of the latter. The experiment in the outset was perfectly successful; and could Pizarro once become master of the person of Atahualpa he trusted to his own discretion for the rest. It would at least extricate him from his present critical position, by placing in his power an inestimable guarantee for his safety; and if he could not make his own terms with the Inca at once the arrival of reinforcements from home would, in all probability, soon enable him to do so.

Pizarro having concerted his plans for the following day, the council broke, up, and the chief occupied himself with providing for the security of the camp during the night. The approaches of the town were defended; sentinels were posted at different points, especially on the summit of the fortress, where they were to observe the position of the enemy and to report any movement that menaced the tranquillity of the night. After these precautions, the Spanish commander and his followers withdrew to their appointed quarters,—but not to sleep. At least, sleep must have come late to those who were aware of the decisive plan for the morrow; that morrow which was to be the crisis of their fate,—to crown their ambitious schemes with full success, or consign them to irretrievable ruin!

CHAPTER V.

DESPERATE PLAN OF PIZARRO—ATAHUALPA VISITS THE SPANIARDS—HORRIBLE MASSACRE—THE INCA A PRISONER—CONDUCT OF THE CONQUERORS—SPLENDID PROMISES OF THE INCA—DEATH OF HUASCAR.

1532.

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter, was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery,—comprehending under this imposing name two

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path of every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!"¹⁰ Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board.¹¹ Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper;¹² and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value.¹³ The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds and studded with shining plates of gold and silver.¹⁴ The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy.¹⁵ His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people

¹⁰ Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

¹¹ "Blanca y colorada como las casas de un ajedrez." Ibid., MS.

¹² "Con martillos en las manos de cobre y plata." Ibid., MS.

¹³ "El asiento que traia sobre las andas era un tablon de oro que pesó un quintal de oro segun dicen los historiadores 25,000 pesos ó ducados." Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

¹⁴ "Luego venia mucha Gente con Armaduras, Patenas, i Coronas de Oro i Plata: entre estos venia Atabalpa, en una Litera,

aferrada de Pluma de Papagalos, de muchas colores, guarnecida de chapas de Oro, i Plata." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 198.

¹⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.— "Venia la persona de Atabalica, la cual traian ochenta Señores en hombros todos bestidos de una librea azul muy rica, y el bestido su persona muy ricamente con su corona en la cabeza, y al cuello un collar de esmeraldas grandes." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"²⁵

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this Western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation, and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.²⁶

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four."²⁷ But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker, as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his Deity,—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,— "my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children."²⁸

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and

²⁵ Montesinos says that Valverde read to the Inca the regular formula used by the Spaniards in their Conquests. (Annales, MS., año 1533.) But that address, though absurd enough, did not comprehend the whole range of theology ascribed to the chaplain on this occasion. Yet it is not impossible. But I have followed the report of Fray Nahuarro, who collected his information from the actors in the tragedy, and whose minuter statement

is corroborated by the more general testimony of both the Pizarros and the secretary Xerez.

²⁷ "Por dezir Dios trino y uno dixo Dios tres y uno son quatro, sumando los numeros por darse á entender." Com. Real, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 23.

²⁸ See Appendix No. 8, where the reader will find extracts in the original from several contemporary MSS., relating to the capture of Atahualpa.

exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."¹⁹

The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming, at the same time, "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on, at once; I absolve you."²⁰ Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them." It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners,—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows, right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.²¹

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca,

¹⁹ Some accounts describe him as taxing the Spaniards in much more unqualified terms. (See Appendix No. 8.) But language is not likely to be accurately reported in such seasons of excitement. According to some authorities, Atahualpa let the volume drop by accident. (Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1533.—Balboa, *Hist. du Pérou*, chap. 22.) But the testimony, as far as we have it, of those present, concurs in representing it as stated in the text. And, if he spoke with the heat imputed to him, this act would only be in keeping.

²⁰ "Visto esto por el Frayle y lo poco que aprovechaban sus palabras, tomó su libro, y abajó su cabeza, y fuese para donde estaba el dicho Pizarro, casi corriendo, y dijole: No veis lo que pasa: para que estais en comedimientos y requerimientos con este perro lleno de soberbia que vienen los campos llenos de Indios? Salid á el,—que yo os absuelvo." (*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.) The historian should be slow in ascribing conduct

so diabolical to Father Valverde, without evidence. Two of the Conquerors present, Pedro Pizarro and Xerez, simply state that the monk reported to his commander the indignity offered to the sacred volume. But Hernando Pizarro and the author of the *Relacion del primer Descubrimiento*, both eye-witnesses, and Narro, Zarate, Gomara, Balboa, Herrera, and the Inca Titucussi Yupanqui, all of whom obtained their information from persons who were eye-witnesses, state the circumstance, with little variation, as in the text. Yet Oviedo endorses the account of Xerez, and Garcilasso de la Vega insists on Valverde's innocence of any attempt to rouse the passions of his comrades.

²¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 198.—Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 7.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 5.—*Instruccion del Inga Titucussi Yupanqui*, MS.

whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That the Indians did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use.²² Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling around him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder hursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out, with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;"²³ and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.²⁴

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete,²⁵

²² The author of the *Relacion del primer Descubrimiento* speaks of a few as having bows and arrows, and of others as armed with silver and copper mallets or maces, which may, however, have been more for ornament than for service in fight. Pedro Pizarro and some later writers say that the Indians brought thongs with them to bind the captive white men. Both Hernando Pizarro and the secretary Xerez agree that their only arms were secreted under their clothes; but, as they do not pretend that these were used, and as it was announced by the Inca that he came without arms, the assertion may well be doubted,—or rather discredited. All authorities, without exception, agree that no active resistance was attempted.

²³ "El marquez dió bozes diciendo: Nadie hiera al indio so pena de la vida." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

²⁴ Whatever discrepancy exists among the Castilian accounts in other respects, *all* concur in this remarkable fact,—that no Spaniard, except their general, received a wound on that occasion. Pizarro saw in this a satisfactory argument for regarding the Spaniards, this day, as under the special protection of

Providence. See Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 109.

²⁵ Miguel Estete, who long retained the silken diadem as a trophy of the exploit, according to Garcilasso de la Vega (*Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 27), an indifferent authority for anything in this part of his history. This popular writer, whose work, from his superior knowledge of the institutions of the country, has obtained greater credit, even in what relates to the Conquest, than the reports of the Conquerors themselves, has indulged in the romantic vein to an unpardonable extent in his account of the capture of Atahualpa. According to him, the Peruvian monarch treated the invaders from the first with supreme deference, as descendants of Viracocha, predicted by his oracles as to come and rule over the land. But if this flattering homage had been paid by the Inca, it would never have escaped the notice of the Conquerors. Garcilasso had read the Commentaries of Cortés, as he somewhere tells us; and it is probable that that general's account, well founded, it appears, of a similar superstition among the Aztecs, suggested to the historian the idea of a corresponding senti-

and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Pizarro's secretary says two thousand natives fell.²⁶ A descendant of the Incas—a safer authority than Garcilasso—swells the number to ten thousand.²⁷ Truth is generally found somewhere between the extremes. The slaughter was incessant, for there was nothing to check it. That there should have been no resistance will not appear strange when we consider the fact that the wretched victims were without arms, and that their senses must have been completely overwhelmed by the strange and appalling spectacle which burst on them so unexpectedly. "What wonder was it," said an ancient Inca to a Spaniard, who repeats it, "what wonder that our countrymen lost their wits, seeing blood run like water, and the Inca, whose person we all of us adore, seized and carried off by a handful of men?"²⁸ Yet, though the massacre was incessant, it was short in duration. The whole time consumed by it, the brief twilight of the tropics, did not much exceed half an hour; a short period, indeed,—yet long enough to decide the fate of Peru and to subvert the dynasty of the Incas.

That night Pizarro kept his engagement with the Inca, since he had Atahualpa to sup with him. The banquet was served in one of the halls facing the great square, which a few hours before had been the scene of slaughter, and the pavement of which was still encumbered with the dead bodies of the Inca's subjects. The captive monarch was placed next his con-

ment in the Peruvians, which, while it flattered the vanity of the Spaniards, in some degree vindicated his own countrymen from the charge of cowardice, incurred by their too ready submission; for, however they might be called on to resist men, it would have been madness to resist the decrees of Heaven. Yet Garcilasso's romantic version has something in it so pleasing to the imagination that it has ever found favour with the majority of readers. The English student might have met with a sufficient corrective in the criticism of the sagacious and skeptical Robertson.

²⁶ Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 199.

²⁷ "Los mataron á todos con los Cavallos con espadas con arcabuzes como quien mata ovejas—sin hacerles nadie resistencia que no se escaparon de mas de diez mil, doscientos." *Instruc. del Inga Titucussi*, MS.—This document, consisting of two hundred folio pages, is signed by a Peruvian Inca, grandson of the great Huayna Capac, and nephew, consequently, of Atahualpa. It was written in 1570, and designed to set forth to his Majesty Philip II. the claims of Titucussi and the

members of his family to the royal bounty. In the course of the Memorial the writer takes occasion to recapitulate some of the principal events in the latter years of the empire; and, though sufficiently prolix to tax even the patience of Philip II., it is of much value as an historical document, coming from one of the royal race of Peru.

²⁸ Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1532.—According to Naharro, the Indians were less astounded by the wild uproar caused by the sudden assault of the Spaniards, though "this was such that it seemed as if the very heavens were falling," than by a terrible apparition which appeared in the air during the onslaught. It consisted of a woman and a child, and, at their side, a horseman all clothed in white on a milk-white charger,—doubtless the valiant St. James,—who, with his sword glancing lightning, smote down the infidel host and rendered them incapable of resistance. This miracle the good father reports on the testimony of three of his Order, who were present in the action and who received the account from numbers of the natives. *Relacion sumaria*, MS.

queror. He seemed like one who did not yet fully comprehend the extent of his calamity. If he did, he showed an amazing fortitude. "It is the fortune of war," he said;²⁹ and, if we may credit the Spaniards, he expressed his admiration of the adroitness with which they had contrived to entrap him in the midst of his own troops.³⁰ He added that he had been made acquainted with the progress of the white men from the hour of their landing, but that he had been led to undervalue their strength from the insignificance of their numbers. He had no doubt he should be easily able to overpower them, on their arrival at Caxamalca, by his superior strength; and, as he wished to see for himself what manner of men they were, he had suffered them to cross the mountains, meaning to select such as he chose for his own service, and, getting possession of their wonderful arms and horses, put the rest to death.³¹

That such may have been Atahualpa's purpose is not improbable. It explains his conduct in not occupying the mountain-passes, which afforded such strong points of defence against invasion. But that a prince so astute, as by the general testimony of the Conquerors he is represented to have been, should have made so impolitic a disclosure of his hidden motives is not so probable. The intercourse with the Inca was carried on chiefly by means of the interpreter Felipillo, or *little Philip*, as he was called, from his assumed Christian name,—a malicious youth, as it appears, who bore no good will to Atahualpa, and whose interpretations were readily admitted by the Conquerors, eager to find some pretext for their bloody reprisals.

Atahualpa, as elsewhere noticed, was at this time about thirty years of age. He was well made, and more robust than usual with his countrymen. His head was large, and his countenance might have been called handsome, but that his eyes, which were blood-shot, gave a fierce expression to his features. He was deliberate in speech, grave in manner, and towards his own people stern even to severity; though with the Spaniards he showed himself affable, sometimes even indulging in sallies of mirth.³²

Pizarro paid every attention to his royal captive, and endeavoured to lighten, if he could not dispel, the gloom which, in spite of his assumed equanimity, hung over the monarch's brow. He besought him not to be cast down by his reverses, for his lot had only been that of every prince who had resisted the white men. They had come into the country to proclaim the gospel, the religion of Jesus Christ; and it was no wonder they had prevailed, when his shield was over them. Heaven had permitted that Atahualpa's pride should be humbled, because of his hostile intentions towards the Spaniards and the insult he had offered to the sacred volume. But he bade the Inca take courage and confide in him, for the Spaniards were a generous race, warring only against those who made war on them, and showing grace to all who submitted!³³ Atahualpa may have thought the massacre of that day an indifferent commentary on this vaunted lenity.

Before retiring for the night, Pizarro briefly addressed his troops on their present situation. When he had ascertained that not a man was wounded, he bade them offer up thanksgivings to Providence for so great a miracle; with-

²⁹ "Diciendo que era uso de Guerra vencer, i ser vencido." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 2, cap. 12.

³⁰ "Haciendo admiracion de la traza que tenia hecha." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

³¹ "And in my opinion," adds the Conqueror who reports the speech, "he had good grounds for believing he could do this, since

nothing but the miraculous interposition of Heaven could have saved us." *Ibid.*, MS.

³² Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 293.

³³ "Nosotros vsamos de piedad con nuestros Enemigos vencidos, i no hacemos Guerra, sino a los que nos la hacen, i pudiendolos destruir, no lo hacemos, antes los perdonamos." *Ibid.*, p. 199.

out its care, they could never have prevailed so easily over the host of their enemies; and he trusted their lives had been reserved for still greater things. But, if they would succeed, they had much to do for themselves. They were in the heart of a powerful kingdom, encompassed by foes deeply attached to their own sovereign. They must be ever on their guard, therefore, and be prepared at any hour to be roused from their slumbers by the call of the trumpet.³⁴ Having then posted his sentinels, placed a strong guard over the apartment of Atahualpa, and taken all the precautions of a careful commander, Pizarro withdrew to repose; and, if he could really feel that in the bloody scenes of the past day he had been fighting only the good fight of the Cross, he doubtless slept sounder than on the night preceding the seizure of the Inca.

On the following morning, the first commands of the Spanish chief were to have the city cleansed of its impurities; and the prisoners, of whom there were many in the camp, were employed to remove the dead and give them decent burial. His next care was to despatch a body of about thirty horse to the quarters lately occupied by Atahualpa at the baths, to take possession of the spoil, and disperse the remnant of the Peruvian forces which still hung about the place.

Before noon, the party which he had detached on this service returned with a large troop of Indians, men and women, among the latter of whom were many of the wives and attendants of the Inca. The Spaniards had met with no resistance; since the Peruvian warriors, though so superior in number, excellent in appointments, and consisting mostly of able-bodied young men,—for the greater part of the veteran forces were with the Inca's generals at the south,—lost all heart from the moment of their sovereign's captivity. There was no leader to take his place; for they recognized no authority but that of the Child of the Sun, and they seemed to be held by a sort of invisible charm near the place of his confinement; while they gazed with superstitious awe on the white men who could achieve so audacious an enterprise.³⁵

The number of Indian prisoners was so great that some of the Conquerors were for putting them all to death, or, at least, cutting off their hands, to disable them from acts of violence and to strike terror into their countrymen.³⁶ The proposition, doubtless, came from the lowest and most ferocious of the soldiery. But that it should have been made at all shows what materials entered into the composition of Pizarro's company. The chief rejected it at once, as no less impolitic than inhuman, and dismissed the Indians to their several homes, with the assurance that none should be harmed who did not offer resistance to the white men. A sufficient number, however, were retained to wait on the Conquerors, who were so well provided in this respect that the most common soldier was attended by a retinue of menials that would have better suited the establishment of a noble.³⁷

³⁴ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, ubi supra.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

³⁵ From this time, says Ondegardo, the Spaniards, who hitherto had been designated as the "men with beards," *barbudos*, were called by the natives, from their fair-complexioned deity, *Viracochas*. The people of Cuzco, who bore no good will to the captive Inca, "looked upon the strangers," says the author, "as sent by Viracocha himself." (Rel. Prim., MS.) It reminds us of a superstition, or rather an amiable fancy, among the ancient Greeks; that "the stranger came from Jupiter."

"Πρὸς τὰς Διὸς εἶσιν ἅπαντες
ἕϊνοι τε." ΟΔΥΣ. ξ. v. 87.

³⁶ "Algunos fueron de opinion, que matasen à todos los Hombres de Guerra, ò les cortasen las manos." Xerez, Hist. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. III. p. 200.

³⁷ "Cada Español de los que allí iban tomaron para sí mui gran cantidad tanto que como andava todo a rienda suelta havia Español que tenia docientas piezas de Indios i Indias de servicio." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

The Spaniards had found immense droves of llamas under the care of the shepherds in the neighbourhood of the baths, destined for the consumption of the court. Many of them were now suffered to roam abroad among their native mountains; though Pizarro caused a considerable number to be reserved for the use of the army. And this was no small quantity, if, as one of the Conquerors says, a hundred and fifty of the Peruvian sheep were frequently slaughtered in a day.³⁸ Indeed, the Spaniards were so improvident in their destruction of these animals that in a few years the superb flocks, nurtured with so much care by the Peruvian government, had almost disappeared from the land.³⁹

The party sent to pillage the Inca's pleasure-house brought back a rich booty in gold and silver, consisting chiefly of plate for the royal table, which greatly astonished the Spaniards by their size and weight. These, as well as some large emeralds obtained there, together with the precious spoils found on the bodies of the Indian nobles who had perished in the massacre, were placed in safe custody, to be hereafter divided. In the city of Caxamalca the troops also found magazines stored with goods, both cotton and woollen, far superior to any they had seen, for fineness of texture and the skill with which the various colours were blended. They were piled from the floors to the very roofs of the buildings, and in such quantity that, after every soldier had provided himself with what he desired, it made no sensible diminution of the whole amount.⁴⁰

Pizarro would now gladly have directed his march on the Peruvian capital. But the distance was great, and his force was small. This must have been still further crippled by the guard required for the Inca, and the chief feared to involve himself deeper in a hostile empire so populous and powerful, with a prize so precious in his keeping. With much anxiety, therefore, he looked for reinforcements from the colonies; and he despatched a courier to San Miguel, to inform the Spaniards there of his recent successes, and to ascertain if there had been any arrival from Panamá. Meanwhile he employed his men in making Caxamalca a more suitable residence for a Christian host, by erecting a church, or, perhaps, appropriating some Indian edifice to this use, in which mass was regularly performed by the Dominican fathers with great solemnity. The dilapidated walls of the city were also restored in a more substantial manner than before, and every vestige was soon effaced of the hurricane that had so recently swept over it.

It was not long before Atahuallpa discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his Conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in most of their bosoms than either religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his own freedom. The critical posture of his affairs made it important that this should not be long delayed. His brother Huascar, ever since his defeat, had been detained as a prisoner, subject to the victor's orders. He was now at Andamarca, at no great distance from Caxamalca; and Atahuallpa feared, with good reason, that, when his own imprisonment was known, Huascar would find it easy to corrupt his guards, make his escape, and put himself at the head of the contested empire without a rival to dispute it.

³⁸ "Se matan cada Día, ciento i cinquenta." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 202.

³⁹ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 80.—Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.—"Hasta que los destruan todos sin haver Español ni Justicia que lo defendiese ni amparase." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

⁴⁰ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 200.—There was enough, says the anonymous Conqueror, for several ship-loads: "Todas estas cosas de tiendas y ropas de lana y algodón eran en tan gran cantidad, que à mi parecer fueran menester muchos navios en que supieran." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

likely to go in favour of Huascar, whose mild and ductile temper would make him a convenient instrument in the hands of his conquerors. Without further hesitation, he determined to remove this cause of jealousy for ever, by the death of his brother.

His orders were immediately executed, and the unhappy prince was drowned, as was commonly reported, in the river of Andamarca, declaring with his dying breath that the white men would avenge his murder, and that his rival would not long survive him.⁴⁵ Thus perished the unfortunate Huascar, the legitimate heir of the throne of the Incas, in the very morning of life, and the commencement of his reign; a reign, however, which had been long enough to call forth the display of many excellent and amiable qualities, though his nature was too gentle to cope with the bold and fiercer temper of his brother. Such is the portrait we have of him from the Indian and Castilian chroniclers; though the former, it should be added, were the kinsmen of Huascar, and the latter certainly bore no good will to Atahualpa.⁴⁶

That prince received the tidings of Huascar's death with every mark of surprise and indignation. He immediately sent for Pizarro, and communicated the event to him with expressions of the deepest sorrow. The Spanish commander refused, at first, to credit the unwelcome news, and bluntly told the Inca that his brother could not be dead, and that he should be answerable for his life.⁴⁷ To this Atahualpa replied by renewed assurances of the fact, adding that the deed had been perpetrated, without his privity, by Huascar's keepers, fearful that he might take advantage of the troubles of the country to make his escape. Pizarro, on making further inquiries, found that the report of his death was but too true. That it should have been brought about by Atahualpa's officers without his express command would only show that by so doing they had probably anticipated their master's wishes. The crime, which assumes in our eyes a deeper dye from the relation of the parties, had not the same estimation among the Incas, in whose multitudinous families the bonds of brotherhood must have sat loosely,—much too loosely to restrain the arm of the despot from sweeping away any obstacle that lay in his path.

⁴⁵ Both the place and the manner of Huascar's death are reported with much discrepancy by the historians. All agree in the one important fact that he died a violent death at the instigation of his brother. Conf. Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 2.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 204.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 6.—Instruc. del Inga Titucussi, MS.

⁴⁶ Both Garcilasso de la Vega and Titucussi Yupanqui were descendants from Huayna

Capac, of the pure Peruvian stock, the natural enemies, therefore, of their kinsman of Quito whom they regarded as a usurper. Circumstances brought the Castilians into direct collision with Atahualpa, and it was natural they should seek to darken his reputation by contrast with the fair character of his rival.

⁴⁷ "Sabido esto por el Gobernador, mostrò, que le pesaba mucho: i dijo que era mentira, que no le havian muerto, que lo trujesen luego vivo: i sino, que èl mandaria matar à Atahualpa." Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 204.

CHAPTER VI.

GOLD ARRIVES FOR THE RANSOM—VISIT TO PACHACAMAC—DEMOLITION OF THE IDOL—THE INCA'S FAVOURITE GENERAL—THE INCA'S LIFE IN CONFINEMENT—ENVOYS' CONDUCT IN CUZCO—ARRIVAL OF ALMAGRO.

1533.

SEVERAL weeks had now passed since Atahualpa's emissaries had been despatched for the gold and silver that were to furnish his ransom to the Spaniards. But the distances were great, and the returns came in slowly. They consisted, for the most part, of massive pieces of plate, some of which weighed two or three *arrobas*,—a Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds. On some days, articles of the value of thirty or forty thousand *pesos de oro* were brought in, and, occasionally, of the value of fifty or even sixty thousand *pesos*. The greedy eyes of the Conquerors gloated on the shining heaps of treasure, which were transported on the shoulders of the Indian porters, and, after being carefully registered, were placed in safe deposit under a strong guard. They now began to believe that the magnificent promises of the Inca would be fulfilled. But, as their avarice was sharpened by the ravishing display of wealth such as they had hardly dared to imagine, they became more craving and impatient. They made no allowance for the distance and the difficulties of the way, and loudly inveighed against the tardiness with which the royal commands were executed. They even suspected Atahualpa of devising this scheme only to gain a pretext for communicating with his subjects in distant places, and of proceeding as dilatorily as possible, in order to secure time for the execution of his plans. Rumours of a rising among the Peruvians were circulated, and the Spaniards were in apprehension of some general and sudden assault on their quarters. Their new acquisitions gave them additional cause for solicitude: like a miser, they trembled in the midst of their treasures.¹

Pizarro reported to his captive the rumours that were in circulation among the soldiers, naming, as one of the places pointed out for the rendezvous of the Indians, the neighbouring city of Huamachuco. Atahualpa listened with undisguised astonishment, and indignantly repelled the charge, as false from beginning to end. "No one of my subjects," said he, "would dare to appear in arms, or to raise his finger, without my orders. You have me," he continued, "in your power. Is not my life at your disposal! And what better security can you have for my fidelity?" He then represented to the Spanish commander that the distances of many of the places were very great; that to Cuzco, the capital, although a message might be sent by post, through a succession of couriers, in five days from Caxamalca, it would require weeks for a porter to travel over the same ground with a load on his back. "But that you may be satisfied I am proceeding in good faith," he added, "I desire you will send some of your own people to Cuzco. I will give them a safe-conduct, and, when there, they can superintend the execution of the commission, and see with their own eyes that no hostile movements are intended." It was a fair offer; and Pizarro, anxious to get more precise and authentic information of the state of the country, gladly availed himself of it.²

¹ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 6.—
Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Xerez, *Conq.*

del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 204.

² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—

Before the departure of these emissaries, the general had despatched his brother Hernando with about twenty horse and a small body of infantry to the neighbouring town of Huamachuco, in order to reconnoitre the country and ascertain if there was any truth in the report of an armed force having assembled there. Hernando found everything quiet, and met with a kind reception from the natives. But before leaving the place he received further orders from his brother to continue his march to Pachacamac, a town situated on the coast, at least a hundred leagues distant from Caxamalca. It was consecrated as the seat of the great temple of the deity of that name, whom the Peruvians worshipped as the Creator of the world. It is said that they found there altars raised to this god, on their first occupation of the country; and such was the veneration in which he was held by the natives that the Incas, instead of attempting to abolish his worship, deemed it more prudent to sanction it conjointly with that of their own deity, the Sun. Side by side the two temples rose on the heights that overlooked the city of Pachacamac, and prospered in the offerings of their respective votaries. "It was a cunning arrangement," says an ancient writer, "by which the great enemy of man secured to himself a double harvest of souls."³

But the temple of Pachacamac continued to maintain its ascendancy; and the oracles delivered from its dark and mysterious shrine were held in no less repute among the natives of *Tavantinsuyu* (or "the four quarters of the world," as Peru under the Incas was called) than the oracles of Delphi obtained among the Greeks. Pilgrimages were made to the hallowed spot from the most distant regions, and the city of Pachacamac became among the Peruvians what Mecca was among the Mahometans, or Cholula with the people of Anahuac. The shrine of the deity, enriched by the tributes of the pilgrims, gradually became one of the most opulent in the land; and Atahualpa, anxious to collect his ransom as speedily as possible, urged Pizarro to send a detachment in that direction, to secure the treasures before they could be secreted by the priests of the temple.

It was a journey of considerable difficulty. Two-thirds of the route lay along the table-land of the Cordilleras, intersected occasionally by crests of the mountain-range, that imposed no slight impediment to their progress. Fortunately, much of the way they had the benefit of the great road to Cuzco; and "nothing in Christendom," exclaims Hernando Pizarro, "equals the magnificence of this road across the sierra."⁴ In some places the rocky ridges were so precipitous that steps were cut in them for the travellers, and, though the sides were protected by heavy stone balustrades or parapets, it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses were enabled to scale them. The road was frequently crossed by streams, over which bridges of wood and sometimes of stone were thrown; though occasionally, along the declivities of the mountains, the waters swept down in such furious torrents that the only method of passing them was by the swinging bridges of osier, of which till now the Spaniards had had little experience. They were secured on either bank to heavy buttresses of stone. But as they were originally designed for nothing heavier than the foot-passenger and the llama, and as they had something exceedingly fragile in their appearance, the Spaniards hesitated to venture on them with

Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. pp. 203, 204.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

³ "El demonio Pachacama alegre con este concierto, afirman que mostrava en sus respuestas gran contento: pues con lo vno y lo otro era el servido, y quedavan las animas de

los simples malaventurados presas en su poder." Cleza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 72.

⁴ "El camino de las sierras es cosa de ver, porque en verdad en tierra tan fragosa en la cristianidad no se han visto tan hermosos caminos, toda la mayor parte de calzada." Carta, MS.

their horses. Experience, however, soon showed they were capable of bearing a much greater weight; and though the traveller, made giddy by the vibration of the long avenue, looked with a reeling brain into the torrent that was tumbling at the depth of a hundred feet or more below him, the whole of the cavalry effected their passage without an accident. At these bridges, it may be remarked, they found persons stationed whose business it was to collect toll for the government from all travellers.⁵

The Spaniards were amazed by the number as well as magnitude of the flocks of llamas which they saw browsing on the stunted herbage that grows in the elevated regions of the Andes. Sometimes they were gathered in enclosures, but more usually were roaming at large under the conduct of their Indian shepherds; and the Conquerors now learned, for the first time, that these animals were tended with as much care, and their migrations as nicely regulated, as those of the vast flocks of merinos in their own country.⁶

The table-land and its declivities were thickly sprinkled with hamlets and towns, some of them of considerable size; and the country in every direction bore the marks of a thrifty husbandry. Fields of Indian corn were to be seen in all its different stages, from the green and tender ear to the yellow ripeness of harvest-time. As they descended into the valleys and deep ravines that divided the crests of the Cordilleras, they were surrounded by the vegetation of a warmer climate, which delighted the eye with the gay livery of a thousand bright colours and intoxicated the senses with its perfumes. Everywhere the natural capacities of the soil were stimulated by a minute system of irrigation, which drew the fertilizing moisture from every stream and rivulet that rolled down the declivities of the Andes; while the terraced sides of the mountains were clothed with gardens and orchards that teemed with fruits of various latitudes. The Spaniards could not sufficiently admire the industry with which the natives had availed themselves of the bounty of Nature, or had supplied the deficiency where she had dealt with a more parsimonious hand.

Whether from the commands of the Inca, or from the awe which their achievements had spread throughout the land, the Conquerors were received, in every place through which they passed, with hospitable kindness. Lodgings were provided for them, with ample refreshments from the well-stored magazines distributed at intervals along the route. In many of the towns the inhabitants came out to welcome them with singing and dancing, and, when they resumed their march, a number of able-bodied porters were furnished to carry forward their baggage.⁷

At length, after some weeks of travel, severe even with all these appliances, Hernando Pizarro arrived before the city of Pachacamac. It was a place of considerable population, and the edifices were, many of them, substantially

⁵ "Todos los arroyos tienen puentes de piedra ó de madera; en un rio grande, que era muy caudaloso é muy grande, que pasamos dos veces, hallamos puentes de red, que es cosa maravillosa de ver; pasamos por ellas los caballos; tienen en cada pasaje dos puentes, la una por donde pasa la gente comun, la otra por donde pasa el señor de la tierra ó sus capitanes; esta tienen siempre cerrada é indios que la guardan; estos indios cobran portazgo de los que pasan." Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.—Also *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

⁶ A comical blunder has been made by the printer, in M. Ternaux-Compan's excellent translation of Xerez, in the account of this ex-

pedition: "On trouve sur toute la route beaucoup de porcs, de lamas." (*Relation de la Conquête du Pérou*, p. 157.) The substitution of *porcs* for *peres* might well lead the reader into the error of supposing that swine existed in Peru before the Conquest.

⁷ Carta de Hernando Pizarro, MS.—Estete, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. pp. 206, 207.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Both the last-cited author and Miguel Estete, the royal *veedor* or inspector, accompanied Hernando Pizarro on this expedition, and, of course, were eye-witnesses, like himself, of what they relate. Estete's narrative is incorporated by the secretary Xerez in his own.

built. The temple of the tutelar deity consisted of a vast stone building, or rather pile of buildings, which, clustering around a conical hill, had the air of a fortress rather than a religious establishment. But, though the walls were of stone, the roof was composed of a light thatch, as usual in countries where rain seldom or never falls, and where defence, consequently, is wanted chiefly against the rays of the sun.

Presenting himself at the lower entrance of the temple, Hernando Pizarro was refused admittance by the guardians of the portal. But, exclaiming that "he had come too far to be stayed by the arm of an Indian priest," he forced his way into the passage, and, followed by his men, wound up the gallery which led to an area on the summit of the mount, at one end of which stood a sort of chapel. This was the sanctuary of the dread deity. The door was garnished with ornaments of crystal and with turquoises and bits of coral.* Here again the Indians would have dissuaded Pizarro from violating the consecrated precincts, when at that moment the shock of an earthquake, that made the ancient walls tremble to their foundation, so alarmed the natives, both those of Pizarro's own company and the people of the place, that they fled in dismay, nothing doubting that their incensed deity would bury the invaders under the ruins or consume them with his lightnings. But no such terror found its way into the breasts of the Conquerors, who felt that here, at least, they were fighting the good fight of Faith.

Tearing open the door, Pizarro and his party entered. But, instead of a hall blazing, as they had fondly imagined, with gold and precious stones, offerings of the worshippers of Pachacamac, they found themselves in a small and obscure apartment, or rather den, from the floor and sides of which steamed up the most offensive odours,—like those of a slaughter-house. It was the place of sacrifice. A few pieces of gold and some emeralds were discovered on the ground, and, as their eyes became accommodated to the darkness, they discerned in the most retired corner of the room the figure of the deity. It was an uncouth monster, made of wood, with the head resembling that of a man. This was the god through whose lips Satan had breathed forth the far-famed oracles which had deluded his Indian votaries!†

Tearing the idol from its recess, the indignant Spaniards dragged it into the open air and there broke it into a hundred fragments. The place was then purified, and a large cross, made of stone and plaster, was erected on the spot. In a few years the walls of the temple were pulled down by the Spanish settlers, who found there a convenient quarry for their own edifices. But the cross still remained spreading its broad arms over the ruins. It stood where it was planted in the very heart of the stronghold of heathendom; and, while all was in ruins around it, it proclaimed the permanent triumphs of the Faith.

The simple natives, finding that Heaven had no bolts in store for the Conquerors, and that their god had no power to prevent the profanation of his shrine, came in gradually and tendered their homage to the strangers, whom they now regarded with feelings of superstitious awe. Pizarro profited by this temper to wean them, if possible, from their idolatry; and, though no preacher himself, as he tells us, he delivered a discourse as edifying, doubtless, as could

* "Esta puerta era muy tejida de diversas cosas de corales y turquesas y cristales y otras cosas." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

† "Aquel era Pachacama, el cual les sanaba de sus enfermedades, y á lo que allí se entendió, el Demonio aparecia en aquella cueba á

aquellos sacerdotes y hablaba con ellos, y estos entraban con las peticiones y ofrendas de los que venian en romeria, que es cierto que del todo el Señorío de Atabalica iban allí, como los Moros y Turcos van á la casa de Meca." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—Also Estete, ap. Barcia, tom. lli. p. 209.

be expected from the mouth of a soldier;¹⁰ and, in conclusion, he taught them the sign of the cross, as an inestimable talisman to secure them against the future machinations of the devil.¹¹

But the Spanish commander was not so absorbed in his spiritual labours as not to have an eye to those temporal concerns for which he had been sent to this quarter. He now found, to his chagrin, that he had come somewhat too late, and that the priests of Pachacamac, being advised of his mission, had secured much the greater part of the gold and decamped with it before his arrival. A quantity was afterwards discovered buried in the grounds adjoining.¹² Still, the amount obtained was considerable, falling little short of eighty thousand castellanos, a sum which once would have been deemed a compensation for greater fatigues than they had encountered. But the Spaniards had become familiar with gold; and their imaginations, kindled by the romantic adventures in which they had of late been engaged, indulged in visions which all the gold of Peru would scarcely have realized.

One prize, however, Hernando obtained by his expedition, which went far to console him for the loss of his treasure. While at Pachacamac, he learned that the Indian commander Chalcuchima lay with a large force in the neighbourhood of Xauxa, a town of some strength at a considerable distance among the mountains. This man, who was nearly related to Atahualpa, was his most experienced general, and, together with Quizquiz, now at Cuzco, had achieved those victories at the south which placed the Inca on the throne. From his birth, his talents, and his large experience, he was accounted second to no subject in the kingdom. Pizarro was aware of the importance of securing his person. Finding that the Indian noble declined to meet him on his return, he determined to march at once to Xauxa and take the chief in his own quarters. Such a scheme, considering the enormous disparity of numbers, might seem desperate even for Spaniards. But success had given them such confidence that they hardly condescended to calculate chances.

The road across the mountains presented greater difficulties than those on the former march. To add to the troubles of the cavalry, the shoes of their horses were worn out, and their hoofs suffered severely on the rough and stony ground. There was no iron at hand, nothing but gold and silver. In the present emergency they turned even these to account; and Pizarro caused the horses of the whole troop to be shod with silver. The work was done by the Indian smiths, and it answered so well that in this precious material they found a substitute for iron during the remainder of the march.¹³

Xauxa was a large and populous place; though we shall hardly credit the assertion of the Conquerors, that a hundred thousand persons assembled habitually in the great square of the city.¹⁴ The Peruvian commander was

¹⁰ "É á falta de predicador les hice mi sermón, diciendo el engaño en que vivían." Carta de Hern. Pizarro, MS.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, MS.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Estete, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 209.

¹² "Y andando los tiempos el capitán Rodrigo Orgoñez, y Francisco de Godoy, y otros escaron grã summa de oro y plata de los enteramientos. Y aun se presume y tiene por cierto, que ay mucho mas: pero como no se sabe donde esta enterrado, se pierde." Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 72.

¹³ "Hicieron hacer herraje de herraduras é clavos para sus Caballos de Plata, los cuales hicieron los cien Indios fundidores muy buenos e cuantos quisieron de ellos, con el cual her-

rage andubieron dos meses." (Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 16.)

The author of the *Relacion del primer Descubrimiento*, MS., says they shod the horses with silver and copper. And another of the Peruvian Conquerors assures us they used gold and silver. (*Relatione d'un Capitano Spagnuolo*, ap. Ramusio, *Navigazioni et Viaggi*, Venetia, 1565, tom. iii. fol. 376.) All agree as to the silver.

¹⁴ "Era mucha la Gente de aquel Pueblo, i de sus Comarcas, que al parecer de los Españoles, se juntaban cada Dia en la Placa Principal cien mil Personas." Estete, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 230

encamped, it was said, with an army of five-and-thirty thousand men, at only a few miles' distance from the town. With some difficulty he was persuaded to an interview with Pizarro. The latter addressed him courteously, and urged his return with him to the Castilian quarters in Caxamalca, representing it as the command of the Inca. Ever since the capture of his master, Chalcuchima had remained uncertain what course to take. The capture of the Inca in this sudden and mysterious manner by a race of beings who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and that too in the very hour of his triumph, had entirely bewildered the Peruvian chief. He had concerted no plan for the rescue of Atahualpa, nor, indeed, did he know whether any such movement would be acceptable to him. He now acquiesced in his commands, and was willing, at all events, to have a personal interview with his sovereign. Pizarro gained his end without being obliged to strike a single blow to effect it. The barbarian, when brought into contact with the white man, would seem to have been rebuked by his superior genius, in the same manner as the wild animal of the forest is said to quail before the steady glance of the hunter.

Chalcuchima came attended by a numerous retinue. He was borne in his sedan on the shoulders of his vassals, and, as he accompanied the Spaniards on their return through the country, received everywhere from the inhabitants the homage paid only to the favourite of a monarch. Yet all this pomp vanished on his entering the presence of the Inca, whom he approached with his feet bare, while a light burden, which he had taken from one of the attendants, was laid on his back. As he drew near, the old warrior, raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed, "Would that I had been here!—this would not then have happened;" then, kneeling down, he kissed the hands and feet of his royal master and bathed them with his tears. Atahualpa, on his part, betrayed not the least emotion, and showed no other sign of satisfaction at the presence of his favourite counsellor than by simply bidding him welcome. The cold demeanour of the monarch contrasted strangely with the loyal sensibility of the subject.¹⁵

The rank of the Inca placed him at an immeasurable distance above the proudest of his vassals; and the Spaniards had repeated occasion to admire the ascendancy which, even in his present fallen fortunes, he maintained over his people, and the awe with which they approached him. Pedro Pizarro records an interview, at which he was present, between Atahualpa and one of his great nobles, who had obtained leave to visit some remote part of the country on condition of returning by a certain day. He was detained somewhat beyond the appointed time, and on entering the presence with a small propitiatory gift for his sovereign his knees shook so violently that it seemed, says the chronicler, as if he would have fallen to the ground. His master, however, received him kindly, and dismissed him without a word of rebuke.¹⁶

Atahualpa in his confinement continued to receive the same respectful treatment from the Spaniards as hitherto. They taught him to play with dice, and the more intricate game of chess, in which the royal captive became expert, and loved to beguile with it the tedious hours of his imprisonment. Towards his own people he maintained as far as possible his wonted state and ceremonial. He was attended by his wives and the girls of his harem, who, as was customary, waited on him at table and discharged the other menial offices about his person. A body of Indian nobles were stationed in the antechamber,

¹⁵ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—
"The like of it," exclaims Estete, "was never before seen since the Indies were discovered."

Estete, *ap. Barcia*, tom. iii. p. 231.

¹⁶ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

but never entered the presence unbidden; and when they did enter it they submitted to the same humiliating ceremonies imposed on the greatest of his subjects. The service of his table was gold and silver plate. His dress, which he often changed, was composed of the wool of the vicuña wrought into mantles, so fine that it had the appearance of silk. He sometimes exchanged these for a robe made of the skins of bats, as soft and sleek as velvet. Round his head he wore the *llautu*, a woollen turban or shawl of the most delicate texture, wreathed in folds of various bright colours; and he still continued to encircle his temples with the *borla*, the crimson threads of which, mingled with gold, descended so as partly to conceal his eyes. The image of royalty had charms for him, when its substance had departed. No garment or utensil that had once belonged to the Peruvian sovereign could ever be used by another. When he laid it aside, it was carefully deposited in a chest, kept for the purpose, and afterwards burned. It would have been sacrilege to apply to vulgar uses that which had been consecrated by the touch of the Inca.¹⁷

Not long after the arrival of the party from Pachacamac, in the latter part of May, the three emissaries returned from Cuzco. They had been very successful in their mission. Owing to the Inca's order, and the awe which the white men now inspired throughout the country, the Spaniards had everywhere met with a kind reception. They had been carried on the shoulders of the natives in the *hamacas*, or sedans, of the country; and, as they had travelled all the way to the capital on the great imperial road, along which relays of Indian carriers were established at stated intervals, they performed this journey of more than six hundred miles, not only without inconvenience, but with the most luxurious ease. They passed through many populous towns, and always found the simple natives disposed to venerate them as beings of a superior nature. In Cuzco they were received with public festivities, were sumptuously lodged, and had every want anticipated by the obsequious devotion of the inhabitants.

Their accounts of the capital confirmed all that Pizarro had before heard of the wealth and population of the city. Though they had remained more than a week in this place, the emissaries had not seen the whole of it. The great temple of the Sun they found literally covered with plates of gold. They had entered the interior and beheld the royal mummies, seated each in his gold-embossed chair and in robes profusely covered with ornaments. The Spaniards had the grace to respect these, as they had been previously enjoined by the Inca; but they required that the plates which garnished the walls should be all removed. The Peruvians most reluctantly acquiesced in the commands of their sovereign to desecrate the national temple, which every inhabitant of the city regarded with peculiar pride and veneration. With less reluctance they assisted the Conquerors in stripping the ornaments from some of the other edifices, where the gold, however, being mixed with a large proportion of alloy, was of much less value.¹⁸

The number of plates they tore from the temple of the Sun was seven hundred; and though of no great thickness, probably, they are compared in size to the lid of a chest, ten or twelve inches wide.¹⁹ A cornice of pure gold

¹⁷ This account of the personal habits of Atabualpa is taken from Pedro Pizarro, who saw him often in his confinement. As his curious narrative is little known, I have extracted the original in Appendix No. 9.

¹⁸ Rel. d'un Capitano Spagn., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 375.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y

Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 2, cap. 12, 13.

¹⁹ "I de las Chapas de oro, que esta Casa tenia, quitaron setecientas Planchas . . . à manera de Tablas de Caxas de à tres, i à quatro palmos de largo." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 232.

encircled the edifice, but so strongly set in the stone that it fortunately defied the efforts of the spoilers. The Spaniards complained of the want of alacrity shown by the Indians in the work of destruction, and said that there were other parts of the city containing buildings rich in gold and silver which they had not been allowed to see. In truth, their mission, which at best was a most ungrateful one, had been rendered doubly annoying by the manner in which they had executed it. The emissaries were men of a very low stamp, and, puffed up by the honours conceded to them by the natives, they looked on themselves as entitled to these, and contemned the poor Indians as a race immeasurably beneath the European. They not only showed the most disgusting rapacity, but treated the highest nobles with wanton insolence. They even went so far, it is said, as to violate the privacy of the convents, and to outrage the religious sentiments of the Peruvians by their scandalous amours with the Virgins of the Sun. The people of Cuzco were so exasperated that they would have laid violent hands on them, but for their habitual reverence for the Inca, in whose name the Spaniards had come there. As it was, the Indians collected as much gold as was necessary to satisfy their unworthy visitors, and got rid of them as speedily as possible.²⁰ It was a great mistake in Pizarro to send such men. There were persons, even in his company, who, as other occasions showed, had some sense of self-respect, if not respect for the natives.

The messengers brought with them, besides silver, full two hundred *cargas* or loads of gold.²¹ This was an important accession to the contributions of Atahualpa; and, although the treasure was still considerably below the mark prescribed, the monarch saw with satisfaction the time drawing nearer for the completion of his ransom.

Not long before this, an event had occurred which changed the condition of the Spaniards and had an unfavourable influence on the fortunes of the Inca. This was the arrival of Almagro at Caxamalca, with a strong reinforcement. That chief had succeeded, after great efforts, in equipping three vessels and assembling a body of one hundred and fifty men, with which he sailed from Panamá the latter part of the preceding year. On his voyage he was joined by a small additional force from Nicaragua, so that his whole strength amounted to one hundred and fifty foot and fifty horse, well provided with the munitions of war. His vessels were steered by the old pilot Ruiz; but, after making the Bay of St. Matthew, he crept slowly along the coast, baffled as usual by winds and currents, and experiencing all the hardships incident to that protracted navigation. From some cause or other, he was not so fortunate as to obtain tidings of Pizarro; and so disheartened were his followers, most of whom were raw adventurers, that when arrived at Puerto Viejo they proposed to abandon the expedition and return at once to Panamá. Fortunately, one of the little squadron which Almagro had sent forward to Tumbez brought intelligence of Pizarro and of the colony he had planted at San Miguel. Cheered by the tidings, the cavalier resumed his voyage, and succeeded at length, towards the close of December, 1532, in bringing his whole party safe to the Spanish settlement.

He there received the account of Pizarro's march across the mountains, his seizure of the Inca, and, soon afterwards, of the enormous ransom offered for

²⁰ Herrera, Hist. general, ubi supra.

²¹ So says Pizarro's secretary: "I vinieron docientas cargas de Oro, i veinte i cinco de Plata." (Xerez, Cong. del Peru, ap. Barcia, ubi supra.) A load, he says, was brought by four Indians. "Cargas de Paliguerees, que

las traen quatro Indios." The meaning of *paliguerees*—not a Spanish word—is doubtful. Ternaux-Compans supposes, ingeniously enough, that it may have something of the same meaning with *palanquin*, to which it bears some resemblance.

his liberation. Almagro and his companions listened with undisguised amazement to this account of his associate, and of a change in his fortunes so rapid and wonderful that it seemed little less than magic. At the same time, he received a caution from some of the colonists not to trust himself in the power of Pizarro, who was known to bear him no good will.

Not long after Almagro's arrival at San Miguel, advices were sent of it to Caxamalca, and a private note from his secretary Perez informed Pizarro that his associate had come with no purpose of co-operating with him, but with the intention to establish an independent government. Both of the Spanish captains seem to have been surrounded by mean and turbulent spirits, who sought to embroil them with each other, trusting, doubtless, to find their own account in the rupture. For once, however, their malicious machinations failed.

Pizarro was overjoyed at the arrival of so considerable a reinforcement, which would enable him to push his fortunes as he had desired, and go forward with the conquest of the country. He laid little stress on the secretary's communication, since, whatever might have been Almagro's original purpose, Pizarro knew that the richness of the vein he had now opened in the land would be certain to secure his co-operation in working it. He had the magnanimity, therefore,—for there is something magnanimous in being able to stifle the suggestions of a petty rivalry in obedience to sound policy,—to send at once to his ancient comrade, and invite him, with many assurances of friendship, to Caxamalca. Almagro, who was of a frank and careless nature, received the communication in the spirit in which it was made, and, after some necessary delay, directed his march into the interior. But before leaving San Miguel, having become acquainted with the treacherous conduct of his secretary, he recompensed his treason by hanging him on the spot.²²

Almagro reached Caxamalca about the middle of February, 1533. The soldiers of Pizarro came out to welcome their countrymen, and the two captains embraced each other with every mark of cordial satisfaction. All past differences were buried in oblivion, and they seemed only prepared to aid one another in following up the brilliant career now opened to them in the conquest of an empire.

There was one person in Caxamalca on whom this arrival of the Spaniards produced a very different impression from that made on their own countrymen. This was the Inca Atahualpa. He saw in the new-comers only a new swarm of locusts to devour his unhappy country; and he felt that, with his enemies thus multiplying around him, the chances were diminished of recovering his freedom, or of maintaining it if recovered. A little circumstance, insignificant in itself, but magnified by superstition into something formidable, occurred at this time to cast an additional gloom over his situation.

A remarkable appearance, somewhat of the nature of a meteor, or it may have been a comet, was seen in the heavens by some soldiers and pointed out to Atahualpa. He gazed on it with fixed attention for some minutes, and then exclaimed, with a dejected air, that "a similar sign had been seen in the skies a short time before the death of his father Huayna Capac."²³ From this day a sadness seemed to take possession of him, as he looked with doubt and undefined dread to the future. Thus it is that in seasons of danger the

²² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. *Barcia*, tom. iii. pp. 204, 205.—*Relacion sumaria*, MS.—*Conq. I. Pob. del Piru*, MS.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.—*Herrera*, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib.

3, cap. 1.

²³ *Rel. d'un Capitano Spagn.*, ap. *Ramusio*, tom. iii. fol. 377.—*Cieza de Leon*, *Cronica*, cap. 65.

mind, like the senses, becomes morbidly acute in its perceptions, and the least departure from the regular course of nature, that would have passed unheeded in ordinary times, to the superstitious eye seems pregnant with meaning, as in some way or other connected with the destiny of the individual.

CHAPTER VII.

IMMENSE AMOUNT OF TREASURE—ITS DIVISION AMONG THE TROOPS—RUMOURS OF A RISING—TRIAL OF THE INCA—HIS EXECUTION—REFLECTIONS.

1533.

THE arrival of Almagro produced a considerable change in Pizarro's prospects, since it enabled him to resume active operations and push forward his conquests in the interior. The only obstacle in his way was the Inca's ransom, and the Spaniards had patiently waited, till the return of the emissaries from Cuzco swelled the treasure to a large amount, though still below the stipulated limit. But now their avarice got the better of their forbearance, and they called loudly for the immediate division of the gold. To wait longer would only be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the treasure remained uncounted, no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own portion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety. But these were few; while much the larger part were only anxious to leave their present quarters and march at once to Cuzco. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital than they could get here by prolonging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their treasures, of which design they had already given indication.

Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that without the capital he could not hope to become master of the empire. Without further delay, the division of the treasure was agreed upon.

Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whole to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters at its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude Conquerors of Peru.¹

¹ *Relatione de Pedro Sancho*, ap. Ramusio, *Viaggi*, tom. iii. fol. 399.—Xerez, *Conq. del Peru*, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 233.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 7.—Oviedo saw at St. Domingo the articles which Hernando Pi-

zarro was bearing to Castile; and he expatiates on several beautifully-wrought vases, richly chased, of very fine gold, and measuring twelve inches in height and thirty round. *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 16.

Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was selected, of the value of a hundred thousand ducats, and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and at the same time that he laid the treasures before him he was to give an account of the proceedings of the Conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

No man in the army was better qualified for this mission, by his address and knowledge of affairs, than Hernando Pizarro; no one would be so likely to urge his suit with effect at the haughty Castilian court. But other reasons influenced the selection of him at the present juncture.

His former jealousy of Almagro still rankled in his bosom, and he had beheld that chief's arrival at the camp with feelings of disgust, which he did not care to conceal. He looked on him as coming to share the spoils of victory and defraud his brother of his legitimate honours. Instead of exchanging the cordial greeting proffered by Almagro at their first interview, the arrogant cavalier held back in sullen silence. His brother Francis was greatly displeased at conduct which threatened to renew their ancient feud, and he induced Hernando to accompany him to Almagro's quarters and make some acknowledgment for his uncourteous behaviour.² But, notwithstanding this show of reconciliation, the general thought the present a favourable opportunity to remove his brother from the scene of operations, where his factious spirit more than counterbalanced his eminent services.³

The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night, but such was the quantity to be recast that it consumed a full month. When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendance of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos de oro*, which, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, would be equivalent, probably, at the present time, to near *three millions and a half of pounds sterling*, or somewhat less than *fifteen millions and a half of dollars*.⁴ The

² Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 2, cap. 3.

³ According to Oviedo, it was agreed that Hernando should have a share much larger than he was entitled to of the Inca's ransom, in the hope that he would feel so rich as never to desire to return again to Peru: "Trabajaron de le embiar rico por quitarle de entre ellos, y porque yendo muy rico como fue no tubiese voluntad de tornar á aquellas partes." Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 16.

⁴ Acta de Reparticion del Rescate de Atahuallpa. MS.—Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 232.—In reducing the sums mentioned in this work, I have availed myself—as I before did, in the History of the Conquest of Mexico—of the labours of Señor Clemencin, formerly Secretary of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. This eminent scholar, in the sixth volume of the Memoirs of the Academy, prepared wholly by himself, has introduced an elaborate essay on the value of the currency in the reign of Ferdinand and

Isabella. Although this period—the close of the fifteenth century—was somewhat earlier than that of the Conquest of Peru, yet his calculations are sufficiently near the truth for our purpose, since the Spanish currency had not as yet been much affected by that disturbing cause, the influx of the precious metals from the New World. In inquiries into the currency of a remote age, we may consider, in the first place, the specific value of the coin,—that is, the value which it derives from the weight, purity, etc., of the metal, circumstances easily determined. In the second place, we may inquire into the commercial or comparative worth of the money,—that is, the value founded on a comparison of the difference between the amount of commodities which the same sum would purchase formerly and at the present time. The latter inquiry is attended with great embarrassment, from the difficulty of finding any one article which may be taken as the true

quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks. History affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the Conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the French, or the Dutch, on the shores of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by diverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp and left them among the poorest of the nations of Christendom.

A new difficulty now arose in respect to the division of the treasure. Almagro's followers claimed to be admitted to a share of it; which, as they equalled and, indeed, somewhat exceeded in number Pizarro's company, would reduce the gains of these last very materially. "We were not here, it is true," said Almagro's soldiers to their comrades, "at the seizure of the Inca, but we have taken our turn in mounting guard over him since his capture, have helped you to defend your treasures, and now give you the means of going forward and securing your conquests. It is a common cause," they urged, "in which all are equally embarked, and the gains should be shared equally between us."

But this way of viewing the matter was not at all palatable to Pizarro's company, who alleged that Atahualpa's contract had been made exclusively with them; that they had seized the Inca, had secured the ransom, had incurred, in short, all the risk of the enterprise, and were not now disposed to share the fruits of it with every one who came after them. There was much force, it could not be denied, in this reasoning, and it was finally settled between the leaders that Almagro's followers should resign their pretensions for a stipulated sum of no great amount, and look to the career now opened to them for carving out their fortunes for themselves.

This delicate affair being thus harmoniously adjusted, Pizarro prepared, with all solemnity, for a division of the imperial spoil. The troops were called together in the great square, and the Spanish commander, "with the fear of

standard of value. Wheat, from its general cultivation and use, has usually been selected by political economists as this standard; and Clemencin has adopted it in his calculations. Assuming wheat as the standard, he has endeavoured to ascertain the value of the principal coins in circulation at the time of the "Catholic Kings." He makes no mention in his treatise of the *peso de oro*, by which denomination the sums in the early part of the sixteenth century were more frequently expressed than by any other. But he ascertains both the specific and the commercial value of the *castellano*, which several of the old writers, as Oviedo, Herrera, and Xerez, concur in stating as precisely equivalent to the *peso de oro*. From the results of his calculations, it appears that the specific value of the *castellano*, as stated by him in reals, is equal to *three dollars and seven cents of our own currency*, while the commercial value is nearly four times as great, or *eleven dollars sixty-seven cents, equal to two pounds twelve shillings and sixpence sterling*. By adopting

this as the approximate value of the peso de oro in the early part of the sixteenth century, the reader may easily compute for himself the value, at that period, of the sums mentioned in these pages; most of which are expressed in that denomination. I have been the more particular in this statement since in my former work I confined myself to the commercial value of the money, which, being much greater than the specific value, founded on the quality and weight of the metal, was thought by an ingenious correspondent to give the reader an exaggerated estimate of the sums mentioned in the history. But it seems to me that it is only this comparative or commercial value with which the reader has any concern; indicating what amount of commodities any given sum represents, that he may thus know the real worth of that sum,—thus adopting the principle, though conversely stated, of the old Hudibrastic maxim,—

"What is worth in any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

God before his eyes," says the record, "invoked the assistance of Heaven to do the work before him conscientiously and justly."⁵ The appeal may seem somewhat out of place at the distribution of spoil so unrighteously acquired; yet in truth, considering the magnitude of the treasure, and the power assumed by Pizarro to distribute it according to the respective deserts of the individuals, there were few acts of his life involving a heavier responsibility. On his present decision might be said to hang the future fortunes of each one of his followers,—poverty or independence during the remainder of his days.

The royal fifth was first deducted, including the remittance already sent to Spain. The share appropriated by Pizarro amounted to fifty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-two pesos of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. He had besides this the great chair or throne of the Inca, of solid gold, and valued at twenty-five thousand *pesos de oro*. To his brother Hernando were paid thirty-one thousand and eighty pesos of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. De Soto received seventeen thousand seven hundred and forty pesos of gold, and seven hundred and twenty-four marks of silver. Most of the remaining cavalry, sixty in number, received each eight thousand eight hundred and eighty pesos of gold, and three hundred and sixty-two marks of silver, though some had more, and a few considerably less. The infantry mustered in all one hundred and five men. Almost one-fifth of them were allowed, each, four thousand four hundred and forty pesos of gold, and one hundred and eighty marks of silver, half of the compensation of the troopers. The remainder received one-fourth part less; though here again there were exceptions, and some were obliged to content themselves with a much smaller share of the spoil.⁶

The new church of San Francisco, the first Christian temple in Peru, was endowed with two thousand two hundred and twenty pesos of gold. The amount assigned to Almagro's company was not excessive, if it was not more than twenty thousand pesos;⁷ and that reserved for the colonists of San Miguel, which amounted only to fifteen thousand pesos, was unaccountably small.* There were among them certain soldiers who, at an early period of the expedition, as the reader may remember, abandoned the march and returned to San Miguel. These, certainly, had little claim to be remembered in the division of booty. But the greater part of the colony consisted of invalids, men whose health had been broken by their previous hardships, but who still, with a stout and willing heart, did good service in their military post on the sea-coast. On what grounds they had forfeited their claims to a more ample remuneration it is not easy to explain.

Nothing is said, in the partition, of Almagro himself, who, by the terms of the original contract, might claim an equal share of the spoil with his associate. As little notice is taken of Luque, the remaining partner. Luque

* "Segun Dios Nuestro Señor se diere á entender teniendo su conciencia y para lo mejor hazer pedia al ayuda de Dios Nuestro Señor, é imbeco el auxilio divino." *Acta de Reparticion del Rescate*, MS.

* The particulars of the distribution are given in the *Acta de Reparticion del Rescate*, an instrument drawn up and signed by the royal notary. The document, which is therefore of unquestionable authority, is among the MSS. selected for me from the collection of Muñoz.

* "Se diese á la gente que vino con el Capitan Diego de Almagro para ayuda á pagar sus

deudas y fletes y suplir algunas necesidades que traian, veinte mil pesos." (*Acta de Reparticion del Rescate*, MS.) Herrera says that 100,000 pesos were paid to Almagro's men. (*Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 2, cap. 3.) But it is not so set down in the instrument.

* "En treinta personas que quedaron en la ciudad de san Miguel de Piura dolientes y otros que no vinieron ni se hallaron en la prision de Atagualpa y toma del oro porque algunos son pobres y otros tienen necesidad señalaba 15,000 p^o de oro para los repartir S. Señoria entre las dichas personas." *Ibid.*, MS.

himself was, indeed, no longer to be benefited by worldly treasure. He had died a short time before Almagro's departure from Panamá;⁹ too soon to learn the full success of the enterprise, which, but for his exertions, must have failed; too soon to become acquainted with the achievements and the crimes of Pizarro. But the Licentiate Espinosa, whom he represented, and who, it appears, had advanced the funds for the expedition, was still living at St. Domingo, and Luque's pretensions were explicitly transferred to him. Yet it is unsafe to pronounce, at this distance of time, on the authority of mere negative testimony; and it must be admitted to form a strong presumption in favour of Pizarro's general equity in the distribution, that no complaint of it has reached us from any of the parties present, nor from contemporary chroniclers.¹⁰

The division of the ransom being completed by the Spaniards, there seemed to be no further obstacle to their resuming active operations and commencing the march to Cuzco. But what was to be done with Atahualpa? In the determination of this question, whatever was expedient was just.¹¹ To liberate him would be to set at large the very man who might prove their most dangerous enemy,—one whose birth and royal station would rally round him the whole nation, place all the machinery of government at his control, and all its resources,—one, in short, whose bare word might concentrate all the energies of his people against the Spaniards, and thus delay for a long period, if not wholly defeat, the conquest of the country. Yet to hold him in captivity was attended with scarcely less difficulty; since to guard so important a prize would require such a division of their force as must greatly cripple its strength, and how could they expect, by any vigilance, to secure their prisoner against rescue in the perilous passes of the mountains?

The Inca himself now loudly demanded his freedom. The proposed amount of the ransom had, indeed, not been fully paid. It may be doubted whether it ever would have been, considering the embarrassments thrown in the way by the guardians of the temples, who seemed disposed to secrete the treasures, rather than despoil these sacred depositories to satisfy the cupidity of the strangers. It was unlucky, too, for the Indian monarch that much of the gold, and that of the best quality, consisted of flat plates or tiles, which, however valuable, lay in a compact form that did little towards swelling the heap. But an immense amount had been already realized, and it would have been a still greater one, the Inca might allege, but for the impatience of the Spaniards. At all events, it was a magnificent ransom, such as was never paid by prince or potentate before.

These considerations Atahualpa urged on several of the cavaliers, and especially on Hernando de Soto, who was on terms of more familiarity with him than Pizarro. De Soto reported Atahualpa's demands to his leader; but the latter evaded a direct reply. He did not disclose the dark purposes over which his mind was brooding.¹² Not long afterwards he caused the notary to prepare an instrument in which he fully acquitted the Inca of

⁹ Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1533.

¹⁰ The "Spanish Captain," several times cited, who tells us he was one of the men appointed to guard the treasure, does indeed complain that a large quantity of gold vases and other articles remained undivided, a palpable injustice, he thinks, to the honest Conquerors, who had earned all by their hardships. (*Rel. d'un Capitano Spagn.*, ap. Ramusio, tom. III. fol. 378, 379.) The writer, throughout his Relation, shows a full measure

of the coarse and covetous spirit which marked the adventurers of Peru.

¹¹ "Y esto tenia por justo, pues era provechoso." It is the sentiment imputed to Pizarro by Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 3. cap. 4.

¹² "I como no ahondaban los designios que tenia le replicaban; pero él respondia, que iba mirando en ello." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 4.

further obligation in respect to the ransom. This he commanded to be publicly proclaimed in the camp, while at the same time he openly declared that the safety of the Spaniards required that the Inca should be detained in confinement until they were strengthened by additional reinforcements.¹³

Meanwhile the old rumours of a meditated attack by the natives began to be current among the soldiers. They were repeated from one to another, gaining something by every repetition. An immense army, it was reported, was mustering at Quito, the land of Atahualpa's birth, and thirty thousand Caribs were on their way to support it.¹⁴ The Caribs were distributed by the early Spaniards rather indiscriminately over the different parts of America, being invested with peculiar horrors as a race of cannibals.

It was not easy to trace the origin of these rumours. There was in the camp a considerable number of Indians, who belonged to the party of Huascar, and who were, of course, hostile to Atahualpa. But his worst enemy was Felipillo, the interpreter from Tumbez, already mentioned in these pages. This youth had conceived a passion for, or, as some say, had been detected in an intrigue with, one of the royal concubines.¹⁵ The circumstance had reached the ears of Atahualpa, who felt himself deeply outraged by it. "That such an insult should have been offered by so base a person was an indignity," he said, "more difficult to bear than his imprisonment;"¹⁶ and he told Pizarro "that, by the Peruvian law, it could be expiated, not by the criminal's own death alone, but by that of his whole family and kindred."¹⁷ But Felipillo was too important to the Spaniards to be dealt with so summarily; nor did they probably attach such consequence to an offence which, if report be true, they had countenanced by their own example.¹⁸ Felipillo, however, soon learned the state of the Inca's feelings towards himself, and from that moment he regarded him with deadly hatred. Unfortunately, his malignant temper found ready means for its indulgence.

The rumours of a rising among the natives pointed to Atahualpa as the author of it. Challeuchima was examined on the subject, but avowed his entire ignorance of any such design, which he pronounced a malicious slander. Pizarro next laid the matter before the Inca himself, repeating to him the stories in circulation, with the air of one who believed them. "What treason is this," said the general, "that you have meditated against me,—me, who have ever treated you with honour, confiding in your words, as in those of a brother?" "You jest," replied the Inca, who perhaps did not feel the weight

¹³ "Fatta quella fusione, il Governatore fece vn atto nnanzi al notaro nel quale liberava il Cacique Atabalipa et l'absoluena della promessa et parola che haueua data a gli Spagnuoli che lo presero della casa d'oro ch'haueua lor cõcessa, il quale fece publicar publicamẽte a suon di trombe nella piazza di quella città di Caxamalca." (Pedro Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 399.) The authority is unimpeachable,—for any fact, at least, that makes against the Conquerors,—since the *Relatione* was by one of Pizarro's own secretaries, and was authorized under the hands of the general and his great officers.

¹⁴ "De la gente Natural de Quito vienen docientos mil Hombres de Guerra, i treinta mil Caribes, que comen Carne Humana." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 233.—See also Pedro Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, ubi supra.

¹⁵ "Pues estando asi atravesose un demonio

de una lengua que se dezia Felipillo uno de los muchachos que el marquez avia llevado á España que al presente hera lengua y andava enamorado de una muger de Atabalipa." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—The amour and the malice of Felipillo, which, Quintana seems to think, rest chiefly on Garcilasso's authority (see *Españoles célebres*, tom. ii. p. 210, nota), are stated very explicitly by Zarate, Naharro, Gomara, Balboa, all contemporaneous, though not, like Pedro Pizarro, personally present in the army.

¹⁶ "Diciendo que sentia mas aqnel desacato, que su prision." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 2, cap. 7.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

¹⁸ "E le habian tomado sus mugeres é repartidolas en su presencia é usaban de ellas dos sus adulterios." Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.

of this confidence; "you are always jesting with me. How could I or my people think of conspiring against men so valiant as the Spaniards? Do not jest with me thus, I beseech you."¹⁹ "This," continues Pizarro's secretary, "he said in the most composed and natural manner, smiling all the while to dissemble his falsehood, so that we were all amazed to find such cunning in a barbarian."²⁰

But it was not with cunning, but with the consciousness of innocence, as the event afterwards proved, that Atahualpa thus spoke to Pizarro. He readily discerned, however, the causes, perhaps the consequences, of the accusation. He saw a dark gulf opening beneath his feet; and he was surrounded by strangers, on none of whom he could lean for counsel or protection. The life of the captive monarch is usually short; and Atahualpa might have learned the truth of this, when he thought of Huascar. Bitterly did he now lament the absence of Hernando Pizarro, for, strange as it may seem, the haughty spirit of this cavalier had been touched by the condition of the royal prisoner, and he had treated him with a deference which won for him the peculiar regard and confidence of the Indian. Yet the latter lost no time in endeavouring to efface the general's suspicions and to establish his own innocence. "Am I not," said he to Pizarro, "a poor captive in your hands? How could I harbour the designs you impute to me, when I should be the first victim of the outbreak? And you little know my people, if you think that such a movement would be made without my orders; when the very birds in my dominions," said he, with somewhat of an hyperbole, "would scarcely venture to fly contrary to my will."²¹

But these protestations of innocence had little effect on the troops; among whom the story of a general rising of the natives continued to gain credit every hour. A large force, it was said, was already gathered at Huamachuco, not a hundred miles from the camp, and their assault might be hourly expected. The treasure which the Spaniards had acquired afforded a tempting prize, and their own alarm was increased by the apprehension of losing it. The patrols were doubled. The horses were kept saddled and bridled. The soldiers slept on their arms; Pizarro went the rounds regularly to see that every sentinel was on his post. The little army, in short, was in a state of preparation for instant attack.

Men suffering from fear are not likely to be too scrupulous as to the means of removing the cause of it. Murmurs, mingled with gloomy menaces, were now heard against the Inca, the author of these machinations. Many began to demand his life, as necessary to the safety of the army. Among these the most vehement were Almagro and his followers. They had not witnessed the seizure of Atahualpa. They had no sympathy with him in his fallen state. They regarded him only as an encumbrance, and their desire now was to push their fortunes in the country, since they had got so little of the gold of Caxamalca. They were supported by Riquelme, the treasurer, and by the rest of the royal officers. These men had been left at San Miguel by Pizarro, who did not care to have such official spies on his movements. But they had come to the camp with Almagro, and they loudly demanded the Inca's death, as indispensable to the tranquillity of the country and the interests of the crown.²²

¹⁹ "Burlaste conmigo? siempre me hablas cosas de burlas! Que parte somos Yo, i toda mi Gente, para enojar à tan valientes Hombres como vosotros? No me digas esas burlas." Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 234.

²⁰ "De que los Españoles que se las han oído,

están espantados de ver en vn Hombre Barbaro tanta prudencia." *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

²¹ "Pues si Yo no lo quiero, ni las Aves bolarán en mi Tierra." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 2, cap. 7.

²² Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Ped.

To these dark suggestions Pizarro turned—or seemed to turn—an unwilling ear, showing visible reluctance to proceed to extreme measures with his prisoner.²³ There were some few, and among others Hernando de Soto, who supported him in these views, and who regarded such measures as not at all justified by the evidence of Atahualpa's guilt. In this state of things, the Spanish commander determined to send a small detachment to Huamachuco, to reconnoitre the country and ascertain what ground there was for the rumours of an insurrection. De Soto was placed at the head of the expedition, which, as the distance was not great, would occupy but a few days.

After that cavalier's departure, the agitation among the soldiers, instead of diminishing, increased to such a degree that Pizarro, unable to resist their importunities, consented to bring Atahualpa to instant trial. It was but decent, and certainly safer, to have the forms of a trial. A court was organized, over which the two captains, Pizarro and Almagro, were to preside as judges. An attorney-general was named to prosecute for the crown, and counsel was assigned to the prisoner.

The charges preferred against the Inca, drawn up in the form of interrogatories, were twelve in number. The most important were, that he had usurped the crown and assassinated his brother Huascar; that he had squandered the public revenues since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, and lavished them on his kindred and his minions; that he was guilty of idolatry, and of adulterous practices, indulging openly in a plurality of wives; finally, that he had attempted to excite an insurrection against the Spaniards.²⁴

These charges, most of which had reference to national usages, or to the personal relations of the Inca, over which the Spanish conquerors had clearly no jurisdiction, are so absurd that they might well provoke a smile, did they not excite a deeper feeling. The last of the charges was the only one of moment in such a trial; and the weakness of this may be inferred from the care taken to bolster it up with the others. The mere specification of the articles must have been sufficient to show that the doom of the Inca was already sealed.

A number of the Indian witnesses were examined, and their testimony, filtrated through the interpretation of Felipillo, received, it is said, when necessary, a very different colouring from that of the original. The examination was soon ended, and "a warm discussion," as we are assured by one of Pizarro's own secretaries, "took place in respect to the probable good or evil that would result from the death of Atahualpa."²⁵ It was a question of ex-

Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iiii. fol. 400.—These cavaliers were all present in the camp.

²³ "Aunque contra voluntad del dicho Gobernador, que nunca estubo bien en ello."—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—So also Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, ubi supra.

²⁴ The specification of the charges against the Inca is given by Garcilasso de la Vega. (Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 37.) One could have wished to find them specified by some of the actors in the tragedy. But Garcilasso had access to the best sources of information, and where there was no motive for falsehood, as in the present instance, his word may probably be taken.—The fact of a process being formally instituted against the Indian monarch is explicitly recognized by several contemporary writers, by Gomara, Oviedo, and Pedro Sancho. Oviedo characterizes the

indictment as "a badly contrived and worse written document, devised by a factious and unprincipled priest, a clumsy notary without conscience, and others of the like stamp, who were all concerned in this villany." (Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.) Most authorities agree in the two principal charges,—the assassination of Huascar, and the conspiracy against the Spaniards.

²⁵ "Doppo l'essersi molto disputato, et ragionato del danno et vtile che saria potuto auuenire per li viuere o morire di Atabalpa, fu risoluto che si facesse giustizia di lui." (Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iiii. fol. 400.) It is the language of a writer who may be taken as the mouthpiece of Pizarro himself. According to him, the conclave which agitated this "question of expediency" consisted of the "officers of the crown and those of the army, a certain doctor learned in the

pediency. He was found guilty,—whether of all the crimes alleged we are not informed,—and he was sentenced to be burnt alive in the great square of Caxamalca. The sentence was to be carried into execution that very night. They were not even to wait for the return of De Soto, when the information he would bring would go far to establish the truth or the falsehood of the reports respecting the insurrection of the natives. It was desirable to obtain the countenance of Father Valverde to these proceedings, and a copy of the judgment was submitted to the friar for his signature, which he gave without hesitation, declaring that, “in his opinion, the Inca, at all events, deserved death.”²⁶

Yet there were some few in that martial conclave who resisted these high-handed measures. They considered them as a poor requital of all the favours bestowed on them by the Inca, who hitherto had received at their hands nothing but wrong. They objected to the evidence as wholly insufficient; and they denied the authority of such a tribunal to sit in judgment on a sovereign prince in the heart of his own dominions. If he were to be tried, he should be sent to Spain, and his cause brought before the emperor, who alone had power to determine it.

But the great majority—and they were ten to one—overruled these objections, by declaring there was no doubt of Atahualpa's guilt, and they were willing to assume the responsibility of his punishment. A full account of the proceedings would be sent to Castile, and the emperor should be informed who were the loyal servants of the crown, and who were its enemies. The dispute ran so high that for a time it menaced an open and violent rupture; till, at length, convinced that resistance was fruitless, the weaker party, silenced, but not satisfied, contented themselves with entering a written protest against these proceedings, which would leave an indelible stain on the names of all concerned in them.²⁷

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, he was greatly overcome by it. He had, indeed, for some time, looked to such an issue as probable, and had been heard to intimate as much to those about him. But the probability of such an event is very different from its certainty,—and that, too, so sudden and speedy. For a moment, the overwhelming conviction of it unmanned him, and he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, “What have I done, or my children, that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too,” said he, addressing Pizarro; “you, who have met with friendship and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands!” In the most piteous tones, he then implored that his life might be spared, promising any guarantee that might be required for the safety of every Spaniard in the army,—promising double the ransom he had already paid, if time were only given him to obtain it.²⁸

An eye-witness assures us that Pizarro was visibly affected, as he turned away from the Inca, to whose appeal he had no power to listen in opposition

law, that chanced to be with them, and the reverend Father Vicente de Valverde.”

²⁶ “Respondió, que firmaría, que era bastante para que el Inga fuese condenado á muerte, porque aun en lo exterior quisieron justificar su intento.” Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 4.

²⁷ Garcilasso has preserved the names of some of those who so courageously, though ineffectually, resisted the popular cry for the Inca's blood. (Com. Real, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 37.) They were doubtless correct in

denying the right of such a tribunal to sit in judgment on an independent prince like the Inca of Peru, but not so correct in supposing that their master the emperor had a better right. Vattel (book II. ch. 4) especially animadverts on this pretended trial of Atahualpa, as a manifest outrage on the law of nations.

²⁸ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 3, cap. 4.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 2, cap. 7.

to the voice of the army and to his own sense of what was due to the security of the country.²⁹ Atahualpa, finding he had no power to turn his Conqueror from his purpose, recovered his habitual self-possession, and from that moment submitted himself to his fate with the courage of an Indian warrior.

The doom of the Inca was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the great square of Caxamalca; and, two hours after sunset, the Spanish soldiery assembled by torch-light in the *plaza* to witness the execution of the sentence. It was on the twenty-ninth of August, 1533. Atahualpa was led out chained hand and foot,—for he had been kept in irons ever since the great excitement had prevailed in the army respecting an assault. Father Vicente de Valverde was at his side, striving to administer consolation, and, if possible, to persuade him at this last hour to abjure his superstition and embrace the religion of his Conquerors. He was willing to save the soul of his victim from the terrible expiation in the next world to which he had so cheerfully consigned his mortal part in this.

During Atahualpa's confinement, the friar had repeatedly expounded to him the Christian doctrines, and the Indian monarch discovered much acuteness in apprehending the discourse of his teacher. But it had not carried conviction to his mind, and, though he listened with patience, he had shown no disposition to renounce the faith of his fathers. The Dominican made a last appeal to him in this solemn hour; and, when Atahualpa was bound to the stake, with the fagots that were to kindle his funeral pile lying around him, Valverde, holding up the cross, besought him to embrace it and be baptized, promising that, by so doing, the painful death to which he had been sentenced should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrote*,—a mode of punishment by strangulation, used for criminals in Spain.³⁰

The unhappy monarch asked if this were really so, and, on its being confirmed by Pizarro, he consented to abjure his own religion and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Father Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahualpa,—the name of Juan being conferred in honour of John the Baptist, on whose day the event took place.³¹

Atahualpa expressed a desire that his remains might be transported to Quito, the place of his birth, to be preserved with those of his maternal ancestors. Then, turning to Pizarro, as a last request, he implored him to take compassion on his young children and receive them under his protection. Was there no other one in that dark company who stood grimly around him, to whom he could look for the protection of his offspring? Perhaps he thought there was no other so competent to afford it, and that the wishes so solemnly expressed in that hour might meet with respect even from his Conqueror. Then, recovering his stoical bearing, which for a moment had been shaken, he submitted himself calmly to his fate,—while the Spaniards, gathering around, muttered their *credos* for the salvation of his soul!³² Thus by the death of a vile malefactor perished the last of the Incas!

²⁹ "I myself," says Pedro Pizarro, "saw the general weep." "*Yo vide llorar al marques de pesar por no podelle dar la vida porque cierto temio los requirimientos y el rriazgo que avia en la tierra si se soltava.*" Descub. y Conq., MS.

³⁰ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 234.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap.; Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 400.—The *garrote* is a mode of execution by means of a noose drawn round the criminal's neck, to the

back part of which a stick is attached. By twisting this stick the noose is tightened and suffocation is produced. This was the mode, probably, of Atahualpa's execution. In Spain, instead of the cord, an iron collar is substituted, which, by means of a screw, is compressed round the throat of the sufferer.

³¹ Velasco, Hist. de Quito, tom. i. p. 372.

³² "Ma quando se lo vidde appressare per douer esser morto, disse che raccomandava al Governatore i suoi piccioli figliuoli che volesse tenerseglì appresso, & con queste ultime parole,

I have already spoken of the person and the qualities of Atahualpa. He had a handsome countenance, though with an expression somewhat too fierce to be pleasing. His frame was muscular and well-proportioned; his air commanding; and his deportment in the Spanish quarters had a degree of refinement, the more interesting that it was touched with melancholy. He is accused of having been cruel in his wars and bloody in his revenge.²² It may be true, but the pencil of an enemy would be likely to overcharge the shadows of the portrait. He is allowed to have been bold, high-minded, and liberal.²⁴ All agree that he showed singular penetration and quickness of perception. His exploits as a warrior had placed his valour beyond dispute. The best homage to it is the reluctance shown by the Spaniards to restore him to freedom. They dreaded him as an enemy, and they had done him too many wrongs to think that he could be their friend. Yet his conduct towards them from the first had been most friendly; and they repaid it with imprisonment, robbery, and death.

The body of the Inca remained on the place of execution through the night. The following morning it was removed to the church of San Francisco, where his funeral obsequies were performed with great solemnity. Pizarro and the principal cavaliers went into mourning, and the troops listened with devout attention to the service of the dead from the lips of Father Valverde.²³ The ceremony was interrupted by the sound of loud cries and wailing, as of many voices at the doors of the church. These were suddenly thrown open, and a number of Indian women, the wives and sisters of the deceased, rushing up the great aisle, surrounded the corpse. This was not the way, they cried, to celebrate the funeral rites of an Inca; and they declared their intention to sacrifice themselves on his tomb and bear him company to the land of spirits. The audience, outraged by this frantic behaviour, told the intruders that Atahualpa had died in the faith of a Christian, and that the God of the Christians abhorred such sacrifices. They then caused the women to be excluded from the church, and several, retiring to their own quarters, laid violent hands on themselves, in the vain hope of accompanying their beloved lord to the bright mansions of the Sun.²⁵

& dicendo per l'anima sua li Spagnuoli che erano all'intorno il Credo, fu subito affogato." Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 399.—Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 234.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 2, cap. 7.—The death of Atahualpa has many points of resemblance to that of Caupolican, the great Araucanian chief, as described in the historical epic of Ercilla. Both embraced the religion of their conquerors at the stake, though Caupolican was so far less fortunate than the Peruvian monarch that his conversion did not save him from the tortures of a most agonizing death. He was impaled and shot with arrows. The spirited verses reflect so faithfully the character of the early adventurers, in which the fanaticism of the Crusader was mingled with the cruelty of the conqueror, and they are so germane to the present subject, that I would willingly quote the passage were it not too long. See La Araucana, Parte 2, canto 24.

²² Thus he paid the penalty of his errors

and cruelties," says Xerez, "for he was the greatest butcher, as all agree, that the world ever saw; making nothing of razing a whole town to the ground for the most trifling offence, and massacring a thousand persons for the fault of one!" (Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 234.) Xerez was the private secretary of Pizarro. Sancho, who, on the departure of Xerez for Spain, succeeded him in the same office, pays a more decent tribute to the memory of the Inca, who, he trusts, "is received into glory, since he died penitent for his sins, and in the true faith of a Christian." Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 399.

²³ "El hera muy regalado, y mny Señor," says Pedro Pizarro. (Descub. y Conq., MS.)

²⁴ "Muy dispuesto, sabio, animoso, franco," says Gomara. (Hist. de las Ind., cap. 118.)

²⁵ The secretary Sancho seems to think that the Peruvians must have regarded these funeral honours as an ample compensation to Atahualpa for any wrongs he may have sustained, since they at once raised him to a level with the Spaniards! *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

²⁶ Relacion del primer Descub., MS. See

Atahualpa's remains, notwithstanding his request, were laid in the cemetery of San Francisco.³⁷ But from thence, as is reported, after the Spaniards left Caxamalca, they were secretly removed, and carried, as he had desired, to Quito. The colonists of a later time supposed that some treasures might have been buried with the body. But, on excavating the ground, neither treasure nor remains were to be discovered.³⁸

A day or two after these tragic events, Hernando de Soto returned from his excursion. Great was his astonishment and indignation at learning what had been done in his absence. He sought out Pizarro at once, and found him, says the chronicler, "with a great felt hat, by way of mourning, slouched over his eyes," and in his dress and demeanour exhibiting all the show of sorrow.³⁹ "You have acted rashly," said De Soto to him bluntly; "Atahualpa has been basely slandered. There was no enemy at Huamachuco; no rising among the natives. I have met with nothing on the road but demonstrations of good will, and all is quiet. If it was necessary to bring the Inca to trial, he should have been taken to Castile and judged by the emperor. I would have pledged myself to see him safe on board the vessel."⁴⁰ Pizarro confessed that he had been precipitate, and said that he had been deceived by Riquelme, Valverde, and the others. These charges soon reached the ears of the treasurer and the Dominican, who, in their turn, exculpated themselves, and upbraided Pizarro to his face, as the only one responsible for the deed. The dispute ran high; and the parties were heard by the by-standers to give one another the lie!⁴¹ This vulgar squabble among the leaders, so soon after the event, is the best commentary on the iniquity of their own proceedings and the innocence of the Inca.

The treatment of Atahualpa, from first to last, forms undoubtedly one of the darkest chapters in Spanish colonial history. There may have been massacres perpetrated on a more extended scale, and executions accompanied with a greater refinement of cruelty. But the blood-stained annals of the Conquest afford no such example of cold-hearted and systematic persecution, not of an enemy, but of one whose whole deportment had been that of a friend and a benefactor.

From the hour that Pizarro and his followers had entered within the sphere of Atahualpa's influence, the hand of friendship had been extended to them by the natives. Their first act, on crossing the mountains, was to kidnap the

Appendix No. 10, where I have cited in the original several of the contemporary notices of Atahualpa's execution, which being in manuscript are not very accessible, even to Spaniards.

³⁷ "Ol dicen los indios que está su sepulcro junto á una Cruz de Piedra Blanca que esta en el Cementerio del Convento de S^a Francisco." Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1533.

³⁸ Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.—According to Stevenson, "In the chapel belonging to the common gaol, which was formerly part of the palace, the altar stands on the stone on which Atahualpa was plac'd by the Spaniards and strangled, and under which he was buried." (*Residence in South America*, vol. ii. p. 163.) Montesinos, who wrote more than a century after the Conquest, tells us that "spots of blood were still visible on a broad flagstone, in the prison of Caxamalca, on which Atahualpa was beheaded." (*Annales*, MS., año

1533.)—Ignorance and credulity could scarcely go further.

³⁹ "Hallaronle monstrando mucho sentimiento con un gran sombrero de fieltro puesto en la cabeza por luto é muy calado sobre los ojos." Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*, MS., ubi supra.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—See Appendix No. 10.

⁴¹ This remarkable account is given by Oviedo, not in the body of his narrative, but in one of those supplementary chapters which he makes the vehicle of the most miscellaneous, yet oftentimes important, gossip, respecting the cold transactions of his history. As he knew familiarly the leaders in these transactions, the testimony which he collected, somewhat at random, is of high authority. The reader will find Oviedo's account of the Inca's death extracted, in the original, among the other notices of this catastrophe, in Appendix No. 10.

monarch and massacre his people. The seizure of his person might be vindicated, by those who considered the end as justifying the means, on the ground that it was indispensable to secure the triumphs of the Cross. But no such apology can be urged for the massacre of the unarmed and helpless population,—as wanton as it was wicked.

The long confinement of the Inca had been used by the Conquerors to wring from him his treasures with the hard gripe of avarice. During the whole of this dismal period he had conducted himself with singular generosity and good faith. He had opened a free passage to the Spaniards through every part of his empire, and had furnished every facility for the execution of their plans. When these were accomplished, and he remained an encumbrance on their hands, notwithstanding their engagement, expressed or implied, to release him,—and Pizarro, as we have seen, by a formal act acquitted his captive of any further obligation on the score of the ransom,—he was arraigned before a mock tribunal, and, under pretences equally false and frivolous, was condemned to an excruciating death. From first to last, the policy of the Spanish conquerors towards their unhappy victim is stamped with barbarity and fraud.

It is not easy to acquit Pizarro of being in a great degree responsible for this policy. His partisans have laboured to show that it was forced on him by the necessity of the case, and that in the death of the Inca, especially, he yielded reluctantly to the importunities of others.⁴² But, weak as is this apology, the historian who has the means of comparing the various testimony of the period will come to a different conclusion. To him it will appear that Pizarro had probably long felt the removal of Atahualpa to be essential to the success of his enterprise. He foresaw the odium that would be incurred by the death of his royal captive without sufficient grounds; while he laboured to establish these, he still shrank from the responsibility of the deed, and preferred to perpetrate it in obedience to the suggestions of others, rather than his own. Like many an unprincipled politician, he wished to reap the benefit of a bad act and let others bear the blame of it.

Almagro and his followers are reported by Pizarro's secretaries to have first insisted on the Inca's death. They were loudly supported by the treasurer and the royal officers, who considered it as indispensable to the interests of the crown; and, finally, the rumours of a conspiracy raised the same cry among the soldiers, and Pizarro, with all his tenderness for his prisoner, could not refuse to bring him to trial. The form of a trial was necessary to give an appearance of fairness to the proceedings. That it was only form is evident from the indecent haste with which it was conducted,—the examination of evidence, the sentence, and the execution being all on the same day. The multiplication of the charges, designed to place the guilt of the accused on the strongest ground, had, from their very number, the opposite effect, proving only the determination to convict him. If Pizarro had felt the reluctance to his conviction which he pretended, why did he send De Soto, Atahualpa's best friend, away, when the inquiry was to be instituted? Why was the sentence so summarily executed, as not to afford opportunity, by that cavalier's return, of disproving the truth of the principal charge,—the only one, in fact, with which the Spaniards had any concern? The solemn farce of mourning

⁴² "Contra su voluntad sentencio á muerte á Atabalipa." (Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.) "Contra voluntad del dicho Gobernador." (Relacion del primer Descub., MS.) "Ancora che molto li dispiacesse di venir a questo atto." (Ped. Saucio, Rel.,

ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 399.) Even Oviedo seems willing to admit it possible that Pizarro may have been somewhat deceived by others: "Que tambien se puede creer que era engañado." Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.

and deep sorrow affected by Pizarro, who by these honours to the dead would intimate the sincere regard he had entertained for the living, was too thin a veil to impose on the most credulous.

It is not intended by these reflections to exculpate the rest of the army, and especially its officers, from their share in the infamy of the transaction. But Pizarro, as commander of the army, was mainly responsible for its measures. For he was not a man to allow his own authority to be wrested from his grasp, or to yield timidly to the impulses of others. He did not even yield to his own. His whole career shows him, whether for good or for evil, to have acted with a cool and calculating policy.

A story has been often repeated, which refers the motives of Pizarro's conduct, in some degree at least, to personal resentment. The Inca had requested one of the Spanish soldiers to write the name of God on his nail. This the monarch showed to several of his guards successively, and, as they read it, and each pronounced the same word, the sagacious mind of the barbarian was delighted with what seemed to him little short of a miracle,—to which the science of his own nation afforded no analogy. On showing the writing to Pizarro, that chief remained silent; and the Inca, finding he could not read, conceived a contempt for the commander who was even less informed than his soldiers. This he did not wholly conceal, and Pizarro, aware of the cause of it, neither forgot nor forgave it.⁴² The anecdote is reported not on the highest authority. It may be true; but it is unnecessary to look for the motives of Pizarro's conduct in personal pique, when so many proofs are to be discerned of a dark and deliberate policy.

Yet the arts of the Spanish chieftain failed to reconcile his countrymen to the atrocity of his proceedings. It is singular to observe the difference between the tone assumed by the first chroniclers of the transaction, while it was yet fresh, and that of those who wrote when the lapse of a few years had shown the tendency of public opinion. The first boldly avow the deed as demanded by expediency, if not necessity; while they deal in no measured terms of reproach with the character of their unfortunate victim.⁴⁴ The latter, on the other hand, while they extenuate the errors of the Inca, and do justice to his good faith, are unreserved in their condemnation of the Conquerors, on whose conduct, they say, Heaven set the seal of its own reprobation, by bringing them all to an untimely and miserable end.⁴⁵ The sentence of

⁴² The story is to be found in Garcilasso de la Vega (Com. Real., Parte 2, cap. 38), and in no other writer of the period, so far as I am aware.

⁴⁴ I have already noticed the lavish epithets heaped by Xerez on the Inca's cruelty. This account was printed in Spain, in 1534, the year after the execution. "The proud tyrant," says the other secretary, Sancho, "would have repaid the kindness and good treatment he had received from the governor and every one of us with the same coin with which he usually paid his own followers, without any fault on their part,—by putting them to death." (Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 399. "He deserved to die," says the old Spanish Conqueror before quoted, "and all the country was rejoiced that he was put out of the way." Rel. d'un Capitano Spagn., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 377.

⁴⁵ "Las demostraciones que despues se

vieron bien manifiestan lo mui injusta que fué, . . . puesto que todos quantos entendieron en ella tuvieron despues muy desastradas muertes." (Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.) Gomara uses nearly the same language. "No al que reprehender à los que le mataron, pues el tiempo, i sus pecados los castigaron despues; cà todos ellos acabaron mal." (Hist. de las Ind., cap. 118.) According to the former writer, Felipillo paid the forfeit of his crimes, some time afterwards,—being hanged by Almagro on the expedition to Chili,—when, as "some say, he confessed having perverted testimony given in favour of Atahuallpa's innocence, directly against that monarch." Oviedo, usually ready enough to excuse the excesses of his countrymen, is unqualified in his condemnation of this whole proceeding (see Appendix No. 10), which, says another contemporary, "fills every one with pity who has a spark of humanity in his bosom." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

contemporaries has been fully ratified by that of posterity; and the persecution of Atahualpa is regarded with justice as having left a stain, never to be effaced, on the Spanish arms in the New World.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISORDERS IN PERU—MARCH TO CUZCO—ENCOUNTER WITH THE NATIVES—
CHALLUCUCHIMA BURNT—ARRIVAL IN CUZCO—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY—
TREASURE FOUND THERE.

1533-1534.

THE Inca of Peru was its sovereign in a peculiar sense. He received an obedience from his vassals more implicit than that of any despot; for his authority reached to the most secret conduct,—to the thoughts of the individual. He was revered as more than human.¹ He was not merely the head of the state, but the point to which all its institutions converged, as to a common centre,—the keystone of the political fabric, which must fall to pieces by its own weight when that was withdrawn. So it fared on the death of Atahualpa.² His death not only left the throne vacant, without any certain successor, but the manner of it announced to the Peruvian people that a hand stronger than that of their Incas had now seized the sceptre, and that the dynasty of the Children of the Sun had passed away for ever.

The natural consequences of such a conviction followed. The beautiful order of the ancient institutions was broken up, as the authority which controlled it was withdrawn. The Indians broke out into greater excesses from the uncommon restraint to which they had been before subjected. Villages were burnt, temples and palaces were plundered, and the gold they contained was scattered or secreted. Gold and silver acquired an importance in the eyes of the Peruvian, when he saw the importance attached to them by his conquerors. The precious metals, which before served only for purposes of state or religious decoration, were now hoarded up and buried in caves and forests. The gold and silver concealed by the natives were affirmed greatly to exceed in quantity that which fell into the hands of the Spaniards.³ The remote provinces now shook off their allegiance to the Incas. Their great

¹ "The most eminent example of this is given by Quintana in his memoir of Pizarro (*Españoles célebres*, tom. ii.), throughout which the writer, rising above the mists of national prejudice, which too often blind the eyes of his countrymen, holds the scale of historic criticism with an impartial hand, and deals a full measure of reprobation to the actors in these dismal scenes.

² "Such was the awe in which the Inca was held," says Pedro Pizarro, "that it was only necessary for him to intimate his commands to that effect, and a Peruvian would at once jump down a precipice, hang himself, or put an end to his life in any way that was prescribed." *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

³ Oviedo tells us that the Inca's right name was *Atabalipa*, and that the Spaniards usually misspelt it, because they thought much more of getting treasure for themselves than they did of the name of the person who owned

it. (*Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 16.) Nevertheless, I have preferred the authority of Garcilasso, who, a Peruvian himself, and a near kinsman of the Inca, must be supposed to have been well informed. His countrymen, he says, pretended that the cocks imported into Peru by the Spaniards, when they crowded, uttered the name of Atahualpa; "and I and the other Indian boys," adds the historian, "when we were at school, used to mimic them." *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 9, cap. 23.

³ "That which the Inca gave the Spaniards, said some of the Indian nobles to Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, was but as a kernel of corn, compared with the heap before him." (Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 22.) See also Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

captains, at the head of distant armies, set up for themselves. Ruminavi, a commander on the borders of Quito, sought to detach that kingdom from the Peruvian empire and to reassert its ancient independence. The country, in short, was in that state in which old things are passing away and the new order of things has not yet been established. It was in a state of revolution.

The authors of the revolution, Pizarro and his followers, remained meanwhile at Caxamalca. But the first step of the Spanish commander was to name a successor to Atahualpa. It would be easy to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahualpa and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. We know nothing of the character of the young Toparca, who probably resigned himself without reluctance to a destiny which, however humiliating in some points of view, was more exalted than he could have hoped to obtain in the regular course of events. The ceremonies attending a Peruvian coronation were observed, as well as time would allow; the brows of the young Inca were encircled with the imperial *borla* by the hands of his conqueror, and he received the homage of his Indian vassals. They were the less reluctant to pay it, as most of those in the camp belonged to the faction of Quito.

All thoughts were now eagerly turned towards Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure early in September from Caxamalca,—a place ever memorable as the theatre of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits,—the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Almagro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors."⁴ The young Inca and the old chief Chalcuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.⁵

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras, all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the ground.⁶ Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys, which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveller; at other times it followed the course of a mountain-stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small space for the foothold; at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all farther progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.⁷

But, although managed with great address, it was a formidable passage for

⁴ The "first conquerors," according to Garcilasso, were held in especial honour by those who came after them, though they were, on the whole, men of less consideration and fortune than the later adventurers. Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 9.

⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Ped.

Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 400.

⁶ "Va todo el camino de una traza y anchura becho á mauo." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

⁷ "En muchas partes viendo lo que está adelante, parece cosa imposible poderlo pasar." Ibid.

the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing.* The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal that seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on raft, swimming their horses by the bridle.⁹

All along the route they found post-houses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals; and magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Huamachuco and Huanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras, which occasionally obstructed their path,—a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain passes they found some inconvenience from the cold; since, to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents.¹⁰ The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers; but the poor Indians, more scantily clothed, and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered most severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the Conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading, as they best could to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defences, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wings to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

* *Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 404.*

⁹ *Ibid., ubi supra.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.*

¹⁰ “La notte dormireno tutti in quella

campagna senza coperto alcuno, sopra la neve, ne pur hebber souvenimento di legne ne da mangiare.” *Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 401.*

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilized by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandmen drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas. But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead, the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favourable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while at the same time it afforded an easy communication with the sea-coast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoitre the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.¹¹

That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives, in a mountain-defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed as they had been of late to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcanga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the farther side of it before night-fall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war-cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain-torrents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavoured to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw that, unless he gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle-cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and, gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors, and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses;¹² and, the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still doubt-

¹¹ Carta de la Justicia y Regimiento de la Ciudad de Xauxa, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 4,

cap. 10.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.
¹² Ped. Sancho, Bel., sp. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 405.

ful, when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bow-shot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen,—one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-axe, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon and of the arm that used it.¹³ Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses had escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies had suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience,—perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier as he was, strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much easier it would be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succour.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support,—unencumbered by infantry, that he might move the faster. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road, and was so fortunate as to reach the foot of the sierra of Vilcaconga the very night of the engagement.

There, hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward without halting, though his horses were spent with travel. The night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbling on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto information of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till the notes, winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke the slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music in their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, and soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.¹⁴

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host when the morning light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks of the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an enemy who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed to multiply his numbers at will. Without further attempt to renew the fight, they availed themselves of a thick fog, which hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retreat, and left the passes open to

¹³ *Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, loc. cit.*

Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 5, cap. 3.

¹⁴ *Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—*

the invaders. The two cavaliers then continued their march until they extricated their forces from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they proposed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.¹⁵

The commander-in-chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, where he was greatly disturbed by the rumours which reached him of the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had gone forward so smoothly that he was no better prepared than his lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He did not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at last be roused by oppression, and that the massacre of their Inca, whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would be likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apathy.

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of the Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be said, and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which had shown itself thus favourable to the Christians throughout this mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a Crusader. He was in the sixteenth century what *Cœur de Lion* and his brave knights were in the twelfth, with this difference; the cavalier of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold and the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit of chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; but the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright under the quilted mail of the American Conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organized, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives; and suspicion fell on the captive chief Chalcuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude towards the Spaniards, who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms and tender their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.¹⁶

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that, in his present state of confinement at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further.¹⁷ But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons. It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahualpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards, in the death of their creature the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Chalcuchima, now selected as the scape-goat for all the offences of his nation.¹⁸ It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.¹⁹

¹⁵ The account of De Soto's affair with the natives is given in more or less detail, by Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 405.—Conq. i. Pob. del Piru, MS.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—persons all present in the army.

¹⁶ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 406.

¹⁷ Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, ubi supra.

¹⁸ It seems from the language of the letter addressed to the emperor by the municipality of Xauxa, that the troops themselves were far from being convinced of Chalcuchima's guilt: "Publico fue, aunque dello no ubo averiguacion en certenidad, que el capitan Chalcoyman le abia dado ierbas o a beber con que murio." Carta de la Just. y Reg. de Xauxa, MS.

¹⁹ According to Velasco, Toparca, whom, however, he calls by another name, tore off the diadem bestowed on him by Pizarro, with

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taking them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and, Pizarro having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguana, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer.²⁰ Yet the centre of the valley was disfigured by a quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.²¹

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days, while he refreshed his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challeuchima to trial,—if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challeuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people, designed to secure his country's freedom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else."²² Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish Conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel, as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colours the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise.²³ It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he "did not understand the religion of the white men."²⁴ He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking

disdain, and died in a few weeks of chagrin. (Hist. de Quito, tom. i. p. 377.) This writer, a Jesuit of Quito, seems to feel himself bound to make out as good a case for Atahualpa and his family as if he had been expressly retained in their behalf. His vouchers—when he condescends to give any—too rarely bear him out in his statements to inspire us with much confidence in his correctness.

²⁰ "Aula en este valle muy sumptuosos aposentos y ricos adonde los señores del Cuzco salian a tomar sus plazeres y solazes." Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 91.

²¹ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

²² Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 6, cap. 3.

²³ Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. fil. fol. 406.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

the name of Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.²⁵

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march, but, finding resistance ineffectual, he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master, the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown and to punish the usurpation of his rival.²⁶

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighbouring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the Conquerors came in sight of Cuzco.²⁷ The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15th, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.²⁸

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the centre, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its prolonged notes through the streets of the capital, and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

²⁵ Pedro Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, loc. cit. — Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—The MS. of the old Conqueror is so much damaged in this part of it that much of his account is entirely effaced.

²⁶ Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 406.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁷ "Y dos horas antes que el Sol se pusiese,

llegaron á vista de la ciudad del Cuzco." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

²⁸ The chronicles differ as to the precise date. There can be no better authorities than Pedro Sancho's narrative and the Letter of the Magistrates of Xauxa, which I have followed in the text.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground-floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their *fêtes* in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though during the first few weeks they remained under their tents in the open *plaza*, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.²⁹

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the Conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more.³⁰ This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But, however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skilful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head-gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colours, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.³¹

The edifices of the better sort—and they were very numerous—were of stone, or faced with stone.³² Among the principal were the royal residences; as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of coloured marble.³³

²⁹ Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 407.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 10.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

³⁰ "Esta ciudad era muy grande i muy populosa de grandes edificios i comarcas, quando los Españoles entraron la primera vez en ella havia gran cantidad de gente, seria pueblo de mas de 40 mill. vecinos solamente lo que tomaba la ciudad, que arravalles i comarca en derredor del Cuzco á 10 ó 12 leguas creo yo que havia docientos mill. Indios, porque esto era lo mas poblado de todos estos reinos." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.) The *vecino* or "householder" is computed, usually, as representing five individuals.—Yet Father Valverde, in a letter written a few years after this, speaks of the city as having only three or four thousand houses at the time of its occupation, and the suburbs as having nineteen or twenty thousand. (Carta al Emperador, MS., 20 de Marzo, 1539.) It is possible that he took into the account only

the better kind of houses, not considering the mud huts, or rather hovels, which made so large a part of a Peruvian town, as deserving notice.

³¹ "Heran tantos los atambores que de noche se oian por todas partes bailando y cantando y bebiendo que toda la mayor parte de la noche se les pasava en esto cotidianamente." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

³² "La maggior parte di queste case sono di pietra, et l'altre hâno la metà della facciata di pietra." Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 413.

³³ "Che sono le principali della città dipinte et laurate, et di pietra: et la miglior d'esse è la casa di Guainacaba Cacique vecchio, et la porta d'essa è di marmo bianco et rosso, et d'altri colori." (Ibid., ubi supra.) The buildings were usually of freestone. There may have been porphyry from the neighbouring mountains mixed with this, which the Spaniards mistook for marble.

"In the delicacy of the stone-work," says another of the Conquerors, "the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art."³⁴ The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defence against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks; and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean.* The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain-scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground,—all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the high-roads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble.³⁵ Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone.³⁶ Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.³⁷

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco in the times of the Incas was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun, which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the Conquerors,—all but the frieze of gold, which, imbedded in the stones, still encircled the principal

³⁴ "Todo labrado de piedra muy prima, que cierto toda la cantería desta cibdad hace gran ventaja á la de España, aunque carecen de teja que todas las casas sino es la fortaleza, que era hecha de azoteas, son cubiertas de paja, aunque tan primamente puesta, que parece bien." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

³⁵ *Ped. Sancho, Rel.*, ap. Ramusio, tom. iii., ubi supra.—A passage in the Letter of the Municipality of Xauxa is worth quoting, as confirming on the best authority some of the interesting particulars mentioned in the text: "Esta cibdad es la mejor e maior que en la tierra se ha visto, i aun en Yndias; e decimos a V. M. ques tan hermosa i de tan buenos edificios que en España seria muy de ver; tiene las calles por mucho concierto en pedradas i por medio dellas un caño enlosado, la plaza es hecha en cuadra i empedrada de quijas pequeñas todas, todas las mas de las casas son de Señores Principales hechas de

cantería, esta en una ladera de un zerro en el cual sobre el pueblo esta una fortaleza muy bien obrada de cantería, tan de ver que por Españoles que han andado Reinos estraños dicen no haver visto otro edificio igual al della." *Carta de la Just. y Reg. de Xauxa*, MS.

³⁶ "Un río, el cual baja por medio de la cibdad y desde que nace, mas de veinte leguas por aquel valle abajo donde hay muchas poblaciones, va enlosado todo por el suelo, y las varrancas de una parte y de otra hechas de cantería labrada, cosa nunca vista, ni oida." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

³⁷ The reader will find a few repetitions in this chapter of what I have already said, in the Introduction, of Cuzco under the Incas. But the facts here stated are for the most part drawn from other sources, and some repetition was unavoidable in order to give a distinct image of the capital.

* [Mr. Markham, who examined the ruins in 1863, has given a minute description of this "gigantic treble line of Cyclopean fortifications," which, he says, "must fill the mind

of every traveller with astonishment and admiration." Translation of Cieza de Leon, p. 325, note.—Ed.]

building. It is probable that the tales of wealth so greedily circulated among the Spaniards greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants.³⁸ But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decorations supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavoured to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places.³⁹ They invaded the repose of the sepulchres, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious Conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labours.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the Conquerors, with some *naïveté*, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and several of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain.⁴⁰ The magazines were stored with curious commodities; richly-tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold.⁴¹ The grain and other articles of food, with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the Conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold.⁴² The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.⁴³

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxa-

³⁸ "Pues mando el marquez dar vn pregon que ningun español fuese á entrar en las casas de los naturales ó tomalles nada." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

³⁹ Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 123.

⁴⁰ "Et fra l'altre cose singolari, era veder quattro castrati di fin oro molto grandi, et 10 ó 12 statue di dñe, della grandezza delle dñe di quel paese tutte d'oro fino, così belle et ben fatte come se fossero viue. . . . Queste furono date nel quinto che toccaua a S. M." (Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 409.) "Muchas estatuas y figuras de oro y plata enteras, hecha la forma toda de una muger, y del tamaño della, muy bien labradas." Relacion del primer Descub., MS.

⁴¹ "Avia ansi mismo otras muchas plumas

de diferentes colores para este efecto de hacer rropas que vestian los señores y señoras y no otro en los tiempos de sus fiestas, avia tambien mantas hechas de charulra, de oro, y de plata, que heran vnas quentecitas muy delgadas, que parecia cosa de espanto ver su hechura." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁴² Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

⁴³ "Pues andando yo buscando mahiz ó otras cosas para comer, acaso entre en vn buho donde halle estos tablonos de plata que tengo dicho que heran hasta diez y de largo tenían veinte pies y de anchor de vno y de gordor de tres dedos, di noticia dello al marquez y el y todos los demas que con el estavan entraron á vello." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

malca; and, after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahuallpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; "though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less,—not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver.⁴⁵ In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is counter-signed, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the Conquerors accounted to the crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Le-guizano,* who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other,—perhaps because of its superior fineness,—was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "He plays away the Sun before sunrise."⁴⁶

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro*; a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred,—sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred.⁴⁷ Some brought a still higher price. Every

⁴⁴ Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁴⁵ Ped. Sancho, Rel., ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 409.

⁴⁶ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 3,

cap. 20.

⁴⁷ Xerez, Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 233.

* [Or Lejesema,—the same person whose will is referred to in Book I. chap. 5, note 37, and printed in Appendix No. 4. According to Garcilasso, he had been "a great gambler," but his loss on the present occasion proved his salvation, as he "hated play ever after-

wards," and devoted himself with zeal and diligence to the public service. He held several offices, married an Inca princess, took part in the civil wars,—generally on the winning side,—and survived all his old companions in arms.—Ed.]

article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW INCA CROWNED—MUNICIPAL REGULATIONS—TERRIBLE MARCH OF ALVARADO—INTERVIEW WITH PIZARRO—FOUNDATION OF LIMA—HERNANDO PIZARRO REACHES SPAIN—SENSATION AT COURT—FEUDS OF ALMAGRO AND THE PIZARROS.

1534-1535.

THE first care of the Spanish general, after the division of the booty, was to place Manco on the throne and to obtain for him the recognition of his countrymen. He, accordingly, presented the young prince to them as their future sovereign, the legitimate son of Huayna Capac, and the true heir of the Peruvian sceptre. The annunciation was received with enthusiasm by the people, attached to the memory of his illustrious father, and pleased that they were still to have a monarch rule over them of the ancient line of Cuzco.

Everything was done to maintain the illusion with the Indian population. The ceremonies of a coronation were studiously observed. The young prince kept the prescribed fasts and vigils; and on the appointed day the nobles and the people, with the whole Spanish soldiery, assembled in the great square of Cuzco to witness the concluding ceremony. Mass was publicly performed by Father Valverde, and the Inca Manco received the fringed diadem of Peru, not from the hand of the high-priest of his nation, but from his conqueror, Pizarro. The Indian lords then tendered their obeisance in the customary form; after which the royal notary read aloud the instrument asserting the supremacy of the Castilian crown, and requiring the homage of all present to its authority. This address was explained by an interpreter, and the ceremony of homage was performed by each one of the parties waving the royal banner of Castile twice or thrice with his hands. Manco then pledged the Spanish commander in a golden goblet of the sparkling *chicha*; and, the latter having cordially embraced the new monarch, the trumpets announced the conclusion of the ceremony.¹ But it was not the note of triumph, but of humiliation; for it proclaimed that the armed foot of the stranger was in the halls of the Peruvian Incas; that the ceremony of coronation was a miserable pageant; that their prince himself was but a puppet in the hands of his conqueror; and that the glory of the Children of the Sun had departed for ever!

Yet the people readily yielded to the illusion, and seemed willing to accept this image of their ancient independence. The accession of the young monarch was greeted by all the usual *fêtes* and rejoicings. The mummies of his royal ancestors, with such ornaments as were still left to them, were paraded in the great square. They were attended each by his own numerous retinue, who performed all the menial offices, as if the object of them were alive and could feel their import. Each ghostly form took its seat at the banquet-table,—

¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Ped. Sancho, *Rel.*, ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 407.

now, alas! stripped of the magnificent service with which it was wont to blaze at these high festivals,—and the guests drank deep to the illustrious dead. Dancing succeeded the carousal, and the festivities, prolonged to a late hour, were continued night after night by the giddy population, as if their conquerors had not been entrenched in the capital!—What a contrast to the Aztecs in the conquest of Mexico!

Pizarro's next concern was to organize a municipal government for Cuzco, like those in the cities of the parent country. Two *alcaldes* were appointed, and eight *regidores*, among which last functionaries were his brothers Gonzalo and Juan. The oaths of office were administered with great solemnity, on the twenty-fourth of March, 1534, in presence both of Spaniards and Peruvians, in the public square; as if the general were willing by this ceremony to intimate to the latter that, while they retained the semblance of their ancient institutions, the real power was henceforth vested in their conquerors.² He invited Spaniards to settle in the place by liberal grants of lands and houses, for which means were afforded by the numerous palaces and public buildings of the Incas; and many a cavalier who had been too poor in his own country to find a place to rest in now saw himself the proprietor of a spacious mansion that might have entertained the retinue of a prince.³ From this time, says an old chronicler, Pizarro, who had hitherto been distinguished by his military title of "Captain-General," was addressed by that of "Governor."⁴ Both had been bestowed on him by the royal grant.

Nor did the chief neglect the interests of religion. Father Valverde, whose nomination as Bishop of Cuzco not long afterwards received the Papal sanction, prepared to enter on the duties of his office. A place was selected for the cathedral of his diocese, facing the *plaza*. A spacious monastery subsequently rose on the ruins of the gorgeous House of the Sun; its walls were constructed of the ancient stones; the altar was raised on the spot where shone the bright image of the Peruvian deity, and the cloisters of the Indian temple were trodden by the friars of St. Dominic.⁵ To make the metamorphosis more complete, the House of the Virgins of the Sun was replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery.⁶ Christian churches and monasteries gradually supplanted the ancient edifices, and such of the latter as were suffered to remain, despoiled of their heathen insignia, were placed under the protection of the Cross.

² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—"Luego por la mañana iba al enterramiento donde estaban cada uno por orden embalsamados como es dicho, y asentados en sus sillas, y con mucha veneracion y respeto, todos por orden los sacaban de allí y los traían á la ciudad, teniendo cada uno su litera, y hombres con su librea, que le trujesen, y así desta manera todo el servicio y aderezos como si estubiera vivo." *Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

³ Ped. Sancho, *Rel.*, ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 409.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1534.—Acto de la fundacion del Cuzco, MS.—This instrument, which belongs to the collection of Muñoz, records not only the names of the magistrates, but of the *vecinos* who formed the first population of the Christian capital.

⁴ Acto de la fundacion del Cuzco, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 7, cap. 9, et seq.—When a building was of immense size, as happened with some of the temples and

palaces, it was assigned to two or even three of the conquerors, who each took his share of it. Garcilasso, who describes the city as it was soon after the Conquest, commemorates with sufficient prolixity the names of the cavaliers among whom the buildings were distributed.

⁵ Montesinos, *Annales*, año 1534.

⁶ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 20; lib. 6, cap. 21.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.

⁷ Ulloa, *Voyage to South America*, book 7, ch. 12.—"The Indian nuns," says the author of the *Relacion del primer Descub.*, "lived chastely and in a holy manner."—"Their chastity was all a feint," says Pedro Pizarro, "for they had constant amours with the attendants of the temple." (*Descub. y Conq.*, MS.)—What is truth?—In statements so contradictory, we may accept the most favourable to the Peruvians. The prejudices of the Conquerors certainly did not lie on that side.

The Fathers of St. Dominic, the Brethren of the Order of Mercy, and other missionaries, now busied themselves in the good work of conversion. We have seen that Pizarro was required by the crown to bring out a certain number of these holy men in his own vessels; and every succeeding vessel brought an additional reinforcement of ecclesiastics. They were not all like the Bishop of Cuzco, with hearts so seared by fanaticism as to be closed against sympathy with the unfortunate natives.* They were, many of them, men of singular humility, who followed in the track of the conqueror to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and, with disinterested zeal, devoted themselves to the propagation of the gospel. Thus did their pious labours prove them the true soldiers of the Cross, and show that the object so ostentatiously avowed of carrying its banner among the heathen nations was not an empty vaunt.

The efforts to Christianize the heathen is an honourable characteristic of the Spanish conquests. The Puritan, with equal religious zeal, did comparatively little for the conversion of the Indian, content, as it would seem, with having secured to himself the inestimable privilege of worshipping God in his own way. Other adventurers who have occupied the New World have often had too little regard for religion themselves, to be very solicitous about spreading it among the savages. But the Spanish missionary, from first to last, has shown a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives. Under his auspices, churches on a magnificent scale have been erected, schools for elementary instruction founded, and every rational means taken to spread the knowledge of religious truth, while he has carried his solitary mission into remote and almost inaccessible regions, or gathered his Indian disciples into communities, like the good *Las Casas* in *Cumaná*, or the Jesuits in *California* and *Paraguay*. At all times, the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror and the no less wasting cupidity of the colonist; and when his remonstrances, as was too often the case, have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and happier existence. In reviewing the blood-stained records of Spanish colonial history, it is but fair, and at the same time cheering, to reflect that the same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence and spread the light of Christian civilization over the farthest regions of the New World.

While the governor, as we are henceforth to style him, lay at Cuzco, he received repeated accounts of a considerable force in the neighbourhood, under the command of Atahualpa's officer, Quizquiz. He accordingly detached Almagro, with a small body of horse and a large native force under the Inca Manco, to disperse the enemy, and, if possible, to capture the leader. Manco was the more ready to take part in the expedition, as the hostile Indians were soldiers of Quito, who, with their commander, bore no good will to himself.

Almagro, moving with characteristic rapidity, was not long in coming up with the Indian chieftain. Several sharp encounters followed, as the army of Quito fell back on Xauxa, near which a general engagement decided the fate of the war by the total discomfiture of the natives. Quizquiz fled to the

* Such, however, it is but fair to Valverde to state, is not the language applied to him by the rude soldiers of the Conquest. The municipality of Xauxa, in a communication to the Court, extol the Dominican as an exemplary and learned divine, who had afforded much serviceable consolation to his country-

men: "Es persona de mucho exemplo i doctrina i con quien todos los Españoles an tenido mucho consuelo." (*Carta de la Just. y Reg. de Xauxa, MS.*) And yet this is not incompatible with a high degree of insensibility to the natural rights of the natives.

elevated plains of Quito, where he still held out with undaunted spirit against a Spanish force in that quarter, till at length his own soldiers, wearied by these long and ineffectual hostilities, massacred their commander in cold blood.⁹ Thus fell the last of the two great officers of Atahualpa, who, if their nation had been animated by a spirit equal to their own, might long have successfully maintained their soil against the invader.

Some time before this occurrence, the Spanish governor, while in Cuzco, received tidings of an event much more alarming to him than any Indian hostilities. This was the arrival on the coast of a strong Spanish force, under the command of Don Pedro de Alvarado, the gallant officer who had served under Cortés with such renown in the war of Mexico. That cavalier, after forming a brilliant alliance in Spain, to which he was entitled by his birth and military rank, had returned to his government of Guatemala, where his avarice had been roused by the magnificent reports he daily received of Pizarro's conquests. These conquests, he learned, had been confined to Peru; while the northern kingdom of Quito, the ancient residence of Atahualpa, and, no doubt, the principal depository of his treasures, yet remained untouched. Affecting to consider this country as falling without the governor's jurisdiction, he immediately turned a large fleet, which he had intended for the Spice Islands, in the direction of South America; and in March, 1534, he landed in the Bay of Caraquez, with five hundred followers, of whom half were mounted, and all admirably provided with arms and ammunition. It was the best equipped and most formidable array that had yet appeared in the Southern seas.¹⁰

Although manifestly an invasion of the territory conceded to Pizarro by the crown, the reckless cavalier determined to march at once on Quito. With the assistance of an Indian guide, he proposed to take the direct route across the mountains, a passage of exceeding difficulty, even at the most favourable season.

After crossing the Rio Dable, Alvarado's guide deserted him, so that he was soon entangled in the intricate mazes of the sierra; and, as he rose higher and higher into the regions of winter, he became surrounded with ice and snow, for which his men, taken from the warm countries of Guatemala, were but ill prepared. As the cold grew more intense, many of them were so benumbed that it was with difficulty they could proceed. The infantry, compelled to make exertions, fared best. Many of the troopers were frozen stiff in their saddles. The Indians, still more sensible to the cold, perished by hundreds. As the Spaniards huddled round their wretched bivouacs, with such scanty fuel as they could glean, and almost without food, they waited in gloomy silence the approach of morning. Yet the morning light, which gleamed coldly on the cheerless waste, brought no joy to them. It only revealed more clearly the extent of their wretchedness. Still struggling on through the winding Puertos Nevados, or Snowy Passes, their track was dimly marked by fragments of dress, broken harness, golden ornaments, and other valuables plundered on their march,—by the dead bodies of men, or by those, less fortunate, who were left to die alone in the wilderness. As for the horses, their carcasses were not suffered long to cumber the ground, as

⁹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 20.—Ped. Sanecho, *Rel.*, ap. Ramusio, tom. iii. fol. 408.—*Relacion del primer Descub.*, MS.

¹⁰ The number is variously reported by

historians. But, from a legal investigation made in Guatemala, it appears that the whole force amounted to 500, of which 230 were cavalry.—*Informacion echa en Santiago*, Set. 15, 1536, MS.

they were quickly seized and devoured half raw by the starving soldiers, who, like the famished condors, now hovering in troops above their heads, greedily banqueted on the most offensive offal to satisfy the gnawings of hunger.

Alvarado, anxious to secure the booty which had fallen into his hands at an earlier part of his march, encouraged every man to take what gold he wanted from the common heap, reserving only the royal fifth. But they only answered, with a ghastly smile of derision, "that food was the only gold for them." Yet in this extremity, which might seem to have dissolved the very ties of nature, there are some affecting instances recorded of self-devotion,—of comrades who lost their lives in assisting others, and of parents and husbands (for some of the cavaliers were accompanied by their wives) who, instead of seeking their own safety, chose to remain and perish in the snows with the objects of their love.

To add to their distress, the air was filled for several days with thick clouds of earthy particles and cinders, which blinded the men and made respiration exceedingly difficult.¹¹ This phenomenon, it seems probable, was caused by an eruption of the distant Cotopaxi, which, about twelve leagues south-east of Quito, rears its colossal and perfectly symmetrical cone far above the limits of eternal snow,—the most beautiful and the most terrible of the American volcanoes.¹² At the time of Alvarado's expedition it was in a state of eruption, the earliest instance of the kind on record, though doubtless not the earliest.¹³ Since that period it has been in frequent commotion, sending up its sheets of flame to the height of half a mile, spouting forth cataracts of lava that have overwhelmed towns and villages in their career, and shaking the earth with subterraneous thunders, that, at the distance of more than a hundred leagues, sounded like the reports of artillery!¹⁴ Alvarado's followers, unacquainted with the cause of the phenomenon, as they wandered over tracts buried in snow,—the sight of which was strange to them,—in an atmosphere laden with ashes, became bewildered by this confusion of the elements, which Nature seemed to have contrived purposely for their destruction. Some of these men were soldiers of Cortés, steeled by many a painful march and many a sharp encounter with the Aztecs. But this war of the elements, they now confessed, was mightier than all.

At length, Alvarado, after sufferings which even the most hardy, probably, could have endured but a few days longer, emerged from the Snowy Pass, and came on the elevated table-land, which spreads out, at the height of more than nine thousand feet above the ocean, in the neighbourhood of Riobamba. But one-fourth of his gallant army had been left to feed the condor in the wilderness, besides the greater part, at least two thousand, of his Indian auxiliaries. A great number of his horses, too, had perished; and the men and horses that escaped were all of them more or less injured by the cold and the extremity

¹¹ "It began to rain earthy particles from the heavens," says Oviedo, "that blinded the men and horses, so that the trees and bushes were full of dirt." *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 20.

¹² Garcilasso says the shower of ashes came from the "volcano of Quito." (*Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 2.) Cieza de Leon only says from one of the volcanoes in that region. (*Cronica*, cap. 41.) Neither of them specifies the name. Humboldt accepts the common opinion, that Cotopaxi was intended. *Researches*, i. 123.

¹³ A popular tradition among the natives

states that a large fragment of porphyry near the base of the cone was thrown out in an eruption which occurred at the moment of Atahualpa's death. But such tradition will hardly pass for history.

¹⁴ A minute account of this formidable mountain is given by M. de Humboldt (*Researches*, i. 118, et seq.), and more circumstantially by Condamine. (*Voyage à l'Équateur*, pp. 48-56, 156-160.) The latter philosopher would have attempted to scale the almost perpendicular walls of the volcano, but no one was hardy enough to second him.

of suffering. Such was the terrible passage of the Puertos Nevados, which I have only briefly noticed as an episode to the Peruvian conquest, but the account of which, in all its details, though it occupied but a few weeks in duration, would give one a better idea of the difficulties encountered by the Spanish cavaliers than volumes of ordinary narrative.¹⁵

As Alvarado, after halting some time to restore his exhausted troops, began his march across the broad plateau, he was astonished by seeing the prints of horses' hoofs on the soil. Spaniards, then, had been there before him, and, after all his toil and suffering, others had forestalled him in the enterprise against Quito! It is necessary to say a few words in explanation of this.

When Pizarro quitted Caxamalca, being sensible of the growing importance of San Miguel, the only port of entry then in the country, he despatched a person in whom he had great confidence to take charge of it. This person was Sebastian Benalcazar, a cavalier who afterwards placed his name in the first rank of the South American conquerors, for courage, capacity,—and cruelty. But this cavalier had hardly reached his government when, like Alvarado, he received such accounts of the riches of Quito that he determined, with the force at his command, though without orders, to undertake its reduction.

At the head of about a hundred and forty soldiers, horse and foot, and a stout body of Indian auxiliaries, he marched up the broad range of the Andes, to where it spreads out into the table-land of Quito, by a road safer and more expeditious than that taken by Alvarado. On the plains of Riobamba he encountered the Indian general Ruminavi. Several engagements followed, with doubtful success, when, in the end, science prevailed where courage was well matched, and the victorious Benalcazar planted the standard of Castile on the ancient towers of Atahualpa. The city, in honour of his general, Francis Pizarro, he named San Francisco del Quito. But great was his mortification on finding that either the stories of its riches had been fabricated, or that these riches were secreted by the natives. The city was all that he gained by his victories,—the shell without the pearl of price which gave it its value. While devouring his chagrin, as he best could, the Spanish captain received tidings of the approach of his superior, Almagro.¹⁶

No sooner had the news of Alvarado's expedition reached Cuzco than Almagro left the place with a small force for San Miguel, proposing to strengthen himself by a reinforcement from that quarter, and to march at once against the invaders. Greatly was he astonished, on his arrival in that city, to learn the departure of its commander. Doubting the loyalty of his motives, Almagro, with the buoyancy of spirit which belongs to youth, though in truth somewhat enfeebled by the infirmities of age, did not hesitate to follow Benalcazar at once across the mountains.

With his wonted energy, the intrepid veteran, overcoming all the difficulties of his march, in a few weeks placed himself and his little company on the lofty plains which spread around the Indian city of Riobamba; though in his

¹⁵ By far the most spirited and thorough record of Alvarado's march is given by Herrera, who has borrowed the pen of Livy describing the Alpine march of Hannibal. (Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 6, cap. 1, 2, 7, 8, 9.) See also Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 29,—and *Carta de Pedro de Alvarado al Emperador*, San Miguel, 15 de Enero, 1535, MS.—Alvarado, in a letter above cited, which is preserved in the Muñoz collection, explains to the emperor the grounds of his expedition,

with no little effrontery. In this document he touches very briefly on the march, being chiefly occupied by the negotiations with Almagro, and accompanying his remarks with many dark suggestions as to the policy pursued by the Conquerors.

¹⁶ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 4, cap. 11, 28; lib. 6, cap. 5, 6.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 19.—*Carta de Benalcazar*, MS.

progress he had more than one hot encounter with the natives, whose courage and perseverance formed a contrast sufficiently striking to the apathy of the Peruvians. But the fire only slumbered in the bosom of the Peruvian. His hour had not yet come.

At Riobamba, Almagro was soon joined by the commander of San Miguel, who disclaimed, perhaps sincerely, any disloyal intent in his unauthorized expedition. Thus reinforced, the Spanish captain coolly awaited the coming of Alvarado. The forces of the latter, though in a less serviceable condition, were much superior in number and appointments to those of his rival. As they confronted each other on the broad plains of Riobamba, it seemed probable that a fierce struggle must immediately follow, and the natives of the country have the satisfaction to see their wrongs avenged by the very hands that inflicted them. But it was Almagro's policy to avoid such an issue.

Negotiations were set on foot, in which each party stated his claims to the country. Meanwhile Alvarado's men mingled freely with their countrymen in the opposite army, and heard there such magnificent reports of the wealth and wonders of Cuzco that many of them were inclined to change their present service for that of Pizarro. Their own leader, too, satisfied that Quito held out no recompense worth the sacrifices he had made, and was like to make by insisting on his claim, became now more sensible of the rashness of a course which must doubtless incur the censure of his sovereign. In this temper, it was not difficult for them to effect an adjustment of difficulties; and it was agreed, as the basis of it, that the governor should pay one hundred thousand *pesos de oro* to Alvarado, in consideration of which the latter was to resign to him his fleet, his forces, and all his stores and munitions. His vessels, great and small, amounted to twelve in number, and the sum he received, though large, did not cover his expenses. This treaty being settled, Alvarado proposed, before leaving the country, to have an interview with Pizarro.¹⁷

The governor, meanwhile, had quitted the Peruvian capital for the sea-coast, from his desire to repel any invasion that might be attempted in that direction by Alvarado, with whose real movements he was still unacquainted. He left Cuzco in charge of his brother Juan, a cavalier whose manners were such as, he thought, would be likely to gain the good will of the native population. Pizarro also left ninety of his troops, as the garrison of the capital and the nucleus of his future colony. Then, taking the Inca Manco with him, he proceeded as far as Xauxa. At this place he was entertained by the Indian prince with the exhibition of a great national hunt,—such as has been already described in these pages,—in which immense numbers of wild animals were slaughtered, and the vicuñas, and other races of Peruvian sheep, which roam over the mountains, driven into enclosures and relieved of their delicate fleeces.¹⁸

¹⁷ Conq. 1 Pob. del Piru, MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 6, cap. 8-10.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 20.—Carta de Benalcazar, MS.—The amount of the *bonus* paid to Alvarado is stated very differently by writers. But both that cavalier and Almagro, in their letters to the emperor, which have hitherto been unknown to historians, agree in the sum given in the text. Alvarado complains that he had no choice but to take it, although it was greatly to his own loss, and, by defeating his expedition, as he modestly intimates, to the loss of the crown.

(Carta de Alvarado al Emperador, MS.) Almagro, however, states that the sum paid was three times as much as the armament was worth; "a sacrifice," he adds, "which he made to preserve peace, never dear at any price."—Strange sentiment for a Castilian conqueror! Carta de Diego de Almagro al Emperador, MS., Oct. 15, 1534.

¹⁸ Carta de la Just. y Reg. de Xauxa, MS.—Relacion del primer Descub., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 6, cap. 16.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1534.—At this place the author of the *Relacion del primer Descubrimiento del Perú*, the MS. so often quoted in these pages, abruptly terminates

The Spanish governor then proceeded to Pachacamac, where he received the grateful intelligence of the accommodation with Alvarado; and not long afterwards he was visited by that cavalier himself, previously to his embarkation.

The meeting was conducted with courtesy and a show, at least, of good will on both sides, as there was no longer real cause for jealousy between the parties; and each, as may be imagined, looked on the other with no little interest, as having achieved such distinction in the bold path of adventure. In the comparison, Alvarado had somewhat the advantage; for Pizarro, though of commanding presence, had not the brilliant exterior, the free and joyous manner, which, no less than his fresh complexion and sunny locks, had won for the conqueror of Guatemala, in his campaigns against the Aztecs, the *sobriquet* of *Tomatiuh*, or "Child of the Sun."

Blithe were the revels that now rang through the ancient city of Pachacamac; where, instead of songs, and of the sacrifices so often seen there in honour of the Indian deity, the walls echoed to the noise of tourneys and Moorish tilts of reeds, with which the martial adventurers loved to recall the sports of their native land. When these were concluded, Alvarado re-embarked for his government of Guatemala, where his restless spirit soon involved him in other enterprises that cut short his adventurous career. His expedition to Peru was eminently characteristic of the man. It was founded in injustice, conducted with rashness, and ended in disaster.¹⁹

The reduction of Peru might now be considered as, in a manner, accomplished. Some barbarous tribes in the interior, it is true, still held out, and Alonso de Alvarado, a prudent and able officer, was employed to bring them into subjection. Benalcazar was still at Quito, of which he was subsequently appointed governor by the crown. There he was laying deeper the foundation of Spanish power, while he advanced the line of conquest still higher towards the north. But Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Indian monarchy, had submitted. The armies of Atahualpa had been beaten and scattered. The empire of the Incas was dissolved; and the prince who now wore the Peruvian diadem was but the shadow of a king, who held his commission from his conqueror.

The first act of the governor was to determine on the site of the future capital of this vast colonial empire. Cuzco, withdrawn among the mountains, was altogether too far removed from the sea-coast for a commercial people. The little settlement of San Miguel lay too far to the north. It was desirable to select some more central position, which could be easily found in one of the

his labours. He is a writer of sense and observation; and, though he has his share of the national tendency to exaggerate and over-colour, he writes like one who means to be honest and who has seen what he describes. At Xauxa, also, the notary Pedro Sancho ends his *Relacion*, which embraces a much shorter period than the preceding narrative, but which is equally authentic. Coming from the secretary of Pizarro, and countersigned by that general himself, this *Relation*, indeed, may be regarded as of the very highest authority. And yet large deductions must obviously be made for the source whence it springs; for it may be taken as Pizarro's own account of his doings, some of which stood much in need of apology. It must be added, in justice both to the general and to his secretary, that the *Relation* does not differ

substantially from other contemporary accounts, and that the attempt to varnish over the exceptionable passages in the conduct of the conquerors is not obtrusive. For the publication of this journal we are indebted to Ramusio, whose enlightened labours have preserved to us more than one contemporary production of value, though in the form of translation.

¹⁹ Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Carta de Francisco Pizarro al Señor de Molina, MS.—Alvarado died in 1541, of an injury received from a horse which rolled down on him as he was attempting to scale a precipitous hill in New Galacia. In the same year, by a singular coincidence, perished his beautiful wife, at her own residence in Guatemala, which was overwhelmed by a torrent from the adjacent mountains.

fruitful valleys that bordered the Pacific. Such was that of Pachacamac, which Pizarro now occupied. But, on further examination, he preferred the neighbouring valley of Rimac, which lay to the north, and which took its name, signifying in the Quichua tongue "one who speaks," from a celebrated idol, whose shrine was much frequented by the Indians for the oracles it delivered. Through the valley flowed a broad stream, which, like a great artery, was made, as usual by the natives, to supply a thousand finer veins that meandered through the beautiful meadows.

On this river Pizarro fixed the site of his new capital, at somewhat less than two leagues' distance from its mouth, which expanded into a commodious haven for the commerce that the prophetic eye of the founder saw would one day—and no very distant one—float on its waters. The central situation of the spot recommended it as a suitable residence for the Peruvian viceroy, whence he might hold easy communication with the different parts of the country and keep vigilant watch over his Indian vassals. The climate was delightful, and, though only twelve degrees south of the line, was so far tempered by the cool breezes that generally blow from the Pacific, or from the opposite quarter down the frozen sides of the Cordilleras, that the heat was less than in corresponding latitudes on the continent. It never rained on the coast; but this dryness was corrected by a vaporous cloud, which, through the summer months, hung like a curtain over the valley, sheltering it from the rays of a tropical sun, and imperceptibly distilling a refreshing moisture, that clothed the fields in the brightest verdure.

The name bestowed on the infant capital was *Ciudad de los Reyes*, or City of the Kings, in honour of the day, being the sixth of January, 1535,—the festival of Epiphany,—when it was said to have been founded, or more probably when its site was determined; as its actual foundation seems to have been twelve days later.²⁰ But the Castilian name ceased to be used even within the first generation, and was supplanted by that of Lima, into which the original Indian name of Rimac was corrupted by the Spaniards.²¹

The city was laid out on a very regular plan. The streets were to be much wider than usual in Spanish towns, and perfectly straight, crossing one another at right angles, and so far asunder as to afford ample space for gardens to the dwellings, and for public squares. It was arranged in a triangular form, having the river for its base, the waters of which were to be carried, by means of stone conduits, through all the principal streets, affording facilities for irrigating the grounds around the houses.

No sooner had the governor decided on the site and on the plan of the city than he commenced operations with characteristic energy. The Indians were collected from a distance of more than a hundred miles to aid in the work. The Spaniards applied themselves with vigour to the task, under the eye of their chief. The sword was exchanged for the tool of the artisan. The camp was converted into a hive of diligent labourers; and the sounds of war were succeeded by the peaceful hum of a busy population. The *plaza*, which was extensive, was to be surrounded by the cathedral, the palace of the viceroy, that of the municipality, and other public buildings; and their foundations

²⁰ So says Quintana, who follows in this what he pronounces a sure authority, Father Bernabe Cobo, in his book entitled *Fundacion de Lima*. Españoles célebres, tom. ii. p. 250, nota.

²¹ The MSS. of the old Conquerors show how, from the very first, the name of Lima superseded the original Indian title: "Y el

marquez se passo á Lima y fundo la ciudad de los reyes que agora es." (Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.) "Asimismo ordenaron que se pasasen el pueblo que tenían en Xauxa poblado á este Valle de Lima donde agora es esta ciudad de los Reyes, i aqui se pueblo." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

were laid on a scale and with a solidity which defied the assaults of time, and, in some instances, even the more formidable shock of earthquakes, that, at different periods, have laid portions of the fair capital in ruins.²²

While these events were going on, Almagro, the Marshal, as he is usually termed by chroniclers of the time, had gone to Cuzco, whither he was sent by Pizarro to take command of that capital. He received also instructions to undertake, either by himself or by his captains, the conquest of the countries towards the south, forming part of Chili. Almagro, since his arrival at Caxamalca, had seemed willing to smother his ancient feelings of resentment towards his associate, or, at least, to conceal the expression of them, and had consented to take command under him in obedience to the royal mandate. He had even, in his despatches, the magnanimity to make honourable mention of Pizarro, as one anxious to promote the interests of the crown. Yet he did not so far trust his companion as to neglect the precaution of sending a confidential agent to represent his own services, when Hernando Pizarro undertook his mission to the mother-country.

That cavalier, after touching at St. Domingo, had arrived without accident at Seville in January, 1534. Besides the royal fifth, he took with him gold to the value of half a million of *pesos*, together with a large quantity of silver, the property of private adventurers, some of whom, satisfied with their gains, had returned to Spain in the same vessel with himself. The custom-house was filled with solid ingots, and with vases of different forms, imitations of animals, flowers, fountains, and other objects, executed with more or less skill, and all of pure gold, to the astonishment of the spectators, who flocked to the neighbouring country to gaze on these marvellous productions of Indian art.²³ Most of the manufactured articles were the property of the crown; and Hernando Pizarro, after a short stay at Seville, selected some of the most gorgeous specimens, and crossed the country to Calatayud, where the emperor was holding the cortes of Aragon.

Hernando was instantly admitted to the royal presence, and obtained a gracious audience. He was more conversant with courts than either of his brothers, and his manners, when in situations that imposed a restraint on the natural arrogance of his temper, were graceful and even attractive. In a respectful tone, he now recited the stirring adventures of his brother and his little troop of followers, the fatigues they had endured, the difficulties they had overcome, their capture of the Peruvian Inca, and his magnificent ransom. He had not to tell of the massacre of the unfortunate prince, for that tragic event, which had occurred since his departure from the country, was still unknown to him. The cavalier expatiated on the productiveness of the soil, and on the civilization of the people, evinced by their proficiency in various mechanic arts; in proof of which he displayed the manufactures of wool and cotton and the rich ornaments of gold and silver. The monarch's eyes sparkled with delight as he gazed on these last. He was too sagacious not to appreciate the advantages of a conquest which secured to him a country so rich in agricultural resources. But the returns from these must necessarily be gradual and long deferred; and he may be excused for listening with still greater satisfaction to Pizarro's tales of its mineral stores; for his ambitious projects had

²² Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1535.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—The remains of Pizarro's palace may still be discerned in the *Callejon de Petateros*, says Stevenson, who gives the best account of Lima to be found in any modern book of travels which I have con-

sulted. *Residence in South America*, vol. ii. chap. 8.

²³ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 6, cap. 13.—*Lista de todo lo que Hernando Pizarro trajo del Peru*, ap. MSS. de Muñoz.

drained the imperial treasury, and he saw in the golden tide thus unexpectedly poured in upon him the immediate means of replenishing it.

Charles made no difficulty, therefore, in granting the petitions of the fortunate adventurer. All the previous grants to Francisco Pizarro and his associates were confirmed in the fullest manner; and the boundaries of the governor's jurisdiction were extended seventy leagues farther towards the south. Nor did Almagro's services, this time, go unrequited. He was empowered to discover and occupy the country for the distance of two hundred leagues, beginning at the southern limit of Pizarro's territory.²⁴ Charles, in still further proof of his satisfaction, was graciously pleased to address a letter to the two commanders, in which he complimented them on their prowess and thanked them for their services. This act of justice to Almagro would have been highly honourable to Hernando Pizarro, considering the unfriendly relations in which they stood to each other, had it not been made necessary by the presence of the marshal's own agents at court, who, as already noticed, stood ready to supply any deficiency in the statements of the emissary.

In this display of the royal bounty, the envoy, as will readily be believed, did not go without his reward. He was lodged as an attendant of the court; was made a knight of Santiago, the most prized of the chivalric orders in Spain; and was empowered to equip an armament, and to take command of it; and the royal officers at Seville were required to aid him in his views and facilitate his embarkation for the Indies.²⁵

The arrival of Hernando Pizarro in the country, and the reports spread by him and his followers, created a sensation among the Spaniards such as had not been felt since the first voyage of Columbus. The discovery of the New World had filled the minds of men with indefinite expectations of wealth, of which almost every succeeding expedition had proved the fallacy. The conquest of Mexico, though calling forth general admiration as a brilliant and wonderful exploit, had as yet failed to produce those golden results which had been so fondly anticipated. The splendid promises held out by Francisco Pizarro on his recent visit to Spain had not revived the confidence of his countrymen, made incredulous by repeated disappointment. All that they were assured of was the difficulties of the enterprise; and their distrust of its results was sufficiently shown by the small number of followers, and those only of the most desperate stamp, who were willing to take their chance in the adventure.

But now these promises were realized. It was no longer the golden reports that they were to trust, but the gold itself, which was displayed in such profusion before them. All eyes were now turned towards the West. The broken spendthrift saw in it the quarter where he was to repair his fortunes as speedily as he had ruined them. The merchant, instead of seeking the precious commodities of the East, looked in the opposite direction, and counted on far higher gains, where the most common articles of life commanded so exorbitant prices. The cavalier, eager to win both gold and glory at the point of his lance, thought to find a fair field for his prowess on the mountain-plains of the Andes. Hernando Pizarro found that his brother had judged rightly in allowing as many of his company as chose to return home, confident

²⁴ The country to be occupied received the name of New Toledo in the royal grant, as the conquests of Pizarro had been designated by that of New Castle. But the present attempt to change the Indian name was as ineffectual as the former, and the ancient title of Chili

still designates that narrow strip of fruitful land between the Andes and the ocean, which stretches to the southern extremity of the continent.

²⁵ Herrera, *Hist. general*, loc. cit.

that the display of their wealth would draw ten to his banner for every one that quitted it.

In a short time that cavalier saw himself at the head of one of the most numerous and well-appointed armaments, probably, that had left the shores of Spain since the great fleet of Ovando, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was scarcely more fortunate than this. Hardly had Herdando put to sea when a violent tempest fell on the squadron and compelled him to return to port and refit. At length he crossed the ocean, and reached the little harbour of Nombre de Dios in safety. But no preparations had been made for his coming, and, as he was detained here some time before he could pass the mountains, his company suffered greatly from scarcity of food. In their extremity, the most unwholesome articles were greedily devoured, and many a cavalier spent his little savings to procure himself a miserable subsistence. Disease, as usual, trod closely in the track of famine, and numbers of the unfortunate adventurers, sinking under the unaccustomed heats of the climate, perished on the very threshold of discovery.

It was the tale so often repeated in the history of Spanish enterprise. A few, more lucky than the rest, stumbled on some unexpected prize, and hundreds, attracted by their success, pressed forward in the same path. But the rich spoil which lay on the surface had been already swept away by the first comers, and those who followed were to win their treasure by long-protracted and painful exertion. Broken in spirit and in fortune, many returned in disgust to their native shores, while others remained where they were, to die in despair. They thought to dig for gold; but they dug only their graves.

Yet it fared not thus with all Pizarro's company. Many of them, crossing the Isthmus with him to Panamá, came in time to Peru, where, in the desperate chances of its revolutionary struggles, some few arrived at posts of profit and distinction. Among those who first reached the Peruvian shore was an emissary sent by Almagro's agent to inform him of the important grant made to him by the crown. The tidings reached him just as he was making his entry into Cuzco, where he was received with all respect by Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, who, in obedience to their brother's commands, instantly resigned the government of the capital into the marshal's hands. But Almagro was greatly elated on finding himself now placed by his sovereign in a command that made him independent of the man who had so deeply wronged him; and he intimated that in the exercise of his present authority he acknowledged no superior. In this lordly humour he was confirmed by several of his followers, who insisted that Cuzco fell to the south of the territory ceded to Pizarro, and consequently came within that now granted to the marshal. Among these followers were several of Alvarado's men, who, though of better condition than the soldiers of Pizarro, were under much worse discipline, and had acquired, indeed, a spirit of unbridled license under that unscrupulous chief.²⁶ They now evinced little concern for the native population of Cuzco, and, not content with the public edifices, seized on the dwellings of individuals, where it suited their convenience, appropriating their contents without ceremony,—showing as little respect, in short, for person or property as if the place had been taken by storm.²⁷

²⁶ In point of discipline they presented a remarkable contrast to the Conquerors of Peru, if we may take the word of Pedro Pizarro, who assures us that his comrades would not have plucked so much as an ear of corn without leave from their commander: "Que los que pasamos con el Marquez á la con-

quista no ovo hombre que osse tomar vna mazorca de mahiz sin licencia." *Descub. y Conq.* MS.

²⁷ "Se entraron de paz en la ciudad del Cuzco i los salieron todos los naturales á recibir i les tomaron la Ciudad con todo quanto havia de dentro llenas las casas de mucha ropa

While these events were passing in the ancient Peruvian capital, the governor was still at Lima, where he was greatly disturbed by the accounts he received of the new honours conferred on his associate. He did not know that his own jurisdiction had been extended seventy leagues farther to the south, and he entertained the same suspicion with Almagro, that the capital of the Incas did not rightfully come within his present limits. He saw all the mischief likely to result from this opulent city falling into the hands of his rival, who would thus have an almost indefinite means of gratifying his own cupidity and that of his followers. He felt that, under the present circumstances, it was not safe to allow Almagro to anticipate the possession of power to which, as yet, he had no legitimate right; for the despatches containing the warrant for it still remained with Hernando Pizarro, at Panamá, and all that had reached Peru was a copy of a garbled extract.

Without loss of time, therefore, he sent instructions to Cuzco for his brothers to resume the government, while he defended the measure to Almagro on the ground that when he should hereafter receive his credentials it would be unbecoming to be found already in possession of the post. He concluded by urging him to go forward without delay in his expedition to the south.

But neither the marshal nor his friends were pleased with the idea of so soon relinquishing the authority which they now considered as his right. The Pizarros, on the other hand, were pertinacious in reclaiming it. The dispute grew warmer and warmer. Each party had its supporters; the city was split into factions; and the municipality, the soldiers, and even the Indian population took sides in the struggle for power. Matters were proceeding to extremity, menacing the capital with violence and bloodshed, when Pizarro himself appeared among them.²⁸

On receiving tidings of the fatal consequences of his mandates, he had posted in all haste to Cuzco, where he was greeted with undisguised joy by the natives, as well as by the more temperate Spaniards, anxious to avert the impending storm. The governor's first interview was with Almagro, whom he embraced with a seeming cordiality in his manner, and, without any show of resentment, inquired into the cause of the present disturbances. To this the marshal replied by throwing the blame on Pizarro's brothers; but, although the governor reprimanded them with some asperity for their violence, it was soon evident that his sympathies were on their side, and the dangers of a feud between the two associates seemed greater than ever. Happily, it was postponed by the intervention of some common friends, who showed more discretion than their leaders. With their aid a reconciliation was at length effected, on the grounds substantially of their ancient compact.

It was agreed that their friendship should be maintained inviolate; and, by a stipulation that reflects no great credit on the parties, it was provided that neither should malign nor disparage the other, especially in their despatches to the emperor, and that neither should hold communication with the government without the knowledge of his confederate; lastly, that both the expenditures and the profits of future discovery should be shared equally by the associates. The wrath of Heaven was invoked by the most solemn imprecations on the head of whichever should violate this compact, and the

i algunas oro i plata i otras muchas cosas, i las que no estaban bien llenas las enchian de lo que tomaban de las demas casas de la dicha ciudad, sin pensar que en ello hacian ofensa alguna Divina ni humana, i porquesta es una cosa larga i casi incomprehensible, la dexase al juicio de quien mas entiende aunque en el

daño recebido por parte de los naturales cerca deste articulo yo sé harto por mis pecados que no quisiera saber ni haver visto." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

²⁸ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general. dec. 5, lib. 7, cap. 6.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

Almighty was implored to visit the offender with loss of property and of life in this world, and with eternal perdition in that to come!²⁹ The parties further bound themselves to the observance of this contract by a solemn oath taken on the sacrament, as it was held in the hands of Father Bartolomé de Segovia, who concluded the ceremony by performing mass. The whole proceeding, and the articles of agreement, were carefully recorded by the notary, in an instrument bearing date June 12th, 1535, and attested by a long list of witnesses.³⁰

Thus did these two ancient comrades, after trampling on the ties of friendship and honour, hope to knit themselves to each other by the holy bands of religion. That it should have been necessary to resort to so extraordinary a measure might have furnished them with the best proof of its inefficacy.

Not long after this accommodation of their differences, the marshal raised his standard for Chili; and numbers, won by his popular manners and by his liberal largesses,—liberal to prodigality,—eagerly joined in the enterprise, which they fondly trusted would lead even to greater riches than they had found in Peru. Two Indians, Paulo Topa, a brother of the Inca Manco, and Villac Umu, the high-priest of the nation, were sent in advance, with three Spaniards, to prepare the way for the little army. A detachment of a hundred and fifty men, under an officer named Saavedra, next followed. Almagro remained behind to collect further recruits; but before his levies were completed he began his march, feeling himself insecure, with his diminished strength, in the neighbourhood of Pizarro!³¹ The remainder of his forces, when mustered, were to follow him.

Thus relieved of the presence of his rival, the governor returned without further delay to the coast, to resume his labours in the settlement of the country. Besides the principal city of "The Kings," he established others along the Pacific, destined to become hereafter the flourishing marts of commerce. The most important of these, in honour of his birthplace, he named Truxillo, planting it on a site already indicated by Almagro.³² He made also numerous *repartimientos* both of lands and Indians among his followers, in the usual manner of the Spanish Conquerors;³³ though here the ignorance of the real resources of the country led to very different results from what he had intended, as the territory smallest in extent not unfrequently, from the hidden treasures in its bosom, turned out greatest in value.³⁴

²⁹ "E suplicamos á su infinita bondad que á qualquier de nos que fuere en contrario de lo así convenido, con todo rigor de justicia permita la perdición de su anima, fin y mal acavamiento de su vida, destrucción y perdimiento de su familia, honrras, y hacienda." Capitulacion entre Pizarro y Almagro, 12 de Junio, 1535, MS.

³⁰ This remarkable document, the original of which is preserved in the archives of Simancas, may be found entire in the Castilian, in Appendix No. 11.

³¹ "El Adelantado Almagro despues que se vido en el Cuzco descarnado de su jente temio al Marquez no le prendiese por las alteraciones pasadas que havia tenido con sus hermanos como ya hemos dicho, i dicen que por ser avisado dello tomó la posta i se fue al pueblo de Paria donde estava su Capitan Saavedra." Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

³² Carta de F. Pizarro á Molina, MS.

³³ I have before me copies of two grants of

encomiendas by Pizarro, the one dated at Xauxa, 1534, the other at Cuzco, 1539.—They emphatically enjoin on the colonist the religious instruction of the natives under his care, as well as kind and considerate usage. How ineffectual were the recommendations may be inferred from the lament of the anonymous contemporary often cited, that "from this time forth the pest of personal servitude was established among the Indians, equally disastrous to body and soul of both the master and the slave." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.) This honest burst of indignation, not to have been expected in the rude Conqueror, came probably from an ecclesiastic.

³⁴ "El Marquez hizo encomiendas en los Españoles, las quales fueron por noticias que ni el sabia lo que dava ni nadie lo que rescabia sino á tiento ya poco mas ó menos, y así muchos que pensaron que se les dava pocos se hallaron con mucho y al contrario." Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

But nothing claimed so much of Pizarro's care as the rising metropolis of Lima; and so eagerly did he press forward the work, and so well was he seconded by the multitude of labourers at his command, that he had the satisfaction to see his young capital, with its stately edifices and its pomp of gardens, rapidly advancing towards completion. It is pleasing to contemplate the softer features in the character of the rude soldier, as he was thus occupied with healing up the ravages of war and laying broad the foundations of an empire more civilized than that which he had overthrown. This peaceful occupation formed a contrast to the life of incessant turmoil in which he had been hitherto engaged. It seemed, too, better suited to his own advancing age, which naturally invited to repose. And, if we may trust his chroniclers, there was no part of his career in which he took greater satisfaction. It is certain there is no part which has been viewed with greater satisfaction by posterity; and, amidst the woe and desolation which Pizarro and his followers brought on the devoted land of the Incas, Lima, the beautiful City of the Kings, still survives as the most glorious work of his creation, the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific.

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE OF THE INCA—RETURN OF HERNANDO PIZARRO—RISING OF THE PERUVIANS—SIEGE AND BURNING OF CUZCO—DISTRESSES OF THE SPANIARDS—STORMING OF THE FORTRESS—PIZARRO'S DISMAY—THE INCA RAISES THE SIEGE.

1535-1536.

WHILE the absence of his rival Almagro relieved Pizarro from all immediate disquietude from that quarter, his authority was menaced in another, where he had least expected it. This was from the native population of the country. Hitherto the Peruvians had shown only a tame and submissive temper, that inspired their conquerors with too much contempt to leave room for apprehension. They had passively acquiesced in the usurpation of the invaders,—had seen one monarch butchered, another placed on the vacant throne, their temples despoiled of their treasures, their capital and country appropriated and parcelled out among the Spaniards, but, with the exception of an occasional skirmish in the mountain-passes, not a blow had been struck in defence of their rights. Yet this was the warlike nation which had spread its conquests over so large a part of the continent!

In his career, Pizarro, though he scrupled at nothing to effect his object, had not usually countenanced such superfluous acts of cruelty as had too often stained the arms of his countrymen in other parts of the continent, and which in the course of a few years had exterminated nearly a whole population in Hispaniola. He had struck one astounding blow, by the seizure of Atahualpa; and he seemed willing to rely on this to strike terror into the natives. He even affected some respect for the institutions of the country, and had replaced the monarch he had murdered by another of the legitimate line. Yet this was but a pretext. The kingdom had experienced a revolution of the most decisive kind. Its ancient institutions were subverted. Its heaven-descended aristocracy was levelled almost to the condition of the peasant. The people became the serfs of the Conquerors. Their dwellings in the capital

—at least, after the arrival of Alvarado's officers—were seized and appropriated. The temples were turned into stables; the royal residences into barracks for the troops. The sanctity of the religious houses was violated. Thousands of matrons and maidens, who, however erroneous their faith, lived in chaste seclusion in the conventual establishments, were now turned abroad and became the prey of a licentious soldiery.¹ A favourite wife of the young Inca was debauched by the Castilian officers. The Inca, himself treated with contemptuous indifference, found that he was a poor dependant, if not a tool, in the hands of his conquerors.²

Yet the Inca Manco was a man of a lofty spirit and a courageous heart; such a one as might have challenged comparison with the bravest of his ancestors in the prouder days of the empire. Stung to the quick by the humiliations to which he was exposed, he repeatedly urged Pizarro to restore him to the real exercise of power, as well as to the show of it. But Pizarro evaded a request so incompatible with his own ambitious schemes, or, indeed, with the policy of Spain, and the young Inca and his nobles were left to brood over their injuries in secret and await patiently the hour of vengeance.

The dissensions among the Spaniards themselves seemed to afford a favourable opportunity for this. The Peruvian chiefs held many conferences together on the subject, and the high-priest Villac Umu urged the necessity of a rising so soon as Almagro had withdrawn his forces from the city. It would then be comparatively easy, by assaulting the invaders on their several posts, scattered as they were over the country, to overpower them by superior numbers, and shake off their detested yoke before the arrival of fresh reinforcements should rivet it for ever on the necks of his countrymen. A plan for a general rising was formed, and it was in conformity to it that the priest was selected by the Inca to bear Almagro company on the march, that he might secure the co-operation of the natives in the country, and then secretly return—as in fact he did—to take a part in the insurrection.

To carry their plans into effect, it became necessary that the Inca Manco should leave the city and present himself among his people. He found no difficulty in withdrawing from Cuzco, where his presence was scarcely heeded by the Spaniards, as his nominal power was held in little deference by the haughty and confident Conquerors. But in the capital there was a body of Indian allies more jealous of his movements. These were from the tribe of

¹ So says the author of the *Conquista i Poblacion del Piru*, a contemporary writer, who describes what he saw himself, as well as what he gathered from others. Several circumstances, especially the honest indignation he expresses at the excesses of the Conquerors, lead one to suppose he may have been an ecclesiastic, one of the good men who attended the cruel expedition on an errand of love and mercy. It is to be hoped that his credulity leads him to exaggerate the misdeeds of his countrymen. According to him, there were full six thousand women of rank living in the convents of Cuzco, served each by fifteen or twenty female attendants, most of whom that did not perish in the war suffered a more melancholy fate, as the victims of prostitution. The passage is so remarkable, and the MS. so rare, that I will cite it in the original: "De estas señoras del Cuzco es cierto de tener grande sentimiento el que tuviese alguna humanidad en el pecho, que en tiempo de la

prosperidad del Cuzco quando los Españoles entraron en el havia grand cantidad de señoras que tenian sus casas i sus asientos muy quietas i sosegadas i vivian muy politicamente i como muy buenas mugeres, cada señora acompañada con quinze o veinte mugeres que tenia de servicio en su casa bien traídas i aderezadas, i no salian menos desto i con grand onestidad i gravedad i atavio á su usanza, i es a la cantidad destas señoras principales creo yo que en el . . . que avia mas de seis mil sin las de servicio que creo yo que eran mas de veinte mil mugeres sin las de servicio i mamaconas que eran las que andavan como beatas, i desde 4 dos años casi no se allava en el Cuzco i su tierra sino cada qual i qual porque muchas murieron en la guerra que hubo i las otras vistieron las mas á ser malas mugeres. Señor perdone á quien fue la causa desto i quien no lo remedia pudiendo." *Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.

² *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

the Cañaris, a warlike race of the north, too recently reduced by the Incas to have much sympathy with them or their institutions. There were about a thousand of this people in the place, and, as they had conceived some suspicion of the Inca's purposes, they kept an eye on his movements and speedily reported his absence to Juan Pizarro.

That cavalier, at the head of a small body of horse, instantly marched in pursuit of the fugitive, whom he was so fortunate as to discover in a thicket of reeds, in which he had sought to conceal himself, at no great distance from the city. Manco was arrested, brought back a prisoner to Cuzco, and placed under a strong guard in the fortress. The conspiracy seemed now at an end; and nothing was left to the unfortunate Peruvians but to bewail their ruined hopes, and to give utterance to their disappointment in doleful ballads, which rehearsed the captivity of their Inca and the downfall of his royal house.²

While these things were in progress, Hernando Pizarro returned to Ciudad de los Reyes, bearing with him the royal commission for the extension of his brother's powers, as well as of those conceded to Almagro. The envoy also brought the royal patent conferring on Francisco Pizarro the title of *Marques de los Atavillos*,—a province in Peru. Thus was the fortunate adventurer placed in the ranks of the proud aristocracy of Castile, few of whose members could boast—if they had the courage to boast—their elevation from so humble an origin, as still fewer could justify it by a show of greater services to the crown.

The new marquis resolved not to forward the commission, at present, to the marshal, whom he designed to engage still deeper in the conquest of Chili, that his attention might be diverted from Cuzco, which, however, his brother assured him, now fell, without doubt, within the newly-extended limits of his own territory. To make more sure of this important prize, he despatched Hernando to take the government of the capital into his own hands, as the one of his brothers on whose talents and practical experience he placed greatest reliance.

Hernando, notwithstanding his arrogant bearing towards his countrymen, had ever manifested a more than ordinary sympathy with the Indians. He had been the friend of Atahualpa,—to such a degree, indeed, that it was said, if he had been in the camp at the time, the fate of that unhappy monarch would probably have been averted. He now showed a similar friendly disposition towards his successor, Manco. He caused the Peruvian prince to be liberated from confinement, and gradually admitted him to some intimacy with himself. The crafty Indian availed himself of his freedom to mature his plans for the rising, but with so much caution that no suspicion of them crossed the mind of Hernando. Secrecy and silence are characteristic of the American, almost as invariably as the peculiar colour of his skin. Manco disclosed to his conqueror the existence of several heaps of treasure and the places where they had been secreted; and when he had thus won his confidence he stimulated his cupidity still further by an account of a statue of pure gold of his father Huayna Capac, which the wily Peruvian requested leave to bring from a secret cave in which it was deposited, among the neighbouring Andes. Hernando, blinded by his avarice, consented to the Inca's departure.

He sent with him two Spanish soldiers, less as a guard than to aid him in the object of his expedition. A week elapsed, and yet he did not return, nor were there any tidings to be gathered of him. Hernando now saw his error, especially as his own suspicions were confirmed by the unfavourable reports of

¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 1,

2.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 2, cap. 3.

his Indian allies. Without further delay, he despatched his brother Juan, at the head of sixty horse, in quest of the Peruvian prince, with orders to bring him back once more a prisoner to his capital.

That cavalier, with his well-armed troops, soon traversed the environs of Cuzco, without discovering any vestige of the fugitive. The country was remarkably silent and deserted, until, as he approached the mountain-range that hems in the valley of Yucay, about six leagues from the city, he was met by the two Spaniards who had accompanied Manco. They informed Pizarro that it was only at the point of the sword he could recover the Inca, for the country was all in arms, and the Peruvian chief at its head was preparing to march on the capital. Yet he had offered no violence to their persons, but had allowed them to return in safety.

The Spanish captain found this story fully confirmed when he arrived at the river Yucay, on the opposite bank of which were drawn up the Indian battalions to the number of many thousand men, who, with their young monarch at their head, prepared to dispute his passage. It seemed that they could not feel their position sufficiently strong without placing a river, as usual, between them and their enemy. The Spaniards were not checked by this obstacle. The stream, though deep, was narrow; and, plunging in, they swam their horses boldly across, amidst a tempest of stones and arrows that rattled thick as hail on their harness, finding occasionally some crevice or vulnerable point, —although the wounds thus received only goaded them to more desperate efforts. The barbarians fell back as the cavaliers made good their landing; but, without allowing the latter time to form, they returned with a spirit which they had hitherto seldom displayed, and enveloped them on all sides with their greatly superior numbers. The fight now raged fiercely. Many of the Indians were armed with lances headed with copper tempered almost to the hardness of steel, and with huge maces and battle-axes of the same metal. Their defensive armour, also, was in many respects excellent, consisting of stout doublets of quilted cotton, shields covered with skins, and casques richly ornamented with gold and jewels, or sometimes made like those of the Mexicans, in the fantastic shape of the heads of wild animals, garnished with rows of teeth that grinned horribly above the visage of the warrior.* The whole army wore an aspect of martial ferocity, under the control of much higher military discipline than the Spaniards had before seen in the country.

The little band of cavaliers, shaken by the fury of the Indian assault, were thrown at first into some disorder, but at length, cheering on one another with the old war-cry of "St. Jago," they formed in solid column and charged boldly into the thick of the enemy. The latter, incapable of withstanding the shock, gave way, or were trampled down under the feet of the horses or pierced by the lances of the riders. Yet their flight was conducted with some order; and they turned at intervals, to let off a volley of arrows or to deal furious blows with their pole-axes and war-clubs. They fought as if conscious that they were under the eye of their Inca.

It was evening before they had entirely quitted the level ground and withdrawn into the fastnesses of the lofty range of hills which belt round the beautiful valley of Yucay. Juan Pizarro and his little troop encamped on the

* "Es gente," says Oviedo, "muy belicosa é muy diestra; sus armas son picas, é ondas, porras é Alabardas de Plata é oro é cobre." (Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 17.) Xerez has made a good enumeration of the native Peruvian arms. (Conq. del Peru, ap. Barcia, tom. iii. p. 200.) Father Velasco

has added considerably to this catalogue. According to him, they used copper swords, poniards, and other European weapons. (Hist. de Quito, tom. i. pp. 178-180.) He does not insist on their knowledge of fire-arms before the Conquest!

level at the base of the mountains. He had gained a victory, as usual, over immense odds; but he had never seen a field so well disputed, and his victory had cost him the lives of several men and horses, while many more had been wounded, and were nearly disabled by the fatigues of the day. But he trusted the severe lesson he had inflicted on the enemy, whose slaughter was great, would crush the spirit of resistance. He was deceived.

The following morning, great was his dismay to see the passes of the mountains filled up with dark lines of warriors, stretching as far as the eye could penetrate into the depths of the sierra, while dense masses of the enemy were gathered like thunder-clouds along the slopes and summits, as if ready to pour down in fury on the assailants. The ground, altogether unfavourable to the manœuvres of cavalry, gave every advantage to the Peruvians, who rolled down huge rocks from their elevated position and sent off incessant showers of missiles on the heads of the Spaniards. Juan Pizarro did not care to entangle himself farther in the perilous defile; and, though he repeatedly charged the enemy and drove them back with considerable loss, the second night found him with men and horses wearied and wounded, and as little advanced in the object of his expedition as on the preceding evening. From this embarrassing position, after a day or two more spent in unprofitable hostilities, he was surprised by a summons from his brother to return with all expedition to Cuzco, which was now besieged by the enemy!

Without delay he began his retreat, recrossed the valley, the recent scene of slaughter, swam the river Yucay, and, by a rapid countermarch, closely followed by the victorious Indians, who celebrated their success with songs or rather yells of triumph, he arrived before nightfall in sight of the capital.

But very different was the sight which there met his eyes from what he had beheld on leaving it a few days before. The extensive environs, as far as the eye could reach, were occupied by a mighty host, which an indefinite computation swelled to the number of two hundred thousand warriors.⁵ The dusky lines of the Indian battalions stretched out to the very verge of the mountains; while, all around, the eye saw only the crests and waving banners of chieftains, mingled with rich panoplies of feather-work, which reminded some few who had served under Cortés of the military costume of the Aztecs. Above all rose a forest of long lances and battle-axes edged with copper, which, tossed to and fro in wild confusion, glittered in the rays of the setting sun, like light playing on the surface of a dark and troubled ocean. It was the first time that the Spaniards had beheld an Indian army in all its terrors,—such an army as the Incas led to battle, when the banner of the Sun was borne triumphant over the land.

Yet the bold hearts of the cavaliers, if for a moment dismayed by the sight, soon gathered courage as they closed up their files and prepared to open a way for themselves through the beleaguering host. But the enemy seemed to shun the encounter, and, falling back at their approach, left a free entrance into the capital. The Peruvians were probably not unwilling to draw as many victims as they could into the toils, conscious that the greater the number the sooner they would become sensible to the approaches of famine.⁶

Hernando Pizarro greeted his brother with no little satisfaction; for he brought an important addition to his force, which now, when all were united,

⁵ "Pues junta toda la gente que'l ynga avia embiado á juntar que á lo que se entendió y los indios dixerón fueron doxientos mil indios de guerra los que vinieron á poner este cerco." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

⁶ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 4.—Gómara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 133.

did not exceed two hundred, horse and foot,⁷ besides a thousand Indian auxiliaries; an insignificant number, in comparison with the countless multitudes that were swarming at the gates. That night was passed by the Spaniards with feelings of the deepest anxiety, as they looked forward with natural apprehension to the morrow. It was early in February, 1536, when the siege of Cuzco commenced,—a siege memorable as calling out the most heroic displays of Indian and European valour, and bringing the two races into deadlier conflict with each other than had yet occurred in the conquest of Peru.

The numbers of the enemy seemed no less formidable during the night than by the light of day: far and wide their watch-fires were to be seen gleaming over valley and hill-top, as thickly scattered, says an eye-witness, as “the stars of heaven in a cloudless night.”⁸ Before these fires had become pale in the light of the morning, the Spaniards were roused by the hideous clamour of conch, trumpet, and atabal, mingled with the fierce war-cries of the barbarians, as they let off volleys of missiles of every description, most of which fell harmless within the city. But others did more serious execution. These were burning arrows, and red-hot stones wrapped in cotton that had been steeped in some bituminous substance, which, scattering long trains of light through the air, fell on the roofs of the buildings and speedily set them on fire.⁹ These roofs, even of the better sort of edifices, were uniformly of thatch, and were ignited as easily as tinder. In a moment the flames burst forth from the most opposite quarters of the city. They quickly communicated to the wood-work in the interior of the buildings, and broad sheets of flame mingled with smoke rose up towards the heavens, throwing a fearful glare over every object. The rarefied atmosphere heightened the previous impetuosity of the wind, which fanning the rising flames, they rapidly spread from dwelling to dwelling, till the whole fiery mass, swayed to and fro by the tempest, surged and roared with the fury of a volcano. The heat became intense, and clouds of smoke, gathering in a dark pall over the city, produced a sense of suffocation and almost blindness in those quarters where it was driven by the winds.¹⁰

The Spaniards were encamped in the great square, partly under awnings, and partly in the hall of the Inca Viracocha, on the ground since covered by the cathedral. Three times in the course of that dreadful day the roof of the building was on fire; but, although no efforts were made to extinguish it, the flames went out without doing much injury. This miracle was ascribed to the Blessed Virgin, who was distinctly seen by several of the Christian combatants, hovering over the spot on which was to be raised the temple dedicated to her worship.¹¹

⁷ “Y los pocos Españoles que heramos aun no doxientos todos.” Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁸ “Pues de noche heran tantos los fuegos que no parecia sino vn cielo muy sereno lleno de estrellas.” Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁹ “Unas piedras tredondas y hechallas en el fuego y hazellas asqua embolvianlas en vnos algodones y poniendolas en hondas las tiravan a las cassas donde no alcanzavan á poner fuego con las manos, y así nos quemavan las cassas sin entendello. Otras veces con flechas encendidas tirandolas á las cassas que como heran de paja luego se encendian.” Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁰ “I era tanto el humo que casi los oviera

de agoar i pasaron grand trabajo por esta causa i sino fuera porque de la una parte de la plaza no havia casas i estava desonorado no pudieran escapar porque si por todas partes les diera el humo i el calor siendo tan grande pasaran trabajo, pero la divina providencia lo estorvó.” Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

¹¹ The temple was dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of the Assumption. The apparition of the Virgin was manifest not only to Christian but to Indian warriors, many of whom reported it to Garcilasso de la Vega, in whose hands the marvellous rarely loses any of its gloss. (Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 25.) It is further attested by Father Acosta, who came into the country forty years after the event (lib. vii. cap. 27). Both writers testify

Fortunately, the open space around Hernando's little company separated them from the immediate scene of conflagration. It afforded a means of preservation similar to that employed by the American hunter who endeavours to surround himself with a belt of wasted land when overtaken by a conflagration in the prairies. All day the fire continued to rage, and at night the effect was even more appalling; for by the lurid flames the unfortunate Spaniards could read the consternation depicted in each other's ghastly countenances, while in the suburbs, along the slopes of the surrounding hills, might be seen the throng of besiegers, gazing with fiendish exultation on the work of destruction. High above the town, to the north, rose the gray fortress, which now showed ruddy in the glare, looking grimly down on the ruins of the fair city which it was no longer able to protect; and in the distance were to be discerned the shadowy forms of the Andes, soaring up in solitary grandeur into the regions of eternal silence, far beyond the wild tumult that raged so fearfully at their base.

Such was the extent of the city that it was several days before the fury of the fire was spent. Tower and temple, hut, palace, and hall, went down before it. Fortunately, among the buildings that escaped were the magnificent House of the Sun and the neighbouring Convent of the Virgins. Their insulated position afforded the means, of which the Indians from motives of piety were willing to avail themselves, for their preservation.¹² Full one-half of the capital, so long the chosen seat of Western civilization, the pride of the Incas, and the bright abode of their tutelary deity, was laid in ashes by the hands of his own children. It was some consolation for them to reflect that it burned over the heads of its conquerors,—their trophy and their tomb!

During the long period of the conflagration the Spaniards made no attempt to extinguish the flames. Such an attempt would have availed nothing. Yet they did not tamely submit to the assaults of the enemy, and they sallied forth from time to time to repel them. But the fallen timbers and scattered rubbish of the houses presented serious impediments to the movements of horse; and when these were partially cleared away by the efforts of the infantry and the Indian allies, the Peruvians planted stakes and threw barricades across the path, which proved equally embarrassing.¹³ To remove them

to the seasonable aid rendered by St. James, who with his buckler, displaying the device of his Military Order, and armed with his flaming sword, rode his white charger into the thick of the enemy. The patron Saint of Spain might always be relied on when his presence was needed: *dignus vindice nodus*.

¹² Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 24.—Father Valverde, Bishop of Cuzco, who took so signal a part in the seizure of Atahualpa, was absent from the country at this period, but returned the following year. In a letter to the emperor, he contrasts the flourishing condition of the capital when he left it and that in which he now found it, despoiled, as well as its beautiful suburbs, of its ancient glories. "If I had not known the site of the city," he says, "I should not have recognized it as the same." The passage is too remarkable to be omitted. The original letter exists in the archives of Simancas: "Certifico á V. M. que si no me acordara del sitio desta Ciudad yo no la conociera, á lo menos por los edificios y Pueblos della: porque quando el Governador D. Francisco Pizarro entró aquí y

entré yo con él estava este valle tan hermoso en edificios y poblacion que en torno tenia que era cosa de admiracion vello, porque aunque la Ciudad en si no ternia mas de 3 o 4000 casas, ternia en torno quasi á vista 19 o 20,000; la fortaleza que estava sobre la Ciudad parecia desde á parte una muy gran fortaleza de las de España: agora la mayor parte de la Ciudad esta toda derivada y quemada; la fortaleza no tiene quasi nada enbioso; todos los pueblos de alderredor no tienē sino las paredes que por maravilla ai casa cubierta! La cosa que mas contentamiento me dio en esta Ciudad fue la Iglesia, que para en Indias es harto buena cosa, aunque segun la riqueza a havido en esta tierra pudiera ser mas semejante al Templo de Salomon." Carta del Obispo F. Vicente de Valverde al Emperador, MS., 20 de Marzo, 1539.

¹³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Cong., MS.—"Los Indios ganaron el Cuzco casi todo desta manera que enganando la calle bivan haciendo una pared para que los cavallos ni los Españoles no los pudiesen romper." Cong. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

was a work of time and no little danger, as the pioneers were exposed to the whole brunt of the enemy's archery, and the aim of the Peruvian was sure. When at length the obstacles were cleared away and a free course was opened to the cavalry, they rushed with irresistible impetuosity on their foes, who, falling back in confusion, were cut to pieces by the riders or pierced through with their lances. The slaughter on these occasions was great; but the Indians, nothing disheartened, usually returned with renewed courage to the attack, and, while fresh reinforcements met the Spaniards in front, others, lying in ambush among the ruins, threw the troops into disorder by assailing them on the flanks. The Peruvians were expert both with bow and sling; and these encounters, notwithstanding the superiority of their arms, cost the Spaniards more lives than in their crippled condition they could afford to spare,—a loss poorly compensated by that of tenfold the number of the enemy. One weapon, peculiar to South American warfare, was used with some effect by the Peruvians. This was the *lasso*,—a long rope with a noose at the end, which they adroitly threw over the rider, or entangled with it the legs of his horse, so as to bring them both to the ground. More than one Spaniard fell into the hands of the enemy by this expedient.¹⁴

Thus harassed, sleeping on their arms, with their horses picketed by their side, ready for action at any and every hour, the Spaniards had no rest by night or by day. To add to their troubles, the fortress which overlooked the city, and completely commanded the great square in which they were quartered, had been so feebly garrisoned in their false sense of security that on the approach of the Peruvians it had been abandoned without a blow in its defence. It was now occupied by a strong body of the enemy, who from his elevated position sent down showers of missiles, from time to time, which added greatly to the annoyance of the besieged. Bitterly did their captain now repent the improvident security which had led him to neglect a post so important.

Their distresses were still further aggravated by the rumours which continually reached their ears of the state of the country. The rising, it was said, was general throughout the land; the Spaniards living on their insulated plantations had all been massacred; Lima and Truxillo and the principal cities were besieged, and must soon fall into the enemy's hands; the Peruvians were in possession of the passes, and all communications were cut off, so that no relief was to be expected from their countrymen on the coast. Such were the dismal stories (which, however exaggerated, had too much foundation in fact) that now found their way into the city from the camp of the besiegers. And, to give greater credit to the rumours, eight or ten human heads were rolled into the *plaza*, in whose blood-stained visages the Spaniards recognized with horror the lineaments of their companions who they knew had been dwelling in solitude on their estates!¹⁵

Overcome by these horrors, many were for abandoning the place at once, as no longer tenable, and for opening a passage for themselves to the coast with their own good swords. There was a daring in the enterprise which had a charm for the adventurous spirit of the Castilian. Better, they said, to perish in a manly struggle for life than to die thus ignominiously, pent up like foxes in their holes to be suffocated by the hunter!

But the Pizarros, De Rojas, and some others of the principal cavaliers refused to acquiesce in a measure which, they said, must cover them with dis-

¹⁴ Conq. i. Pob. del Piru MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 4.

¹⁵ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 4.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.

honour.¹⁶ Cuzco had been the great prize for which they had contended; it was the ancient seat of empire, and, though now in ashes, would again rise from its ruins as glorious as before. All eyes would be turned on them, as its defenders, and their failure, by giving confidence to the enemy, might decide the fate of their countrymen throughout the land. They were placed in that post as the post of honour, and better would it be to die there than to desert it.

There seemed, indeed, no alternative; for every avenue to escape was cut off by an enemy who had perfect knowledge of the country and possession of all its passes. But this state of things could not last long. The Indian could not, in the long run, contend with the white man. The spirit of insurrection would die out of itself. The great army would melt away, unaccustomed as the natives were to the privations incident to a protracted campaign. Reinforcements would be daily coming in from the colonies; and, if the Castilians would be but true to themselves for a season, they would be relieved by their own countrymen, who would never suffer them to die like outcasts among the mountains.

The cheering words and courageous bearing of the cavaliers went to the hearts of their followers; for the soul of the Spaniard readily responded to the call of honour, if not of humanity. All now agreed to stand by their leader to the last. But, if they would remain longer in their present position, it was absolutely necessary to dislodge the enemy from the fortress; and, before venturing on this dangerous service, Hernando Pizarro resolved to strike such a blow as should intimidate the besiegers from further attempts to molest his present quarters.

He communicated his plan of attack to his officers; and, forming his little troop into three divisions, he placed them under command of his brother Gonzalo, of Gabriel de Rojas, an officer in whom he reposed great confidence, and of Hernan Ponce de Leon. The Indian pioneers were sent forward to clear away the rubbish, and the several divisions moved simultaneously up the principal avenues towards the camp of the besiegers. Such stragglers as they met in their way were easily cut to pieces, and the three bodies, bursting impetuously on the disordered lines of the Peruvians, took them completely by surprise. For some moments there was little resistance, and the slaughter was terrible. But the Indians gradually rallied, and, coming into something like order, returned to the fight with the courage of men who had long been familiar with danger. They fought hand to hand with their copper-headed war-clubs and pole-axes, while a storm of darts, stones, and arrows rained on the well-defended bodies of the Christians.

The barbarians showed more discipline than was to have been expected; for which, it is said, they were indebted to some Spanish prisoners, from several of whom the Inca, having generously spared their lives, took occasional lessons in the art of war. The Peruvians had also learned to manage with some degree of skill the weapons of their conquerors; and they were seen armed with bucklers, helmets, and swords of European workmanship, and, even, in a few instances, mounted on the horses which they had taken from the white men.¹⁷ The young Inca, in particular, accoutred in the European

¹⁶ "Pues Hernando Pizarro nunca estuvo en ello y les respondia que todos avianos de morir y no desamparar el cuzco. Juntavase á estas consultas Hernando Pizarro y sus hermanos, Gravel de Rojas, Hernan Ponce de Leon, el Tesorero Riquelme." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁷ Herrera assures us that the Peruvians even turned the fire-arms of their conquerors against them, compelling their prisoners to put the muskets in order and manufacture powder for them. Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 5, 6.

fashion, rode a war-horse, which he managed with considerable address, and, with a long lance in his hand, led on his followers to the attack. This readiness to adopt the superior arms and tactics of the Conquerors intimates a higher civilization than that which belonged to the Aztec, who, in his long collision with the Spaniards, was never so far divested of his terror of the horse as to venture to mount him.

But a few days or weeks of training were not enough to give familiarity with weapons, still less with tactics, so unlike those to which the Peruvians had been hitherto accustomed. The fight on the present occasion, though hotly contested, was not of long duration. After a gallant struggle, in which the natives threw themselves fearlessly on the horsemen, endeavouring to tear them from their saddles, they were obliged to give way before the repeated shock of their charges. Many were trampled under foot, others cut down by the Spanish broadswords, while the arquebusiers, supporting the cavalry, kept up a running fire that did terrible execution on the flanks and rear of the fugitives. At length, sated with slaughter, and trusting that the chastisement he had inflicted on the enemy would secure him from further annoyance for the present, the Castilian general drew back his forces to their quarters in the capital.¹⁸

His next step was the recovery of the citadel. It was an enterprise of danger. The fortress, which overlooked the northern section of the city, stood high on a rocky eminence, so steep as to be inaccessible on this quarter, where it was defended only by a single wall. Towards the open country it was more easy of approach; but there it was protected by two semicircular walls, each about twelve hundred feet in length, and of great thickness. They were built of massive stones, or rather rocks, put together without cement, so as to form a kind of rustic-work. The level of the ground between these lines of defence was raised up so as to enable the garrison to discharge their arrows at the assailants while their own persons were protected by the parapet. Within the interior wall was the fortress, consisting of three strong towers, one of great height, which, with a smaller one, was now held by the enemy, under the command of an Inca noble, a warrior of well-tryed valour, prepared to defend it to the last extremity.

The perilous enterprise was intrusted by Hernando Pizarro to his brother Juan, a cavalier in whose bosom burned the adventurous spirit of a knight-errant of romance. As the fortress was to be approached through the mountain-passes, it became necessary to divert the enemy's attention to another quarter. A little while before sunset, Juan Pizarro left the city with a picked corps of horsemen, and took a direction opposite to that of the fortress, that the besieging army might suppose the object was a foraging expedition. But, secretly countermarching in the night, he fortunately found the passes undefended, and arrived before the outer wall of the fortress without giving the alarm to the garrison.¹⁹

The entrance was through a narrow opening in the centre of the rampart; but this was now closed up with heavy stones, that seemed to form one solid work with the rest of the masonry. It was an affair of time to dislodge these huge masses in such a manner as not to rouse the garrison. The Indian nations, who rarely attacked in the night, were not sufficiently acquainted with the art of war even to provide against surprise by posting sentinels. When the task was accomplished, Juan Pizarro and his gallant troop rode through the gateway and advanced towards the second parapet.

¹⁸ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—
Conq. i Pobl. del Piru, MS.—Herrera, *Hist.*

general, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 4, 5.
¹⁹ Conq. i Pobl. del Piru, MS.

But their movements had not been conducted so secretly as to escape notice, and they now found the interior court swarming with warriors, who, as the Spaniards drew near, let off clouds of missiles that compelled them to come to a halt. Juan Pizarro, aware that no time was to be lost, ordered one-half of his corps to dismount, and, putting himself at their head, prepared to make a breach as before in the fortifications. He had been wounded some days previously in the jaw, so that, finding his helmet caused him pain, he rashly dispensed with it, and trusted for protection to his buckler.²⁰ Leading on his men, he encouraged them in the work of demolition, in the face of such a storm of stones, javelins, and arrows as might have made the stoutest heart shrink from encountering it. The good mail of the Spaniards did not always protect them; but others took the place of such as fell, until a breach was made, and the cavalry, pouring in, rode down all who opposed them.

The parapet was now abandoned, and the Indians, hurrying with disorderly flight across the enclosure, took refuge on a kind of platform or terrace, commanded by the principal tower. Here, rallying, they shot off fresh volleys of missiles against the Spaniards, while the garrison in the fortress hurled down fragments of rock and timber on their heads. Juan Pizarro, still among the foremost, sprang forward on the terrace, cheering on his men by his voice and example; but at this moment he was struck by a large stone on the head, not then protected by his buckler, and was stretched on the ground. The dauntless chief still continued to animate his followers by his voice, till the terrace was carried and its miserable defenders were put to the sword. His sufferings were then too much for him, and he was removed to the town below, where, notwithstanding every exertion to save him, he survived the injury but a fortnight, and died in great agony.²¹ To say that he was a Pizarro is enough to attest his claim to valour. But it is his praise that his valour was tempered by courtesy. His own nature appeared mild by contrast with the haughty temper of his brothers, and his manners made him a favourite of the army. He had served in the conquest of Peru from the first, and no name on the roll of its conquerors is less tarnished by the reproach of cruelty or stands higher in all the attributes of a true and valiant knight.²²

Though deeply sensible to his brother's disaster, Hernando Pizarro saw that no time was to be lost in profiting by the advantages already gained. Committing the charge of the town to Gonzalo, he put himself at the head of the assailants and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One surrendered after a short resistance. The other and more formidable of the two still held out under the brave Inca noble who commanded it. He was a man of an athletic frame, and might be seen striding along the battlements, armed with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and in his hand wielding a formidable mace, garnished with points or knobs of copper. With this terrible weapon he struck down all who attempted to force a passage into the fortress. Some of his own followers who proposed a surrender he is said to have slain with his own hand. Hernando prepared to carry the place by escalade. Ladders were planted against the walls; but no sooner did a Spaniard gain the topmost round than

²⁰ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

²¹ "Y estando batallando con ellos para echillos de allí Joan Pizarro se descuido descubriose la cabeza con la adarga y con las muchas pedradas que tiravan le acertaron vna en la cavega que le quebraron los cascos y dende á quince dias murio desta herida y así herido estubo forçando con los yndios y españoles hasta que se gano este terrado y ganado le abaxaron al Cuzco." Pedro Pizarro,

Descub. y Conq., MS.

²² "Hera valiente," says Pedro Pizarro, "y muy animoso, gentil hombre, magnanimo y afable." (*Descub. y Conq.*, MS.) Zarate dismisses him with this brief panegyric:—"Fue gran pérdida en la Tierra, porque era Juan Pizarro muy valiente, i experimentado en las Guerras de los Indios, i bien quisto, i amado de todos." *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 3, cap. 3.

he was hurled to the ground by the strong arm of the Indian warrior. His activity was equal to his strength; and he seemed to be at every point the moment that his presence was needed.

The Spanish commander was filled with admiration at this display of valour; for he could admire valour even in an enemy. He gave orders that the chief should not be injured, but be taken alive, if possible.²³ This was not easy. At length, numerous ladders having been planted against the tower, the Spaniards scaled it on several quarters at the same time, and, leaping into the place, overpowered the few combatants who still made a show of resistance. But the Inca chieftain was not to be taken; and, finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and, casting away his war-club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit.²⁴ He died like an ancient Roman. He had struck his last stroke for the freedom of his country, and he scorned to survive her dishonour. The Castilian commander left a small force in garrison to secure his conquest, and returned in triumph to his quarters.

Week after week rolled away, and no relief came to the beleaguered Spaniards. They had long since begun to feel the approaches of famine. Fortunately, they were provided with water from the streams which flowed through the city. But, though they had well husbanded their resources, their provisions were exhausted, and they had for some time depended on such scanty supplies of grain as they could gather from the ruined magazines and dwellings, mostly consumed by the fire, or from the produce of some successful foray.²⁵ This latter resource was attended with no little difficulty; for every expedition led to a fierce encounter with the enemy, which usually cost the lives of several Spaniards and inflicted a much heavier injury on the Indian allies. Yet it was at least one good result of such loss that it left fewer to provide for. But the whole number of the besieged was so small that any loss greatly increased the difficulties of defence by the remainder.

As months passed away without bringing any tidings of their countrymen, their minds were haunted with still gloomier apprehensions as to their fate. They well knew that the governor would make every effort to rescue them from their desperate condition. That he had not succeeded in this made it probable that his own situation was no better than theirs, or perhaps he and his followers had already fallen victims to the fury of the insurgents. It was a dismal thought that they alone were left in the land, far from all human succour, to perish miserably by the hands of the barbarians among the mountains.

Yet the actual state of things, though gloomy in the extreme, was not quite so desperate as their imaginations had painted it. The insurrection, it is true, had been general throughout the country, at least that portion of it occupied by the Spaniards. It had been so well concerted that it broke out almost simultaneously, and the Conquerors, who were living in careless security on their estates, had been massacred to the number of several hundreds. An Indian force had sat down before Xauxa, and a considerable army had occupied the valley of Rimac and laid siege to Lima. But the country around that capital was of an open, level character, very favourable to the action of cavalry.

²³ "Y mando hernando pizarro á los Españoles que subian que no matasen á este yndio sino que se lo tomasen á vida, jurando de no matalle si lo avia vivo." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁴ "Visto este orojen que se lo avian ganado y le avian tomado por los ó tres

partes el fuerte, arrojando las armas se tapo la caveca y el rostro con la manta y se arrojó del cubo abajo mas de cien estados, y así se hizo pedazos. A hernando Pizarro le peso mucho por no tomalle á vida." *Ibid.*, MS.

²⁵ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 24.

Pizarro no sooner saw himself menaced by the hostile array than he sent such a force against the Peruvians as speedily put them to flight; and, following up his advantage, he inflicted on them such a severe chastisement that, although they still continued to hover in the distance and cut off his communications with the interior, they did not care to trust themselves on the other side of the Rimac.

The accounts that the Spanish commander now received of the state of the country filled him with the most serious alarm. He was particularly solicitous for the fate of the garrison at Cuzco, and he made repeated efforts to relieve that capital. Four several detachments, amounting to more than four hundred men in all, half of them cavalry, were sent by him at different times, under some of his bravest officers. But none of them reached their place of destination. The wily natives permitted them to march into the interior of the country until they were fairly entangled in the passes of the Cordilleras. They then enveloped them with greatly superior numbers, and, occupying the heights, showered down their fatal missiles on the heads of the Spaniards, or crushed them under the weight of fragments of rock which they rolled on them from the mountains. In some instances the whole detachment was cut off to a man. In others, a few stragglers only survived to return and tell the bloody tale to their countrymen at Lima.²⁶

Pizarro was now filled with consternation. He had the most dismal forebodings of the fate of the Spaniards dispersed throughout the country, and even doubted the possibility of maintaining his own foothold in it without assistance from abroad. He despatched a vessel to the neighbouring colonists at Truxillo, urging them to abandon the place, with all their effects, and to repair to him at Lima. The measure was, fortunately, not adopted. Many of his men were for availing themselves of the vessels which rode at anchor in the port to make their escape from the country at once and take refuge in Panamá. Pizarro would not hearken to so dastardly a counsel, which involved the desertion of the brave men in the interior who still looked to him for protection. He cut off the hopes of these timid spirits by despatching all the vessels then in port on a very different mission. He sent letters by them to the governors of Panamá, Nicaragua, Guatemala, and Mexico, representing the gloomy state of his affairs, and invoking their aid. His epistle to Alvarado, then established at Guatemala, has been preserved. He conjures him by every sentiment of honour and patriotism to come to his assistance, and this before it is too late. Without assistance, the Spaniards can no longer maintain their footing in Peru, and that great empire will be lost to the Castilian crown. He finally engages to share with him such conquests as they may make with their united arms.²⁷ Such concessions to the very man whose absence from the country, but a few months before, Pizarro would have been willing to secure at almost any price, are sufficient evidence of the extremity of his distress. The succours thus earnestly solicited arrived in time, not to quell the Indian insurrection, but to aid him in a struggle quite as formidable with his own countrymen.

²⁶ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 1, cap. 5.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 5.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 28.—According to the historian of the Incas, there fell in these expeditions four hundred and seventy Spaniards. Cieza de Leon computes the whole number of Christians who perished in this insurrection at seven hundred, many of them, he adds, under circumstances of great cruelty. (*Cronica*, cap. 82.) The estimate, considering the spread and

spirit of the insurrection, does not seem extravagant.

²⁷ "E crea V. Sa sino somos socorridos se perderá el Cusco, que la cosa mas señalada é de mas importancia que se puede descubrir, é luego nos perderemos todos; porque somos pocos é tenemos pocas armas, é los Indios estan atrevidos." Carta de Francisco Pizarro á D. Pedro de Alvarado, desde la Ciudad de los Reyes, 29 de Julio, 1536, MS.

It was now August. More than five months had elapsed since the commencement of the siege of Cuzco, yet the Peruvian legions still lay encamped around the city. The siege had been protracted much beyond what was usual in Indian warfare, and showed the resolution of the natives to exterminate the white men. But the Peruvians themselves had for some time been straitened by the want of provisions. It was no easy matter to feed so numerous a host; and the obvious resource of the magazines of grain, so providently prepared by the Incas, did them but little service, since their contents had been most prodigally used, and even dissipated, by the Spaniards, on their first occupation of the country.²⁸ The season for planting had now arrived, and the Inca well knew that if his followers were to neglect it they would be visited by a scourge even more formidable than their invaders. Disbanding the greater part of his forces, therefore, he ordered them to withdraw to their homes, and, after the labours of the field were over, to return and resume the blockade of the capital. The Inca reserved a considerable force to attend on his own person, with which he retired to Tambo, a strongly-fortified place south of the valley of Yucay, the favourite residence of his ancestors. He also posted a large body as a corps of observation in the environs of Cuzco, to watch the movements of the enemy and to intercept supplies.

The Spaniards beheld with joy the mighty host which had so long encompassed the city now melting away. They were not slow in profiting by the circumstance, and Hernando Pizarro took advantage of the temporary absence to send out foraging-parties to scour the country and bring back supplies to his famishing soldiers. In this he was so successful that on one occasion no less than two thousand head of cattle—the Peruvian sheep—were swept away from the Indian plantations and brought safely to Cuzco.²⁹ This placed the army above all apprehensions on the score of want for the present.

Yet these forays were made with the point of the lance, and many a desperate contest ensued, in which the best blood of the Spanish chivalry was shed. The contests, indeed, were not confined to large bodies of troops, but skirmishes took place between smaller parties, which sometimes took the form of personal combats. Nor were the parties so unequally matched as might have been supposed in these single rencontres; and the Peruvian warrior, with his sling, his bow, and his *lasso*, proved no contemptible antagonist for the mailed horseman, whom he sometimes even ventured to encounter, hand to hand, with his formidable battle-axe. The ground around Cuzco became a battle-field, like the *vega* of Granada, in which Christian and Pagan displayed the characteristics of their peculiar warfare; and many a deed of heroism was performed, which wanted only the song of the minstrel to shed around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslem of Spain.³⁰

But Hernando Pizarro was not content to act wholly on the defensive; and he meditated a bold stroke by which at once to put an end to the war. This was the capture of the Inca Manco, whom he hoped to surprise in his quarters at Tambo.

For this service he selected about eighty of his best-mounted cavalry, with

²⁸ Ondegardo, Rel. Prim. y Seg., MS.

²⁹ "Recoximos hasta dos mil caverzas de ganado." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

³⁰ Pedro Pizarro recounts several of these deeds of arms, in some of which his own prowess is made quite apparent. One piece of cruelty recorded by him is little to the credit of his commander, Hernando Pizarro,

who, he says, after a desperate rencontre, caused the right hands of his prisoners to be struck off, and sent them in this mutilated condition back to their countrymen. (Descub. y Conq., MS.) Such atrocities are not often noticed by the chroniclers; and we may hope they were exceptions to the general policy of the Conquerors in this invasion.

a small body of foot, and, making a large détour through the less frequented mountain-defiles, he arrived before Tambo without alarm to the enemy. He found the place more strongly fortified than he had imagined. The palace, or rather fortress, of the Incas stood on a lofty eminence, the steep sides of which, on the quarter where the Spaniards approached, were cut into terraces, defended by strong walls of stone and sunburnt brick.²¹ The place was impregnable on this side. On the opposite it looked towards the Yucay, and the ground descended by a gradual declivity towards the plain through which rolled its deep but narrow current.²² This was the quarter on which to make the assault.

Crossing the stream without much difficulty, the Spanish commander advanced up the smooth glacis with as little noise as possible. The morning light had hardly broken on the mountains; and Pizarro, as he drew near the outer defences, which, as in the fortress of Cuzco, consisted of a stone parapet of great strength drawn round the enclosure, moved quickly forward, confident that the garrison were still buried in sleep. But thousands of eyes were upon him; and as the Spaniards came within bow-shot, a multitude of dark forms suddenly rose above the rampart, while the Inca, with his lance in hand, was seen on horseback in the enclosure, directing the operations of his troops.²³ At the same moment the air was darkened with innumerable missiles, stones, javelins, and arrows, which fell like a hurricane on the troops, and the mountains rang to the wild war-whoop of the enemy. The Spaniards, taken by surprise, and many of them sorely wounded, were staggered; and, though they quickly rallied, and made two attempts to renew the assault, they were at length obliged to fall back, unable to endure the violence of the storm. To add to their confusion, the lower level in their rear was flooded by the waters, which the natives, by opening the sluices, had diverted from the bed of the river, so that their position was no longer tenable.²⁴ A council of war was then held, and it was decided to abandon the attack as desperate, and to retreat in as good order as possible.

The day had been consumed in these ineffectual operations; and Hernando, under cover of the friendly darkness, sent forward his infantry and baggage, taking command of the centre himself, and trusting the rear to his brother Gonzalo. The river was happily recrossed without accident, although the Indians, now confident in their strength, rushed out of their defences and followed up the retreating Spaniards, whom they annoyed with repeated discharges of arrows. More than once they pressed so closely on the fugitives that Gonzalo and his chivalry were compelled to turn and make one of those desperate charges that effectually punished their audacity and stayed the tide of pursuit. Yet the victorious foe still hung on the rear of the discomfited cavaliers, till they had emerged from the mountain-passes and come within sight of the blackened walls of the capital. It was the last triumph of the Inca.²⁵

²¹ "Tambo tan fortalecido que hera cosa de grima, porquel asiento donde Tambo esta es muy fuerte, de andenes muy altos y de muy gran canterias fortalecidos." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²² "El rio de yucay ques grande por aquella parte va muy angosto y hondo." *Ibid.*, MS.

²³ "Parecia el Inga à caballo entre su gente, con su lanza en la mano." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 7.

²⁴ "Pues hechos dos ó tres acometimientos à tomar este pueblo tantas vezes nos hizieron bolver dando de manos. Ansi estuvimos todo este dia hasta puesta de sol; los indios sin entendello nos hechavan el rrio en el llano donde estavamos, y aguardar mas peresceramos aqui todos." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 7.

Among the manuscripts for which I am indebted to the liberality of that illustrious Spanish scholar the lamented Navarrete, the most remarkable, in connection with this history, is the work of Pedro Pizarro; *Relaciones del Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reynos del Peru*. But a single copy of this important document appears to have been preserved, the existence of which was but little known till it came into the hands of Señor de Navarrete; though it did not escape the indefatigable researches of Herrera, as is evident from the mention of several incidents, some of them having personal relation to Pedro Pizarro himself, which the historian of the Indies could have derived through no other channel. The manuscript has lately been given to the public as part of the inestimable collection of historical documents now in process of publication at Madrid, under auspices which, we may trust, will insure its success. As the printed work did not reach me till my present labours were far advanced, I have preferred to rely on the manuscript copy for the brief remainder of my narrative, as I had been compelled to do for the previous portion of it.

Nothing, that I am aware of, is known respecting the author but what is to be gleaned from incidental notices of himself in his own history. He was born at Toledo in Estremadura, the fruitful province of adventurers to the New World, whence the family of Francisco Pizarro, to which Pedro was allied, also emigrated. When that chief came over to undertake the conquest of Peru, after receiving his commission from the emperor in 1529, Pedro Pizarro, then only fifteen years of age, accompanied him in quality of page. For three years he remained attached to the household of his commander, and afterwards continued to follow his banner as a soldier of fortune. He was present at most of the memorable events of the Conquest, and seems to have possessed in a great degree the confidence of his leader, who employed him on some difficult missions, in which he displayed coolness and gallantry. It is true, we must take the author's own word for all this. But he tells his exploits with an air of honesty and without any extraordinary effort to set them off in undue relief. He speaks of himself in the third person, and, as his manuscript was not intended solely for posterity, he would hardly have ventured on great misrepresentation, where fraud could so easily have been exposed.

After the Conquest, our author still remained attached to the fortunes of his commander, and stood by him through all the troubles which ensued; and on the assassination of that chief he withdrew to Arequipa to enjoy in quiet the *repartimiento* of lands and Indians which had been bestowed on him as the recompense of his services. He was there on the breaking out of the great rebellion under Gonzalo Pizarro. But he was true to his allegiance, and chose rather, as he

tells us, to be false to his name and his lineage than to his loyalty. Gonzalo, in retaliation, seized his estates, and would have proceeded to still further extremities against him, when Pedro Pizarro had fallen into his hands at Lima, but for the interposition of his lieutenant, the famous Francisco de Carbajal, to whom the chronicler had once the good fortune to render an important service. This Carbajal required by sparing his life on two occasions,—but on the second coolly remarked, "No man has a right to a brace of lives; and if you fall into my hands a third time, God only can grant you another." Happily, Pizarro did not find occasion to put this menace to the test. After the pacification of the country, he again retired to Arequipa; but, from the querulous tone of his remarks, it would seem he was not fully reinstated in the possessions he had sacrificed by his loyal devotion to the government. The last we hear of him is in 1571, the date which he assigns as that of the completion of his history.

Pedro Pizarro's narrative covers the whole ground of the Conquest, from the date of the first expedition that sallied out from Panamá to the troubles that ensued on the departure of President Gasca. The first part of the work was gathered from the testimony of others, and, of course, cannot claim the distinction of rising to the highest class of evidence. But all that follows the return of Francisco Pizarro from Castile, all, in short, which constitutes the conquest of the country, may be said to be reported on his own observation as an eye-witness and an actor. This gives to his narrative a value to which it could have no pretensions on the score of its literary execution. Pizarro was a soldier, with as little education, probably, as usually falls to those who have been trained from youth in this rough school,—the most unpropitious in the world to both mental and moral progress. He had the good sense, moreover, not to aspire to an excellence which he could not reach. There is no ambition of fine writing in his chronicle; there are none of those affectations of ornament which only make more glaring the beggarly condition of him who assumes them. His object was simply to tell the story of the Conquest, as he had seen it. He was to deal with facts, not with words, which he wisely left to those who came into the field after the labourers had quitted it, to garner up what they could at second hand.

Pizarro's situation may be thought to have necessarily exposed him to party influences and thus given an undue bias to his narrative. It is not difficult, indeed, to determine under whose banner he had enlisted. He writes like a partisan, and yet like an honest one, who is no further warped from a correct judgment of passing affairs than must necessarily come from preconceived opinions. There is no management to work a conviction in his reader on this side or the other, still

less any obvious perversion of fact. He evidently believes what he says, and this is the great point to be desired. We can make allowance for the natural influences of his position. Were he more impartial than this, the critic of the present day, by making allowance for a greater amount of prejudice and partiality, might only be led into error.

Pizarro is not only independent, but occasionally caustic in his condemnation of those under whom he acted. This is particularly the case where their measures bear too unfavourably on his own interests, or those of the army. As to the unfortunate natives, he no more regards their sufferings than the Jews of old did those of the Philistines, whom they considered as delivered up to their swords, and whose lands they regarded as their lawful heritage. There is no mercy shown by the hard Conqueror in his treatment of the infidel.

Pizarro was the representative of the age in which he lived. Yet it is too much to cast such obloquy on the age. He represented more truly the spirit of the fierce warriors who overturned the dynasty of the Incas. He was not merely a crusader, fighting to extend the empire of the Cross over the darkened heathen. Gold was his great object,—the estimate by which he judged of the value of the Conquest, the recompense that he asked for a life of toil and danger. It was with these golden visions, far more than with visions of glory, above all, of celestial glory, that the Peruvian adventurer fed his gross and worldly imagination. Pizarro did not rise above his caste. Neither did he rise above it in a mental view, any more than in a moral. His history displays no great penetration, or vigour and comprehension of thought. It is the work of a soldier, telling simply his tale of blood. Its value is that it is told by him who acted it. And this, to the modern compiler, renders it of higher worth than far abler productions at second hand. It is the rude ore, which, submitted to the regular process of purification and refinement, may receive the current stamp that fits it for general circulation.

Another authority, to whom I have occasionally referred, and whose writings still slumber in manuscript, is the Licentiate Hernando Montesinos. He is in every respect the opposite of the military chronicler who has just come under our notice. He flourished about a century after the Conquest. Of course the value of his writings as an authority for historical facts must depend on his superior opportunities for consulting original documents. For this his advantages were great. He was twice sent in an official capacity to Peru, which required him to visit the different parts of the country. These two missions occupied fifteen years; so that, while his position gave him access to the colonial

archives and literary repositories, he was enabled to verify his researches, to some extent, by actual observation of the country.

The result was his two historical works, *Memorias antiguas historiales del Peru* and his *Annales*, sometimes cited in these pages. The former is taken up with the early history of the country,—very early, it must be admitted, since it goes back to the deluge. The first part of this treatise is chiefly occupied with an argument to show the identity of Peru with the golden Ophir of Solomon's time! This hypothesis, by no means original with the author, may give no unfair notion of the character of his mind. In the progress of his work he follows down the line of Inca princes, whose exploits, and names even, by no means coincide with Garcilasso's catalogue,—a circumstance, however, far from establishing their inaccuracy. But one will have little doubt that the writer merits this reproach, after reading the absurd legends told in a grave tone of reliance by Montesinos, who shared largely in the credulity and the love of the marvellous which belong to an earlier and less enlightened age.

These same traits are visible in his *Annals*, which are devoted exclusively to the Conquest. Here, indeed, the author, after his cloudy flight, has descended on firm ground, where gross violations of truth, or at least of probability, are not to be expected. But any one who has occasion to compare his narrative with that of contemporary writers will find frequent cause to distrust it. Yet Montesinos has one merit. In his extensive researches, he became acquainted with original instruments, which he has occasionally transferred to his own pages, and which it would now be difficult to meet with elsewhere.

His writings have been commended by some of his learned countrymen, as showing diligent research and information. My own experience would not assign them a high rank as historical vouchers. They seem to me entitled to little praise, either for the accuracy of their statements or the sagacity of their reflections. The spirit of cold indifference which they manifest to the sufferings of the natives is an odious feature, for which there is less apology in a writer of the seventeenth century than in one of the primitive Conquerors, whose passions had been inflamed by long protracted hostility. M. Ternaux-Compans has translated the *Memorias antiguas* with his usual elegance and precision, for his collection of original documents relating to the New World. He speaks in the Preface of doing the same kind office to the *Annales* at a future time. I am not aware that he has done this; and I cannot but think that the excellent translator may find a better subject for his labours in some of the rich collection of the Muñoz manuscripts in his possession.

BOOK IV.

CIVIL WARS OF THE CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER I.

ARMY OF THE CONQUERORS—REVENUE OF THE KINGDOM—THE RETURN OF THE
ARMY FROM THE BATTLE OF BATTLE—THE RETURN OF THE KINGDOM—THE
RETURN OF THE KINGDOM—THE RETURN OF THE KINGDOM.

1803—1807.

BOOK FOURTH.

CIVIL WARS OF THE CONQUERORS.

BOOK IV.

CIVIL WARS OF THE CONQUERORS.

CHAPTER I.

ALMAGRO'S MARCH TO CHILI—SUFFERINGS OF THE TROOPS—HE RETURNS AND SEIZES CUZCO—ACTION OF ABANCAY—GASPAR DE ESPINOSA—ALMAGRO LEAVES CUZCO—NEGOTIATIONS WITH PIZARRO.

1535—1537.

WHILE the events recorded in the preceding chapter were passing, the Marshal Almagro was engaged in his memorable expedition to Chili. He had set out, as we have seen, with only part of his forces, leaving his lieutenant to follow him with the remainder. During the first part of the way he profited by the great military road of the Incas, which stretched across the table-land far towards the south. But as he drew near to Chili the Spanish commander became entangled in the defiles of the mountains, where no vestige of a road was to be discerned. Here his progress was impeded by all the obstacles which belong to the wild scenery of the Cordilleras: deep and ragged ravines, round whose sides a slender sheep-path wound up to a dizzy height over the precipices below; rivers rushing in fury down the slopes of the mountains and throwing themselves in stupendous cataracts into the yawning abyss; dark forests of pine that seemed to have no end, and then again long reaches of desolate table-land, without so much as a bush or shrub to shelter the shivering traveller from the blast that swept down from the frozen summits of the sierra.

The cold was so intense that many lost the nails of their fingers, their fingers themselves, and sometimes their limbs. Others were blinded by the dazzling waste of snow, reflecting the rays of a sun made intolerably brilliant in the thin atmosphere of these elevated regions. Hunger came, as usual, in the train of woes; for in these dismal solitudes no vegetation that would suffice for the food of man was visible, and no living thing, except only the great bird of the Andes hovering over their heads in expectation of his banquet. This was too frequently afforded by the number of wretched Indians who, unable, from the scantiness of their clothing, to encounter the severity of the climate, perished by the way. Such was the pressure of hunger that the miserable survivors fed on the dead bodies of their countrymen, and the Spaniards forced a similar sustenance from the carcasses of their horses, literally frozen to death in the mountain-passes.¹ Such were the terrible penalties which Nature imposed on those who rashly intruded on these her solitary and most savage haunts.

¹ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 10, cap. 1-3.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS.,

Parte 3, lib. 9, cap. 4.—*Conq. l. Pob. del Piru*, MS.

Yet their own sufferings do not seem to have touched the hearts of the Spaniards with any feeling of compassion for the weaker natives. Their path was everywhere marked by burnt and desolated hamlets, the inhabitants of which were compelled to do them service as beasts of burden. They were chained together in gangs of ten or twelve, and no infirmity or feebleness of body excused the unfortunate captive from his full share of the common toil, till he sometimes dropped dead, in his very chains, from mere exhaustion!² Alvarado's company are accused of having been more cruel than Pizarro's; and many of Almagro's men, it may be remembered, were recruited from that source. The commander looked with displeasure, it is said, on these enormities, and did what he could to repress them. Yet he did not set a good example in his own conduct, if it be true that he caused no less than thirty Indian chiefs to be burnt alive for the massacre of three of his followers!³ The heart sickens at the recital of such atrocities perpetrated on an unoffending people, or at least, guilty of no other crime than that of defending their own soil too well.

There is something in the possession of superior strength most dangerous, in a moral view, to its possessor. Brought in contact with semi-civilized man, the European, with his endowments and effective force so immeasurably superior, holds him as little higher than the brute, and as born equally for his service. He feels that he has a natural right, as it were, to his obedience, and that this obedience is to be measured, not by the powers of the barbarian, but by the will of his conqueror. Resistance becomes a crime to be washed out only in the blood of the victim. The tale of such atrocities is not confined to the Spaniard. Wherever the civilized man and the savage have come in contact, in the East or in the West, the story has been too often written in blood.

From the wild chaos of mountain-scenery the Spaniards emerged on the green vale of Coquimbo, about the thirtieth degree of south latitude. Here they halted, to refresh themselves in its abundant plains, after their unexampled sufferings and fatigues. Meanwhile Almagro despatched an officer with a strong party in advance, to ascertain the character of the country towards the south. Not long after, he was cheered by the arrival of the remainder of his forces under his lieutenant Rodrigo de Orgoñez. This was a remarkable person, intimately connected with the subsequent fortunes of Almagro.

He was a native of Oropesa, had been trained in the Italian wars, and held the rank of ensign in the army of the Constable of Bourbon at the famous sack of Rome. It was a good school in which to learn his iron trade and to steel the heart against any too ready sensibility to human suffering. Orgoñez

² Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—The writer must have made one on this expedition, as he speaks from personal observation. The poor natives had at least one friend in the Christian camp. "I sí en el Real havia algun Español que era buen rancheador i cruel i matava muchos Indios tenianle por buen hombre i en grand reputacion i el que era inclinado á hacer bien i á hacer buenos tratamientos á los naturales i los favorecia no era tenido en tan buena estima, *he apuntado esto que vi con mis ojos i en que por mis pecados anduse porque entendian los que esto leyeren que de la manera que aqui digo i con mayores crueldades harto se hizo esta jornada i descubrimiento de Chile.*"

³ "I para castigarlos por la muerte destes tres Españoles juntos en un aposento donde estava aposentado i mandó cavalgar la jente de cavallo i la de a pie que guardasen las puertas i todos estuviesen apercidos i los prendio i en conclusion hizo quemar mas de 30 señores vivos atados cada uno á su palo." (Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.) Oviedo, who always shows the hard feeling of the colonist, excuses this on the old plea of necessity,—*fue necesario este castigo*,—and adds that after this a Spaniard might send a messenger from one end of the country to the other, without fear of injury. Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 2, cap. 4.

was an excellent soldier,—true to his commander, prompt, fearless, and unflinching in the execution of his orders. His services attracted the notice of the crown, and shortly after this period he was raised to the rank of Marshal of New Toledo. Yet it may be doubted whether his character did not qualify him for an executive and subordinate station, rather than for one of higher responsibility.

Almagro received also the royal warrant conferring on him his new powers and territorial jurisdiction. The instrument had been detained by the Pizarros to the very last moment. His troops, long since disgusted with their toilsome and unprofitable march, were now clamorous to return. Cuzco, they said, undoubtedly fell within the limits of his government, and it was better to take possession of its comfortable quarters than to wander like outcasts in this dreary wilderness. They reminded their commander that thus only could he provide for the interests of his son Diego. This was an illegitimate son of Almagro, on whom his father doted with extravagant fondness, justified more than usual by the promising character of the youth.

After an absence of about two months, the officer sent on the exploring expedition returned, bringing unpromising accounts of the southern regions of Chili. The only land of promise for the Castilian was one that teemed with gold.⁴ He had penetrated to the distance of a hundred leagues, to the limits, probably, of the conquests of the Incas on the river Maule.⁵ The Spaniards had fortunately stopped short of the land of Arauco, where the blood of their countrymen was soon after to be poured out like water, and which still maintains a proud independence amidst the general humiliation of the Indian races around it.

Almagro now yielded, with little reluctance, to the renewed importunities of the soldiers, and turned his face towards the north. It is unnecessary to follow his march in detail. Disheartened by the difficulties of the mountain-passage, he took the road along the coast, which led him across the great desert of Atacama. In crossing this dreary waste, which stretches for nearly a hundred leagues to the northern borders of Chili, with hardly a green spot in its expanse to relieve the fainting traveller, Almagro and his men experienced as great sufferings, though not of the same kind, as those which they had encountered in the passes of the Cordilleras. Indeed, the captain would not easily be found at this day who would venture to lead his army across this dreary region. But the Spaniard of the sixteenth century had a strength of limb and a buoyancy of spirit which raised him to a contempt of obstacles almost justifying the boast of the historian that "he contended indifferently at the same time with man, with the elements, and with famine!"⁶

After traversing the terrible desert, Almagro reached the ancient town of Arequipa, about sixty leagues from Cuzco. Here he learned with astonishment the insurrection of the Peruvians, and, further, that the young Inca Manco still lay with a formidable force at no great distance from the capital. He had once been on friendly terms with the Peruvian prince, and he now resolved, before proceeding farther, to send an embassy to his camp and arrange an interview with him in the neighbourhood of Cuzco.

Almagro's emissaries were well received by the Inca, who alleged his grounds

* It is the language of a Spaniard: "I como no le parecio bien la tierra por no ser quajada de oro." *Conq. i. Pob. del Piru*, MS.

⁴ According to Oviedo, a hundred and fifty leagues, and very near, as they told him, to the end of the world: *cerca del fin del mundo*. (*Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 9, cap.

5.) One must not expect to meet with very accurate notions of geography in the rude soldiers of America.

⁶ "Peleano en un tiempo con los Enemigos, con los Elementos, i con la Hambre." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 2.

of complaint against the Pizarros, and named the vale of Yucaj as the place where he would confer with the marshal. The Spanish commander accordingly resumed his march, and, taking one-half of his force, whose whole number fell somewhat short of five hundred men, he repaired in person to the place of rendezvous; while the remainder of his army established their quarters at Urcos, about six leagues from the capital.⁷

The Spaniards in Cuzco, startled by the appearance of this fresh body of troops in their neighbourhood, doubted, when they learned the quarter whence they came, whether it betided them good or evil. Hernando Pizarro marched out of the city with a small force, and, drawing near to Urcos, heard with no little uneasiness of Almagro's purpose to insist on his pretensions to Cuzco. Though much inferior in strength to his rival, he determined to resist him.

Meanwhile, the Peruvians, who had witnessed the conference between the soldiers of the opposite camps, suspected some secret understanding between the parties, which would compromise the safety of the Inca. They communicated their distrust to Manco, and the latter, adopting the same sentiments, or perhaps from the first meditating a surprise of the Spaniards, suddenly fell upon the latter in the valley of Yucaj with a body of fifteen thousand men. But the veterans of Chili were too familiar with Indian tactics to be taken by surprise; and, though a sharp engagement ensued, which lasted more than an hour, in which Orgoñez had a horse killed under him, the natives were finally driven back with great slaughter, and the Inca was so far crippled by the blow that he was not likely for the present to give further molestation.⁸

Almagro, now joining the division left at Urcos, saw no further impediment to his operations on Cuzco. He sent at once an embassy to the municipality of the place, requiring the recognition of him as its lawful governor, and presenting at the same time a copy of his credentials from the crown. But the question of jurisdiction was not one easy to be settled, depending as it did on a knowledge of the true parallels of latitude, not very likely to be possessed by the rude followers of Pizarro. The royal grant had placed under his jurisdiction all the country extending two hundred and seventy leagues south of the river of Santiago, situated one degree and twenty minutes north of the equator. Two hundred and seventy leagues on the meridian, by our measurement, would fall more than a degree short of Cuzco, and, indeed, would barely include the city of Lima itself. But the Spanish leagues, of only seventeen and a half to a degree,⁹ would remove the southern boundary to nearly half a degree beyond the capital of the Incas, which would thus fall within the jurisdiction of Pizarro.¹⁰ Yet the division-line ran so close to the disputed ground that the true result might reasonably be doubted, where no careful scientific observations had been made to obtain it; and each party was prompt to assert, as always happens in such cases, that its own claim was clear and unquestionable.¹¹

⁷ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.—Oviedo, *Hist. de las Indias*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 9, cap. 7.

⁸ Zarate, *Conq. del Piru*, lib. 3, cap. 4.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 21.

⁹ "Contando diez i siete leguas i media por grado." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 3, cap. 5.

¹⁰ The government had endeavoured early to provide against any dispute in regard to the limits of the respective jurisdictions. The language of the original grants gave room to

some misunderstanding; and, as early as 1536, Fray Jomás de Berlianga, Bishop of Tierra Firme, had been sent to Lima with full powers to determine the question of boundary, by fixing the latitude of the river of Santiago and measuring two hundred and seventy leagues south on the meridian. But Pizarro, having engaged Almagro in his Chili expedition, did not care to revive the question, and the bishop returned, *re infecta*, to his diocese, with strong feelings of disgust towards the governor. *Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 3, cap. 1.

¹¹ "All say," says Oviedo, in a letter to the

Thus summoned by Almagro, the authorities of Cuzco, unwilling to give umbrage to either of the contending chiefs, decided that they must wait until they could take counsel—which they promised to do at once—with certain pilots better instructed than themselves in the position of the Santiago. Meanwhile, a truce was arranged between the parties, both solemnly engaging to abstain from hostile measures and to remain quiet in their present quarters.

The weather now set in cold and rainy. Almagro's soldiers, greatly discontented with their position, flooded as it was by the waters, were quick to discover that Hernando Pizarro was busily employed in strengthening himself in the city, contrary to agreement. They also learned with dismay that a large body of men, sent by the governor from Lima, under command of Alonso de Alvarado, was on the march to relieve Cuzco. They exclaimed that they were betrayed, and that the truce had been only an artifice to secure their inactivity until the arrival of the expected succours. In this state of excitement, it was not very difficult to persuade their commander—too ready to surrender his own judgment to the rash advisers around him—to violate the treaty and take possession of the capital.¹²

Under cover of a dark and stormy night (April 8th, 1537), he entered the place without opposition, made himself master of the principal church, established strong parties of cavalry at the head of the great avenues to prevent surprise, and detached Orgoñez with a body of infantry to force the dwelling of Hernando Pizarro. That captain was lodged with his brother Gonzalo in one of the large halls built by the Incas for public diversions, with immense doors of entrance that opened on the *plaza*. It was garrisoned by about twenty soldiers, who, as the gates were burst open, stood stoutly to the defence of their leader. A smart struggle ensued, in which some lives were lost, till at length Orgoñez, provoked by the obstinate resistance, set fire to the combustible roof of the building. It was speedily in flames, and the burning rafters falling on the heads of the inmates, they forced their reluctant leader to an unconditional surrender. Scarcely had the Spaniards left the building, when the whole roof fell in with a tremendous crash.¹³

Almagro was now master of Cuzco. He ordered the Pizarros, with fifteen or twenty of the principal cavaliers, to be secured and placed in confinement. Except so far as required for securing his authority, he does not seem to have been guilty of acts of violence to the inhabitants,¹⁴ and he installed one of Pizarro's most able officers, Gabriel de Rojas, in the government of the city. The municipality, whose eyes were now open to the validity of Almagro's pretensions, made no further scruple to recognize his title to Cuzco.

The marshal's first step was to send a message to Alonso de Alvarado's camp, advising that officer of his occupation of the city, and requiring his obedience to him, as its legitimate master. Alvarado was lying, with a body of five hundred men, horse and foot, at Xauxa, about thirteen leagues from the capital. He had been detached several months previously for the relief of

emperor, "that Cuzco falls within the territory of Almagro." Oviedo was, probably, the best-informed man in the colonies. Yet this was an error. Carta desde Sto. Domingo, MS., 25 de Oct., 1539.

¹² According to Zarate, Almagro, on entering the capital, found no appearance of the designs imputed to Hernando, and exclaimed that "he had been deceived." (Conq. del Peru, lib. 3, cap. 4.) He was probably easy of faith in the matter.

¹³ Carta de Espinall, Tesorero de N. Toledo, 15 de Junio, 1539.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib. 8, cap. 21.

¹⁴ So it would appear from the general testimony; yet Pedro Pizarro, one of the opposite faction, and among those imprisoned by Almagro, complains that that chief plundered them of their horses and other property. Descub. y Conq., MS.

Cuzco, but had, most unaccountably, and, as it proved, most unfortunately for the Peruvian capital, remained at Xauxa, with the alleged motive of protecting that settlement and the surrounding country against the insurgents.¹⁵ He now showed himself loyal to his commander; and when Almagro's ambassadors reached his camp he put them in irons, and sent advice of what had been done to the governor at Lima.

Almagro, offended by the detention of his emissaries, prepared at once to march against Alonso de Alvarado and take more effectual measures to bring him to submission. His lieutenant, Orgóñez, strongly urged him before his departure to strike off the heads of the Pizarros, alleging "that, while they lived, his commander's life would never be safe," and concluding with the Spanish proverb, "Dead men never bite."¹⁶ But the marshal, though he detested Hernando in his heart, shrank from so violent a measure; and, independently of other considerations, he had still an attachment for his old associate, Francisco Pizarro, and was unwilling to sever the ties between them for ever. Contenting himself, therefore, with placing his prisoners under strong guard in one of the stone buildings belonging to the House of the Sun, he put himself at the head of his forces, and left the capital in quest of Alvarado.

That officer had now taken up a position on the farther side of the Rio de Abancay, where he lay, with the bulk of his little army, in front of a bridge, by which its rapid waters are traversed, while a strong detachment occupied a spot commanding a ford lower down the river. But in this detachment was a cavalier of much consideration in the army, Pedro de Lerma, who, from some pique against his commander, had entered into treasonable correspondence with the opposite party. By his advice, Almagro, on reaching the border of the river, established himself against the bridge in face of Alvarado, as if prepared to force a passage, thus concentrating his adversary's attention on that point. But when darkness had set in he detached a large body under Orgóñez to pass the ford and operate in concert with Lerma. Orgóñez executed this commission with his usual promptness. The ford was crossed, though the current ran so swiftly that several of his men were swept away by it and perished in the waters. Their leader received a severe wound himself in the mouth, as he was gaining the opposite bank, but, nothing daunted, he cheered on his men and fell with fury on the enemy. He was speedily joined by Lerma and such of the soldiers as he had gained over, and, unable to distinguish friend from foe, the enemy's confusion was complete.

Meanwhile, Alvarado, roused by the noise of the attack on this quarter, hastened to the support of his officer, when Almagro, seizing the occasion, pushed across the bridge, dispersed the small body left to defend it, and, falling on Alvarado's rear, that general saw himself hemmed in on all sides. The struggle did not last long; and the unfortunate chief, uncertain on whom he could rely, surrendered with all his force,—those only excepted who had already deserted to the enemy. Such was the battle of Abancay, as it was called, from the river on whose banks it was fought, on the twelfth of July, 1537. Never was a victory more complete or achieved with less cost of life; and Almagro marched back, with an array of prisoners scarcely inferior to his own army in number, in triumph to Cuzco.¹⁷

¹⁵ Pizarro's secretary Picado had an *encomienda* in that neighbourhood, and Alvarado, who was under personal obligations to him, remained there, it is said, at his instigation. (Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 5, lib. 8, cap. 7.) Alvarado was a good officer, and largely trusted, both before and after, by the Pizar-

ros; and we may presume there was some explanation of his conduct, of which we are not possessed.

¹⁶ "El muerto no mordia." *Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 2, cap. 8.

¹⁷ Carta de Francisco Pizarro al Obispo de Tierra Firme, MS., 28 de Agosto, 1539.—

While the events related in the preceding pages were passing, Francisco Pizarro had remained at Lima, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the reinforcements which he had requested, to enable him to march to the relief of the beleaguered capital of the Incas. His appeal had not been unanswered. Among the rest was a corps of two hundred and fifty men, led by the Licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, one of the three original associates, it may be remembered, who engaged in the conquest of Peru. He had now left his own residence at Panamá, and came in person, for the first time, it would seem, to revive the drooping fortunes of his confederates. Pizarro received also a vessel laden with provisions, military stores, and other necessary supplies, besides a rich wardrobe for himself, from Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, who generously stretched forth his hand to aid his kinsman in the hour of need.¹⁸

With a force amounting to four hundred and fifty men, half of them cavalry, the governor quitted Lima and began his march on the Inca capital. He had not advanced far when he received tidings of the return of Almagro, the seizure of Cuzco, and the imprisonment of his brothers; and before he had time to recover from this astounding intelligence he learned the total defeat and capture of Alvarado. Filled with consternation at these rapid successes of his rival, he now returned in all haste to Lima, which he put in the best posture of defence, to secure it against the hostile movements not unlikely, as he thought, to be directed against that capital itself. Meanwhile, far from indulging in impotent sallies of resentment, or in complaints of his ancient comrade, he only lamented that Almagro should have resorted to these violent measures for the settlement of their dispute, and this less—if we may take his word for it—from personal considerations than from the prejudice it might do to the interests of the crown.¹⁹

But, while busily occupied with warlike preparations, he did not omit to try the effect of negotiation. He sent an embassy to Cuzco, consisting of several persons in whose discretion he placed the greatest confidence, with Espinosa at their head, as the party most interested in an amicable arrangement.

The licentiate, on his arrival, did not find Almagro in as favourable a mood for an accommodation as he could have wished. Elated by his recent successes, he now aspired not only to the possession of Cuzco, but of Lima itself, as falling within the limits of his jurisdiction. It was in vain that Espinosa urged the propriety, by every argument which prudence could suggest, of moderating his demands. His claims upon Cuzco, at least, were not to be shaken, and he declared himself ready to peril his life in maintaining them. The licentiate coolly replied by quoting the pithy Castilian proverb, *El vencido vencido, y el vencedor perdido*: "The vanquished vanquished, and the victor undone."

What influence the temperate arguments of the licentiate might eventually have had on the heated imagination of the soldier is doubtful; but, unfortunately for the negotiation, it was abruptly terminated by the death of Espinosa himself, which took place most unexpectedly, though, strange to say, in those times, without the imputation of poison.²⁰ He was a great loss to the parties in the existing fermentation of their minds; for he had the weight

Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Indias, MS., ubi supra.—Conq. 1 Pob. del Piru, MS.—Carta de Espinosa, MS.

¹⁸ "Fernando Cortés embió con Rodrigo de Grijalva en un proprio Navio suyo, desde la Nueva España, muchas Armas, Tiros, Jaeces, Adereços, Vestidos de Seda, 1 vna Roca de

Martas." Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 136.

¹⁹ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 2, cap. 7.

²⁰ Carta de Pizarro al Obispo de Tierra Firme, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 2, cap. 13.—Carta de Espinosa, MS.

of character which belongs to wise and moderate counsels, and a deeper interest than any other man in recommending them.

The name of Espinosa is memorable in history from his early connection with the expedition to Peru, which, but for the seasonable though secret application of his funds, could not then have been compassed. He had long been a resident in the Spanish colonies of Tierra Firme and Panamá, where he had served in various capacities, sometimes as a legal functionary presiding in the courts of justice,²¹ and not unfrequently as an efficient leader in the early expeditions of conquest and discovery. In these manifold vocations he acquired a high reputation for probity, intelligence, and courage, and his death at the present crisis was undoubtedly the most unfortunate event that could have befallen the country.

All attempt at negotiation was now abandoned; and Almagro announced his purpose to descend to the sea-coast, where he could plant a colony and establish a port for himself. This would secure him the means, so essential, of communication with the mother-country, and here he would resume negotiations for the settlement of his dispute with Pizarro. Before quitting Cuzco, he sent Orgoñez with a strong force against the Inca, not caring to leave the capital exposed in his absence to further annoyance from that quarter.

But the Inca, discouraged by his late discomfiture, and unable, perhaps, to rally in sufficient strength for resistance, abandoned his stronghold at Tambo and retreated across the mountains. He was hotly pursued by Orgoñez over hill and valley, till, deserted by his followers, and with only one of his wives to bear him company, the royal fugitive took shelter in the remote fastnesses of the Andes.²²

Before leaving the capital, Orgoñez again urged his commander to strike off the heads of the Pizarros and then march at once upon Lima. By this decisive step he would bring the war to an issue, and for ever secure himself from the insidious machinations of his enemies. But in the mean time a new friend had risen up to the captive brothers. This was Diego de Alvarado, brother of that Pedro who, as mentioned in a preceding chapter, had conducted the unfortunate expedition to Quito. After his brother's departure, Diego had attached himself to the fortunes of Almagro, had accompanied him to Chili, and, as he was a cavalier of birth, and possessed of some truly noble qualities, he had gained deserved ascendancy over his commander. Alvarado had frequently visited Hernando Pizarro in his confinement, where, to beguile the tediousness of captivity, he amused himself with gaming,—the passion of the Spaniard. They played deep, and Alvarado lost the enormous sum of eighty thousand golden castellanos. He was prompt in paying the debt, but Hernando Pizarro peremptorily declined to receive the money. By this politic generosity he secured an important advocate in the council of Almagro. It stood him now in good stead. Alvarado represented to the marshal that such a measure as that urged by Orgoñez would not only outrage the feelings of his followers, but would ruin his fortunes by the indignation it must excite at court. When Almagro acquiesced in these views, as in truth most grateful to his own nature, Orgoñez, chagrined at his determination, declared that the day would come when he would repent this mistaken lenity. "A Pizarro," he said, "was never known to forget an injury; and that which they had

²¹ He incurred some odium as presiding officer in the trial and condemnation of the unfortunate Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. But it must be allowed that he made great efforts to resist the tyrannical proceedings of Pedrarias,

and he earnestly recommended the prisoner to mercy. See Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 2, lib. 2, cap. 21, 22.

²² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Conq. i Pob. del Piru*, MS.

already received from Almagro was too deep for them to forgive." Prophetic words!

On leaving Cuzco, the marshal gave orders that Gonzalo Pizarro and the other prisoners should be detained in strict custody. Hernando he took with him, closely guarded, on his march. Descending rapidly towards the coast, he reached the pleasant vale of Chincha in the latter part of August. Here he occupied himself with laying the foundations of a town bearing his own name, which might serve as a counterpart to the City of the Kings,—thus bidding defiance, as it were, to his rival on his own borders. While occupied in this manner, he received the unwelcome tidings that Gonzalo Pizarro, Alonso de Alvarado, and the other prisoners, having tampered with their guards, had effected their escape from Cuzco, and he soon after heard of their safe arrival in the camp of Pizarro.

Chafed by this intelligence, the marshal was not soothed by the insinuations of Orgoñez, that it was owing to his ill-advised lenity; and it might have gone hard with Hernando, but that Almagro's attention was diverted by the negotiation which Francisco Pizarro now proposed to resume.

After some correspondence between the parties, it was agreed to submit the arbitration of the dispute to a single individual, Fray Francisco de Bovadilla, a Brother of the Order of Mercy. Though living in Lima, and, as might be supposed, under the influence of Pizarro, he had a reputation for integrity that disposed Almagro to confide the settlement of the question exclusively to him. In this implicit confidence in the friar's impartiality, Orgoñez, of a less sanguine temper than his chief, did not participate.²³

An interview was arranged between the rival chiefs. It took place at Mala, November 13th, 1537; but very different was the deportment of the two commanders towards each other from that which they had exhibited at their former meetings. Almagro, indeed, doffing his bonnet, advanced in his usual open manner to salute his ancient comrade; but Pizarro, hardly condescending to return the salute, haughtily demanded why the marshal had seized upon his city of Cuzco and imprisoned his brothers. This led to a recrimination on the part of his associate. The discussion assumed the tone of an angry altercation, till Almagro, taking a hint—or what he conceived to be such—from an attendant, that some treachery was intended, abruptly quitted the apartment, mounted his horse, and galloped back to his quarters at Chincha.²⁴ The conference closed, as might have been anticipated from the heated temper of their minds when they began it, by widening the breach it was intended to heal. The friar, now left wholly to himself, after some deliberation, gave his award. He decided that a vessel, with a skilful pilot on board, should be sent to determine the exact latitude of the river of Santiago, the northern boundary of Pizarro's territory, by which all the measurements were to be regulated. In the mean time, Cuzco was to be delivered up by

²³ Carta de Gutierrez al Emperador, MS., 10 de Feb., 1539.—Carta de Espinall, MS.—Oviedo, Hist. de las Ind., MS., ubi supra.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 2, cap. 8-14.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 3, cap. 8.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

²⁴ It was said that Gonzalo Pizarro lay in ambush with a strong force in the neighbourhood to intercept the marshal, and that the latter was warned of his danger by an honourable cavalier of the opposite party, who repeated a distich of an old ballad,

"Tiempo es el Caballero
Tiempo es de andar de aquí."

(Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 3, cap. 4.) Pedro Pizarro admits the truth of the design imputed to Gonzalo, which he was prevented from putting into execution by the commands of the governor, who, the chronicler, with edifying simplicity, or assurance, informs us, was a man that scrupulously kept his word: "Porque el marquez don Francisco Pizarro hera hombre que guardava mucho su palabra." Descub. y Conq., MS.

Almagro, and Hernando Pizarro to be set at liberty, on condition of his leaving the country in six weeks for Spain. Both parties were to retire within their undisputed territories, and to abandon all further hostilities.²⁵

This award, as may be supposed, highly satisfactory to Pizarro, was received by Almagro's men with indignation and scorn. They had been sold, they cried, by their general, broken, as he was, by age and infirmities. Their enemies were to occupy Cuzco and its pleasant places, while they were to be turned over to the barren wilderness of Charcas. Little did they dream that under this poor exterior were hidden the rich treasures of Potosí. They denounced the umpire as a hireling of the governor, and murmurs were heard among the troops, stimulated by Orgoñez, demanding the head of Hernando. Never was that cavalier in greater danger. But his good genius in the form of Alvarado again interposed to protect him. His life in captivity was a succession of reprieves.²⁶

Yet his brother, the governor, was not disposed to abandon him to his fate. On the contrary, he was now prepared to make every concession to secure his freedom. Concessions, that politic chief well knew, cost little to those who are not concerned to abide by them. After some preliminary negotiation, another award, more equitable, or, at all events, more to the satisfaction of the discontented party, was given. The principal articles of it were, that, until the arrival of some definite instructions on the point from Castile, the city of Cuzco, with its territory, should remain in the hands of Almagro; and that Hernando Pizarro should be set at liberty, on the condition, above stipulated, of leaving the country in six weeks. When the terms of this agreement were communicated to Orgoñez, that officer intimated his opinion of them by passing his finger across his throat, and exclaiming, "What has my fidelity to my commander cost me!"²⁷

Almagro, in order to do greater honour to his prisoner, visited him in person and announced to him that he was from that moment free. He expressed a hope, at the same time, that "all past differences would be buried in oblivion, and that henceforth they should live only in the recollection of their ancient friendship." Hernando replied, with apparent cordiality, that "he desired nothing better for himself." He then swore in the most solemn manner, and pledged his knightly honour,—the latter, perhaps, a pledge of quite as much weight in his own mind as the former,—that he would faithfully comply with the terms stipulated in the treaty. He was next conducted by the marshal to his quarters, where he partook of a collation in company with the principal officers; several of whom, together with Diego Almagro, the general's son, afterwards escorted the cavalier to his brother's camp, which had been transferred to the neighbouring town of Mala. Here the party received a most cordial greeting from the governor, who entertained them with a courtly hospitality, and lavished many attentions, in particular, on the son of his ancient associate. In short, such, on their return, was the account of their reception, that it left no doubt in the mind of Almagro that all was at length amicably settled.²⁸—He did not know Pizarro.

²⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Espinall, MS.

²⁶ Espinall, Almagro's treasurer, denounces the friar "as proving himself a very devil" by this award. (Carta al Emperador, MS.) And Oviedo, a more dispassionate judge, quotes, without condemning, a cavalier who told the father that "a sentence so unjust had not been pronounced since the time of Pontius Pilate!" Hist. de las Indias, MS., Parte 3, lib.

8, cap. 21.

²⁷ "I tomando la barba con la mano izquierda, con la derecha hice señal de cortarse la cabeza, diciendo: Orgoñez, Orgoñez, por el amistad de Don Diego de Almagro te han de cortar esta." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 3, cap. 9.

²⁸ Ibid., loc. cit.—Carta de Gutierrez, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 3, cap. 9.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST CIVIL WAR—ALMAGRO RETREATS TO CUZCO—BATTLE OF LAS SALINAS
—CRUELTY OF THE CONQUERORS—TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF ALMAGRO—
HIS CHARACTER

1537-1538.

SCARCELY had Almagro's officers left the governor's quarters, when the latter, calling his little army together, briefly recapitulated the many wrongs which had been done him by his rival, the seizure of his capital, the imprisonment of his brothers, the assault and defeat of his troops; and he concluded with the declaration—heartily echoed back by his military audience—that the time had now come for revenge. All the while that the negotiations were pending, Pizarro had been busily occupied with military preparations. He had mustered a force considerably larger than that of his rival, drawn from various quarters, but most of them familiar with service. He now declared that, as he was too old to take charge of the campaign himself, he should devolve that duty on his brothers; and he released Hernando from all his engagements to Almagro, as a measure justified by necessity. That cavalier, with graceful pertinacity, intimated his design to abide by the pledges he had given, but at length yielded a reluctant assent to the commands of his brother, as to a measure imperatively demanded by his duty to the crown.¹

The governor's next step was to advise Almagro that the treaty was at an end. At the same time, he warned him to relinquish his pretensions to Cuzco and withdraw into his own territory, or the responsibility of the consequences would lie on his own head.

After reposing in his false security, Almagro was now fully awakened to the consciousness of the error he had committed; and the warning voice of his lieutenant may have risen to his recollection. The first part of the prediction was fulfilled. And what should prevent the latter from being so? To add to his distress, he was labouring at this time under a grievous malady, the result of early excesses, which shattered his constitution and made him incapable alike of mental and bodily exertion.²

In this forlorn condition, he confided the management of his affairs to Orgoñez, on whose loyalty and courage he knew he might implicitly rely. The first step was to secure the passes of the Guaitara, a chain of hills that hemmed in the valley of Zangalla, where Almagro was at present established. But, by some miscalculation, the passes were not secured in season; and the active enemy, threading the dangerous defiles, effected a passage across the sierra, where a much inferior force to his own might have taken him at a disadvantage. The fortunes of Almagro were on the wane.

His thoughts were now turned towards Cuzco, and he was anxious to get possession of this capital before the arrival of the enemy. Too feeble to sit on horseback, he was obliged to be carried in a litter; and when he reached the ancient town of Bilcas, not far from Guamanga, his indisposition was so severe that he was compelled to halt and remain there three weeks before resuming his march.

¹ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 3, cap. 10.

² "Cayó enfermo i estuvo malo a punto de muerte de bubas i dolores." (Carta de Espinall, MS.) It was a hard penalty, occurring

at this crisis, for the sins, perhaps, of earlier days; but

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to scourge us."

The governor and his brothers, in the mean time, after traversing the pass of Guaitara, descended into the valley of Ica, where Pizarro remained a considerable while, to get his troops into order and complete his preparations for the campaign. Then, taking leave of the army, he returned to Lima, committing the prosecution of the war, as he had before announced, to his younger and more active brothers. Hernando, soon after quitting Ica, kept along the coast as far as Nasca, proposing to penetrate the country by a circuitous route in order to elude the enemy, who might have greatly embarrassed him in some of the passes of the Cordilleras. But, unhappily for himself, this plan of operations, which would have given him such manifest advantage, was not adopted by Almagro; and his adversary, without any other impediment than that arising from the natural difficulties of the march, arrived, in the latter part of April, 1538, in the neighbourhood of Cuzco.

Almagro, however, was already in possession of that capital, which he had reached ten days before. A council of war was held by him respecting the course to be pursued. Some were for making good the defence of the city. Almagro would have tried what could be done by negotiation. But Orgoñez bluntly replied, "It is too late: you have liberated Hernando Pizarro, and nothing remains but to fight him." The opinion of Orgoñez finally prevailed, to march out and give the enemy battle on the plains. The marshal, still disabled by illness from taking the command, devolved it on his trusty lieutenant, who, mustering his forces, left the city, and took up a position at Las Salinas, less than a league distant from Cuzco. The place received its name from certain pits or vats in the ground, used for the preparation of salt, that was obtained from a natural spring in the neighbourhood. It was an injudicious choice of ground, since its broken character was most unfavourable to the free action of cavalry, in which the strength of Almagro's force consisted. But, although repeatedly urged by the officers to advance into the open country, Orgoñez persisted in his position, as the most favourable for defence, since the front was protected by a marsh, and by a little stream that flowed over the plain. His forces amounted in all to about five hundred, more than half of them horse. His infantry was deficient in fire-arms, the place of which was supplied by the long pike. He had also six small cannon, or falconets, as they were called, which, with his cavalry, formed into two equal divisions, he disposed on the flanks of his infantry. Thus prepared, he calmly awaited the approach of the enemy.

It was not long before the bright arms and banners of the Spaniards under Hernando Pizarro were seen emerging from the mountain-passes. The troops came forward in good order, and like men whose steady step showed that they had been spared in the march and were now fresh for action. They advanced slowly across the plain, and halted on the opposite border of the little stream which covered the front of Orgoñez. Here Hernando, as the sun had set, took up his quarters for the night, proposing to defer the engagement till daylight.³

The rumours of the approaching battle had spread far and wide over the country; and the mountains and rocky heights around were thronged with multitudes of natives, eager to feast their eyes on a spectacle where, whichever side were victorious, the defeat would fall on their enemies.⁴ The Castilian women and children, too, with still deeper anxiety, had thronged out from

³ Carta de Gutierrez, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 1-5.—Carta de Espinall, MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 3, cap. 10, 11.

—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 36, 37.

⁴ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 5, 6.

Cuzco to witness the deadly strife in which brethren and kindred were to contend for mastery.⁵ The whole number of the combatants was insignificant; though not as compared with those usually engaged in these American wars. It is not, however, the number of players, but the magnitude of the stake, that gives importance and interest to the game; and in this bloody game they were to play for the possession of an empire.

The night passed away in silence, unbroken by the vast assembly which covered the surrounding hill-tops. Nor did the soldiers of the hostile camps, although keeping watch within hearing of one another, and with the same blood flowing in their veins, attempt any communication. So deadly was the hate in their bosoms!⁶

The sun rose bright, as usual in this beautiful climate, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of April, 1538.⁷ But long before his beams were on the plain the trumpet of Hernando Pizarro had called his men to arms. His forces amounted in all to about seven hundred. They were drawn from various quarters, the veterans of Pizarro, the followers of Alonso de Alvarado, —many of whom, since their defeat, had found their way back to Lima,—and the late reinforcement from the isles, most of them seasoned by many a toilsome march in the Indian campaigns, and many a hard-fought field. His mounted troops were inferior to those of Almagro; but this was more than compensated by the strength of his infantry, comprehending a well-trained corps of arquebusiers, sent from St. Domingo, whose weapons were of the improved construction recently introduced from Flanders. They were of a large calibre, and threw double-headed shot, consisting of bullets linked together by an iron chain. It was doubtless a clumsy weapon compared with modern fire-arms, but, in hands accustomed to wield it, proved a destructive instrument.⁸

Hernando Pizarro drew up his men in the same order of battle as that presented by the enemy,—throwing his infantry into the centre, and disposing his horse on the flanks; one corps of which he placed under command of Alonso de Alvarado, and took charge of the other himself. The infantry was headed by his brother Gonzalo, supported by Pedro de Valdivia, the future hero of Arauco, whose disastrous story forms the burden of romance as well as of chronicle.⁹

Mass was said, as if the Spaniards were about to fight what they deemed the good fight of the faith, instead of imbruing their hands in the blood of their countrymen. Hernando Pizarro then made a brief address to his soldiers. He touched on the personal injuries he and his family had received from Almagro; reminded his brother's veterans that Cuzco had been wrested from their possession; called up the glow of shame on the brows of Alvarado's men as he talked of the rout of Abancay; and, pointing out the Inca metropolis

* Herrera, *Hist. general*, ubi supra.

⁵ "I fue cosa de notar, que se estuvieron toda la Noche, sin que nadie de la vna i otra parte pensase en mover tratos de Paz; tanta era la ira i aborrecimiento de ambas partes." *Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 6.

⁶ A church dedicated to Saint Lazarus was afterwards erected on the battle-ground, and the bodies of those slain in the action were interred within its walls. This circumstance leads Garcilasso to suppose that the battle took place on Saturday, the sixth,—the day after the Feast of Saint Lazarus,—and not on the twenty-sixth of April, as commonly

reported. *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 38. See also Montesinos (*Anales*, MS., año 1538), —an indifferent authority for anything.

⁷ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 3, cap. 8.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 36.

⁸ The Araucana of Ercilla may claim the merit, indeed,—if it be a merit,—of combining both romance and history in one. Surely never did the Muse venture on such a specification of details, not merely poetical, but political, geographical, and statistical, as in this celebrated Castilian epic. It is a military journal done into rhyme.

that sparkled in the morning sunshine, he told them that there was the prize of the victor. They answered his appeal with acclamations; and, the signal being given, Gonzalo Pizarro, heading his battalion of infantry, led it straight across the river. The water was neither broad nor deep, and the soldiers found no difficulty in gaining a landing, as the enemy's horse was prevented by the marshy ground from approaching the borders. But, as they worked their way across the morass, the heavy guns of Orgoñez played with effect on the leading files, and threw them into disorder. Gonzalo and Valdivia threw themselves into the midst of their followers, menacing some, encouraging others, and at length led them gallantly forward to the firm ground. Here the arquebusiers, detaching themselves from the rest of the infantry, gained a small eminence, whence, in their turn, they opened a galling fire on Orgoñez, scattering his array of spearmen, and sorely annoying the cavalry on the flanks.

Meanwhile, Hernando, forming his two squadrons of horse into one column, crossed under cover of this well-sustained fire, and, reaching the firm ground, rode at once against the enemy. Orgoñez, whose infantry was already much crippled, advancing his horse, formed the two squadrons into one body, like his antagonist, and spurred at full gallop against the assailants. The shock was terrible; and it was hailed by the swarms of Indian spectators on the surrounding heights with a fiendish yell of triumph, that rose far above the din of battle, till it was lost in distant echoes among the mountains.¹⁰

The struggle was desperate. For it was not that of the white man against the defenceless Indian, but of Spaniard against Spaniard; both parties cheering on their comrades with their battle-cries of "*El Rey y Almagro*," or "*El Rey y Pizarro*,"—while they fought with a hate to which national antipathy was as nothing,—a hate strong in proportion to the strength of the ties that had been rent asunder.

In this bloody field well did Orgoñez do his duty, fighting like one to whom battle was the natural element. Singling out a cavalier whom, from the colour of the sobre-vest on his armour, he erroneously supposed to be Hernando Pizarro, he charged him in full career, and overthrew him with his lance. Another he ran through in like manner, and a third he struck down with his sword, as he was prematurely shouting "Victory!" But, while thus doing the deeds of a paladin of romance, he was hit by a chain-shot from an arquebuse, which, penetrating the bars of his visor, grazed his forehead and deprived him for a moment of reason. Before he had fully recovered, his horse was killed under him, and, though the fallen cavalier succeeded in extricating himself from the stirrups, he was surrounded, and soon overpowered by numbers. Still refusing to deliver up his sword, he asked "if there was no knight to whom he could surrender." One Fuentes, a menial of Pizarro, presenting himself as such, Orgoñez gave his sword into his hands,—and the dastard, drawing his dagger, stabbed his defenceless prisoner to the heart! His head, then struck off, was stuck on a pike, and displayed, a bloody trophy, in the great square of Cuzco, as the head of a traitor.¹¹ Thus perished as loyal a cavalier, as decided in council, and as bold in action, as ever crossed to the shores of America.

¹⁰ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 6.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Carta de Espinall*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 3, cap. 11.—Everything relating to this battle—the disposition of the forces, the character of the ground, the mode of attack—is told as variously and confusedly as if it had

been a contest between two great armies instead of a handful of men on either side. It would seem that truth is nowhere so difficult to come at as on the battle-field.

¹¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, ubi supra.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, ubi supra.

The fight had now lasted more than an hour, and the fortune of the day was turning against the followers of Almagro. Orgoñez being down, their confusion increased. The infantry, unable to endure the fire of the arquebusiers, scattered and took refuge behind the stone walls that here and there straggled across the country. Pedro de Lerma, vainly striving to rally the cavalry, spurred his horse against Hernando Pizarro, with whom he had a personal feud. Pizarro did not shrink from the encounter. The lances of both the knights took effect. That of Hernando penetrated the thigh of his opponent, while Lerma's weapon, glancing by his adversary's saddle-bow, struck him with such force above the groin that it pierced the joints of his mail, slightly wounding the cavalier, and forcing his horse back on his haunches. But the press of the fight soon parted the combatants, and, in the turmoil that ensued, Lerma was unhorsed, and left on the field, covered with wounds.¹²

There was no longer order, and scarcely resistance, among the followers of Almagro. They fled, making the best of their way to Cuzco, and happy was the man who obtained quarter when he asked it. Almagro himself, too feeble to sit so long on his horse, reclined on a litter, and from a neighbouring eminence surveyed the battle, watching its fluctuations with all the interest of one who felt that honour, fortune, life itself, hung on the issue. With agony not to be described, he had seen his faithful followers, after their hard struggle, borne down by their opponents, till, convinced that all was lost, he succeeded in mounting a mule, and rode off for a temporary refuge to the fortress of Cuzco. Thither he was speedily followed, taken, and brought in triumph to the capital, where, ill as he was, he was thrown into irons and confined in the same apartment of the stone building in which he had imprisoned the Pizarros.

The action lasted not quite two hours. The number of killed, variously stated, was probably not less than a hundred and fifty,—one of the combatants calls it two hundred,¹³—a great number, considering the shortness of the time, and the small amount of the forces engaged. No account is given of the wounded. Wounds were the portion of the cavalier. Pedro de Lerma is said to have received seventeen, and yet was taken alive from the field! The loss fell chiefly on the followers of Almagro. But the slaughter was not confined to the heat of the action. Such was the deadly animosity of the parties that several were murdered in cold blood, like Orgoñez, after they had surrendered. Pedro de Lerma himself, while lying on his sick couch in the quarters of a friend in Cuzco, was visited by a soldier, named Samaniego, whom he had once struck for an act of disobedience. This person entered the solitary chamber of the wounded man, took his place by his bedside, and then, upbraiding him for the insult, told him that he had come to wash it away in his blood! Lerma in vain assured him that, when restored to health, he would give him the satisfaction he desired. The miscreant, exclaiming, "Now

¹² Herrera, *Hist. general*, ubi supra.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 36.—Hernando Pizarro wore a surcoat of orange-coloured velvet over his armour, according to Garcilasso, and before the battle sent notice of it to Orgoñez, that the latter might distinguish him in the *mêlée*. But a knight in Hernando's suite also wore the same colours, it appears, which led Orgoñez into error.

¹³ "Murieron en esta Batalla de las Salinas casi dozentos hombres de vna parte y de otra." (Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.)

Most authorities rate the loss at less. The treasurer Espinall, a partisan of Almagro, says they massacred a hundred and fifty after the fight, in cold blood: "Sigueron el alcance la mas cruelmente que en el mundo se ha visto, porque mataban a los hombres rendidos e desarmados, e por les quitar las armas los mataban si presto no se las quitaban, e trayendo á las ancas de un caballo a un Ruy Diaz viniendo rendido e desarmado le mataron, desta manera mataron mas de ciento e cinquenta hombres." *Carta*, MS.

is the hour!" plunged his sword into his bosom. He lived several years to vaunt this atrocious exploit, which he proclaimed as a reparation to his honour. It is some satisfaction to know that the insolence of this vaunt cost him his life.¹⁴ Such anecdotes, revolting as they are, illustrate not merely the spirit of the times, but that peculiar ferocious spirit which is engendered by civil wars,—the most unforgiving in their character of any, but wars of religion.

In the hurry of the flight of one party, and the pursuit by the other, all pouring towards Cuzco, the field of battle had been deserted. But it soon swarmed with plunderers, as the Indians, descending like vultures from the mountains, took possession of the bloody ground, and, despoiling the dead, even to the minutest article of dress, left their corpses naked on the plain.¹⁵ It has been thought strange that the natives should not have availed themselves of their superior numbers to fall on the victors after they had been exhausted by the battle. But the scattered bodies of the Peruvians were without a leader; they were broken in spirits, moreover, by recent reverses, and the Castilians, although weakened for the moment by the struggle, were in far greater strength in Cuzco than they had ever been before.

Indeed, the number of troops now assembled within its walls, amounting to full thirteen hundred, composed, as they were, of the most discordant materials, gave great uneasiness to Hernando Pizarro. For there were enemies glaring on each other and on him with deadly though smothered rancour, and friends, if not so dangerous, not the less troublesome from their craving and unreasonable demands. He had given the capital up to pillage, and his followers found good booty in the quarters of Almagro's officers. But this did not suffice the more ambitious cavaliers; and they clamorously urged their services, and demanded to be placed in charge of some expedition, nothing doubting that it must prove a golden one. All were in quest of an *El Dorado*. Hernando Pizarro acquiesced as far as possible in these desires, most willing to relieve himself of such importunate creditors. The expeditions, it is true, usually ended in disaster; but the country was explored by them. It was the lottery of adventure; the prizes were few, but they were splendid; and, in the excitement of the game, few Spaniards paused to calculate the chances of success.

Among those who left the capital was Diego, the son of Almagro. Hernando was mindful to send him, with a careful escort, to his brother the governor, desirous to remove him at this crisis from the neighbourhood of his father. Meanwhile, the marshal himself was pining away in prison under the combined influence of bodily illness and distress of mind. Before the battle of Salinas, it had been told to Hernando Pizarro that Almagro was like to die. "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed, "that this should come to pass before he falls into my hands!"¹⁶ Yet the gods seemed now disposed to grant but half of this pious prayer, since his captive seemed about to escape him just as he had come into his power. To console the unfortunate chief, Hernando paid him a visit in his prison, and cheered him with the assurance that he only waited for the governor's arrival to set him at liberty; adding "that if Pizarro did not come soon to the capital he himself would assume the responsibility of re-

¹⁴ Carta de Espinall, MS.—Gardilasso, Com. Real, Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 38.—He was hanged for this very crime by the governor of Puerto Viejo, about five years after this time, having outraged the feelings of that officer and the community by the insolent and open manner in which he boasted of his atrocious exploit.

¹⁵ "Los Indios viendo la Batalla fenecida, ellos tambien se dejaron de la sula, tendo los vnos i los otros á desnudar los Españoles

muertos, i aun algunos vivos, que por sus heridas no se podian defender, porque como pasó el tropel de la Gente, siguiendo la Victoria, no huvo quien se lo Impidiese; de manera que dexaron en cueros á todos los caidos." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 3, cap. 11.

¹⁶ "Respondia Hernando Pizarro, que no le havia Dios tan gran mal, que le dexase morir, sin que le huviese á las manos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 6.

leasing him, and would furnish him with a conveyance to his brother's quarters." At the same time, with considerate attention to his comfort, he inquired of the marshal "what mode of conveyance would be best suited to his state of health." After this he continued to send him delicacies from his own table to revive his faded appetite. Almagro, cheered by these kind attentions and by the speedy prospect of freedom, gradually mended in health and spirits.¹⁷

He little dreamed that all this while a process was industriously preparing against him. It had been instituted immediately on his capture, and every one, however humble, who had any cause of complaint against the unfortunate prisoner, was invited to present it. The summons was readily answered; and many an enemy now appeared in the hour of his fallen fortunes, like the base reptiles crawling into light amidst the ruins of some noble edifice; and more than one who had received benefits from his hands were willing to court the favour of his enemy by turning on their benefactor. From these loathsome sources a mass of accusations was collected which spread over four thousand folio pages! Yet Almagro was the idol of his soldiers!¹⁸

Having completed the process (July 8th, 1538), it was not difficult to obtain a verdict against the prisoner. The principal charges on which he was pronounced guilty were those of levying war against the crown and thereby occasioning the death of many of his Majesty's subjects, of entering into conspiracy with the Inca, and, finally, of dispossessing the royal governor of the city of Cuzco. On these charges he was condemned to suffer death as a traitor, by being publicly beheaded in the great square of the city. Who were the judges, or what was the tribunal that condemned him, we are not informed. Indeed, the whole trial was a mockery; if that can be called a trial where the accused himself is not even aware of the accusation.

The sentence was communicated by a friar deputed for the purpose to Almagro. The unhappy man, who all the while had been unconsciously slumbering on the brink of a precipice, could not at first comprehend the nature of his situation. Recovering from the first shock, "It was impossible," he said, "that such wrong could be done him,—he would not believe it." He then besought Hernando Pizarro to grant him an interview. That cavalier, not unwilling, it would seem, to witness the agony of his captive, consented; and Almagro was so humbled by his misfortunes that he descended to beg for his life with the most piteous supplications. He reminded Hernando of his ancient relations with his brother, and the good offices he had rendered him and his family in the earlier part of their career. He touched on his acknowledged services to his country, and besought his enemy "to spare his gray hairs, and not to deprive him of the short remnant of an existence from which he had now nothing more to fear." To this the other coldly replied that "he was surprised to see Almagro demean himself in a manner so unbecoming a brave cavalier; that his fate was no worse than had befallen many a soldier before him; and that, since God had given him the grace to be a Christian, he should employ his remaining moments in making up his account with Heaven!"¹⁹

But Almagro was not to be silenced. He urged the service he had rendered Hernando himself. "This was a hard requital," he said, "for having spared

¹⁷ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 4. cap. 9.

¹⁸ "De tal manera que los Ecrivanos no se davan manos, i à tenian escritas mas de dos mil hojas." *Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 7.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Conq. i Pob. del Piru, MS.—Carta de Gutierrez, MS.—Pedro

Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Espinall, MS.

¹⁹ "I que pues tuvo tanta gracia de Dios, que le hizo Christiano, ordenase su Alma, i temiese á Dios." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 5, cap. 1.

his life so recently under similar circumstances, and that, too, when he had been urged again and again by those around him to take it away.²⁰ And he concluded by menacing his enemy with the vengeance of the emperor, who would never suffer this outrage on one who had rendered such signal services to the crown to go unrequited. It was all in vain; and Hernando abruptly closed the conference by repeating that "his doom was inevitable, and he must prepare to meet it."²⁰

Almagro, finding that no impression was to be made on his iron-hearted conqueror, now seriously addressed himself to the settlement of his affairs. By the terms of the royal grant he was empowered to name his successor. He accordingly devolved his office on his son, appointing Diego de Alvarado, on whose integrity he had great reliance, administrator of the province during his minority. All his property and possessions in Peru, of whatever kind, he devised to his master the emperor, assuring him that a large balance was still due to him in his unsettled accounts with Pizarro. By this politic bequest he hoped to secure the monarch's protection for his son, as well as a strict scrutiny into the affairs of his enemy.

The knowledge of Almagro's sentence produced a deep sensation in the community of Cuzco. All were amazed at the presumption with which one armed with a little brief authority ventured to sit in judgment on a person of Almagro's station. There were few who did not call to mind some generous or good-natured act of the unfortunate veteran. Even those who had furnished materials for the accusation, now startled by the tragic result to which it was to lead, were heard to denounce Hernando's conduct as that of a tyrant. Some of the principal cavaliers, and among them Diego de Alvarado, to whose intercession, as we have seen, Hernando Pizarro, when a captive, had owed his own life, waited on that commander and endeavoured to dissuade him from so high-handed and atrocious a proceeding. It was in vain. But it had the effect of changing the mode of the execution, which, instead of the public square, was now to take place in prison.²¹

On the day appointed, a strong corps of arquebusiers was drawn up in the *plaza*. The guards were doubled over the houses where dwelt the principal partisans of Almagro. The executioner, attended by a priest, stealthily entered his prison; and the unhappy man, after confessing and receiving the sacrament, submitted without resistance to the *garrote*. Thus obscurely, in the gloomy silence of a dungeon, perished the hero of a hundred battles! His corpse was removed to the great square of the city, where, in obedience to the sentence, the head was severed from the body. A herald proclaimed aloud the nature of the crimes for which he had suffered; and his remains, rolled in their bloody shroud, were borne to the house of his friend Hernan Ponce de Leon, and the next day laid with all due solemnity in the church of Our

²⁰—Herrera, Hist. general, ubi supra.—The marshal appealed from the sentence of his judges to the crown, supplicating his conqueror (says the treasurer Espinall, in his letter to the emperor) in terms that would have touched the heart of an infidel: "De la qual el dicho Adelantado apelo para ante V. M. i le rogo que por amor de Dios hincado de rodillas le otorgase el apelacion, diciendole que mirase sus canas e vejez e quanto havia servido á V. M. i qe el havia sido el primer escalon para que el i sus hermanos subiesen en el estado en que estaban, i diciendole otras muchas palabras de dolor e compasion que despues de muerto supe que dixo, que á qual-

quier hombre, aunque fuera infiel, moviera á piedad." Carta, MS.

²¹ Carta de Espinall, MS.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1538.—Bishop Valverde, as he assures the emperor, remonstrated with Francisco Pizarro in Lima against allowing violence towards the marshal, urging it on him, as an imperative duty, to go himself at once to Cuzco and set him at liberty. "It was too grave a matter," he rightly added, "to trust to a third party." (Carta al Emperador, MS.) The treasurer Espinall, then in Cuzco, made a similar ineffectual attempt to turn Hernando from his purpose.

Lady of Mercy. The Pizarros appeared among the principal mourners. It was remarked that their brother had paid similar honours to the memory of Atahualpa.²²

Almagro, at the time of his death, was probably not far from seventy years of age. But this is somewhat uncertain; for Almagro was a foundling, and his early history is lost in obscurity.²³ He had many excellent qualities by nature; and his defects, which were not few, may reasonably be palliated by the circumstances of his situation. For what extenuation is not authorized by the position of a *foundling*,—without parents, or early friends, or teacher to direct him,—his little bark set adrift on the ocean of life, to take its chance among the rude billows and breakers, without one friendly hand stretched forth to steer or to save it! The name of “foundling” comprehends an apology for much, very much, that is wrong in after-life.²⁴

He was a man of strong passions, and not too well used to control them.²⁵ But he was neither vindictive nor habitually cruel. I have mentioned one atrocious outrage which he committed on the natives. But insensibility to the rights of the Indian he shared with many a better-instructed Spaniard. Yet the Indians, after his conviction, bore testimony to his general humanity, by declaring that they had no such friend among the white men.²⁶ Indeed, far from being vindictive, he was placable, and easily yielded to others. The facility with which he yielded, the result of good-natured credulity, made him too often the dupe of the crafty; and it showed, certainly, a want of that self-reliance which belongs to great strength of character. Yet his facility of temper, and the generosity of his nature, made him popular with his followers. No commander was ever more beloved by his soldiers. His generosity was often carried to prodigality. When he entered on the campaign of Chili, he lent a hundred thousand gold ducats to the poorer cavaliers to equip themselves, and afterwards gave them up the debt.²⁷ He was profuse to ostentation. But his extravagance did him no harm among the roving spirits of the camp, with whom prodigality is apt to gain more favour than a strict and well-regulated economy.

He was a good soldier, careful and judicious in his plans, patient and intrepid in their execution. His body was covered with the scars of his battles, till the natural plainness of his person was converted almost into deformity. He must not be judged by his closing campaign, when, depressed by disease, he yielded to the superior genius of his rival, but by his numerous expeditions by land and by water for the conquest of Peru and the remote Chili. Yet it may be doubted whether he possessed those uncommon qualities, either as a

²² Carta de Espinall, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, loc. cit.—Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS.—Carta de Gutierrez, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1538.—The date of Almagro's execution is not given,—a strange omission, but of little moment, as that event must have followed soon on the condemnation.

²³ *Ante*, p. 92.

²⁴ Montesinos, for want of a better pedigree, says, “He was the son of his own great deeds, and such has been the parentage of many a famous hero!” (Annales, MS., año 1538.) It would go hard with a Castilian if he could not make out something like a genealogy,—however shadowy.

²⁵ “Hera un hombre muy profano, de muy mala lengua, que en enojandose tratava muy

mal á todos los que con el andavan aunque fuesen cavaleros.” (Descub. y Conq., MS.) It is the portrait drawn by an enemy.

²⁶ “Los Indios lloraban amargamente, diciendo, que de él nunca recibieron mal tratamiento.” Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 5, cap. 1.

²⁷ If we may credit Herrera, he distributed a hundred and eighty loads of silver and twenty of gold among his followers: “Mando sacar de su Poçada mas de ciento ochenta cargas de Plata i veinte de Oro, i las repartiò.” (Dec. 5, lib. 7, cap. 9.) A load was what a man could easily carry. Such a statement taxes our credulity; but it is difficult to set the proper limits to one's credulity in what relates to this land of gold.

warrior or as a man, that, in ordinary circumstances, would have raised him to distinction. He was one of the three, or, to speak more strictly, of the two, associates who had the good fortune and the glory to make one of the most splendid discoveries in the Western World. He shares largely in the credit of this with Pizarro; for when he did not accompany that leader in his perilous expeditions he contributed no less to their success by his exertions in the colonies.

Yet his connection with that chief can hardly be considered a fortunate circumstance in his career. A partnership between individuals for discovery and conquest is not likely to be very scrupulously observed, especially by men more accustomed to govern others than to govern themselves. If causes for discord do not arise before, they will be sure to spring up on division of the spoil. But this association was particularly ill assorted. For the free, sanguine, and confiding temper of Almagro was no match for the cool and crafty policy of Pizarro; and he was invariably circumvented by his companion whenever their respective interests came in collision.

Still, the final ruin of Almagro may be fairly imputed to himself. He made two capital blunders. The first was his appeal to arms by the seizure of Cuzco. The determination of a boundary-line was not to be settled by arms. It was a subject for arbitration; and if arbitrators could not be trusted it should have been referred to the decision of the crown. But, having once appealed to arms, he should not then have resorted to negotiation,—above all, to negotiation with Pizarro. This was his second and greatest error. He had seen enough of Pizarro to know that he was not to be trusted. Almagro did trust him; and he paid for it with his life.

CHAPTER III.

PIZARRO REVISITS CUZCO.—HERNANDO RETURNS TO CASTILE.—HIS LONG IMPRISONMENT.—COMMISSIONER SENT TO PERU.—HOSTILITIES WITH THE INCA.—PIZARRO'S ACTIVE ADMINISTRATION.—GONZALO PIZARRO.

1539-1540

ON the departure of his brother in pursuit of Almagro, the Marquis Francisco Pizarro, as we have seen, returned to Lima. There he anxiously awaited the result of the campaign; and on receiving the welcome tidings of the victory of Las Salinas he instantly made preparations for his march to Cuzco. At Xauxa, however, he was long detained by the distracted state of the country, and still longer, as it would seem, by a reluctance to enter the Peruvian capital while the trial of Almagro was pending.

He was met at Xauxa by the marshal's son Diego, who had been sent to the coast by Hernando Pizarro. The young man was filled with the most gloomy apprehensions respecting his father's fate, and he besought the governor not to allow his brother to do him any violence. Pizarro, who received Diego with much apparent kindness, bade him take heart, as no harm should come to his father;¹ adding that he trusted their ancient friendship would soon be renewed. The youth, comforted by these assurances, took his way to Lima, where, by Pizarro's orders, he was received into his house and treated as a son.

¹ "I dixo, que no tuviese ninguna pena, muerto." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 3.

The same assurances respecting the marshal's safety were given by the governor to Bishop Valverde, and some of the principal cavaliers who interested themselves in behalf of the prisoner.² Still Pizarro delayed his march to the capital; and when he resumed it he had advanced no farther than the Rio de Abanceay when he received tidings of the death of his rival. He appeared greatly shocked by the intelligence. His whole frame was agitated, and he remained for some time with his eyes bent on the ground, showing signs of strong emotion.³

Such is the account given by his friends. A more probable version of the matter represents him to have been perfectly aware of the state of things at Cuzco. When the trial was concluded, it is said, he received a message from Hernando, inquiring what was to be done with the prisoner. He answered in a few words:—"Deal with him so that he shall give us no more trouble."⁴ It is also stated that Hernando afterwards, when labouring under the obloquy caused by Almagro's death, shielded himself under instructions affirmed to have been received from the governor.⁵ It is quite certain that during his long residence at Xauxa the latter was in constant communication with Cuzco, and that had he, as Valverde repeatedly urged him,⁶ quickened his march to that capital, he might easily have prevented the consummation of the tragedy. As commander-in-chief, Almagro's fate was in his hands; and, whatever his own partisans may affirm of his innocence, the impartial judgment of history must hold him equally accountable with Hernando for the death of his associate.

Neither did his subsequent conduct show any remorse for these proceedings. He entered Cuzco, says one who was present there to witness it, amidst the flourish of clarions and trumpets, at the head of his martial cavalcade, and dressed in the rich suit presented him by Cortés, with the proud bearing and joyous mien of a conqueror.⁷ When Diego de Alvarado applied to him for the government of the southern provinces, in the name of the young Almagro, whom his father, as we have seen, had consigned to his protection, Pizarro answered that "the marshal, by his rebellion, had forfeited all claims to the government." And when he was still further urged by the cavalier, he bluntly broke off the conversation by declaring that "his own territory covered all on this side of Flanders!"⁸—intimating, no doubt, by this magnificent vaunt that he would endure no rival on this side of the water.

In the same spirit, he had recently sent to supersede Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, who, he was informed, aspired to an independent government. Pizarro's emissary had orders to send the offending captain to Lima; but

² "Que lo haria asi como lo decia, i que su deseo no era otro, sino ver el Reino en paz; i que en lo que tocaba al Adelantado, perdiese cuidado, que bolevria á tener el antigua amistad con él." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 4, cap. 9.

³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—He even shed many tears, *derramó muchas lagrimas*, according to Herrera, who evidently gives him small credit for them. *Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 7.—Conf. lib. 5, cap. 1.

⁴ "Respondió, que hiciese de manera, que el Adelantado no los pusiese en mas alborotos." (*Ibid.*, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 7.) "De todo esto," says Espinall, "fue sabidor el dicho Governador Pizarro á lo que mi juicio i el de otros que en ello quisieron mirar alcanzo." Carta de Espinall, MS.

⁵ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 5, cap. 1. —Herrera's testimony is little short of that of a contemporary, since it was derived, he tells us, from the correspondence of the Conquerors, and the accounts given him by their own sons. Lib. 6, cap. 7.

⁶ Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS. ⁷ "En este medio tiempo vino á la dicha ciudad del Cuzco el Governador D. Francisco Pizarro, el qual entro con tronpetas i chirimias vestido con ropa de martas que fue el luto con que entro." Carta de Espinall, MS.

⁸ Carta de Espinall, MS.—"Muy asperamente le respondió el Governador, diciendo, que su Governacion no tenia Termino, i que llegaba hasta Flandes." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 7.

Benalcázar, after pushing his victorious career far into the north, had returned to Castile to solicit his guerdon from the emperor.

To the complaints of the injured natives who invoked his protection he showed himself strangely insensible, while the followers of Almagro he treated with undisguised contempt. The estates of the leaders were confiscated, and transferred without ceremony to his own partisans. Hernando had made attempts to conciliate some of the opposite faction by acts of liberality, but they had refused to accept anything from the man whose hands were stained with the blood of their commander.⁹ The governor offered them no such encouragement; and many were reduced to such abject poverty that, too proud to expose their wretchedness to the eyes of their conquerors, they withdrew from the city and sought a retreat among the neighbouring mountains.¹⁰

For his own brothers he provided by such ample *repartimientos* as excited the murmurs of his adherents. He appointed Gonzalo to the command of a strong force destined to act against the natives of Charcas, a hardy people occupying the territory assigned by the crown to Almagro. Gonzalo met with a sturdy resistance, but, after some severe fighting, succeeded in reducing the province to obedience. He was recompensed, together with Hernando, who aided him in the conquest, by a large grant in the neighbourhood of Porco, the productive mines of which had been partially wrought under the Incas. The territory thus situated embraced part of those silver hills of Potosí which have since supplied Europe with such stores of the precious metals. Hernando comprehended the capabilities of the ground, and he began working the mines on a more extensive scale than that hitherto adopted; though it does not appear that any attempt was then made to penetrate the rich crust of Potosí.¹¹ A few years more were to elapse before the Spaniards were to bring to light the silver-quarries that lay hidden in the bosom of its mountains.¹²

It was now the great business of Hernando to collect a sufficient quantity of treasure to take with him to Castile. Nearly a year had elapsed since Almagro's death; and it was full time that he should return and present himself at court, where Diego de Alvarado and other friends of the marshal, who had long since left Peru, were industriously maintaining the claims of the younger Almagro, as well as demanding redress for the wrongs done to his father. But Hernando looked confidently to his gold to dispel the accusations against him.

Before his departure, he counselled his brother to beware of the "men of Chili," as Almagro's followers were called,—desperate men, who would stick at nothing, he said, for revenge. He besought the governor not to allow them to consort together in any number within fifty miles of his person: if he did, it would be fatal to him. And he concluded by recommending a strong body-guard; "for I," he added, "shall not be here to watch over you." But the

⁹ "Avia querido hazer amigos de los principales de Chile, y ofreciéndoles daria rrepartimientos y no lo avian aceptado ni querido." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹⁰ "Viéndolas oy en día, muertos de hambre, fechos pedazos e adendados, andando por los montes desesperados por no parecer ante gentes, porque no tienen otra cosa que se vestir sino ropa de los Indios, ni dineros con que lo comprar." Carta de Espinall, MS.

¹¹ "Con la quietud," writes Hernando Pizarro to the emperor, "questa tierra agora tiene han descubierto I descubren cada día los vecinos muchas minas ricas de oro I plata, de que los

quintos I rentas reales de V. M. cada día se le ofrecen I hacer casa á todo el Mundo." Carta al Emperador, MS., de Puerto Viejo, 6 de Julio, 1539.

¹² Carta de Carbajal al Emperador, MS., del Cuzco, 3 de Nov. 1539.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1539.—The story is well known of the manner in which the mines of Potosí were discovered by an Indian, who pulled a bush out of the ground to the fibres of which a quantity of silver globules was attached. The mine was not registered till 1545. The account is given by Acosta, lib. 4, cap. 6.

governor laughed at the idle fears, as he termed them, of his brother, bidding the latter take no thought of him, "as every hair in the heads of Almagro's followers was a guarantee for his safety."¹³ He did not know the character of his enemies so well as Hernando.

The latter soon after embarked at Lima, in the summer of 1539. He did not take the route of Panamá, for he had heard that it was the intention of the authorities there to detain him. He made a circuitous passage, therefore, by way of Mexico, landing in the Bay of Tehuantepec, and was making his way across the narrow strip that divides the great oceans, when he was arrested and taken to the capital. But the Viceroy Mendoza did not consider that he had a right to detain him, and he was suffered to embark at Vera Cruz and to proceed on his voyage. Still, he did not deem it safe to trust himself in Spain without further advices. He accordingly put in at one of the Azores, where he remained until he could communicate with home. He had some powerful friends at court, and by them he was encouraged to present himself before the emperor. He took their advice, and, shortly after, reached the Spanish coast in safety.¹⁴

The court was at Valladolid; but Hernando, who made his entrance into that city with great pomp and a display of his Indian riches, met with a reception colder than he had anticipated.¹⁵ For this he was mainly indebted to Diego de Alvarado, who was then residing there, and who, as a cavalier of honourable standing and of high connections, had considerable influence. He had formerly, as we have seen, by his timely interposition, more than once saved the life of Hernando; and he had consented to receive a pecuniary obligation from him to a large amount. But all was now forgotten in the recollection of the wrong done to his commander; and, true to the trust reposed in him by that chief in his dying hour, he had come to Spain to vindicate the claims of the young Almagro.

But, although coldly received at first, Hernando's presence, and his own version of the dispute with Almagro, aided by the golden arguments which he dealt with no stinted hand, checked the current of indignation, and the opinion of his judges seemed for a time suspended. Alvarado, a cavalier more accustomed to the prompt and decisive action of a camp than to the tortuous intrigues of a court, chafed at the delay, and challenged Hernando to settle their quarrel by single combat. But his prudent adversary had no desire to leave the issue to such an ordeal; and the affair was speedily terminated by the death of Alvarado himself, which happened five days after the challenge. An event so opportune naturally suggested the suspicion of poison.¹⁶

But his accusations had not wholly fallen to the ground; and Hernando Pizarro had carried measures with too high a hand, and too grossly outraged public sentiment, to be permitted to escape. He received no formal sentence, but he was imprisoned in the strong fortress of Medina del Campo, where he was allowed to remain for twenty years, when in 1560, after a generation had nearly passed away, and time had in some measure thrown its softening veil

¹³ Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 10.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 3, cap. 12.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 142.—"No consenta vuestra señoría que se junten diez juntos en cinquenta leguas alrededor de adonde vuestra señoría estuviere, porque si los dexa juntar le an de matar. Si á Vuestra Señoría matan, yo negociare mal y de vuestra señoría no quedara memoria. Estas palabras dixo Hernando Pizarro altas que todos le oymos. Y abraçando al marquez se partio y

se fue." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

¹⁴ Carta de Hernando Pizarro al Emperador, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 10.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1539.

¹⁵ Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 143.

¹⁶ "Pero todo lo atajó la repentina muerte de Diego de Alvarado, que sucedió luego en cinco dias, no sin sospecha de veneno." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 2.

over the past, he was suffered to regain his liberty.¹⁷ But he came forth an aged man, bent down with infirmities and broken in spirit,—an object of pity rather than indignation. Rarely has retributive justice been meted out in fuller measure to offenders so high in authority,—most rarely in Castile.¹⁸

Yet Hernando bore this long imprisonment with an equanimity which, had it been founded on principle, might command our respect. He saw brothers and kindred, all on whom he leaned for support, cut off one after another; his fortune in part confiscated, while he was involved in expensive litigation for the remainder;¹⁹ his fame blighted, his career closed in an untimely hour, himself an exile in the heart of his own country; yet he bore it all with the constancy of a courageous spirit. Though very old when released, he still survived several years, and continued to the extraordinary age of a hundred.²⁰ He lived long enough to see friends, rivals, and foes all called away to their account before him.

Hernando Pizarro was in many respects a remarkable character. He was the eldest of the brothers, to whom he was related only by the father's side, for he was born in wedlock, of honourable parentage on both sides of his house. In his early years he received a good education,—good for the time. He was taken by his father, while quite young, to Italy, and there learned the art of war under the Great Captain. Little is known of his history after his return to Spain; but, when his brother had struck out for himself his brilliant career of discovery in Peru, Hernando consented to take part in his adventures.

He was much deferred to by Francisco, not only as his elder brother, but from his superior education and his knowledge of affairs. He was ready in his perceptions, fruitful in resources, and possessed of great vigour in action. Though courageous, he was cautious; and his counsels, when not warped by passion, were wise and wary. But he had other qualities, which more than counterbalanced the good resulting from excellent parts and attainments. His ambition and avarice were insatiable. He was supercilious even to his equals; and he had a vindictive temper, which nothing could appease. Thus, instead of aiding his brother in the Conquest, he was the evil genius that blighted his path. He conceived from the first an unwarrantable contempt for Almagro, whom he regarded as his brother's rival, instead of what he then was, the faithful partner of his fortunes. He treated him with personal indignity, and, by his intrigues at court, had the means of doing him sensible injury. He fell into Almagro's hands, and had nearly paid for these wrongs with his life. This was not to be forgiven by Hernando, and he coolly waited for the hour of revenge. Yet the execution of Almagro was a most impolitic act; for an evil passion can rarely be gratified with impunity. Hernando thought to buy off justice with the gold of Peru. He had studied human

¹⁷ This date is established by Quintana, from a legal process instituted by Hernando's grandson, in vindication of the title of Marquis, in the year 1625.

¹⁸ Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Pizarro y Orellana, *Varones ilustres*, p. 341.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1539.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 142.

¹⁹ Caro de Torres gives a royal *cédula* in reference to the working of the silver-mines of Porco, still owned by Hernando Pizarro, in 1556; and another document of nearly the same date, noticing his receipt of ten thousand ducats by the fleet from Peru. (*Historia de las Ordenes militares*, Madrid, 1629, p. 144.) Hernando's grandson was created by Philip IV.

Marquis of the Conquest, *Marques de la Conquista*, with a liberal pension from government. Pizarro y Orellana, *Varones ilustres*, p. 342, and *Discurso*, p. 72.

²⁰ "Multos da, Jupiter, annos,"

the greatest boon, in Pizarro y Orellana's opinion, that Heaven can confer! "Dióle Dios, por todo, el premio mayor desta vida, pues fue tan larga, que excedió de cien años." (*Varones ilustres*, p. 342.) According to the same somewhat partial authority, Hernando died, as he had lived, in the odour of sanctity! "Viviendo aprender a morir, y saber morir, quando llegó la muerte."

nature on its weak and wicked side, and he expected to profit by it. Fortunately, he was deceived. He had, indeed, his revenge; but the hour of his revenge was that of his ruin.

The disorderly state of Peru was such as to demand the immediate interposition of the crown. In the general license that prevailed there, the rights of the Indian and of the Spaniard were equally trampled under foot. Yet the subject was one of great difficulty; for Pizarro's authority was now firmly established over the country, which itself was too remote from Castile to be readily controlled at home. Pizarro, moreover, was a man not easy to be approached, confident in his own strength, jealous of interference, and possessed of a fiery temper, which would kindle into a flame at the least distrust of the government. It would not answer to send out a commission to suspend him from the exercise of his authority until his conduct could be investigated, as was done with Cortés and other great colonial officers, on whose rooted loyalty the crown could confidently rely. Pizarro's loyalty sat, it was feared, too lightly on him to be a powerful restraint on his movements; and there were not wanting those among his reckless followers who in case of extremity would be prompt to urge him to throw off his allegiance altogether and set up an independent government for himself.

Some one was to be sent out, therefore, who should possess in some sort a controlling, or at least concurrent, power with the dangerous chief, while ostensibly he should act only in subordination to him. The person selected for this delicate mission was the Licentiate Vaca de Castro, a member of the Royal Audience of Valladolid. He was a learned judge, a man of integrity and wisdom, and, though not bred to arms, had so much address and such knowledge of character as would enable him readily to turn the resources of others to his own account.

His commission was guarded in a way which showed the embarrassment of the government. He was to appear before Pizarro in the capacity of a royal judge; to consult with him on the redress of grievances, especially with reference to the unfortunate natives; to concert measures for the prevention of future evils; and, above all, to possess himself faithfully of the condition of the country in all its details, and to transmit intelligence of it to the court of Castile. But in case of Pizarro's death he was to produce his warrant as royal governor, and as such to claim the obedience of the authorities throughout the land. Events showed the wisdom of providing for this latter contingency.²¹

The licentiate, thus commissioned, quitted his quiet residence at Valladolid, embarked at Seville in the autumn of 1540, and, after a tedious voyage across the Atlantic, he traversed the Isthmus, and, encountering a succession of tempests on the Pacific that had nearly sent his frail bark to the bottom, put in with her, a mere wreck, at the northerly port of Buenaventura.²² The affairs of the country were in a state to require his presence.

The civil war which had lately distracted the land had left it in so unsettled a state that the agitation continued long after the immediate cause had ceased. This was especially the case among the natives. In the violent transfer of

²¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 146.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 9.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1540.—This latter writer sees nothing short of a "divine mystery" in this forecast of government, so singularly sustained by events: "prevencion del gran espíritu del Rey, no sin misterio." Ubi

supra.

²² Or, as the port should rather be called, *Mala Ventura*, as Pedro Pizarro punningly remarks: "Tuvo tan mal viaje en la mar que vbo de desembarcar en la Buena Ventura, aunque yo la llamo Mala." *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.

repartimientos, the poor Indian hardly knew to whom he was to look as his master. The fierce struggles between the rival chieftains left him equally in doubt whom he was to regard as the rulers of the land. As to the authority of a common sovereign, across the waters, paramount over all, he held that in still greater distrust; for what was the authority which could not command the obedience even of its own vassals? ²³ The Inca Manco was not slow in taking advantage of this state of feeling. He left his obscure fastnesses in the depths of the Andes, and established himself with a strong body of followers in the mountain-country lying between Cuzco and the coast. From this retreat he made descents on the neighbouring plantations, destroying the houses, sweeping off the cattle, and massacring the people. He fell on travellers as they were journeying singly or in caravans from the coast, and put them to death—it is told by his enemies—with cruel tortures. Single detachments were sent against him from time to time, but without effect. Some he eluded, others he defeated, and on one occasion cut off a party of thirty troopers, to a man. ²⁴

At length Pizarro found it necessary to send a considerable force under his brother Gonzalo against the Inca. The hardy Indian encountered his enemy several times in the rough passes of the Cordilleras. He was usually beaten, and sometimes with heavy loss, which he repaired with astonishing facility; for he always contrived to make his escape, and so true were his followers that, in defiance of pursuit and ambuscade, he found a safe shelter in the secret haunts of the sierra.

Thus baffled, Pizarro determined to try the effect of pacific overtures. He sent to the Inca, both in his own name and in that of the Bishop of Cuzco, whom the Peruvian prince held in reverence, to invite him to enter into negotiation. ²⁵ Manco acquiesced, and indicated, as he had formerly done with Almagro, the valley of Yucaj as the scene of it. The governor repaired thither at the appointed time, well guarded, and, to propitiate the barbarian monarch, sent him a rich present by the hands of an African slave. The slave was met on the route by a party of the Inca's men, who, whether with or without their master's orders, cruelly murdered him, and bore off the spoil to their quarters. Pizarro resented this outrage by another yet more atrocious.

Among the Indian prisoners was one of the Inca's wives, a young and beautiful woman, to whom he was said to be fondly attached. The governor ordered her to be stripped naked, bound to a tree, and, in presence of the camp, to be scourged with rods and then shot to death with arrows. The wretched victim bore the execution of the sentence with surprising fortitude. She did not beg for mercy, where none was to be found. Not a complaint, scarcely a groan, escaped her under the infliction of these terrible torments.

²³ "Piensan que les mienten los que aca les dizen que al un gran Señor en Castilla, viendo quejaca pelean unos capitanes contra otros; y piensan que no al otro Rei sino aquel que venze al otro, porquejaca entrellos no se acostumbra que un capitan pelee contra otro, estando entrambos debaxo de un Señor." Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS.

²⁴ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 6, cap. 7.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Espinall, MS.—Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS.

²⁵ The Inca declined the interview with the bishop, on the ground that he had seen him pay obeisance by taking off his cap to Pizarro. It proved his inferiority to the latter, he said,

and that he could never protect him against the governor. The passage in which this is related is curious. "Preguntando á indios del inca que anda alzado que si sabe el inca que yo soi venido á la tierra en nombre de S. M. para defendellos, dixo que mui bien lo sabia; y preguntado que porque no se benia á mi de paz, dixo el indio que dezia el inca que porque yo quando vine hize la mocha al gobernador, que quiere dezir que le quité el bonete, que no queria venir á mi de paz; que él no havia de venir de paz sino á uno que viñese de castilla que no hiziese la mocha al gobernador, porque le parezca á él que este lo podrá defender por lo que ha hecho y no otro." Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS.

The iron Conquerors were amazed at this power of endurance in a delicate woman, and they expressed their admiration, while they condemned the cruelty of their commander—in their hearts.²⁶ Yet constancy under the most excruciating tortures that human cruelty can inflict is the almost universal characteristic of the American Indian.

Pizarro now prepared, as the most effectual means of checking these disorders among the natives, to establish settlements in the heart of the disaffected country. These settlements, which received the dignified name of cities, might be regarded in the light of military colonies. The houses were usually built of stone, to which were added the various public offices, and sometimes a fortress. A municipal corporation was organized. Settlers were invited by the distribution of large tracts of land in the neighbourhood, with a stipulated number of Indian vassals to each. The soldiers then gathered there, sometimes accompanied by their wives and families; for the women of Castile seem to have disdained the impediments of sex, in the ardour of conjugal attachment, or, it may be, of romantic adventure. A populous settlement rapidly grew up in the wilderness, affording protection to the surrounding territory, and furnishing a commercial depôt for the country, and an armed force ready at all times to maintain public order.

Such a settlement was that now made at Guamanga, midway between Cuzco and Lima, which effectually answered its purpose by guarding the communications with the coast.²⁷ Another town was founded in the mining-district of Charcas, under the appropriate name of the Villa de la Plata, the "City of Silver." And Pizarro, who journeyed by a circuitous route along the shores of the Southern sea towards Lima, established the city of Arequipa, since arisen to such commercial celebrity.

Once more in his favourite capital of Lima, the governor found abundant occupation in attending to its municipal concerns and in providing for the expansive growth of its population. Nor was he unmindful of the other rising settlements on the Pacific. He encouraged commerce with the remoter colonies north of Peru, and took measures for facilitating internal intercourse. He stimulated industry in all its branches, paying great attention to husbandry, and importing seeds of the different European grains, which he had the satisfaction, in a short time, to see thriving luxuriantly in a country where the variety of soil and climate afforded a home for almost every product.²⁸ Above all, he promoted the working of the mines, which already began to make such returns that the most common articles of life rose to exorbitant prices, while the precious metals themselves seemed the only things of little value. But they soon changed hands, and found their way to the mother-country, where they rose to their true level as they mingled with the general currency of Europe. The Spaniards found that they had at length reached the land of which they had been so long in search,—the land of gold and

²⁶ At least we may presume they did so, since they openly condemn him in their accounts of the transaction. I quote Pedro Pizarro, not disposed to criticise the conduct of his general too severely: "Se tomo una muger de mango ynga que le quería mucho y se guardo, creyendo que por ella saldría de paz. Esta muger mando matar al marquez despues en Yucaj, haziendola varear con varas y flechar con flechas por una burla que mango ynga le hizo que aqui contare, y entiendo yo que por esta crueldad y otra hermana del ynga que mando matar en Lima quando los yndios pusieron cerco sobrela que se llamava

Acarpay, me parece á mi que nuestro señor le castigo en el fin que tuvo." Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁷ Cieza de Leon notices the uncommon beauty and solidity of the buildings at Guamanga: "La qual han edificado las mayores y mejores casas que ay en todo el Peru, todas de piedra, ladrillo, y teja, con grandes torres: de manera que no falta aposentos. La plaza esta llana y bien grande." Cronica, cap. 87.

²⁸ "I con que lá començaba à haver en aquellas Tierras cosecha de Trigo, Cevada, y otras muchas cosas de Castilla." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 10, cap. 2.

silver. Emigrants came in greater numbers to the country, and, spreading over its surface, formed in the increasing population the most effectual barrier against the rightful owners of the soil.²⁹

Pizarro, strengthened by the arrival of fresh adventurers, now turned his attention to the remoter quarters of the country. Pedro de Valdivia was sent on his memorable expedition to Chili; and to his own brother Gonzalo the governor assigned the territory of Quito, with instructions to explore the unknown country towards the east, where, as report said, grew the cinnamon. As this chief, who had hitherto acted but a subordinate part in the Conquest, is henceforth to take the most conspicuous, it may be as well to give some account of him.

Little is known of his early life, for he sprang from the same obscure origin with Francisco, and seems to have been as little indebted as his elder brother to the fostering care of his parents. He entered early on the career of a soldier,—a career to which every man in that iron age, whether cavalier or vagabond, seems, if left to himself, to have most readily inclined. Here he soon distinguished himself by his skill in martial exercises, was an excellent horseman, and, when he came to the New World, was esteemed the best lance in Peru.³⁰

In talent and in expansion of views he was inferior to his brothers. Neither did he discover the same cool and crafty policy; but he was equally courageous, and in the execution of his measures quite as unscrupulous. He had a handsome person, with open, engaging features, a free, soldier-like address, and a confiding temper, which endeared him to his followers. His spirit was high and adventurous, and, what was equally important, he could inspire others with the same spirit, and thus do much to insure the success of his enterprises. He was an excellent captain in guerilla warfare, an admirable leader in doubtful and difficult expeditions; but he had not the enlarged capacity for a great military chief, still less for a civil ruler. It was his misfortune to be called to fill both situations.

CHAPTER IV.

GONZALO PIZARRO'S EXPEDITION—PASSAGE ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—DISCOVERS THE NAPO—INCREDIBLE SUFFERINGS—ORELLANA SAILS DOWN THE AMAZON—DESPAIR OF THE SPANIARDS—THE SURVIVORS RETURN TO QUITO.

1540-1542.

GONZALO PIZARRO received the news of his appointment to the government of Quito with undisguised pleasure; not so much for the possession that it gave him of this ancient Indian province, as for the field that it opened for discovery towards the east,—the fabled land of Oriental spices, which had long captivated the imagination of the Conquerors. He repaired to his government without delay, and found no difficulty in awakening a kindred enthusiasm to

²⁹ Carta de Carvajal al Emperador, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., años 1539 et 1541.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 7, cap. 1.—Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 76 et alibi.

³⁰ The cavalier Pizarro y Orellana has given

biographical notices of each of the brothers. It requires no witchcraft to detect that the blood of the Pizarros flowed in the veins of the writer to his finger's ends. Yet his facts are less suspicious than his inferences.

his own in the bosoms of his followers. In a short time he mustered three hundred and fifty Spaniards and four thousand Indians. One hundred and fifty of his company were mounted, and all were equipped in the most thorough manner for the undertaking. He provided, moreover, against famine by a large stock of provisions, and an immense drove of swine which followed in the rear.¹

It was the beginning of 1540 when he set out on this celebrated expedition. The first part of the journey was attended with comparatively little difficulty, while the Spaniards were yet in the land of the Incas; for the distractions of Peru had not been felt in this distant province, where the simple people still lived as under the primitive sway of the Children of the Sun. But the scene changed as they entered the territory of Quixos, where the character of the inhabitants, as well as of the climate, seemed to be of another description. The country was traversed by lofty ranges of the Andes, and the adventurers were soon entangled in their deep and intricate passes. As they rose into the more elevated regions, the icy winds that swept down the sides of the Cordilleras benumbed their limbs, and many of the natives found a wintry grave in the wilderness. While crossing this formidable barrier, they experienced one of those tremendous earthquakes which, in these volcanic regions, so often shake the mountains to their base. In one place, the earth was rent asunder by the terrible throes of Nature, while streams of sulphurous vapour issued from the cavity, and a village with some hundreds of houses was precipitated into the frightful abyss!²

On descending the eastern slopes, the climate changed; and as they came on the lower level the fierce cold was succeeded by a suffocating heat, while tempests of thunder and lightning, rushing from out the gorges of the sierra, poured on their heads with scarcely any intermission day or night, as if the offended deities of the place were willing to take vengeance on the invaders of their mountain-solitudes. For more than six weeks the deluge continued unabated, and the forlorn wanderers, wet, and weary with incessant toil, were scarcely able to drag their limbs along the soil broken up and saturated with the moisture. After some months of toilsome travel, in which they had to cross many a morass and mountain-stream, they at length reached *Canelas*, the Land of Cinnamon.³ They saw the trees bearing the precious bark, spreading out into broad forests; yet, however valuable an article for commerce it might have proved in accessible situations, in these remote regions it was of little worth to them. But, from the wandering tribes of savages whom they had occasionally met in their path, they learned that at ten days' distance was a rich and fruitful land abounding with gold and inhabited by populous nations. Gonzalo Pizarro had already reached the limits originally proposed for the expedition. But this intelligence renewed his hopes, and he resolved to push the adventure farther. It would have been well for him and his followers had they been content to return on their footsteps.

¹ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 6, 7.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 2.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 1, 2.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 143.—Montesinos, Annales, año 1539.—Historians differ as to the number of Gonzalo's forces,—of his men, his horses, and his hogs. The last, according to Herrera, amounted to no less than 5000; a goodly supply of bacon for so small a troop, since the Indians, doubtless, lived on parched corn, *coca*, which usually formed their only support on the longest

Journeys.

² Zarate states the number with precision at five hundred houses: "Sobrevino vn tan gran Terremoto, con temblor, i tempestad de Agua, i Relampagos, i Raios, i grandes Truenos, que abriendose la Tierra por muchas partes, se hundieron quinientas Casas." (Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 2.) There is nothing so satisfactory to the mind of the reader as precise numbers; and nothing so little deserving of his confidence.

³ *Canela* is the Spanish for cinnamon,

Continuing their march, the country now spread out into broad savannas terminated by forests which, as they drew near, seemed to stretch on every side to the very verge of the horizon. Here they beheld trees of that stupendous growth seen only in the equinoctial regions. Some were so large that sixteen men could hardly encompass them with extended arms!⁴ The wood was thickly matted with creepers and parasitical vines, which hung in gaudy-coloured festoons from tree to tree, clothing them in a drapery beautiful to the eye, but forming an impenetrable net-work. At every step of their way they were obliged to hew open a passage with their axes, while their garments, rotting from the effects of the drenching rains to which they had been exposed, caught in every bush and bramble, and hung about them in shreds.⁵ Their provisions, spoiled by the weather, had long since failed, and the live stock which they had taken with them had either been consumed or made their escape in the woods and mountain-passes. They had set out with nearly a thousand dogs, many of them of the ferocious breed used in hunting down the unfortunate natives. These they now gladly killed, but their miserable carcasses furnished a lean banquet for the famishing travellers; and when these were gone they had only such herbs and dangerous roots as they could gather in the forest.⁶

At length the way-worn company came on a broad expanse of water formed by the Napo, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, and which, though only a third or fourth-rate river in America, would pass for one of the first magnitude in the Old World. The sight gladdened their hearts, as by winding along its banks they hoped to find a safer and more practicable route. After traversing its borders for a considerable distance, closely beset with thickets which it taxed their strength to the utmost to overcome, Gonzalo and his party came within hearing of a rushing noise that sounded like subterranean thunder. The river, lashed into fury, tumbled along over rapids with frightful velocity, and conducted them to the brink of a magnificent cataract, which, to their wondering fancies, rushed down in one vast volume of foam to the depth of twelve hundred feet!⁷ The appalling sounds which they had heard for the

⁴ This, allowing six feet for the spread of a man's arms, would be about ninety-six feet in circumference, or thirty-two feet in diameter,—larger, probably, than the largest tree known in Europe. Yet it falls short of that famous giant of the forest mentioned by M. de Humboldt as still flourishing in the Intendencia of Oaxaca, which, by the exact measurement of a traveller in 1839, was found to be a hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground. This height may correspond with that of the measurement taken by the Spaniards. See a curious and learned article on Forest-trees in No. 124 of the North American Review.

⁵ The dramatist Molina, in his play of "*Las Amazonas en las Indias*," has devoted some dozen columns of *redondillas* to an account of the sufferings of his countrymen in the expedition to the Amazon. The poet reckoned confidently on the patience of his audience. The following verses describe the miserable condition to which the Spaniards were reduced by the incessant rains:

"Sin que el Sol en este tiempo
Su cara ver nos permita,
Ni las nubes tabernas

Cessen de echamos encima
Dilubios inagotables,
Que hasta el alma nos bautizan.
Cayeron los mas enfermos,
Porque las ropas podridas
Con el eterno agua vã,
Nos dexò en las carnes vivas."

⁶ Capitulation con Orellana, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 143.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 2.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 6, 7.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 2.—The last writer obtained his information, as he tells us, from several who were present in the expedition. The reader may be assured that it has lost nothing in coming through his hands.

⁷ "Al cabo de este largo camino hallaron que el rio havia vn salto de una peña de mas de dozientas braças de alto: que havia tan gran ruido, que lo oyeron mas de seys leguas antes que llegassen a el." (Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 3.) I find nothing to confirm or to confute the account of this stupendous cataract in later travellers, not very numerous in these wild regions. The alleged height of the falls, twice that of the

distance of six leagues were rendered yet more oppressive to the spirits by the gloomy stillness of the surrounding forests. The rude warriors were filled with sentiments of awe. Not a bark dimpled the waters. No living thing was to be seen but the wild tenants of the wilderness, the unwieldy boa, and the loathsome alligator basking on the borders of the stream. The trees towering in widespread magnificence towards the heavens, the river rolling on in its rocky bed as it had rolled for ages, the solitude and silence of the scene, broken only by the hoarse fall of waters or the faint rustling of the woods,—all seemed to spread out around them in the same wild and primitive state as when they came from the hands of the Creator.

For some distance above and below the falls, the bed of the river contracted so that its width did not exceed twenty feet. Sorely pressed by hunger, the adventurers determined, at all hazards, to cross to the opposite side, in hopes of finding a country that might afford them sustenance. A frail bridge was constructed by throwing the huge trunks of trees across the chasm, where the cliffs, as if split asunder by some convulsion of nature, descended sheer down a perpendicular depth of several hundred feet. Over this airy causeway the men and horses succeeded in effecting their passage, with the loss of a single Spaniard, who, made giddy by heedlessly looking down, lost his footing and fell into the boiling surges below.

Yet they gained little by the exchange. The country wore the same unpromising aspect, and the river-banks were studded with gigantic trees or fringed with impenetrable thickets. The tribes of Indians whom they occasionally met in the pathless wilderness were fierce and unfriendly, and they were engaged in perpetual skirmishes with them. From these they learned that a fruitful country was to be found down the river at the distance of only a few days' journey, and the Spaniards held on their weary way, still hoping and still deceived, as the promised land flitted before them, like the rainbow, receding as they advanced.

At length, spent with toil and suffering, Gonzalo resolved to construct a bark large enough to transport the weaker part of his company and his baggage. The forests furnished him with timber; the shoes of the horses which had died on the road or been slaughtered for food were converted into nails; gum distilled from the trees took the place of pitch; and the tattered garments of the soldiers supplied a substitute for oakum. It was a work of difficulty; but Gonzalo cheered his men in the task, and set an example by taking part in their labours. At the end of two months a brigantine was completed, rudely put together, but strong and of sufficient burden to carry half the company,—the first vessel constructed by Europeans that ever floated on these inland waters.

Gonzalo gave the command to Francisco de Orellana, a cavalier from Truxillo, on whose courage and devotion to himself he thought he could rely. The troops now moved forward, still following the descending course of the river, while the brigantine kept alongside; and when a bold promontory or more impracticable country intervened, it furnished timely aid by the transportation of the feebler soldiers. In this way they journeyed, for many a wearisome week, through the dreary wilderness on the borders of the Napo. Every scrap of provisions had been long since consumed. The last of their horses had been

great cataract of the Tequendama in the Bogotá, as measured by Humboldt, usually esteemed the highest in America, is not so great as that of some of the cascades thrown over the precipices in Switzerland. Yet the

estimates of the Spaniards, who, in the gloomy state of their feelings, were doubtless keenly alive to impressions of the sublime and the terrible, cannot safely be relied on.

devoured. To appease the gnawings of hunger, they were fain to eat the leather of their saddles and belts. The woods supplied them with scanty sustenance, and they greedily fed upon toads, serpents, and such other reptiles as they occasionally found.*

They were now told of a rich district, inhabited by a populous nation, where the Napo emptied into a still greater river that flowed towards the east. It was, as usual, at the distance of several days' journey; and Gonzalo Pizarro resolved to halt where he was and send Orellana down in his brigantine to the confluence of the waters to procure a stock of provisions, with which he might return and put them in condition to resume their march. That cavalier accordingly, taking with him fifty of the adventurers, pushed off into the middle of the river, where the stream ran swiftly, and his bark, taken by the current, shot forward with the speed of an arrow and was soon out of sight.

Days and weeks passed away, yet the vessel did not return; and no speck was to be seen on the waters, as the Spaniards strained their eyes to the farthest point, where the line of light faded away in the dark shadows of the foliage on the borders. Detachments were sent out, and, though absent several days, came back without intelligence of their comrades. Unable longer to endure this suspense, or, indeed, to maintain themselves in their present quarters, Gonzalo and his famishing followers now determined to proceed towards the junction of the rivers. Two months elapsed before they accomplished this terrible journey,—those of them who did not perish on the way,—although the distance probably did not exceed two hundred leagues; and they at length reached the spot so long desired, where the Napo pours its tide into the Amazon, that mighty stream, which, fed by its thousand tributaries, rolls on towards the ocean, for many hundred miles, through the heart of the great continent,—the most majestic of American rivers.

But the Spaniards gathered no tidings of Orellana, while the country, though more populous than the region they had left, was as little inviting in its aspect, and was tenanted by a race yet more ferocious. They now abandoned the hope of recovering their comrades, who they supposed must have miserably perished by famine or by the hands of the natives. But their doubts were at length dispelled by the appearance of a white man wandering half naked in the woods, in whose famine-stricken countenance they recognized the features of one of their countrymen. It was Sanchez de Vargas, a cavalier of good descent, and much esteemed in the army. He had a dismal tale to tell.

Orellana, borne swiftly down the current of the Napo, had reached the point of its confluence with the Amazon in less than three days,—accomplishing in this brief space of time what had cost Pizarro and his company two months. He had found the country altogether different from what had been represented; and, so far from supplies for his countrymen, he could barely obtain sustenance for himself. Nor was it possible for him to return as he had come, and make head against the current of the river; while the attempt to journey by land was an alternative scarcely less formidable. In this dilemma an idea flashed across his mind. It was to launch his bark at once on the bosom of the Amazon and descend its waters to its mouth. He would then visit the rich and populous nations that, as report said, lined its borders, sail out on the great ocean, cross to the neighbouring isles, and return to Spain to claim the glory and the guerdon of discovery. The suggestion was eagerly taken up by

* "Yervas y rayzes, y fruta siluestre, sapos, y culebras, y otras malas sauandijas, si las ania por aquellas montañas que todo les hazia buen estomago a los Españoles; que peor les yua con la falta de cosas tan viles." Gar-

classo, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 4.—Capitulacion con Orellana, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 8, cap. 7.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 3, 4.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 143.

his reckless companions, welcoming any course that would rescue them from the wretchedness of their present existence, and fired with the prospect of new and stirring adventure,—for the love of adventure was the last feeling to become extinct in the bosom of the Castilian cavalier. They heeded little their unfortunate comrades whom they were to abandon in the wilderness!⁹

This is not the place to record the circumstances of Orellana's extraordinary expedition. He succeeded in his enterprise. But it is marvellous that he should have escaped shipwreck in the perilous and unknown navigation of that river. Many times his vessel was nearly dashed to pieces on its rocks and in its furious rapids;¹⁰ and he was in still greater peril from the warlike tribes on its borders, who fell on his little troop whenever he attempted to land, and followed in his wake for miles in their canoes. He at length emerged from the great river; and, once upon the sea, Orellana made for the isle of Cubagua; thence passing over to Spain, he repaired to court, and told the circumstances of his voyage,—of the nations of Amazons whom he had found on the banks of the river, the El Dorado which report assured him existed in the neighbourhood, and other marvels,—the exaggeration rather than the coinage of a credulous fancy. His audience listened with willing ears to the tales of the traveller; and in an age of wonders, when the mysteries of the East and the West were hourly coming to light, they might be excused for not discerning the true line between romance and reality.¹¹

He found no difficulty in obtaining a commission to conquer and colonize the realms he had discovered. He soon saw himself at the head of five hundred followers, prepared to share the perils and the profits of his expedition. But neither he nor his country was destined to realize these profits. He died on his outward passage, and the lands washed by the Amazon fell within the territories of Portugal. The unfortunate navigator did not even enjoy the undivided honour of giving his name to the waters he had discovered. He enjoyed only the barren glory of the discovery, surely not balanced by the iniquitous circumstances which attended it.¹²

One of Orellana's party maintained a stout opposition to his proceedings, as

⁹ This statement of De Vargas was confirmed by Orellana, as appears from the language of the royal grant made to that cavalier on his return to Castile. The document is preserved entire in the Muñoz collection of MSS.: "Haviendo vos ido con ciertos compañeros un río abajo á buscar comida, con la corriente fuistes metidos por el dicho río mas de 200 leguas donde no pudistes dar la buelta é por esta necesidad é por la mucha noticia que tuvistes de la grandeza é riqueza de la tierra, posponiendo vuestro peligro, sin interés ninguno por servir á S. M. os aventurastes á saber lo que havia en aquellas provincias, é así descubristes é hallastes grandes poblaciones." *Capitulacion con Orellana, MS.*

¹⁰ Condamine, who, in 1743, went down the Amazon, has often occasion to notice the perils and perplexities in which he was involved in the navigation of this river, too difficult, as he says, to be undertaken without the guidance of a skilful pilot. See his *Relation abrégée d'un Voyage fait dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique Méridionale* (Maastricht, 1778).

¹¹ It has not been easy to discern the exact line in later times, with all the lights of

modern discovery. Condamine, after a careful investigation, considers that there is good ground for believing in the existence of a community of armed women once living somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Amazon, though they have now disappeared. It would be hard to disprove the fact, but still harder, considering the embarrassments in perpetuating such a community, to believe it. *Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale*, p. 99, et seq.

¹² "His crime is in some measure balanced by the glory of having ventured upon a navigation of near two thousand leagues, through unknown nations, in a vessel hastily constructed, with green timber, and by very unskilful hands, without provisions, without a compass or a pilot." (Robertson, *America* (ed. London, 1796), vol. iii. p. 84.) The historian of America does not hold the moral balance with as unerring a hand as usual, in his judgment of Orellana's splendid enterprise. No success, however splendid, in the language of one not too severe a moralist,

"Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime."

repugnant both to humanity and honour. This was Sanchez de Vargas; and the cruel commander was revenged on him by abandoning him to his fate in the desolate region where he was now found by his countrymen.¹²

The Spaniards listened with horror to the recital of Vargas, and their blood almost froze in their veins as they saw themselves thus deserted in the heart of this remote wilderness and deprived of their only means of escape from it. They made an effort to prosecute their journey along the banks, but, after some toilsome days, strength and spirits failed, and they gave up in despair!

Then it was that the qualities of Gonzalo Pizarro, as a fit leader in the hour of despondency and danger, shone out conspicuous. To advance farther was hopeless. To stay where they were, without food or raiment, without defence from the fierce animals of the forest and the fiercer natives, was impossible. One only course remained: it was to return to Quito. But this brought with it the recollection of the past, of sufferings which they could too well estimate,—hardly to be endured even in imagination. They were now at least four hundred leagues from Quito, and more than a year had elapsed since they had set out on their painful pilgrimage. How could they encounter these perils again!¹³

Yet there was no alternative. Gonzalo endeavoured to reassure his followers by dwelling on the invincible constancy they had hitherto displayed, adjuring them to show themselves still worthy of the name of Castilians. He reminded them of the glory they would for ever acquire by their heroic achievement, when they should reach their own country. He would lead them back, he said, by another route, and it could not be but that they should meet somewhere with those fruitful regions of which they had so often heard. It was something, at least, that every step would take them nearer home; and as, at all events, it was clearly the only course now left, they should prepare to meet it like men. The spirit would sustain the body; and difficulties encountered in the right spirit were half vanquished already!

The soldiers listened eagerly to his words of promise and encouragement. The confidence of their leader gave life to the desponding. They felt the force of his reasoning, and, as they lent a willing ear to his assurances, the pride of the old Castilian honour revived in their bosoms, and every one caught somewhat of the generous enthusiasm of their commander. He was, in truth, entitled to their devotion. From the first hour of the expedition he had freely borne his part in its privations. Far from claiming the advantages of his position, he had taken his lot with the poorest soldier, ministering to the wants of the sick, cheering up the spirits of the desponding, sharing

¹² An expedition more remarkable than that of Orellana was performed by a delicate female, Madame Godin, who in 1769 attempted to descend the Amazon in an open boat to its mouth. She was attended by seven persons, two of them her brothers, and two her female domestics. The boat was wrecked, and Madame Godin, narrowly escaping with her life, endeavoured with her party to accomplish the remainder of her journey on foot. She saw them perish, one after another, of hunger and disease, till she was left alone in the howling wilderness. Still, like Milton's lady in Comus, she was permitted to come safely out of all these perils, and, after unparalleled sufferings, falling in with some friendly Indians, she was conducted by them

to a French settlement. Though a young woman, it will not be surprising that the hardships and terrors she endured turned her hair perfectly white. The details of this extraordinary story are given in a letter to M. de la Condamine by her husband, who tells them in an earnest, unaffected way that engages our confidence. *Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale*, p. 329, et seq.

¹³ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 5.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 8.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 5.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 143.—One must not expect from these wanderers in the wilderness any exact computation of time or distance, destitute as they were of the means of making a correct observation of either.

his stinted allowance with his famished followers, bearing his full part in the toil and burden of the march, ever showing himself their faithful comrade, no less than their captain. He found the benefit of this conduct in a trying hour like the present.

I will spare the reader the recapitulation of the sufferings endured by the Spaniards on their retrograde march to Quito. They took a more northerly route than that by which they had approached the Amazon; and, if it was attended with fewer difficulties, they experienced yet greater distresses from their greater inability to overcome them. Their only nourishment was such scanty fare as they could pick up in the forest, or happily meet with in some forsaken Indian settlement, or wring by violence from the natives. Some sickened and sank down by the way, for there was none to help them. Intense misery had made them selfish; and many a poor wretch was abandoned to his fate, to die alone in the wilderness, or, more probably, to be devoured, while living, by the wild animals which roamed over it.

At length, in June, 1542, after somewhat more than a year consumed in their homeward march, the wayworn company came on the elevated plains in the neighbourhood of Quito. But how different their aspect from that which they had exhibited on issuing from the gates of the same capital, two years and a half before, with high romantic hope and in all the pride of military array! Their horses gone, their arms broken and rusted, the skins of wild animals instead of clothes hanging loosely about their limbs, their long and matted locks streaming wildly down their shoulders, their faces burned and blackened by the tropical sun, their bodies wasted by famine and sorely disfigured by scars,—it seemed as if the charnel-house had given up its dead, as, with uncertain step, they glided slowly onwards, like a troop of dismal spectres! More than half of the four thousand Indians who had accompanied the expedition had perished, and of the Spaniards only eighty, and many of these irretrievably broken in constitution, returned to Quito.¹⁵

The few Christian inhabitants of the place, with their wives and children, came out to welcome their countrymen. They ministered to them all the relief and refreshment in their power; and, as they listened to the sad recital of their sufferings, they mingled their tears with those of the wanderers. The whole company then entered the capital, where their first act—to their credit be it mentioned—was to go in a body to the church and offer up thanksgivings to the Almighty for their miraculous preservation through their long and perilous pilgrimage.¹⁶ Such was the end of the expedition to the Amazon,—an expedition which, for its dangers and hardships, the length of their duration, and the constancy with which they were endured, stands perhaps unmatched in the annals of American discovery.

¹⁵ Pedro Pizarro Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 5.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 143.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 15.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 14.—The last historian, in dismissing his account of the expedition, passes a panegyric on the courage and constancy of his countrymen, which we

must admit to be well deserved: "Finalmente, Gonçalo Pizarro entró en el Quito, triunfando del valor, i sufrimiento, i de la constancia, recto, é inmutable vigor del animo, pues Hombres Humanos no se hallan haver tanto sufrido, ni padecido tantas desventuras." *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

¹⁶ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 5.

CHAPTER V.

THE ALMAGRO FACTION—THEIR DESPERATE CONDITION—CONSPIRACY AGAINST FRANCISCO PIZARRO—ASSASSINATION OF PIZARRO—ACTS OF THE CONSPIRATORS—PIZARRO'S CHARACTER.

1541.

WHEN Gonzalo Pizarro reached Quito, he received tidings of an event which showed that his expedition to the Amazon had been even more fatal to his interests than he had imagined. A revolution had taken place during his absence, which had changed the whole condition of things in Peru.

In a preceding chapter we have seen that when Hernando Pizarro returned to Spain his brother the marquis repaired to Lima, where he continued to occupy himself with building up his infant capital and watching over the general interests of the country. While thus employed, he gave little heed to a danger that hourly beset his path, and this, too, in despite of repeated warnings from more circumspect friends.

After the execution of Almagro, his followers, to the number of several hundred, remained scattered through the country, but, however scattered, still united by a common sentiment of indignation against the Pizarros, the murderers, as they regarded them, of their leader. The governor was less the object of these feelings than his brother Hernando, as having been less instrumental in the perpetration of the deed. Under these circumstances, it was clearly Pizarro's policy to do one of two things,—to treat the opposite faction either as friends or as open enemies. He might conciliate the most factious by acts of kindness, efface the remembrance of past injury, if he could, by present benefits,—in short, prove to them that his quarrel had been with their leader, not with themselves, and that it was plainly for their interest to come again under his banner. This would have been the most politic as well as the most magnanimous course, and, by augmenting the number of his adherents, would have greatly strengthened his power in the land. But, unhappily, he had not the magnanimity to pursue it. It was not in the nature of a Pizarro to forgive an injury, or the man whom he had injured. As he would not, therefore, try to conciliate Almagro's adherents, it was clearly the governor's policy to regard them as enemies,—not the less so for being in disguise,—and to take such measures as should disqualify them for doing mischief. He should have followed the counsel of his more prudent brother Hernando, and distributed them in different quarters, taking care that no great number should assemble at any one point, or, above all, in the neighbourhood of his own residence.

But the governor despised the broken followers of Almagro too heartily to stoop to precautionary measures. He suffered the son of his rival to remain in Lima, where his quarters soon became the resort of the disaffected cavaliers. The young man was well known to most of Almagro's soldiers, having been trained along with them in the camp under his father's eye, and, now that his parent was removed, they naturally transferred their allegiance to the son who survived him.

That the young Almagro, however, might be less able to maintain his retinue of unprofitable followers, he was deprived by Pizarro of a great part of his Indians and lands, while he was excluded from the government of New

Toledo, which had been settled on him by his father's testament.¹ Stripped of all means of support, without office or employment of any kind, the men of Chili, for so Almagro's adherents continued to be called, were reduced to the utmost distress. So poor were they, as is the story of the time, that twelve cavaliers who lodged in the same house could muster only one cloak among them all; and, with the usual feeling of pride that belongs to the poor *hidalgos*, unwilling to expose their poverty, they wore this cloak by turns, those who had no right to it remaining at home.² Whether true or not, the anecdote well illustrates the extremity to which Almagro's faction was reduced. And this distress was rendered yet more galling by the effrontery of their enemies, who, enriched by their forfeitures, displayed before their eyes all the insolent bravery of equipage and apparel that could annoy their feelings.

Men thus goaded by insult and injury were too dangerous to be lightly regarded. But, although Pizarro received various intimations intended to put him on his guard, he gave no heed to them. "Poor devils!" he would exclaim, speaking with contemptuous pity of the men of Chili; "they have had bad luck enough. We will not trouble them further."³ And so little did he consider them that he went freely about, as usual, riding without attendants to all parts of the town and to its immediate environs.⁴

News now reached the colony of the appointment of a judge by the crown to take cognizance of the affairs of Peru. Pizarro, although alarmed by the intelligence, sent orders to have him well entertained on his landing, and suitable accommodations prepared for him on the route. The spirits of Almagro's followers were greatly raised by the tidings. They confidently looked to this high functionary for the redress of their wrongs; and two of their body, clad in suits of mourning, were chosen to go to the north, where the judge was expected to land, and to lay their grievances before him.

But months elapsed, and no tidings came of his arrival, till at length a vessel coming into port announced that most of the squadron had foundered in the heavy storms on the coast, and that the commissioner had probably perished with them. This was disheartening intelligence to the men of Chili, whose "miseries," to use the words of their young leader, "had become too grievous to be borne."⁵ Symptoms of disaffection had already begun openly to manifest themselves. The haughty cavaliers did not always doff their bonnets on meeting the governor in the street; and on one occasion three ropes were found suspended from the public gallows, with labels attached to them, bearing the names of Pizarro, Velasquez the judge, and Picado the governor's secretary. This last functionary was peculiarly odious to Almagro and his followers. As his master knew neither how to read nor write, all his communications passed through Picado's hands; and, as the latter was of a hard and arrogant nature, greatly elated by the consequence which his position gave him, he exercised a mischievous influence on the governor's measures.⁶ Almagro's poverty-stricken

¹ Carta de Almagro, MS.

² Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 8, cap. 6.

³ Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 144.

⁴ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 6.

⁵ "My sufferings," says Almagro, in his letter to the Royal Audience of Panamá, "were enough to unsettle my reason." See his letter in the original, Appendix No. 12.

⁶ "Hizo Picado el secretario del Marqués mucho daño á muchos, porque el marqués don Francisco Pizarro como no sabía ler ni escribir

flavase del y no hacía mas de lo que el le aconsejava y así hizo este mucho mal en estos reinos, porque el que no andava á su voluntad sirviendole aunque tuviese meritos le destruya y este Picado fue causa de que los de Chile tomasen mos odio al marqués por donde le mataron. Porque quería este que todos lo reverenciasen, y los de Chile no hazian caso dél, y por esta causa los perseguia este mucho, y así vinieron á hazer lo que hizieron los de Chile." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Also Zarate, Conq. del Perú, lib. 4, cap. 6.

followers were the objects of his open ridicule, and he revenged the insult now offered him by riding before their young leader's residence, displaying a tawdry magnificence in his dress, sparkling with gold and silver, and with the inscription, "For the Men of Chili," set in his bonnet. It was a foolish taunt; but the poor cavaliers who were the object of it, made morbidly sensitive by their sufferings, had not the philosophy to despise it.⁷

At length, disheartened by the long-protracted coming of Vaca de Castro, and still more by the recent reports of his loss, Almagro's faction, despairing of redress from a legitimate authority, determined to take it into their own hands. They came to the desperate resolution of assassinating Pizarro. The day named for this was Sunday, the twenty-sixth of June, 1541. The conspirators, eighteen or twenty in number, were to assemble in Almagro's house, which stood in the great square next to the cathedral, and when the governor was returning from mass they were to issue forth and fall on him in the street. A white flag, unfurled at the same time from an upper window in the house, was to be the signal for the rest of their comrades to move to the support of those immediately engaged in the execution of the deed.⁸

These arrangements could hardly have been concealed from Almagro, since his own quarters were to be the place of rendezvous. Yet there is no good evidence of his having taken part in the conspiracy.⁹ He was, indeed, too young to make it probable that he took a leading part in it. He is represented by contemporary writers to have given promise of many good qualities, though, unhappily, he was not placed in a situation favourable for their development. He was the son of an Indian woman of Panamá, but from early years had followed the troubled fortunes of his father, to whom he bore much resemblance in his free and generous nature, as well as in the violence of his passions. His youth and inexperience disqualified him from taking the lead in the perplexing circumstances in which he was placed, and made him little more than a puppet in the hands of others.¹⁰

The most conspicuous of his advisers was Juan de Herrada, or Rada, as his name is more usually spelt,—a cavalier of respectable family, who, having early enlisted as a common soldier, had gradually risen to the highest posts in the army by his military talents. At this time he was well advanced in years; but the fires of youth were not quenched in his bosom, and he burned with desire to avenge the wrongs done to his ancient commander. The attachment which he had ever felt for the elder Almagro he seems to have transferred in full measure to his son; and it was apparently with reference to him, even more than to himself, that he devised this audacious plot and prepared to take the lead in the execution of it.

⁷ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Garciasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 6.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 2.

⁸ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Montesinos, *Anales*, MS., año 1541.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 6.

⁹ Yet this would seem to be contradicted by Almagro's own letter to the Audience of Panamá, in which he states that, galled by intolerable injuries, he and his followers had resolved to take the remedy into their own hands, by entering the governor's house and seizing his person. (See the original in Appendix No. 12.) It is certain, however, that in the full accounts we have of the affair by writers who had the best means of information, we do not find Almagro's name men-

tioned as one who took an active part in the tragic drama. His own letter merely expresses that it was his purpose to have taken part in it, with the further declaration that it was simply to seize, not to slay, Pizarro,—a declaration which no one who reads the history of the transaction will be very ready to credit.

¹⁰ "Mancebo virtuoso, i de grande Animo, i bien enseñado: i especialmente se havia exercitado mucho en cavalgar a Caballo, de ambas sillars, lo qual hacia con mucha gracia, i destreça, i tambien en escrevir, i leer, lo qual hacia mas liberalmente, i mejor de lo que requeria su Profesion. De este tenia cargo, como Aio, Juan de Herrada." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 6.

There was one, however, in the band of conspirators who felt some compunctions of conscience at the part he was acting, and who relieved his bosom by revealing the whole plot to his confessor. The latter lost no time in reporting it to Picado, by whom in turn it was communicated to Pizarro. But, strange to say, it made little more impression on the governor's mind than the vague warnings he had so frequently received. "It is a device of the priest," said he: "he wants a mitre."¹¹ Yet he repeated the story to the judge Velasquez, who, instead of ordering the conspirators to be seized and the proper steps taken for learning the truth of the accusation, seemed to be possessed with the same infatuation as Pizarro; and he bade the governor be under no apprehension, "for no harm should come to him while the rod of justice," not a metaphorical badge of authority in Castile, "was in his hands."¹² Still, to obviate every possibility of danger, it was deemed prudent for Pizarro to abstain from going to mass on Sunday, and to remain at home on pretence of illness.

On the day appointed, Rada and his companions met in Almagro's house, and waited with anxiety for the hour when the governor should issue from the church. But great was their consternation when they learned that he was not there, but was detained at home, as currently reported, by illness. Little doubting that their design was discovered, they felt their own ruin to be the inevitable consequence, and that, too, without enjoying the melancholy consolation of having struck the blow for which they had incurred it. Greatly perplexed, some were for disbanding, in the hope that Pizarro might, after all, be ignorant of their design. But most were for carrying it into execution at once, by assaulting him in his own house. The question was summarily decided by one of the party, who felt that in this latter course lay their only chance of safety. Throwing open the doors, he rushed out, calling on his comrades "to follow him, or he would proclaim the purpose for which they had met." There was no longer hesitation, and the cavaliers issued forth, with Rada at their head, shouting, as they went, "Long live the King! Death to the tyrant!"¹³

It was the hour of dinner, which, in this primitive age of the Spanish colonies, was at noon. Yet numbers, roused by the cries of the assailants, came out into the square to inquire the cause. "They are going to kill the marquis," some said, very coolly; others replied, "It is Picado." No one stirred in their defence. The power of Pizarro was not seated in the hearts of his people.

As the conspirators traversed the *plaza*, one of the party made a circuit to avoid a little pool of water that lay in their path. "What!" exclaimed Rada, "afraid of wetting your feet, when you are to wade up to your knees in blood!" And he ordered the man to give up the enterprise and go home to his quarters. The anecdote is characteristic.¹⁴

¹¹ "Pues un día antes un sacerdote clérigo. llamado Benao fue de noche y avisó a Picado el secretario y dioxle mañana Domingo quando el marquez saliere á missa tienen concertado los de Chile de matar al marquez y á vos y á sus amigos. Esto me á dicho vno en confision para que os venga á avisar. Pues savido esto Picado se fue luego y lo conto al marquez y el le rrespondio. Ese clérigo obispado quiere." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹² "El Juan Velazquez le dixo. No tema vuestra señoría que mientras yo tuviere esta vara en la mano nadie se atreverá." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

¹³ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 10, cap. 6.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 8.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Carta del Maestro, Martin de Arauco, MS., 15 de Julio, 1541.

¹⁴ "Gomez Perez por haver allí agna deramada de una acequia, rodeo algun tanto por no mojarse; reparó en ello Juan de Rada, y entrándose atrevido por el agua le dijo; ¿Bamos á bañarnos en sangre humana, y rehusais mojaros los pies en agua? Ea volveos, hizolo volver y no asistió al hecho." Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1541.

The governor's palace stood on the opposite side of the square. It was approached by two court-yards. The entrance to the outer one was protected by a massive gate, capable of being made good against a hundred men or more. But it was left open, and the assailants, hurrying through to the inner court, still shouting their fearful battle-cry, were met by two domestics loitering in the yard. One of these they struck down. The other, flying in all haste towards the house, called out, "Help, help! the men of Chili are all coming to murder the marquis!"

Pizarro at this time was at dinner, or, more probably, had just dined. He was surrounded by a party of friends, who had dropped in, it seems, after mass, to inquire after the state of his health, some of whom had remained to partake of his repast. Among these was Don Martinez de Alcantara, Pizarro's half-brother by the mother's side, the judge Velasquez, the bishop elect of Quito, and several of the principal cavaliers in the place, to the number of fifteen or twenty. Some of them, alarmed by the uproar in the court-yard, left the saloon, and, running down to the first landing on the stairway, inquired into the cause of the disturbance. No sooner were they informed of it by the cries of the servant than they retreated with precipitation into the house; and, as they had no mind to abide the storm unarmed, or at best imperfectly armed, as most of them were, they made their way to a corridor that overlooked the gardens, into which they easily let themselves down without injury. Velasquez, the judge, the better to have the use of his hands in the descent, held his rod of office in his mouth, thus taking care, says a caustic old chronicler, not to falsify his assurance that "no harm should come to Pizarro while the rod of justice was in his hands!"¹⁵

Meanwhile, the marquis, learning the nature of the tumult, called out to Francisco de Chaves, an officer high in his confidence, and who was in the outer apartment opening on the staircase, to secure the door, while he and his brother Alcantara buckled on their armour. Had this order, coolly given, been as coolly obeyed, it would have saved them all, since the entrance could easily have been maintained against a much larger force, till the report of the cavaliers who had fled had brought support to Pizarro. But, unfortunately, Chaves, disobeying his commander, half opened the door, and attempted to enter into a parley with the conspirators. The latter had now reached the head of the stairs, and cut short the debate by running Chaves through the body and tumbling his corpse down into the area below. For a moment they were kept at bay by the attendants of the slaughtered cavalier, but these, too, were quickly despatched; and Rada and his companions, entering the apartment, hurried across it, shouting out, "Where is the marquis? Death to the tyrant!"

Martinez de Alcantara, who in the adjoining room was assisting his brother to buckle on his mail, no sooner saw that the entrance to the antechamber had been gained than he sprang to the doorway of the apartment, and, assisted by two young men, pages of Pizarro, and by one or two cavaliers in attendance, endeavoured to resist the approach of the assailants. A desperate struggle now ensued. Blows were given on both sides, some of which proved fatal, and two of the conspirators were slain, while Alcantara and his brave companions were repeatedly wounded.

¹⁵ "En lo qual no parece haver quebrantado su palabra, porque despues huiendo (como adelante se dirá) al tiempo, que quisieron matar al Marqués, se hecho de vna Ventana abajo, à la Huerta, llevando la Vara en la boca." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4,

cap. 7.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Carta del Maestro, Martin de Arauco, MS.—Carta de Fray Vicente de Valverde à la Audiencia de Panamá, MS., desde Tumbes, 16 de Nov. 1511.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 145.

At length, Pizarro, unable, in the hurry of the moment, to adjust the fastenings of his cuirass, threw it away, and, enveloping one arm in his cloak, with the other seized his sword and sprang to his brother's assistance. It was too late; for Alcantara was already staggering under the loss of blood, and soon fell to the ground. Pizarro threw himself on his invaders, like a lion roused in his lair, and dealt his blows with as much rapidity and force as if age had no power to stiffen his limbs. "What ho!" he cried, "traitors! have you come to kill me in my own house?" The conspirators drew back for a moment, as two of their body fell under Pizarro's sword; but they quickly rallied, and, from their superior numbers, fought at great advantage by relieving one another in the assault. Still, the passage was narrow, and the struggle lasted for some minutes, till both of Pizarro's pages were stretched by his side, when Rada, impatient of the delay, called out, "Why are we so long about it? Down with the tyrant!" and taking one of his companions, Narvaez, in his arms, he thrust him against the marquis. Pizarro, instantly grappling with his opponent, ran him through with his sword. But at that moment he received a wound in the throat, and reeling, he sank on the floor, while the swords of Rada and several of the conspirators were plunged into his body. "Jesu!" exclaimed the dying man, and, tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke more friendly than the rest put an end to his existence.¹⁶

The conspirators, having accomplished their bloody deed, rushed into the street, and, brandishing their dripping weapons, shouted out, "The tyrant is dead! The laws are restored! Long live our master the emperor, and his governor, Almagro!" The men of Chili, roused by the cheering cry, now flocked in from every side to join the banner of Rada, who soon found himself at the head of nearly three hundred followers, all armed and prepared to support his authority. A guard was placed over the houses of the principal partisans of the late governor, and their persons were taken into custody. Pizarro's house, and that of his secretary Picado, were delivered up to pillage, and a large booty in gold and silver was found in the former. Picado himself took refuge in the dwelling of Riquelme, the treasurer; but his hiding-place was detected,—betrayed, according to some accounts, by the looks, though not the words, of the treasurer himself,—and he was dragged forth and committed to a secure prison.¹⁷ The whole city was thrown into consternation, as armed bodies hurried to and fro on their several errands; and all who were not in the faction of Almagro trembled lest they should be involved in the

¹⁶ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 8.—Nabarro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 6.—Carta de la Justicia y Regimiento de la Ciudad de los Reyes, MS., 15 de Julio, 1541.—Carta del Maestro, Martin de Arauco, MS.—Carta de Fray Vicente Valverde, desde Tumbes, MS.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, ubi supra.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1541.—Pizarro y Orellana seems to have no doubt that his slaughtered kinsman died in the odour of sanctity: "Alli le acabaron los traidores enemigos, dandole cruellissimas heridas, con que acabó el Julio Cesar Español, estando tan en sí que pidiendo confession con gran acto de contricion, haziendo la señal de la Cruz con su misma sangre, y besandola murió." Varones Ilustres, p. 186.—According to one authority, the mortal blow was given by a soldier named

Borregan, who, when Pizarro was down, struck him on the back of the head with a water-jar, which he had snatched from the table. (Herrera *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 6.) Considering the hurry and confusion of the scene, the different narratives of the catastrophe, though necessarily differing in minute details, have a remarkable agreement with one another.

¹⁷ "No se olvidaron de buscar á Antonio Picado, i lendo en casa del Tesorero Alonso Riquelme, el mismo iba diciendo: No sé adonde está el Señor Picado, i con los ojos le mostraba, i le hallaron debaxo de la cama." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 7.—We find Riquelme's name, soon after this, enrolled among the municipality of Lima, showing that he found it convenient to give in his temporary adhesion, at least, to Almagro. Carta de la Justicia y Regimiento de la Ciudad de los Reyes, MS.

proscription of their enemies. So great was the disorder that the Brothers of Mercy, turning out in a body, paraded the streets in solemn procession, with the host elevated in the air, in hopes by the presence of the sacred symbol to calm the passions of the multitude.

But no other violence was offered by Rada and his followers than to apprehend a few suspected persons and to seize upon horses and arms wherever they were to be found. The municipality was then summoned to recognize the authority of Almagro; the refractory were rejected without ceremony from their offices, and others, of the Chili faction, were substituted. The claims of the new aspirant were fully recognized; and young Almagro, parading the streets on horseback and escorted by a well-armed body of cavaliers, was proclaimed by sound of trumpet governor and captain-general of Peru.

Meanwhile, the mangled bodies of Pizarro and his faithful adherents were left weltering in their blood. Some were for dragging forth the governor's corpse to the market-place and fixing his head upon a gibbet. But Almagro was secretly prevailed on to grant the entreaties of Pizarro's friends and allow his interment. This was stealthily and hastily performed, in the fear of momentary interruption. A faithful attendant and his wife, with a few black domestics, wrapped the body in a cotton cloth and removed it to the cathedral. A grave was hastily dug in an obscure corner, the services were hurried through, and, in secrecy, and in darkness dispelled only by the feeble glimmering of a few tapers furnished by these humble menials, the remains of Pizarro, rolled in their bloody shroud, were consigned to their kindred dust. Such was the miserable end of the Conqueror of Peru,—of the man who but a few hours before had lorded it over the land with as absolute a sway as was possessed by its hereditary Incas. Cut off in the broad light of day, in the heart of his own capital, in the very midst of those who had been his companions in arms and shared with him his triumphs and his spoils, he perished like a wretched outcast. "There was none even," in the expressive language of the chronicler, "to say, God forgive him!"¹⁸

A few years later, when tranquillity was restored to the country, Pizarro's remains were placed in a sumptuous coffin and deposited under a monument in a conspicuous part of the cathedral. And in 1607, when time had thrown its friendly mantle over the past, and the memory of his errors and his crimes was merged in the consideration of the great services he had rendered to the crown by the extension of her colonial empire, his bones were removed to the new cathedral, and allowed to repose side by side with those of Mendoza, the wise and good Viceroy of Peru.¹⁹

Pizarro was, probably, not far from sixty-five years of age at the time of his death; though this, it must be added, is but loose conjecture, since there exists no authentic record of the date of his birth.²⁰ He was never married; but by an Indian princess of the Inca blood, daughter of Atahualpa and granddaughter of the great Huayna Capac, he had two children, a son and a daughter. Both survived him; but the son did not live to manhood. Their mother, after Pizarro's death, wedded a Spanish cavalier, named Ampuero, and removed with him to Spain. Her daughter Francisca accompanied her, and was there subsequently married to her uncle Hernando Pizarro, then a prisoner in the Mota del Medina. Neither the title nor estates of the Marquis

¹⁸ "Murió pidiendo confesion, i haciendo la Cruz, sin que nadie dijese, Dios te perdona." Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 144.—MS. de Caravantes.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 8.—Carta del Maestro, Martin de Aranco, MS.—Carta de Fray Vicente Valverde, desde

Tumbez, MS.

¹⁹ "Sus huesos ençerrados en una caja guarnecida de terciopelo morado con passamanos de oro que yo he visto." MS. de Caravantes.

²⁰ *Ante*, Book 2, chap. 2, note 1.

Francisco descended to his illegitimate offspring. But in the third generation, in the reign of Philip the Fourth, the title was revived in favour of Don Juan Hernando Pizarro, who, out of gratitude for the services of his ancestor, was created Marquis of the Conquest, *Marques de la Conquista*, with a liberal pension from government. His descendants, bearing the same title of nobility, are still to be found, it is said, at Truxillo, in the ancient province of Estremadura, the original birthplace of the Pizarros.²¹

Pizarro's person has been already described. He was tall in stature, well proportioned, and with a countenance not unpleasing. Bred in camps, with nothing of the polish of a court, he had a soldier-like bearing, and the air of one accustomed to command. But, though not polished, there was no embarrassment or rusticity in his address, which, where it served his purpose, could be plausible and even insinuating. The proof of it is the favourable impression made by him on presenting himself, after his second expedition,—stranger as he was to all its forms and usages,—at the punctilious court of Castile.

Unlike many of his countrymen, he had no passion for ostentatious dress, which he regarded as an encumbrance. The costume which he most affected on public occasions was a black cloak, with a white hat, and shoes of the same colour; the last, it is said, being in imitation of the Great Captain, whose character he had early learned to admire in Italy, but to which his own certainly bore very faint resemblance.²²

He was temperate in eating, drank sparingly, and usually rose an hour before dawn. He was punctual in attendance to business, and shrank from no toil. He had, indeed, great powers of patient endurance. Like most of his nation, he was fond of play, and cared little for the quality of those with whom he played; though, when his antagonist could not afford to lose, he would allow himself, it is said, to be the loser,—a mode of conferring an obligation much commended by a Castilian writer for its delicacy.²³

Though avaricious, it was in order to spend and not to hoard. His ample treasures, more ample than those, probably, that ever before fell to the lot of an adventurer,²⁴ were mostly dissipated in his enterprises, his architectural works, and schemes of public improvement, which, in a country where gold and silver might be said to have lost their value from their abundance, absorbed an incredible amount of money. While he regarded the whole country in a manner as his own, and distributed it freely among his captains,

²¹ MS. de Caravantes.—Quintana, *Españoles célebres*, tom. ii. p. 417.—See also the *Discurso legal y político*, annexed by Pizarro y Orellana to his bulky tome, in which that cavalier urges the claims of Pizarro. It is in the nature of a memorial to Philip IV. in behalf of Pizarro's descendants, in which the writer, after setting forth the manifold services of the Conqueror, shows how little his posterity had profited by the magnificent grants conferred on him by the crown. The argument of the Royal Councillor was not without its effect.

²² Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 144.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 2.—The portrait of Pizarro, in the viceregal palace at Lima, represents him in a citizen's dress, with a sable cloak,—the *capa y espada* of a Spanish gentleman. Each panel in the spacious *sala de los Virreyes* was reserved for the portrait of

a viceroy. The long file is complete, from Pizarro to Pezuela; and it is a curious fact, noticed by Stevenson, that the last panel was exactly filled when the reign of the viceroys was abruptly terminated by the Revolution. (*Residence in South America*, vol. i. p. 223.) It is a singular coincidence that the same thing should have occurred at Venice, where, if my memory serves me, the last niche reserved for the effigies of its doges was just filled when the ancient aristocracy was overturned.

²³ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 9.

²⁴ "Halló, i tuvo mas Oro, i Plata, que otro ningun Español de quantos han pasado á Indias, ni que ninguno de quantos Capitanes han sido por el Mundo." Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 144.

it is certain that the princely grant of a territory with twenty thousand vassals, made to him by the crown, was never carried into effect; nor did his heirs ever reap the benefit of it.²⁵

To a man possessed of the active energies of Pizarro, sloth was the greatest evil. The excitement of play was in a manner necessary to a spirit accustomed to the habitual stimulants of war and adventure. His uneducated mind had no relish for more refined, intellectual recreation. The deserted foundling had been taught neither to read nor write. This has been disputed by some; but it is attested by unexceptionable authorities.²⁶ Montesinos says, indeed, that Pizarro, on his first voyage, tried to learn to read, but the impatience of his temper prevented it, and he contented himself with learning to sign his name.²⁷ But Montesinos was not a contemporary historian. Pedro Pizarro, his companion in arms, expressly tells us he could neither read nor write;²⁸ and Zarate, another contemporary, well acquainted with the Conquerors, confirms this statement, and adds that Pizarro could not so much as sign his name.²⁹ This was done by his secretary,—Picado, in his latter years,—while the governor merely made the customary *rúbrica* or flourish at the sides of his name. This is the case with the instruments I have examined, in which his signature, written probably by his secretary, or his title of *Marques*, in later life substituted for his name, is garnished with a flourish at the ends, executed in as bungling a manner as if done by the hand of a ploughman. Yet we must not estimate this deficiency as we should in this period of general illumination,—general, at least, in our own fortunate country. Reading and writing, so universal now, in the beginning of the sixteenth century might be regarded in the light of accomplishments; and all who have occasion to consult the autograph memorials of that time will find the execution of them, even by persons of the highest rank, too often such as would do little credit to a schoolboy of the present day.

Though bold in action and not easily turned from his purpose, Pizarro was slow in arriving at a decision. This gave him an appearance of irresolution foreign to his character.³⁰ Perhaps the consciousness of this led him to adopt the custom of saying, "No," at first, to applicants for favour, and afterwards, at leisure, to revise his judgment and grant what seemed to him expedient. He took the opposite course from his comrade, Almagro, who, it was observed, generally said, "Yes," but too often failed to keep his promise. This

²⁵ MS. de Caravantes.—Pizarro y Orellana, Discurso leg. y pol., ap. Varones ilust. Gonzalo Pizarro, when taken prisoner by President Gasca, challenged him to point out any quarter of the country in which the royal grant had been carried into effect by a specific assignment of land to his brother. See Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 36.

²⁶ Even so experienced a person as Nuñez seems to have fallen into this error. On one of Pizarro's letters I find the following copy of an autograph memorandum by this eminent scholar:—*Carta de Francisco Pizarro, su letra i buena letra.*

²⁷ "En este viage trató Pizarro de aprender á leer; no le dió su viveza lugar á ello; contentose solo con saber firmar, de lo que se veia Almagro, y decia, que firmar sin saber leer era lo mismo que recibir herida, sin poder darla. En adelante firmó siempre Pizarro por sí, y por Almagro su Secretario." Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1525.

²⁸ "Porque el marquez don Francisco Pizarro como no savia ler ni escrivir." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

²⁹ "Siendo personas," says the author, speaking both of Pizarro and Almagro, "no solamente, no leidas, pero que de todo punto no sabian leer, ni aun firmar, que en ellos fue cosa de gran defecto. . . . Fue el Marqués tan conñado de sus Criados, i Amigos, que todos los Despachos, que hacia, así de Governacion, como de Repartimientos de Indios, libraba haciendo él dos señales, en medio de las quales Antonio Picado, su Secretario, firmaba el nombre de Francisco Pizarro." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 9.

³⁰ This tardiness of resolve has even led Herrera to doubt his resolution altogether,—a judgment certainly contradicted by the whole tenor of his history: "Porque aunque era astuto, i recatado, por la malor parte fue de animo suspensio, i no mui resolutio." Hist. general, dec. 5, lib. 7, cap. 13.

was characteristic of the careless and easy nature of the latter, governed by impulse rather than principle.³¹

It is hardly necessary to speak of the courage of a man pledged to such a career as that of Pizarro. Courage, indeed, was a cheap quality among the Spanish adventurers, for danger was their element. But he possessed something higher than mere animal courage, in that constancy of purpose which was rooted too deeply in his nature to be shaken by the wildest storms of fortune. It was this inflexible constancy which formed the key to his character and constituted the secret of his success. A remarkable evidence of it was given in his first expedition, among the mangroves and dreary marshes of Choco. He saw his followers pining around him under the blighting malaria, wasting before an invisible enemy, and unable to strike a stroke in their own defence. Yet his spirit did not yield, nor did he falter in his enterprise.

There is something oppressive to the imagination in this war against nature. In the struggle of man against man the spirits are raised by a contest conducted on equal terms; but in a war with the elements we feel that, however bravely we may contend, we can have no power to control. Nor are we cheered on by the prospect of glory in such a contest; for, in the capricious estimate of human glory, the silent endurance of privations, however painful, is little, in comparison with the ostentatious trophies of victory. The laurel of the hero—alas for humanity that it should be so!—grows best on the battle-field.

This inflexible spirit of Pizarro was shown still more strongly when, in the little island of Gallo, he drew the line on the sand which was to separate him and his handful of followers from their country and from civilized man. He trusted that his own constancy would give strength to the feeble, and rally brave hearts around him for the prosecution of his enterprise. He looked with confidence to the future; and he did not miscalculate. This was heroic, and wanted only a nobler motive for its object to constitute the true moral sublime.

Yet the same feature in his character was displayed in a manner scarcely less remarkable when, landing on the coast and ascertaining the real strength and civilization of the Incas, he persisted in marching into the interior at the head of a force of less than two hundred men. In this he undoubtedly proposed to himself the example of Cortés, so contagious to the adventurous spirits of that day, and especially to Pizarro, engaged as he was in a similar enterprise. Yet the hazard assumed by Pizarro was far greater than that of the Conqueror of Mexico, whose force was nearly three times as large, while the terrors of the Inca name—however justified by the result—were as widely spread as those of the Aztecs.

It was doubtless in imitation of the same captivating model that Pizarro planned the seizure of Atahualpa. But the situations of the two Spanish captains were as dissimilar as the manner in which their acts of violence were conducted. The wanton massacre of the Peruvians resembled that perpetrated by Alvarado in Mexico, and might have been attended with consequences as disastrous if the Peruvian character had been as fierce as that of the Aztecs.³² But the blow which roused the latter to madness broke the famer spirits of the Peruvians. It was a bold stroke, which left so much to chance that it scarcely merits the name of policy.

³¹ "Tenia por costumbre de quando algo le pedian dezir siempre de no, esto dezia el que hazia por no faltar su palabra, y no obstante que dezia no, correspondia con hazer lo que le pedian no aviendo inconveniente. . . Don

Diego de Almagro hera á la contra que á todos dezia si, y con pocos lo cumplia." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Cong., MS.

³² See Conquest of Mexico, Book 4, chap. 2.

When Pizarro landed in the country, he found it distracted by a contest for the crown. It would seem to have been for his interest to play off one party against the other, throwing his own weight into the scale that suited him. Instead of this, he resorted to an act of audacious violence which crushed them both at a blow. His subsequent career afforded no scope for the profound policy displayed by Cortés when he gathered conflicting nations under his banner and directed them against a common foe. Still less did he have the opportunity of displaying the tactics and admirable strategy of his rival. Cortés conducted his military operations on the scientific principles of a great captain at the head of a powerful host. Pizarro appears only as an adventurer, a fortunate knight-errant. By one bold stroke he broke the spell which had so long held the land under the dominion of the Incas. The spell was broken, and the airy fabric of their empire, built on the superstition of ages, vanished at a touch. This was good fortune, rather than the result of policy.

Pizarro was eminently perfidious. Yet nothing is more opposed to sound policy. One act of perfidy fully established becomes the ruin of its author. The man who relinquishes confidence in his good faith gives up the best basis for future operations. Who will knowingly build on a quicksand! By his perfidious treatment of Almagro, Pizarro alienated the minds of the Spaniards. By his perfidious treatment of Atahualpa, and subsequently of the Inca Manco, he disgusted the Peruvians. The name of Pizarro became a by-word for perfidy. Almagro took his revenge in a civil war; Manco, in an insurrection which nearly cost Pizarro his dominions. The civil war terminated in a conspiracy which cost him his life. Such were the fruits of his policy. Pizarro may be regarded as a cunning man, but not, as he has been often eulogized by his countrymen, as a politic one.

When Pizarro obtained possession of Cuzco, he found a country well advanced in the arts of civilization; institutions under which the people lived in tranquillity and personal safety; the mountains and the uplands whitened with flocks; the valleys teeming with the fruits of a scientific husbandry; the granaries and warehouses filled to overflowing; the whole land rejoicing in its abundance; and the character of the nation, softened under the influence of the mildest and most innocent form of superstition, well prepared for the reception of a higher and a Christian civilization. But, far from introducing this, Pizarro delivered up the conquered races to his brutal soldiery; the sacred cloisters were abandoned to their lust; the towns and villages were given up to pillage; the wretched natives were parcelled out like slaves, to toil for their conquerors in the mines; the flocks were scattered and wantonly destroyed; the granaries were dissipated; the beautiful contrivances for the more perfect culture of the soil were suffered to fall into decay; the paradise was converted into a desert. Instead of profiting by the ancient forms of civilization, Pizarro preferred to efface every vestige of them from the land, and on their ruin to erect the institutions of his own country. Yet these institutions did little for the poor Indian, held in iron bondage. It was little to him that the shores of the Pacific were studded with rising communities and cities, the marts of a flourishing commerce. He had no share in the goodly heritage. He was an alien in the land of his fathers.

The religion of the Peruvian, which directed him to the worship of that glorious luminary which is the best representative of the might and beneficence of the Creator, is perhaps the purest form of superstition that has existed among men. Yet it was much that, under the new order of things, and through the benevolent zeal of the missionaries, some glimmerings of a nobler faith were permitted to dawn on his darkened soul. Pizarro, himself, cannot

be charged with manifesting any overweening solicitude for the propagation of the Faith. He was no bigot, like Cortés. Bigotry is the perversion of the religious principle; but the principle itself was wanting in Pizarro. The conversion of the heathen was a predominant motive with Cortés in his expedition. It was not a vain boast. He would have sacrificed his life for it at any time; and more than once, by his indiscreet zeal, he actually did place his life and the success of his enterprise in jeopardy. It was his great purpose to purify the land from the brutish abominations of the Aztecs by substituting the religion of Jesus. This gave to his expedition the character of a crusade. It furnished the best apology for the Conquest, and does more than all other considerations towards enlisting our sympathies on the side of the conquerors.

But Pizarro's ruling motives, so far as they can be scanned by human judgment, were avarice and ambition. The good missionaries, indeed, followed in his train to scatter the seeds of spiritual truth, and the Spanish government, as usual, directed its beneficent legislation to the conversion of the natives. But the moving power with Pizarro and his followers was the lust of gold. This was the real stimulus to their toil, the price of perfidy, the true guerdon of their victories. This gave a base and mercenary character to their enterprise; and when we contrast the ferocious cupidity of the conquerors with the mild and inoffensive manners of the conquered, our sympathies, the sympathies even of the Spaniard, are necessarily thrown into the scale of the Indian.²²

But, as no picture is without its lights, we must not, in justice to Pizarro, dwell exclusively on the darker features of his portrait. There was no one of her sons to whom Spain was under larger obligations for extent of empire; for his hand won for her the richest of the Indian jewels that once sparkled in her imperial diadem. When we contemplate the perils he braved, the sufferings he patiently endured, the incredible obstacles he overcame, the magnificent results he effected with his single arm, as it were, unaided by the government,—though neither a good nor a great man in the highest sense of that term, it is impossible not to regard him as a very extraordinary one.

Nor can we fairly omit to notice, in extenuation of his errors, the circumstances of his early life; for, like Almagro, he was the son of sin and sorrow, early cast upon the world to seek his fortunes as he might. In his young and tender age he was to take the impression of those into whose society he was thrown. And when was it the lot of the needy outcast to fall into that of the wise and virtuous? His lot was cast among the licentious inmates of a camp, the school of rapine, whose only law was the sword, and who looked on the wretched Indian and his heritage as their rightful spoil.

Who does not shudder at the thought of what his own fate might have been, trained in such a school? The amount of crime does not necessarily show the criminality of the agent. History, indeed, is concerned with the former, that

²² The following vigorous lines of Southey condense, in a small compass, the most remarkable traits of Pizarro. The poet's epitaph may certainly be acquitted of the imputation, generally well deserved, of flattery towards the subject of it.

“FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO.

“Pizarro here was born; a greater name
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and Pain,
Famine, and hostile Elements, and Hosts
Embattled, failed to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm

He overran, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons,
And wealth and power and fame were his
rewards.

There is another world, beyond the grave,
According to their deeds where men are
judged.

O Reader! if thy daily bread be earned
By daily labour,—yea, however low,
However wretched, be thy lot assigned,—
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the
God

Who made thee, that thou art not such as
he.”

it may be recorded as a warning to mankind; but it is He alone who knoweth the heart, the strength of the temptation, and the means of resisting it, that can determine the measure of the guilt.

CHAPTER VI.

MOVEMENTS OF THE CONSPIRATORS—ADVANCE OF VACA DE CASTRO—PROCEEDINGS OF ALMAGRO—PROGRESS OF THE GOVERNOR—THE FORCES APPROACH EACH OTHER—BLOODY PLAINS OF CHUPAS—CONDUCT OF VACA DE CASTRO.

1541-1543.

THE first step of the conspirators, after securing possession of the capital, was to send to the different cities, proclaiming the revolution which had taken place, and demanding the recognition of the young Almagro as governor of Peru. Where the summons was accompanied by a military force, as at Truxillo and Arequipa, it was obeyed without much cavil. But in other cities a colder assent was given, and in some the requisition was treated with contempt. In Cuzco, the place of most importance next to Lima, a considerable number of the Almagro faction secured the ascendancy of their party, and such of the magistracy as resisted were ejected from their offices to make room for others of a more accommodating temper. But the loyal inhabitants of the city, dissatisfied with this proceeding, privately sent to one of Pizarro's captains, named Alvarez de Holguin, who lay with a considerable force in the neighbourhood; and that officer, entering the place, soon dispossessed the new dignitaries of their honours, and restored the ancient capital to its allegiance.

The conspirators experienced a still more determined opposition from Alonso de Alvarado, one of the principal captains of Pizarro,—defeated, as the reader will remember, by the elder Almagro at the bridge of Abancay,—and now lying in the north with a corps of about two hundred men, as good troops as any in the land. That officer, on receiving tidings of his general's assassination, instantly wrote to the Licentiate Vaca de Castro, advising him of the state of affairs in Peru, and urging him to quicken his march towards the south.¹

This functionary had been sent out by the Spanish crown, as noticed in a preceding chapter, to co-operate with Pizarro in restoring tranquillity to the country, with authority to assume the government himself in case of that commander's death. After a long and tempestuous voyage, he had landed, in the spring of 1541, at the port of Buena Ventura, and, disgusted with the dangers of the sea, preferred to continue his wearisome journey by land. But so enfeebled was he by the hardships he had undergone that it was full three months before he reached Popayan, where he received the astounding tidings of the death of Pizarro. This was the contingency which had been provided for, with such judicious forecast, in his instructions. Yet he was sorely perplexed by the difficulties of his situation. He was a stranger in the land, with a very imperfect knowledge of the country, without an armed force to support him, without even the military science which might be supposed necessary to avail himself of it. He knew nothing of the degree of Almagro's

¹ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 13.—
Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 7.
—*Declaracion de Uscategui*, MS.—*Carta del*

Maestro, *Martin de Arauco*, MS.—*Carta de*
Fray Vicente Valverde, desde Tumbes, MS.

influence, or of the extent to which the insurrection had spread,—nothing, in short, of the dispositions of the people among whom he was cast.

In such an emergency, a feeble spirit might have listened to the counsels of those who advised to return to Panamá and stay there until he had mustered a sufficient force to enable him to take the field against the insurgents with advantage. But the courageous heart of Vaca de Castro shrank from a step which would proclaim his incompetency to the task assigned him. He had confidence in his own resources and in the virtue of the commission under which he acted. He relied, too, on the habitual loyalty of the Spaniards; and, after mature deliberation, he determined to go forward, and trust to events for accomplishing the objects of his mission.

He was confirmed in this purpose by the advices he now received from Alvarado; and without longer delay he continued his march towards Quito. Here he was well received by Gonzalo Pizarro's lieutenant, who had charge of the place during his commander's absence on his expedition to the Amazon. The licentiate was also joined by Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, who brought a small reinforcement and offered personally to assist him in the prosecution of his enterprise. He now displayed the royal commission empowering him, on Pizarro's death, to assume the government. That contingency had arrived, and Vaca de Castro declared his purpose to exercise the authority conferred on him. At the same time, he sent emissaries to the principal cities, requiring their obedience to him as the lawful representative of the crown,—taking care to employ discreet persons on the mission, whose character would have weight with the citizens. He then continued his march slowly towards the south.²

He was willing by his deliberate movements to give time for his summons to take effect, and for the fermentation caused by the late extraordinary events to subside. He reckoned confidently on the loyalty which made the Spaniard unwilling, unless in cases of the last extremity, to come into collision with the royal authority; and, however much this popular sentiment might be disturbed by temporary gusts of passion, he trusted to the habitual current of their feelings for giving the people a right direction. In this he did not miscalculate; for so deep-rooted was the principle of loyalty in the ancient Spaniard that ages of oppression and misrule could alone have induced him to shake off his allegiance. Sad it is, but not strange, that the length of time passed under a bad government has not qualified him for devising a good one.

While these events were passing in the north, Almagro's faction at Lima was daily receiving new accessions of strength. For, in addition to those who from the first had been avowedly of his father's party, there were many others who, from some cause or other, had conceived a disgust for Pizarro, and who now willingly enlisted under the banner of the chief that had overthrown him.

The first step of the young general, or rather of Rada, who directed his movements, was to secure the necessary supplies for the troops, most of whom, having long been in indigent circumstances, were wholly unprepared for service. Funds to a considerable amount were raised, by seizing on the moneys of the crown in the hands of the treasurer. Pizarro's secretary,

² Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 4.—Carta de Benalcazar a Emperador, desde Cali, MS., 20 de Setiembre, 1542.—Benalcazar urged Vaca de Castro to assume only the title of Judge, and not that of Governor, which would conflict with the pretensions of Almagro to that part of the country known

as New Toledo and bequeathed to him by his father: "Porque yo le avisé muchas veces no entrase en la tierra como Gobernador, sino como Juez de V. M., que venia á desagrarjar á los agraviados, porque todos lo recibirian de buena gana."

Picado, was also drawn from his prison and interrogated as to the place where his master's treasures were deposited. But, although put to the torture, he would not—or, as is probable, could not—give information on the subject; and the conspirators, who had a long arrear of injuries to settle with him, closed their proceedings by publicly beheading him in the great square of Lima.³

Valverde, Bishop of Cuzco, as he himself assures us, vainly interposed in his behalf. It is singular that the last time this fanatical prelate appears on the stage it should be in the benevolent character of a supplicant for mercy.⁴ Soon afterwards he was permitted, with the judge, Velasquez, and some other adherents of Pizarro, to embark from the port of Lima. We have a letter from him, dated at Tumbes, in November, 1541; almost immediately after which he fell into the hands of the Indians, and with his companions was massacred at Puná. A violent death not unfrequently closed the stormy career of the American adventurer. Valverde was a Dominican Friar, and, like Father Olmedo in the suite of Cortés, had been by his commander's side throughout the whole of his expedition. But he did not always, like the good Olmedo, use his influence to stay the uplifted hand of the warrior. At least this was not the mild aspect in which he presented himself at the terrible massacre of Caxamalca. Yet some contemporary accounts represent him, after he had been installed in his episcopal office, as unwearied in his labours to convert the natives and to ameliorate their condition; and his own correspondence with the government after that period shows great solicitude for these praiseworthy objects. Trained in the severest school of monastic discipline, which too often closes the heart against the common charities of life, he could not, like the benevolent Las Casas, rise so far above its fanatical tenets as to regard the heathen as his brother, while in the state of infidelity; and, in the true spirit of that school, he doubtless conceived that the sanctity of the end justified the means, however revolting in themselves. Yet the same man who thus freely shed the blood of the poor native to secure the triumph of his faith would doubtless have as freely poured out his own in its defence. The character was no uncommon one in the sixteenth century.⁵

Almagro's followers, having supplied themselves with funds, made as little scruple to appropriate to their own use such horses and arms, of every description, as they could find in the city. And this they did with the less reluctance as the inhabitants for the most part testified no good will to their cause. While thus employed, Almagro received intelligence that Holguin had left Cuzco with a force of near three hundred men, with which he was preparing to effect a

³ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Barrio Nuevo, MS.—Carta de Fray Vicente Valverde, desde Tumbes, MS.

⁴ "Siendo informado que andavan ordenando la muerte á Antonio Picado secretario del Marques que tenían preso, fui á Don Diego é á su Capitan General Joan de Herrada é á todos sus capitanes, é les puse delante el servicio de Dios é de S. M. é que bastase en lo fecho por respeto de Dios, humillandome á sus pies porque no lo matasen: é no bastó que luego dende á pocos dias lo sacaron á la plaza desta cibdad donde le cortaron la cabeza."

Carta de Fray Vicente de Valverde, desde Tumbes, MS.

⁵ "Quel Señor obispo Fray Vicente de Balverde como persona que jamas ha tenido fin ni zelo al servicio de Dios ni de S. M. ni menos en la conversion de los naturales en los poner á dotrinar en las cosas de nuestra santa fé catholica, ni menos en entender en la paz é sosiego destes Reynos, sino á sus intereses propios, dando mal exemplo á todos." (Carta de Almagro á la Audiencia de Panamá, MS., 8 de Nov., 1541.) The writer, it must be remembered, was his personal enemy.*

* [Prescott seems to have mistaken the sense of this passage. Far from conceding to Valverde the zeal for the conversion of the natives ascribed to him in the text, Almagro

asserts the precise opposite, and says that he cared for nothing but his own interests.—Ed.]

junction with Alvarado in the north. It was important to Almagro's success that he should defeat this junction. If to procrastinate was the policy of Vaca de Castro, it was clearly that of Almagro to quicken operations and to bring matters to as speedy an issue as possible,—to march at once against Holguin, whom he might expect easily to overcome with his superior numbers, then to follow up the stroke by the still easier defeat of Alvarado, when the new governor would be, in a manner, at his mercy. It would be easy to beat these several bodies in detail, which once united would present formidable odds. Almagro and his party had already arrayed themselves against the government by a proceeding too atrocious, and one that struck too directly at the royal authority, for its perpetrators to flatter themselves with the hopes of pardon. Their only chance was boldly to follow up the blow, and by success to place themselves in so formidable an attitude as to excite the apprehensions of the government. The dread of its too potent vassal might extort terms that would never be conceded to his prayers.

But Almagro and his followers shrank from this open collision with the crown. They had taken up rebellion because it lay in their path, not because they had wished it. They had meant only to avenge their personal wrongs on Pizarro, and not to defy the royal authority. When, therefore, some of the more resolute, who followed things fearlessly to their consequences, proposed to march at once against Vaca de Castro, and, by striking at the head, settle the contest by a blow, it was almost universally rejected; and it was not till after long debate that it was finally determined to move against Holguin and cut off his communication with Alonso de Alvarado.

Scarcely had Almagro commenced his march on Xauxa, where he proposed to give battle to his enemy, than he met with a severe misfortune in the death of Juan de Rada. He was a man somewhat advanced in years; and the late exciting scenes, in which he had taken the principal part, had been too much for a frame greatly shattered by a life of extraordinary hardship. He was thrown into a fever, of which he soon after died. By his death, Almagro sustained an inestimable loss; for, besides his devoted attachment to his young leader, he was, by his large experience and his cautious though courageous character, better qualified than any other cavalier in the army to conduct him safely through the stormy sea on which he had led him to embark.

Among the cavaliers of highest consideration after Rada's death, the two most aspiring were Christoval de Sotelo and Garcia de Alvarado; both possessed of considerable military talent, but the latter marked by a bold, presumptuous manner, which might remind one of his illustrious namesake, who achieved much higher renown under the banner of Cortés. Unhappily, a jealousy grew up between these two officers,—that jealousy so common among the Spaniards that it may seem a national characteristic; an impatience of equality, founded on a false principle of honour, which has ever been the fruitful source of faction among them, whether under a monarchy or a republic.

This was peculiarly unfortunate for Almagro, whose inexperience led him to lean for support on others, and who in the present distracted state of his council knew scarcely where to turn for it. In the delay occasioned by these dissensions, his little army did not reach the valley of Xauxa till after the enemy had passed it. Almagro followed close, leaving behind his baggage and artillery, that he might move the lighter. But the golden opportunity was lost. The rivers, swollen by autumnal rains, impeded his pursuit; and, though his light troops came up with a few stragglers of the rearguard, Holguin succeeded in conducting his forces through the dangerous passes of the mountains, and in effecting a junction with Alonso de Alvarado near the northern seaport of Huaura.

Disappointed in his object, Almagro prepared to march on Cuzco,—the capital, as he regarded it, of his own jurisdiction,—to get possession of that city, and there make preparations to meet his adversary in the field. Sotelo was sent forward with a small corps in advance. He experienced no opposition from the now defenceless citizens; the government of the place was again restored to the hands of the men of Chili, and their young leader soon appeared at the head of his battalions, and established his winter-quarters in the Inca capital.

Here the jealousy of the rival captains broke out in an open feud. It was ended by the death of Sotelo, treacherously assassinated in his own apartment by Garcia de Alvarado. Almagro, greatly outraged by this atrocity, was the more indignant as he felt himself too weak to punish the offender. He smothered his resentment for the present, affecting to treat the dangerous officer with more distinguished favour. But Alvarado was not the dupe of this specious behaviour. He felt that he had forfeited the confidence of his commander. In revenge, he laid a plot to betray him; and Almagro, driven to the necessity of self-defence, imitated the example of his officer, by entering his house with a party of armed men, who, laying violent hands on the insurgent, slew him on the spot.*

This irregular proceeding was followed by the best consequences. The seditious schemes of Alvarado perished with him. The seeds of insubordination were eradicated, and from that moment Almagro received only implicit obedience and the most loyal support from his followers. From that hour, too, his own character seemed to be changed: he relied far less on others than on himself, and developed resources not to have been anticipated in one of his years; for he had hardly reached the age of twenty-two.† From this time he displayed an energy and forecast which proved him, in despite of his youth, not unequal to the trying emergencies of the situation in which it was his unhappy lot to be placed.

He instantly set about providing for the wants of his men, and strained every nerve to get them in good fighting-order for the approaching campaign. He replenished his treasury with a large amount of silver which he drew from the mines of La Plata. Saltpetre, obtained in abundance in the neighbourhood of Cuzco, furnished the material for gunpowder. He caused cannon, some of large dimensions, to be cast under the superintendence of Pedro de Candia, the Greek, who, it may be remembered, had first come into the country with Pizarro, and who, with a number of his countrymen,—Levantine, as they were called,—was well acquainted with this manufacture. Under their care, fire-arms were made, together with cuirasses and helmets, in which silver was mingled with copper,‡ and of so excellent a quality that they might vie, says an old soldier of the time, with those from the workshops of Milan.§ Almagro received a seasonable supply, moreover, from a source scarcely to have been expected. This was from Manco, the wandering Inca, who, detest-

* Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 10-14.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 147.—Declaracion de Uscategui, MS.—Carta de Barrio Nuevo, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 6, lib. 10, cap. 13; dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 1, 5.

† "Hizo mas que su edad requeria, porque seria de edad de veinte i dos años." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 20.

‡ "Y demas de esto hizo armas para la Gente de su Real, que no las tenia, de pasta de Plata, i Cobre, mezclado, de que salen muy

buenos Coseletes: haviendo corregido, demas de esto, todas las armas de la Tierra; de manera, que el que menos Armas tenia entre su Gente, era la Cota, i Coracinas, o Coselete, i Celadas de la mesma Pasta, que los Indios hacen diestramente, por muestras de las de Milan." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 14.

§ "Hombres de armas con tan buenas celadas borgoñesas como se hacen en Milan." Carta de Ventura Beltran al Emperador, MS., desde Vilcas, 8 de Octubre, 1542.

ing the memory of Pizarro, transferred to the young Almagro the same friendly feelings which he had formerly borne to his father,—heightened, it may be, by the consideration that Indian blood flowed in the veins of the young commander. From this quarter Almagro obtained a liberal supply of swords, spears, shields, and arms and armour of every description, chiefly taken by the Inca at the memorable siege of Cuzco. He also received the gratifying assurance that the latter would support him with a detachment of native troops when he opened the campaign.

Before making a final appeal to arms, however, Almagro resolved to try the effect of negotiation with the new governor. In the spring, or early in the summer, of 1542, he sent an embassy to the latter, then at Lima, in which he deprecated the necessity of taking arms against an officer of the crown. His only desire, he said, was to vindicate his own rights,—to secure possession of New Toledo, the province bequeathed to him by his father, and from which he had been most unjustly excluded by Pizarro. He did not dispute the governor's authority over New Castile, as the country was designated which had been assigned to the marquis; and he concluded by proposing that each party should remain within his respective territory until the determination of the court of Castile could be made known to them. To this application, couched in respectful terms, Almagro received no answer.

Frustrated in his hopes of a peaceful accommodation, the young captain now saw that nothing was left but the arbitration of arms. Assembling his troops preparatory to his departure from the capital, he made them a brief address. He protested that the step which he and his brave companions were about to take was not an act of rebellion against the crown. It was forced on them by the conduct of the governor himself. The commission of that officer gave him no authority over the territory of New Toledo, settled on Almagro's father, and by his father bequeathed to him. If Vaca de Castro, by exceeding the limits of his authority, drove him to hostilities, the blood spilt in the quarrel would lie on the head of that commander, not on his. "In the assassination of Pizarro," he continued, "we took that justice into our own hands which elsewhere was denied us. It is the same now, in our contest with the royal governor. We are as true-hearted and loyal subjects of the crown as he is." And he concluded by invoking his soldiers to stand by him heart and hand in the approaching contest, in which they were all equally interested with himself.

The appeal was not made to an insensible audience. There were few among them who did not feel that their fortunes were indissolubly connected with those of their commander; and, while they had little to expect from the austere character of the governor, they were warmly attached to the person of their young chief, who, with all the popular qualities of his father, excited additional sympathy from the circumstances of his age and his forlorn condition. Laying their hands on the cross, placed on an altar raised for the purpose, the officers and soldiers severally swore to brave every peril with Almagro and remain true to him to the last.

In point of numbers his forces had not greatly strengthened since his departure from Lima. He mustered but little more than five hundred men in all; but among them were his father's veterans, well seasoned by many an Indian campaign. He had about two hundred horse, many of them clad in complete mail, a circumstance not too common in these wars, where a stuffed doublet of cotton was often the only panoply of the warrior. His infantry, formed of pikemen and arquebusiers, was excellently armed. But his strength lay in his heavy ordnance, consisting of sixteen pieces, eight large and eight

smaller guns, or falconets, as they were called, forming, says one who saw it, a beautiful park of artillery, that would have made a brave show on the citadel of Burgos.¹⁰ The little army, in short, though not imposing from its numbers, was under as good discipline and as well appointed as any that ever fought on the fields of Peru; much better than any which Almagro's own father or Pizarro ever led into the field and won their conquests with. Putting himself at the head of his gallant company, the chieftain sallied forth from the walls of Cuzco about midsummer in 1542, and directed his march towards the coast in expectation of meeting the enemy.¹¹

While the events detailed in the preceding pages were passing, Vaca de Castro, whom we left at Quito in the preceding year, was advancing slowly towards the south. His first act after leaving that city showed his resolution to enter into no compromise with the assassins of Pizarro. Benalcazar, the distinguished officer whom I have mentioned as having early given in his adherence to him, had protected one of the principal conspirators, his personal friend, who had come into his power, and had facilitated his escape. The governor, indignant at the proceeding, would listen to no explanation, but ordered the offending officer to return to his own district of Popayan. It was a bold step, in the precarious state of his own fortunes.

As the governor pursued his march, he was well received by the people on the way; and when he entered the cities of San Miguel and Truxillo he was welcomed with loyal enthusiasm by the inhabitants, who readily acknowledged his authority, though they showed little alacrity to take their chance with him in the coming struggle.

After lingering a long time in each of these places, he resumed his march, and reached the camp of Alonso de Alvarado at Huaura, early in 1542. Holguin had established his quarters at some little distance from his rival; for a jealousy had sprung up, as usual, between these two captains, who both aspired to the supreme command of captain-general of the army. The office of governor, conferred on Vaca de Castro, might seem to include that of commander-in-chief of the forces. But De Castro was a scholar, bred to the law; and, whatever authority he might arrogate to himself in civil matters, the two captains imagined that the military department he would resign into the hands of others. They little knew the character of the man.

Though possessed of no more military science than belonged to every cavalier in that martial age, the governor knew that to avow his ignorance, and to resign the management of affairs into the hands of others, would greatly impair his authority, if not bring him into contempt with the turbulent spirits among whom he was now thrown. He had both sagacity and spirit, and trusted to be able to supply his own deficiencies by the experience of others. His position placed the services of the ablest men in the country at his disposal, and with the aid of their counsels he felt quite competent to decide on his plan of operations and to enforce the execution of it. He knew, moreover, that the only way to allay the jealousy of the two parties in the present crisis was to assume himself the office which was the cause of their dissension.

Still, he approached his ambitious officers with great caution; and the representations which he made through some judicious persons who had the most intimate access to them were so successful that both were in a short

¹⁰ "El artillería hera suficiente para hazer bateria en el castillo de Burgos." Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carvajal sobre la pregunta 38 de la informacion hecha en le Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.

¹¹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—

Declaracion de Uscategui, MS.—Garciasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 2, cap. 13.—Carta del Cabildo de Arequipa al Emperador, San Juan de la Frontera, MS., 24 de Set., 1542.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 1, 2.

time prevailed on to relinquish their pretensions in his favour. Holguin, the more unreasonable of the two, then waited on him in his rival's quarters, where the governor had the further satisfaction to reconcile him to Alonso de Alvarado. It required some address, as their jealousy of each other had proceeded to such lengths that a challenge had passed between them.

Harmony being thus restored, the licentiate passed over to Holguin's camp, where he was greeted with salvoes of artillery, and loud acclamations of "Viva el Rey" from the loyal soldiery. Ascending a platform covered with velvet, he made an animated harangue to the troops; his commission was read aloud by the secretary; and the little army tendered their obedience to him as the representative of the crown.

Vaca de Castro's next step was to send off the greater part of his force in the direction of Xauxa, while, at the head of a small corps, he directed his march towards Lima. Here he was received with lively demonstrations of joy by the citizens, who were generally attached to the cause of Pizarro, the founder and constant patron of their capital. Indeed, the citizens had lost no time after Almagro's departure in expelling his creatures from the municipality and reasserting their allegiance. With these favourable dispositions towards himself, the governor found no difficulty in obtaining a considerable loan of money from the wealthier inhabitants. But he was less successful, at first, in his application for horses and arms, since the harvest had been too faithfully gleaned already by the men of Chili. As, however, he prolonged his stay some time in the capital, he obtained important supplies before he left it, both of arms and ammunition, while he added to his force by a considerable body of recruits.¹²

As he was thus employed, he received tidings that the enemy had left Cuzco and was on his march towards the coast. Quitting Los Reyes, therefore, with his trusty followers, Vaca de Castro marched at once to Xauxa, the appointed place of rendezvous. Here he mustered his forces, and found that they amounted to about seven hundred men. The cavalry, in which lay his strength, was superior in numbers to that of his antagonist, but neither so well mounted nor armed. It included many cavaliers of birth, and well-tryed soldiers, besides a number who, having great interests at stake, as possessed of large estates in the country, had left them at the call of the governor to enlist under his banners.¹³ His infantry, besides pikes, was indifferently well supplied with fire-arms; but he had nothing to show in the way of artillery except three or four ill-mounted falconets. Yet, notwithstanding these deficiencies, the royal army, if so insignificant a force can deserve that name, was so far superior in numbers to that of his rival that the one might be thought, on the whole, to be no unequal match for the other.¹⁴

¹² Declaration de Uscategni, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 1, cap. 1.—Carta de Barrio Nuevo, MS.—Carta de Benalcazar al Emperador, MS.

¹³ The Municipality of Arequipa, most of whose members were present in the army, stoutly urge their claims to a compensation for thus promptly leaving their estates and taking up arms at the call of the governor. Without such reward, they say, their patriotic example will not often be followed. The document, which is important for its historical details, may be found in the Castilian, in Appendix No. 13.

¹⁴ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 15.—Carta de Barrio Nuevo, MS.—Carbajal notices the politic manner in which his commander bribed recruits into his service,—paying them with promises and fair words when ready money failed him: "Dando á unos dineros, é á otros armas i caballos, i á otros palabras, i á otros promesas, i á otros graziosas respuestas de lo que con él negociaban para tenerlos á todos muy contentos i prestos en el servicio de S. M. quando fuese menester." Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.

The reader, familiar with the large masses employed in European warfare, may smile at the paltry forces of the Spaniards. But in the New World, where a countless host of natives went for little, five hundred well-trained Europeans were regarded as a formidable body. No army, up to the period before us, had ever risen to a thousand. Yet it is not numbers, as I have already been led to remark, that give importance to a conflict; but the consequences that depend on it,—the magnitude of the stake, and the skill and courage of the players. The more limited the means, even, the greater may be the science shown in the use of them; until, forgetting the poverty of the materials, we fix our attention on the conduct of the actors and the greatness of the results.

While at Xauxa, Vaca de Castro received an embassy from Gonzalo Pizarro, returned from his expedition from the "Land of Cinnamon," in which that chief made an offer of his services in the approaching contest. The governor's answer showed that he was not wholly averse to an accommodation with Almagro, provided it could be effected without compromising the royal authority. He was willing, perhaps, to avoid the final trial by battle, when he considered that, from the equality of the contending forces, the issue must be extremely doubtful. He knew that the presence of Pizarro in the camp, the detested enemy of the Almagrians, would excite distrust in their bosoms that would probably baffle every effort at accommodation. Nor is it likely that the governor cared to have so restless a spirit introduced into his own councils. He accordingly sent to Gonzalo, thanking him for the promptness of his support, but courteously declined it, while he advised him to remain in his province and repose after the fatigues of his wearisome expedition. At the same time, he assured him that he would not fail to call for his services when occasion required it. The haughty cavalier was greatly disgusted by the repulse.¹⁵

The governor now received such an account of Almagro's movements as led him to suppose that he was preparing to occupy Guamanga, a fortified place of considerable strength, about forty leagues from Xauxa.¹⁶ Anxious to secure this post, he broke up his encampment, and by forced marches, conducted in so irregular a manner as must have placed him in great danger if his enemy had been near enough to profit by it, he succeeded in anticipating Almagro, and threw himself into the place, while his antagonist was at Bilcas, some ten leagues distant.

At Guamanga, Vaca de Castro received another embassy from Almagro, of similar import with the former. The young chief again deprecated the existence of hostilities between brethren of the same family, and proposed an accommodation of the quarrel on the same basis as before. To these proposals the governor now condescended to reply. It might be thought, from his answer, that he felt some compassion for the youth and inexperience of Almagro, and that he was willing to distinguish between him and the principal conspirators, provided he could detach him from their interests. But it is more probable that he intended only to amuse his enemy by a show of negotiation, while he gained time for tampering with the fidelity of his troops.

He insisted that Almagro should deliver up to him all those immediately implicated in the death of Pizarro, and should then disband his forces. On these conditions the government would pass over his treasonable practices, and he should be reinstated in the royal favour. Together with this mission, Vaca de Castro, it is reported, sent a Spaniard, disguised as an Indian, who was instructed to communicate with certain officers in Almagro's camp and

¹⁵ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 15.

¹⁶ Cieza de Leon, *Cronica*, cap. 85.

prevail on them, if possible, to abandon his cause and return to their allegiance. Unfortunately, the disguise of the emissary was detected. He was seized, put to the torture, and, having confessed the whole of the transaction, was hanged as a spy.

Almagro laid the proceeding before his captains. The terms proffered by the governor were such as no man with a particle of honour in his nature could entertain for a moment; and Almagro's indignation, as well as that of his companions, was heightened by the duplicity of their enemy, who could practise such insidious arts while ostensibly engaged in a fair and open negotiation. Fearful, perhaps, lest the tempting offers of their antagonist might yet prevail over the constancy of some of the weaker spirits among them, they demanded that all negotiation should be broken off, and that they should be led at once against the enemy.¹⁷

The governor, meanwhile, finding the broken country around Guamanga unfavourable for his cavalry, on which he mainly relied, drew off his forces to the neighbouring lowlands, known as the Plains of Chupas. It was the tempestuous season of the year, and for several days the storm raged wildly among the hills, and, sweeping along their sides into the valley, poured down rain, sleet, and snow on the miserable bivouacs of the soldiers, till they were drenched to the skin and nearly stiffened by the cold.¹⁸ At length, on the sixteenth of September, 1542, the scouts brought in tidings that Almagro's troops were advancing, with the intention, apparently, of occupying the highlands around Chupas. The war of the elements had at last subsided, and was succeeded by one of those brilliant days which are found only in the tropics. The royal camp was early in motion, as Vaca de Castro, desirous to secure the heights that commanded the valley, detached a body of arquebusiers on that service, supported by a corps of cavalry, which he soon followed with the rest of the forces. On reaching the eminence, news was brought that the enemy had come to a halt and established himself in a strong position at less than a league's distance.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the sun was not more than two hours above the horizon. The governor hesitated to begin the action when they must so soon be overtaken by night. But Alonso de Alvarado assured him that "now was the time; for the spirits of his men were hot for fight, and it was better to take the benefit of it than to damp their ardour by delay." The governor acquiesced, exclaiming, at the same time, "Oh for the might of Joshua, to stay the sun in his course!"¹⁹ He then drew up his little army in order of battle, and made his dispositions for the attack.

In the centre he placed his infantry, consisting of arquebusiers and pikemen, constituting the *battle*, as it was called. On the flanks he established his cavalry, placing the right wing, together with the royal standard, under charge of Alonso de Alvarado, and the left under Holguin, supported by a gallant body of cavaliers. His artillery, too insignificant to be of much account, was also in the centre. He proposed himself to lead the van, and to break the first lance with the enemy; but from this chivalrous display he was dissuaded by his officers, who reminded him that too much depended on his

¹⁷ Dicho el Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 16.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 8.—Carta de Ventura Beltran, MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 149.

¹⁸ "Tuvieron tan gran tempestad de agua,

Truenos, i Nieve, que pensaron perecer; i amaneciendo con dia claro, i sereno." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 8.

¹⁹ "Y así Vaca de Castro signió su parescer, temiendo toda via la falta del Día, i dijo, que quisiera tener el poder de Josue, para detener el Sol." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 15.

life to have it thus wantonly exposed. The governor contented himself, therefore, with heading a body of reserve, consisting of forty horse, to act on any quarter as occasion might require. This corps, comprising the flower of his chivalry, was chiefly drawn from Alvarado's troop, greatly to the discontent of that captain. The governor himself rode a coal-black charger, and wore a rich surcoat of brocade over his mail, through which the habit and emblems of the knightly order of St. James, conferred on him just before his departure from Castile, were conspicuous.²⁰ It was a point of honour with the chivalry of the period to court danger by displaying their rank in the splendour of their military attire and the caparisons of their horses.

Before commencing the attack, Vaca de Castro addressed a few remarks to his soldiers, in order to remove any hesitation that some might yet feel who recollected the displeasure shown by the emperor to the victors as well as the vanquished after the battle of Salinas. He told them that their enemies were rebels. They were in arms against him, the representative of the crown, and it was his duty to quell this rebellion and punish the authors of it. He then caused the law to be read aloud, proclaiming the doom of traitors. By this law, Almagro and his followers had forfeited their lives and property; and the governor promised to distribute the latter among such of his men as showed the best claim to it by their conduct in the battle. This last politic promise vanquished the scruples of the most fastidious; and, having completed his dispositions in the most judicious and soldier-like manner, Vaca de Castro gave the order to advance.²¹

As the forces turned a spur of the hills which had hitherto screened them from their enemies, they came in sight of the latter, formed along the crest of a gentle eminence, with their snow-white banners, the distinguishing colour of the Almagrians, floating above their heads, and their bright arms flinging back the broad rays of the evening sun. Almagro's disposition of his troops was not unlike that of his adversary. In the centre was his excellent artillery, covered by his arquebusiers and spearmen; while his cavalry rode on the flanks. The troops on the left he proposed to lead in person. He had chosen his position with judgment, as the character of the ground gave full play to his guns, which opened an effective fire on the assailants as they drew near. Shaken by the storm of shot, Vaca de Castro saw the difficulty of advancing in open view of the hostile battery. He took the counsel, therefore, of Francisco de Carbajal, who undertook to lead the forces by a circuitous, but safer, route. This is the first occasion on which the name of this veteran appears in these American wars, where it was afterwards to acquire a melancholy notoriety. He had come to the country after the campaigns of forty years in Europe, where he had studied the art of war under the Great Captain, Gonzalvo de Cordova. Though now far advanced in age, he possessed all the courage and indomitable energy of youth, and well exemplified the lessons he had studied under his great commander.

Taking advantage of a winding route that sloped round the declivity of the

²⁰ "I visto esto por el dicho señor Governador, mandó dar al arma á mul gran prisa, i mando á este testigo que sacase toda la gente al campo, i el se entró en su tienda á se armar, i dende á poco saltó della encima de un cavallo morcillo rabcano armado en blanco i con una ropa de brocado encima de las armas con el abito de Santiago en los pechos." Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.

²¹ The governor's words, says Carbajal, who witnessed their effect, stirred the heart of the troops, so that they went to the battle as to a ball: "En pocas palabras comprendió tan grandes cosas que la gente de S. M. covró tan grande animo con ellas, que tan determinadamente se partieron de allí para ir á los enemigos como si fueron á fiestas donde estuvieran convidados." Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.

hills, he conducted the troops in such a manner that until they approached quite near the enemy they were protected by the intervening ground. While thus advancing, they were assailed on the left flank by the Indian battalions under Paulo, the Inca Manco's brother; but a corps of musketeers, directing a scattering fire among them, soon rid the Spaniards of this annoyance. When at length the royal troops, rising above the hill, again came into view of Almagro's lines, the artillery opened on them with fatal effect. It was but for a moment, however, as, from some unaccountable cause, the guns were pointed at such an angle that, although presenting an obvious mark, by far the greater part of the shot passed over their heads. Whether this was the result of treachery, or merely of awkwardness, is uncertain. The artillery was under charge of the engineer, Pedro de Candia. This man, who, it may be remembered, was one of the thirteen that so gallantly stood by Pizarro in the island of Gallo, had fought side by side with his leader through the whole of the Conquest. He had lately, however, conceived some disgust with him, and had taken part with the faction of Almagro. The death of his old commander, he may perhaps have thought, had settled all their differences, and he was now willing to return to his former allegiance. At least, it is said that at this very time he was in correspondence with Vaca de Castro. Almagro himself seems to have had no doubt of his treachery, for, after remonstrating in vain with him on his present conduct, he ran him through the body, and the unfortunate cavalier fell lifeless on the field. Then, throwing himself on one of the guns, Almagro gave it a new direction, and that so successfully that when it was discharged it struck down several of the cavalry.²²

The firing now took better effect, and by one volley a whole file of the royal infantry was swept off, and, though others quickly stepped in to fill up the ranks, the men, impatient of their sufferings, loudly called on the troopers, who had halted for a moment, to quicken their advance.²³ This delay had been caused by Carbajal's desire to bring his own guns to bear on the opposite columns. But the design was quickly abandoned; the clumsy ordnance was left on the field, and orders were given to the cavalry to charge; the trumpets sounded, and, crying their war-cries, the bold cavaliers struck their spurs into their steeds and rode at full speed against the enemy.

Well had it been for Almagro if he had remained firm on the post which gave him such advantage. But, from a false point of honour, he thought it derogatory to a brave knight passively to await the assault, and, ordering his own men to charge, the hostile squadrons, rapidly advancing against each other, met midway on the plain. The shock was terrible. Horse and rider reeled under the force of it. The spears flew into shivers;²⁴ and the cavaliers,

²² Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 17-19.—Naharro, *Relacion sumaria*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 11.—Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.—Carta del Cabildo de Arequipa al Emperador, MS.—Carta de Ventura Beltran, MS.—Declaracion de Uscategui, MS.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 149.—According to Garcilasso, whose guns usually do more execution than those of any other authority, seventeen men were killed by this wonderful shot. See *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 16.

²³ The officers drove the men, according to Zarate, at the point of their swords, to take

the places of their fallen comrades: "Porque vn tiro llevo toda vna hilera, e hizo abrir el Escuadron, i los Capitanes pusieron gran diligencia en hacerlo cerrar, amenaçando de muerte à los Soldados, con las Espadas desenvainadas, i se cerrò." *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 1.

²⁴ "Se encontraron de suerte, que casi todas las lanças quebraron, quedando muchos muertos, i caidos de ambas partes." (Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, ubi supra.) Zarate writes on this occasion with the spirit and strength of Thucydides. He was not present, but came into the country the following year, when he gleaned the particulars of the battle from the best-informed persons there, to whom his position gave him ready access.

drawing their swords or wielding their maces and battle-axes,—though some of the royal troopers were armed only with a common axe,—dealt their blows with all the fury of civil hate. It was a fearful struggle, not merely of man against man, but, to use the words of an eye-witness, of brother against brother, and friend against friend.²⁵ No quarter was asked; for the wrench that had been strong enough to tear asunder the dearest ties of kindred left no hold for humanity. The excellent arms of the Almagrians counterbalanced the odds of numbers; but the royal partisans gained some advantage by striking at the horses instead of the mailed bodies of their antagonists.

The infantry, meanwhile, on both sides, kept up a sharp cross-fire from their arquebuses, and did execution on the ranks of the cavaliers, as well as on one another. But Almagro's battery of heavy guns, now well directed, mowed down the advancing columns of foot. The latter, staggering, began to fall back from the terrible fire, when Francisco de Carbajal, throwing himself before them, cried out, "Shame on you, my men! Do you give way now? I am twice as good a mark for the enemy as any of you!"²⁶ He was a very large man; and, throwing off his steel helmet and cuirass, that he might have no advantage over his followers, he remained lightly attired in his cotton doublet, when, swinging his partisan over his head, he sprang boldly forward through blinding volumes of smoke and a tempest of musket-balls, and, supported by the bravest of his troops, overpowered the gunners and made himself master of their pieces.

The shades of night had now for some time been coming thicker and thicker over the field. But still the deadly struggle went on in the darkness, as the red and white badges intimated the respective parties, and their war-cries rose above the din,—*"Vaca de Castro y el Rey!"*—*"Almagro y el Rey!"*—while both invoked the aid of their military apostle St. James. Holguin, who commanded the royalists on the left, pierced through by two musket-balls, had been slain early in the action. He had made himself conspicuous by a rich sobre-vest of white velvet over his armour. Still a gallant band of cavaliers maintained the fight so valiantly on that quarter that the Almagrians found it difficult to keep their ground.²⁷

It fared differently on the right, where Alonso de Alvarado commanded. He was there encountered by Almagro in person, who fought in a manner worthy of his name. By repeated charges he endeavoured to bear down his opponent's squadrons, so much worse mounted and worse armed than his own. Alvarado resisted with undiminished courage; but his numbers had been thinned, as we have seen, before the battle, to supply the governor's reserve, and, fairly overpowered by the superior strength of his adversary, who had already won two of the royal banners, he was slowly giving ground. "Take, but kill not!" shouted the generous young chief, who felt himself sure of victory.²⁷

But, at this crisis, Vaca de Castro, who, with his reserve, had occupied a rising ground that commanded the field of action, was fully aware that the

²⁵ It is the language of the Conquerors themselves, who, in their letter to the emperor, compare the action to the great battle of Ravenna: "Fue tan reñida i porfiada, que despues de la de Revena, no se ha visto entre tan poca gente mas cruel batalla, donde hermanos á hermanos, ni deudos á deudos, ni amigos á amigos no se devan vida uno á otro." Carta del Cabildo de Arequipa al Emperador, MS.

²⁶ The battle was so equally contested, says Beltran, one of Vaca de Castro's captains, that it was long doubtful on which side victory was to incline: "I la batalla estuvo muy gran rato en peso sin conocerse vitoria de la una parte á la otra." Carta de Ventura Beltran, MS.

²⁷ "Gritaba, Victoria; i decla, Prender i no matar." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 3, cap. 11.

time had now come for him to take part in the struggle. He had long strained his eyes through the gloom to watch the movements of the combatants, and received constant tidings how the fight was going. He no longer hesitated, but, calling on his men to follow, led off boldly into the thickest of the *mêlée* to the support of his stout-hearted officer. The arrival of a new corps on the field, all fresh for action, gave another turn to the tide.²⁸ Alvarado's men took heart and rallied. Almagro's, though driven back by the fury of the attack, quickly returned against their assailants. Thirteen of Vaca de Castro's cavaliers fell dead from their saddles. But it was the last effort of the Almagrians. Their strength, though not their spirit, failed them. They gave way in all directions, and, mingling together in the darkness, horse, foot, and artillery, they trampled one another down, as they made the best of their way from the press of their pursuers. Almagro used every effort to stay them. He performed miracles of valour, says one who witnessed them; but he was borne along by the tide, and, though he seemed to court death by the freedom with which he exposed his person to danger, yet he escaped without a wound.

Others there were of his company, and among them a young cavalier named Gerónimo de Alvarado, who obstinately refused to quit the field; and, shouting out, "We slew Pizarro! we killed the tyrant!" they threw themselves on the lances of their conquerors, preferring death on the battle-field to the ignominious doom of the gibbet.²⁹

It was nine o'clock when the battle ceased, though the firing was heard at intervals over the field at a much later hour, as some straggling party of fugitives were overtaken by the pursuers. Yet many succeeded in escaping in the obscurity of night, while some, it is said, contrived to elude pursuit in a more singular way: tearing off the badges from the corpses of their enemies, they assumed them for themselves, and, mingling in the ranks as followers of Vaca de Castro, joined in the pursuit.

That commander, at length, fearing some untoward accident, and that the fugitives, should they rally again under cover of the darkness, might inflict some loss on their pursuers, caused his trumpets to sound, and recalled the scattered forces under their banners. All night they remained under arms on the field, which, so lately the scene of noisy strife, was now hushed in silence, broken only by the groans of the wounded and the dying. The natives, who had hung, during the fight, like a dark cloud, round the skirts of the mountains, contemplating with gloomy satisfaction the destruction of their enemies, now availed themselves of the obscurity to descend, like a pack of famished wolves, upon the plains, where they stripped the bodies of the slain, and even of the living but disabled wretches who had in vain dragged themselves into the bushes for concealment. The following morning, Vaca de Castro gave orders that the wounded—those who had not perished in the cold damps of the night—should be committed to the care of the surgeons, while the priests were occupied with administering confession and absolution to the dying. Four large graves or pits were dug, in which the bodies of the slain—the conquerors and the conquered—were heaped indiscriminately together. But the remains of Alvarez de Holguin and several other cavaliers of distinction were transported to Guamanga, where they were buried with the solemnities suited to

²⁸ The letter of the municipality of Arequipa gives the governor credit for deciding the fate of the day by this movement, and the writers express their "admiration of the gallantry and courage he displayed, so little to have been expected from his age and profession." See the original in Appendix No. 13.

²⁹ "Se arrojaron en los Enemigos, como desesperados, hiriendo à todas partes, diciendo cada vno por su nombre: Yo soi Fulano, que maté al Marqués; i así anduvieron hasta que los biceron pedaços." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 4, cap. 19.

their rank; and the tattered banners won from their vanquished countrymen waved over their monuments, the melancholy trophies of their victory.

The number of killed is variously reported,—from three hundred to five hundred on both sides.²⁰ The mortality was greatest among the conquerors, who suffered more from the cannon of the enemy before the action than the latter suffered in the rout that followed it. The number of wounded was still greater; and full half of the survivors of Almagro's party were made prisoners. Many, indeed, escaped from the field to the neighbouring town of Guamanga, where they took refuge in the churches and monasteries. But their asylum was not respected, and they were dragged forth and thrown into prison. Their brave young commander fled, with a few followers only, to Cuzco, where he was instantly arrested by the magistrates whom he had himself placed over the city.²¹

At Guamanga, Vaca de Castro appointed a commission, with the Licentiate de la Gama at its head, for the trial of the prisoners; and justice was not satisfied till forty had been condemned to death, and thirty others—some of them with the loss of one or more of their members—sent into banishment.²² Such severe reprisals have been too common with the Spaniards in their civil feuds. Strange that they should so blindly plunge into these, with this dreadful doom for the vanquished!

From the scene of this bloody tragedy the governor proceeded to Cuzco, which he entered at the head of his victorious battalions, with all the pomp and military display of a conqueror. He maintained a corresponding state in his way of living, at the expense of a sneer from some, who sarcastically contrasted this ostentatious profusion with the economical reforms he subsequently introduced into the finances.²³ But Vaca de Castro was sensible of the effect of this outward show on the people generally, and disdained no means of giving authority to his office. His first act was to determine the fate of his prisoner, Almagro. A council of war was held. Some were for sparing the unfortunate chief, in consideration of his youth and the strong provocation he had received. But the majority were of opinion that such mercy could not be extended to the leader of the rebels, and that his death was indispensable to the permanent tranquillity of the country.

When led to execution in the great square of Cuzco,—the same spot where his father had suffered but a few years before,—Almagro exhibited the most perfect composure, though, as the herald proclaimed aloud the doom of the traitor, he indignantly denied that he was one. He made no appeal for

²⁰ Zarate estimates the number at three hundred. Uscategui, who belonged to the Almagrian party, and Garcilasso, both rate it as high as five hundred.

²¹ The particulars of the action are gathered from Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Ventura Beltran, MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 17-20.—Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Dicho del Capitan Francisco de Carbajal sobre la informacion hecha en el Cuzco en 1543, á favor de Vaca de Castro, MS.—Carta del Cabildo de Arequipa al Emperador, MS.—Carta de Barrio Nuevo, MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 149.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 3, cap. 15-18.—Declaracion de Uscategui, MS.—Many of these writers were personally present on the field; and it is rare that the details of a battle are drawn from more authentic testimony.

The student of history will not be surprised that in these details there should be the greatest discrepancy.

²² Declaracion de Uscategui, MS.—Carta de Ventura Beltran, MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 21.—The loyal burghers of Arequipa seem to have been well contented with these executions. "If night had not overtaken us," they say, alluding to the action, in their letter to the emperor, "your Majesty would have had no reason to complain; but what was omitted then is made up now, since the governor goes on [quartering every day some one or other of the traitors who escaped from the field." See the original in Appendix No. 13.

²³ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 4, cap. 1.

mercy to his judges, but simply requested that his bones might be laid by the side of his father's. He objected to having his eyes bandaged, as was customary on such occasions, and, after confession, he devoutly embraced the cross, and submitted his neck to the stroke of the executioner. His remains, agreeably to his request, were transported to the monastery of La Merced, where they were deposited side by side with those of his unfortunate parent.²⁴

There have been few names, indeed, in the page of history, more unfortunate than that of Almagro. Yet the fate of the son excites a deeper sympathy than that of the father; and this, not merely on account of his youth and the peculiar circumstances of his situation. He possessed many of the good qualities of the elder Almagro, with a frank and manly nature, in which the bearing of the soldier was somewhat softened by the refinement of a better education than is to be found in the license of a camp. His career, though short, gave promise of considerable talent, which required only a fair field for its development. But he was the child of misfortune, and his morning of life was overcast by clouds and tempests. If his character, naturally benignant, sometimes showed the fiery sparkles of the vindictive Indian temper, some apology may be found, not merely in his blood, but in the circumstances of his situation. He was more sinned against than sinning; and if conspiracy could ever find a justification it must be in a case like his, where, borne down by injuries heaped on his parent and himself, he could obtain no redress from the only quarter whence he had a right to look for it. With him the name of Almagro became extinct, and the faction of Chili, so long the terror of the land, passed away for ever.

While these events were occurring in Cuzco, the governor learned that Gonzalo Pizarro had arrived at Lima, where he showed himself greatly discontented with the state of things in Peru. He loudly complained that the government of the country, after his brother's death, had not been placed in his hands; and, as reported by some, he was now meditating schemes for getting possession of it. Vaca de Castro well knew that there would be no lack of evil counsellors to urge Gonzalo to this desperate step; and, anxious to extinguish the spark of insurrection before it had been fanned by these turbulent spirits into a flame, he detached a strong body to Lima to secure that capital. At the same time he commanded the presence of Gonzalo Pizarro in Cuzco.

That chief did not think it prudent to disregard the summons, and shortly after entered the Inca capital at the head of a well-armed body of cavaliers. He was at once admitted into the governor's presence, when the latter dismissed his guard, remarking that he had nothing to fear from a brave and loyal knight like Pizarro. He then questioned him as to his late adventures in Canelas, and showed great sympathy for his extraordinary sufferings. He took care not to alarm his jealousy by any allusion to his ambitious schemes, and concluding by recommending him, now that the tranquillity of the country was re-established, to retire and seek the repose he so much needed, on his valuable estates at Charcas. Gonzalo Pizarro, finding no ground open for a quarrel with the cool and politic governor, and probably feeling that he was at least not now in sufficient strength to warrant it, thought it prudent to take the advice, and withdrew to La Plata, where he busied himself in working those rich mines of silver that soon put him in a condition for a more momentous enterprise than any he had yet attempted.²⁵

²⁴ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 21.—Nabarro, Relacion sumaria, MS.—Herrera, Hist.

general, dec. 7, lib. 6, cap. 1.

²⁵ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 4, cap. 1;

Thus rid of his formidable competitor, Vaca de Castro occupied himself with measures for the settlement of the country. He began with his army, a part of which he had disbanded. But many cavaliers still remained, pressing their demands for a suitable recompense for their services. These they were not disposed to undervalue, and the governor was happy to rid himself of their importunities by employing them on distant expeditions, among which was the exploration of the country watered by the great Rio de la Plata. The boiling spirits of the high-mettled cavaliers, without some such vent, would soon have thrown the whole country again into a state of fermentation.

His next concern was to provide laws for the better government of the colony. He gave especial care to the state of the Indian population, and established schools for teaching them Christianity. By various provisions he endeavoured to secure them from the exactions of their conquerors, and he encouraged the poor natives to transfer their own residence to the communities of the white men. He commanded the caciques to provide supplies for the *tambos*, or houses for the accommodation of travellers, which lay in their neighbourhood, by which regulation he took away from the Spaniards a plausible apology for rapine, and greatly promoted facility of intercourse. He was watchful over the finances, much dilapidated in the late troubles, and in several instances retrenched what he deemed excessive *repartimientos* among the Conquerors. This last act exposed him to much odium from the objects of it. But his measures were so just and impartial that he was supported by public opinion.³⁶

Indeed, Vaca de Castro's conduct, from the hour of his arrival in the country, had been such as to command respect and prove him competent to the difficult post for which he had been selected. Without funds, without troops, he had found the country, on his landing, in a state of anarchy; yet, by courage and address, he had gradually acquired sufficient strength to quell the insurrection. Though no soldier, he had shown undaunted spirit and presence of mind in the hour of action, and made his military preparations with a forecast and discretion that excited the admiration of the most experienced veterans.

If he may be thought to have abused the advantages of victory by cruelty towards the conquered, it must be allowed that he was not influenced by any motives of a personal nature. He was a lawyer, bred in high notions of royal prerogative. Rebellion he looked upon as an unpardonable crime; and, if his austere nature was unrelenting in the exaction of justice, he lived in an iron age, when justice was rarely tempered by mercy.

In his subsequent regulations for the settlement of the country he showed equal impartiality and wisdom. The colonists were deeply sensible of the benefits of his administration, and afforded the best commentary on his services by petitioning the court of Castile to continue him in the government of Peru.³⁷ Unfortunately, such was not the policy of the crown.

lib. 6, cap. 3.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 22.

³⁶ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 4, cap. 22.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 6, cap. 2.

³⁷ "I así lo escribieron al Rei la Ciudad del Cuzco, la Villa de la Plata, i otras Comuni-

dades, suplicandole, que los dexase por Governador à Vaca de Castro, como Persona, que procedia con rectitud, i que là entendia el Gobierno de aquellos Reinos." Herrera, Hist. general, loc. cit.

CHAPTER VII.

ABUSES BY THE CONQUERORS—CODE FOR THE COLONIES—GREAT EXCITEMENT IN PERU—BLASCO NUÑEZ THE VICEROY—HIS SEVERE POLICY—OPPOSED GONZALO PIZARRO.

1543-1544.

BEFORE continuing the narrative of events in Peru, we must turn to the mother-country, where important changes were in progress in respect to the administration of the colonies.

Since his accession to the crown, Charles the Fifth had been chiefly engrossed by the politics of Europe, where a theatre was opened more stimulating to his ambition than could be found in a struggle with the barbarian princes of the New World. In this quarter, therefore, an empire almost unheeded, as it were, had been suffered to grow up, until it had expanded into dimensions greater than those of his European dominions and destined soon to become far more opulent. A scheme of government had, it is true, been devised, and laws enacted from time to time, for the regulation of the colonies. But these laws were often accommodated less to the interests of the colonies themselves than to those of the parent country; and when contrived in a better spirit they were but imperfectly executed; for the voice of authority, however loudly proclaimed at home, too often died away in feeble echoes before it had crossed the waters.

This state of things, and, indeed, the manner in which the Spanish territories in the New World had been originally acquired, were most unfortunate both for the conquered races and their masters. Had the provinces gained by the Spaniards been the fruit of peaceful acquisition,—of barter and negotiation,—or had their conquest been achieved under the immediate direction of the government, the interests of the natives would have been more carefully protected. From the superior civilization of the Indians in the Spanish American colonies, they still continued after the Conquest to remain on the ground, and to mingle in the same communities, with the white men; in this forming an obvious contrast to the condition of our own aborigines, who, shrinking from the contact of civilization, have withdrawn, as the latter has advanced, deeper and deeper into the heart of the wilderness. But the South American Indian was qualified by his previous institutions for a more refined legislation than could be adapted to the wild hunters of the forest; and had the sovereign been there in person to superintend his conquests he could never have suffered so large a portion of his vassals to be wantonly sacrificed to the cupidity and cruelty of the handful of adventurers who subdued them.

But, as it was, the affair of reducing the country was committed to the hands of irresponsible individuals, soldiers of fortune, desperate adventurers, who entered on conquest as a game, which they were to play in the most unscrupulous manner, with little care but to win it. Receiving small encouragement from the government, they were indebted to their own valour for success; and the right of conquest, they conceived, extinguished every existing right in the unfortunate natives. The lands, the persons, of the conquered races were parcelled out and appropriated by the victors as the legitimate spoils of victory; and outrages were perpetrated every day, at the contemplation of which humanity shudders.

These outrages, though nowhere perpetrated on so terrific a scale as in the

islands, where in a few years they had nearly annihilated the native population, were yet of sufficient magnitude in Peru to call down the vengeance of Heaven on the heads of their authors; and the Indian might feel that this vengeance was not long delayed, when he beheld his oppressors wrangling over their miserable spoil and turning their swords against each other. Peru, as already mentioned, was subdued by adventurers, for the most part, of a lower and more ferocious stamp than those who followed the banner of Cortés. The character of the followers partook in some measure of that of the leaders in their respective enterprises. It was a sad fatality for the Incas; for the reckless soldiers of Pizarro were better suited to contend with the fierce Aztec than with the more refined and effeminate Peruvian. Intoxicated by the unaccustomed possession of power, and without the least notion of the responsibilities which attached to their situation as masters of the land, they too often abandoned themselves to the indulgence of every whim which cruelty or caprice could dictate. Not unfrequently, says an unsuspecting witness, I have seen the Spaniards, long after the Conquest, amuse themselves by hunting down the natives with bloodhounds for mere sport, or in order to train their dogs to the game!¹ The most unbounded scope was given to licentiousness. The young maiden was torn without remorse from the arms of her family to gratify the passion of her brutal conqueror.² The sacred houses of the Virgins of the Sun were broken open and violated, and the cavalier swelled his harem with a troop of Indian girls, making it seem that Crescent would have been a much more fitting symbol for his banner than the immaculate Cross.³

But the dominant passion of the Spaniard was the lust of gold. For this he shrank from no toil himself, and was merciless in his exactions of labour from his Indian slave. Unfortunately, Peru abounded in mines which too well repaid this labour; and human life was the item of least account in the estimate of the Conquerors. Under his Incas, the Peruvian was never suffered to be idle; but the task imposed on him was always proportioned to his strength. He had his seasons of rest and refreshment, and was well protected against the inclemency of the weather. Every care was shown for his personal safety. But the Spaniards, while they taxed the strength of the native to the utmost, deprived him of the means of repairing it when exhausted. They suffered the provident arrangements of the Incas to fall into decay. The granaries were emptied; the flocks were wasted in riotous living. They were slaughtered to gratify a mere epicurean whim, and many a llama was destroyed solely for the sake of the brains,—a dainty morsel, much coveted by the Spaniards.⁴ So reckless was the spirit of destruction after the Conquest, says Ondegardo, the wise governor of Cuzco, that in four years more of these animals perished than in four hundred in the times of the Incas.⁵ The flocks, once so numerous over the broad table-lands, were now

¹ "Españoles hai que crían perros carniceros i los avezan á matar Indios, lo qual procuran á las veces por pasatiempo, i ver si lo hacen bien los perros." *Relacion que dió el Provisor Morales sobre las cosas que convenian provarse en el Peru*, MS.

² "Que los Justicias dan cedulas de Anaconas que por otros terminos los hacen esclavos é vivir contra su voluntad, diciendo: Por la presente damos licencia á vos Fe'ano, para que os podais servir de tal Indio ó de tal India é lo podais tomar é sacar donde quiera que lo hallaredes." *Rel. del Provisor Mo-*

rales, MS.

³ "Es general el vicio del amancebamiento con Indias, i algunos tienen cantidad dellas como en serrallo." *Ibid.*, MS.

⁴ "Muchos Españoles han muerto i matan increíble cantidad de ovejas por comer solo los sesos, hacer pasteles del tuetano i candelas de la grasa. De aí hambre general." *Rel. del Provisor Morales*, MS.

⁵ "Se puede afirmar que hicieron mas daño los Españoles en solos quatro años que el Inga en quatrocientos." *Ondegardo, Rel. Seg.*, MS.

thinned to a scanty number, that sought shelter in the fastnesses of the Andes. The poor Indian, without food, without the warm fleece which furnished him a defence against the cold, now wandered half starved and naked over the plateau. Even those who had aided the Spaniards in the conquest fared no better; and many an Inca noble roamed a mendicant over the lands where he once held rule, and if driven, perchance, by his necessities to purloin something from the superfluity of his conquerors, he expiated it by a miserable death.⁶

It is true, there were good men, missionaries, faithful to their calling, who wrought hard in the spiritual conversion of the native, and who, touched by his misfortunes, would gladly have interposed their arm to shield him from his oppressors.⁷ But too often the ecclesiastic became infected by the general spirit of licentiousness; and the religious fraternities, who led a life of easy indulgence on the lands cultivated by their Indian slaves, were apt to think less of the salvation of their souls than of profiting by the labour of their bodies.⁸

Yet still there were not wanting good and wise men in the colonies, who from time to time raised the voice of remonstrance against these abuses, and who carried their complaints to the foot of the throne. To the credit of the government, it must also be confessed that it was solicitous to obtain such information as it could, both from its own officers and from commissioners deputed expressly for the purpose, whose voluminous communications throw a flood of light on the internal condition of the country and furnish the best materials for the historian.⁹ But it was found much easier to get this information than to profit by it.

⁶ "Ahora no tienen que comer ni donde sembrar, i así van á hurtallo como solian, delito por que han aorcado á muchos." Rel. del Provisor Morales, MS.—This and some of the preceding citations, as the reader will see, have been taken from the MS. of the Bachelor Luis de Morales, who lived eighteen or twenty years in Cuzco, and in 1541, about the time of Vaca de Castro's coming to Peru, prepared a Memorial for the government, embracing a hundred and nine chapters. It treats of the condition of the country, and the remedies which suggested themselves to the benevolent mind of its author. The emperor's notes on the margin show that it received attention at court. There is no reason, so far as I am aware, to distrust the testimony of the writer, and Muñoz has made some sensible extracts from it for his inestimable collection.

⁷ Father Naharro notices twelve missionaries, some of his own order, whose zealous labours and miracles for the conversion of the Indians he deems worthy of comparison with those of the twelve Apostles of Christianity. It is a pity that history, while it has commemorated the names of so many persecutors of the poor heathen, should have omitted those of their benefactors: "Tomó su divina Magestad por instrumento 12 solos religiosos pobres, descalzos i desconocidos, 5 del orden de la Merced, 4 de Predicadores, i 3 de San Francisco, obraron lo mismo que los 12 apóstolos en la conversión de todo el universo mundo." Naharro, Relacion sumaria, MS.

⁸ "Todos los conventos de Dominicos i

Mercenarios tienen repartimientos. Ninguno dellos ha dotrinado ni convertido un Indio. Procuran sacar dellos quanto pueden, trabajarles en grangerias; con esto i con otras limosnas enriquecen. Mal ejemplo. Ademas convendrá no pasar frailes sino precediendo diligente examen de vida i dotrina." (Relacion de las cosas que S. M. deve proveer para los reynos del Peru, enviada desde los Reyes á la Corte por el Licenciado Martel Santoyo, de quien va firmada en principios de 1542, MS.) This statement of the licentiate shows a different side of the picture from that above quoted from Father Naharro. Yet they are not irreconcilable. Human nature has both its lights and its shadows.

⁹ I have several of these Memorials, or *Relaciones*, as they are called, in my possession, drawn up by residents in answer to queries propounded by government. These queries, while their great object is to ascertain the nature of existing abuses, and to invite the suggestion of remedies, are often directed to the laws and usages of the ancient Incas. The responses, therefore, are of great value to the historical inquirer. The most important of these documents in my possession is that by Ondegardo, governor of Cuzco, covering nearly four hundred folio pages, once forming part of Lord Kingsborough's valuable collection. It is impossible to peruse these elaborate and conscientious reports without a deep conviction of the pains taken by the crown to ascertain the nature of the abuses in the domestic government of the colonies, and

In 1541, Charles the Fifth, who had been much occupied by the affairs of Germany, revisited his ancestral dominions, where his attention was imperatively called to the state of the colonies. Several memorials in relation to it were laid before him; but no one pressed the matter so strongly on the royal conscience as Las Casas, afterwards Bishop of Chiapa. This good ecclesiastic, whose long life had been devoted to those benevolent labours which gained him the honourable title of Protector of the Indians, had just completed his celebrated treatise on the Destruction of the Indians, the most remarkable record, probably, to be found of human wickedness, but which, unfortunately, loses much of its effect from the credulity of the writer and his obvious tendency to exaggerate.

In 1542, Las Casas placed his manuscript in the hands of his royal master. That same year a council was called at Valladolid, composed chiefly of jurists and theologians, to devise a system of laws for the regulation of the American colonies.

Las Casas appeared before this body, and made an elaborate argument, of which a part only has been given to the public. He there assumes, as a fundamental proposition, that the Indians were by the law of nature free; that, as vassals of the crown, they had a right to its protection, and should be declared free from that time, without exception and for ever.¹⁰ He sustains this proposition by a great variety of arguments, comprehending the substance of most that has been since urged in the same cause by the friends of humanity. He touches on the ground of expediency, showing that without the interference of government the Indian race must be gradually exterminated by the systematic oppression of the Spaniards. In conclusion, he maintains that if the Indians, as it was pretended, would not labour unless compelled, the white men would still find it for his interest to cultivate the soil; and that if he should not be able to do so, that circumstance would give him no right over the Indian, since *God does not allow evil that good may come of it.*¹¹ This lofty morality, it will be remembered, was from the lips of a Dominican, in the sixteenth century, one of the order that founded the Inquisition, and in the very country where the fiery tribunal was then in most active operation!¹²

The arguments of Las Casas encountered all the opposition naturally to be expected from indifference, selfishness, and bigotry. They were also resisted by some persons of just and benevolent views in his audience, who, while they admitted the general correctness of his reasoning and felt deep sympathy for

its honest purpose to amend them. Unfortunately, in this laudable purpose it was not often seconded by the colonists themselves.

¹⁰ The perpetual emancipation of the Indians is urged in the most emphatic manner by another bishop, also a Dominican, but bearing certainly very little resemblance to Las Casas. Fray Valverde makes this one of the prominent topics in a communication, already cited, to the government, the general scope of which must be admitted to do more credit to his humanity than some of the passages recorded of him in history: "A. V. M. representarán alla los conquistadores muchos servicios, dándolos por causa para que los dexen servir de los indios como de esclavos: V. M. se los tiene muy bien pagados en los provechos que han avido desta tierra, y no los ha de pagar con hazer á sus vasallos es-

clavos." Carta de Valverde al Emperador, MS.

¹¹ "La loi de Dieu défend de faire le mal pour qu'il en résulte du bien." *Euvres de Las Casas, évêque de Chiapa, trad. par Llorente (Paris, 1822), tom. i. p. 251.*

¹² It is a curious coincidence that this argument of Las Casas should have been first published—in a translated form, indeed—by a secretary of the Inquisition, Llorente. The original still remains in MS. It is singular that these volumes, containing the views of this great philanthropist on topics of such interest to humanity, should not have been more freely consulted, or at least cited, by those who have since trod in his footsteps. They are an arsenal from which many a serviceable weapon for the good cause might be borrowed.

the wrongs of the natives, yet doubted whether his scheme of reform was not fraught with greater evils than those it was intended to correct. For Las Casas was the uncompromising friend of freedom. He entrenched himself strongly on the ground of natural right, and, like some of the reformers of our own day, disdained to calculate the consequences of carrying out the principle to its full and unqualified extent. His earnest eloquence, instinct with the generous love of humanity and fortified by a host of facts, which it was not easy to assail, prevailed over his auditors. The result of their deliberations was a code of ordinances, which, however, far from being limited to the wants of the natives, had particular reference to the European population, and the distractions of the country. It was of general application to all the American colonies. It will be necessary here only to point out some of the provisions having immediate reference to Peru.

The Indians were declared true and loyal vassals of the crown, and their freedom as such was fully recognized. Yet, to maintain inviolate the guarantee of the government to the Conquerors, it was decided that those lawfully possessed of slaves might still retain them; but at the death of the present proprietors they were to revert to the crown.

It was provided, however, that slaves, in any event, should be forfeited by all those who had shown themselves unworthy to hold them by neglect or ill usage; by all public functionaries, or such as had held offices under the government; by ecclesiastics and religious corporations; and, lastly,—a sweeping clause,—by all who had taken a criminal part in the feuds of Almagro and Pizarro.

It was further ordered that the Indians should be moderately taxed; that they should not be compelled to labour where they did not choose; and that where, from particular circumstances, this was made necessary, they should receive a fair compensation. It was also decreed that, as the *repartimientos* of land were often excessive, they should in such cases be reduced; and that where proprietors had been guilty of a notorious abuse of their slaves their estates should be forfeited altogether.

As Peru had always shown a spirit of insubordination, which required a more vigorous interposition of authority than was necessary in the other colonies, it was resolved to send a viceroy to that country, who should display a state and be armed with powers that might make him a more fitting representative of the sovereign. He was to be accompanied by a Royal Audience, consisting of four judges, with extensive powers of jurisdiction, both criminal and civil, who, besides a court of justice, should constitute a sort of council to advise with and aid the viceroy. The Audience of Panamá was to be dissolved, and the new tribunal, with the vice-king's court, was to be established at Los Reyes, or Lima, as it now began to be called,—henceforth the metropolis of the Spanish empire on the Pacific.¹³

Such were some of the principal features of this remarkable code, which, touching on the most delicate relations of society, broke up the very foundations of property, and by a stroke of the pen, as it were, converted a nation of slaves into freemen. It would have required, we may suppose, but little forecast to divine that in the remote regions of America, and especially in Peru, where the colonists had been hitherto accustomed to unbounded license, a reform so salutary in essential points could be enforced thus summarily only at the price of a revolution. Yet the ordinances received the sanction

¹³ The provisions of this celebrated code are to be found, with more or less—generally less—accuracy, in the various contemporary

writers. Herrera gives them *in extenso*. Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 6, cap. 5.

of the emperor that same year, and in November, 1543, were published at Madrid.¹⁴

No sooner was their import known than it was conveyed by numerous letters to the colonists from their friends in Spain. The tidings flew like wildfire over the land, from Mexico to Chili. Men were astounded at the prospect of the ruin that awaited them. In Peru, particularly, there was scarcely one that could hope to escape the operation of the law. Few there were who had not taken part, at some time or other, in the civil feuds of Almagro and Pizarro; and still fewer of those that remained who would not be entangled in some one or other of the insidious clauses that seemed spread out, like a web, to ensnare them.

The whole country was thrown into commotion. Men assembled tumultuously in the squares and public places, and, as the regulations were made known, they were received with universal groans and hisses. "Is this the fruit," they cried, "of all our toil? Is it for this that we have poured out our blood like water? Now that we are broken down by hardships and sufferings, to be left at the end of our campaigns as poor as at the beginning? Is this the way government rewards our services in winning for it an empire? The government has done little to aid us in making the conquest, and for what we have we may thank our own good swords; and with these same swords," they continued, warming into menace, "we know how to defend it." Then, stripping up his sleeve, the war-worn veteran bared his arm, or, exposing his naked bosom, pointed to his scars, as the best title to his estates.¹⁵

The governor, Vaca de Castro, watched the storm thus gathering from all quarters, with the deepest concern. He was himself in the very heart of disaffection; for Cuzco, tenanted by a mixed and lawless population, was so far removed in the depths of the mountains that it had much less intercourse with the parent country, and was consequently much less under her influence, than the great towns on the coast. The people now invoked the governor to protect them against the tyranny of the court; but he endeavoured to calm the agitation by representing that by these violent measures they would only defeat their own object. He counselled them to name deputies to lay their petition before the crown, stating the impracticability of the present scheme of reform, and praying for the repeal of it; and he conjured them to wait patiently for the arrival of the viceroy, who might be prevailed on to suspend the ordinances till further advices could be received from Castile.

But it was not easy to still the tempest; and the people now eagerly looked for some one whose interests and sympathies might lie with theirs, and whose position in the community might afford them protection. The person to whom they naturally turned in this crisis was Gonzalo Pizarro, the last in the land of that family who had led the armies of the Conquest,—a cavalier whose gallantry and popular manners had made him always a favourite with the people. He was now beset with applications to interpose in their behalf with the government and shield them from the oppressive ordinances.

¹⁴ Las Casas pressed the matter home on the royal conscience, by representing that the Papal See had conceded the right of conquest to the Spanish sovereigns on the exclusive condition of converting the heathen, and that the Almighty would hold him accountable for the execution of this trust. (*Œuvres de Las Casas, ubi supra.*)

¹⁵ Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Pedro de Valdivia. MS., desde Los Reyes, 31 de Oct., 1538.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 1.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 6, cap. 10.

11.—Benalcazar, in a letter to Charles the Fifth, indulges in a strain of invective against the ordinances, which, by stripping the planters of their Indian slaves, must inevitably reduce the country to beggary. Benalcazar was a conqueror, and one of the most respectable of his caste. His argument is a good specimen of the reasoning of his party on this subject, and presents a decided counterblast to that of Las Casas. Carta de Benalcazar al Emperador, MS., desde Cali, 26 de Diciembre, 1544.

But Gonzalo Pizarro was at Charcas, busily occupied in exploring the rich veins of Potosi, whose silver fountains, just brought into light, were soon to pour such streams of wealth over Europe. Though gratified with this appeal to his protection, the cautious cavalier was more intent on providing for the means of enterprise than on plunging prematurely into it; and, while he secretly encouraged the malecontents, he did not commit himself by taking part in any revolutionary movement. At the same period he received letters from Vaca de Castro,—whose vigilant eye watched all the aspects of the time,—cautioning him and his friends not to be seduced, by any wild schemes of reform, from their allegiance. And, to check still further these disorderly movements, the governor ordered his *alcaldes* to arrest every man guilty of seditious language and bring him at once to punishment. By this firm yet temperate conduct the minds of the populace were overawed, and there was a temporary lull in the troubled waters, while all looked anxiously for the coming of the viceroy.¹⁶

The person selected for this critical post was a knight of Avila, named Blasco Nuñez Vela. He was a cavalier of ancient family, handsome in person, though now somewhat advanced in years, and reputed brave and devout. He had filled some offices of responsibility to the satisfaction of Charles the Fifth, by whom he was now appointed to this post in Peru. The selection did no credit to the monarch's discernment.

It may seem strange that this important place should not have been bestowed on Vaca de Castro, already on the spot, and who had shown himself so well qualified to fill it. But ever since that officer's mission to Peru there had been a series of assassinations, insurrections, and civil wars, that menaced the wretched colony with ruin; and, though his wise administration had now brought things into order, the communication with the Indies was so tardy that the results of his policy were not yet fully disclosed. As it was designed, moreover, to make important innovations in the government, it was thought better to send some one who would have no personal prejudices to encounter, from the part he had already taken, and who, coming directly from the court and clothed with extraordinary powers, might present himself with greater authority than could one who had become familiar to the people in an inferior capacity. The monarch, however, wrote a letter with his own hand to Vaca de Castro, in which he thanked that officer for his past services, and directed him, after aiding the new viceroy with the fruits of his large experience, to return to Castile and take his seat in the Royal Council. Letters of a similar complimentary kind were sent to the loyal colonists who had stood by the governor in the late troubles of the country. Freighted with these testimonials, and with the ill-starred ordinances, Blasco Nuñez embarked at San Lucar on the 3rd of November, 1543. He was attended by the four judges of the Audience, and by a numerous retinue, that he might appear in the state befitting his distinguished rank.¹⁷

About the middle of the following January, 1544, the viceroy, after a favourable passage, landed at Nombre de Dios. He found there a vessel laden with silver from the Peruvian mines, ready to sail for Spain. His first act was to lay an embargo on it for the government, as containing the proceeds of slave labour. After this extraordinary measure, taken in opposition to the advice

¹⁶ Carta de Benalcázar al Emperador, MS., ubi supra.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, ubi supra.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1543.

¹⁷ Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 6, cap. 9.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 6.—Zarate, MS.

of the Audience, he crossed the Isthmus to Panamá. Here he gave sure token of his future policy, by causing more than three hundred Indians, who had been brought by their owners from Peru, to be liberated and sent back to their own country.* This high-handed measure created the greatest sensation in the city, and was strongly resisted by the judges of the Audience. They besought him not to begin thus precipitately to execute his commission, but to wait till his arrival in the colony, when he should have taken time to acquaint himself somewhat with the country and with the temper of the people. But Blasco Nuñez coldly replied that "he had come, not to tamper with the laws, nor to discuss their merits, but to execute them,—and execute them he would, to the letter, whatever might be the consequence."¹⁸ This answer, and the peremptory tone in which it was delivered, promptly adjourned the debate; for the judges saw that debate was useless with one who seemed to consider all remonstrance as an attempt to turn him from his duty, and whose ideas of duty precluded all discretionary exercise of authority, even where the public good demanded it.

Leaving the Audience, as one of its body was ill, at Panamá, the viceroy proceeded on his way, and, coasting down the shores of the Pacific, on the fourth of March he disembarked at Tumbez. He was well received by the loyal inhabitants; his authority was publicly proclaimed, and the people were overawed by the display of a magnificence and state such as had not till then been seen in Peru. He took an early occasion to intimate his future line of policy by liberating a number of Indian slaves on the application of their caciques. He then proceeded by land towards the south, and showed his determination to conform in his own person to the strict letter of the ordinances, by causing his baggage to be carried by mules, where it was practicable; and where absolutely necessary to make use of Indians, he paid them fairly for their services.¹⁹

The whole country was thrown into consternation by reports of the proceedings of the viceroy, and of his conversations, most unguarded, which were eagerly circulated, and, no doubt, often exaggerated. Meetings were again called in the cities. Discussions were held on the expediency of resisting his farther progress, and a deputation of citizens from Cuzco, who were then in Lima, strongly urged the people to close the gates of that capital against him. But Vaca de Castro had also left Cuzco for the latter city on the earliest intimation of the viceroy's approach, and, with some difficulty, he prevailed on the inhabitants not to swerve from their loyalty, but to receive their new ruler with suitable honours, and trust to his calmer judgment for postponing the execution of the law till the case could be laid before the throne.

But the great body of the Spaniards, after what they had heard, had slender confidence in the relief to be obtained from this quarter. They now turned with more eagerness than ever towards Gonzalo Pizarro; and letters and addresses poured in upon him from all parts of the country, inviting him to

* "Estas y otras cosas le dixo el Licenciado Çarate: que no fueron al gusto del Virey: antes se enojò mucho por ello, y respondió con alguna aspereza: jurando, que auia de executar las ordenanças como en ellas se contenia: sin esperar para ello terminos

algunos, ni dilaciones." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 6.

¹⁸ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 2.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, ubi supra.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1544.

* [Cieza de Leon describes this act as "a just thing" in itself, but most disastrous to those whose wrongs it was intended to redress. Many of the Indians were attached to their masters, and so averse to returning that they had to be dragged from the churches and

other places where they had taken refuge, and bound as captives in order to be restored to freedom. Many died on shipboard on their way back to Peru. Tercero Libro de las Guerras civiles, MS.—Ed.]

take on himself the office of their protector. These applications found a more favourable response than on the former occasion.*

There were, indeed, many motives at work to call Gonzalo into action. It was to his family mainly that Spain was indebted for this extension of her colonial empire; and he had felt deeply aggrieved that the government of the colony should be trusted to other hands than his. He had felt this on the arrival of Vaca de Castro, and much more so when the appointment of a viceroy proved it to be the settled policy of the crown to exclude his family from the management of affairs. His brother Hernando still languished in prison, and he himself was now to be sacrificed as the principal victim of the fatal ordinances. For who had taken so prominent a part in the civil war with the elder Almagro! And the viceroy was currently reported—it may have been scandal—to have intimated that Pizarro would be dealt with accordingly.²⁰ Yet there was no one in the country who had so great a stake, who had so much to lose by the revolution. Abandoned thus by the government, he conceived that it was now time to take care of himself.

Assembling some eighteen or twenty cavaliers in whom he most trusted, and taking a large amount of silver, drawn from the mines, he accepted the invitation to repair to Cuzco. As he approached this capital, he was met by a numerous body of the citizens, who came out to welcome him, making the air ring with their shouts, as they saluted him with the title of Procurator-General of Peru. The title was speedily confirmed by the municipality of the city, who invited him to head a deputation to Lima, in order to state their grievances to the viceroy and solicit the present suspension of the ordinances.

But the spark of ambition was kindled in the bosom of Pizarro. He felt strong in the affections of the people; and, from the more elevated position in which he now stood, his desires took a loftier and more unbounded range. Yet, if he harboured a criminal ambition in his breast, he skilfully veiled it from others,—perhaps from himself. The only object he professed to have in view was the good of the people:²¹ a suspicious phrase, usually meaning the good of the individual. He now demanded permission to raise and organize an armed force, with the further title of Captain-General. His views were entirely pacific; but it was not safe, unless strongly protected, to urge them on a person of the viceroy's impatient and arbitrary temper. It was further contended by Pizarro's friends that such a force was demanded, to rid the country of their old enemy the Inca Manco, who hovered in the neighbouring mountains with a body of warriors, ready at the first opportunity to descend on the Spaniards.

²⁰ "It was not fair," the viceroy said, "that the country should remain longer in the hands of muleteers and swineherds (alluding to the origin of the Pizarros), and he would take measures to restore it to the crown." "Que así me la havia de cortar [la cabeza] á mi i á todos los que havian sido notablemente, como el decia, culpados en la batalla de las Salinas i en las diferencias de Almagro, i que

una tierra como esta no era justo que estoviese en poder de gente tan vaxa que llamava el á los desta tierra porqueros i arrieros, sino que estoviese toda en la Corona real." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

²¹ "Diciendo que no queria nada para sino sí, para el beneficio universal, i que por todos havia de poner todas sus fuerças." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 7, cap. 20.

* [The first messages, according to Cieza de Leon, reached him in the middle of the night, warning him that the viceroy intended to cut off his head; on which he remarked, "Juro á Nuestra Señora que yo se la cortaré á el primero," and, mounting before daylight, he hastened to Chaqui. Here he listened to the letters which poured in in such numbers that, when they subsequently fell into the hands of

the President Gasca, three secretaries were employed continuously during four days in reading them,—a fact which seems to indicate that the Pizarros were themselves the only illiterate persons among the Conquerors. Gonzalo, however, still hesitated, and was often seen in tears. Guerras civiles, MS.—Ed.]

The municipality of Cuzco hesitated, as well it might, to confer powers so far beyond its legitimate authority. But Pizarro avowed his purpose, in case of refusal, to decline the office of Procurator; and the efforts of his partisans, backed by those of the people, at length silenced the scruples of the magistrates, who bestowed on the ambitious chief the military command to which he aspired. Pizarro accepted it with the modest assurance that he did so "purely from regard to the interests of the king, of the Indies, and, above all, of Peru!"²²

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VICEROY ARRIVES AT LIMA—GONZALO PIZARRO MARCHES FROM CUZCO—DEATH OF THE INCA MANCO—RASH CONDUCT OF THE VICEROY—SEIZED AND DEPOSED BY THE AUDIENCE—GONZALO PROCLAIMED GOVERNOR OF PERU.

1544.

WHILE the events recorded in the preceding pages were in progress, Blasco Nuñez had been journeying towards Lima. But the alienation which his conduct had already caused in the minds of the colonists was shown in the cold reception which he occasionally experienced on the route, and in the scanty accommodations provided for him and his retinue. In one place where he took up his quarters he found an ominous inscription over the door: "He that takes my property must expect to pay for it with his life."¹ Neither daunted nor diverted from his purpose, the inflexible viceroy held on his way towards the capital, where the inhabitants, preceded by Vaca de Castro and the municipal authorities, came out to receive him. He entered in great state, under a canopy of crimson cloth embroidered with the arms of Spain and supported by stout poles or staves of solid silver, which were borne by the members of the municipality. A cavalier, holding a mace, the emblem of authority, rode before him; and after the oaths of office were administered in the council-chamber the procession moved towards the cathedral, where *Te Deum* was sung, and Blasco Nuñez was installed in his new dignity of viceroy of Peru.²

His first act was to proclaim his determination in respect to the ordinances. He had no warrant to suspend their execution. He should fulfil his commis-

²² "Acepté lo por ver que en ello hacia servicio á Dios i á S. M., i gran bien á esta tierra i generalmente á todas las Indias." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 7, cap. 19, 20.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 4, 8.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 8.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1544.

¹ "A quien me viniere á quitar mi hacienda, quitarle he la vida."—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 7, cap. 18.

² "Entró en la ciudad de Lima á 17 de Mayo de 1544: salióle á recibir todo el pueblo á pie y á caballo dos tiros de ballesta del pueblo, y á la entrada de la cibdad estaba un arco triunfal de verde con las Armas de España, y las de la misma cibdad; estaban le esperando el Regimiento y Justicia, y oficiales del Rey

con ropas largas, hasta en pies de carmesí, y un pallo del mesmo carmesí aforrado en lo mesmo, con ocho baras guarnecidas de plata y tomaronle debajo todos á pie, cada Regidor y justicia con una bara del pallo, y el Virrey en su caballo con las mazas delante tomaronle juramento en un libro misal, y juró de las guardar y cumplir todas sus libertades y provisiones de S. M.; y luego fueron desta manera hasta la iglesia, salieron los clerigos con la cruz á la puerta y le metieron dentro cantando *Te deum laudamus*, y despues que obo dicho su oracion, fué con el cabildo y toda la ciudad á su palacio donde fué recebido y hizo un parlamento breve en que contentó á toda la gente." Relacion de los sucesos del Peru desde que entró el virrey Blasco Nuñez acaecidos en mar y tierra, MS.

sion ; but he offered to join the colonists in a memorial to the emperor soliciting the repeal of a code which he now believed would be for the interests neither of the country nor of the crown.³ With this avowed view of the subject, it may seem strange that Blasco Nuñez should not have taken the responsibility of suspending the law until his sovereign could be assured of the inevitable consequences of enforcing it. The pacha of a Turkish despot, who had allowed himself this latitude for the interests of his master, might, indeed, have reckoned on the bowstring. But the example of Mendoza, the prudent viceroy of Mexico, who adopted this course in a similar crisis and precisely at the same period, showed its propriety under existing circumstances. The ordinances were suspended by him till the crown could be warned of the consequences of enforcing them ; and Mexico was saved from revolution.⁴ But Blasco Nuñez had not the wisdom of Mendoza.

The public apprehension was now far from being allayed. Secret cabals were formed in Lima, and communications held with the different towns. No distrust, however, was raised in the breast of the viceroy, and when informed of the preparations of Gonzalo Pizarro he took no other step than to send a message to his camp, announcing the extraordinary powers with which he was himself invested, and requiring that chief to disband his forces. He seemed to think that a mere word from him would be sufficient to dissipate rebellion. But it required more than a breath to scatter the iron soldiery of Peru.

Gonzalo Pizarro, meanwhile, was busily occupied in mustering his army. His first step was to order from Guamanga sixteen pieces of artillery, sent there by Vaca de Castro, who in the present state of excitement was unwilling to trust the volatile people of Cuzco with these implements of destruction. Gonzalo, who had no scruples as to Indian labour, appropriated six thousand of the natives to the service of transporting this train of ordnance across the mountains.⁵

By his exertions and those of his friends, the active chief soon mustered a force of nearly four hundred men, which, if not very imposing in the outset, he conceived would be swelled, in his descent to the coast, by tributary levies from the towns and villages on the way. All his own funds were expended in equipping his men and providing for the march ; and to supply deficiencies he made no scruple—since, to use his words, it was for the public interest—to appropriate the moneys in the royal treasury. With this seasonable aid, his troops, well mounted and thoroughly equipped, were put in excellent fighting order ; and, after making them a brief harangue, in which he was careful to insist on the pacific character of his enterprise, somewhat at variance with its military preparations, Gonzalo Pizarro sailed forth from the gates of the capital.

Before leaving it, he received an important accession of strength in the person of Francisco de Carbajal, the veteran who performed so conspicuous a part in the battle of Chupas. He was at Charcas when the news of the ordinances reached Peru ; and he instantly resolved to quit the country and return to Spain, convinced that the New World would be no longer the land for him,—no longer the golden Indies. Turning his effects into money, he prepared to embark them on board the first ship that offered. But no opportunity occurred, and he could have little expectation now of escaping the

³ "Porque llanamente el confesaba, que así para su Magestad, como para aquellos Reinos, eran perjudiciales." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 5.

⁴ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 2-5.

⁵ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 3.

vigilant eye of the viceroy. Yet, though solicited by Pizarro to take command under him in the present expedition, the veteran declined, saying he was eighty years old, and had no wish but to return home and spend his few remaining days in quiet.* Well had it been for him had he persisted in his refusal. But he yielded to the importunities of his friend; and the short space that yet remained to him of life proved long enough to brand his memory with perpetual infamy.

Soon after quitting Cuzco, Pizarro learned the death of the Inca Manco. He was massacred by a party of Spaniards, of the faction of Almagro, who, on the defeat of their young leader, had taken refuge in the Indian camp. They, in turn, were all slain by the Peruvians. It is impossible to determine on whom the blame of the quarrel should rest, since no one present at the time has recorded it.†

The death of Manco Inca, as he was commonly called, is an event not to be silently passed over in Peruvian history; for he was the last of his race that may be said to have been animated by the heroic spirit of the ancient Incas. Though placed on the throne by Pizarro, far from remaining a mere puppet in his hands, Manco soon showed that his lot was not to be cast with that of his conquerors. With the ancient institutions of his country lying a wreck around him, he yet struggled bravely, like Guatemozin, the last of the Aztecs, to uphold her tottering fortunes, or to bury his oppressors under her ruins. By the assault on his own capital of Cuzco, in which so large a portion of it was demolished, he gave a check to the arms of Pizarro, and for a season the fate of the Conquerors trembled in the balance. Though foiled, in the end, by the superior science of his adversary, the young barbarian still showed the same unconquerable spirit as before. He withdrew into the fastnesses of his native mountains, whence, sallying forth as occasion offered, he fell on the caravan of the traveller, or on some scattered party of the military, and, in the event of a civil war, was sure to throw his own weight into the weaker scale, thus prolonging the contest of his enemies and feeding his revenge by the sight of their calamities. Moving lightly from spot to spot, he eluded pursuit amidst the wilds of the Cordilleras; and, hovering in the neighbourhood of the towns, or lying in ambush on the great thoroughfares of the country, the Inca Manco made his name a terror to the Spaniards. Often did they hold out to him terms of accommodation; and every succeeding ruler, down to Blasco Nuñez, bore instructions from the crown to employ every art to conciliate the formidable warrior. But Manco did not trust the promises of the white man; and he chose rather to maintain his savage independence in the mountains, with the few brave spirits around him, than to live a slave in the land which had once owned the sway of his ancestors.

The death of the Inca removed one of the great pretexts for Gonzalo Pizarro's military preparations; but it had little influence on him, as may be readily imagined. He was much more sensible to the desertion of some of his followers, which took place early on the march. Several of the cavaliers of Cuzco, startled by his unceremonious appropriation of the public moneys and by the belligerent aspect of affairs, now for the first time seemed to realize that they were in the path of rebellion. A number of these, including some principal men of the city, secretly withdrew from the army, and, hastening to Lima, offered their services to the viceroy. The troops were disheartened by this desertion, and even Pizarro for a moment faltered in his purpose, and thought of retiring with some fifty followers to Charcas and there making his

* Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 7, cap. 22.

† Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y. Conq.*, MS. — Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 7.

composition with the government. But a little reflection, aided by the remonstrances of the courageous Carbajal, who never turned his back on an enterprise which he had once assumed, convinced him that he had gone too far to recede,—that his only safety was to advance.

He was reassured by more decided manifestations, which he soon after received, of the public opinion. An officer named Puelles, who commanded at Guanuco, joined him, with a body of horse with which he had been intrusted by the viceroy. This defection was followed by that of others, and Gonzalo, as he descended the sides of the table-land, found his numbers gradually swelled to nearly double the amount with which he had left the Indian capital.

As he traversed with a freer step the bloody field of Chupas, Carbajal pointed out the various localities of the battle-ground, and Pizarro might have found food for anxious reflection, as he meditated on the fortunes of a rebel. At Guamanga he was received with open arms by the inhabitants, many of whom eagerly enlisted under his banner; for they trembled for their property, as they heard from all quarters of the inflexible temper of the viceroy.*

That functionary began now to be convinced that he was in a critical position. Before Puelles's treachery, above noticed, had been consummated, the viceroy had received some vague intimation of his purpose. Though scarcely crediting it, he detached one of his company, named Diaz, with a force to intercept him. But, although that cavalier undertook the mission with alacrity, he was soon after prevailed on to follow the example of his comrade, and, with the greater part of the men under his command, went over to the enemy. In the civil feuds of this unhappy land, parties changed sides so lightly that treachery to a commander had almost ceased to be a stain on the honour of a cavalier. Yet all, on whichever side they cast their fortunes, loudly proclaimed their loyalty to the crown.

Thus betrayed by his own men, by those apparently most devoted to his service, Blasco Nuñez became suspicious of every one around him. Unfortunately, his suspicions fell on some who were most deserving of his confidence. Among these was his predecessor, Vaca de Castro. That officer had conducted himself, in the delicate situation in which he had been placed, with his usual discretion, and with perfect integrity and honour. He had frankly communicated with the viceroy, and well had it been for Blasco Nuñez if he had known how to profit by it. But he was too much puffed up by the arrogance of office, and by the conceit of his own superior wisdom, to defer much to the counsels of his experienced predecessor. The latter was now suspected by the viceroy of maintaining a secret correspondence with his enemies at Cuzco,—a suspicion which seems to have had no better foundation than the personal friendship which Vaca de Castro was known to entertain for these individuals.* But, with Blasco Nuñez, to suspect was to be convinced; and he ordered De Castro to be placed under arrest and confined on board a vessel lying in the harbour. This high-handed measure was followed by the arrest and imprisonment of several other cavaliers, probably on grounds equally frivolous.†

* Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 14, 16.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 9, 10.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 8, cap. 5-9.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—*Relacion de los Sucesos del*

Peru, MS.

* Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 3.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 10.

† [Among the letters found at Cuzco after the death of Gonzalo Pizarro was one addressed to him by Vaca de Castro, dissuading him from his enterprise, exhorting him to remain quietly at home, "y otras cosas que no eran escritas

con intencion tan mala como algunos han querido decir." This letter seems to have been converted by suspicious rumour into one of a precisely contrary purport. Cleza de Leon, *Guerras civiles*, MS.—Ed.]

He now turned his attention towards the enemy. Notwithstanding his former failure, he still did not altogether despair of effecting something by negotiation, and he sent another embassy, having the Bishop of Lima at its head, to Gonzola Pizarro's camp, with promises of a general amnesty, and some proposals of a more tempting character to the commander. But this step, while it proclaimed his own weakness, had no better success than the preceding.¹⁰

The viceroy now vigorously prepared for war. His first care was to put the capital in a posture of defence, by strengthening its fortifications and throwing barricades across the streets. He ordered a general enrolment of the citizens, and called in levies from the neighbouring towns,—a call not very promptly answered. A squadron of eight or ten vessels was got ready in the port to act in concert with the land-forces. The bells were taken from the churches and used in the manufacture of muskets;¹¹ and funds were procured from the fifths which had accumulated in the royal treasury. The most extravagant bounty was offered to the soldiers, and prices were paid for mules and horses which showed that gold, or rather silver, was the commodity of least value in Peru.¹² By these efforts, the active commander soon assembled a force considerably larger than that of his adversary. But how could he confide in it?

While these preparations were going forward, the judges of the Audience arrived at Lima. They had shown, throughout their progress, no great respect either for the ordinances or the will of the viceroy; for they had taxed the poor natives as freely and unscrupulously as any of the Conquerors. We have seen the entire want of cordiality subsisting between them and their principal in Panamá. It became more apparent on their landing at Lima. They disapproved of his proceedings in every particular; of his refusal to suspend the ordinances,—although, in fact, he had found no opportunity, of late, to enforce them; of his preparations for defence, declaring that he ought rather to trust to the effect of negotiation; and, finally, of his imprisonment of so many loyal cavaliers, which they pronounced an arbitrary act, altogether beyond the bounds of his authority; and they did not scruple to visit the prison in person and discharge the captives from their confinement.¹³

This bold proceeding, while it conciliated the good will of the people, severed at once all relations with the viceroy. There was in the Audience a lawyer named Cepeda, a cunning, ambitious man, with considerable knowledge in the way of his profession, and with still greater talent for intrigue. He did not disdain the low arts of a demagogue to gain the favour of the populace, and trusted to find his own account in fomenting a misunderstanding with Blasco Nuñez. The latter, it must be confessed, did all in his power to aid his counsellor in this laudable design.

A certain cavalier in the place, named Suarez de Carbajal, who had long held an office under the government, fell under the viceroy's displeasure, on suspicion

¹⁰ Loaysa, the bishop, was robbed of his despatches, and not even allowed to enter the camp, lest his presence should shake the constancy of the soldiers. (*Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru*, MS.) The account occupies more space than it deserves in most of the authorities.

¹¹ "Hicó hacer gran Copia de Arcabuzes, así de Hierro, como de Fundicion, de ciertas Campanas de la Iglesia Mayor, que para ello quitó." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 6.

¹² Blasco Nuñez paid, according to Zarate, who had the means of knowing, twelve thou-

sand ducats for thirty-five mules: "El Visorrei les mandó comprar, de la Hacienda Real, treinta i cinco Machos, en que hicieron la Jornada, que costaron mas de doce mil ducados." (Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 10.) The South American of our day might well be surprised at such prices for animals since so abundant in his country.

¹³ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 8, cap. 2, 10.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

of conniving at the secession of some of his kinsmen, who had lately taken part with the malecontents. The viceroy summoned Carbajal to attend him at his palace, late at night, and when conducted to his presence he bluntly charged him with treason. The latter stoutly denied the accusation, in tones as haughty as those of his accuser. The altercation grew warm, until, in the heat of passion, Blasco Nuñez struck him with his poniard. In an instant, the attendants, taking this as a signal, plunged their swords into the body of the unfortunate man, who fell lifeless on the floor.¹⁴

Greatly alarmed for the consequences of his rash act,—for Carbajal was much beloved in Lima,—Blasco Nuñez ordered the corpse of the murdered man to be removed by a private stairway from the house, and carried to the cathedral, where, rolled in his bloody cloak, it was laid in a grave hastily dug to receive it. So tragic a proceeding, known to so many witnesses, could not long be kept secret. Vague rumours of the fact explained the mysterious disappearance of Carbajal. The grave was opened, and the mangled remains of the slaughtered cavalier established the guilt of the viceroy.¹⁵

From this hour Blanco Nuñez was held in universal abhorrence; and his crime in this instance assumed the deeper dye of ingratitude, since the deceased was known to have had the greatest influence in reconciling the citizens early to his government. No one knew where the blow would fall next, or how soon he might himself become the victim of the ungovernable passions of the viceroy. In this state of things, some looked to the Audience, and yet more to Gonzalo Pizarro, to protect them.

That chief was slowly advancing towards Lima, from which, indeed, he was removed but a few days' march. Greatly perplexed, Blasco Nuñez now felt the loneliness of his condition. Standing aloof, as it were, from his own followers, thwarted by the Audience, betrayed by his soldiers, he might well feel the consequences of his misconduct. Yet there seemed no other course for him but either to march out and meet the enemy or to remain in Lima and defend it. He had placed the town in a posture of defence, which argued this last to have been his original purpose. But he felt he could no longer rely on his troops, and he decided on a third course, most unexpected.

This was to abandon the capital and withdraw to Truxillo, about eighty leagues distant. The women would embark on board the squadron, and, with the effects of the citizens, be transported by water. The troops, with the rest of the inhabitants, would march by land, laying waste the country as they proceeded. Gonzalo Pizarro, when he arrived at Lima, would find it without

¹⁴ "He struck him in the bosom with his dagger, as some say, but the viceroy denies it."—So says Zarate, in the printed copy of his history. (Lib. 5, cap. 11.) In the original manuscript of this work, still extant at Simancas, he states the fact without any qualification at all: "Luego el dicho Virrei echó mano a una daga, i arremetió con él, i le dió una puñalada, i á grandes voces mandó que le matasen." (Zarate, MS.) This was doubtless his honest conviction, when on the spot soon after the event occurred. The politic

historian thought it prudent to qualify his remark before publication.—"They say," says another contemporary, familiar with these events and friendly to the viceroy, "that he gave him several wounds with his dagger." And he makes no attempt to refute the charge. (Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru, MS.) Indeed, this version of the story seems to have been generally received at the time by those who had the best means of knowing the truth.*

¹⁵ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, ubi supra.

* [Cieza De Leon—on the whole the best authority—tells the story in the manner most unfavourable to the viceroy, who not only gave the first blow, but shouted to his attendants "to kill the knave," and inflicted "two

other wounds" with his own hand. He ordered the body, before life was extinct, to be thrown down from the corridor. Some negroes subsequently carried it into a church and buried it. Guerras civiles, MS.—Ed.]

supplies for his army, and, thus straitened, he would not care to take a long march across a desert in search of his enemy.¹⁶

What the viceroy proposed to effect by this movement is not clear, unless it was to gain time; and yet the more time he had gained, thus far, the worse it had proved for him. But he was destined to encounter a decided opposition from the judges. They contended that he had no warrant for such an act, and that the Audience could not lawfully hold its sessions out of the capital. Blasco Nuñez persisted in his determination, menacing that body with force if necessary. The judges appealed to the citizens to support them in resisting such an arbitrary measure. They mustered a force for their own protection, and that same day passed a decree that the viceroy should be arrested.

Late at night, Blasco Nuñez was informed of the hostile preparations of the judges. He instantly summoned his followers, to the number of more than two hundred, put on his armour, and prepared to march out at the head of his troops against the Audience. This was the true course; for in a crisis like that in which he was placed, requiring promptness and decision, the presence of the leader is essential to insure success. But, unluckily, he yielded to the remonstrances of his brother and other friends, who dissuaded him from rashly exposing his life in such a venture.

What Blasco Nuñez neglected to do was done by the judges. They sallied forth at the head of their followers, whose number, though small at first, they felt confident would be swelled by volunteers as they advanced. Rushing forward, they cried out, "Liberty! Liberty! Long live the king and the Audience!" It was early dawn, and the inhabitants, startled from their slumbers, ran to the windows and balconies, and, learning the object of the movement, some snatched up their arms and joined in it, while the women, waving their scarfs and kerchiefs, cheered on the assault.

When the mob arrived before the viceroy's palace, they halted for a moment, uncertain what to do. Orders were given to fire on them from the windows, and a volley passed over their heads. No one was injured; and the greater part of the viceroy's men, with most of the officers,—including some of those who had been so anxious for his personal safety,—now openly joined the populace. The palace was then entered, and abandoned to pillage. Blasco Nuñez, deserted by all but a few faithful adherents, made no resistance. He surrendered to the assailants, was led before the judges, and by them was placed in strict confinement. The citizens, delighted with the result, provided a collation for the soldiers; and the affair ended without the loss of a single life. Never was there so bloodless a revolution.¹⁷

The first business of the judges was to dispose of the prisoner. He was sent, under a strong guard, to a neighbouring island, till some measures could be taken respecting him. He was declared to be deposed from his office; a provisional government was established, consisting of their own body, with Cepeda at its head, as president; and its first act was to pronounce the detested ordinances suspended till instructions could be received from the court. It was also decided to send Blasco Nuñez back to Spain with one of their own body, who should explain to the emperor the nature of the late disturbances and vindicate the measures of the Audience. This was soon put

¹⁶ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 12.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 18.

¹⁷ *Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru*, MS.—*Relacion anonima*, MS.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 19.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 11.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro

á Valdivia, MS.—Gonzalo Pizarro devoutly draws a conclusion from this, that the revolution was clearly brought about by the hand of God for the good of the land: "E hizóse sin que muriose un hombre, ni fuese herido, como obra que Dios la guiava para el bien desta tierra." Carta, MS., ubi supra.

in execution. The Licentiate Alvarez was the person selected to bear the viceroy company; and the unfortunate commander, after passing several days on the desolate island, with scarcely any food, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, took his departure for Panamá.¹⁸

A more formidable adversary yet remained, in Gonzalo Pizarro, who had now advanced to Xauxa, about ninety miles from Lima. Here he halted, while numbers of the citizens prepared to join his banner, choosing rather to take service under him than to remain under the self-constituted authority of the Audience. The judges, meanwhile, who had tasted the sweets of office too short a time to be content to resign them, after considerable delay, sent an embassy to the Procurator. They announced to him the revolution that had taken place, and the suspension of the ordinances. The great object of his mission had been thus accomplished; and, as a new government was now organized, they called on him to show his obedience to it by disbanding his forces and withdrawing to the unmolested enjoyment of his estates. It was a bold demand—though couched in the most courteous and complimentary phrase—to make of one in Pizarro's position. It was attempting to scare away the eagle just ready to stoop on his prey. If the chief had faltered, however, he would have been reassured by his lion-hearted lieutenant. "Never show faint heart," exclaimed the latter, "when you are so near the goal. Success has followed every step of your path. You have now only to stretch forth your hand and seize the government. Everything else will follow." The envoy who brought the message from the judges was sent back with the answer that "the people had called Gonzalo Pizarro to the government of the country, and, if the Audience did not at once invest him with it, the city should be delivered up to pillage."¹⁹

The bewildered magistrates were thrown into dismay by this decisive answer. Yet, loath to resign, they took counsel, in their perplexity, of Vaca de Castro, still detained on board one of the vessels. But that commander had received too little favour at the hands of his successors to think it necessary to peril his life on their account by thwarting the plans of Pizarro. He maintained a discreet silence, therefore, and left the matter to the wisdom of the Audience.

Meanwhile, Carbajal was sent into the city to quicken their deliberations. He came at night, attended only by a small party of soldiers, intimating his contempt of the power of the judges. His first act was to seize a number of cavaliers, whom he dragged from their beds and placed under arrest. They were men of Cuzco, the same already noticed as having left Pizarro's ranks soon after his departure from that capital. While the Audience still hesitated as to the course they should pursue, Carbajal caused three of his prisoners, persons of consideration and property, to be placed on the backs of mules and escorted out of town to the suburbs, where, with brief space allowed for confession, he hung them all on the branches of a tree. He superintended the execution himself, and tauntingly complimented one of his victims by telling him that, "in consideration of his higher rank, he should have the privilege of selecting the bough on which to be hanged!"²⁰ The

¹⁸ Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS. —Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru, MS.—The story of the seizure of the viceroy is well told by the writer of the last MS., who seems here, at least, not unduly biased in favour of Blasco Nuñez, though a partisan.

¹⁹ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 13.—It required some courage to carry the message

of the Audience to Gonzalo and his desperate followers. The historian Zarate, the royal comptroller, was the envoy; not much, as it appears, to his own satisfaction. He escaped, however, unharmed, and has made a full report of the affair in his chronicle.

²⁰ "Le queria dar su muerte con una preeminencia señalada, que escogiese en qual de

ferocious officer would have proceeded still further in his executions, it is said, had it not been for orders received from his leader. But enough was done to quicken the perceptions of the Audience as to their course, for they felt their own lives suspended by a thread in such unscrupulous hands. Without further delay, therefore, they sent to invite Gonzalo Pizarro to enter the city, declaring that the security of the country and the general good required the government to be placed in his hands.²¹

That chief had now advanced within half a league of the capital, which soon after, on the twenty-eighth of October, 1544, he entered in battle-array. His whole force was little short of twelve hundred Spaniards, besides several thousand Indians, who dragged his heavy guns in the advance.²² Then came the files of spearmen and arquebusiers, making a formidable corps of infantry for a colonial army; and lastly the cavalry, at the head of which rode Pizarro himself, on a powerful charger, gayly caparisoned. The rider was in complete mail, over which floated a richly-embroidered surcoat, and his head was protected by a crimson cap, highly ornamented,—his showy livery setting off his handsome, soldier-like person to advantage.²³ Before him was borne the royal standard of Castile; for every one, royalist or rebel, was careful to fight under that sign. This emblem of loyalty was supported on the right by a banner emblazoned with the arms of Cuzco, and by another on the left displaying the armorial bearings granted by the crown to the Pizarros. As the martial pageant swept through the streets of Lima, the air was rent with acclamations from the populace, and from the spectators in the balconies. The cannon sounded at intervals, and the bells of the city—those that the viceroy had spared—rang out a joyous peal, as if in honour of a victory!

The oaths of office were duly administered by the judges of the Royal Audience, and Gonzalo Pizarro was proclaimed Governor and Captain-General of Peru till his Majesty's pleasure could be known in respect to the government. The new ruler then took up his quarters in the palace of his brother,—where the stains of that brother's blood were not yet effaced. *Fêtes*, bull-fights, and tournaments graced the ceremony of inauguration, and were prolonged for several days, while the giddy populace of the capital abandoned themselves to jubilee, as if a new and more auspicious order of things had commenced for Peru!²⁴

las Ramas de aquel Arbol queria que le cogasen." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 13.—See also *Relacion anonima*, MS.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 25.

²¹ According to Gonzalo Pizarro, the Audience gave this invitation in obedience to the demands of the representatives of the cities: "Y á esta sazón llegué yo á Lima, y todos los procuradores de las ciudades destes reynos suplicaron al Audiencia me hiciesen Gobernador para resistir los robos é fuerzas que Blasco Nuñez andava haciendo, y para tener la tierra en justicia hasta que S. M. proveyese lo que mas á su real servicio convenia. Los Oydores visto que así convenia al servicio de Dios y al de S. M. y al bien destes reynos," etc. (*Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia*, MS.) But Gonzalo's account of himself must be received with more than the usual grain of allowance. His letter, which is addressed to Valdivia, the celebrated conqueror of Chili, contains a full account of the rise and progress of his rebellion. It is the best vindication,

therefore, to be found of himself, and, as a counterpoise to the narratives of his enemies, is of inestimable value to the historian.

²² He employed twelve thousand Indians on this service, says the writer of the *Relacion anonima*, MS. But this author, although living in the colonies at the time, talks too much at random to gain our implicit confidence.

²³ "Y el armado y con una capa de grana cubierta con muchas guarniciones de oro é con sayo de brocado sobre las armas." *Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru*, MS.—Also Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 13.

²⁴ For the preceding pages relating to Gonzalo Pizarro, see *Relacion anonima*, MS.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 25.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia*, MS.—Zarate, *loc. cit.*—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 8, cap. 16–19.—*Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru*, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1544.

CHAPTER IX.

MEASURES OF GONZALO PIZARRO—ESCAPE OF VACA DE CASTRO—REAPPEARANCE OF THE VICEROY—HIS DISASTROUS RETREAT—DEFEAT AND DEATH OF THE VICEROY—GONZALO PIZARRO LORD OF PERU.

1544—1546.

THE first act of Gonzalo Pizarro was to cause those persons to be apprehended who had taken the most active part against him in the late troubles. Several he condemned to death, but afterwards commuted the sentence, and contented himself with driving them into banishment and confiscating their estates.¹ His next concern was to establish his authority on a firm basis. He filled the municipal government of Lima with his own partisans. He sent his lieutenants to take charge of the principal cities. He caused galleys to be built at Arequipa to secure the command of the seas, and brought his forces into the best possible condition, to prepare for future emergencies.

The Royal Audience existed only in name; for its powers were speedily absorbed by the new ruler, who desired to place the government on the same footing as under the marquis his brother. Indeed, the Audience necessarily fell to pieces, from the position of its several members. Alvarez had been sent with the viceroy to Castile. Cepeda, the most aspiring of the court, now that he had failed in his own schemes of ambition, was content to become a tool in the hands of the military chief who had displaced him. Zarate, a third judge, who had from the first protested against the violent measures of his colleagues, was confined to his house by a mortal illness;² and Tepeda, the remaining magistrate, Gonzalo now proposed to send back to Castile with such an account of the late transactions as should vindicate his own conduct in the eyes of the emperor. This step was opposed by Carbajal, who bluntly told his commander that "he had gone too far to expect favour from the crown, and that he had better rely for his vindication on his pikes and muskets!"³

But the ship which was to transport Tepeda was found to have suddenly disappeared from the port. It was the same in which Vaca de Castro was confined; and that officer, not caring to trust to the forbearance of one whose advances on a former occasion he had so unceremoniously repulsed, and convinced, moreover, that his own presence could profit nothing in a land where he held no legitimate authority, had prevailed on the captain to sail with him to Panamá. He then crossed the Isthmus and embarked for Spain. The rumours of his coming had already preceded him, and charges were not wanting against him from some of those whom he had offended by his administration. He was accused of having carried measures with a high hand, regardless of the rights both of the colonist and of the native, and, above all, of having embezzled the public moneys and of returning with his coffers richly freighted to Castile. This last was an unpardonable crime.

¹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—The honest soldier who tells us this was more true to his king than to his kindred. At least, he did not attach himself to Gonzalo's party, and was among those who barely escaped hanging on this occasion. He seems to have had little respect for his namesake.

² Zarate the judge must not be confounded

with Zarate the historian, who went out to Peru with the Court of Audience as *contador real*, royal comptroller,—having before filled the office of secretary of the royal council in Spain.

³ Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 172.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 21.

No sooner had the governor set foot in his own country than he was arrested and hurried to the fortress of Arevalo; and, though he was afterwards removed to better quarters, where he was treated with the indulgence due to his rank, he was still kept a prisoner of state for twelve years, when the tardy tribunals of Castile pronounced a judgment in his favour. He was acquitted of every charge that had been brought against him, and, so far from peculation, was proved to have returned home no richer than he went. He was released from confinement, reinstated in his honours and dignities, took his seat anew in the royal council, and enjoyed, during the remainder of his days, the consideration to which he was entitled by his deserts.* The best eulogium on the wisdom of his administration was afforded by the troubles brought on the colonies by that of his successor. The nation became gradually sensible of the value of his services; though the manner in which they were required by the government must be allowed to form a cold commentary on the gratitude of princes.

Gonzalo Pizarro was doomed to experience a still greater disappointment than that caused by the escape of Vaca de Castro, in the return of Blasco Nuñez. The vessel which bore him from the country had hardly left the shore when Alvarez, the judge, whether from remorse at the part which he had taken, or apprehensive of the consequences of carrying back the viceroy to Spain, presented himself before that dignitary and announced that he was no longer a prisoner. At the same time he excused himself for the part he had taken, by his desire to save the life of Blasco Nuñez and extricate him from his perilous situation. He now placed the vessel at his disposal, and assured him it should take him wherever he chose.

The viceroy, whatever faith he may have placed in the judge's explanation, eagerly availed himself of his offer. His proud spirit revolted at the idea of returning home in disgrace, foiled, as he had been, in every object of his mission. He determined to try his fortune again in the land, and his only doubt was on what point to attempt to rally his partisans around him. At Panamá he might remain in safety, while he invoked assistance from Nicaragua and other colonies at the north. But this would be to abandon his government at once; and such a confession of weakness would have a bad effect on his followers in Peru. He determined, therefore, to direct his steps towards Quito, which, while it was within his jurisdiction, was still removed far enough from the theatre of the late troubles to give him time to rally and make head against his enemies.

In pursuance of this purpose, the viceroy and his suite disembarked at Tumbez, about the middle of October, 1544. On landing he issued a manifesto setting forth the violent proceedings of Gonzalo Pizarro and his followers, whom he denounced as traitors to their prince, and he called on all true subjects in the colony to support him in maintaining the royal authority. The call was not unheeded; and volunteers came in, though tardily, from San Miguel, Puerto Viejo, and other places on the coast, cheering the heart of the viceroy with the conviction that the sentiment of loyalty was not yet extinct in the bosoms of the Spaniards.

But, while thus occupied, he received tidings of the arrival of one of Pizarro's captains on the coast, with a force superior to his own. Their number was exaggerated; but Blasco Nuñez, without waiting to ascertain the truth, abandoned his position at Tumbez, and, with as much expedition as he could make across a wild and mountainous country half buried in snow, he

* Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 15.—*Relacion anonima*, MS.—*Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru*, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*,

MS., año 1545.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 28.

marched to Quito. But this capital, situated at the northern extremity of his province, was not a favourable point for the rendezvous of his followers; and, after prolonging his stay till he had received assurance from Benalcazar, the loyal commander at Popayan, that he would support him with all his strength in the coming conflict, he made a rapid countermarch to the coast and took up his position at the town of San Miguel. This was a spot well suited to his purposes, as lying on the great high-road along the shores of the Pacific, besides being the chief mart for commercial intercourse with Panamá and the north.

Here the viceroy erected his standard, and in a few weeks found himself at the head of a force amounting to nearly five hundred in all, horse and foot, ill provided with arms and ammunition, but apparently zealous in the cause. Finding himself in sufficient strength to commence active operations, he now sallied forth against several of Pizarro's captains in the neighbourhood, over whom he obtained some decided advantages, which renewed his confidence and flattered him with the hopes of re-establishing his ascendancy in the country.⁵

During this time Gonzalo Pizarro was not idle. He had watched with anxiety the viceroy's movements, and was now convinced that it was time to act, and that, if he would not be unseated himself, he must dislodge his formidable rival. He accordingly placed a strong garrison under a faithful officer in Lima, and, after sending forward a force of some six hundred men by land to Truxillo, he embarked for the same port himself, on the fourth of March, 1545, the very day on which the viceroy had marched from Quito.

At Truxillo, Pizarro put himself at the head of his little army and moved without loss of time against San Miguel. His rival, eager to bring their quarrel to an issue, would fain have marched out to give him battle; but his soldiers, mostly young and inexperienced levies, hastily brought together, were intimidated by the name of Pizarro. They loudly insisted on being led into the upper country, where they would be reinforced by Benalcazar; and their unfortunate commander, like the rider of some unmanageable steed to whose humours he is obliged to submit, was hurried away in a direction contrary to his wishes. It was the fate of Blasco Nuñez to have his purposes baffled alike by his friends and his enemies.

On arriving before San Miguel, Gonzalo Pizarro found, to his great mortification, that his antagonist had left it. Without entering the town, he quickened his pace, and, after traversing a valley of some extent, reached the skirts of a mountain-chain, into which Blasco Nuñez had entered but a few hours before. It was late in the evening; but Pizarro, knowing the importance of despatch, sent forward Carbajal with a party of light troops to overtake the fugitives. That captain succeeded in coming up with their lonely bivouac among the mountains at midnight, when the weary troops were buried in slumber. Startled from their repose by the blast of the trumpet, which, strange to say, their enemy had incautiously sounded,⁶ the viceroy and his

⁵ Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS. —Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 14, 15. —Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 7, lib. 8, cap. 19, 20. —Relacion anonima, MS. —Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 23. —Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru, MS. —The author of the document last cited notices the strong feeling for the crown existing in several of the cities, and mentions also the rumour of a meditated assault on Cuzco by the Indians. The writer

belonged to the discomfited party of Blasco Nuñez; and the facility with which exiles credit reports in their own favour is proverbial.

⁶ "Mas Francisco Carvajal q los ya siguiendo, llegó quatro horas de la noche á dónde estauan: y con vna Trompeta que llenava les tocó arma: y sentido por el Virey se levantó luego el primero." Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 40.

men sprang to their feet, mounted their horses, grasped their arquebuses, and poured such a volley into the ranks of their assailants that Carbajal, disconcerted by his reception, found it prudent, with his inferior force, to retreat. The viceroy followed, till, fearing an ambuscade in the darkness of the night, he withdrew, and allowed his adversary to rejoin the main body of the army under Pizarro.

This conduct of Carbajal, by which he allowed the game to slip through his hands from mere carelessness, is inexplicable. It forms a singular exception to the habitual caution and vigilance displayed in his military career. Had it been the act of any other captain, it would have cost him his head. But Pizarro, although greatly incensed, set too high a value on the services and well-tryed attachment of his lieutenant to quarrel with him. Still, it was considered of the last importance to overtake the enemy before he had advanced much farther to the north, where the difficulties of the ground would greatly embarrass the pursuit. Carbajal, anxious to retrieve his error, was accordingly again placed at the head of a corps of light troops, with instructions to harass the enemy's march, cut off his stores, and keep him in check, if possible, till the arrival of Pizarro.⁷

But the viceroy had profited by the recent delay to gain considerably on his pursuers. His road led across the valley of Caxas, a broad, uncultivated district, affording little sustenance for man or beast. Day after day his troops held on their march through this dreary region, intersected with *barrancas* and rocky ravines that added incredibly to their toil. Their principal food was the parched corn, which usually formed the nourishment of the travelling Indians, though held of much less account by the Spaniards; and this meagre fare was reinforced by such herbs as they found on the wayside, which, for want of better utensils, the soldiers were fain to boil in their helmets.⁸ Carbajal, meanwhile, pressed on them so close that their baggage, ammunition, and sometimes their mules, fell into his hands. The indefatigable warrior was always on their track, by day and by night, allowing them scarcely any repose. They spread no tent, and lay down in their arms, with their steeds standing saddled beside them; and hardly had the weary soldier closed his eyes when he was startled by the cry that the enemy was upon him.⁹

At length the harassed followers of Blasco Nuñez reached the *depoblado*, or desert of Paltos, which stretches towards the north for many a dreary league. The ground, intersected by numerous streams, has the character of a great quagmire, and men and horses floundered about in the stagnant waters, or with difficulty worked their way over the marsh, or opened a passage through the tangled underwood that shot up in rank luxuriance from the surface. The wayworn horses, without food, except such as they could pick up in the wilderness, were often spent with travel, and, becoming unserviceable, were left to die on the road, with their hamstrings cut, that they might be of no use to the enemy; though more frequently they were despatched to afford a miserable banquet to their masters.¹⁰ Many of the men now fainted by the way from

⁷ Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, ubi supra.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 9, cap. 22.—Garcilasso, Com. Real, lib. 4, cap. 26.

⁸ "Caminando, pues, comiendo algunas Jervas, que cocían en las Celadas, quando paraban á dar aliento a los Caballos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 9, cap. 24.

⁹ "I sin que en todo el camino los vnos, ni los otros, quitasen las Sillas a los Caballos, aunque en este caso estaba mas alerta la Gente

del Visorei, porque si algun pequeño rato de la Noche reposaban, era vestidos, i teniendo siempre los Caballos del Cabestro, sin esperar á poner Toldos, ni á adereçar las otras formas, que se suelen tener para atar los Caballos de Noche." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 29.

¹⁰ "I en cansandose el Caballo, le desjarretaba, i le dexaba, porque sus contrarios no se aprovechasen de él." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, loc. cit.

mere exhaustion, or loitered in the woods, unable to keep up with the march. And woe to the straggler who fell into the heads of Carbajal, at least if he had once belonged to the party of Pizarro. The mere suspicion of treason sealed his doom with the unrelenting soldier.¹¹

The sufferings of Pizarro and his troop were scarcely less than those of the viceroy; though they were somewhat mitigated by the natives of the country, who, with ready instinct, discerned which party was the strongest, and, of course, the most to be feared. But, with every alleviation, the chieftain's sufferings were terrible. It was repeating the dismal scenes of the expedition to the Amazon. The soldiers of the Conquest must be admitted to have purchased their triumphs dearly.

Yet the viceroy had one source of disquietude greater perhaps than any arising from physical suffering. This was the distrust of his own followers. There were several of the principal cavaliers in his suite whom he suspected of being in correspondence with the enemy, and even of designing to betray him into their hands. He was so well convinced of this that he caused two of these officers to be put to death on the march; and their dead bodies, as they lay by the roadside, meeting the eye of the soldier, told him that there were others to be feared in these frightful solitudes besides the enemy in his rear.¹²

Another cavalier, who held the chief command under the viceroy, was executed, after a more formal investigation of his case, at the first place where the army halted. At this distance of time it is impossible to determine how far the suspicions of Blasco Nuñez were founded on truth. The judgments of contemporaries are at variance.¹³ In times of political ferment, the opinion of the writer is generally determined by the complexion of his party. To judge from the character of Blasco Nuñez, jealous and irritable, we might suppose him to have acted without sufficient cause. But this consideration is counterbalanced by that of the facility with which his followers swerved from their allegiance to their commander, who seems to have had so light a hold on their affections that they were shaken off by the least reverse of fortune. Whether his suspicions were well or ill founded, the effect was the same on the mind of the viceroy. With an enemy in his rear whom he dared not fight, and followers whom he dared not trust, the cup of his calamities was nearly full.

At length he issued forth on firm ground, and, passing through Tomebamba, Blasco Nuñez re-entered his northern capital of Quito. But his reception was not so cordial as that which he had before experienced. He now came as a fugitive, with a formidable enemy in pursuit; and he was soon made to feel that the surest way to receive support is not to need it.

Shaking from his feet the dust of the disloyal city, whose superstitious people were alive to many an omen that boded his approaching ruin,¹⁴ the

¹¹ "Had it not been for Gonzalo Pizarro's interference," says Fernandez, "many more would have been hung up by his lieutenant, who *pleasantly* quoted the old Spanish proverb, 'The fewer of our enemies the better.'" *De los enemigos, los menos.* Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 40.

¹² "Los afligidos Soldados, que por el cansancio de los Caballos iban à pie con terrible angustia, por la persecucion de los Enemigos, que iban cerca, 1 por la fatiga de la hambre, quando vieron los Cuerpos de los dos Capitanes muertos en aquel camino quedaron atonitos." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 9, cap. 25.

¹³ Fernandez, who held a loyal pen, and one

sufficiently friendly to the viceroy, after stating that the officers whom the latter put to death had served him to that time with their lives and fortunes, dismisses the affair with the temperate reflection that men formed different judgments on it: "Sobre estas muertes uno en el Peru varios y contrarios juyzlos y opiniones, de culpa y de su descargo." (Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 41.) Gomara says, more unequivocally, "All condemned it." (Hist. de las Ind., cap. 167.) The weight of opinion seems to have been against the viceroy.

¹⁴ Some of these omens recorded by the historian—as the howling of dogs—were cer-

unfortunate commander held on his way towards Pastos, in the jurisdiction of Benalcazar. Pizarro and his forces entered Quito not long after, disappointed that, with all his diligence, the enemy still eluded his pursuit. He halted only to breathe his men, and, declaring that "he would follow up the viceroy to the North Sea but he would overtake him,"¹⁵ he resumed his march. At Pastos he nearly accomplished his object. His advance-guard came up with Blasco Nuñez as the latter was halting on the opposite bank of a rivulet. Pizarro's men, fainting from toil and heat, staggered feebly to the water-side to slake their burning thirst, and it would have been easy for the viceroy's troops, refreshed by repose and superior in number to their foes, to have routed them. But Blasco Nuñez could not bring his soldiers to the charge. They had fled so long before their enemy that the mere sight of him filled their hearts with panic, and they would have no more thought of turning against him than the hare would turn against the hound that pursues her. Their safety, they felt, was to fly, not to fight, and they profited by the exhaustion of their pursuers only to quicken their retreat.

Gonzalo Pizarro continued the chase some leagues beyond Pastos; when, finding himself carried farther than he desired into the territories of Benalcazar, and not caring to encounter this formidable captain at disadvantage, he came to a halt, and, notwithstanding his magnificent vaunt about the North Sea, ordered a retreat, and made a rapid countermarch on Quito. Here he found occupation in repairing the wasted spirits of his troops, and in strengthening himself with fresh reinforcements, which much increased his numbers; though these were again diminished by a body that he detached under Carbajal to suppress an insurrection which he now learned had broken out in the south. It was headed by Diego Centeno, one of his own officers, whom he had established in La Plata, the inhabitants of which place had joined in the revolt and raised the standard for the crown. With the rest of his forces, Pizarro resolved to remain at Quito, awaiting the hour when the viceroy would re-enter his dominions; as the tiger crouches by some spring in the wilderness, patiently awaiting the return of his victims.

Meanwhile Blasco Nuñez had pushed forward his retreat to Popayan, the capital of Benalcazar's province. Here he was kindly received by the people; and his soldiers, reduced by desertion and disease to one-fifth of their original number, rested from the unparalleled fatigues of a march which had continued for more than two hundred leagues.¹⁶ It was not long before he was joined by Cabrera, Benalcazar's lieutenant, with a stout reinforcement, and, soon after, by that chieftain himself. His whole force now amounted to nearly four hundred men, most of them in good condition and well trained in the school of American warfare. His own men were sorely deficient both in arms and ammunition; and he set about repairing the want by building furnaces for manufacturing arquebuses and pikes.¹⁷ One familiar with the history of these

tainly no miracles: "En esta lamentable, i angustiosa partida, muchos afirmaron, haver visto por el Aire muchos Cometas, i que quadras de Ferros andaban por las Calles, dando grandes i temerosos abullidos, i los Hombres andaban asombrados, i fuera de sí." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 10, cap. 4.

¹⁵ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 10, cap. 4.

¹⁶ This retreat of Blasco Nuñez may undoubtedly compare, if not in duration, at least in sharpness of suffering, with any expedition in the New World,—save, indeed, that of

Gonzalo Pizarro himself to the Amazon. The particulars of it may be found, with more or less amplification, in Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 19, 29.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 7, lib. 9, cap. 20-26.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 40, et seq.—Relacion de los Sucesos del Peru, MS.—Relacion anonima, MS.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1545.

¹⁷ "Proveló, que se tragese allí todo el hierro que se pudo haver en la Provincia, i buscó Maestros, i hizo adereçar Fraguas, i ea

times is surprised to see the readiness with which the Spanish adventurers turned their hands to various trades and handicrafts usually requiring a long apprenticeship. They displayed the dexterity so necessary to settlers in a new country, where every man must become in some degree his own artisan. But this state of things, however favourable to the ingenuity of the artist, is not very propitious to the advancement of the art; and there can be little doubt that the weapons thus made by the soldiers of Blasco Nuñez were of the most rude and imperfect construction.

As week after week rolled away, Gonzalo Pizarro, though fortified with the patience of a Spanish soldier, felt uneasy at the protracted stay of Blasco Nuñez in the north, and he resorted to stratagem to decoy him from his retreat. He marched out of Quito with the greater part of his forces, pretending that he was going to support his lieutenant in the south, while he left a garrison in the city under the command of Puelles, the same officer who had formerly deserted from the viceroy. These tidings he took great care should be conveyed to the enemy's camp. The artifice succeeded as he wished. Blasco Nuñez and his followers, confident in their superiority over Puelles, did not hesitate for a moment to profit by the supposed absence of Pizarro. Abandoning Popayan, the viceroy, early in January, 1546, moved by rapid marches towards the south. But before he reached the place of his destination he became apprised of the snare into which he had been drawn. He communicated the fact to his officers; but he had already suffered so much from suspense that his only desire now was to bring his quarrel with Pizarro to the final arbitrament of arms.

That chief, meanwhile, had been well informed, through his spies, of the viceroy's movements. On learning the departure of the latter from Popayan, he had re-entered Quito, joined his forces with those of Puelles, and, issuing from the capital, had taken up a strong position about three leagues to the north, on a high ground that commanded a stream across which the enemy must pass. It was not long before the latter came in sight, and Blasco Nuñez, as night began to fall, established himself on the opposite bank of the rivulet. It was so near to the enemy's quarters that the voices of the sentinels could be distinctly heard in the opposite camps, and they did not fail to salute one another with the epithet of "traitors." In these civil wars, as we have seen, each party claimed for itself the exclusive merit of loyalty.¹⁸

But Benalcazar soon saw that Pizarro's position was too strong to be assailed with any chance of success. He proposed, therefore, to the viceroy to draw off his forces secretly in the night, and, making a détour round the hills, to fall on the enemy's rear, where he would be least prepared to receive them. The counsel was approved; and no sooner were the two hosts shrouded from each other's eyes by the darkness than, leaving his camp-fires burning to deceive the enemy, Blasco Nuñez broke up his quarters and began his circuitous march in the direction of Quito. But either he had been misinformed or his guides misled him; for the roads proved so impracticable that he was compelled to make a circuit of such extent that dawn broke before he drew near the point of attack. Finding that he must now abandon the advantage of a surprise, he pressed forward to Quito, where he arrived with men and horses sorely fatigued by a night-march of eight leagues from a point which by the

breve tiempo se forjaron en ellas docientos Arcabuces, con todos sus aparejos." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 34.

¹⁸ "Que se llegaron à hablar los Corredores de ambas partes, llamandose Traidores los

vnos à los otros, fundando, que cada vno sustentaba la voz del Rei, i así estuvieron toda aquella noche aguardando." Zarate, Conq. del Piru, lib. 5, cap. 34.

direct route would not have exceeded three. It was a fatal error on the eve of an engagement.¹⁹

He found the capital nearly deserted by the men. They had all joined the standard of Pizarro; for they had now caught the general spirit of disaffection, and looked upon that chief as their protector from the oppressive ordinances. Pizarro was the representative of the people. Greatly moved at this desertion, the unhappy viceroy, lifting his hands to heaven, exclaimed, "Is it thus, Lord, that thou abandonest thy servants?" The women and children came out, and in vain offered him food, of which he stood obviously in need, asking him, at the same time, "why he had come there to die." His followers, with more indifference than their commander, entered the houses of the inhabitants, and unceremoniously appropriated whatever they could find to appease the cravings of appetite.

Benalcazar, who saw the temerity of giving battle in their present condition, recommended the viceroy to try the effect of negotiation, and offered himself to go to the enemy's camp and arrange, if possible, terms of accommodation with Pizarro. But Blasco Nuñez, if he had desponded for a moment, had now recovered his wonted constancy, and he proudly replied, "There is no faith to be kept with traitors. We have come to fight, not to parley; and we must do our duty like good and loyal cavaliers. I will do mine," he continued; "and be assured I will be the first man to break a lance with the enemy."²⁰

He then called his troops together, and addressed to them a few words preparatory to marching. "You are all brave men," he said, "and loyal to your sovereign. For my own part, I hold life as little in comparison with my duty to my prince. Yet let us not distrust our success: the Spaniard, in a good cause, has often overcome greater odds than these. And we are fighting for the right: it is the cause of God,—the cause of God,"²¹ he concluded; and the soldiers, kindled by his generous ardour, answered him with huzzas that went to the heart of the unfortunate commander, little accustomed of late to this display of enthusiasm.

It was the eighteenth of January, 1546, when Blasco Nuñez marched out at the head of his array from the ancient city of Quito. He had proceeded but a mile²² when he came in view of the enemy formed along the crest of some high lands which, by a gentle swell, rose gradually from the plains of Añaquito. Gonzalo Pizarro, greatly chagrined on ascertaining the departure of the viceroy, early in the morning had broken up his camp and directed his march on the capital, fully resolved that his enemy should not escape him.

The viceroy's troops now, coming to a halt, were formed in order of battle. A small body of arquebusiers was stationed in the advance to begin the fight.

¹⁹ For the preceding pages, see Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 34, 35.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 167.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Montesinos, *Anales*, MS., año 1546.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 50-52.—Herrera, in his account of these transactions, has fallen into a strange confusion of dates, fixing the time of the viceroy's entry into Quito on the 10th of January, and that of his battle with Pizarro nine days later. (*Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 1, cap. 1.) This last event, which, by the testimony of Fernandez, was on the 18th of the month, was, by the agreement of such contemporary authorities as I have consulted,—as stated in the text,—on the evening of the same day in which the viceroy entered Quito.

Herrera, though his work is arranged on the chronological system of annals, is by no means immaculate as to his dates. Quintana has exposed several glaring anachronisms of the historian in the earlier period of the Peruvian conquest. See his *Españoles célebres*, tom. II., Appendix No. 7.

²⁰ "Yo os prometo, que la primera lãça que se rompa en los enemigos, sea la mia (y assi lo cumplo)." Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 53.

²¹ "Que de Dios es la causa, de Dios es la causa, de Dios es la causa." Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 35.

²² "Un quarto de legua de la ciudad." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

The remainder of that corps was distributed among the spearmen, who occupied the centre, protected on the flanks by the horse, drawn up in two nearly equal squadrons. The cavalry amounted to about one hundred and forty, being little inferior to that on the other side, though the whole number of the viceroy's forces, being less than four hundred, did not much exceed the half of his rival's. On the right, and in front of the royal banner, Blasco Nuñez, supported by thirteen chosen cavaliers, took his station, prepared to head the attack.

Pizarro had formed his troops in a corresponding manner with that of his adversary. They mustered about seven hundred in all, well appointed, in good condition, and officered by the best knights in Peru.²³ As, notwithstanding his superiority of numbers, Pizarro did not seem inclined to abandon his advantageous position, Blasco Nuñez gave orders to advance. The action commenced with the arquebusiers, and in a few moments the dense clouds of smoke, rolling over the field, obscured every object; for it was late in the day, and the light was rapidly fading.

The infantry, levelling their pikes, now advanced under cover of the smoke, and were soon hotly engaged with the opposite files of spearmen. Then came the charge of the cavalry, which—notwithstanding they were thrown into some disorder by the fire of Pizarro's arquebusiers, far superior in number to their own—was conducted with such spirit that the enemy's horse were compelled to reel and fall back before it. But it was only to gather up their strength, and, like an overwhelming wave, Pizarro's troopers rushed on their foes, driving them along the slope and bearing down man and horse in indiscriminate ruin. Yet these, in turn, at length rallied, cheered on by the cries and desperate efforts of their officers. The lances were shivered, and they fought hand to hand with swords and battle-axes mingled together in wild confusion. But the struggle was of no long duration; for, though the numbers were nearly equal, the viceroy's cavalry, jaded by the severe march of the previous night,²⁴ were no match for their antagonists. The ground was strewn with the wreck of their bodies; and horses and riders, the dead and the dying, lay heaped on one another. Cabrera, the brave lieutenant of Benalcazar, was slain, and that commander was thrown under his horse's feet, covered with wounds, and left for dead on the field. Alvarez, the judge, was mortally wounded. Both he and his colleague Cepeda were in the action, though ranged on opposite sides, fighting as if they had been bred to arms, not to the peaceful profession of the law.

Yet Blasco Nuñez and his companions maintained a brave struggle on the right of the field. The viceroy had kept his word by being the first to break his lance against the enemy, and by a well-directed blow had borne a cavalier, named Alonso de Montalvo, clean out of his saddle. But he was at length overwhelmed by numbers, and, as his companions one after another fell by his side, he was left nearly unprotected. He was already wounded, when a blow on the head from the battle-axe of a soldier struck him from his horse, and he fell stunned on the ground. Had his person been known, he might have been taken alive; but he wore a sobre-vest of Indian cotton over his armour, which concealed the military order of St. James and the other badges of his rank.²⁵

²³ The amount of the numbers on both sides is variously given, as usual, making, however, more than the usual difference in the relative proportions, since the sum total is so small. I have conformed to the statements of the best-instructed writers. Pizarro estimates his

adversary's force at four hundred and fifty men, and his own at only six hundred,—an estimate, it may be remarked, that does not make that given in the text any less credible.

²⁴ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 5, cap. 35.

²⁵ He wore this dress, says Garcilasso de la

His person, however, was soon recognized by one of Pizarro's followers, who not improbably had once followed the viceroy's banner. The soldier immediately pointed him out to the Licentiate Carbajal. This person was the brother of the cavalier whom, as the reader may remember, Blasco Nuñez had so rashly put to death in his palace at Lima. The licentiate had afterwards taken service under Pizarro, and, with several of his kindred, was pledged to take vengeance on the viceroy. Instantly riding up, he taunted the fallen commander with the murder of his brother, and was in the act of dismounting to despatch him with his own hand, when Puelles, remonstrating on this, as an act of degradation, commanded one of his attendants, a black slave, to cut off the viceroy's head. This the fellow executed with a single stroke of his sabre, while the wretched man, perhaps then dying of his wounds, uttered no word, but, with eyes imploringly turned up towards heaven, received the fatal blow.²⁶ The head was then borne aloft on a pike, and some were brutal enough to pluck out the gray hairs from the beard and set them in their caps, as grisly trophies of their victory.²⁷ The fate of the day was now decided. Yet still the infantry made a brave stand, keeping Pizarro's horse at bay with their bristling array of pikes. But their numbers were thinned by the arquebusiers; and, thrown into disorder, they could no longer resist the onset of the horse, who broke into their column and soon scattered and drove them off the ground. The pursuit was neither long nor bloody; for darkness came on, and Pizarro bade his trumpets sound, to call his men together under their banners.

Though the action lasted but a short time, nearly one-third of the viceroy's troops had perished. The loss of their opponents was inconsiderable.²⁸ Several of the vanquished cavaliers took refuge in the churches of Quito. But they were dragged from the sanctuary, and some—probably those who had once espoused the cause of Pizarro—were led to execution, and others banished to Chili. The greater part were pardoned by the conqueror. Benalcazar, who recovered from his wounds, was permitted to return to his government, on condition of no more bearing arms against Pizarro. His troops were invited to take service under the banner of the victor, who, however, never treated them with the confidence shown to his ancient partisans. He was greatly displeased at the indignities offered to the viceroy, whose mangled remains he caused to be buried, with the honours due to his rank, in the cathedral at Quito. Gonzale Pizarro, attired in black, walked as chief mourner in the procession. It was usual with the Pizarros, as we have seen, to pay these obituary honours to their victims.²⁹

Vega, that he might fare no better than a common soldier, but take his chance with the rest. (Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 34.) Pizarro gives him credit for no such magnanimous intent. According to him, the viceroy assumed this disguise that, his rank being unknown, he might have the better chance for escape. It must be confessed that this is the general motive for a disguise. "I Blasco Nuñez puso mucha diligencia por poder huirse si pudiera, porque venia vestido con una camiseta de Yndios por no ser conocido, i no quiso Dios porque pagase quantos males por su causa se havian hecho." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

²⁶ Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 54.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 35.—"Mandó à un Negro que traía, que le cortase la Cabeça, i en todo esto no se conoció

flaquea en el Visorrei, ni habló palabra, ni hizo mas movimiento, que alçar los ojos al Cielo, dando muestras de mucha Christianidad, i constancia." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 1, cap. 3.

²⁷ "Aviendo algunos capitanes y personas arrancado y pelado algunas de sus blancas y leales baruas, para traer por empresa, y Juá de la Torre las traxo despues publicamente en la gorra por la ciudad de los Reyes." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 54.

²⁸ The estimates of killed and wounded in this action are as discordant as usual. Some carry the viceroy's loss to two hundred, while Gonzalo Pizarro rates his own at only seven killed and but a few wounded. But how rarely is it that a faithful bulletin is issued by the parties engaged in the action!

²⁹ For the accounts of the battle of Aña-

Such was the sad end of Blasco Nuñez Vela, first viceroy of Peru. It was less than two years since he had set foot in the country, a period of unmitigated disaster and disgrace. His misfortunes may be imputed partly to circumstances and partly to his own character. The minister of an odious and oppressive law, he was intrusted with no discretionary power in the execution of it.³⁰ Yet every man may, to a certain extent, claim the right to such a power; since to execute a commission which circumstances show must certainly defeat the object for which it was designed would be absurd. But it requires sagacity to determine the existence of such a contingency, and moral courage to assume the responsibility of acting on it. Such a crisis is the severest test of character. To dare to disobey from a paramount sense of duty is a paradox that a little soul can hardly comprehend. Unfortunately, Blasco Nuñez was a pedantic martinet, a man of narrow views, who could not feel himself authorized under any circumstances to swerve from the letter of the law. Puffed up by his brief authority, moreover, he considered opposition to the ordinances as treason to himself; and thus, identifying himself with his commission, he was prompted by personal feelings quite as much as by those of a public and patriotic nature.

Neither was the viceroy's character of a kind that tended to mitigate the odium of his measures and reconcile the people to their execution. It afforded a strong contrast to that of his rival Pizarro, whose frank, chivalrous bearing, and generous confidence in his followers, made him universally popular, blinding their judgments and giving to the worse the semblance of the better cause. Blasco Nuñez, on the contrary, irritable and suspicious, placed himself in a false position with all whom he approached; for a suspicious temper creates an atmosphere of distrust around it that kills every kindly affection. His first step was to alienate the members of the Audience who were sent to act in concert with him. But this was their fault as well as his, since they were as much too lax as he was too severe in the interpretation of the law.³¹ He next alienated and outraged the people whom he was appointed to govern. And, lastly, he disgusted his own friends, and too often turned them into enemies; so that in his final struggle for power and for existence he was obliged to rely on the arm of the stranger. Yet in the catalogue of his qualities we must not pass in silence over his virtues. There are two to the credit of which he is undeniably entitled,—a loyalty which shone the brighter amidst the general defection around him, and a constancy under misfortune which

quito, rather summarily despatched by most writers, see Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 170.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 1, cap. 1-3.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 35.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1546.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 33-35.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 53, 54.—Gonzalo Pizarro seems to regard the battle as a sort of judicial trial by combat, in which Heaven, by the result, plainly indicated the right. His remarks are edifying: "Por donde parecerá claramente que Nuestro Señor fué servido este se viniese á meter en las manos para quitarnos de tantos cuidados, é que pagase quantos males havia fecho en la tierra, la qual quedó tan asosegada é tan en paz é servicio de S. M. como lo estubo en tiempo del Marques mi hermano." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

³⁰ Garcilasso's reflections on this point are commendably tolerant: "Assi acabò este buen caullero, por querer porfiriar tanto en la execucion de lo que ni á su Rey ni á aquel Reyno convenia: donde se causaron tantos muertes y daños de Españoles, y de Yndios: aunque no tuvo tanta culpa como se le atribuye, porque lleuó preciso mandato de lo que hizo." Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 34.

³¹ Blasco Nuñez characterized the four judges of the Audience in a manner more concise than complimentary,—a boy, a madman, a booby, and a dunce! "Decia muchas veces Blasco Nuñez, que le havian dado el Emperador é su Consejo de Indias vn Moço, un Loco, un Necio, vn Tonto por Oidores, que así lo havian hecho como ellos eran. Moço era Cepeda, é llamaba Loco á Juan Alvarez, é Necio á Tejada, que no sabia Latin." Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 171.

might challenge the respect even of his enemies. But, with the most liberal allowance for its merits, it can scarcely be doubted that a person more incompetent to the task assigned him could not have been found in Castile.²²

The victory of Añaquito was received with general joy in the neighbouring capital: all the cities of Peru looked on it as sealing the downfall of the detested ordinances, and the name of Gonzalo Pizarro was sounded from one end of the country to the other as that of its deliverer. That chief continued to prolong his stay in Quito during the wet season, dividing his time between the licentious pleasures of the reckless adventurer and the cares of business that now pressed on him as ruler of the state. His administration was stained with fewer acts of violence than might have been expected from the circumstances of his situation. So long as Carbajal, the counsellor in whom he unfortunately placed greater reliance, was absent, Gonzalo sanctioned no execution, it was observed, but according to the forms of law.²³ He rewarded his followers by new grants of land, and detached several on expeditions,—to no greater distance, however, than would leave it in his power readily to recall them. He made various provisions for the welfare of the natives, and some, in particular, for instructing them in the Christian faith. He paid attention to the faithful collection of the royal dues, urging on the colonists that they should deport themselves so as to conciliate the good will of the crown and induce a revocation of the ordinances. His administration, in short, was so conducted that even the austere Gasca, his successor, allowed "it was a good government,—for a tyrant."²⁴

At length, in July, 1546, the new governor bade adieu to Quito, and, leaving there a sufficient garrison under his officer Puelles, began his journey to the south. It was a triumphal progress, and everywhere on the road he was received with enthusiasm by the people. At Truxillo the citizens came out in a body to welcome him, and the clergy chanted anthems in his honour, extolling him as the "victorious prince," and imploring the Almighty "to lengthen his days and give him honour."²⁵ At Lima it was proposed to clear away some of the buildings and open a new street for his entrance, which might ever after bear the name of the victor. But the politic chieftain declined this flattering tribute, and modestly preferred to enter the city by the usual way. A procession was formed of the citizens, the soldiers, and the clergy, and Pizarro made his entry into the capital with two of his principal captains on foot holding the reins of his charger, while the Archbishop of Lima, and the Bishops of Cuzco, Quito, and Bogotá, the last of whom had lately come to the city to be consecrated, rode by his side. The streets were strewn with boughs, the walls of the houses hung with showy tapestries, and triumphal arches were

²² The account of Blasco Nuñez Vela rests chiefly on the authority of loyal writers, some of whom wrote after their return to Castile. They would, therefore, more naturally lean to the side of the true representative of the crown than to that of the rebel. Indeed, the only voice raised decidedly in favour of Pizarro is his own,—a very suspicious authority. Yet, with all the *prestiges* in his favour, the administration of Blasco Nuñez, from universal testimony, was a total failure. And there is little to interest us in the story of the man, except his unparalleled misfortunes and the firmness with which he bore them.

²³ "Nunca Pizarro, en ausencia de Francisco de Carbajal, su Maestro de Campo, mató, ni consintió matar Español, sin que todos, los

mas de su Consejo, la aprobasen: i entonces con Proceso en forma de Derecho, i confesados primero." Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 172.

²⁴ Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, ubi supra.—Fernandez gives a less favourable picture of Gonzalo's administration. (*Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 1, cap. 54; lib. 2, cap. 13.) Fernandez wrote at the instance of the court; Gomara, though present at court, wrote to please himself. The praise of Gomara is less suspicious than the censure of Fernandez.

²⁵ "Victorioso Principe, hagate Dios dichoso, i bienaventurado, òl te mantenga, i te conserve." Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 2, cap. 3.

thrown over the way in honour of the victor. Every balcony, veranda, and house-top was crowded with spectators, who sent up huzzas, loud and long, saluting the victorious soldier with the titles of "Liberator and Protector of the people." The bells rang out their joyous peal, as on his former entrance into the capital; and, amidst strains of enlivening music and the blithe sounds of jubilee, Gonzalo held on his way to the palace of his brother. Peru was once more placed under the dynasty of the Pizarros.³⁶

Deputies came from different parts of the country, tendering the congratulations of their respective cities; and every one eagerly urged his own claims to consideration for the services he had rendered in the revolution. Pizarro at the same time received the welcome intelligence of the success of his arms in the south. Diego Centeno, as before stated, had there raised the standard of rebellion, or rather of loyalty to his sovereign. He had made himself master of La Plata, and the spirit of insurrection had spread over the broad province of Charcas. Carbajal, who had been sent against him from Quito, after repairing to Lima, had passed at once to Cuzco, and there, strengthening his forces, had descended by rapid marches on the refractory district. Centeno did not trust himself in the field against this formidable champion. He retreated with his troops into the fastnesses of the sierra. Carbajal pursued, following on his track with the pertinacity of a bloodhound, over mountain and moor, through forests and dangerous ravines, allowing him no respite by day or by night. Eating, drinking, sleeping in his saddle, the veteran, eighty years of age, saw his own followers tire one after another, while he urged on the chase, like the wild huntsman of Bürger, as if endowed with an unearthly frame, incapable of fatigue! During this terrible pursuit, which continued for more than two hundred leagues over a savage country, Centeno found himself abandoned by most of his followers. Such of them as fell into Carbajal's hands were sent to speedy execution; for that inexorable chief had no mercy on those who had been false to their party.³⁷ At length, Centeno, with a handful of men, arrived on the borders of the Pacific, and there, separating from one another, they provided, each in the best way he could, for their own safety. Their leader found an asylum in a cave in the mountains, where he was secretly fed by an Indian curaca till the time again came for him to unfurl the standard of revolt.³⁸

Carbajal, after some further decisive movements, which fully established the ascendancy of Pizarro over the south, returned in triumph to La Plata. There he occupied himself with working the silver-mines of Potosí, in which a vein recently opened promised to make richer returns than any yet discovered in Mexico or Peru;³⁹ and he was soon enabled to send large remittances to Lima,

³⁶ For an account of this pageant, see Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 2, cap. 9.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 5.—*Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia*, MS.

³⁷ *Poblando los arboles con sus cuerpos*, "peopling the trees with their bodies," says Fernandez, strongly; alluding to the manner in which the ferocious officer hung up his captives on the branches.

³⁸ For the expedition of Carbajal, see Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 1, cap. 9, et seq.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 1.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 28, 29, 36, 39.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 1, et seq.—*Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia*, MS.—It is impossible to

give, in a page or two, any adequate idea of the hairbreadth escapes and perilous risks of Carbajal, not only from the enemy, but from his own men, whose strength he overtasked in the chase. They rival those of the renowned Scanderbeg, or our own Kentucky hero, Colonel Boone. They were, indeed, far more wonderful than theirs, since the Spanish captain had reached an age when the falling energies usually crave repose. But the veteran's body seems to have been as insensible as his soul.

³⁹ The vein now discovered at Potosí was so rich that the other mines were comparatively deserted in order to work this. (Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 4.) The effect of the sudden influx of wealth was such, according

deducting no stinted commission for himself,—for the cupidity of the lieutenant was equal to his cruelty.

Gonzalo Pizarro was now undisputed master of Peru. From Quito to the northern confines of Chili, the whole country acknowledged his authority. His fleet rode triumphant on the Pacific, and gave him the command of every city and hamlet on its borders. His admiral, Hinojosa, a discreet and gallant officer, had secured him Panamá, and, marching across the Isthmus, had since obtained for him the possession of Nombre de Dios,—the principal key of communication with Europe. His forces were on an excellent footing, including the flower of the warriors who had fought under his brother, and who now eagerly rallied under the name of Pizarro; while the tide of wealth that flowed in from the mines of Potosí supplied him with the resources of a European monarch.

The new governor now began to assume a state correspondent with his full-blown fortunes. He was attended by a body-guard of eighty soldiers. He dined always in public, and usually with not less than a hundred guests at table. He even affected, it was said, the more decided etiquette of royalty, giving his hand to be kissed, and allowing no one, of whatever rank, to be seated in his presence.⁴⁰ But this is denied by others. It would not be strange that a vain man like Pizarro, with a superficial, undisciplined mind, when he saw himself thus raised from an humble condition to the highest post in the land, should be somewhat intoxicated by the possession of power and treat with superciliousness those whom he had once approached with deference. But one who had often seen him in his prosperity assures us that it was not so, and that the governor continued to show the same frank and soldier-like bearing as before his elevation, mingling on familiar terms with his comrades, and displaying the same qualities which had hitherto endeared him to the people.⁴¹

However this may be, it is certain there were not wanting those who urged him to throw off his allegiance to the crown and set up an independent government for himself. Among these was his lieutenant, Carbajal, whose daring spirit never shrank from following things to their consequences. He plainly counselled Pizarro to renounce his allegiance at once. "In fact, you have already done so," he said. "You have been in arms against a viceroy, have driven him from the country, beaten and slain him in battle! What favour, or even mercy, can you expect from the crown? You have gone too far either to halt or to recede. You must go boldly on, proclaim yourself king: the troops, the people, will support you." And he concluded, it is said, by advising him to marry the Coya, the female representative of the Incas, so that the two races might henceforth repose in quiet under a common sceptre!⁴²

to Garcilasso, that in ten years from this period an iron horseshoe, in that quarter, came to be worth nearly its weight in silver. Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 8, cap. 24.

⁴⁰ "Traia Guarda de ocenta Alabarderos, i otros muchos de Caballo, que le acompañaban, i à en su presençia ninguno se sentaba, i à mui pocos quitaba la Gorra." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 6.

⁴¹ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 42.—Garcilasso had opportunities of personal acquaintance with Gonzalo's manner of living; for, when a boy, he was sometimes admitted, as he tells us, to a place at his table.

This courtesy, so rare from the Conquerors to any of the Indian race, was not lost on the historian of the Incas, who has depicted Gonzalo Pizarro in more favourable colours than most of his own countrymen.

⁴² Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 4, cap. 40.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 172.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 13.—The poet Molina has worked up this scene between Carbajal and his commander with good effect, in his *Amazonas en las Indias*, where he uses something of a poet's license in the homage he pays to the modest merits of Gonzalo. Julius Cæsar himself was

The advice of the bold counsellor was perhaps the most politic that could have been given to Pizarro under existing circumstances. For he was like one who had heedlessly climbed far up a dizzy precipice,—too far to descend safely, while he had no sure hold where he was. His only chance was to climb still higher, till he had gained the summit. But Gonzalo Pizarro shrank from the attitude, in which this placed him, of avowed rebellion. Notwithstanding the criminal course into which he had been of late seduced, the sentiment of loyalty was too deeply implanted in his bosom to be wholly eradicated. Though in arms against the measures and ministers of his sovereign, he was not prepared to raise the sword against that sovereign himself. He, doubtless, had conflicting emotions in his bosom; like Macbeth, and many a less noble nature,

" would not play false,
And yet would wrongly win."

And, however grateful to his vanity might be the picture of the air-drawn sceptre thus painted to his imagination, he had not the audacity—we may perhaps say, the criminal ambition—to attempt to grasp it.

Even at this very moment, when urged to this desperate extremity, he was preparing a mission to Spain, in order to vindicate the course he had taken, and to solicit an amnesty for the past, with a full confirmation of his authority as successor to his brother in the government of Peru. Pizarro did not read the future with the calm prophetic eye of Carabajal.

not more magnanimous :

" Sepa mi Rey, sepa España,
Que muero por no ofenderla,
Tan fácil de conservarla,

Que pierdo por no agraviarla,
Quanto infame en poseerla
Una Corona ofrecida."

Among the biographical notices of the writers on Spanish colonial affairs, the name of Herrera, who has done more for this vast subject than any other author, should certainly not be omitted. His account of Peru takes its proper place in his great work, the *Historia general de las Indias*, according to the chronological plan on which that history is arranged. But, as it suggests reflections not different in character from those suggested by other portions of the work, I shall take the liberty to refer the reader to the Postscript to Book Third of the *Conquest of Mexico*, for a full account of these volumes and their learned author.

Another chronicler, to whom I have been frequently indebted in the progress of the narrative, is Francisco Lopez de Gomara. The reader will also find a notice of this author in the *Conquest of Mexico*, Book 5, Postscript. But, as the remarks on his writings are there confined to his *Crónica de Nueva-España*, it may be well to add here some reflections on his greater work, *Historia de las Indias*, in which the Peruvian story bears a conspicuous part.

The "History of the Indies" is intended to give a brief view of the whole range of Spanish conquest in the islands and on the American continent, as far as had been achieved by the middle of the sixteenth century. For this account, Gomara, though it does not

appear that he ever visited the New World, was in a situation that opened to him the best means of information. He was well acquainted with the principal men of the time, and gathered the details of their history from their own lips; while from his residence at the court he was in possession of the state of opinion there, and of the impression made by passing events on those most competent to judge of them. He was thus enabled to introduce into his work many interesting particulars not to be found in other records of the period. His range of inquiry extended beyond the mere doings of the Conquerors, and led him to a survey of the general resources of the countries he describes, and especially of their physical aspect and productions. The conduct of his work, no less than its diction, shows the cultivated scholar, practised in the art of composition. Instead of the *naïveté*, engaging, but childlike, of the old military chroniclers, Gomara handles his various topics with the shrewd and piquant criticism of a man of the world; while his descriptions are managed with a comprehensive brevity that forms the opposite to the long-winded and rambling paragraphs of the monkish annalist. These literary merits, combined with the knowledge of the writer's opportunities for information, secured his productions from the oblivion which too often awaits the unpublished manuscript; and he had the satisfactio

to see them pass into more than one edition in his own day. Yet they do not bear the highest stamp of authenticity. The author too readily admits accounts into his pages which are not supported by contemporary testimony. This he does, not from credulity, for his mind rather leans in an opposite direction, but from a want, apparently, of the true spirit of historic conscientiousness. The imputation of carelessness in his statements—to use a temperate phrase—was brought against Gomara in his own day; and Garcilasso tells us that, when called to account by some of the Peruvian cavaliers for misstatements which bore hard on themselves, the historian made but an awkward explanation. This is a great blemish on his productions, and renders them of far less value to the modern compiler, who seeks for the well of truth undefiled, than many an humbler but less unscrupulous chronicler.

There is still another authority used in this work, Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, of whom I have given an account elsewhere; and the reader curious in the matter will permit me to refer him for a critical notice of his life and writings to the *Conquest of Mexico*, Book 4, Postscript.—His account of Peru is incorporated into his great work, *Natural é general Historia de las Indias*, MS., where it forms the forty-sixth and forty-seventh books. It extends from Pizarro's landing at Tumbes to Almagro's return from Chili, and thus covers the entire portion of what may be called the conquest of the country. The style of its execution, corresponding with that of the residue of the work to which it belongs, affords no ground for criticism different from that already passed on the general character of Oviedo's writings.

This eminent person was at once a scholar and a man of the world. Living much at court, and familiar with persons of the highest distinction in Castile, he yet passed much of his time in the colonies, and thus added the fruits of personal experience to what he had gained from the reports of others. His curiosity was indefatigable, extending to every department of natural science, as well as to the civil and personal history of the colonists. He was at once their Pliny and their Tacitus. His works abound in portraits of character, sketched with freedom and animation. His reflections are piquant, and often rise to a philosophic tone, which discards the usual trammels of the age; and the progress of the story is varied by a multiplicity of personal anecdotes that give a rapid insight into the characters of the parties.

With his eminent qualifications, and with a social position that commanded respect, it is strange that so much of his writings—the whole of his great *Historia de las Indias*, and his curious *Quincuagenas*—should be so long suffered to remain in manuscript. This is partly chargeable to the caprice of fortune; for the History was more than once on the eve of publication, and is even now understood to

be prepared for the press. Yet it has serious defects, which may have contributed to keep it in its present form. In its desultory and episodic style of composition it resembles rather notes for a great history, than history itself. It may be regarded in the light of commentaries, or as illustrations of the times. In that view his pages are of high worth, and have been frequently resorted to by writers who have not too scrupulously appropriated the statements of the old chronicler, with slight acknowledgments to their author.

It is a pity that Oviedo should have shown more solicitude to tell what was new than to ascertain how much of it was strictly true. Among his merits will scarcely be found that of historical accuracy. And yet we may find an apology for this, to some extent, in the fact that his writings, as already intimated, are not so much in the nature of finished compositions as of loose memoranda, where everything, rumour as well as fact,—even the most contradictory rumours,—are all set down at random, forming a miscellaneous heap of materials, of which the discreet historian may avail himself to rear a symmetrical fabric on foundations of greater strength and solidity.

Another author worthy of particular note is Pedro Cieza de Leon. His *Crónica del Peru* should more properly be styled an Itinerary, or rather Geography, of Peru. It gives a minute topographical view of the country at the time of the Conquest; of its provinces and towns, both Indian and Spanish; its flourishing sea-coast; its forests, valleys, and interminable ranges of mountains in the interior; with many interesting particulars of the existing population,—their dress, manners, architectural remains, and public works; while scattered here and there may be found notices of their early history and social polity. It is, in short, a lively picture of the country, in its physical and moral relations, as it met the eye at the time of the Conquest, and in that transition period when it was first subjected to European influences. The conception of a work, at so early a period, on this philosophical plan, reminding us of that of Malte-Brun in our own time,—*parva componere magnis*,—was of itself indicative of great comprehensiveness of mind in its author. It was a task of no little difficulty, where there was yet no pathway opened by the labours of the antiquarian; no hints from the sketch-book of the traveller or the measurements of the scientific explorer. Yet the distances from place to place are all carefully jotted down by the industrious compiler, and the bearings of the different places and their peculiar features are exhibited with sufficient precision, considering the nature of the obstacles he had to encounter. The literary execution of the work, moreover, is highly respectable, sometimes even rich and picturesque; and the author describes the grand and beautiful scenery of the Cordilleras with a sensibility to its charms not often found in the tasteless

topographer, still less often in the rude Conqueror.

Cieza de Leon came to the New World, as he informs us, at the early age of thirteen. But it is not till Gasca's time that we find his name enrolled among the actors in the busy scenes of civil strife, when he accompanied the president in his campaign against Gonzalo Pizarro. His Chronicle, or at least the notes for it, was compiled in such leisure as he could snatch from his more stirring avocations; and after ten years from the time he undertook it, the First Part—all we have—was completed in 1560, when the author had reached only the age of thirty-two. It appeared at Seville in 1553, and the following year at Antwerp; while an Italian translation printed at Rome in 1555 attested the rapid celebrity of the work. The edition of Antwerp—the one used by me in this compilation—is in the duodecimo form, exceedingly well printed, and garnished with wood-cuts, in which Satan,—for the author had a full measure of the ancient credulity,—with his usual bugbear accompaniments, frequently appears in bodily presence. In the Preface, Cieza announces his purpose to continue the work in three other parts, illustrating respectively the ancient history of the country under the Incas, its conquest by

the Spaniards, and the civil wars which ensued. He even gives, with curious minuteness, the contents of the several books of the projected history. But the First Part, as already noticed, was alone completed; and the author, having returned to Spain, died there in 1560, at the premature age of forty-two, without having covered any portion of the magnificent ground-plan which he had thus confidently laid out.* The deficiency is much to be regretted, considering the talent of the writer and his opportunities for personal observation. But he has done enough to render us grateful for his labours. By the vivid delineation of scenes and scenery, as they were presented fresh to his own eyes, he has furnished us with a background to the historic picture,—the landscape, as it were, in which the personages of the time might be more fitly portrayed. It would have been impossible to exhibit the ancient topography of the land so faithfully at a subsequent period, when old things had passed away, and the Conqueror, breaking down the landmarks of ancient civilization, had effaced many of the features even of the physical aspect of the country as it existed under the elaborate culture of the Incas.

* [This statement, resting apparently merely on inference, is so far from being correct that there are good reasons for believing that the whole work was completed, and that the unpublished portions are still extant. Mr. Rich, the well-known bibliographer, says, in a catalogue published in 1832, that the Second and Third Parts in manuscript "were seen in Madrid some years ago, but it is not known what became of them." A copy of the third book of the Fourth Part, which belonged formerly to Lord Kingsborough's collection, is now in the possession of Mr. James Lenox, of New York, to whom the editor is indebted for the opportunity of consulting it. It is divided into two hundred and thirty-nine chapters, comprising nine hundred and sixteen folio pages, in a handwriting of the present century, and bears the title of "Tercero Libro de las Guerras civiles del Peru, el qual se llama la Guerra de Quito, hecho por Pedro de Cieza de Leon, coronista de las cosas de las Indias." The narrative, which is more minute than the authorities cited by Prescott, without differing from them much in other respects, embraces the period from the appointment of Blasco Nuñez as viceroy, in 1543, to the events immediately preceding Gasca's departure from Panamá for Peru, in 1547. The manuscript, whether the original or an earlier transcript, from which this copy was so recently made, can scarcely be supposed to have perished; and the fact that the Fourth Part, or at least

the greater portion of it, was written affords the strongest presumption that the Second and Third Parts had been completed. In regard to the Second Part, indeed, there is no room for doubt, as this can be identified with a manuscript of which Prescott possessed a copy, and which, indeed, he has used as one of his main authorities. The *Relacion* cited by him as the work of Juan de Sarmiento agrees in all particulars with the account given by Cieza de Leon of the contents of his Second Part. There are no such discrepancies between it and the published First Part as would certainly have existed had they been the productions of two different writers. There is mention in both of the author's having accompanied Gasca in his march, of his having been at Cuzco in 1556, and of his having visited certain places in remote parts of the country. One passage in the manuscript offers still stronger confirmation. In describing a Peruvian temple, the writer compares it to a building at Toledo, "which," he says, without mentioning its name or character, "I saw when I went there to present the *First Part* of my Chronicle to the prince Don Philip." The First Part of Cieza de Leon's work is dedicated to Prince Philip of Spain, and the mention of Toledo as of a strange place could scarcely have come from the pen of any Spaniard save one who had been absent from his country from boyhood.—Ed.]

BOOK V.
SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

GREAT SENSATION IN SPAIN—PEDRO DE LA GASCA—HIS EARLY LIFE—HIS MISSION TO PERU—HIS POLITICAL CONDUCT—HIS OFFERS TO PIZARRO—GAINS THE FLEET.

1545—1547.

WHILE the important revolution detailed in the preceding pages was going forward in Peru, rumours of it, from time to time, found their way to the mother-country; but the distance was so great, and opportunities for communication so rare, that the tidings were usually very long behind the occurrence of the events to which they related. The government heard with dismay of the troubles caused by the ordinances and the intemperate conduct of the viceroy; and it was not long before it learned that this functionary was deposed and driven from his capital, while the whole country, under Gonzalo Pizarro, was arrayed in arms against him. All classes were filled with consternation at this alarming intelligence; and many who had before approved the ordinances now loudly condemned the ministers, who, without considering the inflammable temper of the people, had thus rashly fired a train which menaced a general explosion throughout the colonies.¹ No such rebellion, within the memory of man, had occurred in the Spanish empire. It was compared with the famous war of the *comunidades* in the beginning of the present reign. But the Peruvian insurrection seemed the more formidable of the two. The troubles of Castile, being under the eye of the court, might be more easily managed; while it was difficult to make the same power felt on the remote shores of the Indies. Lying along the distant Pacific, the principle of attraction which held Peru to the parent country was so feeble that this colony might at any time, with a less impulse than that now given to it, fly from its political orbit. It seemed as if the fairest of its jewels was about to fall from the imperial diadem!

Such was the state of things in the summer of 1545, when Charles the Fifth was absent in Germany, occupied with the religious troubles of the empire. The government was in the hands of his son, who, under the name of Philip the Second, was soon to sway the sceptre over the largest portion of his

¹ "Que aquello era contra una cédula que tenían del Emperador que les daba el repartimiento de los indios de su vida, y del hijo mayor, y no teniendo hijos á sus mugeres, con mandaries espresamente que se casasen como lo habían ya hecho los mas de ellos; y que

también era contra otra cédula real que ninguno podia ser despojado de sus indios sin ser primero oído á justicia y condenado." Historia de Don Pedro Gasca, Obispo de Sigüenza, MS.

father's dominions, and who was then holding his court at Valladolid. He called together a council of prelates, jurists, and military men of greatest experience, to deliberate on the measures to be pursued for restoring order in the colonies. All agreed in regarding Pizarro's movement in the light of an audacious rebellion; and there were few, at first, who were not willing to employ the whole strength of the government to vindicate the honour of the crown,—to quell the insurrection and bring the authors of it to punishment.²

But, however desirable this might appear, a very little reflection showed that it was not easy to be done, if indeed it were practicable. The great distance of Peru required troops to be transported not merely across the ocean, but over the broad extent of the great continent. And how was this to be effected, when the principal posts, the keys of communication with the country, were in the hands of the rebels, while their fleet rode in the Pacific, the mistress of its waters, cutting off all approach to the coast? Even if a Spanish force could be landed in Peru, what chance would it have, unaccustomed as it would be to the country and the climate, of coping with the veterans of Pizarro, trained to war in the Indies and warmly attached to the person of their commander; the new levies thus sent out might become themselves infected with the spirit of insurrection and cast off their own allegiance.³

Nothing remained, therefore, but to try conciliatory measures. The government, however mortifying to its pride, must retrace its steps. A free grace must be extended to those who submitted, and such persuasive arguments should be used, and such politic concessions made, as would convince the refractory colonists that it was their interest, as well as their duty, to return to their allegiance.

But to approach the people in their present state of excitement, and to make those concessions without too far compromising the dignity and permanent authority of the crown, was a delicate matter, for the success of which they must rely wholly on the character of the agent. After much deliberation, a competent person, as it was thought, was found in an ecclesiastic, by the name of Pedro de la Gasca,—a name which, brighter by contrast with the gloomy times in which it first appeared, still shines with undiminished splendour after the lapse of ages.

Pedro de la Gasca was born, probably towards the close of the fifteenth century, in a small village in Castile, named Barco de Avila. He came, both by father's and mother's side, from an ancient and noble lineage; and indeed, if, as his biographers contend, he derived his descent from Casca, one of the conspirators against Julius Cæsar!⁴ Having the misfortune to lose his father early in life, he was placed by his uncle in the famous seminary of Alcalá de Henares, founded by the great Ximenes. Here he made rapid proficiency in liberal studies, especially in those connected with his profession, and at length received the degree of Master of Theology.

The young man, however, discovered other talents than those demanded by

² MS. de Caravantes.—Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.—One of this council was the great Duke of Alva, of such gloomy celebrity afterwards in the Netherlands. We may well believe his voice was for coercion.

³ "Ventilose la forma del remedio de tan grave caso en que hubo dos opiniones; la una de imitar un gran soldado con fuerza de gente á la demostracion de este castigo; la otra que se llevase el negocio por prudentes y suaves medios, por la imposibilidad y falta de dinero

para llevar gente, cavallos, armas, municiones y vestimentos, y para sustentarlos en tierra firme y pasarlos al Pirú." MS. de Caravantes.

⁴ "Pasando á España vinieron á tierra de Avila y quedó del nombre dellos el lugar y familia de Gasca; mudandose por la afinidad de la pronuncacion que hay entre las dos letras consonantes *c* y *g* el nombre de Casca en Gasca." Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.—Similarity of name was a peg quite strong enough to hang a pedigree upon in Castile.

his sacred calling. The war of the *comunidades* was then raging in the country; and the authorities of his college showed a disposition to take the popular side. But Gasca, putting himself at the head of an armed force, seized one of the gates of the city, and, with assistance from the royal troops, secured the place to the interests of the crown. This early display of loyalty was probably not lost on his vigilant sovereign.⁵

From Alcalá, Gasca was afterwards removed to Salamanca; where he distinguished himself by his skill in scholastic disputation, and obtained the highest academic honours in that ancient university, the fruitful nursery of scholarship and genius. He was subsequently intrusted with the management of some important affairs of an ecclesiastical nature, and made a member of the Council of the Inquisition.

In this latter capacity he was sent to Valencia, about 1540, to examine into certain alleged cases of heresy in that quarter of the country. These were involved in great obscurity; and, although Gasca had the assistance of several eminent jurists in the investigation, it occupied him nearly two years. In the conduct of this difficult matter he showed so much penetration and such perfect impartiality that he was appointed by the cortes of Valencia to the office of *visitador* of that kingdom; a highly responsible post, requiring great discretion in the person who filled it, since it was his province to inspect the condition of the courts of justice and of finance throughout the land, with authority to reform abuses. It was a proof of extraordinary consideration that it should have been bestowed on Gasca; since it was a departure from the established usage—and that in a nation most wedded to usage—to confer the office on any but a subject of the Aragonese crown.⁶

Gasca executed the task assigned to him with independence and ability. While he was thus occupied, the people of Valencia were thrown into consternation by a meditated invasion of the French and the Turks, whose combined fleet, under the redoubtable Barbarossa, menaced the coast and the neighbouring Balearic isles. Fears were generally entertained of a rising of the Morisco population; and the Spanish officers who had command in that quarter, being left without the protection of a navy, despaired of making head against the enemy. In this season of general panic Gasca alone appeared calm and self-possessed. He remonstrated with the Spanish commanders on their unsoldierlike dependency, encouraged them to confide in the loyalty of the Moriscoes, and advised the immediate erection of fortifications along the shores for their protection. He was, in consequence, named one of a commission to superintend these works and to raise levies for defending the sea-coast; and so faithfully was the task performed that Barbarossa, after some ineffectual attempts to make good his landing, was baffled at all points and compelled to abandon the enterprise as hopeless. The chief credit of this resistance must be assigned to Gasca, who superintended the construction of the defences, and

⁵ This account of the early history of Gasca I have derived chiefly from a manuscript biographical notice written in 1665, during the prelate's life. The name of the author, who speaks apparently from personal knowledge, is not given; but it seems to be the work of a scholar, and is written with a certain pretension to elegance. The original MS. forms part of the valuable collection of Don Pascual de Gayangos of Madrid. It is of much value for the light it throws on the early career of Gasca, which has been passed over in profound silence by Castilian historians. It is to be regretted that the author did not continue his

labours beyond the period when the subject of them received his appointment to the Peruvian mission.

⁶ "Era tanta la opinion que en Valencia tenian de la integridad y prudencia de Gasca, que en las Cortes de Monzon los Estados de aquel Reyno le pidieron por Visitador contra la costumbre y fuero de aquel Reyno, que no puede serlo sino fuere natural de la Corona de Aragon, y consintiendo que aquel fuero se derogase el Emperador lo concedió á instancia y peticion dellos." Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.

who was enabled to contribute a large part of the requisite funds by the economical reforms he had introduced into the administration of Valencia.⁷

It was at this time, the latter part of the year 1545, that the council of Philip selected Gasca as the person most competent to undertake the perilous mission to Peru.⁸ His character, indeed, seemed especially suited to it. His loyalty had been shown through his whole life. With great suavity of manners he combined the most intrepid resolution. Though his demeanour was humble, as be seemed his calling, it was far from abject; for he was sustained by a conscious rectitude of purpose that impressed respect on all with whom he had intercourse. He was acute in his perceptions, had a shrewd knowledge of character, and, though bred to the cloister, possessed an acquaintance with affairs, and even with military science, such as was to have been expected only from one reared in courts and camps.

Without hesitation, therefore, the council unanimously recommended him to the emperor, and requested his approbation of their proceedings. Charles had not been an inattentive observer of Gasca's course. His attention had been particularly called to the able manner in which he had conducted the judicial process against the heretics of Valencia.⁹ The monarch saw at once that he was the man for the present emergency; and he immediately wrote to him, with his own hand, expressing his entire satisfaction at the appointment, and intimating his purpose to testify his sense of his worth by preferring him to one of the principal sees then vacant.

Gasca accepted the important mission now tendered to him without hesitation, and, repairing to Madrid, received the instructions of the government as to the course to be pursued. They were expressed in the most benign and conciliatory tone, perfectly in accordance with the suggestions of his own benevolent temper.¹⁰ But, while he commended the tone of the instructions, he considered the powers with which he was to be intrusted as wholly incompetent to their object. They were conceived in the jealous spirit with which the Spanish government usually limited the authority of its great colonial officers, whose distance from home gave peculiar cause for distrust. On every strange and unexpected emergency, Gasca saw that he should be obliged to send back for instructions. This must cause delay, where promptitude was essential to success. The court, moreover, as he represented to the council, was, from its remoteness from the scene of action, utterly incompetent to pronounce as to the expediency of the measures to be pursued. Some one should be sent out in whom the king could implicitly confide, and who should be invested with powers competent to every emergency,—powers not merely to decide on what was best, but to carry that decision into execution; and he boldly demanded that he should go not only as the representative of the

⁷ "Que parece cierto," says his enthusiastic biographer, "que por disposicion Divina vino á hallarse Gasca entonces en la Ciudad de Valencia, para remedio de aquel Reyno y Islas de Mallorca y Menorca é Ibiza, segun la orden, prevencion y diligencia que en la defensa contra las armadas del Turco y Francia tuvo, y las provisiones que para ello hizo." Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.

⁸ "Finding a lion would not answer, they sent a lamb," says Gomara: "Finalmente, quiso embiar una Oveja, pues un Leon no aprovecho; y así escogió al Licenciado Pedro Gasca." Hist. de las Ind., cap. 174.

⁹ Gasca made what the author calls *una breve y copiosa relacion* of the proceedings to

the emperor in Valencia; and the monarch was so intent on the inquiry that he devoted the whole afternoon to it, notwithstanding his son Philip was waiting for him to attend a *fiesta!* Irrefragable proof, as the writer conceives, of his zeal for the faith: "Queriendo entender muy de raizo todo lo que pasaba, como Principe tan zeloso que era de las cosas de la religion." Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.

¹⁰ These instructions, the patriarchal tone of which is highly creditable to the government, are given *in extenso* in the MS. of Caravantes, and in no other work which I have consulted.

sovereign, but clothed with all the authority of the sovereign himself. Less than this would defeat the very object for which he was to be sent. "For myself," he concluded, "I ask neither salary nor compensation of any kind. I covet no display of state or military array. With my stole and breviary I trust to do the work that is committed to me."¹¹ Infirm as I am in body, the repose of my own home would have been more grateful to me than this dangerous mission; but I will not shrink from it at the bidding of my sovereign, and if, as is very probable, I may not be permitted again to see my native land, I shall at least be cheered by the consciousness of having done my best to serve its interests."¹²

The members of the council, while they listened with admiration to the disinterested avowal of Gasca, were astounded by the boldness of his demands. Not that they distrusted the purity of his motives, for these were above suspicion. But the powers for which he stipulated were so far beyond those hitherto delegated to a colonial viceroy that they felt they had no warrant to grant them. They even shrank from soliciting them from the emperor, and required that Gasca himself should address the monarch and state precisely the grounds on which demands so extraordinary were founded.

Gasca readily adopted the suggestion, and wrote in the most full and explicit manner to his sovereign, who had then transferred his residence to Flanders. But Charles was not so tenacious, or, at least, so jealous, of authority, as his ministers. He had been too long in possession of it to feel that jealousy; and, indeed, many years were not to elapse before, oppressed by its weight, he was to resign it altogether into the hands of his son. His sagacious mind, moreover, readily comprehended the difficulties of Gasca's position. He felt that the present extraordinary crisis was to be met only by extraordinary measures. He assented to the force of his vassal's arguments, and, on the sixteenth of February, 1546, wrote him another letter expressive of his approbation, and intimated his willingness to grant him powers as absolute as those he had requested.

Gasca was to be styled President of the Royal Audience. But under this simple title he was placed at the head of every department in the colony, civil, military, and judicial. He was empowered to make new *repartimientos*, and to confirm those already made. He might declare war, levy troops, appoint to all offices, or remove from them, at pleasure. He might exercise the royal prerogative of pardoning offences, and was especially authorized to grant an amnesty to all, without exception, implicated in the present rebellion. He was, moreover, to proclaim at once the revocation of the odious ordinances. These two last provisions might be said to form the basis of all his operations.

Since ecclesiastics were not to be reached by the secular arm, and yet were often found fomenting troubles in the colonies, Gasca was permitted to banish from Peru such as he thought fit. He might even send home the viceroy, if the good of the country required it. Agreeably to his own suggestion, he was to receive no specified stipend; but he had unlimited orders on the treasuries both of Panamá and Peru. He was furnished with letters from the emperor to the principal authorities, not only in Peru, but in Mexico and the neighbouring colonies, requiring their countenance and support; and, lastly, blank

¹¹ "De suerte que juzgassen que la mas fuerza que lievana, era su abito de clérigo y brentario." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 16.

¹² MS. de Caravantes.—Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca, MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte

1, lib. 2, cap. 16, 17.—Though not for himself, Gasca did solicit one favour of the emperor,—the appointment of his brother, an eminent jurist, to a vacant place on the bench of one of the Castilian tribunals.

letters, bearing the royal signature, were delivered to him, which he was to fill up at his pleasure.¹³

While the grant of such unbounded powers excited the warmest sentiments of gratitude in Gasca towards the sovereign who could repose in him so much confidence, it seems—which is more extraordinary—not to have raised corresponding feelings of envy in the courtiers. They knew well that it was not for himself that the good ecclesiastic had solicited them. On the contrary, some of the council were desirous that he should be preferred to the bishopric already promised him before his departure; conceiving that he would thus go with greater authority than as an humble ecclesiastic, and fearing, moreover, that Gasca himself, were it omitted, might feel some natural disappointment. But the president hastened to remove these impressions. "The honour would avail me little," he said, "where I am going; and it would be manifestly wrong to appoint me to an office in the Church while I remain at such a distance that I cannot discharge the duties of it. The consciousness of my insufficiency," he continued, "should I never return, would lie heavy on my soul in my last moments."¹⁴ The politic reluctance to accept the mitre has passed into a proverb. But there was no affectation here; and Gasca's friends, yielding to his arguments, forbore to urge the matter further.

The new president now went forward with his preparations. They were few and simple; for he was to be accompanied by a slender train of followers, among whom the most conspicuous was Alonso de Alvarado, the gallant officer who, as the reader may remember, long commanded under Francisco Pizarro. He had resided of late years at the court, and now at Gasca's request accompanied him to Peru, where his presence might facilitate negotiations with the insurgents, while his military experience would prove no less valuable in case of an appeal to arms.¹⁵ Some delay necessarily occurred in getting ready his little squadron, and it was not till the twenty-sixth of May, 1546, that the president and his suite embarked at San Lucar for the New World.

After a prosperous voyage, and not a long one for that day, he landed, about the middle of July, at the port of Santa Marta. Here he received the astounding intelligence of the battle of Añaquito, of the defeat and death of the viceroy, and of the manner in which Gonzalo Pizarro had since established his absolute rule over the land. Although these events had occurred several months before Gasca's departure from Spain, yet, so imperfect was the intercourse, no tidings of them had then reached that country.

They now filled the president with great anxiety, as he reflected that the insurgents, after so atrocious an act as the slaughter of the viceroy, might well despair of grace and become reckless of consequences. He was careful, therefore, to have it understood that the date of his commission was subsequent to that of the fatal battle, and that it authorized an entire amnesty of all offences hitherto committed against the government.¹⁶

Yet in some points of view the death of Blasco Nuñez might be regarded as an auspicious circumstance for the settlement of the country. Had he lived till Gasca's arrival, the latter would have been greatly embarrassed by the

¹³ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 6.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 1, cap. 6.—MS. de Caravantes.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 17, 18.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 174.—*Hist. de Don Pedro Gasca*, MS.

¹⁴ "Especialmente, si alla muriesse ó le matassen: que entóces de nada le podria ser buena, sino para partir desta vida, con mas

congoya y pena de la poca cuenta que dava de la prouision que auia aceptado." Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 18.

¹⁵ From this cavalier descended the noble house of the counts of Villamor in Spain. MS. de Caravantes.

¹⁶ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 21.

necessity of acting in concert with a person so generally detested in the colony, or by the unwelcome alternative of sending him back to Castile. The insurgents, moreover, would in all probability be now more amenable to reason, since all personal animosity might naturally be buried in the grave of their enemy.

The president was much embarrassed by deciding in what quarter he should attempt to enter Peru. Every port was in the hands of Pizarro, and was placed under the care of his officers, with strict charge to intercept any communications from Spain, and to detain such persons as bore a commission from that country until his pleasure could be known respecting them. Gasca at length decided on crossing over to Nombre de Dios, then held with a strong force by Hernan Mexia, an officer to whose charge Gonzalo had committed this strong gate to his dominions, as a person on whose attachment to his cause he could confidently rely.

Had Gasca appeared off this place in a menacing attitude, with a military array, or, indeed, with any display of official pomp that might have awakened distrust in the commander, he would doubtless have found it no easy matter to effect a landing. But Mexia saw nothing to apprehend in the approach of a poor ecclesiastic, without an armed force, with hardly even a retinue to support him, coming solely, as it seemed, on an errand of mercy. No sooner, therefore, was he acquainted with the character of the envoy and his mission than he prepared to receive him with the honours due to his rank, and marched out at the head of his soldiers, together with a considerable body of ecclesiastics resident in the place. There was nothing in the person of Gasca still less in his humble clerical attire and modest retinue, to impress the vulgar spectator with feelings of awe or reverence. Indeed, the poverty-stricken aspect, as it seemed, of himself and his followers, so different from the usual state affected by the Indian viceroys, excited some merriment among the rude soldiery, who did not scruple to break their coarse jests on his appearance, in the hearing of the president himself." "If this is the sort of governor his Majesty sends over to us," they exclaimed, "Pizarro need not trouble his head much about it."

Yet the president, far from being ruffled by this ribaldry or from showing resentment to its authors, submitted to it with the utmost humility, and only seemed the more grateful to his own brethren, who by their respectful demeanour appeared anxious to do him honour.

But, however plain and unpretending the manners of Gasca, Mexia, on his first interview with him, soon discovered that he had no common man to deal with. The president, after briefly explaining the nature of his commission, told him that he had come as a messenger of peace, and that it was on peaceful measures he relied for his success. He then stated the general scope of his commission, his authority to grant a free pardon to all, without exception, who at once submitted to the government, and, finally, his purpose to proclaim the revocation of the ordinances. The objects of the revolution were thus attained. To contend longer would be manifest rebellion, and that without a motive; and he urged the commander by every principle of loyalty and patriotism to support him in settling the distractions of the country and bringing it back to its allegiance.

The candid and conciliatory language of the president, so different from the arrogance of Blasco Nuñez and the austere demeanour of Vaca de Castro,

"Especialmente muchos de los soldados, que estauan descaçados, y decian palabras feas, y desuergocadas. A lo qual el Pres-

dente (viendo que era necesario) hazia las orejas sordas." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 23.

made a sensible impression on Mexia. He admitted the force of Gasca's reasoning, and flattered himself that Gonzalo Pizarro would not be insensible to it. Though attached to the fortunes of that leader, he was loyal in heart, and, like most of the party, had been led by accident, rather than by design, into rebellion; and, now that so good an opportunity occurred to do it with safety, he was not unwilling to retrace his steps and secure the royal favour by thus early returning to his allegiance. This he signified to the president, assuring him of his hearty co-operation in the good work of reform.¹⁸

This was an important step for Gasca. It was yet more important for him to secure the obedience of Hinojosa, the governor of Panamá, in the harbour of which city lay Pizarro's navy, consisting of two-and-twenty vessels. But it was not easy to approach this officer. He was a person of much higher character than was usually found among the reckless adventurers in the New World. He was attached to the interests of Pizarro, and the latter had requited him by placing him in command of his armada and of Panamá, the key to his territories on the Pacific.

The president first sent Mexia and Alonso de Alvarado to prepare the way for his own coming, by advising Hinojosa of the purport of his mission. He soon after followed, and was received by that commander with every show of outward respect. But, while the latter listened with deference to the representations of Gasca, they failed to work the change in him which they had wrought in Mexia; and he concluded by asking the president to show him his powers, and by inquiring whether they gave him authority to confirm Pizarro in his present post, to which he was entitled no less by his own services than by the general voice of the people.

This was an embarrassing question. Such a concession would have been altogether too humiliating to the crown; but to have openly avowed this at the present juncture to so stanch an adherent of Pizarro might have precluded all further negotiation. The president evaded the question, therefore, by simply stating that the time had not yet come for him to produce his powers, but that Hinojosa might be assured they were such as to secure an ample recompense to every loyal servant of his country.¹⁹

Hinojosa was not satisfied; and he immediately wrote to Pizarro, acquainting him with Gasca's arrival and with the object of his mission, at the same time plainly intimating his own conviction that the president had no authority to confirm him in the government. But, before the departure of the ship, Gasca secured the services of a Dominican friar, who had taken his passage on board for one of the towns on the coast. This man he intrusted with the manifestoes setting forth the purport of his visit, and proclaiming the abolition of the ordinances, with a free pardon to all who returned to their obedience. He wrote also to the prelates and to the corporations of the different cities. The former he requested to co-operate with him in introducing a spirit of loyalty and subordination among the people, while he intimated to the towns his purpose to confer with them hereafter in order to devise some effectual measures for the welfare of the country. These papers the Dominican engaged to distribute, himself, among the principal cities of the colony, and he faithfully kept his word, though, as it proved, at no little hazard of his life. The seeds thus scattered might many of them fall on barren ground; but the greater part, the president trusted, would take root in the hearts of the people; and he patiently waited for the harvest.

¹⁸ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 23.—Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.—Montesinos, *Annales*, MS., año 1546.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 6.—Her-

ra, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 2, cap. 5.

¹⁹ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 25.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 7.—MS. de Caravantes.

Meanwhile, though he failed to remove the scruples of Hinojosa, the courteous manners of Gasca, and his mild, persuasive discourse, had a visible effect on other individuals with whom he had daily intercourse. Several of these, and among them some of the principal cavaliers in Panamá, as well as in the squadron, expressed their willingness to join the royal cause and aid the president in maintaining it. Gasca profited by their assistance to open a communication with the authorities of Guatemala and Mexico, whom he advised of his mission, while he admonished them to allow no intercourse to be carried on with the insurgents on the coast of Peru. He at length also prevailed on the governor of Panamá to furnish him with the means of entering into communication with Gonzalo Pizarro himself; and a ship was despatched to Lima, bearing a letter from Charles the Fifth addressed to that chief, with an epistle also from Gasca.

The emperor's communication was couched in the most condescending and even conciliatory terms. Far from taxing Gonzalo with rebellion, his royal master affected to regard his conduct as in a manner imposed on him by circumstances, especially by the obduracy of the viceroy Nuñez in denying the colonists the inalienable right of petition. He gave no intimation of an intent to confirm Pizarro in the government, or, indeed, to remove him from it, but simply referred him to Gasca as one who would acquaint him with the royal pleasure, and with whom he was to co-operate in restoring tranquillity to the country.

Gasca's own letter was pitched in the same politic key. He remarked, however, that the exigencies which had hitherto determined Gonzalo's line of conduct existed no longer. All that had been asked was conceded. There was nothing now to contend for; and it only remained for Pizarro and his followers to show their loyalty and the sincerity of their principles by obedience to the crown. Hitherto, the president said, Pizarro had been in arms against the viceroy, and the people had supported him as against a common enemy. If he prolonged the contest, that enemy must be his sovereign. In such a struggle the people would be sure to desert him; and Gasca conjured him, by his honour as a cavalier and his duty as a loyal vassal, to respect the royal authority, and not rashly provoke a contest which must prove to the world that his conduct hitherto had been dictated less by patriotic motives than by selfish ambition.

This letter, which was conveyed in language the most courteous and complimentary to the subject of it, was of great length. It was accompanied by another, much more concise, to Cepeda, the intriguing lawyer, who, as Gasca knew, had the greatest influence over Pizarro, in the absence of Carbajal, then employed in reaping the silver harvest from the newly-discovered mines of Potosí.²⁰ In this epistle Gasca affected to defer to the cunning politician as a member of the Royal Audience, and he conferred with him on the best manner of supplying a vacancy in that body. These several despatches were committed to a cavalier named Paniagua, a faithful adherent of the president, and one of those who had accompanied him from Castile. To this same emissary he also gave manifestoes and letters like those intrusted to the Dominican, with orders secretly to distribute them in Lima before he quitted that capital.²¹

²⁰ "El Licenciado Cepeda que tengo yo agora por teniente, de quien yo hago mucho caso i le quiero mucho." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

²¹ The letters noticed in the text may be found in Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 7,

and Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 29, 30. The president's letter covers several pages. Much of it is taken up with historic precedents and illustrations, to show the folly, as well as wickedness, of a collision with the imperial authority. The benignant

Weeks and months rolled away, while the president still remained at Panamá, where, indeed, as his communications were jealously cut off with Peru, he might be said to be detained as a sort of prisoner of state. Meanwhile, both he and Hinojosa were looking with anxiety for the arrival of some messenger from Pizarro, who should indicate the manner in which the president's mission was to be received by that chief. The governor of Panamá was not blind to the perilous position in which he was himself placed, nor to the madness of provoking a contest with the court of Castile. But he had a reluctance—not too often shared by the cavaliers of Peru—to abandon the fortunes of the commander who had reposed in him so great confidence. Yet he trusted that this commander would embrace the opportunity now offered of placing himself and the country in a state of permanent security.

Several of the cavaliers who had given in their adhesion to Gasca, displeased by this obstinacy, as they termed it, of Hinojosa, proposed to seize his person and then get possession of the armada. But the president at once rejected this offer. His mission, he said, was one of peace, and he would not stain it at the outset by an act of violence. He even respected the scruples of Hinojosa; and a cavalier of so honourable a nature, he conceived, if once he could be gained by fair means, would be much more likely to be true to his interests than if overcome either by force or fraud. Gasca thought he might safely abide his time. There was policy, as well as honesty, in this: indeed, they always go together.

Meantime, persons were occasionally arriving from Lima and the neighbouring places, who gave accounts of Pizarro, varying according to the character and situation of the parties. Some represented him as winning all hearts by his open temper and the politic profusion with which, though covetous of wealth, he distributed *repartimientos* and favours among his followers. Others spoke of him as carrying matters with a high hand, while the greatest timidity and distrust prevailed among the citizens of Lima. All agreed that his power rested on too secure a basis to be shaken, and that, if the president should go to Lima, he must either consent to become Pizarro's instrument and confirm him in the government, or forfeit his own life.²²

It was undoubtedly true that Gonzalo, while he gave attention, as his friends say, to the public business, found time for free indulgence in those pleasures which wait on the soldier of fortune in his hour of triumph. He was the object of flattery and homage, courted even by those who hated him. For such as did not love the successful chieftain had good cause to fear him; and his exploits were commemorated in *romances* or ballads as rivalling—it was not far from truth—those of the most doughty paladins of chivalry.²³

Amidst this burst of adulation, the cup of joy commended to Pizarro's lips had one drop of bitterness in it that gave its flavour to all the rest; for, notwithstanding his show of confidence, he looked with unceasing anxiety to the arrival of tidings that might assure him in what light his conduct was regarded by the government at home. This was proved by his jealous precautions to guard the approaches to the coast and to detain the persons of the royal emis-

tone of this homily may be inferred from its concluding sentence: "Nuestro señor por su infinita bódad alumbré a vuestra merced, y a todos los demás para que acierten a hazer en este negocio lo que còulene a sus almas, honras, vidas y haciendas: y guarde en su sancto servicio la llustre persona de vuestra merced."

²² Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 27.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib.

2, cap. 7.—MS. de Caravantes.

²³ "Y con esto, estaua siempre en fiestas y recozijo, holgandose mucho que le diessen musicas, cantando romances, y coplas, de todo lo que auia hecho: encareciendo sus baxañas, y victorias. En lo qual mucho se deleytaua como hombre de grueso entèdimento." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 32.

saries. He learned, therefore, with no little uneasiness, from Hinojosa, the landing of President Gasca and the purport of his mission. But his discontent was mitigated when he understood that the new envoy had come without military array, without any of the ostentatious trappings of office to impose on the minds of the vulgar, but alone, as it were, in the plain garb of an humble missionary.²⁴ Pizarro could not discern that under this modest exterior lay a moral power stronger than his own steel-clad battalions, which, operating silently on public opinion,—the more sure that it was silent,—was even now undermining his strength, like a subterranean channel eating away the foundations of some stately edifice that stands secure in its pride of place!

But, although Gonzalo Pizarro could not foresee this result, he saw enough to satisfy him that it would be safest to exclude the president from Peru. The tidings of his arrival, moreover, quickened his former purpose of sending an embassy to Spain to vindicate his late proceedings and request the royal confirmation of his authority. The person placed at the head of this mission was Lorenzo de Aldana, a cavalier of discretion as well as courage, and high in the confidence of Pizarro, as one of his most devoted partisans. He had occupied some important posts under that chief, one secret of whose successes was the sagacity he showed in the selection of his agents.

Besides Aldana and one or two cavaliers, the Bishop of Lima was joined in the commission, as likely, from his position, to have a favourable influence on Gonzalo's fortunes at court. Together with the despatches for the government, the envoys were intrusted with a letter to Gasca from the inhabitants of Lima, in which, after civilly congratulating the president on his arrival, they announced their regret that he had come too late. The troubles of the country were now settled by the overthrow of the viceroy, and the nation was reposing in quiet under the rule of Pizarro. An embassy, they stated, was on its way to Castile, *not to solicit pardon*, for they had committed no crime,²⁵ but to petition the emperor to confirm their leader in the government, as the man in Peru best entitled to it by his virtues.²⁶ They expressed the conviction that Gasca's presence would only serve to renew the distractions of the country, and they darkly intimated that his attempt to land would probably cost him his life. The language of this singular document was more respectful than might be inferred from its import. It was dated the 14th of October, 1546, and was subscribed by seventy of the principal cavaliers in the city.* It

²⁴ Gonzalo, in his letter to Valdivia, speaks of Gasca as a clergyman of a godly reputation, who, without recompense, in the true spirit of a missionary, had come over to settle the affairs of the country: "Dicen ques mui buen christiano i hombre de buena vida i clérigo, i dicen que viene a estas partes con buena intencion i no quislo salario ninguno del Rey sino venir para poner paz en estos Reynos con sus cristiandades." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á

Valdivia, MS.

²⁵ "Porque perdõ ninguno de nosotros le pide, porque no entendemos que emos errado, sino seruido à su Magestad: conseruado nuestro derecho; que por sus leyes Reales à sus vasallos es permitido." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 33.

²⁶ "Porque el por sus virtudes es muy amado de todos: y tenido por padre del Perú." *Ibid.*, ubi supra.

* Some of the seventy, as appears from a letter of Gasca to the Council of the Indies (Panamá, December 28, 1546), sent him a private message stating that they had signed the document from fear of their lives. (Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.) In a letter to Pizarro, dated November 28, 1546, Gasca acknowledges the receipt of the communication brought by Aldana, and in characteristic terms expresses his surprise that his own coming should have given rise to

any alarm: "E pareceme que es cosa de maravillar que se entienda que un clérigo tan poco como yo, y que tan solo ha venido, y con tanto deseo de hacer bien y servicio á todos los de esa tierra, hay causa de pensar que si entrase en ella pudiese ser peligroso á V. M. ni á otro alguno." After saying that he would gladly return to Spain, as advised, if he could do so without blame, he refers to his commission, which, at the request of Hinojosa and Aldana, he has decided to produce, and of

was not improbably dictated by Cepeda, whose hand is visible in most of the intrigues of Pizarro's little court. It is also said—the authority is somewhat questionable—that Aldana received instructions from Gonzalo secretly to offer a bribe of fifty thousand *pesos de oro* to the president to prevail on him to return to Castile; and in case of his refusal some darker and more effectual way was to be devised to rid the country of his presence.²⁷

Aldana, fortified with his despatches, sped swiftly on his voyage to Panamá. Through him the governor learned the actual state of feeling in the councils of Pizarro; and he listened with regret to the envoy's conviction that no terms would be admitted by that chief or his companions that did not confirm him in the possession of Peru.²⁸

Aldana was soon admitted to an audience by the president. It was attended with very different results from what had followed from the conferences with Hinojosa; for Pizarro's envoy was not armed by nature with that stubborn panoply which had hitherto made the other proof against all argument. He now learned with surprise the nature of Gasca's powers, and the extent of the royal concessions to the insurgents. He had embarked with Gonzalo Pizarro on a desperate venture, and he found that it had proved successful. The colony had nothing more, in reason, to demand; and, though devoted in heart to his leader, he did not feel bound by any principle of honour to take part with him, solely to gratify his ambition, in a wild contest with the crown that must end in inevitable ruin. He consequently abandoned his mission to Castile, probably never very palatable to him, and announced his purpose to accept the pardon proffered by government and support the president in settling the affairs of Peru. He subsequently wrote, it should be added, to his former commander in Lima, stating the course he had taken, and earnestly recommending the latter to follow his example.

The influence of this precedent in so important a person as Aldana, aided doubtless, by the conviction that no change was now to be expected in Pizarro, while delay would be fatal to himself, at length prevailed over Hinojosa's scruples, and he intimated to Gasca his willingness to place the fleet under his command. This act was performed with great pomp and ceremony. Some of Pizarro's staunchest partisans were previously removed from the vessels; and on the nineteenth of November, 1546, Hinojosa and his captains resigned their commissions into the hands of the president. They next took the oaths

²⁷ Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, loc. cit.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 2, cap. 10.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 8.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 177.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1546.—Pizarro, in his letter to Valdivia, notices this remonstrance to Gasca, who, with all his reputation as a saint, was as deep as any man in Spain, and had now come to send him home, as a reward, no doubt, of his faithful services. "But I and the rest of the cavaliers," he concludes, "have warned him not to set foot here." "Y agora que yo tenia puesta esta tierra en sosiego embiava su parte al de la Gasca que aunque arriba digo que dicen que un santo, es un hombre mas mañoso que havia en toda España é mas sabio; é así venia por presidente é Governador, é todo quanto el quiera; é para

poderme embiar á mi á España, i á cabo de dos años que andavamos fuera de nuestras casas queria el Rey darme este pago, mas yo con todos los cavalleros deste Reyno le embiavamos á decir que se vaya, sino que harémos con él como con Blasco Nuñez." Carta de Gonzalo Pizarro á Valdivia, MS.

²⁸ With Aldana's mission to Castile Gonzalo Pizarro closes the important letter so often cited in these pages, and which may be supposed to furnish the best arguments for his own conduct. It is a curious fact that Valdivia, the conqueror of Chili, to whom the epistle is addressed, soon after this openly espoused the cause of Gasca, and his troops formed part of the forces who contended with Pizarro, not long afterwards, at Huarina. Such was the friend on whom Gonzalo relied!

which he sends accordingly a copy to Pizarro, exhorting him, in conclusion, to consider the matter as one in which, if he errs, he will err

against God, the king, the world, his soul, his honour, and his life. Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.—Ep.]

of allegiance to Castile; a free pardon for all past offences was proclaimed by the herald from a scaffold erected in the great square of the city; and the president, greeting them as true and loyal vassals of the crown, restored their several commissions to the cavaliers. The royal standard of Spain was then unfurled on board the squadron, and proclaimed that this stronghold of Pizarro's power had passed away from him for ever.²⁹

The return of their commissions to the insurgent captains was a politic act in Gasca. It secured the services of the ablest officers in the country, and turned against Pizarro the very arm on which he had most leaned for support. Thus was this great step achieved, without force or fraud, by Gasca's patience and judicious forecast. He was content to abide his time; and he might now rely with well-grounded confidence on the ultimate success of his mission.

CHAPTER II.

GASCA ASSEMBLES HIS FORCES—DEFECTION OF PIZARRO'S FOLLOWERS—HE MUSTERS LEVIES—AGITATION IN LIMA—HE ABANDONS THE CITY—GASCA SAILS FROM PANAMÁ—BLOODY BATTLE OF HUARINA.

1547.

No sooner was Gasca placed in possession of Panamá and the fleet than he entered on a more decisive course of policy than he had been hitherto allowed to pursue. He made levies of men, and drew together supplies from all quarters. He took care to discharge the arrears already due to the soldiers, and promised liberal pay for the future; for, though mindful that his personal charges should cost little to the crown, he did not stint his expenditure when the public good required it. As the funds in the treasury were exhausted, he obtained loans on the credit of the government from the wealthy citizens of Panamá, who, relying on his good faith, readily made the necessary advances. He next sent letters to the authorities of Guatemala and Mexico, requiring their assistance in carrying on hostilities, if necessary, against the insurgents; and he despatched a summons, in like manner, to Benalcazar, in the provinces north of Peru, to meet him, on his landing in that country, with his whole available force.

The greatest enthusiasm was shown by the people of Panamá in getting the little navy in order for his intended voyage; and prelates and commanders did not disdain to prove their loyalty by taking part in the good work along with the soldiers and sailors.¹ Before his own departure, however, Gasca proposed to send a small squadron of four ships under Aldana, to cruise off the port of Lima, with instructions to give protection to those well affected to the royal cause, and receive them, if need be, on board his vessels. He was also

²⁹ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 6, cap. 9.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 38, 42.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Ind.*, cap. 178.—MS. de Caravantes.—Garcilasso de la Vega, whose partiality for Gonzalo Pizarro forms a wholesome counterpoise to the unfavourable views taken of his conduct by most other writers,—in his notice of this transaction, seems disposed to allow little credit to that

loyalty which is shown by the sacrifice of a benefactor. *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 4.

¹ "Y ponía sus fuerzas con tanta llaneza y obediencia, que los Obispos y clerigos y los capitanes y mas principales personas eran los que primero echauan mano, y tirauan de las gumenas y cables de los nauios, para los sacar a la costa." Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 70.

intrusted with authenticated copies of the president's commission, to be delivered to Gonzalo Pizarro,* that the chief might feel there was yet time to return before the gates of mercy were closed against him.²

While these events were going on, Gasca's proclamations and letters were doing their work in Peru. It required but little sagacity to perceive that the nation at large, secured in the protection of person and property, had nothing to gain by revolution. Interest and duty, fortunately, now lay on the same side; and the ancient sentiment of loyalty, smothered for a time, but not extinguished, revived in the breasts of the people. Still, this was not manifested, at once, by any overt act; for under a strong military rule men dared hardly think for themselves, much less communicate their thoughts to one another. But changes of public opinion, like changes in the atmosphere that come on slowly and imperceptibly, make themselves more and more widely felt, till, by a sort of silent sympathy, they spread to the remotest corners of the land. Some intimations of such a change of sentiment at length found their way to Lima, although all accounts of the president's mission had been jealously excluded from that capital. Gonzalo Pizarro himself became sensible of these symptoms of disaffection, though almost too faint and feeble, as yet, for the most experienced eye to descry in them the coming tempest.

Several of the president's proclamations had been forwarded to Gonzalo by his faithful partisans; and Carbajal, who had been summoned from Potosí, declared they were "more to be dreaded than the lances of Castile."³ Yet Pizarro did not for a moment lose his confidence in his own strength; and, with a navy like that now in Panamá at his command, he felt he might bid defiance to any enemy on his coasts. He had implicit confidence in the fidelity of Hinojosa.

It was at this period that Paniagua arrived off the port with Gasca's despatches to Pizarro, consisting of the emperor's letter and his own. They were instantly submitted by that chieftain to his trusty counsellors, Carbajal and Cepeda, and their opinions asked as to the course to be pursued. It was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.

Carbajal, whose sagacious eye fully comprehended the position in which they stood, was in favour of accepting the royal grace on the terms proposed; and he intimated his sense of their importance by declaring that "he would pave the way for the bearer of them into the capital with ingots of gold and silver."⁴ Cepeda was of a different way of thinking. He was a judge of the Royal Audience, and had been sent to Peru as the immediate counsellor of Blasco Nuñez. But he had turned against the viceroy, had encountered him in battle, and his garments might be said to be yet wet with his blood! What grace was there, then, for him? Whatever respect might be shown to the letter of the royal provisions, in point of fact he must ever live under the

* Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, ubi supra.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1546.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 178.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 9.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 3, cap. 3.

² "Que cran mas de temer aquellas cartas

que a las lãças del Rey de Castilla." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 45.

³ "Y le enadrillen los caminos por do viniere con barras de plata, y tejos de Oro." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 5.

* [A copy of the commission had, as already noticed, been sent to Pizarro in November, 1546. Aldana did not sail till three months later. He carried with him a friar, whom he was to land secretly at Charcas, and who was intrusted with letters from the authorities at Lima and private persons there, copies of

pardons, etc. These he was to forward by a monk of the monastery of Sancto Domingo, who would disseminate them secretly. Instrucción de lo que el reverendo padre fray Pedro de Ulloa debe hacer. Fecha 11 de hebrero de 1547.—Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.—Ed.]

Castilian rule a ruined man. He accordingly strongly urged the rejection of Gasca's offers. "They will cost you your government," he said to Pizarro: "the smooth-tongued priest is not so simple a person as you take him to be. He is deep and politic." He knows well what promises to make; and, once master of the country, he will know, too, how to keep them."

Carbajal was not shaken by the arguments or the sneers of his companions; and, as the discussion waxed warm, Cepeda taxed his opponent with giving counsel suggested by fears for his own safety,—a foolish taunt, sufficiently disproved by the whole life of the doughty old warrior. Carbajal did not insist further on his own views, however, as he found them unwelcome to Pizarro, and contented himself with coolly remarking that "he had, indeed, no relish for rebellion; but he had as long a neck for a halter, he believed, as any of his companions; and as he could hardly expect to live much longer, at any rate, it was, after all, of little moment to him."⁶

Pizarro, spurred on by a fiery ambition that overleaped every obstacle,⁷ did not condescend to count the desperate chances of a contest with the crown. He threw his own weight into the scale with Cepeda. The offer of grace was rejected; and he thus cast away the last tie which held him to his country, and, by the act, proclaimed himself a rebel.⁸

It was not long after the departure of Paniagua that Pizarro received tidings of the defection of Aldana and Hinojosa, and of the surrender of the fleet, on which he had expended an immense sum, as the chief bulwark of his power. This unwelcome intelligence was followed by accounts of the further defection of some of the principal towns in the north, and of the assassination of Puelles, the faithful lieutenant to whom he had confided the government of Quito. It was not very long, also, before he found his authority assailed in the opposite quarter at Cuzco; for Centeno, the loyal chieftain who, as the reader may remember, had been driven by Carbajal to take refuge in a cave

* "Que no lo embiauan por hombre sencillo y llano, sino de grandes cautelas, astucias, falsedades y engaños." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 5.

* "Por lo demas, quando acaezca otra cosa, ya yo he viuado muchos años, y tengo tan bué palmo de pescueço para la sogá, como cada uno de vuestras mercedes." *Ibid.*, loc. cit.

* "Loca y luciferina soberuia," as Fernandez characterizes the aspiring temper of Gonzalo. *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 15.

* MS. de Caravantes.—According to Garcilasso, Paniagua was furnished with secret instructions by the president, empowering

* [Paniagua's report of his mission, dated August 1st, 1547, six months after he had left Lima, has been preserved. He avows that, being in fear of his life, or of not being allowed to return, he had pretended an affection for Pizarro, offering to serve him by a mediation with the crown, and professing to believe that there was no intention to deprive him of the government, Gasca having been sent out only as "president of the Audience," and meaning, it was understood, to return shortly to Spain. These representations he made originally to Cepeda; but on the next day he repeated the whole, "and more," to

him, in case he judged it necessary to the preservation of the royal authority, to confirm Pizarro in the government, "it being little matter if the Devil ruled there, provided the country remained to the crown!" The fact was so reported by Paniagua, who continued in Peru after these events. (*Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 5.) This is possible. But it is more probable that a credulous gossip, like Garcilasso, should be in error, than that Charles the Fifth should have been prepared to make such an acknowledgment of his imbecility, or that the man selected for Gasca's confidence should have so indiscreetly betrayed his trust.*

Pizarro, who was "satisfied," and on his departure insisted on presenting him with a thousand pesos. He concludes with a solemn asseveration that he had used only general phrases and made no explicit promises. Gasca appears, from a letter to the Council of the Indies enclosing this report, to have been satisfied with the proceedings of his agent. His own correspondence with Pizarro at the time of the mission shows that, whatever duplicity may have been used, neither party was in any doubt as to the other's intentions. *Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España*, tom. xlix.—Ro.]

near Arequipa, had issued from his concealment after remaining there a year, and, on learning the arrival of Gasca, had again raised the royal standard. Then, collecting a small body of followers, and falling on Cuzco by night, he made himself master of that capital, defeated the garrison who held it, and secured it for the crown. Marching soon after into the province of Charcas, the bold chief allied himself with the officer who commanded for Pizarro in La Plata; and their combined forces, to the number of a thousand, took up a position on the borders of Lake Titicaca, where the two cavaliers coolly awaited an opportunity to take the field against their ancient commander.

Gonzalo Pizarro, touched to the heart by the desertion of those in whom he most confided, was stunned by the dismal tidings of his losses coming so thick upon him. Yet he did not waste his time in idle crimination or complaint, but immediately set about making preparations to meet the storm with all his characteristic energy. He wrote at once to such of his captains as he believed still faithful, commanding them to be ready with their troops to march to his assistance at the shortest notice. He reminded them of their obligations to him, and that their interests were identical with his own. The president's commission, he added, had been made out before the news had reached Spain of the battle of Añaquito, and could never cover a pardon to those concerned in the death of the viceroy.⁹

Pizarro was equally active in enforcing his levies in the capital and in putting them in the best fighting order. He soon saw himself at the head of a thousand men, beautifully equipped, and complete in all their appointments; "as gallant an array," says an old writer, "though so small in number, as ever trod the plains of Italy,"—displaying, in the excellence of their arms, their gorgeous uniforms, and the caparisons of their horses, a magnificence that could be furnished only by the silver of Peru.¹⁰ Each company was provided with a new stand of colours, emblazoned with its peculiar device. Some bore the initials and arms of Pizarro, and one or two of these were audaciously surmounted by a crown, as if to intimate the rank to which their commander might aspire.¹¹

Among the leaders most conspicuous on this occasion was Cepeda, "who," in the words of a writer of his time, "had exchanged the robe of the licentiate for the plumed casque and mailed harness of the warrior."¹² But the cavalier

⁹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., M.S.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 11, 13.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 45, 59.—Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1547.

¹⁰ "Mil Hombres tan bien armados i adereçados, como se han visto en Italia, en la maior prosperidad, porque ninguno havia, demas de las Armas, que no llevase Calças, i Jubon de Seda, i muchos de Tela de Oro, i de Brocado, i otros bordados, i recamados de Oro, i Plata, con mucha Chaperia de Oro por los Sombreros, i especialmente por Frascos, i Caxas de Arcabuces." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 11.

¹¹ Ibid., ubi supra.—Some writers even assert that Pizarro was preparing for his coronation at this time, and that he had

actually despatched his summons to the different towns to send their deputies to assist at it: "Querria apresurar su coronacion, y para ello despachó cartas á todas las ciudades del Perú." (Montesinos, Annales, MS., año 1547.) But it is hardly probable he could have placed so blind a confidence in the colonists at this crisis as to have meditated so rash a step. The loyal Castilian historians are not slow to receive reports to the discredit of the rebel.*

¹² "El qual en este tiempo, olvidado de lo que conuenia a sus letras, y profesion, y officio de Oydor; salio en calças jubon, y cuera, de muchos recamados; y gorra con plumas." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 62.

* [The fact, would, however, seem to be established by a letter from Carbajal to Pizarro, dated March 17th, 1547, in which he speaks of "la corona de Rey, con que, en

tan breues dias, emos de coronar á vuestra Señoria." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 49.—Ed.]

to whom Pizarro confided the chief care of organizing his battalions was the veteran Carbajal, who had studied the art of war under the best captains of Europe, and whose life of adventure had been a practical commentary on their early lessons. It was on his arm that Gonzalo most leaned in the hour of danger; and well had it been for him if he had profited by his counsels at an earlier period.

It gives one some idea of the luxurious accommodation of Pizarro's forces, that he endeavoured to provide each of his musketeers with a horse. The expenses incurred by him were enormous. The immediate cost of his preparations, we are told, was not less than half a million of *pesos de oro*; and his pay to the cavaliers, and, indeed, to the common soldiers, in his little army, was on an extravagant scale, nowhere to be met with but on the silver soil of Peru.¹²

When his own funds were exhausted, he supplied the deficiency by fines imposed on the rich citizens of Lima as the price of exemption from service, by forced loans, and various other schemes of military exaction.¹⁴ From this time, it is said, the chieftain's temper underwent a visible change.¹⁵ He became more violent in his passions, more impatient of control, and indulged more freely in acts of cruelty and license. The desperate cause in which he was involved made him reckless of consequences. Though naturally frank and confiding, the frequent defection of his followers filled him with suspicion. He knew not in whom to confide.* Every one who showed himself indifferent to his cause, or was suspected of being so, was dealt with as an open enemy. The greatest distrust prevailed in Lima. No man dared confide in his neighbour. Some concealed their effects; others contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels, and hid themselves in the neighbouring woods and mountains.¹⁶ No one was allowed to enter or leave the city without a license. All commerce, all intercourse, with other places was cut off. It was long since the fifths belonging to the crown had been remitted to Castile, as Pizarro had appropriated them to his own use. He now took possession of the mints, broke up the royal stamps, and issued a debased coin, emblazoned with his own cipher.¹⁷ It was the most decisive act of sovereignty.

At this gloomy period the lawyer Cepeda contrived a solemn farce, the intent of which was to give a sort of legal sanction to the rebel cause in the eyes of the populace. He caused a process to be prepared against Gasca, Hinojosa, and Aldana, in which they were accused of treason against the existing government of Peru, were convicted, and condemned to death. This instru-

¹² Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, ubi supra.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 11.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 3, cap. 5.—Montesinos, Anales, año 1547.

¹⁴ Fernandez, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 62.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1547.

¹⁵ Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 172.

¹⁶ "Andaba la Gente tan asombrada con el temor de la muerte, que no se podian entender, ni tenían animo para huir, i algunos, que ballaron mejor aparejo, se escondieron por los Cañaverales, i Cuevas, enterrando sus

Haciendas." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 15.

¹⁷ Rel. anonima, MS.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1547.—"Assi mismo echó Gózaló Picarro a toda la plata que gastava y destrubuya su marca, que era una G. rebuelta en una P, y pregonó que so pena de muerte, todos recibiesen por plata fina la que tuuiesse aquella marca: sin ensayo, ni otra diligencia alguna. Y desta suerte hizo passar mucha plata de ley baja por fina." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 62.

* [This had been the case, according to his own statement, for a long time. He told Panlagna in the preceding January that he was unable to sleep at night, and that he should be glad to lay down the burden of government, for which he was unfitted, and

spend his time in hunting and other amusements; but he added that he could trust no one, and would surrender the government only to his brother Hernando. Col. de Doc. ind. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix. —ED.]

ment he submitted to a number of jurists in the capital, requiring their signatures. But they had no mind thus inevitably to implicate themselves by affixing their names to such a paper; and they evaded it by representing that it would only serve to cut off all chance, should any of the accused be so disposed, of their again embracing the cause they had deserted. Cepeda was the only man who signed the document. Carbajal treated the whole thing with ridicule. "What is the object of your process?" said he to Cepeda. "Its object," replied the latter, "is to prevent delay, that, if taken at any time, the guilty party may be at once led to execution." "I cry you mercy," retorted Carbajal; "I thought there must be some virtue in the instrument, that would have killed them outright. Let but one of these same traitors fall into my hands, and I will march him off to execution without waiting for the sentence of a court, I promise you!"¹⁸

While this paper war was going on, news was brought that Aldana's squadron was off the port of Callao. That commander had sailed from Panamá about the middle of February, 1547. On his passage down the coast he had landed at Truxillo, where the citizens welcomed him with enthusiasm and eagerly proclaimed their submission to the royal authority. He received at the same time messages from several of Pizarro's officers in the interior, intimating their return to their duty and their readiness to support the president. Aldana named Caxamalca as a place of rendezvous, where they should concentrate their forces and await the landing of Gasca. He then continued his voyage towards Lima.

No sooner was Pizarro informed of his approach than, fearful lest it might have a disastrous effect in seducing his followers from their fidelity, he marched them about a league out of the city, and there encamped. He was two leagues from the coast, and he posted a guard on the shore, to intercept all communication with the vessels. Before leaving the capital, Cepeda resorted to an expedient for securing the inhabitants more firmly, as he conceived, in Pizarro's interests. He caused the citizens to be assembled, and made them a studied harangue, in which he expatiated on the services of their governor and the security which the country had enjoyed under his rule. He then told them that every man was at liberty to choose for himself,—to remain under the protection of their present ruler, or, if they preferred, to transfer their allegiance to his enemy. He invited them to speak their minds, but required every one who should still continue under Pizarro to take an oath of fidelity to his cause, with the assurance that, if any should be so false hereafter as to violate this pledge, he would pay for it with his life.¹⁹ There was no one found bold enough—with his head thus in the lion's mouth—to swerve from his obedience to Pizarro; and every man took the oath prescribed, which was administered in the most solemn and imposing form by the licentiate. Carbajal, as usual, made a jest of the whole proceeding. "How long," he asked his companion, "do you think these same oaths will stand? The first wind that blows off the coast after we are gone will scatter them in air!" His prediction was soon verified.

¹⁸ "Riose mucho entonces Carnajal y dixo: que segú aua hecho la instancia, que aua entendido, que la justicia como rayo, aua de yr luego a justiciarlos. Y dezia que si el los tuiesse presos, no se le daría vn clauo por su senténcia, ni firmas." (Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 55.) Among the jurists in Lima who thus independently resisted Cepeda's requisition to sign the paper

was the Licentiate Polo Ondegardo, a man of much discretion, and one of the best authorities for the ancient institutions of the Incas.

¹⁹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 61.—Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1547.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 11, 14.

Meantime, Aldana anchored off the port, where there was no vessel of the insurgents to molest him. By Cepeda's advice, some four or five had been burnt a short time before, during the absence of Carbajal, in order to cut off all means by which the inhabitants could leave the place. This was deeply deplored by the veteran soldier on his return. "It was destroying," he said, "the guardian angels of Lima."²⁰ And certainly, under such a commander, they might now have stood Pizarro in good stead; but his star was on the wane.

The first act of Aldana was to cause the copy of Gasca's powers, with which he had been intrusted, to be conveyed to his ancient commander, by whom it was indignantly torn in pieces. Aldana next contrived, by means of his agents, to circulate among the citizens, and even the soldiers of the camp, the president's manifestoes. They were not long in producing their effect. Few had been at all aware of the real purport of Gasca's mission, of the extent of his powers, or of the generous terms offered by the government. They shrank from the desperate course into which they had been thus unwarily seduced, and they sought only in what way they could with least danger extricate themselves from their present position and return to their allegiance. Some escaped by night from the camp, eluded the vigilance of the sentinels, and effected their retreat on board the vessels. Some were taken, and found no quarter at the hands of Carbajal and his merciless ministers. But, where the spirit of disaffection was abroad, means of escape were not wanting.

As the fugitives were cut off from Lima and the neighbouring coast, they secreted themselves in the forests and mountains, and watched their opportunity for making their way to Truxillo and other ports at a distance; and so contagious was the example that it not unfrequently happened that the very soldiers sent in pursuit of the deserters joined with them. Among those that fled was the Licentiate Carbajal, who must not be confounded with his military namesake. He was the same cavalier whose brother had been put to death in Lima by Blasco Nuñez, and who revenged himself, as we have seen, by imbruing his own hands in the blood of the viceroy. That a person thus implicated should trust to the royal pardon showed that no one need despair of it; and the example proved most disastrous to Pizarro.²¹

Carbajal, who made a jest of everything, even of the misfortunes which pinched him the sharpest, when told of the desertion of his comrades, amused himself by humming the words of a popular ditty:—

"The wind blows the hairs off my head, mother;
Two at a time, it blows them away!"²²

But the defection of his followers made a deeper impression on Pizarro, and he was sorely distressed as he beheld the gallant array, to which he had so confidently looked for gaining his battles, thus melting away like a morning mist. Bewildered by the treachery of those in whom he had most trusted, he knew not where to turn, nor what course to take. It was evident that he must leave his present dangerous quarters without loss of time. But whither should he direct his steps? In the north, the great towns had abandoned his cause, and the president was already marching against him; while Centeno held the passes of the south, with a force double his own. In

²⁰ "Entre otras cosas dixo a Gonçalo Pizarro vuesa Señoría mandò quemar cinco angeles que tenia en su puerto para guarda y defensa de la costa del Peru." Garcilasso, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 6.

²¹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 180.—Per-

andez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 63, 65.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 6, cap. 15, 16.

²² "Estos mis Cabellicos, Madre,
Dos á dos me los lleva el Aire."
Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., cap. 180.

this emergency, he at length resolved to occupy Arequipa, a seaport still true to him, where he might remain till he had decided on some future course of operations.

After a painful but rapid march, Gonzalo arrived at this place, where he was speedily joined by a reinforcement that he had detached for the recovery of Cuzco. But so frequent had been the desertions from both companies—though in Pizarro's corps these had greatly lessened since the departure from the neighbourhood of Lima—that his whole number did not exceed five hundred men, less than half of the force which he had so recently mustered in the capital. To such humble circumstances was the man now reduced who had so lately lorded it over the land with unlimited sway! Still the chief did not despond. He had gathered new spirit from the excitement of his march and his distance from Lima; and he seemed to recover his former confidence, as he exclaimed, "It is misfortune that teaches us who are our friends. If but ten only remain true to me, fear not but I will again be master of Peru!"²³

No sooner had the rebel forces withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Lima than the inhabitants of that city, little troubled, as Carbajal had predicted, by their compulsory oaths of allegiance to Pizarro, threw open their gates to Aldana, who took possession of this important place in the name of the president. The latter, meanwhile, had sailed with his whole fleet from Panamá on the tenth of April, 1547.* The first part of his voyage was prosperous; but he was soon perplexed by contrary currents, and the weather became rough and tempestuous. The violence of the storm continuing day after day, the sea was lashed into fury, and the fleet was tossed about on the billows, which ran mountain-high, as if emulating the wild character of the region they bounded. The rain descended in torrents, and the lightning was so incessant that the vessels, to quote the lively language of the chronicler, "seemed to be driving through seas of flame!"²⁴ The hearts of the stoutest mariners were filled with dismay. They considered it hopeless to struggle against the elements, and they loudly demanded to return to the continent and postpone the voyage till a more favourable season of the year.

But the president saw in this the ruin of his cause, as well as of the loyal vassals who had engaged, on his landing, to support it. "I am willing to die," he said, "but not to return;" and, regardless of the remonstrances of his more timid followers, he insisted on carrying as much sail as the ships could possibly bear, at every interval of the storm.²⁵ Meanwhile, to divert the minds of the seamen from their present danger, Gasca amused them by explaining some of the strange phenomena exhibited by the ocean in the tempest, which had filled their superstitious minds with mysterious dread.²⁶

²³ "Aunque siempre dijo: que con diez Amigos que le quedasen, havia de conservarse, i conquistar de nuevo el Perú: tanta era su saña, ò su soberbia." Gomara, Hist. de las Ind., loc. cit.

²⁴ "Y los truenos y relápagos eran tantos y tales; que siempre parecia que estauan en llamas, y que sobre ellos venian Rayos (que en todas aquellas partes caen muchos)." (Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 71.) The vivid colouring of the old

chronicler shows that he had himself been familiar with these tropical tempests on the Pacific.

²⁵ "Y con lo poco que en aquella sazón, el Presidente estimava la vida si no auia de hazer la jornada: y el gran desseo que tenia de hazerla se puso cõtra ellos diciendo, que qual quiera que le tocasse en abaxar vela, le costaria la vida." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 71.

²⁶ The phosphoric lights sometimes seen

* [In a letter written on the 12th at Taboga, an islet ten miles south of Panamá, where the fleet remained two days taking in water, Gasca mentions his force as consisting of eighteen ships and one galiot, with eight

hundred and twenty-one soldiers, all well equipped, and including many persons of quality. Col. de Doc. ined. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.—Ed.]

Signals had been given for the ships to make the best of their way, each for itself, to the island of Gorgona. Here they arrived, one after another, with but a single exception, though all more or less shattered by the weather. The president waited only for the fury of the elements to spend itself, when he again embarked, and, on smoother waters, crossed over to Manta. From this place he soon after continued his voyage to Tumbez, and landed at that port on the thirteenth of June. He was everywhere received with enthusiasm, and all seemed anxious to efface the remembrance of the past by professions of future fidelity to the crown. Gasca received, also, numerous letters of congratulation from cavaliers in the interior, most of whom had formerly taken service under Pizarro. He made courteous acknowledgments for their offers of assistance, and commanded them to repair to Caxamalca, the general place of rendezvous.

To this same spot he sent Hinojosa, so soon as that officer had disembarked with the land-forces from the fleet, ordering him to take command of the levies assembled there and then join him at Xauxa. Here he determined to establish his head quarters. It lay in a rich and abundant territory, and by its central position afforded a point for acting with greatest advantage against the enemy.

He then moved forward, at the head of a small detachment of cavalry, along the level road on the coast towards Truxillo. After halting for a short time in that loyal city, he traversed the mountain-range on the south-east, and soon entered the fruitful valley of Xauxa. There he was presently joined by reinforcements from the north, as well as from the principal places on the coast, and, not long after his arrival, received a message from Centeno, informing him that he held the passes by which Gonzalo Pizarro was preparing to make his escape from the country, and that the insurgent chief must soon fall into his hands.

The royal camp was greatly elated by these tidings. The war, then, was at length terminated, and that without the president having been called upon so much as to lift his sword against a Spaniard. Several of his counsellors now advised him to disband the greater part of his forces, as burdensome and no longer necessary. But the president was too wise to weaken his strength before he had secured the victory. He consented, however, to countermand the requisition for levies from Mexico and the adjoining colonies, as now feeling sufficiently strong in the general loyalty of the country. But, concentrating his forces at Xauxa, he established his quarters in that town, as he had at first intended, resolved to await there tidings of the operations in the south. The result was different from what he had expected.²³

Pizarro, meanwhile, whom we left at Arequipa, had decided, after much deliberation, to evacuate Peru and pass into Chili. In this territory, beyond the president's jurisdiction, he might find a safe retreat. The fickle people, he thought, would soon weary of their new ruler; and he could then rally in

in a storm at sea were observed to hover round the masts and rigging of the president's vessel; and he amused the seamen, according to Fernandez, by explaining the phenomenon and telling the fables to which it had given rise in ancient mythology. This little anecdote affords a key to Gasca's popularity with even the humblest classes.

²³ For the preceding pages, see Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 1.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 3, cap. 14, et seq.—Fer-

nandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 71-77.—MS. de Caravantes.—This last writer, who held an important post in the department of colonial finance, had opportunities of information which have enabled him to furnish several particulars not to be met with elsewhere, respecting the principal actors in these turbulent times. His work, still in manuscript, which formerly existed in the archives of the University of Salamanca, has been transferred to the royal library at Madrid.

sufficient strength to resume active operations for the recovery of his domain. Such were the calculations of the rebel chieftain. But how was he to effect his object, while the passes among the mountains, where his route lay, were held by Centeno with a force more than double his own? He resolved to try negotiation; for that captain had once served under him, and had, indeed, been most active in persuading Pizarro to take on himself the office of procurator. Advancing, accordingly, in the direction of Lake Titicaca, in the neighbourhood of which Centeno had pitched his camp, Gonzalo despatched an emissary to his quarters to open a negotiation. He called to his adversary's recollection the friendly relations that had once subsisted between them, and reminded him of one occasion in particular, in which he had spared his life when convicted of a conspiracy against himself. He harboured no sentiments of unkindness, he said, for Centeno's recent conduct, and had not now come to seek a quarrel with him. His purpose was to abandon Peru; and the only favour he had to request of his former associate was to leave him a free passage across the mountains.*

To this communication Centeno made answer, in terms as courtly as those of Pizarro himself, that he was not unmindful of their ancient friendship. He was now ready to serve his former commander in any way not inconsistent with honour or obedience to his sovereign. But he was there in arms for the royal cause, and he could not swerve from his duty. If Pizarro would but rely on his faith and surrender himself up, he pledged his knightly word to use all his interest with the government to secure as favourable terms for him and his followers as had been granted to the rest of their countrymen. Gonzalo listened to the smooth promises of his ancient comrade with bitter scorn depicted in his countenance, and, snatching the letter from his secretary, cast it away from him with indignation. There was nothing left but an appeal to arms.²⁸

He at once broke up his encampment, and directed his march on the borders of Lake Titicaca, near which lay his rival. He resorted, however, to stratagem, that he might still, if possible, avoid an encounter. He sent forward his scouts in a different direction from that which he intended to take, and then quickened his march on Huarina. This was a small town situated on the south-eastern extremity of Lake Titicaca, the shores of which, the seat of the primitive civilization of the Incas, were soon to resound with the murderous strife of their more civilized conquerors!

But Pizarro's movements had been secretly communicated to Centeno, and that commander, accordingly, changing his ground, took up a position not far from Huarina, on the same day on which Gonzalo reached this place. The vedettes of the two camps came in sight of each other that evening, and the rival forces, lying on their arms, prepared for action on the following morning.

It was the twenty-sixth of October, 1547, when the two commanders, having formed their troops in order of battle, advanced to the encounter on the plains of Huarina. The ground, defended on one side by a bold spur of the Andes, and not far removed on the other from the waters of Titicaca, was an open

²⁸ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap.

16.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7.

* [This is an incorrect account, unless it refers to a later letter than one written by Pizarro on the 8th of August from the neighbourhood of Arequipa,—“deste tambo de Hacari,”—in which, after reminding Centeno of their former friendship, he proposed a

union of their forces, as the means of saving the country from invasion and ruin. His design of quitting it was probably the result of the failure of this appeal. *Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España*, tom. xlix.—Ed.]

and level plain, well suited to military manœuvres. It seemed as if prepared by Nature as the lists for an encounter.

Centeno's army amounted to about a thousand men. His cavalry consisted of near two hundred and fifty, well equipped and mounted. Among them were several gentlemen of family, some of whom had once followed the banners of Pizarro; the whole forming an efficient corps, in which rode some of the best lances of Peru. His arquebusiers were less numerous, not exceeding a hundred and fifty, indifferently provided with ammunition. The remainder, and much the larger part of Centeno's army, consisted of spearmen, irregular levies hastily drawn together and possessed of little discipline.²⁹

This corps of infantry formed the centre of his line, flanked by the arquebusiers in two nearly equal divisions, while his cavalry were also disposed in two bodies on the right and left wings. Unfortunately, Centeno had been for the past week ill of a pleurisy,—so ill, indeed, that on the preceding day he had been bled several times. He was now too feeble to keep his saddle, but was carried in a litter, and when he had seen his men formed in order he withdrew to a distance from the field, unable to take part in the action. But Solano, the militant bishop of Cuzco, who, with several of his followers, took part in the engagement,—a circumstance, indeed, of no strange occurrence,—rode along the ranks with the crucifix in his hand, bestowing his benediction on the soldiers and exhorting each man to do his duty.

Pizarro's forces were less than half of his rival's, not amounting to more than four hundred and eighty men. The horse did not muster above eighty-five in all, and he posted them in a single body on the right of his battalion. The strength of his army lay in his arquebusiers, about three hundred and fifty in number. It was an admirable corps, commanded by Carbajal, by whom it had been carefully drilled. Considering the excellence of its arms and its thorough discipline, this little body of infantry might be considered as the flower of the Peruvian soldiery, and on it Pizarro mainly relied for the success of the day.³⁰ The remainder of his force, consisting of pikemen, not formidable for their numbers, though, like the rest of the infantry, under excellent discipline, he distributed on the left of his musketeers, so as to repel the enemy's horse.

Pizarro himself had charge of the cavalry, taking his place, as usual, in the foremost rank. He was superbly accoutred. Over his shining mail he wore a sobre-vest of slashed velvet of a rich crimson colour; and he rode a high-mettled charger, whose gaudy caparisons, with the showy livery of his rider, made the fearless commander the most conspicuous object in the field.

His lieutenant, Carbajal, was equipped in a very different style. He wore armour of proof of the most homely appearance, but strong and serviceable; and his steel bonnet, with its closely-barred visor of the same material, protected his head from more than one desperate blow on that day. Over his arms he wore a surcoat of a greenish colour, and he rode an active, strong-boned jennet, which, though capable of enduring fatigue, possessed neither grace nor beauty. It would not have been easy to distinguish the veteran from the most ordinary cavalier.

The two hosts arrived within six hundred paces of each other, when they both halted. Carbajal preferred to receive the attack of the enemy rather

²⁹ In the estimate of Centeno's forces—which ranges, in the different accounts, from seven hundred to twelve hundred—I have taken the intermediate number of a thousand adopted by Zarate, as, on the whole, more probable than either extreme.

³⁰ *Flor de la milicia del Peru*, says Garcilasso de la Vega, who compares Carbajal to an expert chess-player disposing his pieces in such a manner as must infallibly secure him the victory. *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 18.

than advance farther ; for the ground he now occupied afforded a free range for his musketry, unobstructed by the trees or bushes that were sprinkled over some other parts of the field. There was a singular motive, in addition, for retaining his present position. The soldiers were encumbered, some with two, some with three, arquebuses each, being the arms left by those who from time to time had deserted the camp. This uncommon supply of muskets, however serious an impediment on a march, might afford great advantage to troops awaiting an assault ; since, from the imperfect knowledge as well as construction of fire-arms at that day, much time was wasted in loading them.²¹

Preferring, therefore, that the enemy should begin the attack, Carbajal came to a halt, while the opposite squadron, after a short respite, continued their advance a hundred paces farther. Seeing that they then remained immovable, Carbajal detached a small party of skirmishers to the front, in order to provoke them ; but it was soon encountered by a similar party of the enemy, and some shots were exchanged, though with little damage to either side. Finding this manœuvre fail, the veteran ordered his men to advance a few paces, still hoping to provoke his antagonist to the charge. This succeeded. "We lose honour," exclaimed Centeno's soldiers ; who, with a bastard sort of chivalry, belonging to undisciplined troops, felt it a disgrace to await an assault. In vain their officers called out to them to remain at their post. Their commander was absent, and they were urged on by the cries of a frantic friar, named Domingo Ruiz, who, believing the Philistines were delivered into their hands, called out, "Now is the time ! Onward, onward ! fall on the enemy !" ²² They needed nothing further ; and the men rushed forward in tumultuous haste, the pikemen carrying their levelled weapons so heedlessly as to interfere with one another, and in some instances to wound their comrades. The musketeers, at the same time, kept up a disorderly fire as they advanced, which, from their rapid motion and the distance, did no execution.

Carbajal was well pleased to see his enemies thus wasting their ammunition. Though he allowed a few muskets to be discharged, in order to stimulate his opponents the more, he commanded the great body of his infantry to reserve their fire till every shot could take effect. As he knew the tendency of marksmen to shoot above the mark, he directed his men to aim at the girdle, or even a little below it ; adding that a shot that fell short might still do damage, while one that passed a hair's breadth above the head was wasted.²³

The veteran's company stood calm and unmoved, as Centeno's rapidly advanced ; but when the latter had arrived within a hundred paces of their antagonists, Carbajal gave the word to fire. An instantaneous volley ran along the line, and a tempest of balls was poured into the ranks of the assailants, with such unerring aim that more than a hundred fell dead on the field, while a still greater number were wounded. Before they could recover from their disorder, Carbajal's men, snatching up their remaining pieces, discharged them with the like dreadful effect into the thick of the enemy. The confusion of the latter was now complete. Unable to sustain the incessant shower of balls which fell on them from the scattering fire kept up by the

²¹ Garcilasso, Com. Real., ubi supra.—The historian's father—of the same name with himself—was one of the few noble cavaliers who remained faithful to Gonzalo Pizarro in the wane of his fortunes. He was present at the battle of Huarina ; and the particulars which he gave his son enabled the latter to

supply many deficiencies in the reports of historians.

²² "A las manos, á las manos ; á ellos, á ellos." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 79.

²³ Garcilasso, Com. Real., ubi supra.

arquebusiers, they were seized with a panic, and fled, scarcely making a show of further fight, from the field.

But very different was the fortune of the day in the cavalry combat. Gonzalo Pizarro had drawn up his troop somewhat in the rear of Carbajal's right, in order to give the latter a freer range for the play of his musketry. When the enemy's horse on the left galloped briskly against him, Pizarro, still favouring Carbajal,—whose fire, moreover, inflicted some loss on the assailants,—advanced but a few rods to receive the charge. Centeno's squadron, accordingly, came thundering on in full career, and, notwithstanding the mischief sustained from their enemy's musketry, fell with such fury on their adversaries as to overturn them, man and horse, in the dust; "riding over their prostrate bodies," says the historian, "as if they had been a flock of sheep!"²⁴ The latter, with great difficulty recovering from the first shock, attempted to rally and sustain the fight on more equal terms.

Yet the chief could not regain the ground he had lost. His men were driven back at all points. Many were slain, many more wounded, on both sides, and the ground was covered with the dead bodies of men and horses. But the loss fell much the most heavily on Pizarro's troops; and the greater part of those who escaped with life were obliged to surrender as prisoners. Cepeda, who fought with the fury of despair, received a severe cut from a sabre across the face, which disabled him and forced him to yield.²⁵ Pizarro, after seeing his best and bravest fall around him, was set upon by three or four cavaliers at once. Disentangling himself from the *mêlée*, he put spurs to his horse, and the noble animal, bleeding from a severe wound across the back, outstripped all his pursuers except one, who stayed him by seizing the bridle. It would have gone hard with Gonzalo, but, grasping a light battle-axe, which hung by his side, he dealt such a blow on the head of his enemy's horse that he plunged violently and compelled his rider to release his hold. A number of arquebusiers, in the meantime, seeing Pizarro's distress, sprang forward to his rescue, slew two of his assailants who had now come up with him, and forced the others to fly in their turn.²⁶

The rout of the cavalry was complete, and Pizarro considered the day as lost, as he heard the enemy's trumpet sending forth the note of victory. But the sounds had scarcely died away when they were taken up by the opposite side. Centeno's infantry had been discomfited, as we have seen, and driven off the ground. But his cavalry on the right had charged Carbajal's left, consisting of spearmen mingled with arquebusiers. The horse rode straight against this formidable phalanx. But they were unable to break through the dense array of pikes, held by the steady hands of troops who stood firm and fearless on their post; while at the same time the assailants were greatly annoyed by the galling fire of the arquebusiers in the rear of the spearmen. Finding it impracticable to make a breach, the horsemen rode round the flanks in much disorder, and finally joined themselves with the victorious squadron

²⁴ "Los de Diego Centeno, como yuan con la pujança de vna carrera larga, llenaron a los de Gonzalo Pizarro de encuentro, y los tropellaron como si fueran ovejas, y cayeron cauallos y caualeros." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Part 2, lib. 5, cap. 19.

²⁵ Cepeda's wound laid open his nose, leaving so hideous a scar that he was obliged afterwards to cover it with a patch, as Garcilasso, who frequently saw him in Cuzco, tells us.

²⁶ According to most authorities, Pizarro's

horse was not only wounded but slain in the fight, and the loss was supplied by his friend Garcilasso de la Vega, who mounted him on his own. This timely aid to the rebel did no service to the generous cavalier in after-times, but was urged against him by his enemies as a crime. The fact is stoutly denied by his son, the historian, who seems anxious to relieve his father from this honourable imputation, which threw a cloud over both their fortunes. Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Part 2, lib. 5, cap. 23.

of Centeno's cavalry in the rear. Both parties now attempted another charge on Carbajal's battalion. But, his men facing about with the promptness and discipline of well-trained soldiers, the rear was converted into the front. The same forest of spears was presented to the attack; while an incessant discharge of balls punished the audacity of the cavaliers, who, broken and completely dispirited by their ineffectual attempt, at length imitated the example of the panic-struck foot and abandoned the field.

Pizarro and a few of his comrades still fit for action followed up the pursuit for a short distance only, as, indeed, they were in no condition themselves, nor sufficiently strong in numbers, long to continue it. The victory was complete, and the insurgent chief took possession of the deserted tents of the enemy where an immense booty was obtained in silver,³⁷ and where he also found the tables spread for the refreshment of Centeno's soldiers after their return from the field. So confident were they of success! The repast now served the necessities of their conquerors. Such is the fortune of war! It was, indeed, a most decisive action; and Gonzalo Pizarro, as he rode over the field strewn with the corpses of his enemies, was observed several times to cross himself and exclaim, "Jesu! what a victory!"

No less than three hundred and fifty of Centeno's followers were killed, and the number of wounded was even greater. More than a hundred of these are computed to have perished from exposure during the following night; for, although the climate in this elevated region is temperate, yet the night-winds blowing over the mountains are sharp and piercing, and many a wounded wretch who might have been restored by careful treatment was chilled by the damps and found a stiffened corpse at sunrise. The victory was not purchased without a heavy loss on the part of the conquerors, a hundred or more of whom were left on the field. Their bodies lay thick on that part of the ground occupied by Pizarro's cavalry, where the fight raged hottest. In this narrow space were found, also, the bodies of more than a hundred horses, the greater part of which, as well as those of their riders, usually slain with them, belonged to the victorious army. It was the most fatal battle that had yet been fought on the blood-stained soil of Peru.³⁸

The glory of the day—the melancholy glory—must be referred almost wholly to Carbajal and his valiant squadron. The judicious arrangements of the old warrior, with the thorough discipline and unflinching courage of his followers, retrieved the fortunes of the fight, when it was nearly lost by the cavalry, and secured the victory.

Carbajal, proof against all fatigue, followed up the pursuit with those of his men that were in condition to join him. Such of the unhappy fugitives as fell into his hands—most of whom had been traitors to the cause of Pizarro—were sent to instant execution. The laurels he had won in the field against brave

³⁷ The booty amounted to no less than one million four hundred thousand *pesos*, according to Fernandez: "El saco que vuo fue grande: que se dixo ser de mas de vn millon y quatrociētos mil pesos." (Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 79.) The amount is, doubtless, grossly exaggerated. But we get to be so familiar with the golden wonders of Peru that, like the reader of the "Arabian Nights," we become of too easy faith to resort to the vulgar standard of probability.

³⁸ "La mas sangrienta batalla que vuo en el Perú." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 79.—In the accounts of this battle there are discrepancies, as usual,

which the historian must reconcile as he can. But, on the whole, there is a general conformity in the outline and in the prominent points. All concur in representing it as the bloodiest fight that had yet occurred between the Spaniards in Peru, and all assign to Carbajal the credit of the victory.—For authorities besides Garcilasso and Fernandez, repeatedly quoted, see Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS. (he was present in the action), —Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 3, —Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 4, cap. 2, —Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 181, —Montesinos, Anales, MS., año 1547.

men in arms, like himself, were tarnished by cruelty towards his defenceless captives. Their commander, Centeno, more fortunate, made his escape. Finding the battle lost, he quitted his litter, threw himself upon his horse, and, notwithstanding his illness, urged on by the dreadful doom that awaited him if taken, he succeeded in making his way into the neighbouring sierra. Here he vanished from his pursuers, and, like a wounded stag with the chase close upon his track, he still contrived to elude it, by plunging into the depths of the forests, till, by a circuitous route, he miraculously succeeded in effecting his escape to Lima. The Bishop of Cuzco, who went off in a different direction, was no less fortunate. Happy for him that he did not fall into the hands of the ruthless Carbajal, who, as the bishop had once been a partisan of Pizarro, would, to judge from the little respect he usually showed those of his cloth, have felt as little compunction in sentencing him to the gibbet as if he had been the meanest of the common file.⁹⁹

On the day following the action, Gonzalo Pizarro caused the bodies of the soldiers, still lying side by side on the field where they had been so lately engaged together in mortal strife, to be deposited in a common sepulchre. Those of higher rank—for distinctions of rank were not to be forgotten in the grave—were removed to the church of the village of Huarina, which gave its name to the battle. There they were interred with all fitting solemnity. But in later times they were transported to the cathedral church of La Paz, "The City of Peace," and laid under a mausoleum erected by general subscription in that quarter. For few there were who had not to mourn the loss of some friend or relative on that fatal day.

The victor now profited by his success to send detachments to Arequipa, La Plata, and other cities in that part of the country, to raise funds and reinforcements for the war. His own losses were more than compensated by the number of the vanquished party who were content to take service under his banner. Mustering his forces, he directed his march to Cuzco, which capital, though occasionally seduced into a display of loyalty to the crown, had early manifested an attachment to his cause.

Here the inhabitants were prepared to receive him in triumph, under arches thrown across the streets, with bands of music, and minstrelsy commemorating his successes. But Pizarro, with more discretion, declined the honours of an ovation while the country remained in the hands of his enemies. Sending forward the main body of his troops, he followed on foot, attended by a slender retinue of friends and citizens, and proceeded at once to the cathedral, where thanksgivings were offered up and *Te Deum* was chanted in honour of his victory. He then withdrew to his residence, announcing his purpose to establish his quarters, for the present, in the venerable capital of the Incas.¹⁰⁰

All thoughts of a retreat into Chili were abandoned; for his recent success had kindled new hopes in his bosom and revived his ancient confidence. He trusted that it would have a similar effect on the vacillating temper of those whose fidelity had been shaken by fears for their own safety and their distrust of his ability to cope with the president. They would now see that his star was still in the ascendant. Without further apprehensions for the event, he

⁹⁹ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, ubi supra.—Zarate, lib. 7, cap. 3.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 21, 22.

¹⁰⁰ Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 27.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 3.—Garcilasso de la Vega, who was a boy at the

time, witnessed Pizarro's entry into Cuzco. He writes, therefore, from memory; though after an interval of many years. In consequence of his father's rank, he had easy access to the palace of Pizarro; and this portion of his narrative may claim the consideration due not merely to a contemporary, but to an eyewitness.

resolved to remain in Cuzco and there quietly await the hour when a last appeal to arms should decide which of the two was to remain master of Peru.

CHAPTER III.

DISMAY IN GASCA'S CAMP—HIS WINTER QUARTERS—HE RESUMES HIS MARCH
—CROSSES THE APURIMAC—PIZARRO'S CONDUCT IN CUZCO—HE ENCAMPS
NEAR THE CITY—ROUT OF XAQUXAGUANA.

1547-1548.

WHILE the events recorded in the preceding chapter were passing, President Gasca had remained at Xauxa, awaiting further tidings from Centeno, little doubting that they would inform him of the total discomfiture of the rebels. Great was his dismay, therefore, on learning the issue of the fatal conflict at Huarina,—that the royalists had been scattered far and wide before the sword of Pizarro, while their commander had vanished like an apparition,¹ leaving the greatest uncertainty as to his fate.

The intelligence spread general consternation among the soldiers, proportioned to their former confidence; and they felt it was almost hopeless to contend with a man who seemed protected by a charm that made him invincible against the greatest odds. The president, however sore his disappointment, was careful to conceal it, while he endeavoured to restore the spirits of his followers. "They had been too sanguine," he said, "and it was in this way that Heaven rebuked their presumption. Yet it was but in the usual course of events, that Providence, when it designed to humble the guilty, should allow him to reach as high an elevation as possible, that his fall might be the greater!"

But, while Gasca thus strove to reassure the superstitious and the timid, he bent his mind, with his usual energy, to repair the injury which the cause had sustained by the defeat at Huarina.* He sent a detachment under Alvarado to Lima, to collect such of the royalists as had fled thither from the field of battle, and to dismantle the ships of their cannon and bring them to the camp. Another body was sent to Guamanga, about sixty leagues from Cuzco, for the similar purpose of protecting the fugitives, and also of preventing the Indian caciques from forwarding supplies to the insurgent army in Cuzco. As his own force now amounted to considerably more than any his opponent could bring against him, Gasca determined to break up his camp without further delay, and march on the Inca capital.²

¹ "Y salió a la Ciudad de los Reyes, sin que Carbajal, ni alguno de los suyos supiesse por donde fue, sino que parecia encantamiento." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 22.

² Gasca, according to Ondegardo, supported his army, during his stay at Xauxa, from the

Peruvian granaries in the valley, as he found a quantity of maize still remaining in them sufficient for several years' consumption. It is passing strange that these depositories should have been so long respected by the hungry Conquerors.—"Cuando el Señor Pre-

* [Gasca, as appears from his letter of August 11th, to the Council of the Indies, had written to Centeno to avoid a battle, if possible, until a junction of the royal forces could be effected. He considered Pizarro's

movement to the south as indicating not an intention of flight, but a purpose to encounter and beat his enemies in detail. *Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España*, tom. xlix. —Ed.]

Quitting Xauxa, December 29th, 1547, he passed through Guamanga, and after a severe march, rendered particularly fatiguing by the inclement state of the weather, and the badness of the roads, he entered the province of Andaguayas. It was a fair and fruitful country, and, since the road beyond would take him into the depths of a gloomy sierra, scarcely passable in the winter snows, Gasca resolved to remain in his present quarters until the severity of the season was mitigated. As many of the troops had already contracted diseases from exposure to the incessant rains, he established a camp hospital; and the good president personally visited the quarters of the sick, ministering to their wants and winning their hearts by his sympathy.³

Meanwhile, the royal camp was strengthened by the continual arrival of reinforcements; for, notwithstanding the shock that was caused throughout the country by the first tidings of Pizarro's victory, a little reflection convinced the people that the right was the strongest and must eventually prevail. There came also with these levies several of the most distinguished captains in the country. Centeno, burning to retrieve his late disgrace, after recovering from his illness, joined the camp with his followers from Lima. Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, who, as the reader will remember, had shared in the defeat of Blasco Nuñez in the north, came with another detachment, and was soon after followed by Valdivia, the famous conqueror of Chili, who having returned to Peru to gather recruits for his expedition, had learned the state of the country, and had thrown himself without hesitation into the same scale with the president, though it brought him into collision with his old friend and comrade Gonzalo Pizarro. The arrival of this last ally was greeted with general rejoicing by the camp; for Valdivia, schooled in the Italian wars, was esteemed the most accomplished soldier in Peru; and Gasca complimented him by declaring "he would rather see him than a reinforcement of eight hundred men."⁴

Besides these warlike auxiliaries, the president was attended by a train of ecclesiastics and civilians such as was rarely found in the martial fields of Peru. Among them were the Bishops of Quito, Cuzco, and Lima, the four judges of the new Audience, and a considerable number of churchmen and monkish missionaries.⁵ However little they might serve to strengthen his arm in battle, their presence gave authority and something of a sacred character to the cause, which had their effect on the minds of the soldiers.

The wintry season now began to give way before the mild influence of spring, which makes itself early felt in these tropical, but from their elevation temperate, regions; and Gasca, after nearly three months' detention in Andaguayas, mustered his levies for the final march upon Cuzco.⁶ Their whole

sidente Gasca pasó con la gente de castigo de Gonzalo Pizarro por el Valle de Jauja, estuvo allí siete semanas á lo que me acuerdo, se hallaron en deposito maíz de cuatro y de tres y de dos años mas de 15,000 hanegas junto al camino, é allí comió la gente." Ondegardo, Rel. Seg., MS.

³ Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 4.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 82-85.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

—Cieza de Leon, cap. 90.

⁴ At least so says Valdivia in his letter to the emperor: "I dixo publico que estimara mas mi persona que á los mejores ochocientos hombres de guerra que le pudieran venir aquella hora." Carta de Valdivia, MS.⁶

⁵ Zarate, MS.

⁶ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 90.—The old chronicler, or rather geographer, Cieza de Leon, was present in the campaign, he tells

* [In a report dated March 7th, 1548, Gasca mentions the arrival of Valdivia, and his high reputation for courage and experience in war, adding, "E así por este conceto que dél se tiene, como porque parece á la gente que,

dándole la conquista de Chile llevará allá mucha de la que aquí hay, se ha alegrado con su venida." Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.—Ed.]

number fell little short of two thousand,—the largest European force yet assembled in Peru. Nearly half were provided with fire-arms; and infantry was more available than horse in the mountain-countries which they were to traverse. But his cavalry was also numerous, and he carried with him a train of eleven heavy guns. The equipment and discipline of the troops were good; they were well provided with ammunition and military stores, and were led by officers whose names were associated with the most memorable achievements in the New World. All who had any real interest in the weal of the country were to be found, in short, under the president's banner, making a striking contrast to the wild and reckless adventurers who now swelled the ranks of Pizarro.

Gasca, who did not affect a greater knowledge of military affairs than he really possessed, had given the charge of his forces to Hinojosa, naming the Marshal Alvarado as second in command. Valdivia, who came after these dispositions had been made, accepted a colonel's commission, with the understanding that he was to be consulted and employed in all matters of moment.⁷ Having completed his arrangements, the president broke up his camp in March, 1548, and moved upon Cuzco.

The first obstacle to his progress was the river Abancay, the bridge over which had been broken down by the enemy. But, as there was no force to annoy them on the opposite bank, the army was not long in preparing a new bridge and throwing it across the stream, which in this place had nothing formidable in its character. The road now struck into the heart of a mountain-region, where woods, precipices, and ravines were mingled together in a sort of chaotic confusion, with here and there a green and sheltered valley, glittering like an island of verdure amidst the wild breakers of a troubled ocean! The bold peaks of the Andes, rising far above the clouds, were enveloped in snow, which, descending far down their sides, gave a piercing coldness to the winds that swept over their surface, until men and horses were benumbed and stiffened under their influence. The roads in these regions were in some places so narrow and broken as to be nearly impracticable for cavalry. The cavaliers were compelled to dismount; and the president, with the rest, performed the journey on foot, so hazardous that even in later times it has been no uncommon thing for the sure-footed mule to be precipitated, with its cargo of silver, thousands of feet down the sheer sides of a precipice.⁸

By these impediments of the ground the march was so retarded that the

us; so that his testimony, always good, becomes for the remaining events of more than usual value.*

⁷ Valdivia, indeed, claims to have had the whole command intrusted to him by Gasca: "Luego me dio el autoridad toda que traía de parte de V. M. para en los casos tocantes a la guerra, i me encargó todo el exercito, i le puse baxo de mi mano rogando i pidiendo por merced de su parte á todos aquellos caballeros capitanes e gente de guerra, i de la de V. M.

* [This remark refers to the incidental allusions to the events of the campaign which occur in the First Part of Cieza de Leon's work. It would, of course, be still more applicable to the detailed narrative in the Fourth Part, if the portion of it relating to the present period should be brought to light.—Ed.]

† [The nomination of Hinojosa to the com-

mandandoles me obedesciesen en todo lo que les mandase acerca de la guerra, i cumpliesen mis mandamientos como los suyos." (Carta de Valdivia, MS.) But other authorities state it, with more probability, as given in the text. Valdivia, it must be confessed, loses nothing from modesty. The whole of his letter to the emperor is written in a strain of self-glorification rarely matched even by a Castilian hidalgo.†

⁸ Cieza de Leon, Cronica, cap. 91.

mand had been made by Gasca before leaving Panamá. The president seems to have set a very slight estimate on Valdivia's services, as he makes no mention of him in a report to the emperor at the close of the war (Cuzco, May 5, 1548), in which all the other officers are eulogized by name. Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España, tom. xlix.—Ed.]

troops seldom accomplished more than two leagues a day.⁹ Fortunately, the distance was not great; and the president looked with more apprehension to the passage of the Apurimac, which he was now approaching. This river, one of the most formidable tributaries of the Amazon, rolls its broad waters through the gorges of the Cordilleras, that rise up like an immense rampart of rock on either side, presenting a natural barrier which it would be easy for an enemy to make good against a force much superior to his own. The bridges over this river, as Gasca learned before his departure from Andagnaylas, had been all destroyed by Pizarro. The president, accordingly, had sent to explore the banks of the stream and determine the most eligible spot for re-establishing communications with the opposite side.

The place selected was near the Indian village of Cotapampa, about nine leagues from Cuzco; for the river, though rapid and turbulent from being compressed within more narrow limits, was here less than two hundred paces in width,—a distance, however, not inconsiderable. Directions had been given to collect materials in large quantities in the neighbourhood of this spot as soon as possible; and at the same time, in order to perplex the enemy and compel him to divide his forces should he be disposed to resist, materials in smaller quantities were assembled on three other points of the river. The officer stationed in the neighbourhood of Cotapampa was instructed not to begin to lay the bridge till the arrival of a sufficient force should accelerate the work and insure its success.

The structure in question, it should be remembered, was one of those suspension-bridges formerly employed by the Incas, and still used in crossing the deep and turbulent rivers of South America. They are made of osier withes, twisted into enormous cables, which, when stretched across the water, are attached to heavy blocks of masonry, or, where it will serve, to the natural rock. Planks are laid transversely across these cables, and a passage is thus secured, which, notwithstanding the light and fragile appearance of the bridge as it swings at an elevation sometimes of several hundred feet above the abyss, affords a tolerably safe means of conveyance for men, and even for such heavy burdens as artillery.¹⁰

Notwithstanding the peremptory commands of Gasca, the officer intrusted with collecting the materials for the bridge was so anxious to have the honour of completing the work himself that he commenced it at once. The president, greatly displeased at learning this, quickened his march, in order to cover the work with his whole force. But, while toiling through the mountain-labyrinth, tidings were brought him that a party of the enemy had demolished the small portion of the bridge already made, by cutting the cables on the opposite bank. Valdivia accordingly hastened forward at the head of two hundred arquebusiers, while the main body of the army followed with as much speed as practicable.

That officer, on reaching the spot, found that the interruption had been caused by a small party of Pizarro's followers, not exceeding twenty in number, assisted by a stronger body of Indians. He at once caused *balsas*, broad and clumsy barks, or rather rafts, of the country, to be provided, and by this means passed his men over, without opposition, to the other side of the river. The enemy, disconcerted by the arrival of such a force, retreated and made the best of their way to report the affair to their commander at Cuzco. Meanwhile, Valdivia, who saw the importance of every moment in the present

⁹ MS. de Caravantes.

¹⁰ Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 26, 27.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7,

cap. 5.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.
—MS. de Caravantes.—Carta de Valdivia,
MS.—Relacion del Lic. Gasca, MS.

crisis, pushed forward the work with the greatest vigour. Through all that night his weary troops continued the labour, which was already well advanced when the president and his battalions, emerging from the passes of the Cordilleras, presented themselves at sunrise on the opposite bank.

Little time was given for repose, as all felt assured that the success of their enterprise hung on the short respite now given them by the improvident enemy. The president, with his principal officers, took part in the labour with the common soldiers;¹¹ and before ten o'clock in the evening, Gasca had the satisfaction to see the bridge so well secured that the leading files of the army, unencumbered by their baggage, might venture to cross it. A short time sufficed to place several hundred men on the other bank. But here a new difficulty, not less formidable than that of the river, presented itself to the troops. The ground rose up with an abrupt, almost precipitous, swell from the river-side, till, in the highest peaks, it reached an elevation of several thousand feet. This steep ascent, though not to its full height, indeed, was now to be surmounted. The difficulties of the ground, broken up into fearful chasms and water-courses and tangled with thickets, were greatly increased by the darkness of the night; and the soldiers, as they toiled slowly upward, were filled with apprehension, akin to fear, from the uncertainty whether each successive step might not bring them into an ambushade, for which the ground was so favourable. More than once the Spaniards were thrown into a panic by false reports that the enemy were upon them. But Hinojosa and Valdivia were at hand to rally their men and cheer them on, until at length, before dawn broke, the bold cavaliers and their followers placed themselves on the highest point traversed by the road, where they awaited the arrival of the president. This was not long delayed; and in the course of the following morning the royalists were already in sufficient strength to bid defiance to their enemy.

The passage of the river had been effected with less loss than might have been expected, considering the darkness of the night and the numbers that crowded over the aerial causeway. Some few, indeed, fell into the water and were drowned; and more than sixty horses, in the attempt to swim them across the river, were hurried down the current and dashed against the rocks below.¹² It still required time to bring up the heavy train of ordnance and the military wagons; and the president encamped on the strong ground which he now occupied, to await their arrival and to breathe his troops after their extraordinary efforts. In these quarters we must leave him, to acquaint the reader with the state of things in the insurgent army, and with the cause of its strange remissness in guarding the passes of the Apurimac.¹³

From the time of Pizarro's occupation of Cuzco he had lived in careless luxury in the midst of his followers, like a soldier of fortune in the hour of prosperity; enjoying the present, with a little concern for the future as if the crown of Peru were already fixed irrevocably upon his head. It was otherwise with Carbajal. He looked on the victory at Huarina as the commence-

¹¹ "La gente que estava, de la vna parte y de la otra, todos tirauan y trabajauan al poner, y apretar de las Criznejas: sin que el Presidente ni Obispos, ni otra persona quisiesse tener preuilegio para dexar de trabajar." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 87.

¹² "Aquel día pasaron mas de quatrocientos Hombres, llevando los Caballos à nado, encima de ellos atadas sus armas, i arcabuces, caso que se perdieron mas de sesenta Caballos, que

con la corriente grande se desataron, i luego daban en vnas peñas, donde se hacian pedaços, sin darles lugar el impetu del rio, à que pudiesen nadar." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 5.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 184.

¹³ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 87.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 5.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—MS. de Caravantes.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Cieza de Leon Cronica, cap. 91.—Relacion del Lic. Gasca, MS.

ment, not the close, of the struggle for empire; and he was indefatigable in placing his troops in the best condition for maintaining their present advantage. At the first streak of dawn the veteran might be seen mounted on his mule, with the garb and air of a common soldier, riding about in the different quarters of the capital, sometimes superintending the manufacture of arms or providing military stores, and sometimes drilling his men, for he was most careful always to maintain the strictest discipline.¹⁴ His restless spirit seemed to find no pleasure but in incessant action: living, as he had always done, in the turmoil of military adventure, he had no relish for anything unconnected with war, and in the city saw only the materials for a well-organized camp.*

With these feelings, he was much dissatisfied at the course taken by his younger leader, who now professed his intention to abide where he was, and, when the enemy advanced, to give him battle. Carbajal advised a very different policy. He had not that full confidence, it would seem, in the loyalty of Pizarro's partisans,—at least, not of those who had once followed the banner of Centeno. These men, some three hundred in number, had been in a manner compelled to take service under Pizarro. They showed no heartiness in the cause, and the veteran strongly urged his commander to disband them at once, since it was far better to go to battle with a few faithful followers than with a host of the false and faint-hearted.

But Carbajal thought, also, that his leader was not sufficiently strong in numbers to encounter his opponent, supported as he was by the best captains of Peru. He advised, accordingly, that he should abandon Cuzco, carrying off all the treasure, provisions, and stores of every kind from the city which might in any way serve the necessities of the royalists. The latter, on their arrival, disappointed by the poverty of a place where they had expected to find so much booty, would become disgusted with the service. Pizarro, meanwhile, might take refuge with his men in the neighbouring fastnesses, where, familiar with the ground, it would be easy to elude the enemy; and if the latter persevered in the pursuit, with numbers diminished by desertion, it would not be difficult in the mountain-passes to find an opportunity for assailing him at advantage. Such was the wary counsel of the old warrior. But it was not to the taste of his fiery commander, who preferred to risk the chances of a battle rather than turn his back on a foe.

Neither did Pizarro show more favour to a proposition, said to have been made by the Licentiate Cepeda, that he should avail himself of his late success

¹⁴ "Andaua siempre en vna mula crescida de color entre pardo y bermejo, yo no le vi en otra cavalgadura en todo el tiempo que estuuo en el Cozco antes de la batalla de Sacshuana. Era tan contino y diligete en

solicitar lo que a su exercito conuenia, que a todas horas del dia y de la noche le topauan sus soldados haciendo su oficio, y los agenos." Carlasso, Com. Real., Parte 1, lib. 5, cap. 27.

* [In the 49th volume of the Coleccion de Documentos inéditos para la Historia de España there is a very characteristic letter addressed by Carbajal to Gasca, and forwarded by the latter to the emperor with annotations from his own hand. It begins with the contemptuous form of address, "Reverendo Capellán la Gasca," and designates the president by the plural pronoun of the second person, used in Spanish only to an inferior. After much ridicule and boasting, it advises Gasca to do two things: first, to give up any ambition of ruling in Peru, "porque esta es hablar en las nubes;" secondly, to set about treating with the emperor for bestowing "copious re-

wards" on Pizarro and his followers who had rendered him such signal services. The conclusion, with its significant warning and its peculiarities of style, may be thought worth quoting: "Nuestro Señor la R^{da} persona y capellanía de V. R^a conserve con permitir por su santísima clemencia que vuestros pecados os traigan á mis manos, porque acabéis de hacer ya tanto mal por el mundo. Desta gran ciudad del Cozco, hoy jueves á 29 de diciembre, fin del año de 1547. El mensajero que esta lleva os dirá lo que dél ha visto en esta ciudad. En toda su vida no hará cosa que á V. R^a mas convenga."—Ed.]

to enter into negotiations with Gasca. Such advice, from the man who had so recently resisted all overtures of the president, could only have proceeded from a conviction that the late victory placed Pizarro on a vantage-ground for demanding terms far better than would have been before conceded to him. It may be that subsequent experience had also led him to distrust the fidelity of Gonzalo's followers, or, possibly, the capacity of their chief to conduct them through the present crisis. Whatever may have been the motives of the slippery counsellor, Pizarro gave little heed to the suggestion, and even showed some resentment as the matter was pressed on him. In every contest, with Indian or European, whatever had been the odds, he had come off victorious. He was not now for the first time to despond; and he resolved to remain in Cuzco and hazard all on the chances of a battle. There was something in the hazard itself captivating to his bold and chivalrous temper. In this, too, he was confirmed by some of the cavaliers who had followed him through all his fortunes, reckless young adventurers, who, like himself, would rather risk all on a single throw of the dice than adopt the cautious and, as it seemed to them, timid policy of graver counsellors. It was by such advisers, then, that Pizarro's future course was to be shaped.¹⁵

Such was the state of affairs in Cuzco, when Pizarro's soldiers returned with the tidings that a detachment of the enemy had crossed the Apurimac and were busy in re-establishing the bridge. Carbajal saw at once the absolute necessity of maintaining this pass. "It is my affair," he said; "I claim to be employed on this service. Give me but a hundred picked men, and I will engage to defend the pass against an army, and bring back the *chaplain*"—the name by which the president was known in the rebel camp—"a prisoner to Cuzco."¹⁶ "I cannot spare you, father," said Gonzalo, addressing him by this affectionate epithet, which he usually applied to his aged follower,¹⁷—"I cannot spare you so far from my own person;" and he gave the commission to Juan de Acosta, a young cavalier warmly attached to his commander, and who had given undoubted evidence of his valour on more than one occasion, but who, as the event proved, was signally deficient in the qualities demanded for so critical an undertaking as the present. Acosta, accordingly, was placed at the head of two hundred mounted musketeers, and, after much wholesome counsel from Carbajal, set out on his expedition.

¹⁵ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 27.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 182.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 88.—"Finalmente, Gonçalo Pizarro dixo que queria prouar su ventura: pues siempre auia sido vencedor, y jamas vencido." Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, ubi supra.*

¹⁶ "Paresceme vuestra Señoria se vaya á la vuelta del Coillao y me deje cien hombres, los que yo escojere, que yo me iré á vista deste capellan, que ansi llamaba él al presidente." Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Cong.*, MS.

¹⁷ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 31.

* [Gasca himself wrote several letters to Pizarro during the year 1547, urging him to return to the path of duty, and holding out hopes of grace if he should do so. In the last, without date, but written apparently in December, he combats the pretensions of Gonzalo founded on his brother's exploits, and advises him to have recourse to the mercy of the emperor, who had raised his family from so low to so high an estate. In a letter to the Council of the Indies, dated December 27th, he mentions these efforts as made for two reasons: one, to show Pizarro that his pretences of loyalty were of no avail; the other, to see if any hope he might derive from them of being treated with mercy and benignity

would contribute to settle the affair. (*Col. de Doc. inéd. para la Hist. de España*, tom. xlix.) But no explicit offer of pardon, much less of reward, was made to Pizarro; and it is evident that any negotiation on his part at this late period would only have amounted to the abandonment of his last chance, that of securing himself by a victory. The story told by some writers of an offer of complete pardon to Pizarro and all his followers, made by Gasca on the eve of the final encounter, is highly improbable in itself, and inconsistent with the tenor of the correspondence. Sir Arthur Helps repeats it without demur; but the slightness of the evidence on which it rests is noticed by Prescott, *infra*, p. 394.—Ed.

But he soon forgot the veteran's advice, and moved at so dull a pace over the difficult roads that, although the distance was not more than nine leagues, he found, on his arrival, the bridge completed, and so large a body of the enemy already across that he was in no strength to attack them. Acosta did indeed meditate an ambuscade by night; but the design was betrayed by a deserter, and he contented himself with retreating to a safe distance and sending for a further reinforcement from Cuzco. Three hundred men were promptly detached to his support; but when they arrived the enemy was already planted in force on the crest of the eminence. The golden opportunity was irrecoverably lost; and the disconsolate cavalier rode back in all haste to report the failure of his enterprise to his commander in Cuzco.¹⁸

The only question now to be decided was as to the spot where Gonzalo Pizarro should give battle to his enemies. He determined at once to abandon the capital and wait for his opponents in the neighbouring valley of Xaquixaguana. It was about five leagues distant, and the reader may remember it as the place where Francisco Pizarro burned the Peruvian general Challeuchima on his first occupation of Cuzco. The valley, fenced round by the lofty rampart of the Andes, was for the most part green and luxuriant, affording many picturesque points of view, and, from the genial temperature of the climate, had been a favourite summer residence of the Indian nobles, many of whose pleasure-houses still dotted the sides of the mountains. A river, or rather stream, of no great volume, flowed through one end of this enclosure, and the neighbouring soil was so wet and miry as to have the character of a morass.

Here the rebel commander arrived, after a tedious march over roads not easily traversed by his train of heavy wagons and artillery. His forces amounted in all to about nine hundred men, with some half-dozen pieces of ordnance. It was a well-appointed body, and under excellent discipline, for it had been schooled by the strictest martinet in the Peruvian service. But it was the misfortune of Pizarro that his army was composed, in part at least, of men on whose attachment to his cause he could not confidently rely. This was a deficiency which no courage or skill in the leader could supply.

On entering the valley, Pizarro selected the eastern quarter of it, towards Cuzco, as the most favourable spot for his encampment. It was crossed by the stream above mentioned, and he stationed his army in such a manner that, while one extremity of the camp rested on a natural barrier formed by the mountain-cliffs that here rose up almost perpendicularly, the other was protected by the river. While it was scarcely possible, therefore, to assail his flanks, the approaches in front were so extremely narrowed by these obstacles that it would not be easy to overpower him by numbers in that direction. In the rear, his communications remained open with Cuzco, furnishing a ready means for obtaining supplies. Having secured this strong position, he resolved patiently to await the assault of the enemy.¹⁹

¹⁸ Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 88.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 5.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Valdivia's letter to the emperor, dated at Concepcion, was written about two years after the events above recorded. It is chiefly taken up with his Chilian conquests, to which his campaign under Gasca, on his visit to Peru, forms a kind of brilliant episode. This letter, the original of which is preserved in Stanzas, covers about seventy folio pages in the copy

belonging to me. It is one of that class of historical documents, consisting of the despatches and correspondence of the colonial governors, which, from the minuteness of the details and the means of information possessed by the writers, are of the highest worth. The despatches addressed to the court, particularly, may compare with the celebrated *Relazioni* of the Venetian ambassadors.

¹⁹ Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 33, 34.—Pedro

Meanwhile the royal army had been toiling up the steep sides of the Cordilleras, until at the close of the third day the president had the satisfaction to find himself surrounded by his whole force, with their guns and military stores. Having now sufficiently refreshed his men, he resumed his march, and all went forward with the buoyant confidence of bringing their quarrel with the *tyrant*, as Pizarro was called, to a speedy issue.

Their advance was slow, as in the previous part of the march, for the ground was equally embarrassing. It was not long, however, before the president learned that his antagonist had pitched his camp in the neighbouring valley of Xaquixaguana. Soon afterwards two friars, sent by Gonzalo himself, appeared in the army, for the ostensible purpose of demanding a sight of the powers with which Gasca was intrusted. But, as their conduct gave reason to suspect they were spies, the president caused the holy men to be seized, and refused to allow them to return to Pizarro. By an emissary of his own, whom he despatched to the rebel chief, he renewed the assurance of pardon already given him, in case he would lay down his arms and submit. Such an act of generosity, at this late hour, must be allowed to be highly creditable to Gasca, believing, as he probably did, that the game was in his own hands. It is a pity that the anecdote does not rest on the best authority.²⁰

After a march of a couple of days, the advanced guard of the royalists came suddenly on the outposts of the insurgents, from whom they had been concealed by a thick mist, and a slight skirmish took place between them. At length, on the morning of the eighth of April, the royal army, turning the crest of the lofty range that belts round the lovely valley of Xaquixaguana, beheld far below on the opposite side the glittering lines of the enemy, with their white pavilions, looking like clusters of wild fowl nesting among the cliffs of the mountains. And still farther off might be descried a host of Indian warriors, showing gaudily in their variegated costumes; for the natives in this part of the country, with little perception of their true interests, manifested great zeal in the cause of Pizarro.

Quickening their step, the royal army now hastily descended the steep sides of the sierra; and, notwithstanding every effort of their officers, they moved in so little order, each man picking his way as he could, that the straggling column presented many a vulnerable point to the enemy; and the descent would not have been accomplished without considerable loss, had Pizarro's cannon been planted on any of the favourable positions which the ground afforded. But that commander, far from attempting to check the president's approach, remained doggedly in the strong position he had occupied, with the full confidence that his adversary would not hesitate to assail it, strong as it was, in the same manner as they had done at Huarina.²¹

Yet he did not omit to detach a corps of arquebusiers to secure a neighbouring eminence or spur of the Cordilleras, which in the hands of the enemy might cause some annoyance to his own camp, while it commanded still more

Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 185.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 88.

²⁰ The fact is not mentioned by any of the parties present at these transactions. It is to be found, with some little discrepancy of circumstances, in Gomara (Hist. de las Indias, cap. 185) and Zarate (Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 6); and their positive testimony may be thought by most readers to outweigh the negative afforded by the silence of other contemporaries.

²¹ "Salí a Xaquixaguana con toda su gente y allí nos aguardó en un llano junto a un cerro alto por donde bajábamos; y cierto nuestro Señor le cegó el entendimiento, porque si nos aguardaran al pie de la bajada, hicieran mucho daño a nosotros. Retiráronse a un llano junto a una ciénaga, creyendo que nuestro campo allí les acometiera y con la ventaja que nos tenían del puesto nos vencerían." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Relacion del Lic. Gasca, MS.

effectually the ground soon to be occupied by the assailants. But his manœuvre was noticed by Hinojosa; and he defeated it by sending a stronger detachment of the royal musketeers, who repulsed the rebels, and, after a short skirmish, got possession of the heights. Gasca's general profited by this success to plant a small battery of cannon on the eminence, from which, although the distance was too great for him to do much execution, he threw some shot into the hostile camp. One ball, indeed, struck down two men, one of them Pizarro's page, killing a horse, at the same time, which he held by the bridle; and the chief instantly ordered the tents to be struck, considering that they afforded too obvious a mark for the artillery.²²

Meanwhile the president's forces had descended into the valley, and as they came on the plain were formed into line by their officers. The ground occupied by the army was somewhat lower than that of their enemy, whose shot, as discharged from time to time from his batteries, passed over their heads. Information was now brought by a deserter, one of Centeno's old followers, that Pizarro was getting ready for a night-attack. The president, in consequence, commanded his whole force to be drawn up in battle-array, prepared at any instant to repulse the assault. But, if such were meditated by the insurgent chief, he abandoned it,—and, as it is said, from a distrust of the fidelity of some of the troops, who under cover of the darkness, he feared, would go over to the opposite side. If this be true, he must have felt the full force of Carbajal's admonition when too late to profit by it. The unfortunate commander was in the situation of some bold, high-mettled cavalier, rushing to battle on a war-horse whose tottering joints threaten to give way under him at every step and leave his rider to the mercy of his enemies!

The president's troop stood to their arms the greater part of the night, although the air from the mountains was so keen that it was with difficulty they could hold their lances in their hands.²³ But before the rising sun had kindled into a glow the highest peaks of the sierra, both camps were in motion and busily engaged in preparations for the combat. The royal army was formed into two battalions of infantry, one to attack the enemy in front, and the other, if possible, to operate on his flank. These battalions were protected by squadrons of horse on the wings and in the rear, while reserves both of horse and arquebusiers were stationed to act as occasion might require. The dispositions were made in so masterly a manner as to draw forth a hearty eulogium from old Carbajal, who exclaimed, "Surely the Devil or Valdivia must be among them!" an undeniable compliment to the latter, since the speaker was ignorant of that commander's presence in the camp.²⁴

Gasca, leaving the conduct of the battle to his officers, withdrew to the rear with his train of clergy and licentiates, the last of whom did not share in the ambition of their rebel brother, Cepeda, to break a lance in the field.

Gonzalo Pizarro formed his squadron in the same manner as he had done on the plains of Huarina, except that the increased number of his horse now

²² Porq̃. muchas pelotas dieron en medio de la gente, y una dellas mató Juto à Gonçalo Pizarro vn criado suyo que se estava armando: y mató otro hombre y vn cauallo: que puso grande alteracion en el campo, y abatieron todas las tiendas y toldos." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1. lib. 2, cap. 89.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Relacion del Lic. Gasca, MS.

²³ "I así estuvo el Campo toda la Noche en Arma, desarmadas las Tiendas, padeciendo mui gran frio que no podian tener las Lanças

en las manos." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 6.

²⁴ "Y así quando vio Francisco de Carvajal el campo Real; pareciendole que los esquadrones venian biẽ ordenados dixo, Valdivia está en la tierra, y rige el campo, ò el diablo." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 89.—Relacion del Lic. Gasca, MS.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 185.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 6.—Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 34.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

enabled him to cover both flanks of his infantry. It was still on his fire-arms, however, that he chiefly relied. As the ranks were formed, he rode among them, encouraging his men to do their duty like brave cavaliers and true soldiers of the Conquest. Pizarro was superbly armed, as usual, and wore a complete suit of mail, of the finest manufacture, which, as well as his helmet, was richly inlaid with gold.²⁵ He rode a chestnut horse of great strength and spirit, and as he galloped along the line, brandishing his lance and displaying his easy horsemanship, he might be thought to form no bad personification of the Genius of Chivalry. To complete his dispositions, he ordered Cepeda to lead up the infantry; for the licentiate seems to have had a larger share in the conduct of his affairs of late, or at least in the present military arrangements, than Carbajal. The latter, indeed, whether from disgust at the course taken by his leader, or from a distrust, which it is said he did not affect to conceal, of the success of the present operations, disclaimed all responsibility for them, and chose to serve rather as a private cavalier than as a commander.²⁶ Yet Cepeda, as the event showed, was no less shrewd in detecting the coming ruin.

When he had received his orders from Pizarro, he rode forward as if to select the ground for his troops to occupy, and in doing so disappeared for a few moments behind a projecting cliff. He soon reappeared, however, and was seen galloping at full speed across the plain. His men looked with astonishment, yet not distrusting his motives, till, as he continued his course direct towards the enemy's lines, his treachery became apparent. Several pushed forward to overtake him, and among them a cavalier better mounted than Cepeda. The latter rode a horse of no great strength or speed, quite unfit for this critical manœuvre of his master. The animal was, moreover, encumbered by the weight of the caparisons with which his ambitious rider had loaded him, so that on reaching a piece of miry ground that lay between the armies his pace was greatly retarded.²⁷ Cepeda's pursuers rapidly gained on him, and the cavalier above noticed came at length so near as to throw a lance at the fugitive, which, wounding him in the thigh, pierced his horse's flank, and they both came headlong to the ground. It would have fared ill with the licentiate in this emergency, but fortunately a small party of troopers on the other side, who had watched the chase, now galloped briskly forward to the rescue, and, beating off his pursuers, they recovered Cepeda from the mire and bore him to the president's quarters.

He was received by Gasca with the greatest satisfaction,—so great that, according to one chronicler, he did not disdain to show it by saluting the licentiate on the cheek.²⁸ The anecdote is scarcely reconcilable with the characters and relations of the parties, or with the president's subsequent conduct. Gasca, however, recognized the full value of his prize and the effect which his desertion at such a time must have on the spirits of the rebels. Cepeda's movement, so unexpected by his own party, was the result of previous deliberation, as he had secretly given assurance, it is said, to the prior

²⁵ "Iba mui galán, i gentil hombre sobre vn poderoso caballo castaño, armado de Cota, i Coracinas ricas, con vna sobre ropa de Raso bien golpeada, i vn Capacete de Oro en la cabeça, con su barbote de lo mismo." Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 185.

²⁶ "Porque el Maesse de campo Francisco de Carnajal, como hombre desdenado de que Gonçalo Pizarro no huiesse querido seguir su parecer y consejo (dandose ya por vencido), no quiso hazer oficio de Maesse de campo,

como solia, y assi fue a ponerse en el esquadron con su compañia, como vno de los capitanes de ynfanteria." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 35.

²⁷ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 35.

²⁸ "Gasca abraçò, i besò en el carrillo à Cepeda, aunque lo llevaba encenagado, teniendo por vencido à Pizarro, con su falta." Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 185.

of Arequipa, then in the royal camp, that, if Gonzalo Pizarro could not be induced to accept the pardon offered him, he would renounce his cause.²⁹ The time selected by the crafty counsellor for doing so was that most fatal to the interests of his commander.

The example of Cepeda was contagious. Garcilasso de la Vega, father of the historian, a cavalier of old family, and probably of higher consideration than any other in Pizarro's party, put spurs to his horse at the same time with the licentiate, and rode over to the enemy. Ten or a dozen of the arquebusiers followed in the same direction, and succeeded in placing themselves under the protection of the advanced guard of the royalists.

Pizarro stood aghast at this desertion, in so critical a juncture, of those in whom he had most trusted. He was, for a moment, bewildered. The very ground on which he stood seemed to be crumbling beneath him. With this state of feeling among his soldiers, he saw that every minute of delay was fatal. He dared not wait for the assault, as he had intended, in his strong position, but instantly gave the word to advance. Gasca's general, Hinojosa, seeing the enemy in motion, gave similar orders to his own troops. Instantly the skirmishers and arquebusiers on the flanks moved rapidly forward, the artillery prepared to open their fire, and "the whole army," says the president in his own account of the affair, "advanced with steady step and perfect determination."³⁰

But, before a shot was fired, a column of arquebusiers, composed chiefly of Centeno's former followers, abandoned their post and marched directly over to the enemy. A squadron of horse sent in pursuit of them followed their example. The president instantly commanded his men to halt, unwilling to spill blood unnecessarily, as the rebel host was likely to fall to pieces of itself.

Pizarro's faithful adherents were seized with a panic as they saw themselves and their leader thus betrayed into the enemy's hands. Further resistance was useless. Some threw down their arms, and fled in the direction of Cuzco; others sought to escape to the mountains; and some crossed to the opposite side and surrendered themselves prisoners, hoping it was not too late to profit by the promises of grace. The Indian allies, on seeing the Spaniards falter, had been the first to go off the ground.³¹

Pizarro, amidst the general wreck, found himself left with only a few cavaliers who disdained to fly. Stunned by the unexpected reverse of fortune, the unhappy chief could hardly comprehend his situation. "What remains for us?" said he to Acosta, one of those who still adhered to him. "Fall on the enemy, since nothing else is left," answered the lion-hearted soldier, "and die like Romans!" "Better to die like Christians," replied his commander; and, slowly turning his horse, he rode off in the direction of the royal army.³²

²⁹ "Ca, segun pareció, Cepeda le huvo avisado con Fr. Antonio de Castro, Prior de Santo Domingo en Arequipa, que si Pizarro no quisiessse concierto ninguno, el se pasaria al servicio del Emperador á tiempo que le deshiciesse." Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 185.

³⁰ "Visto por Gonzalo Pizarro i Caravajal su Maestre de Campo que se les iba gente procuraron de caminar en su orden hacia el campo de S. M. i que viendo esto los lados i sobre salientes del exercito real se empezaron á llegar á ellos i á disparar en ellos i que lo mesmo hizo la artilleria, i todo el campo con paso bien concertado i entera determinacion

se llegó á ellos." *Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.

³¹ "Los Indios que tenian los enemigos que dix que eran mucha cantidad buyeron muy á furia." (*Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.) For the particulars of the battle, more or less minute, see *Carta de Valdivia*, MS.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 35.—Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 185.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, Cap. 90.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 7.—Herrera, *Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 4, cap. 16.

³² "Gonzalo Pizarro bolviendo el rostro á Juan de Acosta, que estava cerca del, le dixo,

He had not proceeded far when he was met by an officer, to whom, after ascertaining his name and rank, Pizarro delivered up his sword and yielded himself prisoner. The officer, overjoyed at his prize, conducted him at once to the president's quarters. Gasca was on horseback, surrounded by his captains, some of whom, when they recognized the person of the captive, had the grace to withdraw, that they might not witness his humiliation.²³ Even the best of them, with a sense of right on their side, may have felt some touch of compunction at the thought that their desertion had brought their benefactor to this condition.

Pizarro kept his seat in the saddle, but, as he approached, made a respectful obeisance to the president, which the latter acknowledged by a cold salute. Then, addressing his prisoner in a tone of severity, Gasca abruptly inquired, "Why he had thrown the country into such confusion,—raising the banner of revolt, killing the viceroy, usurping the government, and obstinately refusing the offers of grace that had been repeatedly made him?"

Gonzalo attempted to justify himself by referring the fate of the viceroy to his misconduct, and his own usurpation, as it was styled, to the free election of the people, as well as that of the Royal Audience. "It was my family," he said, "who conquered the country; and, as their representative here, I felt I had a right to the government." To this Gasca replied, in a still severer tone, "Your brother did, indeed, conquer the land; and for this the emperor was pleased to raise both him and you from the dust. He lived and died a true and loyal subject; and it only makes your ingratitude to your sovereign the more heinous." Then, seeing his prisoner about to reply, the president cut short the conference, ordering him into close confinement. He was committed to the charge of Centeno, who had sought the office, not from any unworthy desire to gratify his revenge,—for he seems to have had a generous nature,—but for the honourable purpose of ministering to the comfort of the captive. Though held in strict custody by this officer, therefore, Pizarro was treated with the deference due to his rank, and allowed every indulgence by his keeper, except his freedom.²⁴

In this general wreck of their fortunes, Francisco de Carbajal fared no better than his chief. As he saw the soldiers deserting their posts and going over to the enemy, one after another, he coolly hummed the words of his favourite old ballad,—

"The wind blows the hairs off my head, mother!"

que haremos hermano Juan? Acosta presumiendo mas de valiente que de discreto respondió, Señor arremetamos, y muramos como los antiguos Romanos. Gonçalo Pizarro dixo mejor es morir como Christianos." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 36.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 7.

²³ Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, ubi supra.

²⁴ Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 90.—Historians, of course, report the dialogue between Gasca and his prisoner with some variety. See Gomara, *Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 185.—Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 36.—*Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.*

* [A letter from Gasca to the Council of the Indies, dated Cuzco, May 7th, gives an account of the interview. After saying that he delayed the reception in order to let Pizarro know that he was not of so much importance as he had believed himself, he goes on: "When I was awaiting his approach, he asked the marshal, in a low voice, if he should dismount, who told him yes, giving him to understand that he ought to have done so without asking; and he then dismounted

and made his obeisance. I wished to console him while representing to him his error; but he showed himself so stubborn, saying 'it was he who had conquered this land,' that he forced me to answer him sharply, as I deemed it proper to satisfy so many who were listening to us." He then adds his reply cutting short the conversation, as given in the text. *Col. de Doc. Inéd. para la Hist. de España*, tom. xlix.—Eo.]

But when he found the field nearly empty, and his stout-hearted followers vanished like a wreath of smoke, he felt it was time to provide for his own safety. He knew there could be no favour for him; and, putting spurs to his horse, he betook himself to flight with all the speed he could make. He crossed the stream that flowed, as already mentioned, by the camp, but in scaling the opposite bank, which was steep and stony, his horse, somewhat old, and oppressed by the weight of his rider, who was large and corpulent, lost his footing and fell with him into the water. Before he could extricate himself, Carbajal was seized by some of his own followers, who hoped by such a prize to make their peace with the victor, and hurried off towards the president's quarters.

The convoy was soon swelled by a number of the common file from the royal army, some of whom had long arrears to settle with the prisoner; and, not content with heaping reproaches and imprecations on his head, they now threatened to proceed to acts of personal violence, which Carbajal, far from deprecating, seemed rather to court, as the speediest way of ridding himself of life.²⁴ When he approached the president's quarters, Centeno, who was near, rebuked the disorderly rabble and compelled them to give way. Carbajal, on seeing this, with a respectful air demanded to whom he was indebted for this courteous protection. To which his ancient comrade replied, "Do you not know me?—Diego Centeno!" "I crave your pardon," said the veteran, sarcastically alluding to his long flight in the Charcas and his recent defeat at Huarina: "it is so long since I have seen anything but your back that I had forgotten your face!"²⁵

Among the president's suite was the martial bishop of Cuzco, who, it will be remembered, had shared with Centeno in the disgrace of his defeat. His brother had been taken by Carbajal, in his flight from the field, and instantly hung up by that fierce chief, who, as we have had more than one occasion to see, was no respecter of persons. The bishop now reproached him with his brother's murder, and, incensed by his cool replies, was ungenerous enough to strike the prisoner on the face. Carbajal made no attempt at resistance. Nor would he return a word to the queries put to him by Gasca, but, looking haughtily round on the circle, maintained a contemptuous silence. The president, seeing that nothing further was to be gained from his captive, ordered him, together with Acosta and the other cavaliers who had surrendered, into strict custody, until their fate should be decided.²⁷

Gasca's next concern was to send an officer to Cuzco, to restrain his partisans from committing excesses in consequence of the late victory,—if victory that could be called where not a blow had been struck. Everything belonging to the vanquished, their tents, arms, ammunition, and military stores, became the property of the victors. Their camp was well victualled, furnishing a seasonable supply to the royalists, who had nearly expended their own stock of provisions. There was, moreover, considerable booty in the way of plate

²⁴ "Luego llevaron antel dicho Licenciado Caravajal Maestro de campo del dicho Pizarro i tan cercado de gentes que del havian sido ofendidas que le querian matar, el qual diz que mostrava que olgara que le matáran allí." *Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.

²⁵ "Diego Centeno reprehendia mucho à los que le offendian. Por lo qual Carvajal le mirò, y le dixo, Señor quien es vuestra merced que tanta merced me haze? à lo qual Centeno respondió, Que no conoce vuestra merced à Diego Centeno? Dixo entonces

Carvajal, Por Dios señor que como siempre vi à vuestra merced de espaldas, que agora teniendo le de cara, no le conocia." *Fernandez, Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 90.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, ubi supra.—It is but fair to state that Garcilasso, who was personally acquainted with the bishop of Cuzco, doubts the fact of the indecorous conduct imputed to him by Fernandez, as inconsistent with the prelate's character. *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 39.

and money; for Pizarro's men, as was not uncommon in those turbulent times, went, many of them, to the war with the whole of their worldly wealth, not knowing of any safe place in which to bestow it. An anecdote is told of one of Gasca's soldiers, who, seeing a mule running over the field with a large pack on his back, seized the animal and mounted him, having first thrown away the burden, supposing it to contain armour or something of little worth. Another soldier, more shrewd, picked up the parcel as his share of the spoil, and found it contained several thousand gold ducats. It was the fortune of war.²⁸

Thus terminated the battle, or rather rout, of Xaquixaguana. The number killed and wounded—for some few perished in the pursuit—was not great; according to most accounts, not exceeding fifteen killed on the rebel side, and one only on that of the royalists, and that one by the carelessness of a comrade.²⁹ Never was there a cheaper victory, so bloodless a termination of a fierce and bloody rebellion! It was gained not so much by the strength of the victors as by the weakness of the vanquished. They fell to pieces of their own accord, because they had no sure ground to stand on. The arm not nerved by the sense of right became powerless in the hour of battle. It was better that they should thus be overcome by moral force than by a brutal appeal to arms. Such a victory was more in harmony with the beneficent character of the conqueror and of his cause. It was the triumph of order; the best homage to law and justice.

CHAPTER IV.

EXECUTION OF CARBAJAL—GONZALO PIZARRO BEHEADED—SPOILS OF VICTORY—WISE REFORMS BY GASCA—HE RETURNS TO SPAIN—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

1548-1550.

It was now necessary to decide on the fate of the prisoners; and Alonso de Alvarado, with the Licentiate Cianca, one of the new Royal Audience, was instructed to prepare the process. It did not require a long time. The guilt of the prisoners was too manifest, taken, as they had been, with arms in their hands. They were all sentenced to be executed, and their estates were confiscated to the use of the crown. Gonzalo Pizarro was to be beheaded, and Carbajal to be drawn and quartered. No mercy was shown to him who had shown none to others. There was some talk of deferring the execution till the arrival of the troops in Cuzco; but the fear of disturbances from those friendly to Pizarro determined the president to carry the sentence into effect the following day, on the field of battle.¹

²⁸ Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 8.

²⁹ "Temíose que en esta batalla muriria mucha gente de ambas partes por haver en ellas mill i quatrocientos arcabuceros i seis-cientos de caballo i mucho numero de piqueros i diez i ocho piezas de artilleria, pero piugo á Dios que solo murió un hombre del campo de S. M. i quinze de los contrarios como está dicho." *Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.—The MS. above referred to is supposed by Muñoz to have been written by Gasca, or rather dictated by him to his secretary. The original is preserved at Simancas, without date,

and in the character of the sixteenth century. It is principally taken up with the battle and the events immediately connected with it; and, although very brief, every sentence is of value as coming from so high a source. Alcedo, in his *Biblioteca Americana* (MS.), gives the title of a work from Gasca's pen, which would seem to be an account of his own administration, *Historia del Peru, y de su Pacificacion*, 1576, fol. I have never met with the work, or with any other allusion to it.

¹ The sentence passed upon Pizarro is given at length in the manuscript copy of

When his doom was communicated to Carbajal, he heard it with his usual indifference. "They can but kill me," he said, as if he had already settled the matter in his own mind.² During the day, many came to see him in his confinement; some to upbraid him with his cruelties, but most from curiosity to see the fierce warrior who had made his name so terrible through the land. He showed no unwillingness to talk with them, though it was in those sallies of caustic humour in which he usually indulged at the expense of his hearer. Among these visitors was a cavalier of no note, whose life, it appears, Carbajal had formerly spared when in his power. This person expressed to the prisoner his strong desire to serve him; and, as he reiterated his professions, Carbajal cut them short by exclaiming, "And what service can you do me? Can you set me free? If you cannot do that, you can do nothing. If I spared your life, as you say, it was probably because I did not think it worth while to take it."

Some piously-disposed persons urged him to see a priest, if it were only to unburden his conscience before leaving the world. "But of what use would that be?" asked Carbajal. "I have nothing that lies heavy on my conscience, unless it be, indeed, the debt of half a real to a shopkeeper in Seville, which I forgot to pay before leaving the country!"³

He was carried to execution on a hurdle, or rather in a basket, drawn by two mules. His arms were pinioned, and, as they forced his bulky body into this miserable conveyance, he exclaimed, "Cradles for infants, and a cradle for the old man too, it seems!"⁴ Notwithstanding the disinclination he had manifested to a confessor, he was attended by several ecclesiastics on his way to the gallows; and one of them repeatedly urged him to give some token of penitence at this solemn hour, if it were only by repeating the *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. Carbajal, to rid himself of the ghostly father's importunity, replied by coolly repeating the words "*Pater Noster*," "*Ave Maria*." He then remained obstinately silent. He died, as he had lived, with a jest, or rather a scoff, upon his lips.⁵

Francisco de Carbajal was one of the most extraordinary characters of these dark and turbulent times; the more extraordinary from his great age; for at the period of his death he was in his eighty-fourth year,—an age when the bodily powers, and, fortunately, the passions, are usually blunted; when, in the witty words of the French moralist, "We flatter ourselves we are leaving our vices, whereas it is our vices that are leaving us."⁶ But the fires of youth glowed fierce and unquenchable in the bosom of Carbajal.

The date of his birth carries us back towards the middle of the fifteenth

Zarate's History, to which I have had occasion more than once to refer. The historian omitted it in his printed work; but the curious reader may find it entire, cited in the original, in Appendix No. 14.

² "Basta matar." Fernandez, Hist. del Pern, Parte 1, lib. 3, cap. 91.

³ "En esso no tengo que confessar; porque juro à tal, que no tengo otro cargo, si no medio real que deuo en Seuilla à vna bodegonera de la puerta del Arenal, del tiempo que passè à Indias." Ibid., ubi supra.

⁴ "Niño en cuna, y viejo en cuna." Ibid., lib. 2, cap. 91.

⁵ "Murio como gentil, porque dicen, que yo no le quise ver, que ansi le di la palabra de no velle; mas à la postrer vez que me hablo llevandole à matar le decia el sacerdote que con él iba, que se encomendase à Dios y dijese el Pater Noster y el Ave Maria, y dicen que dijo Pater Noster, Ave Maria, y que no digo otra palabra." Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.

⁶ I quote from memory, but believe the reflection may be found in that admirable digest of worldly wisdom, The Characters of La Bruyère.*

* [The reader who fails to find it in La Bruyère will be more successful if he looks for it in La Rochefoucauld: "Quand les vices

nous quittent, nous nous flattons de la créance que c'est nous qui les quittons. Reflexions, No. 197.—Ed.]

century, before the times of Ferdinand and Isabella. He was of obscure parentage, and born, as it is said, at Arevalo. For forty years he served in the Italian wars, under the most illustrious captains of the day, Gonsalvo de Cordova, Navarro, and the Colonnas. He was an ensign at the battle of Ravenna, witnessed the capture of Francis the First at Pavia, and followed the banner of the ill-starred Bourbon at the sack of Rome. He got no gold for his share of the booty on this occasion, but simply the papers of a notary's office, which, Carbajal shrewdly thought, would be worth gold to him. And so it proved: for the notary was fain to redeem them at a price which enabled the adventurer to cross the seas to Mexico and seek his fortune in the New World. On the insurrection of the Peruvians he was sent to the support of Francisco Pizarro, and was rewarded by that chief with a grant of land in Cuzco. Here he remained for several years, busily employed in increasing his substance; for the love of lucre was a ruling passion in his bosom. On the arrival of Vaca de Castro we find him doing good service under the royal banner; and at the breaking out of the great rebellion under Gonzalo Pizarro he converted his property into gold and prepared to return to Castile. He seemed to have a presentiment that to remain where he was would be fatal. But, although he made every effort to leave Peru, he was unsuccessful, for the viceroy had laid an embargo on the shipping.⁷ He remained in the country, therefore, and took service, as we have seen, though reluctantly, under Pizarro. It was his destiny.

The tumultuous life on which he now entered roused all the slumbering passions of his soul, which lay there perhaps unconsciously to himself,—cruelty, avarice, revenge. He found ample exercise for them in the war with his countrymen; for civil war is proverbially the most sanguinary and ferocious of all. The atrocities recorded of Carbajal in his new career, and the number of his victims, are scarcely credible. For the honour of humanity, we may trust the accounts are greatly exaggerated; but that he should have given rise to them at all is sufficient to consign his name to infamy.*

He even took a diabolical pleasure, it is said, in amusing himself with the sufferings of his victims, and in the hour of execution would give utterance to frightful jests, that made them taste more keenly the bitterness of death! He had a sportive vein, if such it could be called, which he freely indulged on every occasion. Many of his sallies were preserved by the soldiery; but they are for the most part of a coarse, repulsive character, flowing from a mind familiar with the weak and wicked side of humanity and distrusting every other. He had his jest for everything,—for the misfortunes of others, and for his own. He looked on life as a farce,—though he too often made it a tragedy.

Carbajal must be allowed one virtue; that of fidelity to his party. This made him less tolerant of perfidy in others. He was never known to show mercy to a renegade. This undeviating fidelity, though to a bad cause, may challenge something like a feeling of respect, where fidelity was so rare.⁸

* Pedro Pizarro bears testimony to Carbajal's endeavours to leave the country, in which he was aided, though ineffectually, by the chronicler, who was at that time in the most friendly relations with him. Civil war parted these ancient comrades; but Carbajal did not forget his obligations to Pedro Pizarro, which he afterwards repaid by exempting him on two different occasions from the general doom of the prisoners who fell into his hands.

⁷ Out of three hundred and forty executions, according to Fernandez, three hundred were by Carbajal. (*Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 91.) Zarate swells the number of these executions to five hundred. (*Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 1.) The discrepancy shows how little we can confide in the accuracy of such estimates.

⁸ Fidelity, indeed, is but one of many virtues claimed for Carbajal by Garcilasso, who considers most of the tales of cruelty

As a military man, Carbajal takes a high rank among the soldiers of the New World. He was strict, even severe, in enforcing discipline, so that he was little loved by his followers. Whether he had the genius for military combinations requisite for conducting war on an extended scale may be doubted; but in the shifts and turns of guerilla warfare he was unrivalled. Prompt, active, and persevering, he was insensible to danger or fatigue, and, after days spent in the saddle, seemed to attach little value to the luxury of a bed.¹⁰

He knew familiarly every mountain-pass, and such were the sagacity and the resources displayed in his roving expeditions that he was vulgarly believed to be attended by a *familiar*.¹¹ With a character so extraordinary, with powers prolonged so far beyond the usual term of humanity, and passions so fierce in one tottering on the verge of the grave, it was not surprising that many fabulous stories should be eagerly circulated respecting him, and that Carbajal should be clothed with mysterious terrors as a sort of supernatural being,—the demon of the Andes!

Very different were the circumstances attending the closing scene of Gonzalo Pizarro. At his request, no one had been allowed to visit him in his confinement. He was heard pacing his tent during the greater part of the day, and when night came, having ascertained from Centeno that his execution was to take place at the following noon, he laid himself down to rest. He did not sleep long, however, but soon rose, and continued to traverse his apartment, as if buried in meditation, till dawn. He then sent for a confessor, and remained with him till after the hour of noon, taking little or no refreshment. The officers of justice became impatient; but their eagerness was sternly rebuked by the soldiery, many of whom, having served under Gonzalo's banner, were touched with pity for his misfortunes.

When the chieftain came forth to execution, he showed in his dress the same love of magnificence and display as in happier days. Over his doublet he wore a superb cloak of yellow velvet, stiff with gold embroidery, while his head was protected by a cap of the same material, richly decorated, in like manner, with ornaments of gold.¹² In this gaudy attire he mounted his mule, and the sentence was so far relaxed that his arms were suffered to remain unshackled. He was escorted by a goodly number of priests and friars, who held up the crucifix before his eyes, while he carried in his own hand an image of the Virgin. She had ever been the peculiar object of Pizarro's devotion; so much so that those who knew him best in the hour of his prosperity were

and avarice circulated of the veteran, as well as the hardened levity imputed to him in his latter moments, as inventions of his enemies. The Inca chronicler was a boy when Gonzalo and his chivalry occupied Cuzco; and the kind treatment he experienced from them, owing, doubtless, to his father's position in the rebel army, he has well repaid by depicting their portraits in the favourable colours in which they appeared to his young imagination. But the garrulous old man has recorded several individual instances of atrocity in the career of Carbajal, which form but an indifferent commentary on the correctness of his general assertions in respect to his character.

¹⁰ "Fue mayor sufridor de trabajos, que requería su edad, porque á maravilla se quitaba las Armas de Día, ni de Noche, i quando era necesario, tampoco se acostaba,

ni dormía mas de quanto recostado en vna Silla, se le cansaba la mano en que arimaba la Cabeça." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 5, cap. 14.

¹¹ Pedro Pizarro, who seems to have entertained feelings not unfriendly to Carbajal, thus sums up his character in a few words: "Era muy lenguaz: hablaba muy discrepamente y á gusto de los que le pian: era hombre sagaz, cruel, bien entendido en la guerra. . . . Este Carbajal era tan sabio que decían tenía familiar." Descub. y. Conq., MS.

¹² "Al tiempo que lo mataron, dió al Verdugo toda la Ropa que traía, que era muy rica, i de mucho valor, porque tenía vna Ropa de Armas de Terciopelo amarillo, casi toda cubierta de Chapería de Oro, i vna Chapeo de la misma forma." Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 8.

careful, when they had a petition, to prefer it in the name of the blessed Mary.

Pizarro's lips were frequently pressed to the emblem of his divinity, while his eyes were bent on the crucifix in apparent devotion, heedless of the objects around him. On reaching the scaffold he ascended it with a firm step, and asked leave to address a few words to the soldiery gathered round it. "There are many among you," said he, "who have grown rich on my brother's bounty and my own. Yet of all my riches nothing remains to me but the garments I have on; and even these are not mine, but the property of the executioner. I am without means, therefore, to purchase a mass for the welfare of my soul; and I implore you, by the remembrance of past benefits, to extend this charity to me when I am gone, that it may be well with you in the hour of death." A profound silence reigned throughout the martial multitude, broken only by sighs and groans, as they listened to Pizarro's request; and it was faithfully responded to, since, after his death, masses were said in many of the towns for the welfare of the departed chieftain.

Then, kneeling down before a crucifix placed on a table, Pizarro remained for some minutes absorbed in prayer; after which, addressing the soldier who was to act as the minister of justice, he calmly bade him "do his duty with a steady hand." He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and, bending forward his neck, submitted it to the sword of the executioner, who struck off the head with a single blow, so true that the body remained for some moments in the same erect posture as in life.¹³ The head was taken to Lima, where it was set in a cage or frame and then fixed on a gibbet by the side of Carbajal's. On it was placed a label bearing the inscription, "This is the head of the traitor Gonzalo Pizarro, who rebelled in Peru against his sovereign, and battled in the cause of tyranny and treason against the royal standard in the valley of Xaquixaguana."¹⁴ His large estates, including the rich mines in Potosí, were confiscated; his mansion in Lima was razed to the ground, the place strewn with salt, and a stone pillar set up, with an inscription interdicting any one from building on a spot which had been profaned by the residence of a traitor.

Gonzalo's remains were not exposed to the indignities inflicted on Carbajal's, whose quarters were hung in chains on the four great roads leading to Cuzco. Centeno saved Pizarro's body from being stripped, by redeeming his costly raiment from the executioner, and in this sumptuous shroud it was laid in the chapel of the convent of Our Lady of Mercy in Cuzco. It was the same spot where, side by side, lay the bloody remains of the Almagros, father and son, who in like manner had perished by the hand of justice and were indebted to private charity for their burial. All these were now consigned "to the same grave," says the historian, with some bitterness, "as if Peru could not afford land enough for a burial-place to its conquerors."¹⁵

¹³ "The executioner," says Garcilasso, with a simile more expressive than elegant, "did his work as cleanly as if he had been slicing off a head of lettuce!" "De vn reues le cortò la cabeça con tanta facilidad, como si fuera vna hoja de lechuga, y se quedó con ella en la mano, y tardò el cuerpo algun espacio en caer en el suelo." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 43.

¹⁴ "Esta es la cabeza del traidor de Gonzalo Pizarro que se hizo justicia del en el valle de Aquixaguana, donde dió la batalla campal contra el estandarte real queriendo defender su traicion e tirania: ninguno sea

osado de la quitar de aqui so pena de muerte natural." Zarate, MS.

¹⁵ "Y las sepulturas vna sola auiendo de ser tres: que aun la tierra parece que les faltò para aner los de cubrir." Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 43.—For the tragic particulars of the preceding pages, see *Ibid.*, cap. 39-43.—*Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.—*Carta de Valdivia*, MS.—MS. de Caravantes.—*Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—*Gomara, Hist. de las Indias*, cap. 126.—*Fernandez, Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 91.—*Zarate, Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 8.—*Herrera, Hist. general*, dec. 8, lib. 4, c. p. 16.

Gonzalo Pizarro had reached only his forty-second year at the time of his death,—being just half the space allotted to his follower Carbajal. He was the youngest of the remarkable family to whom Spain was indebted for the acquisition of Peru. He came over to the country with his brother Francisco on the return of the latter from his visit to Castile. Gonzalo was present at all the remarkable passages of the Conquest. He witnessed the seizure of Atahuallpa, took an active part in suppressing the insurrection of the Incas, and especially in the reduction of Charcas. He afterwards led the disastrous expedition to the Amazon, and finally, headed the memorable rebellion which ended so fatally to himself. There are but few men whose lives abound in such wild and romantic adventure, and, for the most part, crowned with success. The space which he occupies in the page of history is altogether disproportioned to his talents. It may be in some measure ascribed to fortune, but still more to those showy qualities which form a sort of substitute for mental talent, and which secured his popularity with the vulgar.

He had a brilliant exterior; excelled in all martial exercises; rode well, fenced well, managed his lance to perfection, was a first-rate marksman with the arquebuse, and added the accomplishment of being an excellent draughtsman. He was bold and chivalrous, even to temerity; courted adventure, and was always in the front of danger. He was a knight-errant, in short, in the most extravagant sense of the term, and, "mounted on his favourite charger," says one who had often seen him, "made no more account of a squadron of Indians than of a swarm of flies."¹⁶

While thus by his brilliant exploits and showy manners he captivated the imaginations of his countrymen, he won their hearts no less by his soldier-like frankness, his trust in their fidelity,—too often abused,—and his liberal largesses; for Pizarro, though avaricious of the property of others, was, like the Roman conspirator, prodigal of his own. This was his portrait in happier days, when his heart had not been corrupted by success; for that some change was wrought in him by his prosperity is well attested. His head was made giddy by his elevation; and it is proof of a want of talent equal to his success, that he knew not how to profit by it. Obeying the dictates of his own rash judgment, he rejected the warnings of his wisest counsellors, and relied with blind confidence on his destiny. Garcilasso imputes this to the malignant influence of the stars.¹⁷ But the superstitious chronicler might have better explained it by a common principle of human nature; by the presumption nourished by success,—the insanity, as the Roman, or rather Grecian, proverb calls it, with which the gods afflict men when they design to ruin them.¹⁸

Gonzalo was without education, except such as he had picked up in the rough school of war. He had little even of that wisdom which springs from natural shrewdness and insight into character. In all this he was inferior to his elder brothers, although he fully equalled them in ambition. Had he possessed a tithé of their sagacity, he would not have madly persisted in rebellion after the coming of the president. Before this period he represented the people. Their interests and his were united. He had their support, for he was contending for the redress of their wrongs. When these were redressed by the government, there was nothing to contend for. From that

¹⁶ "Quando Gonçalo Pizarro, que aya gloria, se vey a su zaynillo, no hazia mas caso de esquadrones de Yndios, que si fueran de moscas." Garcilasso, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 43.

¹⁷ "Dezian que no era falta de entendimiento, pues lo tenia bastante, sino que deusa

de ser sobre de influencia de signos y planetas, que le cegaban y forçaban a que pusiessse la garganta al cuchillo." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 33.

¹⁸ "Ὅταν δὲ δαίμων ἀνδρὶ πορσίνη κακῆ, Τὸν οὖν ἐβλάψε πρῶτος." Eurip., Fragmenta.

time he was battling only for himself. The people had no part or interest in the contest. Without a common sympathy to bind them together, was it strange that they should fall off from him, like leaves in winter, and leave him exposed, a bare and sapless trunk, to the fury of the tempest?

Cepeda, more criminal than Pizarro, since he had both superior education and intelligence, which he employed only to mislead his commander, did not long survive him. He had come to the country in an office of high responsibility. His first step was to betray the viceroy whom he was sent to support; his next was to betray the Audience with whom he should have acted; and lastly he betrayed the leader whom he most affected to serve. His whole career was treachery to his own government. His life was one long perfidy.

After his surrender, several of the cavaliers, disgusted at his cold-blooded apostasy, would have persuaded Gasca to send him to execution along with his commander; but the president refused, in consideration of the signal service he had rendered the crown by his defection. He was put under arrest, however, and sent to Castile. There he was arraigned for high treason. He made a plausible defence, and, as he had friends at court, it is not improbable he would have been acquitted; but before the trial was terminated he died in prison. It was the retributive justice not always to be found in the affairs of this world.¹⁹

Indeed, it so happened that several of those who had been most forward to abandon the cause of Pizarro survived their commander but a short time. The gallant Centeno, and the Licentiate Carbajal, who deserted him near Lima and bore the royal standard on the field of Xaquixaguana, both died within a year of Pizarro. Hinojosa was assassinated but two years later, in La Plata; and his old comrade Valdivia, after a series of brilliant exploits in Chili, which furnished her most glorious theme to the epic muse of Castile, was cut off by the invincible warriors of Arauco. The manes of Pizarro were amply avenged.

Acosta, and three or four other cavaliers who surrendered with Gonzalo, were sent to execution on the same day with their chief; and Gasca, on the morning following the dismal tragedy, broke up his quarters and marched with his whole army to Cuzco, where he was received by the politic people with the same enthusiasm which they had so recently shown to his rival. He found there a number of the rebel army who had taken refuge in the city after their late defeat, where they were immediately placed under arrest. Proceedings, by Gasca's command, were instituted against them. The principal cavaliers, to the number of ten or twelve, were executed; others were banished or sent to the galleys. The same rigorous decrees were passed against such as had fled and were not yet taken; and the estates of all were confiscated. The estates of the rebels supplied a fund for the recompense of the loyal.²⁰ The execution of justice may seem to have been severe; but Gasca was willing that the rod should fall heavily on those who had so often rejected his proffers of grace. Lenity was wasted on a rude, licentious soldiery, who hardly recognized the existence of government unless they felt its rigour.

A new duty now devolved on the president,—that of rewarding his faithful

¹⁹ The cunning lawyer prepared so plausible an argument in his own justification that Yllescas, the celebrated historian of the Popes, declares that no one who reads the paper attentively but must rise from the perusal of it with an entire conviction of the writer's innocence and of his unshaken royalty to the crown. See the passage quoted

by Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 6, cap. 10.

²⁰ Pedro Pizarro, *Descub. y Conq.*, MS.—Fernandez, *Hist. del Peru*, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 91.—Carta de Valdivia, MS.—Zarate, *Conq. del Peru*, lib. 7, cap. 8.—*Relacion del Lic. Gasca*, MS.

followers,—not less difficult, as it proved, than that of punishing the guilty. The applicants were numerous; since every one who had raised a finger in behalf of the government claimed his reward. They urged their demands with a clamorous importunity which perplexed the good president and consumed every moment of his time.

Disgusted with this unprofitable state of things, Gasca resolved to rid himself of the annoyance at once, by retiring to the valley of Guaynarima, about twelve leagues distant from the city, and there digesting in quiet a scheme of compensation adjusted to the merits of the parties. He was accompanied only by his secretary, and by Loaysa, now Archbishop of Lima, a man of sense and well acquainted with the affairs of the country. In this seclusion the president remained three months, making a careful examination into the conflicting claims, and apportioning the forfeitures among the parties according to their respective services. The *repartimientos*, it should be remarked, were usually granted only for life, and on the death of the incumbent reverted to the crown, to be reassigned or retained at its pleasure.

When his arduous task was completed, Gasca determined to withdraw to Lima, leaving the instrument of partition with the archbishop, to be communicated to the army. Notwithstanding all the care that had been taken for an equitable adjustment, Gasca was aware that it was impossible to satisfy the demands of a jealous and irritable soldiery, where each man would be likely to exaggerate his own deserts, while he underrated those of his comrades; and he did not care to expose himself to importunities and complaints that could serve no other purpose than to annoy him.

On his departure the troops were called together by the archbishop in the cathedral, to learn the contents of the schedule intrusted to him. A discourse was first preached by a worthy Dominican, the prior of Arequipa, in which the reverend father expatiated on the virtue of contentment, the duty of obedience, and the folly as well as wickedness of an attempt to resist the constituted authorities,—topics, in short, which he conceived might best conciliate the good will and conformity of his audience.

A letter from the president was then read from the pulpit. It was addressed to the officers and soldiers of the army. The writer began with briefly exposing the difficulties of his task, owing to the limited amount of the gratuities and the great number and services of the claimants. He had given the matter the most careful consideration, he said, and endeavoured to assign to each his share according to his deserts, without prejudice or partiality. He had, no doubt, fallen into errors, but he trusted his followers would excuse them when they reflected that he had done according to the best of his poor abilities; and all, he believed, would do him the justice to acknowledge he had not been influenced by motives of personal interest. He bore emphatic testimony to the services they had rendered to the good cause, and concluded with the most affectionate wishes for their future prosperity and happiness. The letter was dated at Guaynarima, August 17th, 1548, and bore the simple signature of the Licentiate Gasca.²¹

The archbishop next read the paper containing the president's award. The annual rent of the estates to be distributed amounted to a hundred and thirty thousand *pesos ensayados*; ²² a large amount, considering the worth of money in that day,—in any other country than Peru, where money was a drug.²³

²¹ MS. de Caravantes.—Pedro Pizarro, Descub. y Conq., MS.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 9.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 92.

²² The *peso ensayado*, according to Garci-

lasso, was one-fifth more in value than the Castilian ducat. Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 6, cap. 3.

²³ "Entre los caballeros capitanes y soldados que le ayudaron en esta ocasion repartió

The *repartimientos* thus distributed varied in value from one hundred to thirty-five hundred *pesos* of yearly rent; all, apparently, graduated with the nicest precision to the merits of the parties. The number of pensioners was about two hundred and fifty; for the fund would not have sufficed for general distribution, nor were the services of the greater part deemed worthy of such a mark of consideration.²⁴

The effect produced by the document, on men whose minds were filled with the most indefinite expectations, was just such as had been anticipated by the president. It was received with a general murmur of disapprobation. Even those who had got more than they expected were discontented, on comparing their condition with that of their comrades, whom they thought still better remunerated in proportion to their deserts. They especially inveighed against the preference shown to the old partisans of Gonzalo Pizarro—as Hinojosa, Centeno, and Aldana—over those who had always remained loyal to the crown. There was some ground for such a preference, for none had rendered so essential services in crushing the rebellion; and it was these services that Gasca proposed to recompense. To reward every man who had proved himself loyal, simply for his loyalty, would have frittered away the donative into fractions that would be of little value to any.²⁵

It was in vain, however, that the archbishop, seconded by some of the principal cavaliers, endeavoured to infuse a more contented spirit into the multitude. They insisted that the award should be rescinded, and a new one made on more equitable principles; threatening, moreover, that if this were not done by the president they would take the redress of the matter into their own hands. Their discontent, fomented by some mischievous persons who thought to find their account in it, at length proceeded so far as to menace a mutiny; and it was not suppressed till the commander of Cuzco sentenced one of the ringleaders to death and several others to banishment. The iron soldiery of the Conquest required an iron hand to rule them.

Meanwhile the president had continued his journey towards Lima, and on the way was everywhere received by the people with an enthusiasm the more

el Presidente Pedro de la Gasca 135,000 pesos ensayados de renta que estaban vacos, y no un millon y tantos mil pesos, como dize Diego Fernandez, que escrivió en Palencia estas alteraciones, y de quien lo tomó Antonio de Herrera: y porque esta ocasion fué la segunda en que los benemeritos del Pirú fundan con razon los servicios de sus pasados, porque mediante esta batalla aseguro la corona de Castilla las provincias mas ricas que tiene en America, pondré sus nombres para que se conserbe con certeza su memoria como parece en el auto original que proveyó en el asiento de Guanarima cerca de la ciudad del Cuzco en diez y siete de Agosto de 1548, que está en los archivos de gobierno." MS. de Caravantes.—The sum mentioned in the text as thus divided among the army falls very far short of the amount stated by Garcilasso, Fernandez, Zarate, and, indeed, every other writer on the subject, none of whom estimate it at less than a million of *pesos*. But Caravantes, from whom I have taken it, copies the original act of partition preserved in the royal archives. Yet Garcilasso de la Vega ought to have been well informed of the value of these estates, which, according to him, far exceeded the estimate given in

the schedule. Thus, for instance, Hinojosa, he says, obtained from the share of lands and rich mines assigned to him from the property of Gonzalo Pizarro no less than 200,000 *pesos* annually, while Andana, the Licentiate Carbajal, and others had estates which yielded them from 10,000 to 50,000 *pesos*. (*Ibid.*, ubi supra.) It is impossible to reconcile these monstrous discrepancies. No sum seems to have been too large for the credulity of the ancient chronicler; and the imagination of the reader is so completely bewildered by the actual riches of this El Dorado that it is difficult to adjust his faith by any standard of probability.

²⁴ Caravantes has transcribed from the original act a full catalogue of the pensioners, with the amount of the sums set against each of their names.

²⁵ The president found an ingenious way of remunerating several of his followers, by bestowing on them the hands of the rich widows of the cavaliers who had perished in the war. The inclinations of the ladies do not seem to have been always consulted in this politic arrangement. See Garcilasso, *Com. Real.*, Parte 2, lib. 6, cap. 3.

grateful to his heart that he felt he had deserved it. As he drew near the capital, the loyal inhabitants prepared to give him a magnificent reception. The whole population came forth from the gates, led by the authorities of the city, with Aldana as corregidor at their head. Gasca rode on a mule, dressed in his ecclesiastical robes. On his right, borne on a horse richly caparisoned, was the royal seal, in a box curiously chased and ornamented. A gorgeous canopy of brocade was supported above his head by the officers of the municipality, who, in their robes of crimson velvet, walked bareheaded by his side. Gay troops of dancers, clothed in fantastic dresses of gaudy-coloured silk, followed the procession, strewing flowers and chanting verses as they went, in honour of the president. They were designed as emblematical of the different cities of the colony; and they bore legends or mottoes in rhyme on their caps, intimating their loyal devotion to the crown, and evincing much more loyalty in their composition, it may be added, than poetical merit.²⁶ In this way, without beat of drum, or noise of artillery, or any of the rude accompaniments of war, the good president made his peaceful entry into the City of the Kings, while the air was rent with the acclamations of the people, who hailed him as their "Father and Deliverer, the Saviour of their country!"²⁷

But, however grateful this homage to Gasca's heart, he was not the man to waste his time in idle vanities. He now thought only by what means he could eradicate the seeds of disorder which shot up so readily in this fruitful soil, and how he could place the authority of the government on a permanent basis. By virtue of his office, he presided over the Royal Audience, the great judicial and, indeed, executive tribunal of the colony; and he gave great despatch to the business, which had much accumulated during the late disturbances. In the unsettled state of property, there was abundant subject for litigation; but, fortunately, the new Audience was composed of able, upright judges, who laboured diligently with their chief to correct the mischief caused by the misrule of their predecessors.

Neither was Gasca unmindful of the unfortunate natives; and he occupied himself earnestly with that difficult problem,—the best means practicable of ameliorating their condition. He sent a number of commissioners, as visitors, into different parts of the country, whose business it was to inspect the *encomiendas* and ascertain the manner in which the Indians were treated, by conversing not only with the proprietors, but with the natives themselves. They were also to learn the nature and extent of the tributes paid in former times by the vassals of the Incas.²⁸

In this way a large amount of valuable information was obtained, which enabled Gasca, with the aid of a council of ecclesiastics and jurists, to digest a uniform system of taxation for the natives, lighter even than that imposed on them by the Peruvian princes. The president would gladly have relieved the

²⁶ Fernandez has collected these flowers of colonial poesy, which prove that the old Conquerors were much less expert with the pen than with the sword. Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 93.

²⁷ "Fue recibimiento muy solemne, con universal alegría del Pueblo, por verse libre de Tiranos: i toda la Gente, à voces, bendecia al Presidente, i le llamaban: Padre, Restaurador, i Pacificador, dando gracias à Dios, por haver vengado las injurias hechas à su Divina Magestad." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 4, cap. 17.

²⁸ "El Presidente Gasca mando visitar

todas las provincias y repartimientos deste reyno, nombrando para ello personas de autoridad y de quien se tenia entendido que tenian conocimiento de la tierra que se les encargavan, que ha de ser la principal calidad, que se ha buscar en la persona, a quien se comete semejante negocio despues que sea Cristiano: lo segundo se les dio instruccion de lo que han de averiguar, que fueron muchas cosas: el numero, las haciendas, los tratos y grangerias, la calidad de la gente y de sus tierras y comarca y lo que davan de tributo." Ondegardo, Rel. Prim., MS.

conquered races from the obligations of personal service; but, on mature consideration, this was judged impracticable in the present state of the country, since the colonists, more especially in the tropical regions, looked to the natives for the performance of labour, and the latter, it was found from experience, would not work at all unless compelled to do so. The president, however, limited the amount of service to be exacted, with great precision, so that it was in the nature of a moderate personal tax. No Peruvian was to be required to change his place of residence, from the climate to which he had been accustomed, to another,—a fruitful source of discomfort, as well as of disease, in past times. By these various regulations the condition of the natives, though not such as had been contemplated by the sanguine philanthropy of Las Casas, was improved far more than was compatible with the craving demands of the colonists; and all the firmness of the Audience was required to enforce provisions so unpalatable to the latter. Still, they were enforced. Slavery, in its most odious sense, was no longer tolerated in Peru. The term "slave" was not recognized as having relation to her institutions; and the historian of the Indies makes the proud boast—it should have been qualified by the limitations I have noticed—that every Indian vassal might aspire to the rank of a freeman.²⁹

Besides these reforms, Gasca introduced several in the municipal government of the cities, and others yet more important in the management of the finances and in the mode of keeping the accounts. By these and other changes in the internal economy of the colony he placed the administration on a new basis, and greatly facilitated the way for a more sure and orderly government by his successors. As a final step, to secure the repose of the country after he was gone, he detached some of the more aspiring cavaliers on distant expeditions, trusting that they would draw off the light and restless spirits who might otherwise gather together and disturb the public tranquillity: as we sometimes see the mists which have been scattered by the genial influence of the sun become condensed and settle into a storm on his departure.³⁰

Gasca had been now more than fifteen months in Lima, and nearly three years had elapsed since his first entrance into Peru. In that time he had accomplished the great objects of his mission. When he landed, he found the colony in a state of anarchy, or rather organized rebellion under a powerful and popular chief. He came without funds or forces to support him. The former he procured through the credit which he established in his good faith; the latter he won over by argument and persuasion from the very persons to whom they had been confided by his rival. Thus he turned the arms of that rival against himself. By a calm appeal to reason he wrought a change in the hearts of the people; and without costing a drop of blood to a single loyal subject he suppressed a rebellion which had menaced Spain with the loss of the wealthiest of her provinces. He had punished the guilty, and in their spoils found the means to recompense the faithful. He had, moreover, so well husbanded the resources of the country that he was enabled to pay off the large loan he had negotiated with the merchants of the colony for the expenses of the war, exceeding nine hundred thousand *pesos de oro*.³¹ Nay, more, by

²⁹ "El Presidente i el Audiencia dieron tales ordenes que este negocio se asentò, de manera, que para adelante no se platicò mas este nombre de Esclavos, sino que la libertad fue general por todo el Reino." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 5, cap. 7.

³⁰ MS. de Caravantes.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 187.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 93-95.—Zarate,

Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 10.

³¹ "Recogió tanta suma de dinero, que pagò novecientos mil pesos de Oro, que se ballò haver gastado, desde el Día que entrò en Panamá, hasta que se acabò la Guerra, los quales tomò prestados." Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 5, cap. 7.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 10.

his economy he had saved a million and a half of ducats for the government, which for some years had received nothing from Peru; and he now proposed to carry back this acceptable treasure to swell the royal coffers.²² All this had been accomplished without the cost of outfit or salary, or any charge to the crown except that of his own frugal expenditure.²³ The country was now in a state of tranquillity. Gasca felt that his work was done, and that he was free to gratify his natural longing to return to his native land.

Before his departure he arranged a distribution of those *repartimientos* which had lapsed to the crown during the past year by the death of the incumbents. Life was short in Peru; since those who lived by the sword, if they did not die by the sword, too often fell early victims to the hardships incident to their adventurous career. Many were the applicants for the new bounty of government; and, as among them were some of those who had been discontented with the former partition, Gasca was assailed by remonstrances, and sometimes by reproaches couched in no very decorous or respectful language. But they had no power to disturb his equanimity; he patiently listened, and replied to all in the mild tone of expostulation best calculated to turn away wrath; "by this victory over himself," says an old writer, "acquiring more real glory than by all his victories over his enemies."²⁴

An incident occurred on the eve of his departure, touching in itself, and honourable to the parties concerned. The Indian caciques of the neighbouring country, mindful of the great benefits he had rendered their people, presented him with a considerable quantity of plate in token of their gratitude. But Gasca refused to receive it, though in doing so he gave much concern to the Peruvians, who feared they had unwittingly fallen under his displeasure.

Many of the principal colonists, also, from the same wish to show their sense of his important services, sent to him, after he had embarked, a magnificent donative of fifty thousand gold *castellanos*. "As he had taken leave of Peru," they said, "there could be no longer any ground for declining it." But Gasca was as decided in his rejection of this present as he had been of the other. "He had come to the country," he remarked, "to serve the king and to secure the blessings of peace to the inhabitants; and now that, by the favour of Heaven, he had been permitted to accomplish this, he would not dishonour the cause by any act that might throw suspicion on the purity of his motives." Notwithstanding his refusal, the colonists contrived to secrete the sum of twenty thousand *castellanos* on board of his vessel, with the idea that, once in his own country, with his mission concluded, the president's scruples would be removed. Gasca did, indeed, accept the donative, for he felt that it would be ungracious to send it back; but it was only till he could ascertain the relatives of the donors, when he distributed it among the most needy.²⁵

Having now settled all his affairs, the president committed the government, until the arrival of a viceroy, to his faithful partners of the Royal Audience, and in January, 1550, he embarked with the royal treasure on board of a squadron for Panamá. He was accompanied to the shore by a numerous

²² "Aviendo pagado el Presidente las costas de la guerra que fueron muchas, remitió á S. M. y lo llevó consigo 264,422 marcos de plata, que á seis ducados valleron 1 millon 588,332 ducados." MS. de Caravantes.

²³ "No tubo ni quiso salario el Presidente Gasca sino cedula para que á un mayordomo suyo diesen los Oficiales reales lo necesario de la real Hacienda, que como parece de los quaderos de su gasto fué muy moderado."

(MS. de Caravantes.) Gasca, it appears, was most exact in keeping the accounts of his disbursements for the expenses of himself and household, from the time he embarked for the colonies.

²⁴ "En lo qual hizo mas que en vencer y ganar todo aquel Ymperio: porque fue vencerse assi proprio." Garcilasso, Com. Real, Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 7.

²⁵ Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 95.

crowd of the inhabitants, cavaliers and common people, persons of all ages and conditions, who followed to take their last look of their benefactor and watch with straining eyes the vessel that bore him away from their land.

His voyage was prosperous, and early in March the president reached his destined port. He stayed there only till he could muster horses and mules sufficient to carry the treasure across the mountains; for he knew that this part of the country abounded in wild, predatory spirits, who would be sorely tempted to some act of violence by a knowledge of the wealth which he had with him. Pushing forward, therefore, he crossed the rugged Isthmus, and, after a painful march, arrived in safety at Nombre de Dios.

The event justified his apprehensions. He had been gone but three days when a ruffian horde, after murdering the Bishop of Guatemala, broke into Panamá with the design of inflicting the same fate on the president and of seizing the booty. No sooner were the tidings communicated to Gaaca than, with his usual energy, he levied a force and prepared to march to the relief of the invaded capital. But Fortune—or, to speak more correctly, Providence—favoured him here, as usual; and on the eve of his departure he learned that the marauders had been met by the citizens and discomfited with great slaughter. Disbanding his forces, therefore, he equipped a fleet of nineteen vessels to transport himself and the royal treasure to Spain, where he arrived in safety, entering the harbour of Seville after a little more than four years from the period when he had sailed from the same port.²⁶

Great was the sensation throughout the country caused by his arrival. Men could hardly believe that results so momentous had been accomplished in so short a time by a single individual,—a poor ecclesiastic, who, unaided by the government, had by his own strength, as it were, put down a rebellion which had so long set the arms of Spain at defiance!

The emperor was absent in Flanders. He was overjoyed on learning the complete success of Gasca's mission, and not less satisfied with the tidings of the treasure he had brought with him; for the exchequer, rarely filled to overflowing, had been exhausted by the recent troubles in Germany. Charles instantly wrote to the president, requiring his presence at court, that he might learn from his own lips the particulars of his expedition. Gasca, accordingly, attended by a numerous retinue of nobles and cavaliers,—for who does not pay homage to him whom the king delighteth to honour?—embarked at Barcelona, and, after a favourable voyage, joined the court in Flanders.

He was received by his royal master, who fully appreciated his services, in a manner most grateful to his feelings; and not long afterwards he was raised to the bishopric of Palencia,—a mode of acknowledgment best suited to his character and deserts. Here he remained till 1561, when he was promoted to the vacant see of Sigüenza. The rest of his days he passed peacefully in the discharge of his episcopal functions, honoured by his sovereign, and enjoying the admiration and respect of his countrymen.²⁷

In his retirement he was still consulted by the government in matters of importance relating to the Indies. The disturbances of that unhappy land were renewed, though on a much smaller scale than before, soon after the president's departure. They were chiefly caused by discontent with the *repartimientos*, and with the constancy of the Audience in enforcing the benevolent

²⁶ MS. de Caravantes.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 183.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 13.—Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 6, cap. 17.

²⁷ Herrera, Hist. general, dec. 8, lib. 6, cap. 17.—MS. de Caravantes.—Gomara, Hist. de las Indias, cap. 182.—Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 2, lib. 1, cap. 10.—Zarate, Conq. del Peru, lib. 7, cap. 13.

restrictions as to the personal services of the natives. But these troubles subsided, after a very few years, under the wise rule of the Mendozas,—two successive viceroys of that illustrious house which has given so many of its sons to the service of Spain. Under their rule the mild yet determined policy was pursued of which Gasca had set the example. The ancient distractions of the country were permanently healed. With peace, prosperity returned within the borders of Peru; and the consciousness of the beneficent results of his labours may have shed a ray of satisfaction, as it did of glory, over the evening of the president's life.

That life was brought to a close in November, 1567, at an age, probably, not far from the one fixed by the sacred writer as the term of human existence.³⁸ He died at Valladolid, and was buried in the church of Santa Maria Magdalena, in that city, which he had built and liberally endowed. His monument, surmounted by the sculptured effigy of a priest in his sacerdotal robes, is still to be seen there, attracting the admiration of the traveller by the beauty of its execution. The banners taken from Gonzalo Pizarro on the field of Xaquixaguana were suspended over his tomb, as the trophies of his memorable mission to Peru.³⁹ The banners have long since mouldered into dust, with the remains of him who slept beneath them; but the memory of his good deeds will endure for ever.⁴⁰

Gasca was plain in person, and his countenance was far from comely. He was awkward and ill proportioned; for his limbs were too long for his body,—so that when he rode he appeared to be much shorter than he really was.⁴¹ His dress was humble, his manners simple, and there was nothing imposing in his presence. But, on a nearer intercourse, there was a charm in his discourse that effaced every unfavourable impression produced by his exterior, and won the hearts of his hearers.

The president's character may be thought to have been sufficiently portrayed in the history already given of his life. It presented a combination of qualities which generally serve to neutralize each other, but which were mixed in such proportions in him as to give it additional strength. He was gentle, yet resolute; by nature intrepid, yet preferring to rely on the softer arts of policy. He was frugal in his personal expenditure, and economical in the public, yet caring nothing for riches on his own account, and never stinting his bounty when the public good required it. He was benevolent and placable, yet could deal sternly with the impenitent offender; lowly in his deportment, yet with

³⁸ I have met with no account of the year in which Gasca was born; but an inscription on his portrait in the sacristy of St. Mary Magdalene at Valladolid, from which the engraving prefixed to this volume is taken, states that he died in 1567, at the age of seventy-one. This is perfectly consistent with the time of life at which he had probably arrived when we find him a collegiate at Salamanca, in the year 1522.

³⁹ "Murió en Valladolid, donde mandó enterrar su cuerpo en la Iglesia de la advocacion de la Magdalena, que hizo edificar en aquella ciudad, donde se pusieron las vanderas que ganó á Gonzalo Pizarro." MS. de Caravantes.

⁴⁰ The memory of his achievements has not been left entirely to the care of the historian. It is but a few years since the character and administration of Gasca formed the subject of an elaborate panegyric from one of the

most distinguished statesmen in the British parliament. (See Lord Brougham's speech on the maltreatment of the North American colonies, February, 1838.) The enlightened Spaniard of our day, who contemplates with sorrow the excesses committed by his countrymen of the sixteenth century in the New World, may feel an honest pride that in this company of dark spirits should be found one to whom the present generation may turn as to the brightest model of integrity and wisdom.

⁴¹ "Era muy pequeño de cuerpo con estraña hechura, que de la cintura abaxo tenia tanto cuerpo, como qualquiera hombre alto, y de la cintura al hombro no tenia una tercia. Andando a cavallo parecia a un mas pequeño de lo que era, porque todo era piernas: de rostro era muy feo; pero lo que la naturaleza le nego de las dotes del cuerpo, se los dobló en los del animo." Garcilasso, Com. Real., Parte 2, lib. 5, cap. 2.

a full measure of that self-respect which springs from conscious rectitude of purpose ; modest and unpretending, yet not shrinking from the most difficult enterprises ; deferring greatly to others, yet, in the last resort, relying mainly on himself ; moving with deliberation,—patiently waiting his time,—but, when that came, bold, prompt, and decisive.

Gasca was not a man of genius, in the vulgar sense of that term. At least, no one of his intellectual powers seemed to have received an extraordinary development, beyond what is found in others. He was not a great writer, nor a great orator, nor a great general. He did not affect to be either. He committed the care of his military matters to military men ; of ecclesiastical, to the clergy ; and his civil and judicial concerns he reposed on the members of the Audience. He was not one of those little great men who aspire to do everything themselves, under the conviction that nothing can be done so well by others. But the president was a keen judge of character. Whatever might be the office, he selected the best man for it. He did more. He assured himself of the fidelity of his agents, presided at their deliberations, dictated a general line of policy, and thus infused a spirit of unity into their plans which made all move in concert to the accomplishment of one grand result.

A distinguishing feature of his mind was his common sense,—the best substitute for genius in a ruler who has the destinies of his fellow-men at his disposal, and more indispensable than genius itself. In Gasca the different qualities were blended in such harmony that there was no room for excess. They seemed to regulate each other. While his sympathy with mankind taught him the nature of their wants, his reason suggested to what extent these were capable of relief, as well as the best mode of effecting it. He did not waste his strength on illusory schemes of benevolence, like Las Casas, on the one hand ; nor did he countenance the selfish policy of the colonists, on the other. He aimed at the practicable,—the greatest good practicable.

In accomplishing his objects, he disclaimed force equally with fraud. He trusted for success to his power over the convictions of his hearers ; and the source of this power was the confidence he inspired in his own integrity. Amidst all the calumnies of faction, no imputation was ever cast on the integrity of Gasca.⁴² No wonder that a virtue so rare should be of high price in Peru.

There are some men whose characters have been so wonderfully adapted to the peculiar crisis in which they appeared that they seem to have been specially designed for it by Providence. Such was Washington in our own country, and Gasca in Peru. We can conceive of individuals with higher qualities, at least with higher intellectual qualities, than belonged to either of these great men. But it was the wonderful conformity of their characters to the exigencies of their situation, the perfect adaptation of the means to the end, that constituted the secret of their success,—that enabled Gasca so gloriously to crush revolution, and Washington still more gloriously to achieve it.

Gasca's conduct on his first coming to the colonies affords the best illustration of his character. Had he come backed by a military array, or even clothed in the paraphernalia of authority, every heart and hand would have been closed against him. But the humble ecclesiastic excited no apprehension ; and his enemies were already disarmed before he had begun his ap-

⁴² "Fue tan recatado y estremado en esta virtud, que puesto que de muchos quedó mal quisto, quando del Perú se partió para España, por el repartimiento que hizo: con

todo esso, jamas nadie dixo del, ni sospechó; que en esto, ni otra cosa, se vulesse mouido por codicia." Fernandez, Hist. del Peru, Parte 1, lib. 2, cap. 95.

proaches. Had Gasca, impatient of Hinojosa's tardiness, listened to the suggestions of those who advised his seizure, he would have brought his cause into jeopardy by this early display of violence. But he wisely chose to win over his enemy by operating on his conviction.

In like manner, he awaited his time for making his entry into Peru. He suffered his communications to do their work in the minds of the people, and was careful not to thrust in the sickle before the harvest was ripe. In this way, wherever he went, everything was prepared for his coming; and when he set foot in Peru the country was already his own.

After the dark and turbulent spirits with which we have been hitherto occupied, it is refreshing to dwell on a character like that of Gasca. In the long procession which has passed in review before us, we have seen only the mail-clad cavalier, brandishing his bloody lance and mounted on his war-horse, riding over the helpless natives or battling with his own friends and brothers; fierce, arrogant, and cruel, urged on by the lust of gold or the scarcely more honourable love of a bastard glory. Mingled with these qualities, indeed, we have seen sparkles of the chivalrous and romantic temper which belongs to the heroic age of Spain. But, with some honourable exceptions, it was the scum of her chivalry that resorted to Peru and took service under the banner of the Pizarros. At the close of this long array of iron warriors we behold the poor and humble missionary coming into the land on an errand of mercy and everywhere proclaiming the glad tidings of peace. Nor warlike trumpet heralds his approach, nor is his course to be tracked by the groans of the wounded and the dying. The means he employs are in perfect harmony with his end. His weapons are argument and mild persuasion. It is the reason he would conquer, not the body. He wins his way by conviction, not by violence. It is a moral victory to which he aspires, more potent, and happily more permanent, than that of the blood-stained conqueror. As he thus calmly and imperceptibly, as it were, comes to his great results, he may remind us of the slow, insensible manner in which Nature works out her great changes in the material world, that are to endure when the ravages of the hurricane are passed away and forgotten.

With the mission of Gasca terminates the history of the Conquest of Peru. The Conquest, indeed, strictly terminates with the suppression of the Peruvian revolt, when the strength, if not the spirit, of the Inca race was crushed for ever. The reader, however, might feel a natural curiosity to follow to its close the fate of the remarkable family who achieved the Conquest. Nor would the story of the invasion itself be complete without some account of the civil wars which grew out of it; which serve, moreover, as a moral commentary on preceding events, by showing that the indulgence of fierce, unbridled passions is sure to recoil, sooner or later, even in this life, on the heads of the guilty.

It is true, indeed, that the troubles of the country were renewed on the departure of Gasca. The waters had been too fearfully agitated to be stilled at once into a calm; but they gradually subsided under the temperate rule of his successors, who wisely profited by his policy and example. Thus the influence of the good president remained after he was withdrawn from the scene of his labours, and Peru, hitherto so distracted, continued to enjoy as large a share of repose as any portion of the colonial empire of Spain. With the benevolent mission of Gasca, then, the historian of the Conquest may be permitted to terminate his labours,—with feelings not unlike those of the traveller who, having long journeyed among the dreary forests and dangerous defiles of the mountains, at length emerges on some pleasant landscape smiling in tranquillity and peace.

Augustin de Zarate—a highly respectable authority, frequently cited in the later portion of this work—was *Contador de Mercedes*, Comptroller of Accounts, for Castile. This office he filled for fifteen years; after which he was sent by the government to Peru to examine into the state of the colonial finances, which had been greatly deranged by the recent troubles, and to bring them, if possible, into order.

Zarate went out accordingly in the train of the viceroy Blasco Nuñez, and found himself, through the passions of his imprudent leader, entangled, soon after his arrival, in the inextricable meshes of civil discord. In the struggle which ensued, he remained with the Royal Audience; and we find him in Lima, on the approach of Gonzalo Pizarro to that capital, when Zarate was deputed by the judges to wait on the insurgent chief and require him to disband his troops and withdraw to his own estates. The historian executed the mission, for which he seems to have had little relish, and which certainly was not without danger. From this period we rarely hear of him in the troubled scenes that ensued. He probably took no further part in affairs than was absolutely forced on him by circumstances; but the unfavourable bearing of his remarks on Gonzalo Pizarro intimates that, however he may have been discontented with the conduct of the viceroy, he did not countenance for a moment the criminal ambition of his rival. The times were certainly unpropitious to the execution of the financial reforms for which Zarate had come to Peru. But he showed so much real devotion to the interests of the crown that the emperor, on his return, signified his satisfaction by making him Superintendent of the Finances in Flanders.

Soon after his arrival in Peru he seems to have conceived the idea of making his countrymen at home acquainted with the stirring events passing in the colony, which, moreover, afforded some striking passages for the study of the historian. Although he collected notes and diaries, as he tells us, for this purpose, he did not dare to avail himself of them till his return to Castile. "For to have begun the history in Peru," he says, "would have alone been enough to put my life in jeopardy; since a certain commander, named Francisco de Carbajal, threatened to take vengeance on any one who should be so rash as to attempt the relation of his exploits,—far less deserving, as they were, to be placed on record than to be consigned to eternal oblivion." In this same commander the reader will readily recognize the veteran lieutenant of Gonzalo Pizarro.

On his return home, Zarate set about the compilation of his work. His first purpose was to confine it to the events that followed the arrival of Blasco Nuñez; but he soon found that to make these intelligible he must trace the stream of history higher up towards its sources. He accordingly enlarged his plan,

and, beginning with the discovery of Peru, gave an entire view of the conquest and subsequent occupation of the country, bringing the narrative down to the close of Gasca's mission. For the earlier portion of the story he relied on the accounts of persons who took a leading part in the events. He disposes more summarily of this portion than of that in which he himself was both a spectator and an actor; where his testimony, considering the advantages his position gave him for information, is of the highest value.

Alcedo, in his *Biblioteca Americana*, MS., speaks of Zarate's work as "containing much that is good, but as not entitled to the praise of exactness." He wrote under the influence of party heat, which necessarily operates to warp the fairest mind somewhat from its natural bent. For this we must make allowance in perusing accounts of conflicting parties. But there is no intention, apparently, to turn the truth aside in support of his own cause; and his access to the best sources of knowledge often supplies us with particulars not within the reach of other chroniclers. His narrative is seasoned, moreover, with sensible reflections and passing comments, that open gleams of light into the dark passages of that eventful period. Yet the style of the author can make but moderate pretensions to the praise of elegance or exactness; while the sentences run into that tedious, interminable length which belongs to the garrulous compositions of the regular thoroughbred chronicler of the olden time.

The personalities necessarily incident more or less to such a work led its author to shrink from publication, at least during his life. By the jealous spirit of the Castilian cavalier, "censure," he says, "however light is regarded with indignation, and even praise is rarely dealt out in a measure satisfactory to the subject of it." And he expresses his conviction that those do wisely who allow their accounts of their own times to repose in the quiet security of manuscript till the generation that is to be affected by them has passed away. His own manuscript, however, was submitted to the emperor; and it received such commendation from this royal authority that Zarate, plucking up a more courageous spirit, consented to give it to the press. It accordingly appeared at Antwerp, in 1555, in octavo; and a second edition was printed in folio, at Seville, in 1577. It has since been incorporated in Barcia's valuable collection; and, whatever indignation or displeasure it may have excited among contemporaries, who smarted under the author's censure or felt themselves defrauded of their legitimate guerdon, Zarate's work has taken a permanent rank among the most respectable authorities for a history of the time.

The name of Zarate naturally suggests that of Fernandez, for both were labourers in the same field of history. Diego Fernandez de Palencia, or *Palentino*, as he is usually called, from the place of his birth, came over to Peru

and served as a private in the royal army raised to quell the insurrections that broke out after Gasca's return to Castile. Amidst his military occupations he found leisure to collect materials for a history of the period, to which he was further urged by the viceroy, Mendoza, Marqués de Cañete, who bestowed on him, as he tells us, the post of Chronicler of Peru. This mark of confidence in his literary capacity intimates higher attainments in Fernandez than might be inferred from the humble station that he occupied. With the fruits of his researches the soldier-chronicler returned to Spain, and, after a time, completed his narrative of the insurrection of Giron.

The manuscript was seen by the President of the Council of the Indies, and he was so much pleased with its execution that he urged the author to write the account, in like manner, of Gonzalo Pizarro's rebellion and of the administration of Gasca. The historian was further stimulated, as he mentions in his dedication to Philip the Second, by the promise of a guerdon from that monarch on the completion of his labours,—a very proper as well as politic promise, but which inevitably suggests the idea of an influence not altogether favourable to severe historic impartiality. Nor will such an inference be found altogether at variance with truth; for, while the narrative of Fernandez studiously exhibits the royal cause in the most favourable aspect to the reader, it does scanty justice to the claims of the opposite party. It would not be meet, indeed, that an apology for rebellion should be found in the pages of a royal pensioner; but there are always mitigating circumstances, which, however we may condemn the guilt, may serve to lessen our indignation towards the guilty. These circumstances are not to be found in the pages of Fernandez. It is unfortunate for the historian of such events that it is so difficult to find one disposed to do even justice to the claims of the unsuccessful rebel. Yet the Inca Garcilasso has not shrunk from this, in

the case of Gonzalo Pizarro; and even Gomara, though living under the shadow, or rather in the sunshine, of the court, has occasionally ventured a generous protest in his behalf.

The countenance thus afforded to Fernandez from the highest quarter opened to him the best fountains of intelligence,—at least, on the government side of the quarrel. Besides personal communication with the royalist leaders, he had access to their correspondence, diaries, and official documents. He industriously profited by his opportunities; and his narrative, taking up the story of the rebellion from its birth, continues it to its final extinction and the end of Gasca's administration. Thus the First Part of his work, as it was now called, was brought down to the commencement of the Second, and the whole presented a complete picture of the distractions of the nation, till a new order of things was introduced, and tranquillity was permanently established throughout the country.

The diction is sufficiently plain, not aspiring to rhetorical beauties beyond the reach of its author and out of keeping with the simple character of a chronicle. The sentences are arranged with more art than in most of the unwieldy compositions of the time; and, while there is no attempt at erudition or philosophic speculation, the current of events flows on in an orderly manner, tolerably prolix, it is true, but leaving a clear and intelligible impression on the mind of the reader. No history of that period compares with it in the copiousness of its details; and it has accordingly been resorted to by later compilers as an inexhaustible reservoir for the supply of their own pages; a circumstance that may be thought of itself to bear no slight testimony to the general fidelity, as well as fulness, of the narrative. The Chronicle of Fernandez, thus arranged in two parts, under the general title of *Historia del Peru*, was given to the world in the author's lifetime, at Seville, in 1571, in one volume, folio, being the edition used in the preparation of this work.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—*1843.*

REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIRST ATTEMPTED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH.

The original manuscript, which was copied for Lord Kingsborough's private collection, is in the library of the British Museum.

APPENDIX.

No. II.—*1843.*

REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE SECOND ATTEMPTED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH, AS REVISED BY THE TRANSLATORS.

This is the second of two volumes, and contains the original manuscript of the second attempt at the translation of the Bible into English, as revised by the translators.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—See p. 14.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROYAL PROGRESSES OF THE INCAS; EXTRACTED FROM SARMIENTO'S RELACION, MS.

[The original manuscript, which was copied for Lord Kingsborough's valuable collection, is in the Library of the Escorial.]

Quando en tiempo de paz salian los Yngas a visitar su Reyno, cuentan que iban por el con gran majestad sentados en ricas andas armadas sobre unos palos lisos largos, de manera excelente, engastadas en oro y argenteria, y de las andas salian dos arcos altos hechos de oro, engastados en piedras preciosas: calan unas mantas algo largas por todas las andas, de tal manera que las cubrian todas, y sino era queriendo el que iba dentro, no podia ser visto, ni alzaban las mantas si no era cuando entraba y salia, tanta era su estimacion; y para que le entrase aire, y el pudiese ver el camino, havia en las mantas hechos algunos agujeros hechos por todas partes. En estas andas havia riqueza, y en algunas estaba esculpido el Sol y la luna, y en otras unas culebras grandes ondados y unos como bastones que las atravesaban. Esto trahian por encima por armas, y estas andas las llevaban en ombros de los Señores, los mayores y mas principales del Reyno, y aquel que mas con ellas andaba, aquel se tenia por mas onrado y por mas favorecido. En rededor de las andas, a la fla, iba la guardia del Rey con los arqueros y alabarderos, y delante iban cinco mil honderos, y detras venian otros tantos Lanceros con sus Capitanes, y por los lados del camino y por el mesmo camino iban corredores fides, descubriendo lo que havia, y avisando la ida del Señor; y acudia tanta gente por lo ver, que parecia que todos los cerros y laderas estaba lleno de ella y todos le davan las vendiciones, alzando alaridos, y grita grande á su usanza, llamandole, *Ancha atunapo indichiri campá capalla apatuco pacha camba bolla Yulley*, que en nuestra lengua dirá "Muy grande y poderoso Señor, hijo del Sol, tu solo eres Señor, todo el mundo te oya en verdad," y sin esto le decian otras cosas mas altas, tanto que poco faltaba para le adorar por Dios. Todo el camino iban Yndios limpiandolo, de tal manera que ni yerba ni piedra no parecia, sino todo limpio y barrido. Andaba cada dia cuatro leguas, o lo que el queria, paraba lo que era servido, para entender el estado de su Reyno, oia alegremente á los que con quejas le venian, remediando, y castigando a quien hacia injusticias; los que con ellos iban no se desmandaban a nada ni salian un paso del camino. Los naturales proveian a lo necesario, sin lo cual lo havia tan cumplido en los depositos, que sobraba, y ninguna cosa faltaba. Por donde iba, salian muchos hombres y mujeres y muchachos a servir personalmente en lo que les era mandado, y para llevar las cargas, los de un pueblo las llevaban hasta otro, de donde los unos las tomaban y los otros las dejaban, y como era un dia, y cuando mucho dos, no lo sentian, ni de ello recibian agravio ninguno. Pues yendo el Señor de esta manera, caminaba por su tierra el tiempo que le placia, viendo por sus ojos lo que pasaba, y proveyendo lo que entendia que convenia, que todo era cosas grandes e importantes; lo cual hecho, daba la buelta al Cuzco, principal Ciudad de todo su imperio.

No. II.—See p. 30.

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT ROAD MADE BY THE INCAS OVER THE PLATEAU, FROM QUITO TO CUZCO; EXTRACTED FROM SARMIENTO'S RELACION, MS.

Una de las cosas de que yo mas me admiré, contemplando y notando las cosas de estos Reynos, fue pensar como y de que manera se pudieron hacer caminos tan grandes y sovervios como por el vemos, y que fuerzas de hombres bastaran á lo hacer, y con que herramientas y

instrumentos pudieron allanar los montes y quebrantar las peñas para hacerlos tan anchos y buenos como estan; por que me parece que si el Emperador quisiese mandar hacer otro camino Real como el que bá del Quito al Cuzco ó sale del Cuzco para ir á Chile, ciertam^{te} creo, con todo su poder, para ello no fuese poderoso, ni fuerzas de hombres lo pudiesen hacer, sino fuese con la orden tan grande que para ello los Yngas mandaron que hubiese: por que si fuera Camino de cinquenta leguas, ó de ciento, ó de doscientas, es de creer que aunque la tierra fuera mas aspera, no se tubiera en mucho con buena diligencia hacerlo; mas estos eran tan largos que havia alguno que tenia mas de mil y cien leguas, todo bechado por sierras tan grandes y espantosas que por algunas partes mirando abajo se quitaba la vista, y algunas de estas Sierras derechas y llenas de piedras, tanto que era menester cavar por las laderas en Peña viva para hacer el camino ancho y llano, todo lo qual hacian con fuego y con sus picos; por otras lugares havia subidas tan altas y asperas, que hacian desde lo bajo escalones para poder subir por ellos á lo mas alto, haciendo entre medias de ellos algunos descansos anchos para el reposo de la gente; en otros lugares havia montones de nieve que eran mas de temer, y estos no en un lugar sino en muchas partes, y no así como quiera sino que no bá ponderado ni encarecido como ello és, ni como lo vemos, y por estas nieves y por donde havia montañas, de arboles y cespedes lo hacian llano a empedrado si menester fuese. Los que leyeren este Libro y hubieren estado en el Peru, miren el Camino que bá desde Lima á Xauxa por las Sierras tan asperas de Guayaquire y por las montañas nevadas de Pavacaca, y entenderán los que á ellos lo oyeren si es mas lo que ellos vieren que no lo que yo escribo.

No. III.—See p. 36.

POLICY OBSERVED BY THE INCAS IN THEIR CONQUESTS; TAKEN FROM SARMIENTO'S RELACION, MS.

Una de las cosas de que mas se tiene embidia á estos Señores, és entender quan bien supieron conquistar tan grandes tierras y ponerlas con su prudencia en tanta razon como los Españoles las hallaron quando por ellos fué descubierto este Reyno, y de que esto sea así muchas vezes me acuerdo yo estando en alguna Provincia indomita fuera de estos Reynos oír luego á los mesmos Españoles yo aseguro que si los Yngas anduvieran por aquí que otra cosa fuera esto, es decir no conquistaran los Yngas esto como lo otro porque supieran servir y tributar, por manera que quanto á esto, conocida está la ventaja que nos hacen pues con su orden las gentes vivian con ella y crecian en multiplicacion, y de las Provincias esteriles hacian fertiles y abundantes en tanta manera y por tan galana orden como se dirá, siempre procuraron de hacer por bien las cosas y no por mal en el comienzo de los negocios, despues algunos Yngas hicieron grandes castigos en muchas partes, pero antes todos afirman que fue grande con la benevolencia y amicia que procuraban el atraer á su servicio estas gentes, ellos salian del Cuzco con su gente y aparato de guerra y caminaban con gran concierto hasta cerca de donde havian de ir, y querian conquistar, donde muy bastantemente se informaban del poder que tenían los enemigos y de las ayudas que podrían tener y de que parte les podrian venir favores y por que Camino, y esto entendido por ellos, procuraban por las vias á ellos posibles estorvar que no fuesen socorridos ora con dones grandes que hacian ora con resistencias que ponian, entendiendo sin esto de mandar hacer sus fuertes, los quales eran en Cerro ó ladera bechos en ellos ciertas Cercas altas y largas, con su puerta cada una, porque perdida la una pudiesen pasarse a la otra y de la otra hasta lo mas alto, y embiaban esanchas de los Confederados para marcar la tierra y ver los caminos y conocer del arte q^e estaban aguardando y por donde havia mas mantenimiento, sabiendo por el camino que havian de llevar y la orden con que havian de ir, embiaba mensageros propios con los quales les embiaba á decir, que él los queria tener por parientes y aliados, por tanto que con buen animo y corazon alegre se saliesen á lo recibir y recibirlo en su Provincia, para que en ella le sea dada la obediencia como en las demas, y porq^e lo hagan con voluntad, embiaba presentes á los Señores naturales, y con esto y con otras buenas maneras que tenía entraron en muchas tierras sin guerra, en las quales mandaban á la gente de guerra que con él iba que no hiciesen daño ni injuria ninguna ni robo ni fuerza, y si en tal Provincia no havia mantenimiento mandaba que de otra parte se proveyesse, porque á los nuebamente venidos á su servicio no les pareciese desde luego pesado su mando y conocimiento, y el conocerle y aborrecerle fuese en un tiempo, y si en alguna de estas Provincias no havia ganado mandaba luego que les diese por quenta tantas mil Cavezas, lo qual mandaban que mirasen mucho y con ello multiplicasen para probarse de Lana para sus Ropas, y que no fuesen osados de comer ni matar ninguna cria por los años y tiempo que les señalaba, y si havia ganado y tenían de otra cosa falta era lo mismo, y si estaban en Collados y arenales bien les hacian entender con buenas palabras que hiciesen Pueblos y Casas en lo mas llano de las Sierras y laderas, y como muchos no eran diestros en cultivar las tierras abecavales como lo havian de hacer imponiendoles en que supiesen sacar acequias y regar con ellas los Campos, en todo los havian de proveer tan concertadamente que quando entraba por amistad alguno de los Yngas en

Provincias de estas, en breve tiempo quedaba tal que parecia otra y los naturales le daban la obediencia consintiendo que sus delegados quedasen en ellos, y lo mismo los Mitimaes; en otras muchas que entraron de guerra y por fuerza de armas mandabase que en los mantenimientos y Casas de los enemigos se hiciese poco daño, diciendoles el Señor, presto serán estos nuestros como los que ya lo son; como esto tenían conocido, procuraban q̄ la guerra fuese la mas liviana que ser pudiese, no embargante que en muchos lugares se dieron grandes batallas, porque todavia los naturales de ellos querian conservarse en la libertad antigua sin perder sus costumbres y Religion por tomar otras estrañas, mas durando la guerra siempre havian los Yngas lo mejor, y vencidos no los destruian de nuebo, antes mandaban restituir los Presos si algunos havia y el despojo y ponerlos en posesion de sus haciendas y señorío, amonestandoles que no quieran ser locos en tener contra su Persona Real competencias ni dejar su amistad, antes querian ser sus amigos como lo son los Comarcanos suyos, y diciendoles esto, dabanles algunas mugeres hermosas y presas ricas de Lana ó de metal de oro, con estas dadas y buenas palabras havia las voluntades de todos, de tal manera que sin ningun temor los huidos á los montes se bolvian á sus Casas y todos dejaban las armas y el que mas veces veia al Ynga se tenia por mas bien aventurado y dichoso. Los señorios nunca los tiraban á los naturales, á todos mandaban unos y otros que por Dios adorasen el Sol; sus demas religiones y costumbres no se las prohibian, pero mandabanles que se govasen por las Leyes y costumbres que se gobernaban en el Cuzco y que todos hablasen en la Lengua general, y puesto Gobernador por el Señor con guarniciones de gente de guerra, parten para lo de adelante; y si estas Provincias eran grandes, luego se entendia en edificar un Templo del Sol y colocar las mugeres que ponian en los demas y hacer Palacios para los Señores, y cobraban para los tributos que havian de pagar sin llevarles nada demasiado ni agraviarles en cosa ninguna, encaminandoles en su policia y en que supiesen hacer edificios y traer ropas largas y vivir concertadamente en sus Pueblos, á los quales si algo les faltaba de que tubiesen necesidad eran provehidos y enseñados como lo havian de sembrar y beneficiar, de tal manera se hacia esto que sabemos en muchos Lugares que no havia maiz tenello despues sobrado, y en todo lo demas andaban como salvages mal vestidos y descalsos, y desde que conocieron á estos Señores usaron de Camisetas lares y mantas y las mugeres lo mismo y de otras buenas cosas, tanto que para siempre habra memoria de todo ello; y en el Collao y en otras partes mandó pasar Mitimaes á la Sierra de los Andes para que sembrasen maiz y coca y otras frutas y raizes de todos los Pueblos la cantidad combeniente, los quales con sus mugeres vivian siempre en aquella parte donde sembraban y cogian tanto de lo que digo que se sentia poco la falta por traer mucho de estas partes y no haver Pueblo ninguno por pequeño que fuese que no tubiese de estos Mitimaes. Adelante trataremos quantas suertes havia de estos Mitimaes y hacia los unos y entendian los otros.

No. IV.—See p. 76.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF MANCIO SIERRA LEJESEMA, MS.

[The following is the preamble of the testament of a soldier of the Conquest, named Lejesema. It is in the nature of a death-bed confession, and seems intended to relieve the writer's mind, who sought to expiate his own sins by this sincere though tardy tribute to the merits of the vanquished. As the work in which it appears is rarely to be met with, I have extracted the whole of the preamble.]

Verdadera confesion y protestacion en artículo de muerte hecha por uno de los primeros españoles conquistadores del Peru, nombrado Mancio Sierra Lejesema, con su testamento otorgado en la ciudad del Cuzco el dia 15 de Setiembre de 1539 ante Geronimo Sanchez de Quesada escribano publico: lo qual la trae el P. Fr. Antonio Calancha del orden de Hermanos de San Agustin en la cronica de su religion en el lib. 1, cap. 15, folio 98, y es del tenor siguiente:

"Primeramente antes de empezar dicho mi testamento, declaro que ha muchos años que yo he deseado tener orden de advertir á la Católica Majestad del Rey Don Felipe, nuestro Señor, viendo cuan católico y cristianísimo es, y cuan zeloso del servicio de Dios nuestro Señor, por lo que toca al descargo de mi anima, á causa de haber sido yo mucho parte en descubrimiento, conquista, y poblacion de estos Reynos, quando los quitamos á los que eran Señores Yngas, y los poseian, y regian como suyos propios, y los pusimos debajo de la real corona, que entienda su Majestad Católica que los dichos Yngas los tenian gobernados de tal manera, que en todos ellos no havia un Ladron ni hombre vicioso, ni hombre holgazán, ni una muger adúltera ni mala; ni se permitia entre ellos ni gente de mal vivir en lo moral; que los hombres tenian sus

ocupaciones honestas y provechosas; y que los montes y minas, pastos, caza y madera, y todo genero de aprovechamientos estaba gobernado y repartido de suerte que cada uno conocia y tenia su hacienda sin que otro ninguno se la ocupase ò tomase, ni sobre ello habian pleytos; y que las cosas de guerra, aunque eran muchas, no impedian à las del Comercio, ni estas à las cosas de labranza, ò cultivar de las tierras, ni otra cosa alguna, y que en todo, desde lo mayor hasta lo mas menudo, tenia su orden y concierto con mucho acierto; y que los Ingas eran tenidos y obedidos y respetados de sus subditos como gente muy capaz y de mucho Gobierno, y que lo mismo eran sus Gobernadores y Capitanes, y que como en estos hallamos la fuerza y el mando y la resistencia para poderlos sugetar é oprimir al servicio de Dios nuestro Señor y quitarles su tierra y ponerla debaxo de la real corona, fue necesario quitarles totalmente el poder y mando y los bienes, como se los quitamos à fuerza de armas: y que mediante haberlo permitido Dios nuestro Señor nos fue posible sugetar este reyno de tanta multitud de gente y riqueza, y de Señores los hicimos Siervos tan sujetos, como se ve: y que entienda su Magestad que el intento que me mueve à hacer esta relacion, es por descargo de mi conciencia, y por hallarme culpado en ello, pues habemos destruido con nuestro mal exemplo gente de tanto gobierno como eran estos naturales, y tan quitados de cometer delitos ni excesos así hombres como mugeres, tanto por el Indio que tenia cien mil pesos de oro y plata en su casa, y otros indios dejaban abierta y puesta una escoba ò un palo pequeño atravesado en la puerta para señal de que no estaba allí su dueño, y con esto segun su costumbre no podia entrar nadie adentro, ni tomar cosa de las que allí habia, y cuando ellos vieron que nosotros poniamos puertas y llaves en nuestras casas entendieron que era de miedo de ellos, porque no nos matasen, pero no porque creyesen que ninguno tomase ni hurtase à otro su hacienda; y así cuando vieron que habia entre nosotros ladrones, y hombres que incitaban à pecado à sus mugeres y hijas nos tubieron en poco, y han venido à tal rotura en ofensa de Dios estos naturales por el mal exemplo que les hemos dado en todo, que aquel extremo de no hacer cosa mala se ha convertido en que hoy ninguna ò pocas hacen buenas, y requieren remedio, y esto toca à su Magestad, para que descargue su conciencia, y se lo advierte, pues no soy parte para mas; y con esto suplico à mi Dios me perdone; y mueveme à decirlo porque soy el postrero que mueve de todos los descubridores y conquistadores, que como es notorio ya no hay ninguno, sino yo solo en este reyno, ni fuera de el, y con esto hago lo que puedo para descargo de mi conciencia."

No. V.—See p. 102.

TRANSLATION FROM OVIEDO'S HISTORIA GENERAL DE LAS INDIAS, MS., PARTE II., CAP. 23.

[This chapter of the gossiping old chronicler describes a conversation between the governor of Tierra Firme and Almagro, at which the writer was present. It is told with much spirit, and is altogether so curious, from the light it throws on the characters of the parties, that I have thought the following translation, which has been prepared for me, might not be uninteresting to the English reader.]

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN ALMAGRO AND PEDRARIAS, IN WHICH THE LATTER RELINQUISHES HIS SHARE OF THE PROFITS ARISING FROM THE DISCOVERY OF PERU. TRANSLATED FROM OVIEDO, HISTORIA GENERAL, MS., PARTE II., CAP. 23.

In February, 1527, I had some accounts to settle with Pedrarias, and was frequently at his house for the purpose. While there one day, Almagro came in and said to him, "Your Excellency is of course aware that you contracted with Francisco Pizarro, Don Fernando de Luque, the schoolmaster, and myself, to fit out an expedition for the discovery of Peru. You have contributed nothing for the enterprise, while we have sunk both fortune and credit; for our expenses have already amounted to about fifteen thousand *castellanos de oro*. Pizarro and his followers are now in the greatest distress, and require a supply of provisions, with a reinforcement of brave recruits. Unless these are promptly raised, we shall be wholly ruined, and our glorious enterprise, from which the most brilliant results have been justly anticipated, will fall to the ground. An exact account will be kept of our expenses, that each may share the profits of the discovery in proportion to the amount of his contribution towards the outfit. You have connected yourself with us in the adventure, and, from the terms of our contract, have no right to waste our time and involve us in ruin. But if you no longer wish to be a member of the partnership, pay down your share of what has already been advanced, and leave the affair to us."

To this proposal Pedrarias replied with indignation, "One would really think, from the lofty

tone you take, that my power was at an end; but, if I have not been degraded from my office, you shall be punished for your insolence. You shall be made to answer for the lives of the Christians who have perished through Pizarro's obstinacy and your own. A day of reckoning will come for all these disturbances and murders, as you shall see, and that before you leave Panamá."

"I grant," returned Almagro, "that, as there is an almighty Judge, before whose tribunal we must appear, it is proper that all should render account of the living as well as the dead. And, sir, I shall not shrink from doing so, when I have received an account from you, to be immediately sent to Pizarro, of the gratituda which our sovereign, the emperor, has been pleased to express for our services. Pay, if you wish to enjoy the fruits of this enterprise; for you neither sweat nor toil for them, and have not contributed even a third of the sum you promised when the contract was drawn up,—your whole expediture not exceeding two or three paltry *pesos*. But if you prefer to leave the partnership at once, we will remit one-half of what you owe us, for our past outlays."

Pedrarías, with a bitter smile, replied, "It would not ruin you if you were to give me four thousand *pesos* to dissolve our connection."

"To forward so happy an event," said Almagro, "we will release you from your whole debt, although it may prove our ruin; but we will trust our fortunes in the hand of God."

Although Pedrarías found himself relieved from the debt incurred for the outfit of the expedition, which could not be less than four or five thousand *pesos*, he was not satisfied, but asked, "What more will you give me?"

Almagro, much chagrined, said, "I will give three hundred *pesos*, though I swear by God I have not so much money in the world; but I will borrow it to be rid of such an incubus."

"You must give me two thousand."

"Five hundred is the most I will offer."

"You must pay me more than a thousand."

"A thousand *pesos*, then," cried the captain in a rage, "I will give you, though I do not own them; but I will find sufficient security for their future payment."

Pedrarías declared himself satisfied with this arrangement; and a contract was accordingly drawn up, in which it was agreed that, on the receipt of a thousand *pesos*, the governor should abandon the partnership and give up his share in the profits of the expedition. I was one of the witnesses who signed this instrument, in which Pedrarías released and assigned over all his interest in Peru to Almagro and his associates,—by this act deserting the enterprise, and, by his littleness of soul, forfeiting the rich treasures which it is well known he might have acquired from the golden empire of the Incas.

No. VI.—See p. 104.

CONTRACT BETWEEN PIZARRO, ALMAGRO, AND LUQUE; EXTRACTED FROM MONTESINOS, ANNALES, MS., AÑO 1526.

[This memorable contract between three adventurers for the discovery and partition of an empire is to be found entire in the manuscript history of Montesinos, whose work derives more value from the insertion in it of this and of other original documents than from any merit of its own. This instrument, which may be considered as the basis of the operations of Pizarro, seems to form a necessary appendage to a history of the Conquest of Peru.]

En el nombre de la santísima Trinidad, Padre, Hijo y Espíritu-Santo, tres personas distintas y un solo Dios verdadero, y de la santísima Virgen nuestra Señora, hacemos esta compañía.—

Sepan quantos esta carta de compañía vieren como yo don Fernando de Luque, clérigo presbítero, vicario de la santa iglesia de Panamá, de la una parte; y de la otra el capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, vecinos que somos en esta ciudad de Panamá, decimos: que somos concertados y convenidos de hacer y formar compañía la cual sea firme y valedera para siempre jamas en esta manera:—Que por cuanto nos los dichos capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, tenemos licencia del señor gobernador Pedro Arias de Avila para descubrir y conquistar las tierras y provincias de los reinos llamados del Peru, que está, por noticia que hay, pasado el golfo y travesía del mar de la otra parte; y porque para hacer la dicha conquista y jornada y navios y gente y bastimento y otras cosas que son necesarias, no lo podemos hacer por no tener dinero y posibilidad tanta cuanta es menester: y vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque nos los dais porque esta compañía la hagamos por iguales partes: somos contentos y convenidos de que todos tres hermanablemente, sin que hagan de haber ventaja ninguna mas el uno que el

otro, ni el otro que el otro de todo lo que se descubriere, ganare y conquistare, y poblar en los dichos reinos y provincias del Perú. Y por cuanto vos el dicho D. Fernando de Luque nos disteis, y poneis de puesto por vuestra parte en esta dicha compañía para gastos de la armada y gente que se hace para la dicha jornada y conquista del dicho reino del Perú, veinte mil pesos en barras de oro y de á cuatrocientos y cincuenta maravedís el peso, los cuales los recibimos luego en las dichas barras de oro que pasaron de vuestro poder al nuestro en presencia del escribano de esta carta, que lo valió y monto; y yo Hernando del Castillo doy fé que los vide pesar los dichos veinte mil pesos en las dichas barras de oro y lo recibieron en mi presencia los dichos capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, y se dieron por contentos y pagados de ella. Y nos los dichos capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro ponemos de nuestra parte en esta dicha compañía la merced que tenemos del dicho señor gobernador, y que la dicha conquista y reino que descubriremos de la tierra del dicho Perú, que en nombre de S. M. nos ha hecho, y las demas mercedes que nos hiciere y acrecentare S. M., y los de su consejo de las Indias de aquí adelante, para que de todo goceis y hayais vuestra tercera parte, sin que en cosa alguna hayamos de tener mas parte cada uno de nos, el uno que el otro, sino que hayamos de todo ello partes iguales. Y mas ponemos en esta dicha compañía nuestras personas y el haber de hacer la dicha conquista y descubrimiento con asistir con ellas en la guerra todo el tiempo que se tardare en conquistar y ganar y poblar el dicho reino del Perú, sin que por ello hayamos de llevar ninguno ventaja y parte mas de la que vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque llevareis, que ha de ser por iguales partes todos tres, así de los aprovechamientos que con nuestras personas tuviéremos, y ventajas de las partes que nos cupieren en la guerra y en los despojos y ganancias y suertes que en la dicha tierra del Perú hubiéremos y gozaremos, y nos cupieren por cualquier vía y forma que sea, así á mí el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro como á mí Diego de Almagro, habeis de haber de todo ello, y es vuestro, y os lo daremos bien y fielmente, sin defraudaros en cosa alguna de ello, la tercera parte, porque desde ahora en lo que Dios nuestro Señor nos diere, decimos y confesamos que es vuestro y de vuestros herederos y sucesores, de quien en esta dicha compañía sucediere y lo hubiere de haber, en vuestro nombre se lo daremos, y le daremos cuenta de todo ello á vos, y á vuestros sucesores, quieta y pacíficamente, sin llevar mas parte cada uno de nos, que vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque, y quien vuestro poder hubiere y le perteneciere; y así de cualquier dictado y estado de señorío perpetuo, ó por tiempo señalado que S. M. nos hiciere merced en el dicho reino del Perú, así á mí el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro, ó á mí el dicho Diego de Almagro, ó á cualquiera de nos, sea vuestro el tercio de toda la renta y estado y vasallos que á cada uno de nos se nos diere y hiciere merced en cualquiera manera ó forma que sea en el dicho reino del Perú por vía de estado, ó renta, repartimiento de indios, situaciones, vasallos, señas señor y goceis de la tercia parte de ello como nosotros mismos, sin adición ni condición ninguna, y si la hubiere y alegáremos, yo el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, y en nuestros nombres nuestros herederos, que no seamos oídos en inicio ni fuera dél, y nos damos por condenados en todo y por todo como en esta escritura se contiene para lo pagar y que haya efecto; y yo el dicho D. Fernando de Luque bago la dicha compañía en la forma y manera que de suso está declarado, y doy los veinte mil pesos de buen oro para el dicho descubrimiento y conquista del dicho reino del Perú, á pérdida ó ganancia, como Dios nuestro Señor sea servido, y de lo sucedido en el dicho descubrimiento de la dicha gobernación y tierra, he yo de gozar y haber la tercera parte, y la otra tercera para el capitán Francisco Pizarro, y la otra tercera para Diego de Almagro, sin que el uno lleve mas que el otro, así de estado de señor, como de repartimiento de indios perpetuos, como de tierras y solares y heredades; como de tesoros, y escondijos encubiertos, como de cualquier riqueza ó aprovechamiento de oro, plata, perlas, esmeraldas, diamantes y rubies, y de cualquier estado y condición que sea, que los dichos capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro hayais y tengais en el dicho reino del Perú, me habeis de dar la tercera parte. Y nos el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro decimos que aceptamos la dicha compañía y la hacemos con el dicho don Fernando de Luque de la forma y manera que lo pide él, y lo declara para que todos por iguales partes hayamos en todo y por todo, así de estados perpetuos que S. M. nos hiciere mercedes en vasallos ó indios ó en otras cualesquiera rentas, goce el derecho don Fernando de Luque, y haya la dicha tercia parte de todo ello enteramente, y goce de ello como cosa suya desde el día que S. M. nos hiciere cualesquiera mercedes como dicho es. Y para mayor verdad y seguridad de esta escritura de compañía, y de todo lo en ella contenido, y que os acudieremos y pagaríamos nos los dichos capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro á vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque con la tercia parte de todo lo que se hubiere y descubriere, y nosotros hubiéremos por cualquiera vía y forma que sea; para mayor fuerza de que lo cumpliremos como en esta escritura se contiene, juramos á Dios nuestro Señor y á los Santos Evangelios donde mas largamente son escritos y estan en este libro Misal, donde pusieron sus manos el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, hicieron la señal de la cruz en semejanza de esta \dagger con sus dedos de la mano en presencia de mí el presente escribano, y dijeron que guardarán y cumplirán esta dicha compañía y escritura en todo y por todo, como en ello se contiene, sopena de infames y malos cristianos, y caer en caso de menos valer, y que Dios se lo demande mal y caramente; y dijeron el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, amen; y así lo juramos y le daremos el tercio de todo lo que descubriéremos y conquistáremos y pobláremos en el dicho reino y tierra del Perú, y que goce de ello como nuestras personas, de todo aquello en que

fuere nuestro y tuviéremos parte como dicho es en esta dicha escritura; y nos obligamos de acudir con ello á vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque, y á quien en vuestro nombre le pertenciere y hubiere de haber, y les daremos cuenta con pago de todo ello cada y cuando que se nos pidiere, hecho el dicho descubrimiento y conquista y poblacion del dicho reino y tierra del Perú; y prometemos que en la dicha conquista y descubrimiento nos ocuparemos y trabajaremos con nuestras personas sin ocuparnos en otra cosa hasta que se conquiste la tierra y se ganáre, y si no lo hiciéremos seamos castigados por todo rigor de justicia por infames y perjuros, seamos obligados á volver á vos el dicho don Fernando de Luque los dichos veinte mil pesos de oro que de vos recibimos. Y para lo cumplir y pagar y haber por firme todo lo en esta escritura contenido, cada uno por lo que le toca, renunciaron todas y cualesquier leyes y ordenamientos y pragmáticas, y otras cualesquier constituciones, ordenanzas que estén fechas en su favor, y cualesquiera de ellos para que aunque las pidan y aleguen, que no les valga. Y valga esta escritura dicha, y todo lo en ella contenido, y traiga aparejada y debida ejecucion así en sus personas como en sus bienes, muebles y raíces habidos y por haber; y para lo cumplir y pagar, cada uno por lo que le toca, obligaron sus personas y bienes habidos y por haber segun dicho es, y dieron poder cumplido á cualesquier justicias y jueces de S. M. para que por todo rigor y mas breve remedio de derecho les compelan y apremien á lo así cumplir y pagar, como si lo que dicho es fuese sentencia definitiva de juez competente pasada en cosa juzgada; y renunciaron cualesquier leyes y derechos que en su favor hablan, especialmente la ley que dice: Que general renunciacion de leyes no vala: Que es fecha en la ciudad de Panamá á diez días del mes de marzo, año del nacimiento de nuestro Salvador Jesu-cristo de mil quinientos veinte y seis años: testigos que fueron presentes á lo que dicho es Juan de Panés, y Alvaro del Quiro y Juan de Vallejo, vecinos de la ciudad de Panamá, y firmó el dicho D. Fernando de Luque; y porque no saben firmar el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro y Diego de Almagro, firmaron por ellos en el registro de esta carta Juan de Panés y Alvaro del Quiro, á los cuales otorgantes yo el presente escribano doy fe que conozco. Don Fernando de Luque.—A su ruego de Francisco Pizarro—Juan de Panés; y á su ruego de Diego de Almagro—Alvaro del Quiro: E yo Hernando del Castillo, escribano de S. M. y escribano publico y del numero de esta ciudad de Panamá, presente fui al otorgamiento de esta carta, y la fice escribir en estas quatro fojas con esta, y por ende fice aquí este mi signo á tal en testimonio de verdad. Hernando del Castillo, escribano publico.

No. VII.—See pp. 94, 136.

CAPITULATION MADE BY FRANCISCO PIZARRO WITH THE QUEEN, MS., DATED TOLEDO, JULY 26, 1529.

[For a copy of this document I am indebted to Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, late Director of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. Though sufficiently long, it is of no less importance than the preceding contract, forming, like that, the foundation on which the enterprise of Pizarro and his associates may be said to have rested.]

LA REINA:—Por quanto vos el capitán Francisco Pizarro, vecino de Tierra firme, llamada Castilla del Oro, por vos y en nombre del venerable padre D. Fernando de Luque, maestro escuela y provisor de la iglesia del Darien, *sede vacante*, que es en la dicha Castilla del Oro, y el capitán Diego de Almagro, vecino de la ciudad de Panamá, nos hicisteis relacion, que vos e los dichos vuestros compañeros con deseo de nos servir e del bien e acrecentamiento de nuestra corona real, puede haber cinco años, poco mas o menos, que con licencia e parecer de Pedrarias Dávila, nuestro gobernador e capitán general que fue de la dicha Tierra firme, tomastes cargo de ir a conquistar, descubrir e pacificar e poblar por la costa del mar del Sur, de la dicha tierra a la parte de Levante, a vuestra costa e de los dichos vuestros compañeros, todo lo mas que por aquella parte pudieredes, e hicisteis para ello dos navíos e un bergantín en la dicha costa, en que así en esto por se haber de pasar la jarcia e aparejos necesarios al dicho viaje e armada desde el Nombre de Dios, que es la costa del Norte, a la otra costa del Sur, como con la gente e otras cosas necesarias al dicho viaje, e tornar a rehacer la dicha armada, gastásteis mucha suma de pesos de oro, e fuistes a hacer e hicisteis el dicho descubrimiento, donde pasastes muchos peligros e trabajo, a causa de lo qual os dejó toda la gente que con vos iba en una isla despoblada con solos trece hombres que no vos quisieron dejar, y que con ellos y con el socorro que de navíos e gente vos hizo el dicho capitán Diego de Almagro, pasastes de la dicha isla e descubristes las tierras e provincias del Pirú e ciudad de Tumbes, en que habéis gastado vos e los dichos vuestros compañeros mas de treinta mil pesos de oro, e que con el deseo que tenéis de nos servir querriades continuar la dicha conquista e poblacion a vuestra costa e mision, sin que en ningún tiempo seamos obligados a vos pagar ni satisfacer los gastos que en ello hicieredes, mas

de lo que en esta capitulacion vos fuese otorgado, e me suplicasteis e pedistes por merced vos mandase encomendar la conquista de las dichas tierras, e vos concediese e otorgase las mercedes, e con las condiciones que de suso serán contenidas; sobre lo cual yo mandé tomar con vos el asiento y capitulacion siguiente.

Primeramente doy licencia y facultad a vos el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro, para que por nos y en nuestro nombre e de la corona real de Castilla, podais continuar el dicho descubrimiento, conquista y poblacion de la dicha provincia del Perú, fasta ducentas leguas de tierra por la misma costa, las cuales dichas ducentas leguas comienzan desde el pueblo que en lengua de indios se dice Tenumpuela, e despues le llamásteis Santiago, hasta llegar al pueblo de Chíncha, que puede haber las dichas ducentas leguas de costa, poco mas o menos.

ITEM: Entendiendo ser cumplidero al servicio de Dios nuestro Señor y nuestro, y por honrar vuestra persona, e por vos hacer merced, prometemos de vos hacer nuestro gobernador e capitán general de toda la dicha provincia del Pirú, e tierras y pueblos que al presente hay e adelante hubiere en todas las dichas ducentas leguas, por todos los dias de vuestra vida, con salario de setecientos e veinte y cinco mill maravedís cada año, contados desde el día que vos hicierdes a la vela destos nuestros reinos para continuar la dicha poblacion e conquista, los cuales vos han de ser pagados de las rentas y derechos a nos pertenecientes en la dicha tierra que así habeis de poblar; del cual salario habeis de pagar en cada un año un alcaide mayor, diez escuderos, e treinta peones, e un médico, e un boticario, el cual salario vos ha de ser pagado por los nuestros oficiales de la dicha tierra.

Orrosi: Vos hacemos merced de título de nuestro Adelantado de la dicha provincia del Perú, e ansimismo del oficio de alguacil mayor della, todo ello por los dias de vuestra vida.

Orrosi: Vos doy licencia para que con parecer y acuerdo de los dichos nuestros oficiales podais hacer en las dichas tierras e provincias del Perú, hasta cuatro fortalezas, en las partes y lugares que mas convengan, pareciendo a vos e a los dichos nuestros oficiales ser necesarias para guarda e pacificacion de la dicha tierra, e vos baré merced de las tenencias dellas, para vos, e para los herederos, e sucesores vuestros, uno en pos de otro, con salario de setenta y cinco mill maravedís en cada un año por cada una de las dichas fortalezas, que así estuviere hechas, las cuales habeis de hacer a vuestra costa, sin que nos, ni los reyes que despues de nos vinieron, seamos obligados a vos lo pagar al tiempo que así lo gastáredes, salvo dende en cinco años despues de acabada la fortaleza, pagándoos en cada un año de los dichos cinco años la quinta parte de lo que se montare el dicho gasto, de los frutos de la dicha tierra.

Orrosi: Vos hacemos merced para ayuda a vuestra costa de mill ducados en cada un año por los dias de vuestra vida de las rentas de las dichas tierras.

Orrosi: Es nuestra merced, acatando la Fuena vida e doctrina de la persona del dicho don Fernando de Luque de le presentar a nuestro muy Sancto Padre por obispo de la ciudad de Tumbes, que es en la dicha provincia y gobernacion del Perú, con límites e diciones que por nos con autoridad apostólica serán señalados; y entretanto que vienen las bulas del dicho obispado, le hacemos protector universal de todos los indios de dicha provincia, con salario de mill ducados en cada un año, pagado de nuestras rentas de la dicha tierra, entretanto que hay diezmos eclesiásticos de que se pueda pagar.

Orrosi: Por cuanto nos habeis suplicado por vos en el dicho nombre vos hiciese merced de algunos vasallos en las dichas tierras, e al presente lo dejamos de hacer por no tener entera relacion de ellas, es nuestra merced que, entretanto que informados proveamos en ello lo que a nuestro servicio e a la enmienda e satisfaccion de vuestros trabajos e servicios conviene, tengais la veintena parte de los pechos que nos tuviéremos en cada un año en la dicha tierra, con tanto que no exceda de mill y quinientos ducados, los mill para vos el dicho capitán Pizarro, e los quinientos para el dicho Diego de Almagro.

Orrosi: Hacemos merced al dicho capitán Diego de Almagro de la tenencia de la fortaleza que hay u ohiere en la dicha ciudad de Tumbes, que es en la dicha provincia del Perú, con salario de cien mill maravedís cada un año, con mas ducentos mill maravedís cada un año de ayuda de costa, todo pagado de las rentas de la dicha tierra, de las cuales ha de gozar desde el día que vos el dicho Francisco Pizarro llegáredes a la dicha tierra, aunque el dicho capitán Almagro se quede en Panamá, e en otra parte que le convenga; e le haremos home hidalgo, para que goce de las honras e preminencias que los homes hidalgo pueden y deben gozar en todas las Indias, islas e tierra firme del mar Océano.

Orrosi: Mandamos que las dichas haciendas, e tierras, e solares que tenéis en tierra firme, llamada Castilla del Oro, e vos estan dadas como a vecino de ella, las tengais e gocéis, e hagais de ello lo que quisiéredes e por bien tuviéredes, conforme a lo que tenemos concedido y otorgado a los vecinos de la dicha tierra firme; e en lo que toca a los indios e naborias que tenéis e vos estan encomendados, es nuestra merced e voluntad e mandamos que los tengais e gocéis e sirvais de ellos, e que no vos serán quitados ni removidos por el tiempo que nuestra voluntad fuere.

Orrosi: Concedemos a los que fueren a poblar la dicha tierra que en los seis años primeros siguientes desde el día de la data de esta en adelante, que del oro que se cogiere de las minas nos paguen el diezmo, y cumplidos los dichos seis años paguen el noveno, e así deciendo en cada un año hasta llegar al quinto: pero del oro e otras cosas que se obtienen de rescatar, o rabalgadas, o en otra cualquier manera, desde luego nos han de pagar al quinto de todo ello.

Orrosi: Franqueamos a los vecinos de la dicha tierra por los dichos seis años, y mas, y

cuanto fuere nuestra voluntad, de almojarifazgo de todo lo que llevaren para proveimiento e provision de sus casas, con tanto que no sea para lo vender; e de lo que vendieren ellos, e otras cualesquier personas, mercaderes e tratantes, ansimesmo los franqueamos por dos años tan solamente.

ITEM: Prometemos que por término de diez años, e mas adelante hasta que otra cosa mandemos en contrario, no impornemos a los vecinos de las dichas tierras alcabalas ni otro tributo alguno.

ITEM: Concedemos a los dichos vecinos e pobladores que les sean dados por vos los solares y tierras convenientes a sus personas, conforme a lo que se ha hecho e hace en la dicha isla Española; e ansimismo os daremos poder para que en nuestro nombre, durante el tiempo de vuestra gobernacion, hagais la encomienda de los indios de la dicha tierra, guardando en ella las instrucciones e ordenanzas que vos serán dadas.

ITEM: A suplicacion vuestra hacemos nuestro piloto mayor de la mar del Sur a Bartolomé Ruiz, con setenta e cinco mill maravedís de salario en cada un año, pagados de la renta de la dicha tierra, de los cuales ha de gozar desde el día que le fuere entregado el título que de ello le mandaremos dar, e en las espaldas se asentará el juramento e solemnidad que ha de hacer ante vos, e otorgado ante escribano. Asimismo daremos título de escribano de número e del consejo de la dicha ciudad de Tumbes, a un hijo de dicho Bartolomé Ruiz, siendo hábil e suficiente para ello.

OTROS: Somos contentos e nos place que vos el dicho capitán Pizarro, cuanto nuestra merced e voluntad fuere, tengais la gobernacion e administracion de los indios de la nuestra isla de Flores, que es cerca de Panamá, e goceis para vos e para quien vos quisieredes, de todos los aprovechamientos que hubiere en la dicha isla, así de tierras como de solares, e montes, e árboles, e mineros, e pesquería de perlas, con tanto que seais obligado por razon de ello a dar a nos e a los nuestros oficiales de Castilla del Oro en cada un año de los que así fuere nuestra voluntad que vos la tengais, ducientos mill maravedís, e mas el quinto de todo el oro e perlas que en cualquier manera e por cualesquier personas se sacare en la dicha isla de Flores, sin descuento alguno, con tanto que los dichos indios de la dicha isla de Flores no los podáis ocupar en la pesquería de las perlas, ni en las minas del oro, ni en otros metales, sino en las otras granjerías e aprovechamientos de la dicha tierra, para provision e mantenimiento de la dicha vuestra armada, e de las que adelante obiéredes de hacer para la dicha tierra; e permitimos que si vos el dicho Francisco Pizarro llegado a Castilla del Oro, dentro de dos meses luego siguientes, declarades ante el dicho nuestro gobernador e juez de residencia que allí estuviere, que no vos querais encargar de la dicha isla de Flores, que en tal caso no seais tenudo e obligado a nos pagar por razon de ello las dichas ducientos mill maravedís, e que se quede para nos la dicha isla, como agora la tenemos.

ITEM: Acatando lo mucho que han servido en el dicho viaje e descubrimiento Bartolomé Ruiz, Cristoval de Peralta, e Pedro de Candia, e Domingo de Soria Luce, e Nicolas de Ribera, e Francisco de Cuellar, e Alonso de Molina, e Pedro Alcon, e García de Jerez, e Antou de Carrion, e Alonso Briceño, e Martin de Paz, e Joan de la Torre, e porque vos me lo suplicásteis e pedistes por merced, es nuestra merced e voluntad de les hacer merced, como por la presente vos la hacemos a los que de ellos no son idalgos, que sean idalgos notorios de solar conocido en aquellas partes, e que en ellas e en todas las nuestras Indias, islas y tierra firme del mar Océano, gocen de las pre-eminencias e libertades, e otras cosas de que gozan, y deben ser guardadas a los hijosdalgo notorios de solar conocido dentro nuestros reinos, e a los que de los susodichos son idalgos, que sean caballeros de espuelas doradas, dando primero la informacion que en tal caso se requiere.

ITEM: Vos hacemos merced de veinte y cinco vegas e otros tantos caballos de los que nos tenemos en la isla de Jamaica, e no las abiendo cuando las plidiéredes, no seamos tenudos al precio de ellas, ni de otra cosa por razon de ellas.

OTROS: Os hacemos merced de trescientos mill maravedís pagados en Castilla del Oro para el artillería e municion que habeis de llevar a la dicha provincia del Perú, llevando fe de los nuestros oficiales de la casa de Sevilla de las cosas que así comprastes, e de lo que vos costó, contando el interese e cambio de ello, e mas os haré merced de otros ducientos ducados pagados en Castilla del Oro para ayuda al acarreo de la dicha artillería e municiones e otras cosas vuestras desde el Nombre de Dios so la dicha mar del Sur.

OTROS: Vos daremos licencia, como por la presente vos la damos, para que destos nuestros reinos, e del reino de Portugal e islas de Cabo Verde, e dende, vos, e quien vuestro poder hubiere, quisieredes e por bien tuviéredes, podáis pasar e paseis a la dicha tierra de vuestra gobernacion cincuenta esclavos negros en que haya a lo menos el tercio de hembras, libres de todos derechos a nos pertenecientes, con tanto que si los dejáredes e parte de ellos en la isla Española, San Joan, Cuba, Santiago e en Castilla del Oro, e en otra parte alguna los que de ellos así dejáredes, sean perdidos e aplicados, e por la presente los aplicamos a nuestra cámara e fisco.

OTROS: Que hacemos merced y limosna al hospital que se biciese en la dicha tierra, para ayuda al remedio de los pobres que allá fueren, de cien mill maravedís librados en las penas aplicadas de la cámara de la dicha tierra. Ansimismo a vuestro pedimento e consentimiento de los primeros pobladores de la dicha tierra, decimos que haremos merced, como por la presente

la hacemos, á los hospitales de la dicha tierra de los derechos de la escubilla e relaves que hubiere en las fundiciones que en ella se hicieren, e de ello mandaremos dar nuestra provision en forma.

OROSI: Decimos que mandaremos, e por la presente mandamos, que hayan e residan en la ciudad de Panamá, e donde vos fuere mandado, un carpintero e un calafate, e cada uno de ellos tenga de salario treinta mill maravedís en cada un año dende que comenzaren a residir en la dicha ciudad, o donde, como dicho es, vos los mandáredes; a los cuales les mandaremos pagar por los nuestros oficiales de la dicha tierra de vuestra gobernacion cuando nuestra merced y voluntad fuere.

IREM: Que vos mandaremos dar nuestra provision en forma para que en la dicha costa del mar del Sur podáis tomar cualesquier navíos que hubiéredes menester, de consentimiento de sus dueños, para los viajes que hobieredes de hacer a la dicha tierra, pagando a los dueños de los tales navíos el flete que justo sea, no embargante que otras personas los tengan fletados para otras partes.

Asimismo que mandaremos, e por la presente mandamos e defendemos, que destos nuestros reinos no vayan ni pasen a las dichas tierras ningunas personas de las prohibidas que no puedan pasar a aquellas partes, so las penas contenidas en las leyes e ordenanzas e cartas nuestras, que cerca de esto por nos e por los reyes católicos están dadas; ni letrados ni procuradores para usar de sus oficios.

Lo cual que dicho es, e cada cosa e parte de ello vos concedemos, con tanto que vos el dicho capitán Pizarro seais tenudo e obligado de salir destos nuestros reinos con los navíos e aparejos e mantenimientos e otras cosas que fueren menester para el dicho viaje y poblacion, con duçientos e cinquenta hombres, los ciento y cinquenta destos nuestros reinos e otras partes no prohibidas, e los ciento restantes podáis llevar de las islas e tierra firme del mar Océano, can tanto que de la dicha tierra firme llamada Castilla del Oro no saqueis mas de veinte hombres, sino fuere de los que en el primero e segundo viaje que vos hicísteis a la dicha tierra del Perú se hallaron con vos, porque a estos damos licencia que puedan ir con vos libremente; lo cual hayais de cumplir desde el día de la data de esta hasta seis meses primeros siguientes: allegado a la dicha Castilla del Oro, e allegado a Panamá, seais tenudo de proseguir el dicho viaje, e hacer el dicho descubrimiento e poblacion dentro de otros seis meses luego siguientes.

IREM: Con condicion que cuando saliéredes destos nuestros reinos e llegáredes a las dichas provincias del Perú hayais de llevar y tener con vos a los oficiales de nuestra hacienda, que por nos estan e fueren nombrados; e asimismo las personas religiosas o eclesiásticas que por nos serán señaladas para instruccion de los indios e naturales de aquella provincia a nuestra santa fé católica, con cuyo parecer e no sin ellos habeis de hacer la conquista, descubrimiento e poblacion de la dicha tierras; a los cuales religiosos habeis de dar e pagar el flete e matalotaje, e los otros mantenimientos necesarios conforme a sus personas, todo a vuestra costa, sin por ello les llevar cosa alguna durante la dicha navegacion, lo cual mucho vos lo encargamos que así hagais e cumplais, como cosa de servicio de Dios e nuestro, porque de lo contrario nos terníamos de vos por deservidos.

OROSI: Con condicion que en la dicha pacificacion, conquista y poblacion e tratamiento de los dichos indios en sus personas y bienes, seais tenudos e obligados de guardar en todo e por todo lo contenido en las ordenanzas e instrucciones que para esto tenemos fechas, e se hicieren, e vos seran dadas en la nuestra carta e provision que vos mandaremos dar para la encomienda de los dichos indios. E cumpliendo vos el dicho capitán Francisco Pizarro lo contenido en este asiento, en todo lo que a vos toca e incumbe de guardar e cumplir, prometemos, e vos aseguramos por nuestra palabra real que agora e de aqui adelante vos mandaremos guardar e vos será guardado todo lo que así vos concedemos, e hacemos merced, a vos e a los pobladores e tratantes en la dicha tierra; e para ejecucion y cumplimiento dello, vos mandaremos dar nuestras cartas e provisiones particulares que convengan e menester sean, obligándoos vos el dicho capitán Pizarro primeramente ante escribano público de guardar e cumplir lo contenido en este asiento que a vos toca como dicho es. Fecha en Toledo a 26 de julio de 1529 años.—YO LA REINA.—Por mandado de S. M.—Juan Vazquez.

No. VIII.—See p. 179.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS OF ATAHUALPA'S SEIZURE.

[As the seizure of the Inca was one of the most memorable, as well as foulest, transactions of the Conquest, I have thought it might be well to put on record the testimony, fortunately in my possession, of several of the parties present on the occasion.]

Relacion del primer Descubrimiento de la Costa y Mar del Sur, MS.

A la hora de las cuatro comencan á caminar por su calzada adelante derecho a donde nosotros estabamos, y á las cinco o poco mas llegó á la puerta de la ciudad, quedando todos los campos cubiertos de gente, y así comenzaron á entrar por la plaza hasta trescientos hombres como mozos despuelsa con sus arcos y flechas en las manos, cantando un cantar no nada gracioso para los que lo oyamos, antes espantoso porque parecia cosa infernal, y dieron una vuelta á aquella mezquita amagando al suelo con las manos á limpiar lo que por el estaba, de lo cual habia poca necesidad, porque los del pueblo le tenian bien barrido para cuando entrase. Acabada de dar su vuelta pararon todos juntos, y entró otro escuadron de hasta mil hombres con picas sin yerros tostadas las puntas, todos de una librea de colores, digo que la de los primeros era blanca y colorado, como las casas de un axedrez. Entrado el segundo escuadron entró el tercero de otra librea, todos con martillos en las manos de cobre y plata, que es una arma que ellos tienen, y así desta manera entraron en la dicha plaza muchos señores principales que venian en medio de los delanteros y de la persona de Atabalipa. Detras destes en una litera muy rica, los cabos de los maderos cubiertos de plata, venia la persona de Atabalipa, la cual traian ochenta señores en hombros todos vestidos de una librea azul muy rica, y él vestido su persona muy ricamente con su corona en la cabeza, y al cuello un collar de esmeraldas grandes y sentado en la litera en una silla muy pequeña con un coxin muy rico. En llegando al medio de la plaza paró, llevando descubierto el medio cuerpo de fuera; y toda la gente de guerra que estaba en la plaza le tenian en medio, estando dentro hasta seis ó siete mil hombres. Como él vió que ninguna persona salia á él, ni parecia, tubo creído, y así lo confesó el despues de preso, que nos habiamos escondido de miedo de ver su poder; y dió una voz y dixo: Donde estan estos? A la cual salió del aposento del dicho Gobernador Pizarro el Padre Fray Vicente de Valverde de la orden de los Predicadores, que despues fué obispo de aquella tierra, con la bribia en la mano y con él una lengua, y así juntos llegaron por entre la gente á poder hablar con Atabalipa, al cual le comenzó á decir cosas de la sagrada escriptura, y que nuestro Señor Jesu-Christo mandaba que entre los suyos no hubiese guerra, ni discordia, sino todo paz, y que él en su nombre así se lo pedia y requeria; pues habia quedado de tratar della el día antes, y de venir solo sin gente de guerra. A las cuales palabras y otras muchas que el Frayle le dixo, el estubo callando sin volver respuesta; y tornandole á decir que mirase lo que Dios mandaba, lo cual estaba en aquel libro que llevaba en la mano escripto, admirandose á mí parecer mas de la escriptura, que de lo escripto en ella: le pidió el libro, y le abrió y ojeó, mirando el molde y la orden dél, y despues de visto, le arrojó por entre la gente con mucha ira, el rostro muy encarnizado, diciendo: Decidles á esos, que vengan acá, que no pasaré de aqui hasta que me den cuenta y satisfagan y paguen lo que han hecho en la tierra. Visto esto por el Frayle y lo poco que aprovechaban sus palabras, tomó su libro, y abajó su cabeza, y fuese para donde estaba el dicho Pizarro, casi corriendo, y díjole: No veis lo que pasa? para que estais en comedimientos y requerimientos con este perro lleno de soberbia, que vienen los campos llenos de Indios? Salid á él,—que yo os absuelvo. Y así acabadas de decir estas palabras que fué todo en un instante, tocan las trompetas, y parte de su posada con toda la gente de pie, que con él estaba, diciendo: Santiago á ellos; y así salimos todos á aquella voz á una, porque todas aquellas casas que salian á la plaza tenian muchas puertas, y parece que se habian fecho á aquel proposito. En arremetiendo los de caballo y rompiendo por ellos todo fué uno, que sin matar sino solo un negro de nuestra parte, fueron todos desbaratados y Atabalipa preso, y la gente puesta en huida, aunque no pudieron huir del tropel, porque la puerta por dó habian entrado era pequeña y con la turbacion no podian salir; y visto los traseros cuan lejos tenian la acoxida y remedio de huir, arrimaronse dos ó tres mil de ellos á un lienso de pared, y dieron con él á tierra, el cual salia al campo, porque por aquella parte no habia casas, y así tubieron camino ancho para huir; y los escuadrones de gente que habian quedado en el campo sin entrar en el pueblo, como vieron huir y dar alaridos, los mas dellos fueron desbaratados y se pusieron en huida, que era cosa harto de ver, que un valle de cuatro ó cinco leguas todo iba cuaxado de gente. En este vino la noche muy presto, y la gente se recogió, y Atabalipa se puso en una casa de piedra, que era el templo del sol, y así se pasó aquella noche con grand regocijo y placer de la victoria que nuestro Señor nos habia dado, poniendo mucho recabdo en hacer guardia á la persona de Atabalipa para que no volviese á tomarnos. Cierto fué permiso de Dios y grand acertamiento guiado por su mano, porque si este día no se prendiera, con la soberbia que traia, aquella noche fuéramos todos asolados por ser tan pocos, como tengo dicho, y ellos tantos.

Pedro Pizarro, Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reynos del Peru, MS.

Pues despues de aver comido, que acavaria á hora de missa mayor, enpeço á levantar su gente y á venirse hazia Caxamalca. Hechos sus escuadrones, que cubrian los campos, y el metido en vnas ándas enpeço á caminar, viniendo delante del dos mil yndios que le barrian el camino por donde venia caminando, y la gente de guerra la mitad de vn lado y la mitad de otro por los campos sin entrar en camino: traia así mesmo al señor de Chincha consigo en vnas andas, que parecia á los suyos cosa de admiracion, porque ningún yndio, por señor principal que fuese, avia de parecer delante del sino fuese con vna carga á cuestas y descalzo: pues hera tanta la pateneria que traian d'oro y plata, que hera cosa estraña lo que reluzia con el sol:

venian así mesmo delante de Atabalipa muchos yndios cantando y danzando. Tardose ste señor en andar esta media legua que ay dende los baños á donde el estava hasta Caxamaica, dende ora de missa mayor, como digo, hasta tres oras antes que anochesciese. Pues llegada la gente á la puerta de la plaza, empezaron á entrar los escuadrones con grandes cantares, y así entrando ocuparon toda la plaza por todas partes. Visto el marquez don Francisco Pizarro que Atabalipa venia ya junto á la plaza, embio al padre Fr. Vicente de Balverde primero obispo del Cuzco, y á Hernando de Aldana vn buen soldado, y á don Martinillo lengua, que fuesen á hablar á Atabalipa y á requerirle de parte de Dios y del Rey se sujetase á la ley de nuestro Señor Jesucristo y al servicio de S. Mag., y que el Marquez le tendria en lugar de hermano, y no consintiría le hiziesen enojo ni daño en su tierra. Pues llegado que fue el padre á las andas donde Atabalipa venia, le hablo y le dixo á lo que yva, y le predico cosas de nuestra sancte ffee, declarandoselas la lengua. Llevava el padre vn breviario en las manos donde leya lo que le predicaba: el Atabalipa se lo pidio, y el cerrado se lo dio, y como le tuvo en las manos y no supo abrille arrojole al suelo. Llamo al Aldana que se llegase á el y le diese la espada, y el Aldana la saco y se la mostro, pero no se la quiso dar. Pues pasado lo dicho, el Atabalipa les dixo que se fuesen para Vellacos ladrones, y que los avia de matar á todos. Pues oydo esto, el padre se bolvio y conto al marquez lo que le avia pasado; y el Atabalipa entro en la plaza con todo su trono que traya, y el señor de Chíncha tras del. Desque ovieron entrado y vieron que no parecia español ninguno, pregunto á sus capitanes, Donde estan estos cristianos que no parecen? Ellos le dixeron, Señor, estan escondidos de miedo. Pues visto el marquez don Francisco Pizarro les dos andas, no conociendo qual hera la de Atabalipa, mando á Joan Pizarro su hermano fuese con los peones que tenia á la vna, y el yria á la otra. Pues mandado esto, hizieron la seña al Candia, el qual solto el tiro, y en saltandolo tocaron las trompetas, y salieron los de acavallo de tropel, y el marquez con los de á pie, como esta dicho, tras dellos, de manera que con el estruendo del tiro y las trompetas y el tropel de los cavallos con los cascaveles los yndios se embararon y se cortaron. Los españoles dieron en ellos y empezaron á matar, y fué tanto el miedo que los yndios ovieron, que por huir, no pudiendo salir por la puerta, derribaron vn lienzo de vna pared de la cerca de la plaza de largo de mas de dos mil passos y de alto de mas de vn estado. Los de acavallo fueron en su seguimiento hasta los baños, donde hizieron grande estrago, y hizieron mas sino les anochesciera. Pues bolviendo á don Francisco Pizarro y á su hermano, salieron, como estava dicho, con la gente de á pie: el marquez fue á dar con las andas de Atabalipa, y el hermano con el señor de Chíncha, al qual mataron allí en las andas; y lo mismo fuera del Atabalipa sino se hallara el marquez allí, porque no podian derivalle de las andas, que aunque mataban los yndios que las tenian, se metian luego otros de refresco á sustentallas, y desta manera estuvieron vn gran rrato forcejando y matando indios, y de cansados vn español tiro vna cuchillada para matalle, y el marquez don Francisco Pizarro se la rreparo, y del rreparo le hirio en la mano al marquez el español, queriendo dar al Atabalipa, á cuya caussa el marquez dio bozes diciendo: Nadie hiera al indio, so pena de la vida. Entendido esto, agullaron siete ó ocho españoles y asieron de vn bordode las andas y haziendo fuerça las trastornaron á vn lado, y así fue preso el Atabalipa, y el marquez le llevo á su aposento, y allí le puso guardas que le guardavan de dia y de noche. Pues venida la noche, los españoles se recogieron todos y dieron muchas gracias á nuestro Señor por las mercedes que les avia hecho, y muy contentos en tener presso al señor, porque á no prendelle no se ganara la tierra como se gana.

Carta de Hernando Pizarro, ap. Oviedo, Historia general de las Indias, MS., lib. 46, cap. 15.

Venia en unas bandas, é delante de él hasta treientos ó cuatrocientos yndios con Camisetas de librea limpiando las pajas del camino, é cantando, é el en medio de la otra gente que eran Caciques é principales, é los mas principales Caciques le traian en los bombros; é entrando en la Plaza subieron doce ó quince Yndios en una fortaleza que allí estava, é tomaronla á manera de posesion con vanderá puesta en una lanza: entrando hasta la mitad de la Plaza reparó allí: é salió vn Fraile Dominico que estava con el Gobernador á hablarle de su parte, que el Gobernador le esperaba en su aposento, que le fuese á hablar, é dijole como era Sacerdote, é que era embiado por el Emperador para que le enseñase las cosas de la fe si quisiesen ser Cristianos, é mostrole un libro que llevaba en las manos, é dijole que aquel libro era de las cosas de Dios; é el Atabalipa pidió el libro, é arrojole en el suelo é dijo: Yo no pasaré de aquí hasta que me deis todo lo que habeis tomado en mi tierra, que yo bien se quien sois vosotros, y en lo que andais: é levantose en las andas, é habló á su gente, é obo murmullo entre ellos llamando á la gente que tenian las armas: é el fraile fué al Gobernador é dijole que que hacia, que ya no estava la cosa en tiempo de esperar mas: el Gobernador me lo embió á decir: yo tenia concertado con el Capitan de la artillería, que haciendole una seña disparasen los tiros, é con la gente que oyendolos saltiesen todos á un tiempo; é como así se hizo é como los Yndios estaban sin armas fueron desbaratados sin peligro de ningun Cristiano. Los que traian las andas, é los Caciques que venian al redor del, nunca lo desampararon hasta que todos murieron al redor del: el Gobernador salio é tomó á Atabalipa, é por defenderle le dió un Cristiano una cuchillada en una mano. La gente siguió el alcance hasta donde estaban los Yndios con armas; no se halló en ellos resistencia alguna, porque ya era noche: recogieronse todos al Pueblo, donde el Gobernador quedaba.

No. IX.—See p. 195.

ACCOUNT OF THE PERSONAL HABITS OF ATAHUALLPA ; EXTRACTED FROM THE
MS. OF PEDRO PIZARRO

[This minute account of the appearance and habits of the captive Inca is of the most authentic character, coming as it does from the pen of one who had the best opportunities of personal observation, during the monarch's imprisonment by his Conquerors. Pizarro's MS. is among those recently given to the world by the learned Academicians Salvá and Baranda.]

Este Atabalipa ya dicho hera indio bien dispuesto, de buena persona, de medianas carnes, no grueso demasiado, hermoso de Rostro y grave en el, los ojos encarnizados, muy temido de los suyos. (Acuérdome que el Señor de Guaylas le pidió licencia para yr a ver su tierra, y se la dió, dándole tiempo en que fuese y viniése limitado. Tardose algo mas, y cuando bolvió, estando yo presente, llegó con vn presente de fruta de la tierra, y llegado que fue á su presencia empeço á temblar en tanta manera que no se podia tener en los pies. El Atabalipa algo la caveza vn poquito y sonriendo se le hizo seña que se fuese.) Quando le sacaron á matar, todo la gente que avia en la plaza o los naturales, que avia harto, se prostraron por tierra, dexandose caer en el suelo como Borrachos. Este indio se servía de sus mugeres por la horden que tengo ya dicha, sirviendole vna hermana diez dias ó ocho con mucha cantidad de hijas de señores que á estas hermanas servian, mudandose de ocho á ocho dias. Estas estavan siempre con el para serville, que yndio no entrava dond' el estava. Tenia muchos caciques consigo : estos estavan afuera en vn patio, y en llamando alguno entrava descalzo y donde el estava; y si venia de fuera parte, avia de entrar descalzo y cargado con vna carga; y quando su capitan Chalicuchima vino con Hernando Pizarro y le entro á ver, entro así como digo con vna carga y descalzo y se hecho á sus pies, y llorando se los beso. El Atabalipa con Rostro sereno le dixo: Seas bien venido allí, Chalicuchima; queriendo dezir, Seas bien venido, Chalicuchima. Este yndio se ponía en la caveza vnos llantos que son vnas trenças hechas de lanas de colores, de grosor de medio dedo y de anchor de vno, hecho desto vna manera de corona y no con puntas, sino redonda, de anchor de vna mano, que encaxava en la caveza, y en la frente vna borla cossida en este llanto, de anchor de vna mano, poco mas, de lana muy fina de grana, cortada muy ygal metida por vnos cañutitos de oro muy sotilmente hasta la mitad: esta lana hera hilada, y de los cañutos abaxo destorcida, que hera lo que caya en la frente; que los cañutillos de oro hera quanto tomavan todo el llanto ya dicho. Cayale esta borla hasta encima de las cejas, de vn dedo de grosor, que le tomava toda la frente; y todos estos señores andavan tresquilados y los orejones como á sobre peine. Vestian Ropa muy delgada y muy blanda ellos y sus hermanas que tenian por mugeres, y sus deudos, orejones principales, que se la davan los señores, y todos los demas vestian Ropa basta. Poníase este señor la manta por encima de la caveza y atabaxa debajo de la barva, tapandose las orejas: esto traía el por tapar vna oreja que tenia rompida, que quando le prendieron los de Guascar se la quebraron. Bestíase este señor Ropas muy delicadas. Estando vn dia comiendo, destas señoras ya dichas le llevavan la comida y se la ponían delante en vnos juncos verdes muy delgados y pequeños; estaba sentado este señor en vn duo de madera de altor de poco mas de un palmo: este duo hera de madera colorada muy linda, y teníanle siempre tapado con vna manta muy delgada, aunque stuviése el sentado en el: estos juncos ya dichos le tendían siempre delante quando queria comer, y allí le ponían todos los manjares en oro, plata y Barro, y el que á el apetescia señalava se lo truxesen, y tomandolo vna señora destas dichas se lo tenia en la mano mientras comía. Pues estando vn dia desta manera comiendo y yo presente, llevando vna tajada del manjar á la boca le cayo vna gota en el vestido que tenia puesto, y dando de mano á la yndia se levanto y se entro á su aposento á vestir otro vestido, y buelto saco vestido vna camiseta y vna manta (pardo escuro). Llegandome yo pues á el le tenté la manta que hera mas blanda que seda, y díxele: Ynga, de que es este vestido tan blando? El me dixo, Es de vnos pajaros que andan de noche en Puerto Viejo y en Tumbez, que muerden á los indios. Venido á aclararse dixo, que hera de pelo de murcielagos. Diciendole, que de donde se podría juntar tanto murcielago? dixo, Aquellos perros de Tumbez y Puerto Viejo que avian de hazer sino tomar destos para hazer Ropa á mi padre? Y es así questos murcielagos de aquellas partes muerden de noche á los indios y á españoles y á cavallos, y sacan tanta sangre ques cossa de misterio, y así se averiguo ser este vestido de lana de murcielagos, y así hera la color como dellos del vestido, que en Puerto Viejo y en Tumbez y sus comarcas ay gran cantidad dellos. Pues aconteció vn dia que viniéndose á quexar vn indio que vn español, tomava vnos bestidos de Atabalipa, el marquez me mando fuesse yo á saver quien hera y llamar al español para castigallo. El indio me lleve a vn bubio donde avia gran cantidad de petacas, porquel español ya hera ydo, diciendome que de allí avia tomado vn bestido del señor: e yo preguntandole que que tenian aquellas petacas, me mostro algunas en que tenian, todo aquello que Atabalipa avia tocado con las manos, y avia estado de pies, y vestidos que el

avia deshechado; en vnas los junquillos que le hechavan delante á los pies quando comia; en otras los gessos de las carnes ó aves que comia, que el avia tocado con las manos; en otras los maslos de las mazorcas de mabiz que avia tomado en sus manos; en otras las tropas que havia deshechado: finalmente todo aquello que el avia tocado. Pregunteles, que para que tenían aquello allí? Respondieronme, que para quemallo, porque cada año quemavan todo esto, porque lo que tocavan los señores que heran hijos del sol, se avia de quemar y hazer seniza y hechallo por el ayre, que nadie avia de tocar á ello; y en guarda desto estava vn principal con indios que lo guardavá y trecoxia de las mugeres que les servian. Estos señores dormian en el suelo en vnos colchones grandes de algodón: tenían vnas freçadas grandas de lana con que se cubjaban: y no e visto en todo este Piru indio semeiante á esta Atabalipa ni de su ferocidad ni autoridad.

No. X.—See p. 209.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS OF THE EXECUTION OF ATAHUALPA.

[The following notices of the execution of the Inca are from the hands of eye-witnesses: for Oviedo, though not present himself, collected his particulars from those who were. I give the notices here in the original as the best authority for the account of this dismal tragedy.]

Pedro Pizarro, Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reynos del Peru, MS.

Acordaron pues los oficiales y Almagro que Atabalipa muriese, tratando entre sí que muerto Atabalipa se acababa el auto hecho acerca del tesoro. Pues dixeron al Marquez don Francisco Piçarro que no convenia que Atabalipa viviese; porque si se soltava, S. Mag. perderia la tierra y todos los españoles serian muertos; y á la verdad, si esto no fuera tratado con malicia, como esta dicho, tenían razon, porque hera imposible soltandose poder ganar la tierra. Pues el marquez no quiso venir en ello. Visto esto los oficiales hizieronle muchos requerimientos, poniendole el servicio de S. Mag. por delante. Pues estando así atravesose vn demonio de vna lengua que se dezia felpillo, vno de los muchachos que el marquez avia llevado á España, que al presente hera lengua, y andava enamorado de vna muger de Atabalipa, y por ayella hizo entender al marquez que Atabalipa hazia gran junta de gente para matar los españoles en Caxas. Pues sabido el marquez esto prendio á Challicuchima que estava suelto y preguntandole por esta gente que dezia la lengua se juntavan, aunque negava y dezia que no, el felpillo dezia á la contra trastornando las palabras dezian á quien se preguntava este caso. Pues el marquez don Francisco Piçarro acordó embiar á Soto á Caxas á saver si se hazia allí alguna junta de gente, porque cierto el marquez no quisiera matalle. Pues visto Almagro y los oficiales la yda de Soto apretaron al marquez con muchos requerimientos, y la lengua por su parte que ayudava con sus retruecos, vinieron á convencer al marquez que muriese Atabalipa, porque el marquez hera muy zeloso del servicio de S. Mag. y así le hizieron temer, y contra su voluntad sentencio á muerte á Atabalipa mandando le diesen garrote, y después de muerto le quemasen porque tenía las hermanas por mugeres. Cierto pocas leyes avian leído estos señores ni entendido, pues al infiel sin aver sido predicado le davan esta sentencia. Pues el Atabalipa llorava y dezia que no le matasen, que no avria yndio en la tierra que se menasse sin su mandado, y que pressó le tenían, que de que tenían? y que si lo avian por oro y plata, que el daria dos tanto do lo que avia mandado. Yo vide llorar al marques de pesar por no podelle dar la vida, porque cierto temio los requerimientos y el rreizo que avia en la tierra si se soltava. Este Atabalipa avia hecho entender á sus mugeres é yndios que si no le quemavan el cuerpo, aunque le matassen avia de bolver á ellos, que el sol su padre le rresucitaria. Pues sacandole á dar garrote á la plaza el padre fray Vicente de Balverde ya dicho le predico diendole se tornase cristiano: y el dixo que si el se tornava cristiano, si le quemarian, y dixeronle que no: y dixo que pues no le avian de quemar que queria ser baptizado, y así fray Vicente le baptizo y le dieron garrote, y otro día le enterraron en la yglesia que en Caxamalca teniamos los españoles. Esto se hizo antes que Soto bolviese á dar aviso de lo que le hera mandado; y quando vino truxo por nueva no aver visto nada ni aver nada, de que al marquez le peso mucho de avelle muerto, y al Soto mucho mas, porque dezia el, y tenía rrazon, que mejor fuera emballe á España, y que el se obligara á ponello en la mar: y cierto esto fuera lo mejor que con este indio se pudiera hazer, porque quedar en la tierra no convenia: tambien se entendio que no biviera muchos dias, aunque le embiara, porque el hera muy regalado y muy señor.

Relacion del primer Descubrimiento de la Costa y Mar del Sur, MS.

Dando forma como se llevaria Atabalipa de camino, y que guarda se le pondria, y consultando y tratando si seriamos parte para defenderle en aquellos pasos malos y rios si nos le quisiesen

tomar los suyos: comenzóse á decir y á certificar entre los Indios, que el mandaba venir grand multitud de gente sobre nosotros: esta nueva se fué encendiendo tanto, que se tomó informacion de muchos señores de la tierra, que todos á una dijeron que era verdad, que el mandaba venir sobre nosotros para que lo salvasen, y nos matasen si pudiesen, y que estaba toda la gente en cierta provincia ayuntada que ya venia de camino. Tomada esta informacion, juntaronse el dicho Gobernador, y Almagro, y los Oficiales de S. Mag. no estando ahí Hernando Pizarro, porque ya era partido para España con alguna parte del quinto de S. Mag. y á darle noticia y nueva de lo acaecido; y resumieronse, aunque contra voluntad del dicho Gobernador, que nunca estuvo bien en ello, que Atabalipa, pues quebrantaba la paz, y queria hacer traicion y traer gentes para matar los cristianos, muriese, porque con su muerte cesaria todo, y se allanaria la tierra: á lo cual hubo contraríos pareceres, y la mas de la gente se puso en defender que no muriese; al cabo insistiendo mucho en su muerte el dicho Capitan Almagro, y dando muchas razones por qué debía morir, el fué muerto, aunque para él no fué muerte, sino vida, porque murió cristiano, y es de creer que se fué al cielo. Publicado por toda la tierra su muerte, la gente comun y de pueblos venian donde el dicho Gobernador estaba á dar la obediencia á S. Mag.; pero los capitanes y gente de guerra que estaban en Xauxa y en el Cuzco, antes se rehicieron, y no quisieron venir de paz. Aquí acaeció la cosa mas estraña que se ha visto en el mundo, que yo vi por mis ojos, y fué: que estando en la iglesia cantando los oficios de difuntos á Atabalipa, presente el cuerpo, llegaron ciertas señoras hermanas y mugeres suyas, y otros privados con grand estruendo, tal que impidieron el oficio, y dijeron que les hiciesen aquella fiesta muy mayor, porque era costumbre cuando el grand señor moria, que todos aquellos que bien le querian, se enterrasen vivos con él: á los cuales se les respondió, que Atabalipa habia muerto como cristiano, y como tal le hacian aquel oficio, que no se habia de hacer lo que ellos pedian, que era muy mal hecho y contra cristianidad; que se fuesen de alli, y no les estorbasen, y se le dejasen enterrar, y así se fueron á sus aposentos, y se aborcaron todos ellos y ellos. Las cosas que pasaron en estos dias, y los extremos y llantos de la gente con muy largas y proljas, y por eso no se dirán aqui.

Oviedo, Historia general de las Indias, MS., lib. 46, cap. 22.

Quando el Marques Don Francisco Pizarro tubo preso al gran Rey Atabalipa le aconsejaron hombres faltos de buen entendimiento, que le matase, ó el obo gana, porque como se vieron cargados de oro, pareciosle que muerto aquel Señor lo podian poner mas á su salvo en España donde quisiesen é dejando la tierra, y que asimismo serian mas parte para se sustener en ella sin aquel escrupuloso impedimento, que no conservandose la vida de un Principe tan grande, é tan temido é acatado de sus naturales, y en todas aquellas partes: é la experiencia ha mostrado euan mal acordado é peor fecho fue todo lo que contra Atabalipa se hizo despues de su prision en le quitar la vida, con la cual demas de deservirse Dios quitaron al Emperador nuestro Señor, é á los mismos Españoles que en aquellas partes se hallaron, y á los que en España quedaron, que entonces vivian y á los que ahora viven é nacerán innumerables tesoros, que aquel Principe les diera; é ninguno de sus vasallos se moviera ni alterara como se alteraron é revelaron en faltando su Persona. Notorio es que el Gobernador le aseguró la vida, y sin que le diese tal seguro el se le tenia, pues ningun Capitan puede disponer sin licencia de su Rey y Señor de la Persona del Principe que tiene preso, cuyo es de derecho, quanto mas que Atabalipa dijo al Marques, que si algun Cristiano matasen los Yndios, ó le hiciesen el menor daño del mundo, que creyese que por su mandado lo hacia, y que cuando eso fuese le matase ó hiciese del lo que quisiese; é que tratandole bien él le chaparia las paredes de plata, é le allanaria las Sierras é los montes, é le daría á él, é á los Cristianos quanto oro quisiesen, é que desto no tubiese duda alguna; y en pago de sus ofrecimientos encendidas pajas se las ponian en los pies ardiendo, porque digese que traicion era la que tenia ordenada contra los Cristianos, é inventando é fabricando contra el falsedades, le levantaron que los queria matar, é todo aquello fue rodeado por malos é por la inadvertencia é mal Consejo del Gobernador, é comenzaron á le hacer proceso mal compuesto y peor escrito, seyendo uno de los Adalides un inquito, desasosegado é deshonesto Clerigo, y un Escribano falto de conciencia, é de mala habilidad, y otros tales que en la maldad concurrieron, é así mal fundado el libelo se concluyó á sabor de dañados paladares, como se dijo en el Capitulo catorce, no acordandose que le habian enchido las casas de oro é plata, é le habian tomado sus mugeres é repartidolas en su presencia é usaban de ellas en sus adulterios, é en lo que les placia á aquellos quien las dieron; y como les pareció á los culpados que tales ofensas no eran de olvidar, é que merecian que el Atabalipa les diese la recompensa como sus obras eran, asentoséles en el animo un temor é enemistad con él entrañable: é por salir de tal cuidado é sospecha le ordenaron la muerte por aquello que él no hizo ni pensó; y de ver aquesto algunos Españoles comedidos aquién pesaba que tan grande deservicio se hiciese á Dios y al Emperador nuestro Señor; y aunque tan grande ingratitud se perpetraba é tan señalada maldad se cometia como matar á un Principe tan grande sin culpa. E viendo que le traian á colacion sus delitos é crueldades pasadas, que él habia usado entre sus Yndios y enemigos en el tiempo pasado, de lo cual ninguno era Juez, sino Dios; queriendo saber la verdad é por excusar tan notorios daños como se esperaban que habian de proceder matando aquel Señor se ofrecieron cinco hidalgos de ir en persona á saber y ver si venia aquella gente de

guerra que los falsos inventores e sus mentirosas espías publicaban, á dar en los Cristianos; en fin el Gobernador (que tambien se puede creer que era engañado) lo obo por bien; é fueron el Capitan Heroando de Soto, el Capitan Rodrigo Orgaiz, é Pedro Ortiz, é Miguel de Estete, é Lope Velez a ver esos enemigos que decian que venian; é el Gobernador les dió una Guia ó Espía, que decia que sabia donde estaban; é á dos dias de camino se despeño la guia de un risco, que lo supo muy bien hacer el Diabolo para que el daño fuese mayor; pero aquellos cinco de caballo que he dicho pasaron adelante hasta que llegaron al lugar donde se decian que habian de hallar el exercito contrario, é no hallaron hombre de guerra, ni con armas alguna, sino todos de paz; é aunque no iban sino esos pocos cristianos que es dicho les hicieron mucha fiesta por donde andubieron, é les dieron todo lo que les pidieron de lo que tenian para ellos é sus criados, é Yndios de servicio que llevaban; por manera que viendo que era burla, é muy notoria mentira é falsedad palpable, se tornaron á Cajamalca donde el Gobernador estaba; el cual ya habia fecho morir al Principe Atabaliva se que la historia lo ha contado; é como llegaron al Gobernador hallaronle mostrando mucho sentimiento con un gran sombrero de fieltro puesto en la cabeza por luto é muy calado sobre los ojos, é le digeron: Señor, muy mal lo ha fecho V. Sa, y fuera justo que fuéramos atendidos para que supierades que es muy gran traicion la que se le levautó á Atabaliva, porque ningun hombre de guerra hay en el Campo, ni le hallamos, sino todo de paz, é muy buen tratamiento que no se nos hizo en todo lo que habemos andado. El Gobernador respondió é les dijo: Ya veo que me han engañado; desde á pocos dias sabida esta verdad, e murmurandose de la crueldad que con aquel Principe se usó, vinieron á malas palabras el Gobernador y fray Vicente de Valverde, y el Tesorero Riquelme, é á cada uno de ellos decia que el otro lo habia fecho, é se desmintieron unos á otros muchas veces, oyendo muchos su rencilla.

No. XI.—See p. 237.

CONTRACT BETWEEN PIZARRO AND ALMAGRO, MS.; DATED AT CUZCO,
JUNE 12, 1535.

[This agreement between these two celebrated captains, in which they bind themselves by solemn oaths to the observance of what would seem to be required by the most common principles of honesty and honour, is too characteristic of the men and the times to be omitted. The original exists in the archives at Simancas.]

Nos D^o Francisco Pizarro, Adelantado, Capitan General y Governador por S. M. en estos Reynos de la Nueva Castilla, é D^o Diego de Almagro, asimismo Governador por S. M. en la provincia de Toledo, decimos: que por que mediante la íntima amistad y compañía que entre nosotros con tanto amor ha permanecido, y queriendolo Dios Nuestro Señor hacer, ha sido parte y cabsa que el Emperador el Rey nuestro Señor haya recebido señalados servicios con la conquista, sujecion é poblacion destas provincias y tierras, é atrayendo á la conversion y camino de nuestra Santa Fee Católica tanta muchedumbre de infieles, é confiando S. M. que durante nuestra amistad y compañía su real patrimonio sera acrecentado, é así por tener este intento como por los servicios pasados, S. M. Católica tubo por bien de conceder á mi el dicho D^o Francisco Pizarro la governacion de estos nuevos Reynos, y á mi el dicho D^o Diego de Almagro la governacion de la provincia de Toledo, de las quales mercedes que de su Real liberalidad hemos recebido, resulta tan nueva obligacion, que perpetuamente nuestras vidas y patrimonios, y de los que de nos descendieren en su Real servicio se gasten y consuman, y para que esto mas seguro y mejor efecto haya y la confianza de S. M. por nuestra parte no fallezca, renunciando la Ley que cerca de los tales juramentos dispone, prometemos é juramos en presencia de Dios Nuestro Señor, ante cuyo acatamiento estamos, de guardar y cumplir bien y enteramente, y sin cabtela ni otro entendimiento alguno lo espresado y contenido en los capitulos siguientes, é suplicamos á su infinita bondad que á qualquier de nos que fuere en contrario de lo así convenido, con todo rigor de justicia permita la perdicion de su anima, fin y mal acavamiento de su vida, destruccion y perdimento de su familia, honrras y hacienda, porque como quebrantador de su fee, la qual él uno al otro y el otro nos damos, y no temerosos de su acatamiento, reciba del tal justa venganza: y lo que por parte de cada uno de nosotros juramos y prometemos es lo siguiente.

Primeramente que nuestra amistad é compañía se conserve mantenga para en adelante con aquel amor y voluntad que hasta el dia presente entre nosotros ha habido, no la alterando ni quebrantando por algunos intereses, cobdicias, ni ambicion de qualesquiera honrras é officios, sino que hermanablemente entre nosotros se comunique é seamos parcioneros en todo el bien que Dios Nuestro Señor nos quiera hacer.

Otrosí, decimos so cargo del juramento é promesa que hacemos, que ninguno de nosotros calumniara ni procurara cosa alguna que en daño o menos cabo de su honrra, vida y hacienda al otro pueda subceder ni venir, ni dello sera cabsa por vias directas ni indirectas por sí propio ni por otra persona tácita ni espresamente cabsandolo ni permitiendolo, antes procurará todo bien y honrra y trabajará de se lo llegar y adquirir, y evitando todas pérdidas y daños que se le puedan recrecer, no siendo de la otra parte avisado.

Otrosí: juramos de mantener, guardar y cumplir lo que entre nos otros esta capitulado, á lo qual al presente nos referimos, é que por via, causa ni maña alguna ninguno de nosotros verná en contrario ni en quebrantamiento dello, ni hará diligencia, protestacion ni Reclamacion alguna, é que si alguna oviere fecha, se aparta ó desiste de ella é la renuncia so cargo del dicho juramento.

Otrosí: juramos que juntamente ambos á dos, y no el uno sin el otro, informaremos y escriviremos á S. M. las cosas que segun nuestro parecer mejor á su Real servicio convengan, suplicandole, informandole de todo aquello con que mas su catolica conciencia se descargue, y estas provincias y Reynos mas y mejor se conserven y gobiernen, y que no habrá relacion particular por ninguno de nosotros hecha en fraude é cabtela y con intento de dañar y enpecer al otro, procurando para sí, posponiendo el servicio de Nuestro Señor Dios y de S. M., y en quebrantamiento de nuestra amistad y compañía, y asimismo no permitira que sea hecho por otra qualquier persona, dicho ni comunicado, ni lo permita ni consenta, sino que todo se haga manifestamente entre ambos, porque se conozca mejor el celo que de servir á S. M. tenemos, pues de nuestra amistad é compañía tanta confianza ha mostrado.

Yten: juramos que todos los provechos é intereses que se nos recrecieren así de los que yo Du Francisco Pizarro oviere y adquiriere en esta governacion por qualquier vias y cabsas, como los otros que yo Du Diego de Almagro he de haber en la conquista y descubrimiento que en nombre y por mandado de S. M. hago, lo traeremos manifestamente á monton y collacion, por manera que la compañía que en este caso tenemos hecha permanezca, y en ella no haya fraude, cabtela ni engaño alguno, é que los gastos que por ambos é qualquier de nos se obieren de hacer se haga moderada y discretamente conforme, y proveyendo á la necesidad que se ofreciere evitando lo excesivo y superfluo socorriendo y proveyendo á lo necesario.

Todo lo qual segun en la forma que dicha esta, es nuestra voluntad de lo así guardar y cumplir so cargo del juramento que así tenemos fecho, poniendo á Nuestro Señor Dios por juez y á su gloriosa Madre Santa Maria con todos los Santos por testigos, y por que sea notorio á todos los que aqui juramos y prometemos, lo firmamos de nuestros nombres, siendo presentes por testigos el Licenciado Hernando Caldera Teniente General de Governador en estos Reynos por el dicho Señor Governador, é Francisco Pineda Capellan de su Señoría, é Antonio Picado su Secretario, é Antonio Tellez de Guzman y el Doctor Diego de Loaisa, el qual dicho juramento fue fecho en la gran Cibdad del Cuzco en la casa del dicho Governador Du Diego Dalmagro, estando diciendo misa el Padre Bartolome de Segovia Clerigo, despues de dicho el pater noster, poniendo los dichos Governadores las manos derechas encima del Ara consagrada á 12 de Junio de 1535 años.—Francisco Pizarro.—El Adelantado Diego Dalmagro.—Testigos el Licenciado Hernando Caldera—Antonio Tellez de Guzman.

Yo Antonio Picado Escribano de S. M. doy fee que fui testigo y me halle presente al dicho juramento é solemnidad fecho por los dichos Governadores, y yo saqué este traslado del original que queda en mi poder como secretario del Señor Governador Du Francisco Pizarro, en fee de lo qual firmé aqui nombre. Fecho en la gran Cibdad del Cuzco á 12 dias del mes de Julio de 1535 años. Antonio Picado Escribano de S. M.

No. XII.—See p. 29.

LETTER FROM THE YOUNGER ALMAGRO TO THE ROYAL AUDIENCE OF PANAMÁ,
MS.; DATED AT LOS REYES [LIMA], JULY 14, 1541.

[This document, coming from Almagro himself, is valuable as exhibiting the best apology for his conduct, and, with due allowance for the writer's position, the best account of his proceedings. The original—which was transcribed by Muñoz for his collection—is preserved in the archives at Simancas.]

Mui magníficos Señores,—Ya V. Mrds. havran sabido el estado en que he estado despues que fué desta vida el Adelantado Don Diego de Almagro mi padre, que Dios tenga en el Cielo, i como quedé debajo de la vara del Marqués Don Francisco Pizarro, i creo yo que pues son notorias las molestias i malos tratamientos que me hicieron i la necesidad en que me tenían á

vn rincón de mi casa sin tener otro remedio sino el de S. M. á quien ocaírri que me lo diese como Señor agradecido de quien yo le esperaba pagando los servicios tan grandes que mi padre le hizo de tan gran ganancia é acrecentamiento para su Real Corona, no hay necesidad de contarlas, i por eso no las contaré, i dejaré lo pasado i vendré á dar á V^s Mrds. cuenta de lo presente, é diré que aunque me llegava al alma verme tan afligido, acordandome del mandamiento que mi padre me dejó que amase el servicio de S. M. i quedava en poder de mis enemigos; sufría mas de lo que mi juicio bastava, en especial ser cada día quien á mi padre quitó la vida, i havian escurecido sus servicios por manera que dél ni de mí no havia memoria; i como la Enemistad quel Marques me tenia é á todos mis amigos é criados fuese tan cruel i mortal, i sobre mí sucediese, quiso efetualla por la medida con que la usó con mi padre, estando siguro en mi casa, guiñendo mi necesidad, esperando el remedio i mercedes que de S. M. era razon que yo alcanzase, muy confiado de gozarias, haciendo á S. M. servicios como yo lo deseo; fui informado quel Marques trataba mi prendimiento i fin, determinado que no quedase en el mundo quien la muerte de mi padre lo pidiese, y acordandome que para darsela hallaron testigos á su voluntad, así mismo los hallaron para mí, por manera que padre i hijo fueran por vn juicio juzgados. Por no dejar mi vida en alvedrío tan diabolico i desatinado, temiendo la muerte, determinado de morir defendiendo mi vida i honra, con los criados de mi padre i amigos, acordé de entrar en su casa i prenderle para escusar mayores daños, pues el Juez de S. M. ya venia i á cada uno biciera justicia, i el Marques como persona culpada en la defensa de su prision é persona armada para ello hizo tanto que por desdicha suya fué herido de vna herida de que murió luego, i puesto que como hijo de padre á quien el havia muerto lo podía recibir por venganza, me pesó tan estrañamente que todos conocieron en mí muy gran diferencia, i por ver que estava tan poderoso i acatado como era razon no hovo hombre viendolo en mitad del día que echase mano á espada para ayuda suya ni despues hay hombre que por el responda: parece que se hizo por Juicio de Dios i por su voluntad, porque mi deseo no era tan largo que se estendiese á mas de conservar mi vida en tanto aquel Juez llegava; é como vi el hecho procuré antes que la cosa mas se encendiese en el pueblo i que cesasen execucion de prisiones de personas que ambas opiniones havian siguido quedaban afrontadas, i cesasen crueldades, é huviese justicia que lo estorvasse é castigase, é se tomase cabeza que en nombre de S. M. biciese justicia é governase la tierra, pareciendo á la republica é comunidad de su Cibdad é oficiales de S. M. que por los servicios de mi padre é por haver él descubierto é ganado esta tierra me pertenecia mas justamente que á otro la governacion della, me pidieron por Governador i dentro de dos horas consultado é negociado con el Cabildo, fui recibido en amor i conformidad de toda la republica: Así quedó todo en paz i tan asentados i serenos los animos de todos, que no hovo mudanza, i todo está pacifico, i los pueblos en la misma conformidad i justicia que han estado, i con el ayuda de Dios se asentará cada día la paz tan bien que de todos sea obedecida por señora, i S. M. será tambien servido como es razon, como se deve: porque acabadas son las opiniones é parcialidades, é yo é todos pretendemos la poblacion de la tierra i el descubrimiento della, porque los tiempos pasados que se han gastado tan mal con alborotos que se han ofrecido, é descuidos que ha habido, agora se ganen é se alcancen i cobren, i con este presupuesto esten V^s Mrds. ciertos que está el Perú en sosiego, i que las riquezas se descubrirán é irán á poder de S. M. mas acrecentadas i multiplicadas que hasta aquí, ni havrá mas pasion ni movimiento sino toda quietud, amando el servicio de S. M. i su obediencia, aprovechando sus Reales rentas: Suplico á V^s Mrds. pues el caso parece que lo hizo Dios i no los hombres, ni yo lo quise así como D^{os} lo hizo por su Juicio secreto, é como tengo dicho la tierra esta sosegada, i todos en paz; V^s Mrds. por el presente manden suspender qualquiera novedad, pues la tierra se conservará como está, é será S. M. muy servido; é despues que toda la gente que no tienen vecindades las tengan, é otros vayan á poblar é descubrir, podrán proveer lo que conviniere, i es tiempo que la tierra Españoles i naturales no reciban mas alteracion, pues no pretenden sino sosiego i quietud, i poblar la tierra i servir á S. M. porque con este deseo todos estamos i estaremos, i de otra manera crean V^s Mrds. que de nuevo la tierra se rebue ve é inquieta, porque de las cosas pasadas vnos i otros han pretendido cada vno su fin, é sino descansan de los trabajos que han padecido con tantas persecuciones de buena ni de mala perdiéndose no terná S. M. della cu enta, é los naturales se destruirían é no asentarán en sus casas é perecerán mas de los que han percido; é conservar estos é conservar la tierra i los vecinos i moradores della todo es vno; i pues en tanta conformidad yo tengo la tierra é con voluntad de todos fui elegido por Governador, porque mas obediencia haya, é la justicia mas acatada sea, i entiendan que me han de acatar i obedecer en tanto que S. M. otra cosa manda, porque de lo pasado yo le embio aviso; Suplico á V^s Mrds. manden despachar desa Audiencia Real vna cedula para que todos me obedezcan i tengan por Governador, porque así mas sosegados ternán todos los animos i mas i mejor se bará el servicio de S. M. i terná mas paz la tierra, é confundirse han las voluntades que se quisieren levantar contra esto; é sino lo mandasen V^s Mrds. proveer en tanto que S. M. declara su Real Voluntad, podría ser que por parte de alguna gente que por acá nunca faltan mas amigos de pasiones que de razon, que se levantasen algun escandalo de que Dios i S. M. fuesen mas deservidos: Nuestro Señor las muy magnificas personas de V^s Mrds. guarde tan prosperamente como desean: destos Reyes á 14 de Julio de 1541 años. Beso las manos de V^s Mrds., Don Diego de Almagro.

No. XIII.—See p. 311.

LETTER FROM THE MUNICIPALITY OF AREQUIPA TO THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, MS.; DATED AT SAN JUAN DE LA FRONTERA, SEPTEMBER 24, 1542.

[The stout burghers of Arequipa gave efficient aid to the royal governor in his contest with the younger Almagro; and their letter, signed by the municipality, forms one of the most authentic documents for a history of this civil war. The original is in the archives at Simancas.]

S. C. C. M.—Aunque de otros muchos terná V. M. aviso de la vitoria que en ventura de V. M. i buena deligencia i animo del Governador Vaca de Castro se ovo del tirano Don Diego de Almagro é sus secazes, nosotros el Cabildo i vecino de Arequipa le queremos tambien dar, porque como quien se halló en el peligro, podremos contar de la verdad como pasó.

Desde Xauxa hicimos relacion á V. M. de todo lo sucedido hasta entonses, i de los preparamientos quel Governador tenia proveidos para la guerra de alli. Salió con toda la gente en orden i se vino á esta Cibdad de San Joan de la Frontera, donde tuvimos nuevas como el traidor de Don Diego de Almagro estava en la provincia de Bilcas, que es onze leguas desta Cibdad, que venia determinado con su dañada intencion á darnos la batalla. En este comedio vino Lope Djaquez del real de los traidores, i dió al Governador una carta de Don Diego, i otra de doze Capitanes muy desvergonzados de fieros i amenazas; i el Governador con zelo de que no oviese tantas muertes entre los vasallos de V. M. como siempre fué su intento de ganar el juego por maña, acordó de tornaries a embiar al dicho Lope Ydiazque i á Diego de Mercado Fator de la nueva Toledo, para ver si los podian reducir i atraer al servicio de V. M. i fueron tan mal rescabados que quando escaparon con las vidas se tuvieron por bien librados. La respuesta que les dieron fué que no querian obedecer las provisiones reales de V. M. sino darle la batalla, i luego alzaron su real i caminaron para nosotros. Visto esto el Governador sacó su real deste pueblo i caminó contra ellos dos leguas, donde supo, que los traidores estaban á tres, en un asiento fuerte i comodo para su artilleria. El governador acordó de los guardar alli, donde le tomó la voz, porque era llano i lugar fuerte al nuestro proposito. Como esto vieron los traidores, sabado que se contaron diez i seis de setiembre, se levantaron de donde estaban, i caminaron por lo alto de la sierra i vinieron una legua de nosotros, i sus corredores vinieron á ver nuestro asiento. Luego el Governador provió que por una media loma fuese un Capitan con cinquenta arcabuceros, i otro con cinquenta lanzas á tomar lo alto, i sucedió tambien que sin ningun riesgo se tomó, i luego todo el exercito de V. M. lo subió. Visto esto, los enemigos que estarían tres cuartos de legua, procuraron de buscar campo donde nos dar la batalla, i así le tomaron á su proposito i asentaron su artilleria i concertaron sus esquadrones, que eran duientos i treinta de cavallo, en que venían cinquenta hombres de armas: la infanteria eran duientos arcabuzeros i ciento i cinquenta piqueros, todos tan lucidos é bien armados, que de Milan no pudieran salir mejor aderezados: el artilleria eran seis medias culebrinas de diez á doze pies de largo, que echavan de bateria una naranja: tenían mas otros seis tiros medianos todos de fruslera, tan bien aderezados i con tanta municion, que mas parecia artilleria de Ytalia que no de Yndias. El Governador vista su desvergüenza, la gente muy en orden, despues de haver hecho los razonamientos que convenian, diciendonos que vieseamos la desvergüenza que los traidores tenían i el gran desacato á la corona Real, caminó á ellos, i llegando á tiro donde su artilleria podia alcanzar, jugo luego en nosotros, que la nuestra por ser muy pequeña é ir caminando, no nos podimos aprovechar della de ninguna cosa, i así la dexamos por popa: matarnos hian antes que llegásemos á romper con ellos mas de 30 hombres, i siempre con este daño que rescabamos, caminamos hasta nos poner á tiro de arcabuz, donde de una parte i de otra jugaron i se hizo de á mas partes arto daño, i lo mas presto que nos fue posible porque su artilleria aun nos echava algunas pelotas en nuestros esquadrones, cerramos con ellos, donde duró la batalla de lanzas, porras, i espadas mas de una grande hora; fué tan refida i porfiada que despues de la de Revena no se ha visto entre tan poca gente mas cruel batalla, donde hermanos á hermanos, ni deudos á deudos, ni amigos á amigos no se davan vida uno á otro. Finalmente como llevásemos la justicia de nuestra parte, nuestro Señor en ventura de V. M. nos dió vitoria, i en el denuevo con que acometió el Governador Baca de Castro el qual estava sobresaliente con treinta de cavallo, armado en blanco con una ropilla de brocado sobre las armas con su encomienda descubierta en los pechos, contra el qual estaban conjurados muchos de los traidores, pero él como cavallero se les mostró i defendió tan bien, que para hombre de su edad i profesion, estamos espantados de lo que hizo i trabajo, i como rompió con sus sobresalientes, luego desampararon el campo i conseguimos gloriosa vitoria, la qual estuvo harto dudosa, porque si eramos en numero ciento mas que ellos, en escoger el campo i artilleria i hombres de armas i arcabuzes. nos

tenian doblada ventaja. Fué bien sangrienta de entramas partes, i si la noche no cerrara tan presto, V. M. quedara bien satisfecho destes traidores, pero lo que no se pudo entonses hacer, ahora el Governador lo hace, desquartzizando cada día á los que se escaparon: murieron en la batalla de los nuestros el capitan Per Alvarez Holguin i otros sesenta cavalleros i Hidalgos: i están eridos de muerte Gomez de Tordoya i el Capitan Peranzures i otros mas de ciento. De los traidores murieron ciento é cinquenta, i mas de otros tantos eridos; presos están mas de ciento i cinquenta: Don Diego i otros tres capitanes se escaparon: cada ora se traen presos; esperamos que un día se habrá Don Diego á las manos, porque los Yndios como villanos de Ytalia los matan i traen presos. V. M. tenga esta vitoria en gran servicio, porque puede creer que agora se acabó de ganar esta tierra i ponerla debaxo del cetro Real de V. M. i que esta ha sido verdadera conquista i pacificación della, i así es justo que V. M. como gratísimo Principe gratifique i haga mercedes á los que se la dieron; i al Governador Baca de Castro perpetuarle en ella en entramas governaciones no dividiendo nada dellas porque no hai otra batalla, i á los soldados i vecinos que en ella se hallaron, remunerarles sus trabajos i pérdidas, que han rescibido por reducir estos Reinos á la Corona Real de V. M. i mandando castigar á los vecinos que oyendo la voz Real de V. M. se quedaron en sus casas grangeando sus repartimientos i haciendas, porque gran sin justicia sería, Sacra M. que bolviendo nosotros á nuestras casas pobres i mancos de guerra de mas de un año, hallásemos á los que se quedaron sanos i salvos i ricos, i que á ellos no se les diese pena ni á nosotros premio ni galardón, i esto sería ocasion para que si otra vez oviese otra rebelion en esta tierra ó en otra, no acudiesen al servicio de V. M. como sería razon i somos obligados. Todos tenemos por cierto, quel Governador Baca de Castro lo hará así, i que en nombre de V. M. á los que le han servido hará mercedes, i á los que no acudieron á servir á V. M. castigará. S. C. C. M. Dios todo poderoso acreciente la vida de V. M. dandole vitoria contra sus enemigos, porque sea acrescentada su santa fee, amen. De San Joan de la Frontera á 24 de septiembre de 1542 años.—Besan las manos i pies de V. M. sus leales Vasallos,—Hernando de Silva,—Pedro Pizarro,—Lucas Martinez,—Gomez de Leon,—Hernando de Torre,—Lope de Alarcon,—Juan de Arves,—Juan Flores,—Juan Ramirez,—Alonso Buelte,—Melchior de Cervantes,—Martin Lopez,—Juan Crespo,—Francisco Pinto,—Alonso Rodriguez Picado.

No. XIV.—See p. 401.

PROCESS CONTAINING THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PASSED ON GONZALO PIZARRO, AT XAQUIXAGUANA, APRIL 9, 1548.

[This instrument is taken from the original manuscript of Zarate's Chronicle, which is still preserved at Simancas. Muñoz has made several extracts from this MS., showing that Zarate's history, in its printed form, underwent considerable alteration, both in regard to its facts and the style of its execution. The printed copy is prepared with more consideration; various circumstances, too frankly detailed in the original, are suppressed; and the style and disposition of the work show altogether a more fastidious and practised hand. These circumstances have led Muñoz to suppose that the Chronicle was submitted to the revision of some more experienced writer before its publication; and a correspondence which the critic afterwards found in the Escorial, between Zarate and Florian d'Ocampo, leads to the inference that the latter historian did this kind office for the former. But, whatever the published work may have gained as a literary composition, as a book of reference and authority it falls behind its predecessor, which seems to have come without much premeditation from the author, or, at least, without much calculation of consequences. Indeed, its obvious value for historical uses led Muñoz, in a note endorsed on the fragments, to intimate his purpose of copying the whole manuscript at some future time.]

Vista é entendida por Nos el Mariscal Francisco de Albarado, Maestro de Campo deste Real exercito, el Licenciado Andres de Cianca, Oidor de S. M. destes Reinos, é subdelegados por el mui Ilustre Señor el Licenciado Pedro de la Gazca del Consejo de S. M. de la Santa Inquisicion, Presidente destes Reinos é provincias del Perú, para lo infra escripto la notoriedad de los muchos graves é atroces delitos que Gonzalo Pizarro ha cometido é consentido cometer á los que le han seguido, despues que á estos Reinos ha venido el Visorrey Blasco Nuñez Vela, en

deservicio e desacato de S. M. é de su preminencia é corona Real, é contra la natural obligacion é fidelidad que como su vasallo tenia é devia á su Rei é señor natural é de personas particulares, los quales por ser tan notorios del dicho no se requiere orden ni tela de juicio, mayormente que muchos de los dichos delitos consta por confesion del dicho Gonzalo Pizarro é la notoriedad por la informacion que se ha tomado, é que combiene para la pacificacion destos Reinos é exemplo con brevedad hacer justicia del dicho Gonzalo Pizarro.

Fallamos atento lo susodicho junta la dispusicion del derecho, que devemos declarar é declaramos el dicho Gonzalo Pizarro haver cometido crimen laesae Majestatis contra la corona Real Despaña en todos los grados é causas en derecho contenidas despues que á estos Reinos vino el Virrey Blasco Nuñez Vela, é así le declaramos é condenamos al dicho Gonzalo Pizarro por traidor, é haver incurrido él é sus descendientes nacidos despues quel cometió este dicho crimen é traicion los por linea masculina hasta la segunda generación, é por la femenina hasta la primera, en la infamia é inabilidad é inabilidades, é como á tal condenamos al dicho Gonzalo Pizarro en pena de muerte natural, la qual le mandamos que sea dada en la forma siguiente: que sea sacado de la prison en questá cavallero en una mula de silla atados pies é manos é traído publicamente por este Real de S. M. con voz de pregonero que manifieste su delito, sea llevado al tablado que por nuestro mandado esta fecho en este Real, é allí sea apeado é cortada la cabeza por el pescueso, é despues de muerta naturalmente, mandamos que la dicha cabeza sea llevada á la Ciudad de los Reyes como ciudad mas principal destos Reinos, é sea puesta é clavada en el rollo de la dicha Ciudad con un retulo de letra gruesa que diga, Esta es la cabeza del traidor de Gonzalo Pizarro que se hizo justicia del en el valle de Aquixaguana donde dió la batalla campal contra el estandarte Real queriendo defender su traicion é tiranía; ninguno sea osado de la quitar de aqui so pena de muerte natural: é mandamos que las casas quel dicho Pizarro tiene en la Ciudad del Cuzco . . . sean derribadas por los cimientos é aradas de sal, é á donde agora es la puerta sea puesto un letrero en un pilar que diga: Estas casas eran de Gonzalo Pizarro las quales fueron mandadas derrocar por traidor, é ninguna persona sea osado dellas tornar á hacer i edificar sin licencia expresa de S. M. so pena de muerte natural: e condenamosle mas en perdimiento de todos sus bienes de qualquier calidad que sean é le pertenezcan, los quales aplicamos á la Camara é Fisco de S. M. é en todas las otras penas que contra los tales están instituidas: é por esta nuestra sentencia definitiva juzgamos é así le pronunciamos é mandamos en estos escritos é por ellos.—Alonso de Albarado; el Lic^{do} Cianca.

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have been revised and corrected by the author.

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which were suggested by the late English edition, published in the volume
with a large number of valuable corrections. The result is
now before the public, and it is believed that the present edition will
be found to be more correct and complete than any former one.

TO

GEORGE TICKNOR, ESQ.,

THIS VOLUME,

WHICH MAY REMIND HIM OF STUDIES PURSUED TOGETHER

IN EARLIER YEARS,

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND,

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing, with the view of the
public, the completion of their new edition of Mr. Ticknor's Works, which
have been revised and corrected by the author.

During the last year of his life Mr. Prescott devoted much time to the
revision of his Works, making numerous alterations and additions, some of
which were suggested by the late English edition, published in the volume
with a large number of valuable corrections. The result is
now before the public, and it is believed that the present edition will
be found to be more correct and complete than any former one.

London, March 15, 1855.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers have the pleasure of announcing, with the issue of this volume, the completion of their new edition of Mr. Prescott's Works, printed from entirely new stereotype plates.

During the last years of his life Mr. Prescott devoted much time to the revision of his works, making numerous corrections and additions, some of which were inserted in the later English editions published in his lifetime, while a larger number have hitherto remained in manuscript. The whole, in accordance with his intention, are incorporated in the present edition, which the editor has endeavoured to render still more valuable and complete by verifying doubtful references, adding occasional notes where statements in the text, based on insufficient authority or called in question by recent investigators, needed to be substantiated or corrected, and aiding, by a careful supervision of the press, in securing that high degree of typographical accuracy which is especially desirable in standard works.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE following Essays, with a single exception, have been selected from contributions originally made to the North American Review. They are purely of a literary character; and, as they have little reference to local or temporary topics, and as the journal in which they appeared, though the most considerable in the United States, is not widely circulated in Great Britain, it has been thought that a republication of the articles might have some novelty and interest for the English reader.

Several of the papers were written many years since; and the author is aware that they betray those crudities in the execution which belong to an unpractised writer, while others of more recent date may be charged with the inaccuracies incident to rapid and, sometimes, careless composition. The more obvious blemishes he has endeavoured to correct, without attempting to reform the critical judgments, which in some cases he could wish had been expressed in a more qualified and temperate manner; and he dismisses the volume with the hope that in submitting it to the British public he may not be thought to have relied too far on that indulgence which has been so freely extended to his more elaborate efforts.

BOSTON, *March 30, 1845.*

MISCELLANIES

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BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MISCELLANIES.

MEMOIR OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.¹

THE class of professed men of letters, if we exclude from the account the conductors of periodical journals, is certainly not very large, even at the present day, in our country; but before the close of the last century it was nearly impossible to meet with an individual who looked to authorship as his only, or, indeed, his principal, means of subsistence. This was somewhat the more remarkable, considering the extraordinary development of intellectual power exhibited in every quarter of the country, and applied to every variety of moral and social culture, and formed a singular contrast with more than one nation in Europe, where literature still continued to be followed as a distinct profession, amid all the difficulties resulting from an arbitrary government and popular imbecility and ignorance.

Abundant reasons are suggested for this by the various occupations afforded to talent of all kinds, not only in the exercise of political functions, but in the splendid career opened to enterprise of every description in our free and thriving community. We were in the morning of life, as it were, when everything summoned us to action; when the spirit was quickened by hope and youthful confidence; and we felt that we had our race to run, unlike those nations who, having reached the noontide of their glory or sunk into their decline, were naturally led to dwell on the soothing recollections of the past, and to repose themselves, after a tumultuous existence, in the quiet pleasures of study and contemplation. "It was amid the ruins of the Capitol," says Gibbon, "that I first conceived the idea of writing the History of the Roman Empire." The occupation suited well with the spirit of the place, but would scarcely have harmonized with the life of bustling energy and the thousand novelties which were perpetually stimulating the appetite for adventure in our new and unexplored hemisphere. In short, to express it in one word, the peculiarities of our situation as naturally disposed us to active life as those of the old countries of Europe to contemplative.

The subject of the present memoir affords an almost solitary example, at this period, of a scholar, in the enlarged application of the term, who cultivated letters as a distinct and exclusive profession, resting his means of support, as

¹ From Sparks's *American Biography*, 1834.

well as his fame, on his success, and who, as a writer of fiction, is still farther entitled to credit for having quitted the beaten grounds of the Old Country and sought his subjects in the untried wildness of his own. The particulars of his unostentatious life have been collected with sufficient industry by his friend Mr. William Dunlap, to whom our native literature is under such large obligations for the extent and fidelity of his researches. We will select a few of the most prominent incidents from a mass of miscellaneous fragments and literary lumber with which his work is somewhat encumbered. It were to be wished that, in the place of some of them, more copious extracts had been substituted for his journal and correspondence, which, doubtless, in this as in other cases, must afford the most interesting as well as authentic materials for biography.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was born at Philadelphia, January 17th, 1771. He was descended from a highly respectable family, whose ancestors were of that estimable sect who came over with William Penn to seek an asylum where they might worship their Creator unmolested in the meek and humble spirit of their own faith. From his earliest childhood Brown gave evidence of his studious propensities, being frequently noticed by his father, on his return from school, poring over some heavy tome, nothing daunted by the formidable words it contained, or mounted on a table and busily engaged in exploring a map which hung on the parlour wall. This infantine predilection for geographical studies ripened into a passion in later years. Another anecdote, recorded of him at the age of ten, sets in a still stronger light his appreciation of intellectual pursuits far above his years. A visitor at his father's having rebuked him, as it would seem, without cause, for some remark he had made, gave him the contemptuous epithet of "boy." "What does he mean," said the young philosopher, after the guest's departure, "by calling me boy? Does he not know that it is neither size nor age, but sense, that makes the man? I could ask him a hundred questions, none of which he could answer."

At eleven years of age he was placed under the tuition of Mr. Robert Proud, well known as the author of the History of Pennsylvania. Under his direction he went over a large course of English reading, and acquired the elements of Greek and Latin, applying himself with great assiduity to his studies. His bodily health was naturally delicate, and indisposed him to engage in the robust, athletic exercises of boyhood. His sedentary habits, however, began so evidently to impair his health that his master recommended him to withdraw from his books and recruit his strength by excursions on foot into the country. These pedestrian rambles suited the taste of the pupil, and the length of his absence often excited the apprehensions of his friends for his safety. He may be thought to have sat to himself for this portrait of one of his heroes. "I preferred to ramble in the forest and loiter on the hill; perpetually to change the scene; to scrutinize the endless variety of objects; to compare one leaf and pebble with another; to pursue those trains of thought which their resemblances and differences suggested; to inquire what it was that gave them this place, structure, and form, were more agreeable employments than ploughing and threshing." "My frame was delicate and feeble. Exposure to wet blasts and vertical suns was sure to make me sick." The fondness for these solitary rambles continued through life, and the familiarity which they opened to him with the grand and beautiful scenes of nature undoubtedly contributed to nourish the habit of reverie and abstraction, and to deepen the romantic sensibilities from which flowed so much of his misery, as well as happiness, in after-life.

He quitted Mr. Proud's school before the age of sixteen. He had pre-

viously made some small poetical attempts, and soon after sketched the plans of three several epics, on the discovery of America and the conquests of Peru and Mexico. For some time they engaged his attention to the exclusion of every other object. No vestige of them now remains, or, at least, has been given to the public by which we can ascertain the progress made towards their completion. The publication of such immature juvenile productions may gratify curiosity by affording a point of comparison with later excellence. They are rarely, however, of value in themselves sufficient to authorize their exposure to the world, and, notwithstanding the occasional exception of a Pope or a Pascal, may very safely put up with Uncle Toby's recommendation on a similar display of precocity, "to hush it up, and say as little about it as possible."

Among the contributions which, at a later period of life, he was in the habit of making to different journals, the fate of one was too singular to be passed over in silence. It was a poetical address to Franklin, prepared for the Edentown newspaper. "The blundering printer," says Brown, in his journal, "from zeal or ignorance, or perhaps from both, substituted the name of Washington. Washington, therefore, stands arrayed in awkward colours; philosophy smiles to behold her darling son; she turns with horror and disgust from those who have won the laurel of victory in the field of battle, to this her favourite candidate, who had never participated in such bloody glory, and whose fame was derived from the conquest of philosophy alone. The printer, by his blundering ingenuity, made the subject ridiculous. Every word of this clumsy panegyric was a direct slander upon Washington, and so it was regarded at the time." There could not well be imagined a more expeditious or effectual recipe for converting eulogy into satire.

Young Brown had now reached a period of life when it became necessary to decide on a profession. After due deliberation, he determined on the law,—a choice which received the cordial approbation of his friends, who saw in his habitual diligence and the character of his mind, at once comprehensive and logical, the most essential requisites for success. He entered on the studies of his profession with his usual ardour; and the acuteness and copiousness of his arguments on various topics proposed for discussion in a law-society over which he presided bear ample testimony to his ability and industry. But, however suited to his talents the profession of the law might be, it was not at all to his taste. He became a member of a literary club, in which he made frequent essays in composition and eloquence. He kept a copious journal, and by familiar exercise endeavoured to acquire a pleasing and graceful style of writing; and every hour that he could steal from professional schooling was devoted to the cultivation of more attractive literature. In one of his contributions to a journal, just before this period, he speaks of "the rapture with which he held communion with his own thoughts amid the gloom of surrounding woods, where his fancy peopled every object with ideal beings, and the barrier between himself and the world of spirits seemed burst by the force of meditation. In this solitude, he felt himself surrounded by a delightful society; but when transported from thence, and compelled to listen to the frivolous chat of his fellow-beings, he suffered all the miseries of solitude." He declares that his intercourse and conversation with mankind had wrought a salutary change; that he can now mingle in the concerns of life, perform his appropriate duties, and reserve that higher species of discourse for the solitude and silence of his study. In this supposed control over his romantic fancies he grossly deceived himself.

As the time approached for entering on the practice of his profession, he

felt his repugnance to it increase more and more ; and he sought to justify a retreat from it altogether by such poor sophistry as his imagination could suggest. He objected to the profession as having something in it immoral. He could not reconcile it with his notions of duty to come forward as the champion indiscriminately of right and wrong ; and he considered the stipendiary advocate of a guilty party as becoming, by that very act, participator in the guilt. He did not allow himself to reflect that no more equitable arrangement could be devised, none which would give the humblest individual so fair a chance for maintaining his rights as the employment of competent and upright counsel, familiar with the forms of legal practice, necessarily so embarrassing to a stranger ; that, so far from being compelled to undertake a cause manifestly unjust, it is always in the power of an honest lawyer to decline it, but that such contingencies are of most rare occurrence, as few cases are litigated where each party has not previously plausible grounds for believing himself in the right, a question only to be settled by fair discussion on both sides ; that opportunities are not wanting, on the other hand, which invite the highest display of eloquence and professional science in detecting and defeating villainy, in vindicating slandered innocence, and in expounding the great principles of law on which the foundations of personal security and property are established ; and, finally, that the most illustrious names in his own and every other civilized country have been drawn from the ranks of a profession whose habitual discipline so well trains them for legislative action and the exercise of the highest political functions.

Brown cannot be supposed to have been insensible to these obvious views ; and, indeed, from one of his letters in later life, he appears to have clearly recognized the value of the profession he had deserted. But his object was, at this time, to justify himself in his fickleness of purpose, as he best might, in his own eyes and those of his friends. Brown was certainly not the first man of genius who found himself incapable of resigning the romantic world of fiction and the uncontrolled revels of the imagination for the dull and prosaic realities of the law. Few, indeed, like Mansfield, have been able so far to constrain their young and buoyant imaginations as to merit the beautiful eulogium of the English poet ; while many more comparatively, from the time of Juvenal downward, fortunately for the world, have been willing to sacrifice the affections plighted to Themis on the altars of the Muse.

Brown's resolution at this crisis caused sincere regret to his friends, which they could not conceal, on seeing him thus suddenly turn from the path of honourable fame at the very moment when he was prepared to enter on it. His prospects, but lately so brilliant, seemed now overcast with a deep gloom. The embarrassments of his situation had also a most unfavourable effect on his own mind. Instead of the careful discipline to which it had been lately subjected, it was now left to rove at large wherever caprice should dictate, and waste itself on those romantic reveries and speculations to which he was naturally too much addicted. This was the period when the French Revolution was in its heat, and the awful convulsion experienced in one unhappy country seemed to be felt in every quarter of the globe ; men grew familiar with the wildest paradoxes, and the spirit of innovation menaced the oldest and best-established principles in morals and government. Brown's inquisitive and speculative mind partook of the prevailing skepticism. Some of his compositions, and especially one on the *Rights of Women*, published in 1797, show to what extravagance a benevolent mind may be led by fastening too exclusively on the contemplation of the evils of existing institutions and indulging in indefinite dreams of perfectibility.

There is no period of existence when the spirit of a man is more apt to be depressed than when he is about to quit the safe and quiet harbour in which he has rode in safety from childhood, and to launch on the dark and unknown ocean where so many a gallant bark has gone down before him. How much must this disquietude be increased in the case of one who, like Brown, has thrown away the very chart and compass by which he was prepared to guide himself through the doubtful perils of the voyage! How heavily the gloom of despondency fell on his spirits at this time is attested by various extracts from his private correspondence. "As for me," he says, in one of his letters, "I long ago discovered that Nature had not qualified me for an actor on this stage. The nature of my education only added to these disqualifications, and I experienced all those deviations from the centre which arise when all our lessons are taken from books, and the scholar makes his own character the comment. A happy destiny, indeed, brought me to the knowledge of two or three minds which Nature had fashioned in the same mould with my own, but these are gone. And, O God! enable me to wait the moment when it is thy will that I should follow them." In another epistle he remarks, "I have not been deficient in the pursuit of that necessary branch of knowledge, the study of myself. I will not explain the result, for have I not already sufficiently endeavoured to make my friends unhappy by communications which, though they might easily be injurious, could not be of any possible advantage? I really, dear W., regret that period when your pity was first excited in my favour. I sincerely lament that I ever gave you reason to imagine that I was not so happy as a gay indifference with regard to the present, stubborn forgetfulness with respect to the uneasy past, and excursions into lightsome futurity could make me; for what end, what useful purposes, were promoted by the discovery? It could not take away from the number of the unhappy, but only add to it, by making those who loved me participate in my uneasiness, which each participation, so far from tending to diminish, would in reality increase, by adding those regrets, of which I had been the author in them, to my own original stock." It is painful to witness the struggles of a generous spirit endeavouring to suppress the anguish thus involuntarily escaping in the warmth of affectionate intercourse. This becomes still more striking in the contrast exhibited between the assumed cheerfulness of much of his correspondence at this period and the uniform melancholy tone of his private journal, the genuine record of his emotions.

Fortunately, his taste, refined by intellectual culture, and the elevation and spotless purity of his moral principles, raised him above the temptations of sensual indulgence, in which minds of weaker mould might have sought a temporary relief. His soul was steeled against the grosser seductions of appetite. The only avenue through which his principles could in any way be assailed was the understanding; and it would appear, from some dark hints in his correspondence at this period, that the rash idea of relieving himself from the weight of earthly sorrows by some voluntary deed of violence had more than once flitted across his mind. It is pleasing to observe with what beautiful modesty and simplicity of character he refers his abstinence from coarser indulgences to his constitutional infirmities, and consequent disinclination to them, which, in truth, could be only imputed to the excellence of his heart and his understanding. In one of his letters he remarks "that the benevolence of Nature rendered him, in a manner, an exile from many of the temptations that infest the minds of ardent youth. Whatever his wishes might have been, his benevolent destiny had prevented him from running into the frivolities of youth." He ascribes to this cause his love of letters, and his predominant

anxiety to excel in whatever was a glorious subject of competition. "Had he been furnished with the nerves and muscles of his comrades, it was very far from impossible that he might have relinquished intellectual pleasures. Nature had benevolently rendered him incapable of encountering such severe trials."

Brown's principal resources for dissipating the melancholy which hung over him were his inextinguishable love of letters, and the society of a few friends, to whom congeniality of taste and temper had united him from early years. In addition to these resources, we may mention his fondness for pedestrian rambles, which sometimes were of several weeks' duration. In the course of these excursions, the circle of his acquaintance and friends was gradually enlarged. In the city of New York, in particular, he contracted an intimacy with several individuals of similar age and kindred mould with himself. Among these, his earliest associate was Dr. E. H. Smith, a young gentleman of great promise in the medical profession. Brown had become known to him during the residence of the latter as a student in Philadelphia. By him our hero was introduced to Mr. Dunlap, who has survived to commemorate the virtues of his friend in a biography already noticed, and to Mr. Johnson, the accomplished author of the New York Law Reports. The society of these friends had sufficient attractions to induce him to repeat his visit to New York, until at length, in the beginning of 1798, he may be said to have established his permanent residence there, passing much of his time under the same roof with them. His amiable manners and accomplishments soon recommended him to the notice of other eminent individuals. He became a member of a literary society, called the *Friendly Club*, comprehending names which have since shed a distinguished lustre over the various walks of literature and science.

The spirits of Brown seemed to be exalted in this new atmosphere. His sensibilities found a grateful exercise in the sympathies of friendship, and the powers of his mind were called into action by collision with others of similar tone with his own. His memory was enriched with the stores of various reading, hitherto conducted at random, with no higher object than temporary amusement or the gratification of an indefinite curiosity. He now concentrated his attention on some determinate object, and proposed to give full scope to his various talents and acquisitions in the career of an author, as yet so little travelled in his own country.

His first publication was that before noticed, entitled "*Alcuin, a dialogue on the Rights of Women.*" It exhibits the crude and fanciful speculations of a theorist who, in his dreams of optimism, charges exclusively on human institutions the imperfections necessarily incident to human nature. The work, with all its ingenuity, made little impression on the public: it found few purchasers, and made, it may be presumed, still fewer converts.

He soon after began a romance, which he never completed, from which his biographer has given copious extracts. It is conducted in the epistolary form, and, although exhibiting little of his subsequent power and passion, is recommended by a graceful and easy manner of narration, more attractive than the more elaborate and artificial style of his latter novels.

This abortive attempt was succeeded, in 1798, by the publication of *Wieland*, the first of that remarkable series of fictions which flowed in such rapid succession from his pen in this and the three following years. In this romance, the author, deviating from the usual track of domestic or historic incident, proposed to delineate the powerful workings of passion displayed by a mind constitutionally excitable, under the control of some terrible and mysterious

agency. The scene is laid in Pennsylvania. The action takes place in a family by the name of Wieland, the principal member of which had inherited a melancholy and somewhat superstitious constitution of mind, which his habitual reading and contemplation deepened into a calm but steady fanaticism. This temper is nourished still farther by the occurrence of certain inexplicable circumstances of ominous import. Strange voices are heard by different members of the family, sometimes warning them of danger, sometimes announcing events seeming beyond the reach of human knowledge. The still and solemn hours of night are disturbed by the unearthly summons. The other actors of the drama are thrown into strange perplexity, and an underplot of events is curiously entangled by the occurrence of unaccountable sights as well as sounds. By the heated fancy of Wieland they are referred to supernatural agency. A fearful destiny seems to preside over the scene, and to carry the actors onward to some awful catastrophe. At length the hour arrives. A solemn, mysterious voice announces to Wieland that he is now called on to testify his submission to the divine will by the sacrifice of his earthly affections,—to surrender up the affectionate partner of his bosom, on whom he had reposed all his hopes of happiness in this life. He obeys the mandate of Heaven. The stormy conflict of passion into which his mind is thrown, as the fearful sacrifice he is about to make calls up all the tender remembrances of conjugal fidelity and love, is painted with frightful strength of colouring. Although it presents, on the whole, as pertinent an example as we could offer from any of Brown's writings of the peculiar power and vividness of his conceptions, the whole scene is too long for insertion here. We will mutilate it, however, by a brief extract, as an illustration of our author's manner, more satisfactory than any criticism can be. Wieland, after receiving the fatal mandate, is represented in an apartment alone with his wife. His courage, or, rather, his desperation, fails him, and he sends her, on some pretext, from the chamber. An interval, during which his insane passions have time to rally, ensues.

"She returned with a light; I led the way to the chamber; she looked round her; she lifted the curtain of the bed; she saw nothing. At length she fixed inquiring eyes upon me. The light now enabled her to discover in my visage what darkness had hitherto concealed. Her cares were now transferred from my sister to myself, and she said, in a tremulous voice, 'Wieland! you are not well; what ails you? Can I do nothing for you?' That accents and looks so winning should disarm me of my resolution was to be expected. My thoughts were thrown anew into anarchy. I spread my hand before my eyes, that I might not see her, and answered only by groans. She took my other hand between hers, and, pressing it to her heart, spoke with that voice which had ever swayed my will and wafed away sorrow. 'My friend! my soul's friend! tell me thy cause of grief. Do I not merit to partake with thee in thy cares? Am I not thy wife?'

"This was too much. I broke from her embrace, and retired to a corner of the room. In this pause, courage was once more infused into me. I resolved to execute my duty. She followed me, and renewed her passionate entreaty to know the cause of my distress.

"I raised my head and regarded her with steadfast looks. I muttered something about death, and the injunctions of my duty. At these words she shrunk back, and looked at me with a new expression of anguish. After a pause, she clasped her hands and exclaimed,

"O Wieland! Wieland! God grant that I am mistaken; but surely something is wrong. I see it; it is too plain; thou art undone—lost to me and to

thyself.' At the same time she gazed on my features with intensest anxiety, in hope that different symptoms would take place. I replied with vehemence, 'Undone! No; my duty is known, and I thank my God that my cowardice is now vanquished, and I have power to fulfil it. Catharine! I pity the weakness of nature; I pity thee, but must not spare. Thy life is claimed from my hands: thou must die!'

"Fear was now added to her grief. 'What mean you? Why talk you of death? Bethink yourself, Wieland; bethink yourself, and this fit will pass. O! why came I hither? Why did you drag me hither?'

"'I brought thee hither to fulfil a divine command. I am appointed thy destroyer, and destroy thee I must.' Saying this, I seized her wrists. She shrieked aloud, and endeavoured to free herself from my grasp, but her efforts were vain.

"'Surely, surely, Wieland, thou dost not mean it. Am I not thy wife? and wouldst thou kill me? Thou wilt not; and yet—I see—thou art Wieland no longer! A fury, resistless and horrible, possesses thee: spare me—spare—help—help—'

"Till her breath was stopped she shrieked for help—for mercy. When she could speak no longer, her gestures, her looks, appealed to my compassion. My accursed hand was irresolute and tremulous. I meant thy death to be sudden, thy struggles to be brief. Alas! my heart was infirm, my resolves mutable. Thrice I slackened my grasp, and life kept its hold, though in the midst of pangs. Her eyeballs started from their sockets. Grimness and distortion took place of all that used to bewitch me into transport and subdue me into reverence.

"I was commissioned to kill thee, but not to torment thee with the foresight of thy death; not to multiply thy fears and prolong thy agonies. Haggard, and pale, and lifeless, at length thou ceasedst to contend with thy destiny.

"This was a moment of triumph. Thus had I successfully subdued the stubbornness of human passions; the victim which had been demanded was given; the deed was done past recall.

"I lifted the corpse in my arms, and laid it on the bed. I gazed upon it with delight. Such was the elation of my thoughts that I even broke into laughter. I clapped my hands, and exclaimed, 'It is done! My sacred duty is fulfilled! To that I have sacrificed, O my God! thy last and best gift, my wife!'

"For a while I thus soared above frailty. I imagined I had set myself for ever beyond the reach of selfishness, but my imaginations were false. This rapture quickly subsided. I looked again at my wife. My joyous ebullitions vanished, and I asked myself who it was whom I saw. Methought it could not be Catharine. It could not be the woman who had lodged for years in my heart; who had slept nightly in my bosom; who had borne in her womb, who had fostered at her breast, the beings who called me father; whom I had watched with delight, and cherished with a fondness ever new and perpetually growing: it could not be the same.

"Where was her bloom? These deadly and blood-suffused orbs but ill resemble the azure and ecstatic tenderness of her eyes. The lucid stream that meandered over that bosom, the glow of love that was wont to sit upon that cheek, are much unlike these livid stains and this hideous deformity. Alas! these were the traces of agony: the gripe of the assassin had been here!

"I will not dwell upon my lapse into desperate and outrageous sorrow. The breath of Heaven that sustained me was withdrawn, and I sunk into

mere man. I leaped from the floor; I dashed my head against the wall; I uttered screams of horror; I panted after torment and pain. Eternal fire and the bickerings of hell, compared with what I felt, were music and a bed of roses.

"I thank my God that this degeneracy was transient,—that he deigned once more to raise me aloft. I thought upon what I had done as a sacrifice to duty, and *was calm.* My wife was dead; but I reflected that, though this source of human consolation was closed, yet others were still open. If the transports of a husband were no more, the feelings of a father had still scope for exercise. When remembrance of their mother should excite too keen a pang, I would look upon them and *be comforted.*

"While I revolved these ideas, new warmth flowed in upon my heart. I was wrong. These feelings were the growth of selfishness. Of this I was not aware; and, to dispel the mist that obscured my perceptions, a new effulgence and a new mandate were necessary.

"From these thoughts I was recalled by a ray that was shot into the room. A voice spake like that which I had before heard, 'Thou hast done well; but all is not done—the sacrifice is incomplete—thy children must be offered—they must perish with their mother!'"

This, too, is accomplished by the same remorseless arm, although the author has judiciously refrained from attempting to prolong the note of feeling, struck with so powerful a hand, by the recital of the particulars. The wretched fanatic is brought to trial for the murder, but is acquitted on the ground of insanity. The illusion which has bewildered him at length breaks on his understanding in its whole truth. He cannot sustain the shock, and the tragic tale closes with the suicide of the victim of superstition and imposture. The key to the whole of this mysterious agency which controls the circumstances of the story is—ventriloquism! ventriloquism exerted for the very purpose by a human fiend, from no motives of revenge or hatred, but pure diabolical malice, or, as he would make us believe, and the author seems willing to endorse this absurd version of it, as a mere practical joke! The reader, who has been gorged with this feast of horrors, is tempted to throw away the book in disgust at finding himself the dupe of such paltry jugglery; which, whatever sense be given to the term ventriloquism, is altogether incompetent to the various phenomena of sight and sound with which the story is so plentifully seasoned. We can feel the force of Dryden's imprecation when he cursed the inventors of those fifth acts which are bound to unravel all the fine mesh of impossibilities which the author's wits had been so busy entangling in the four preceding.

The explication of the mysteries of Wieland naturally suggests the question how far an author is bound to explain the *supernaturalities*, if we may so call them, of his fictions, and whether it is not better, on the whole, to trust to the willing superstition and credulity of the reader (of which there is perhaps store enough in almost every bosom, at the present enlightened day even, for poetical purposes) than to attempt a solution on purely natural or mechanical principles. It was thought no harm for the ancients to bring the use of *machinery* into their epics, and a similar freedom was conceded to the old English dramatists, whose ghosts and witches were placed in the much more perilous predicament of being subjected to the scrutiny of the spectator, whose senses are not near so likely to be duped as the sensitive and excited imagination of the reader in his solitary chamber. It must be admitted, however, that the public of those days, when the

"Undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders that were sung."

were admirably seasoned for the action of superstition in all forms, and furnished, therefore, a most enviable audience for the melodramatic artist, whether dramatist or romance-writer. But all this is changed. No witches ride the air nowadays, and fairies no longer "dance their rounds by the pale moonlight," as the worthy Bishop Corbet, indeed, lamented a century and a half ago.

Still, it may be allowed, perhaps, if the scene is laid in some remote age or country, to borrow the ancient superstitions of the place, and incorporate them into, or, at least, colour the story with them, without shocking the well-bred prejudices of the modern reader. Sir Walter Scott has done this with good effect in more than one of his romances, as every one will readily call to mind. A fine example occurs in the Boden Glass apparition in Waverley, which the great novelist, far from attempting to explain on any philosophical principles, or even by an intimation of its being the mere creation of a feverish imagination, has left as he found it, trusting that the reader's poetic feeling will readily accommodate itself to the popular superstitions of the country he is depicting. This reserve on his part, indeed, arising from a truly poetic view of the subject and an honest reliance on a similar spirit in his reader, has laid him open, with some matter-of-fact people, to the imputation of not being wholly untouched himself by the national superstitions. Yet how much would the whole scene have lost in its permanent effect if the author had attempted an explanation of the apparition on the ground of an optical illusion not infrequent among the mountain-mists of the Highlands, or any other of the ingenious solutions so readily at the command of the thoroughbred story-teller!

It must be acknowledged, however, that this way of solving the riddles of romance would hardly be admissible in a story drawn from familiar scenes and situations in modern life, and especially in our own country. The lights of education are flung too bright and broad over the land to allow any lurking-hole for the shadows of a twilight age. So much the worse for the poet and the novelist. Their province must now be confined to poor human nature, without meddling with the "Gorgons and chimeras dire" which floated through the bewildered brains of our forefathers, at least on the other side of the water. At any rate, if a writer, in this broad sunshine, ventures on any sort of *diablerie*, he is forced to explain it by all the thousand contrivances of trap-doors, secret passages, waxen images, and other make-shifts from the property-room of Mrs. Radcliffe and Company.

Brown, indeed, has resorted to a somewhat higher mode of elucidating his mysteries by a remarkable phenomenon of our nature. But the misfortune of all these attempts to account for the marvels of the story by natural or mechanical causes is, that they are very seldom satisfactory, or competent to their object. This is eminently the case with the ventriloquism in Wieland. Even where they are competent, it may be doubted whether the reader who has suffered his credulous fancy to be entranced by the spell of the magician will be gratified to learn, at the end, by what cheap mechanical contrivance he has been duped. However this may be, it is certain that a very unfavourable effect, in another respect, is produced on his mind, after he is made acquainted with the nature of the secret spring by which the machinery is played, more especially when one leading circumstance, like ventriloquism in Wieland, is made the master-key, as it were, by which all the mysteries are to be unlocked and opened at once. With this explanation at hand, it is extremely difficult to rise to that sensation of mysterious awe and apprehension on which so much of the sublimity and general effect of the narrative necessarily depends. Instead of such feelings, the only ones which can enable us to do full justice to the author's conceptions, we sometimes, on the contrary, may detect a smile

lurking in the corner of the mouth as we peruse scenes of positive power, from the contrast obviously suggested of the impotence of the apparatus and the portentous character of the results. The critic, therefore, possessed of the real key to the mysteries of the story, if he would do justice to his author's merits, must divest himself, as it were, of his previous knowledge, by fastening his attention on the results, to the exclusion of the insignificant means by which they are achieved. He will not always find this an easy matter.

But to return from this rambling digression. In the following year, 1799, Brown published his second novel, entitled *Ormond*. The story presents few of the deeply agitating scenes and powerful bursts of passion which distinguish the first. It is designed to exhibit a model of surpassing excellence in a female rising superior to all the shocks of adversity and the more perilous blandishments of seduction, and who, as the scene grows darker and darker around her, seems to illumine the whole with the radiance of her celestial virtues. The reader is reminded of the "patient Griselda," so delicately portrayed by the pencils of Boccaccio and Chaucer. It must be admitted, however, that the contemplation of such a character in the abstract is more imposing than the minute details by which we attain to the knowledge of it; and although there is nothing, we are told, which the gods looked down upon with more satisfaction than a brave mind struggling with the storms of adversity, yet, when these come in the guise of poverty and all the train of teasing annoyances in domestic life, the tale, if long protracted, too often produces a sensation of weariness scarcely to be compensated by the moral grandeur of the spectacle.

The appearance of these two novels constitutes an epoch in the ornamental literature of America. They are the first decidedly successful attempts in the walk of romantic fiction. They are still farther remarkable as illustrating the character and state of society on this side of the Atlantic, instead of resorting to the exhausted springs of European invention. These circumstances, as well as the uncommon powers they displayed both of conception and execution, recommended them to the notice of the literary world, although their philosophical method of dissecting passion and analyzing motives of action placed them somewhat beyond the reach of vulgar popularity. Brown was sensible of the favourable impression which he had made, and mentions it in one of his epistles to his brother with his usual unaffected modesty: "I add somewhat, though not so much as I might if I were so inclined, to the number of my friends. I find to be the writer of *Wieland* and *Ormond* is a greater recommendation than I ever imagined it would be."

In the course of the same year, the quiet tenor of his life was interrupted by the visitation of that fearful pestilence, the yellow fever, which had for several successive years made its appearance in the city of New York, but which in 1798 fell upon it with a violence similar to that with which it had desolated Philadelphia in 1793. Brown had taken the precaution of withdrawing from the latter city, where he then resided, on its first appearance there. He prolonged his stay in New York, however, relying on the healthiness of the quarter of the town where he lived, and the habitual abstemiousness of his diet. His friend Smith was necessarily detained there by the duties of his profession; and Brown, in answer to the reiterated importunities of his absent relatives to withdraw from the infected city, refused to do so, on the ground that his personal services might be required by the friends who remained in it,—a disinterestedness well meriting the strength of attachment which he excited in the bosom of his companions.

Unhappily, Brown was right in his prognostics, and his services were too soon required in behalf of his friend Dr. Smith, who fell a victim to his own

benevolence, having caught the fatal malady from an Italian gentleman, a stranger in the city, whom he received, when infected with the disease, into his house, relinquishing to him his own apartment. Brown had the melancholy satisfaction of performing the last sad offices of affection to his dying friend. He himself soon became affected with the same disorder; and it was not till after a severe illness that he so far recovered as to be able to transfer his residence to Perth Amboy, the abode of Mr. Dunlap, where a pure and invigorating atmosphere, aided by the kind attentions of his host, gradually restored him to a sufficient degree of health and spirits for the prosecution of his literary labours.

The spectacle he had witnessed made too deep an impression on him to be readily effaced, and he resolved to transfer his own conceptions of it, while yet fresh, to the page of fiction, or, as it might rather be called, of history, for the purpose, as he intimates in his preface, of imparting to others some of the fruits of the melancholy lesson he had himself experienced. Such was the origin of his next novel, *Arthur Mervyn*; or, *Memoirs of the Year 1793*. This was the fatal year of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. The action of the story is chiefly confined to that city, but seems to be prepared with little contrivance, on no regular or systematic plan, consisting simply of a succession of incidents, having little cohesion except in reference to the hero, but affording situations of great interest and frightful fidelity of colouring. The pestilence wasting a thriving and populous city has furnished a topic for more than one great master. It will be remembered as the terror of every school-boy in the pages of Thucydides; it forms the gloomy portal to the light and airy fictions of Boccaccio; and it has furnished a subject for the graphic pencil of the English novelist De Foe, the only one of the three who never witnessed the horrors which he paints, but whose fictions wear an aspect of reality which history can rarely reach.

Brown has succeeded in giving the same terrible distinctness to his impressions by means of individual portraiture. He has, however, not confined himself to this, but, by a variety of touches, lays open to our view the whole interior of the city of the plague. Instead of expatiating on the loathsome symptoms and physical ravages of the disease, he selects the most striking moral circumstances which attend it; he dwells on the withering sensation that falls so heavily on the heart in the streets of the once busy and crowded city, now deserted and silent, save only where the wheels of the melancholy hearse are heard to rumble along the pavement. Our author not unfrequently succeeds in conveying more to the heart by the skilful selection of a single circumstance than would have flowed from a multitude of petty details. It is the art of the great masters of poetry and painting.

The same year in which Brown produced the first part of "*Arthur Mervyn*," he entered on the publication of a periodical entitled *The Monthly Magazine and American Review*, a work that during its brief existence, which terminated in the following year, afforded abundant evidence of its editor's versatility of talent and the ample range of his literary acquisitions. Our hero was now fairly in the traces of authorship. He looked to it as his permanent vocation; and the indefatigable diligence with which he devoted himself to it may at least serve to show that he did not shrink from his professional engagements from any lack of industry or enterprise.

The publication of "*Arthur Mervyn*" was succeeded not long after by that of *Edgar Huntly*; or, *The Adventures of a Sleepwalker*, a romance presenting a greater variety of wild and picturesque adventure, with more copious delineations of natural scenery, than is to be found in his other

fictions; circumstances, no doubt, possessing more attractions for the mass of readers than the peculiarities of his other novels. Indeed, the author has succeeded perfectly in constantly stimulating the curiosity by a succession of as original incidents, perils, and hairbreadth escapes as ever flitted across a poet's fancy. It is no small triumph of the art to be able to maintain the curiosity of the reader unflagging through a succession of incidents which, far from being sustained by one predominant passion and forming parts of one whole, rely each for its interest on its own independent merits.

The story is laid in the western part of Pennsylvania, where the author has diversified his descriptions of a simple and almost primitive state of society with uncommonly animated sketches of rural scenery. It is worth observing how the sombre complexion of Brown's imagination, which so deeply tinges his moral portraiture, sheds its gloom over his pictures of material nature, raising the landscape into all the severe and savage sublimity of a *Salvator Rosa*. The somnambulism of this novel, which, like the ventriloquism of "*Wieland*," is the moving principle of all the machinery, has this advantage over the latter, that it does not necessarily impair the effect by perpetually suggesting a solution of mysteries, and thus dispelling the illusion on whose existence the effect of the whole story mainly depends. The adventures, indeed, built upon it are not the most probable in the world; but, waiving this,—we shall be well rewarded for such concession,—there is no farther difficulty.

The extract already cited by us from the first of our author's novels has furnished the reader with an illustration of his power in displaying the conflict of passion under high moral excitement. We will now venture another quotation from the work before us, in order to exhibit more fully his talent for the description of external objects.

Edgar Huntly, the hero of the story, is represented in one of the wild mountain-fastnesses of Norwalk, a district in the western part of Pennsylvania. He is on the brink of a ravine, from which the only avenue lies over the body of a tree thrown across the chasm, through whose dark depths below a rushing torrent is heard to pour its waters.

"While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already swerved somewhat from its original position; that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank; and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavouring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

"I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres, which were already stretched almost to breaking.

"To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak, and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my coat.

"Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was nothing more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

"The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

"My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eying the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

"Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now with no less solicitude desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

"Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

"The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground, and closed my eyes.

"From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply

regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had like to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

"My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

"He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

"Still, there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry uttered below showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom."

The subsequent narrative leads the hero through a variety of romantic adventures, especially with the savages, with whom he has several desperate encounters and critical escapes. The track of adventure, indeed, strikes into the same wild solitudes of the forest that have since been so frequently travelled over by our ingenious countryman Cooper. The light in which the character of the North American Indian has been exhibited by the two writers has little resemblance. Brown's sketches, it is true, are few and faint. As far as they go, however, they are confined to such views as are most conformable to the popular conceptions, bringing into full relief the rude and uncouth lineaments of the Indian character, its cunning, cruelty, and unmitigated ferocity, with no intimations of a more generous nature. Cooper, on the other hand, discards all the coarser elements of savage life, reserving those only of a picturesque and romantic cast, and elevating the souls of his warriors by such sentiments of courtesy, high-toned gallantry, and passionate tenderness as belong to the riper period of civilization. Thus idealized, the portrait, if not strictly that of the fierce and untamed son of the forest, is at least sufficiently true for poetical purposes. Cooper is indeed a poet. His descriptions of inanimate nature, no less than of savage man, are instinct with the breath of poetry. Witness his infinitely various pictures of the ocean, or, still more, of the beautiful spirit that rides upon its bosom, the gallant ship, which under his touches becomes an animated thing, inspired by a living soul; reminding us of the beautiful superstition of the simple-hearted natives, who fancied the bark of Columbus some celestial visitant, descending on his broad pinions from the skies.

Brown is far less of a colourist. He deals less in external nature, but searches the depths of the soul. He may be rather called a philosophical

than a poetical writer; for, though he has that intensity of feeling which constitutes one of the distinguishing attributes of the latter, yet in his most tumultuous bursts of passion we frequently find him pausing to analyze and coolly speculate on the elements which have raised it. This intrusion, indeed, of reason, *la raison froide*, into scenes of the greatest interest and emotion, has sometimes the unhappy effect of chilling them altogether.

In 1800 Brown published the second part of his *Arthur Mervyn*, whose occasional displays of energy and pathos by no means compensate the violent dislocations and general improbabilities of the narrative. Our author was led into these defects by the unpardonable precipitancy of his composition. Three of his romances were thrown off in the course of one year. These were written with the printer's devil literally at his elbow, one being begun before another was completed, and all of them before a regular, well-digested plan was devised for their execution.

The consequences of this curious style of doing business are such as might have been predicted. The incidents are strung together with about as little connection as the rhymes in "The House that Jack built;" and the whole reminds us of some bizarre, antiquated edifice, exhibiting a dozen styles of architecture, according to the caprice or convenience of its successive owners.

The reader is ever at a loss for a clue to guide him through the labyrinth of strange, incongruous incident. It would seem as if the great object of the author was to keep alive the state of suspense, on the player's principle, in "The Rehearsal," that "on the stage it is best to keep the audience in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot or the sense tires them at the end of the first act. Now, here every line surprises you, and brings in new matter!" Perhaps, however, all this proceeds less from calculation than from the embarrassment which the novelist feels in attempting a solution of his own riddles, and which leads him to put off the reader, by multiplying incident after incident, until at length, entangled in the complicated snarl of his own intrigue, he is finally obliged, when the fatal hour arrives, to cut the knot which he cannot unravel. There is no other way by which we can account for the forced and violent *dénouements* which bring up so many of Brown's fictions. Voltaire has remarked, somewhere in his Commentaries on Corneille, that "an author may write with the rapidity of genius, but should correct with scrupulous deliberation." Our author seems to have thought it sufficient to comply with the first half of the maxim.

In 1801 Brown published his novel of *Clara Howard*, and in 1804 closed the series with *Jane Talbot*, first printed in England. They are composed in a more subdued tone, discarding those startling preternatural incidents of which he had made such free use in his former fictions. In the preface to his first romance, "Wieland," he remarks, in allusion to the mystery on which the story is made to depend, "that it is a sufficient vindication of the writer if history furnishes one parallel fact." But the French critic, who tells us *le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable*, has, with more judgment, condemned this vicious recurrence to extravagant and improbable incident. Truth cannot always be pleaded in vindication of the author of a fiction any more than of a libel. Brown seems to have subsequently come into the same opinion; for, in a letter addressed to his brother James, after the publication of "Edgar Huntly," he observes, "Your remarks upon the gloominess and out-of-nature incidents of 'Huntly,' if they be not just in their full extent, are doubtless such as most readers will make, which alone is a sufficient reason for dropping the doleful tone and assuming a cheerful one, or, at least, substituting moral causes and daily incidents in place of the prodigious or the

singular. I shall not fall hereafter into that strain." The two last novels of our author, however, although purified from the more glaring defects of the preceding, were so inferior in their general power and originality of conception that they never rose to the same level in public favour.

In the year 1801 Brown returned to his native city, Philadelphia, where he established his residence in the family of his brother. Here he continued, steadily pursuing his literary avocations, and in 1803 undertook the conduct of a periodical, entitled *The Literary Magazine and American Register*. A great change had taken place in his opinions on more than one important topic connected with human life and happiness, and, indeed, in his general tone of thinking, since abandoning his professional career. Brighter prospects, no doubt, suggested to him more cheerful considerations. Instead of a mere dreamer in the world of fancy, he had now become a practical man: larger experience and deeper meditation had shown him the emptiness of his Utopian theories; and, though his sensibilities were as ardent and as easily enlisted as ever in the cause of humanity, his schemes of amelioration were built upon, not against, the existing institutions of society. The enunciation of the principles on which the periodical above alluded to was to be conducted is so honourable every way to his heart and his understanding that we cannot refrain from making a brief extract from it:

"In an age like this, when the foundations of religion and morality have been so boldly attacked, it seems necessary, in announcing a work of this nature, to be particularly explicit as to the path which the editor means to pursue. He therefore avows himself to be, without equivocation or reserve, the ardent friend and the willing champion of the Christian religion. Christian piety he reveres as the highest excellence of human beings; and the amplest reward he can seek for his labour is the consciousness of having in some degree, however inconsiderable, contributed to recommend the practice of religious duties. As in the conduct of this work a supreme regard will be paid to the interests of religion and morality, he will scrupulously guard against all that dishonours and impairs that principle. Everything that savours of indelicacy or licentiousness will be rigorously proscribed. His poetical pieces may be dull, but they shall at least be free from voluptuousness or sensuality; and his prose, whether seconded or not by genius and knowledge, shall scrupulously aim at the promotion of public and private virtue."

During his abode in New York our author had formed an attachment to an amiable and accomplished young lady, Miss Elizabeth Linn, daughter of the excellent and highly-gifted Presbyterian divine, Dr. William Linn, of that city. Their mutual attachment, in which the impulses of the heart were sanctioned by the understanding, was followed by their marriage in November, 1804, after which he never again removed his residence from Philadelphia.

With the additional responsibilities of his new station, he pursued his literary labours with increased diligence. He projected the plan of an *Annual Register*, the first work of the kind in the country, and in 1806 edited the first volume of the publication, which was undertaken at the risk of an eminent bookseller of Philadelphia, Mr. Conrad, who had engaged his editorial labours in the conduct of the former Magazine, begun in 1803. When it is considered that both these periodicals were placed under the superintendence of one individual, and that he bestowed such indefatigable attention on them that they were not only prepared, but a large portion actually executed by his own hands, we shall form no mean opinion of the extent and variety of his stores of information and his facility in applying them. Both works are replete with evidences of the taste and erudition of

their editor, embracing a wide range of miscellaneous articles, essays, literary criticism, and scientific researches. The historical portion of "The Register" in particular, comprehending, in addition to the political annals of the principal states of Europe and of our own country, an elaborate inquiry into the origin and organization of our domestic institutions, displays a discrimination in the selection of incidents, and a good faith and candour in the mode of discussing them, that entitle it to great authority as a record of contemporary transactions. Eight volumes were published of the first-mentioned periodical, and the latter was continued under his direction till the end of the fifth volume, 1809.

In addition to these regular and, as they may be called, professional labours, he indulged his prolific pen in various speculations, both of a literary and political character, many of which appeared in the pages of the "Portfolio." Among other occasional productions, we may notice a beautiful biographical sketch of his wife's brother, Dr. J. B. Linn, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, whose lamented death occurred in the year succeeding Brown's marriage. We must not leave out of the account three elaborate and extended pamphlets, published between 1803 and 1809, on political topics of deep interest to the community at that time. The first of these, on the cession of Louisiana to the French, soon went into a second edition. They all excited general attention at the time of their appearance by the novelty of their arguments, the variety and copiousness of their information, the liberality of their views, the independence, so rare at that day, of foreign prejudices, the exemption, still rarer, from the bitterness of party spirit, and, lastly, the tone of loyal and heartfelt patriotism—a patriotism without cant—with which the author dwells on the expanding glory and prosperity of his country in a strain of prophecy that it is our boast has now become history.

Thus occupied, Brown's situation seemed now to afford him all the means for happiness attainable in this life. His own labours secured to him an honourable independence and a high reputation, which, to a mind devoted to professional or other intellectual pursuits, is usually of far higher estimation than gain. Round his own fireside he found ample scope for the exercise of his affectionate sensibilities, while the tranquil pleasures of domestic life proved the best possible relaxation for a mind wearied by severe intellectual effort. His grateful heart was deeply sensible to the extent of his blessings; and in more than one letter he indulges in a vein of reflection which shows that his only solicitude was from the fear of their instability. His own health furnished too well-grounded cause for such apprehensions.

We have already noticed that he set out in life with a feeble constitution. His sedentary habits and intense application had not, as it may well be believed, contributed to repair the defects of Nature. He had for some time shown a disposition to pulmonary complaints, and had raised blood more than once, which he in vain endeavoured to persuade himself did not proceed from the lungs. As the real character of the disease disclosed itself in a manner not to be mistaken, his anxious friends would have persuaded him to cross the water in the hope of re-establishing his health by a seasonable change of climate. But Brown could not endure the thoughts of so long a separation from his beloved family, and he trusted to the effect of a temporary abstinence from business, and of one of those excursions into the country by which he had so often recruited his health and spirits.

In the summer of 1809 he made a tour into New Jersey and New York. A letter addressed to one of his family from the banks of the Hudson, during this journey, exhibits in melancholy colours how large a portion of his life had

been clouded by disease, which now, indeed, was too oppressive to admit of any other alleviation than what he could find in the bosom of his own family.

"MY DEAREST MARY,—Instead of wandering about and viewing more nearly a place that affords very pleasing landscapes, here am I, hovering over the images of wife, children, and sisters. I want to write to you and home; and, though unable to procure paper enough to form a letter, I cannot help saying something even on this scrap.

"I am mortified to think how incurious and inactive a mind has fallen to my lot. I left home with reluctance. If I had not brought a beloved part of my home along with me, I should probably have not left it at all. At a distance from home, my enjoyments, my affections, are beside you. If swayed by mere inclination, I should not be out of your company a quarter of an hour between my parting and returning hour; but I have some mercy on you and Susan, and a due conviction of my want of power to beguile your vacant hour with amusement or improve it by instruction. Even if I were ever so well, and if my spirits did not continually hover on the brink of dejection, my talk could only make you yawn; as things are, my company can only tend to create a gap indeed.

"When have I known that lightness and vivacity of mind which the divine flow of health, even in calamity, produces in some men, and would produce in me, no doubt,—at least, when not soured by misfortune? Never; scarcely ever; not longer than half an hour at a time since I have called myself man, and not a moment since I left you."

Finding these brief excursions productive of no salutary change in his health, he at length complied with the entreaties of his friends, and determined to try the effect of a voyage to Europe in the following spring. That spring he was doomed never to behold. About the middle of November he was taken with a violent pain in his left side, for which he was bled. From that time forward he was confined to his chamber. His malady was not attended with the exemption from actual pain with which Nature seems sometimes willing to compensate the sufferer for the length of its duration. His sufferings were incessant and acute; and they were supported not only without a murmur, but with an appearance of cheerfulness to which the hearts of his friends could but ill respond. He met the approach of death in the true spirit of Christian philosophy. No other dread but that of separation from those dear to him on earth had power to disturb his tranquillity for a moment. But the temper of his mind in his last hours is best disclosed in a communication from that faithful partner who contributed more than any other to support him through them. "He always felt for others more than for himself; and the evidences of sorrow in those around him, which could not at all times be suppressed, appeared to affect him more than his own sufferings. Whenever he spoke of the probability of a fatal termination to his disease, it was in an indirect and covert manner, as, 'you must do so and so when I am absent,' or 'when I am asleep.' He surrendered not up one faculty of his soul but with his last breath. He saw death in every step of his approach, and viewed him as a messenger that brought him no terrors. He frequently expressed his resignation; but his resignation was not produced by apathy or pain; for, while he bowed with submission to the Divine will, he felt with the keenest sensibility his separation from those who made this world but too dear to him. Towards the last he spoke of death without disguise, and appeared to wish to prepare his friends for the event which he felt to be approaching. A few days previous to his change, as sitting up in the bed, he fixed his eyes on the sky, and

desired not to be spoken to until he first spoke. In this position, and with a serene countenance, he continued for some minutes, and then said to his wife, 'When I desired you not to speak to me, I had the most transporting and sublime feelings I have ever experienced; I wanted to enjoy them, and know how long they would last;' concluding with requesting her to remember the circumstance."

A visible change took place in him on the morning of the 19th of February, 1810, and he caused his family to be assembled around his bed, when he took leave of each one of them in the most tender and impressive manner. He lingered, however, a few days longer, remaining in the full possession of his faculties to the 22nd of the month, when he expired without a struggle. He had reached the thirty-ninth year of his age the month preceding his death. The family which he left consisted of a wife and four children.

There was nothing striking in Brown's personal appearance. His manners, however, were distinguished by a gentleness and unaffected simplicity which rendered them extremely agreeable. He possessed colloquial powers which do not always fall to the lot of the practised and ready writer. His rich and various acquisitions supplied an unfailing fund for the edification of his hearers. They did not lead him, however, to affect an air of superiority, or to assume too prominent a part in the dialogue, especially in large or mixed company, where he was rather disposed to be silent, reserving the display of his powers for the unrestrained intercourse of friendship. He was a stranger not only to base and malignant passions, but to the paltry jealousies which sometimes sour the intercourse of men of letters. On the contrary, he was ever prompt to do ample justice to the merits of others. His heart was warm with the feeling of universal benevolence. Too sanguine and romantic views had exposed him to some miscalculations and consequent disappointments in youth, from which, however, he was subsequently retrieved by the strength of his understanding, which, combining with what may be called his natural elevation of soul, enabled him to settle the soundest principles for the regulation of his opinions and conduct in after-life. His reading was careless and desultory, but his appetite was voracious; and the great amount of miscellaneous information which he thus amassed was all demanded to supply the outpourings of his mind in a thousand channels of entertainment and instruction. His unwearied application is attested by the large amount of his works, large even for the present day, when mind seems to have caught the accelerated movement so generally given to the operations of machinery. The whole number of Brown's printed works, comprehending his editorial as well as original productions, to the former of which his own pen contributed a very disproportionate share, is not less than four-and-twenty printed volumes, not to mention various pamphlets, anonymous contributions to divers periodicals, as well as more than one compilation of laborious research which he left unfinished at his death.

Of this vast amount of matter, produced within the brief compass of little more than ten years, that portion on which his fame as an author must permanently rest is his novels. We have already entered too minutely into the merits of these productions to require anything farther than a few general observations. They may probably claim to be regarded as having first opened the way to the successful cultivation of romantic fiction in this country. Great doubts were long entertained of our capabilities for immediate success in this department. We had none of the buoyant, stirring associations of a romantic age; none of the chivalrous pageantry, the feudal and border story, or Robin Hood adventure; none of the dim, shadowy superstitions, and the traditional

legends, which had gathered like moss round every stone, hill, and valley of the olden countries. Everything here wore a spick-and-span new aspect, and lay in the broad, garish sunshine of every-day life. We had none of the picturesque varieties of situation or costume; everything lay on the same dull, prosaic level: in short, we had none of the most obvious elements of poetry: at least so it appeared to the vulgar eye. It required the eye of genius to detect the rich stores of romantic and poetic interest that lay beneath the crust of society. Brown was aware of the capabilities of our country, and the poverty of the results he was less inclined to impute to the soil than to the cultivation of it: at least this would appear from some remarks dropped in his correspondence in 1794, several years before he broke ground in this field himself. "It used to be a favourite maxim with me, that the genius of a poet should be sacred to the glory of his country. How far this rule can be reduced to practice by an American bard, how far he can prudently observe it, and what success has crowned the efforts of those who, in their compositions, have shown that they have not been unmindful of it, is perhaps not worth the inquiry.

"Does it not appear to you that to give poetry a popular currency and universal reputation a particular cast of manners and state of civilization is necessary? I have sometimes thought so; but perhaps it is an error, and the want of popular poems argues only the demerit of those who have already written, or some defect in their works, which unfits them for every taste or understanding."

The success of our author's experiment, which was entirely devoted to American subjects, fully established the soundness of his opinions, which have been abundantly confirmed by the prolific pens of Irving, Cooper, Sedgwick, and other accomplished writers, who in their diversified sketches of national character and scenery have shown the full capacity of our country for all the purposes of fiction. Brown does not direct himself, like them, to the illustration of social life and character. He is little occupied with the exterior forms of society. He works in the depths of the heart, dwelling less on human action than the sources of it. He has been said to have formed himself on Godwin. Indeed, he openly avowed his admiration of that eminent writer, and has certainly in some respects adopted his mode of operation, studying character with a philosophic rather than a poetic eye. But there is no servile imitation in all this. He has borrowed the same torch, indeed, to read the page of human nature, but the lesson he derives from it is totally different. His great object seems to be to exhibit the soul in scenes of extraordinary interest. For this purpose, striking and perilous situations are devised, or circumstances of strong moral excitement, a troubled conscience, partial gleams of insanity, or bodings of imaginary evil, which haunt the soul and force it into all the agonies of terror. In the midst of the fearful strife, we are coolly invited to investigate its causes and all the various phenomena which attend it; every contingency, probability, nay, possibility, however remote, is discussed and nicely balanced. The heat of the reader is seen to evaporate in this cold-blooded dissection, in which our author seems to rival Butler's hero, who,

"Profoundly skilled in analytic,
Could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side."

We are constantly struck with the strange contrast of over-passion and over-reasoning. But perhaps, after all, these defects could not be pruned away from Brown's composition without detriment to his peculiar excellences. *Si non*

errâset, fecerat ille minus. If so, we may willingly pardon the one for the sake of the other.

We cannot close without adverting to our author's style. He bestowed great pains on the formation of it, but, in our opinion, without great success, at least in his novels. It has an elaborate, factitious air, contrasting singularly with the general simplicity of his taste and the careless rapidity of his composition. We are aware, indeed, that works of imagination may bear a higher flush of colour, a poetical varnish, in short, that must be refused to graver and more studied narrative. No writer has been so felicitous in reaching the exact point of good taste in this particular as Scott, who on a groundwork of prose may be said to have enabled his readers to breathe an atmosphere of poetry. More than one author, on the other hand, as Florian, in French, for example, and Lady Morgan, in English, in their attempts to reach this middle region, are eternally fluttering on the wing of sentiment, equally removed from good prose and good poetry.

Brown, perhaps willing to avoid this extreme, has fallen into the opposite one, forcing his style into unnatural vigour and condensation. Unusual and pedantic epithets, and elliptical forms of expression, in perpetual violation of idiom, are resorted to at the expense of simplicity and nature. He seems averse to telling simple things in a simple way. Thus, for example, we have such expressions as these: "I was *fraught with the persuasion* that my life was endangered." "The outer door was ajar. I shut it with trembling eagerness, and drew every bolt that *appended* to it." "His brain seemed to swell beyond its *continent*." "I waited till their slow and hoarser *inspirations* showed them to be both asleep. Just then, on changing my position, my head struck against some things which *depended* from the ceiling of the closet." "It was still dark, but my sleep was at an end, and, by a common apparatus (tinder-box?) that lay beside my bed, I could instantly produce a light." "On recovering from *deliquium*, you found it where it had been dropped." It is unnecessary to multiply examples which we should not have adverted to at all had not our opinions in this matter been at variance with those of more than one respectable critic. This sort of language is no doubt in very bad taste. It cannot be denied, however, that although these defects are sufficiently general to give a colouring to the whole of his composition, yet his works afford many passages of undeniable eloquence and rhetorical beauty. It must be remembered, too, that his novels were his first productions, thrown off with careless profusion, and exhibiting many of the defects of an immature mind, which longer experience and practice might have corrected. Indeed, his later writings are recommended by a more correct and natural phraseology, although it must be allowed that the graver topics to which they are devoted, if they did not authorize, would at least render less conspicuous any studied formality and artifice of expression.

These verbal blemishes, combined with defects already alluded to, in the development of his plots, but which all relate to the form rather than the *fond* of his subject, have made our author less extensively popular than his extraordinary powers would have entitled him to be. His peculiar merits, indeed, appeal to a higher order of criticism than is to be found in ordinary and superficial readers. Like the productions of Coleridge or Wordsworth, they seem to rely on deeper sensibilities than most men possess, and tax the reasoning powers more severely than is agreeable to readers who resort to works of fiction only as an epicurean indulgence. The number of their admirers is therefore necessarily more limited than that of writers of less talent, who have shown more tact in accommodating themselves to the tone of popular feeling or prejudice.

But we are unwilling to part, with anything like a tone of disparagement lingering on our lips, with the amiable author to whom our rising literature is under such large and various obligations; who first opened a view into the boundless fields of fiction which subsequent adventurers have successfully explored; who has furnished so much for our instruction in the several departments of history and criticism, and has rendered still more effectual service by kindling in the bosom of the youthful scholar the same generous love of letters which glowed in his own; whose writings, in fine, have uniformly inculcated the pure and elevated morality exemplified in his life. The only thing we can regret is that a life so useful should have been so short, if, indeed, that can be considered short which has done so much towards attaining life's great end.

ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND.¹

(July, 1830.)

THERE is nothing in which the moderns surpass the ancients more conspicuously than in their noble provisions for the relief of indigence and distress. The public policy of the ancients seems to have embraced only whatever might promote the aggrandizement or the direct prosperity of the state, and to have cared little for those unfortunate beings who, from disease or incapacity of any kind, were disqualified from contributing to this. But the beneficent influence of Christianity, combined with the general tendency of our social institutions, has led to the recognition of rights in the individual as sacred as those of the community, and has suggested manifold provisions for personal comfort and happiness.

The spirit of benevolence, thus widely, and oftentimes judiciously, exerted, continued until a very recent period, however, strangely insensible to the claims of a large class of objects to whom nature, and no misconduct or imprudence of their own, as is too often the case with the subjects of public charity, had denied some of the most estimable faculties of man. No suitable institutions, until the close of the last century, have been provided for the nurture of the deaf and dumb, or the blind. Immured within hospitals and almshouses, like so many lunatics and incurables, they have been delivered over, if they escaped the physical, to all the moral contagion too frequently incident to such abodes, and have thus been involved in a mental darkness far more deplorable than their bodily one.

This injudicious treatment has resulted from the erroneous principle of viewing these unfortunate beings as an absolute burden on the public, utterly incapable of contributing to their own subsistence or of ministering in any degree to their own intellectual wants. Instead, however, of being degraded by such unworthy views, they should have been regarded as, what in truth they are, possessed of corporeal and mental capacities perfectly competent, under proper management, to the production of the most useful results. If

¹ An Act to Incorporate the New England Asylum for the Blind. Approved March 2nd, 1829.

wisdom from one entrance was quite shut out, other avenues for its admission still remained to be opened.

In order to give effective aid to persons in this predicament, it is necessary to place ourselves as far as possible in their peculiar situation, to consider to what faculties this insulated condition is, on the whole, most favourable, and in what direction they can be exercised with the best chance of success. Without such foresight, all our endeavours to aid them will only put them upon efforts above their strength, and result in serious mortification.

The blind, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, are necessarily excluded from the busy theatre of human action. Their infirmity, however, which consigns them to darkness, and often to solitude, would seem favourable to contemplative habits and to the pursuits of abstract science and pure speculation. Undisturbed by external objects, the mind necessarily turns within, and concentrates its ideas on any point of investigation with greater intensity and perseverance. It is no uncommon thing, therefore, to find persons setting apart the silent hours of the evening for the purpose of composition or other purely intellectual exercise. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely, used to close his shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light; and hence Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize the better,—a story the veracity of which Cicero, who relates it, is prudent enough not to vouch for.

Blindness must also be exceedingly favourable to the discipline of the memory. Whoever has had the misfortune, from any derangement of the organ, to be compelled to derive his knowledge of books less from the eye than the ear, will feel the truth of this. The difficulty of recalling what has once escaped, of reverting to or dwelling on the passages read aloud by another, compels the hearer to give undivided attention to the subject, and to impress it more forcibly on his own mind by subsequent and methodical reflection. Instances of the cultivation of this faculty to an extraordinary extent have been witnessed among the blind, and it has been most advantageously applied to the pursuit of abstract science, especially mathematics.

One of the most eminent illustrations of these remarks is the well-known history of Saunderson, who, though deprived in his infancy not only of sight, but of the organ itself, contrived to become so well acquainted with the Greek tongue as to read the works of the ancient mathematicians in the original. He made such advances in the higher departments of the science that he was appointed, "though not matriculated at the University," to fill the chair which a short time previous had been occupied by Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge. The lectures of this blind professor on the most abstruse points of the Newtonian philosophy, and especially on optics, naturally filled his audience with admiration; and the perspicuity with which he communicated his ideas is said to have been unequalled. He was enabled, by the force of his memory, to perform many long operations in arithmetic, and to carry in his mind the most complex geometrical figures. As, however, it became necessary to supply the want of vision by some symbols which might be sensible to the touch, he contrived a table in which pins, whose value was determined principally by their relative position to each other, served him instead of figures, while for his diagrams he employed pegs, inserted at the requisite angles to each other, representing the lines by threads drawn around them. He was so expert in the use of these materials that when performing his calculations he would change the position of the pins with nearly the same facility that another person would indite figures, and when disturbed in an operation would afterwards resume it again, ascertaining the posture in which he had left it by

passing his hand carefully over the table. To such shifts and inventions does human ingenuity resort when stimulated by the thirst of knowledge; as the plant, when thrown into shade on one side, sends forth its branches eagerly in that direction where the light is permitted to fall upon it.

In like manner, the celebrated mathematician Euler continued, for many years after he became blind, to indite and publish the results of his scientific labours, and at the time of his decease left nearly a hundred memoirs ready for the press, most of which have since been given to the world. An example of diligence equally indefatigable, though turned in a different channel, occurs in our contemporary Huber, who has contributed one of the most delightful volumes within the compass of natural history, and who, if he employed the eyes of another, guided them in their investigation to the right results by the light of his own mind.

Blindness would seem to be propitious, also, to the exercise of the inventive powers. Hence poetry, from the time of Thamyris and the blind Mæonides down to the Welsh harper and the ballad-grinder of our day, has been assigned as the peculiar province of those bereft of vision,

"As the wakeful bird
Stings darkling, and, in shadiest cover hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

The greatest epic poem of antiquity was probably, as that of the moderns was certainly, composed in darkness. It is easy to understand how the man who has once seen can recall and body forth in his conceptions new combinations of material beauty; but it would seem scarcely possible that one born blind, excluded from all acquaintance with "coloured nature," as Condillac finely styles it, should excel in descriptive poetry. Yet there are eminent examples of this; among others, that of Blacklock, whose verses abound in the most agreeable and picturesque images. Yet he could have formed no other idea of colours than was conveyed by their moral associations, the source, indeed, of most of the pleasures we derive from descriptive poetry. It was thus that he studied the variegated aspect of nature, and read in it the successive revolutions of the seasons, their freshness, their prime, and decay.

Mons. Guillié, in an interesting essay on the instruction of the blind, to which we shall have occasion repeatedly to refer, quotes an example of the association of ideas in regard to colours, which occurred in one of his own pupils, who, in reciting the well-known passage in Horace, "*rubente dextrâ sacras jaculatus arces*," translated the first two words by "fiery" or "burning right hand." On being requested to render it literally, he called it "red right hand," and gave as the reason for his former version that he could form no positive conception of a red colour; but that, as fire was said to be red, he connected the idea of heat with this colour, and had therefore interpreted the wrath of Jupiter, demolishing town and tower, by the epithet "fiery or burning;" for "when people are angry," he added, "they are hot, and when they are hot, they must of course be red." He certainly seems to have formed a much more accurate notion of red than Locke's blind man.

But while a gift for poetry belongs only to the inspired few, and while many have neither taste nor talent for mathematical or speculative science, it is a consolation to reflect that the humblest individual who is destitute of sight may so far supply this deficiency by the perfection of the other senses as by their aid to attain a considerable degree of intellectual culture, as well as a familiarity with some of the most useful mechanic arts. It will be easier to conceive to what extent the perceptions of touch and hearing may be refined if we reflect how far that of sight is sharpened by exclusive reliance on it in

certain situations. Thus the mariner descries objects at night, and at a distance upon the ocean, altogether imperceptible to the unpractised eye of a landsman. And the North American Indian steers his course undeviatingly through the trackless wilderness, guided only by such signs as escape the eye of the most inquisitive white man.

In like manner, the senses of hearing and feeling are capable of attaining such a degree of perfection in a blind person that by them alone he can distinguish his various acquaintances, and even the presence of persons whom he has but rarely met before, the size of the apartment, and the general locality of the spots in which he may happen to be, and guide himself safely across the most solitary districts and amid the throng of towns. Dr. Bew, in a paper in the Manchester Collection of Memoirs, gives an account of a blind man of his acquaintance in Derbyshire, who was much used as a guide for travellers in the night over certain intricate roads, and particularly when the tracks were covered with snow. This same man was afterwards employed as a projector and surveyor of roads in that county. We well remember a blind man in the neighbouring town of Salem, who officiated some twenty years since as the town crier, when that functionary performed many of the advertising duties now usurped by the newspaper, making his diurnal round, and stopping with great precision at every corner, trivium or quodrivium, to "chime his melodious twang." Yet this feat, the familiarity of which prevented it from occasioning any surprise, could have resulted only from the nicest observation of the undulations of the ground, or by an attention to the currents of air, or the different sound of the voice or other noises in these openings, signs altogether lost upon the man of eyes.

Mons. Guillié mentions several apparently well-attested anecdotes of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colours by the touch. One of the individuals noticed by him, a Dutchman, was so expert in this way that he was sure to come off conqueror at the card-table by the knowledge which he thus obtained of his adversary's hand whenever it came to his turn to deal. This power of discrimination of colours, which seems to be a gift only of a very few of the finer-fingered gentry, must be founded on the different consistency or smoothness of the ingredients used in the various dyes. A more certain method of ascertaining these colours, that of tasting or touching them with the tongue, is frequently resorted to by the blind, who by this means often distinguish between those analogous colours, as black and dark blue, red and pink, which, having the greatest apparent affinity, not unfrequently deceive the eye.

Diderot, in an ingenious letter on the blind, *à l'usage de ceux qui voient*, has given a circumstantial narration of his visit to a blind man at Puisseau, the son of a professor in the University of Paris, and well known in his day from the various accomplishments and manual dexterity which he exhibited, remarkable in a person in his situation. Being asked what notion he had formed of an eye, he replied, "I conceive it to be an organ on which the air produces the same effect as this staff on my hand. If, when you are looking at an object, I should interpose anything between your eyes and that object, it would prevent you from seeing it. And I am in the same predicament when I seek one thing with my staff and come across another." An explanation, says Diderot, as lucid as any which could be given by Descartes, who, it is singular, attempts, in his *Dioptries*, to explain the analogy between the senses of feeling and seeing by figures of men blindfolded, groping their way with staffs in their hands. This same intelligent personage became so familiar with the properties of touch that he seems to have accounted them almost equally

valuable with those of vision. On being interrogated if he felt a great desire to have eyes, he answered, "Were it not for the mere gratification of curiosity, I think I should do as well to wish for long arms. It seems to me that my hands would inform me better of what is going on in the moon than your eyes and telescopes; and then the eyes lose the power of vision more readily than the hands that of feeling. It would be better to perfect the organ which I have than to bestow on me that which I have not."

Indeed, the "geometric sense" of touch, as Buffon terms it, as far as it reaches, is more faithful, and conveys oftentimes a more satisfactory idea of external forms, than the eye itself. The great defect is that its range is necessarily so limited. It is told of Saunderson that on one occasion he detected by his finger a counterfeit coin which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved from blindness at an advanced, or even early, period of life, have been found frequently to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to the sight. The celebrated English anatomist Cheselden mentions several illustrations of this fact in an account given by him of a blind boy whom he had successfully couched for cataracts at the age of fourteen. It was long before the youth could discriminate by his eye between his old companions the family cat and dog, dissimilar as such animals appear to us in colour and conformation. Being ashamed to ask the oft-repeated question, he was observed one day to pass his hand carefully over the cat, and then, looking at her steadfastly, to exclaim, "So, puss, I shall know you another time." It is more natural that he should have been deceived by the illusory art of painting, and it was long before he could comprehend that the objects depicted did not possess the same relief on the canvas as in nature. He inquired, "Which is the lying sense here, the sight or the touch?"

The faculty of hearing would seem susceptible of a similar refinement with that of seeing. To prove this without going into farther detail, it is only necessary to observe that much the larger proportion of blind persons are, more or less, proficient in music, and that in some of the institutions for their education, as that in Paris, for instance, *all* the pupils are instructed in this delightful art. The gift of a natural ear for melody, therefore, deemed comparatively rare with the *clairvoyans*, would seem to exist so far in every individual as to be capable, by a suitable cultivation, of affording a high degree of relish, at least to himself.

As, in order to a successful education of the blind, it becomes necessary to understand what are the faculties, intellectual and corporeal, to the development and exercise of which their peculiar condition is best adapted, so it is equally necessary to understand how far, and in what manner, their moral constitution is likely to be affected by the insulated position in which they are placed. The blind man, shut up within the precincts of his own microcosm, is subjected to influences of a very different complexion from the bulk of mankind, inasmuch as each of the senses is best fitted to the introduction of a certain class of ideas into the mind, and he is deprived of that one through which the rest of his species receive by far the greatest number of theirs. Thus it will be readily understood that his notions of modesty and delicacy may a good deal differ from those of the world at large. The blind man of Puisseau confessed that he could not comprehend why it should be reckoned improper to expose one part of the person rather than another. Indeed, the conventional rules, so necessarily adopted in society in this relation, might seem in a great degree superfluous in a blind community.

The blind man would seem, also, to be less likely to be endowed with the degree of sensibility usual with those who enjoy the blessing of sight. It is difficult to say how much of our early education depends on the looks, the frowns, the smiles, the tears, the example, in fact, of those placed over and around us. From all this the blind child is necessarily excluded. These, however, are the great sources of sympathy. We feel little for the joys or the sorrows which we do not witness. "Out of sight, out of mind," says the old proverb. Hence people are so ready to turn away from distress which they cannot, or their avarice will not suffer them to relieve. Hence, too, persons whose compassionate hearts would bleed at the infliction of an act of cruelty on so large an animal as a horse or a dog, for example, will crush without concern a wilderness of insects, whose delicate organization and whose bodily agonies are imperceptible to the naked eye. The slightest injury occurring in our own presence affects us infinitely more than the tidings of the most murderous battle, or the sack of the most populous and flourishing city at the extremity of the globe. Yet such, without much exaggeration, is the relative position of the blind, removed by their infirmity at a distance from the world, from the daily exhibition of those mingled scenes of grief and gladness which have their most important uses, perhaps, in calling forth our sympathies for our fellow-creatures.

It has been affirmed that the situation of the blind is unpropitious to religious sentiment. They are necessarily insensible to the grandeur of the spectacle which forces itself upon our senses every day of our existence. The magnificent map of the heavens, with

"Every star
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye,"

is not unrolled for them. The revolutions of the seasons, with all their beautiful varieties of form and colour, and whatever glories of the creation lift the soul in wonder and gratitude to the Creator, are not for them. Their world is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has for them no real existence. This seems to have passed within the mind of the mathematician Saunderson, whose notions of a Deity would seem to have been, to the last, exceedingly vague and unsettled. The clergyman who visited him in his latter hours endeavoured to impress upon him the evidence of a God as afforded by the astonishing mechanism of the universe. "Alas!" said the dying philosopher, "I have been condemned to pass my life in darkness, and you speak to me of prodigies which I cannot comprehend, and which can only be felt by you and those who see like you." When reminded of the faith of Newton, Leibnitz, and Clarke, minds from whom he had drunk so deeply of instruction, and for whom he entertained the profoundest veneration, he remarked, "The testimony of Newton is not so strong for me as that of Nature was for him: Newton believed on the word of God himself, while I am reduced to believe on that of Newton." He expired with this ejaculation on his lips: "God of Newton, have mercy on me!"

These, however, may be considered as the peevish ebullitions of a naturally skeptical and somewhat disappointed spirit, impatient of an infirmity which obstructed, as he conceived, his advancement in the career of science to which he had so zealously devoted himself. It was in allusion to this, undoubtedly, that he depicted his life as having been "one long desire and continued privation."

It is far more reasonable to believe that there are certain peculiarities in the

condition of the blind which more than counterbalance the unpropitious circumstances above described, and which have a decided tendency to awaken devotional sentiment in their minds. They are the subjects of a grievous calamity, which, as in all such cases, naturally disposes the heart to sober reflection, and, when permanent and irremediable, to passive resignation. Their situation necessarily excludes most of those temptations which so sorely beset us in the world,—those tumultuous passions which, in the general rivalry, divide man from man and embitter the sweet cup of social life,—those sordid appetites which degrade us to the level of the brutes. They are subjected, on the contrary, to the most healthful influences. Their occupations are of a tranquil and oftentimes of a purely intellectual, character. Their pleasures are derived from the endearments of domestic intercourse, and the attentions almost always conceded to persons in their dependent condition must necessarily beget a reciprocal kindness of feeling in their own bosoms. In short, the uniform tenor of their lives is such as naturally to dispose them to resignation, serenity, and cheerfulness; and accordingly, as far as our own experience goes, these have usually been the characteristics of the blind.

Indeed, the cheerfulness almost universally incident to persons deprived of sight leads us to consider blindness as, on the whole, a less calamity than deafness. The deaf man is continually exposed to the sight of pleasures and to society in which he can take no part. He is the guest at a banquet of which he is not permitted to partake, the spectator at a theatre where he cannot comprehend a syllable. If the blind man is excluded from sources of enjoyment equally important, he has at least the advantage of not perceiving, and not even comprehending, what he has lost. It may be added that perhaps the greatest privation consequent on blindness is the inability to read, as that on deafness is the loss of the pleasures of society. Now, the eyes of another may be made in a great degree to supply this defect of the blind man, while no art can afford a corresponding substitute to the deaf for the privations to which he is doomed in social intercourse. He cannot hear with the ears of another. As, however, it is undeniable that blindness makes one more dependent than deafness, we may be content with the conclusion that the former would be the most eligible for the rich, and the latter for the poor. Our remarks will be understood as applying to those only who are wholly destitute of the faculties of sight and hearing. A person afflicted only with a partial derangement or infirmity of vision is placed in the same tantalizing predicament above described of the deaf, and is, consequently, found to be usually of a far more impatient and irritable temperament, and, consequently, less happy, than the totally blind. With all this, we doubt whether there be one of our readers, even should he assent to the general truth of our remarks, who would not infinitely prefer to incur partial to total blindness, and deafness to either. Such is the prejudice in favour of eyes!

Patience, perseverance, habits of industry, and, above all, a craving appetite for knowledge, are sufficiently common to be considered as characteristics of the blind, and have tended greatly to facilitate their education, which must otherwise prove somewhat tedious, and, indeed, doubtful as to its results, considering the formidable character of the obstacles to be encountered. A curious instance of perseverance in overcoming such obstacles occurred at Paris, when the institutions for the deaf and dumb and for the blind were assembled under the same roof in the convent of the Célestines. The pupils of the two seminaries, notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable barrier interposed between them by their respective infirmities, contrived to open a communication with each other, which they carried on with the greatest vivacity.

It was probably the consideration of those moral qualities, as well as of the capacity for improvement which we have described as belonging to the blind, which induced the benevolent Haüy, in conjunction with the Philanthropic Society of Paris, to open there, in 1784, the first regular seminary for their education ever attempted. This institution underwent several modifications, not for the better, during the revolutionary period which followed; until, in 1816, it was placed on the respectable basis on which it now exists, under the direction of Dr. Guillié, whose untiring exertions have been blessed with the most beneficial results.

We shall give a brief view of the course of education pursued under his direction, as exhibited by him in the valuable treatise to which we have already referred, occasionally glancing at the method adopted in the corresponding institution at Edinburgh.

The fundamental object proposed in every scheme of education for the blind is, to direct the attention of the pupil to those studies and mechanic arts which he will be able afterwards to pursue by means of his own exertions and resources, without any external aid. The sense of touch is the one, therefore, almost exclusively relied on. The fingers are the eyes of the blind. They are taught to read in Paris by feeling the surface of metallic types, and in Edinburgh by means of letters raised on a blank leaf of paper. If they are previously acquainted with spelling, which may be easily taught them before entering the institution, they learn to discriminate the several letters with great facility. Their perceptions become so fine by practice that they can discern even the finest print, and, when the fingers fail them, readily distinguish it by applying the tongue. A similar method is employed for instructing them in figures; the notation-table invented by Saunderson, and once used in the Paris seminary, having been abandoned as less simple and obvious, although his symbols for the representation of geometrical diagrams are still retained.

As it would be labour lost to learn the art of reading without having books to read, various attempts have been made to supply this desideratum. The first hint of the form now adopted for the impression of these books was suggested by the appearance exhibited on the reverse side of a copy as removed fresh from the printing-press. In imitation of this, a leaf of paper of a firm texture is forcibly impressed with types unstained by ink, and larger than the ordinary size, until a sufficiently bold relief has been obtained to enable the blind person to distinguish the characters by the touch. The French have adopted the Italian hand, or one very like it, for the fashion of the letters, while the Scotch have invented one more angular and rectilinear, which, besides the advantage of greater compactness, is found better suited to accurate discrimination by the touch than smooth and extended curves and circles.

Several important works have been already printed on this plan, viz., a portion of the Scriptures, catechisms, and offices for daily prayer; grammars in the Greek, Latin, French, English, Italian, and Spanish languages; a Latin *selecta*, a geography, a course of general history, a selection from English poets and prose-writers, a course of literature, with a compilation of the choicest specimens of French eloquence. With all this, the art of printing for the blind is still in its infancy. The characters are so unwieldy, and the leaves (which cannot be printed on the reverse side, as this would flatten the letters upon the other) are necessarily so numerous, as to make the volume exceedingly bulky, and of course expensive. The Gospel of St. John, for example, expands into three large octavo volumes. Some farther improvement must

occur, therefore, before the invention can become extensively useful. There can be no reason to doubt of such a result eventually, for it is only by long and repeated experiment that the art of printing in the usual way, and every other art, indeed, has been brought to its present perfection. Perhaps some mode may be adopted like that of stenography, which, although encumbering the learner with some additional difficulties at first, may abundantly compensate him in the condensed forms and consequently cheaper and more numerous publications which could be afforded by it. Perhaps ink or some other material of greater consistency than that ordinarily used in printing may be devised, which, when communicated by the type to the paper, will leave a character sufficiently raised to be distinguished by the touch. We have known a blind person able to decipher the characters in a piece of music to which the ink had been imparted more liberally than usual. In the mean time, what has been already done has conferred a service on the blind which we, who become insensible from the very prodigality of our blessings, cannot rightly estimate. The glimmering of the taper, which is lost in the blaze of day, is sufficient to guide the steps of the wanderer in darkness. The unsealed volume of Scripture will furnish him with the best sources of consolation under every privation; the various grammars are so many keys with which to unlock the stores of knowledge to enrich his after-life; and the selections from the most beautiful portions of elegant literature will afford him a permanent source of recreation and delight.

One method used for instruction in writing is, to direct the pencil, or stylus, in a groove cut in the fashion of the different letters. Other modes, however, too complex for description here, are resorted to, by which the blind person is enabled not only to write, but to read what he has thus traced. A portable writing-case for this purpose has also been invented by one of the blind, who, it is observed, are the most ingenious in supplying, as they are best acquainted with, their own wants. A very simple method of epistolary correspondence, by means of a string-alphabet, as it is called, consisting of a cord or riband in which knots of various dimensions represent certain classes of letters, has been devised by two blind men at Edinburgh. This contrivance, which is so simple that it can be acquired in an hour's time by the most ordinary capacity, is asserted to have the power of conveying ideas with equal precision with the pen. A blind lady of our acquaintance, however, whose fine understanding and temper have enabled her to surmount many of the difficulties of her situation, after a trial of this invention, gives the preference to the mode usually adopted by her of pricking the letters on the paper with a pin.—an operation which she performs with astonishing rapidity, and which, in addition to the advantage possessed by the string-alphabet of being legible by the touch, answers more completely the purposes of epistolary correspondence, since it may be readily interpreted by any one on being held up to the light.

The scheme of instruction at the institution for the blind in Paris comprehends geography, history, the Greek and Latin, together with the French, Italian, and English languages, arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics, music, and some of the most useful mechanic arts. For mathematics the pupils appear to discover a natural aptitude, many of them attaining such proficiency as not only to profit by the public lectures of the most eminent professors in the sciences, but to carry away the highest prizes in the lycées in a competition with those who possess the advantages of sight. In music, as we have before remarked, they all make greater or less proficiency. They are especially instructed in the organ, which, from its frequency in the churches, affords one of the most obvious means of obtaining a livelihood.

The method of tuition adopted is that of mutual instruction. The blind are ascertained to learn most easily and expeditiously from those in the same condition with themselves. Two male teachers, with one female, are in this way found adequate to the superintendence of eighty scholars, which, considering the obstacles to be encountered, must be admitted to be a small apparatus for the production of such extensive results.

In teaching them the mechanic arts, two principles appear to be kept in view, namely, to select such for each individual respectively as may be best adapted to his future residence and destination; the trades, for example, most suitable for a sea-port being those least so for the country, and *vice versa*. Secondly, to confine their attention to such occupations as from their nature are most accessible to, and which can be most perfectly attained by, persons in their situation. It is absurd to multiply obstacles from the mere vanity of conquering them.

Printing is an art for which the blind show particular talent, going through all the processes of composing, serving the press, and distributing the types with the same accuracy with those who can see. Indeed, much of this mechanical occupation with the *clairvoyans* (we are in want of some such compendious phrase in our language) appears to be the result rather of habit than any exercise of the eye. The blind print all the books for their own use. They are taught also to spin, to knit, in which last operation they are extremely ready, knitting very finely, with open work, etc., and are much employed by the Parisian hosiers in the manufacture of elastic vests, shirts, and petticoats. They make purses, delicately embroidered with figures of animals and flowers, whose various tints are selected with perfect propriety. The fingers of the females are observed to be particularly adapted to this nicer sort of work, from their superior delicacy, ordinarily, to those of men. They are employed also in manufacturing girths, in netting in all its branches, in making shoes of list, plush, cloth, coloured skin, and list carpets, of which a vast number is annually disposed of. Weaving is particularly adapted to the blind, who perform all the requisite manipulation without any other assistance but that of setting up the warp. They manufacture whips, straw bottoms for chairs, coarse straw hats, rope, cord, pack-thread, baskets, straw, rush, and plush mats, which are very salable in France.

The articles manufactured in the Asylum for the Blind in Scotland are somewhat different; and, as they show for what an extensive variety of occupations they may be qualified in despite of their infirmity, we will take the liberty, at the hazard of being somewhat tedious, of quoting the catalogue of them exhibited in one of their advertisements. The articles offered for sale consist of cotton and linen cloths, ticked and striped Hollands, towelling and diapers, worsted net for fruit-trees; hair cloth, hair mats, and hair ropes; basket-work of every description; hair, India hemp, and straw door-mats; saddle-girths; rope and twines of all kinds; netting for sheep-pens; garden and onion twine nets; fishing-nets, beehives, mattresses, and cushions; feather beds, bolsters, and pillows; mattresses and beds of every description cleaned and repaired. The labours in this department are performed by the boys. The girls are employed in sewing, knitting stockings, spinning, making fine banker's twine, and various works besides, usually executed by well-educated females.

Such is the emulation of the blind, according to Dr. Guillié, in the institution of Paris, that hitherto there has been no necessity of stimulating their exertions by the usual motives of reward or punishment. Delighted with their sensible progress in vanquishing the difficulties incident to their condition,

they are content if they can but place themselves on a level with the more fortunate of their fellow-creatures. And it is observed that many, who in the solitude of their own homes have failed in their attempts to learn some of the arts taught in this institution, have acquired a knowledge of them with great alacrity when cheered by the sympathy of individuals involved in the same calamity with themselves, and with whom, of course, they could compete with equal probability of success.

The example of Paris has been followed in the principal cities in most of the other countries of Europe: in England, Scotland, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark. These establishments, which are conducted on the same general principles, have adopted a plan of education more or less comprehensive, some of them, like those of Paris and Edinburgh, involving the higher branches of intellectual education, and others, as in London and Liverpool, confining themselves chiefly to practical arts. The results, however, have been in the highest degree cheering to the philanthropist in the light thus poured in upon minds to which all the usual avenues were sealed up,—in the opportunity afforded them of developing those latent powers which had been hitherto wasted in inaction, and in the happiness thus imparted to an unfortunate class of beings, who now for the first time were permitted to assume their proper station in society, and, instead of encumbering, to contribute by their own exertions to the general prosperity.

We rejoice that the inhabitants of our own city have been the first to give an example of such beneficent institutions in the New World. And it is principally with the view of directing the attention of the public towards it that we have gone into a review of what has been effected in this way in Europe. The credit of having first suggested the undertaking here is due to our townsman, Dr. John D. Fisher, through whose exertions, aided by those of several other benevolent individuals, the subject was brought before the Legislature of this State, and an act of incorporation was granted to the petitioners, bearing date March 2nd, 1829, authorizing them, under the title of the "New England Asylum for the Blind," to hold property, receive donations and bequests, and to exercise the other functions usually appertaining to similar corporations.

A resolution was subsequently passed, during the same session, requiring the selectmen of the several towns throughout the commonwealth to make returns of the number of blind inhabitants, with their ages, periods of blindness, personal condition, etc. By far the larger proportion of these functionaries, however, with a degree of apathy which does them very little credit, paid no attention whatever to this requisition. By the aid of such as did comply with it, and by means of circulars addressed to the clergymen of the various parishes, advices have been received from one hundred and forty-one towns, comprising somewhat less than half of the whole number within the State. From this imperfect estimate it would appear that the number of blind persons in these towns amounts to two hundred and forty-three, of whom more than one-fifth are under thirty years of age, which period is assigned as the limit within which they cannot fail of receiving all the benefit to be derived from the system of instruction pursued in the institutions for the blind.

The proportion of the blind to our whole population, as founded on the above estimate, is somewhat higher than that established by Zeune for the corresponding latitudes in Europe, where blindness decreases in advancing from the equator to the poles, it being computed in Egypt at the rate of one to one hundred, and in Norway of one to one thousand, which last is conformable to ours.

Assuming the preceding estimate as the basis, it will appear that there are about five hundred blind persons in the State of Massachusetts at the present moment; and, adopting the census of 1820, there could not at that time, according to the same rate, be less than sixteen hundred and fifty in all New England, one-fifth being under thirty years of age; a number which, as the blind are usually retired from public observation, far exceeds what might be conceived on a cursory inspection.

From the returns it would appear that a large proportion of the blind in Massachusetts are in humble circumstances, and a still larger proportion of those in years indigent or paupers. This is imputable to their having learned no trade or profession in their youth, so that, when deprived of their natural guardians, they have necessarily become a charge upon the public.

Since the year 1825 an appropriation has been continued by the Legislature for the purpose of maintaining a certain number of pupils at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford. A resolution was obtained during the last session of the General Court authorizing the governor to pay over to the Asylum for the Blind whatever balance of the sum thus appropriated might remain in the treasury unexpended at the end of the current year, and the same with every subsequent year to which the grant extended, unless otherwise advised. Seven hundred dollars only have been received as the balance of the past year, a sum obviously inadequate to the production of any important result, and far inferior to what had been anticipated by the friends of the measure. On the whole, we are inclined to doubt whether this will be found the most suitable mode of creating resources for the asylum. Although, in fact, it disposes only of the superfluity, it has the appearance of subtracting from the positive revenues of the Deaf and Dumb, an institution of equal merit and claims with any other whatever. The Asylum for the Blind is an establishment of too much importance to be left thus dependent on a precarious contingent, and is worthy, were it only in an economical point of view, of being placed by the State on some more secure and ample basis.

As it is, the want of funds opposes a sensible obstruction to its progress. The pressure of the times has made the present moment exceedingly unfavourable to personal solicitation, although so much has been effected in this way, through the liberality of a few individuals, that, as we understand, preparations are now making for procuring the requisite instructors and apparatus on a moderate and somewhat reduced scale.

As to the comprehensiveness of the scheme of education to be pursued at the asylum, whether it shall embrace intellectual culture or be confined simply to the mechanic arts, this must, of course, be ultimately determined by the extent of its resources. We trust, however, it will be enabled to adopt the former arrangement, at least so far as to afford the pupils an acquaintance with the elements of the more popular sciences. There is such a diffusion of liberal knowledge among all classes in this country, that if the blind are suffered to go without any tincture of it from the institution, they will always, whatever be the skill acquired by them in mechanical occupations, continue to feel a sense of their own mental inferiority. The connection of these higher with the more direct objects of the institution will serve, moreover, to give it greater dignity and importance. And while it will open sources of knowledge from which many may be in a situation to derive permanent consolation, it will instruct the humblest individual in what may be of essential utility to him, as writing and arithmetic, for example, in his intercourse with the world.

To what extent it is desirable that the asylum be placed on a charitable foundation is another subject for consideration. This, we believe, is the cha-

acter of most of the establishments in Europe. That in Scotland, for instance, contains about a hundred subjects, who, with their families included, amount to two hundred and fifty souls, all supported from the labours of the blind, conjointly with the funds of the institution. This is undoubtedly one of the noblest and most discriminating charities in the world. It seems probable, however, that this is not the plan best adapted to our exigencies. We want not to maintain the blind, but to put them in the way of contributing to their own maintenance. By placing the expenses of tuition and board as low as possible, the means of effecting this will be brought within the reach of a large class of them; and for the rest, it will be obvious economy in the State to provide them with the means of acquiring an education at once that may enable them to contribute permanently towards their own support, which, in some shape or other, is now chargeable on the public. Perhaps, however, some scheme may be devised for combining both these objects, if this be deemed preferable to the adoption of either exclusively.

We are convinced that, as far as the institution is to rely for its success on public patronage, it will not be disappointed. If once successfully in operation and brought before the public eye, it cannot fail of exciting a very general sympathy, which, in this country, has never been refused to the calls of humanity. No one, we think, who has visited the similar endowments in Paris or in Edinburgh will easily forget the sensations which he experienced on witnessing so large a class of his unfortunate fellow-creatures thus restored from intellectual darkness to the blessings, if we may so speak, of light and liberty. There is no higher evidence of the worth of the human mind than its capacity of drawing consolation from its own resources under so heavy a privation; so that it not only can exhibit resignation and cheerfulness, but energy to burst the fetters with which it is encumbered. Who could refuse his sympathy to the success of these efforts, or withhold from the subject of them the means of attaining his natural level and usefulness in society, from which circumstances less favourable to him than to ourselves have hitherto excluded him?

IRVING'S CONQUEST OF GRANADA.¹

(October, 1829.)

ALMOST as many qualifications may be demanded for a perfect historian, indeed the Abbé Mably has enumerated as many, as Cicero stipulates for a perfect orator. He must be strictly impartial; a lover of truth under all circumstances, and ready to declare it at all hazards: he must be deeply conversant with whatever may bring into relief the character of the people he is depicting, not merely with their laws, constitution, general resources, and all the other more visible parts of the machinery of government, but with the nicer moral and social relations, the informing spirit which gives life to the

¹ "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada. By Fray Antonio Agapda." 1829: 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Carey.

whole, but escapes the eye of a vulgar observer. If he has to do with other ages and nations, he must transport himself into them, expatriating himself, as it were, from his own, in order to get the very form and pressure of the times he is delineating. He must be conscientious in his attention to geography, chronology, etc., an inaccuracy in which has been fatal to more than one good philosophical history; and, mixed up with all these drier details, he must display the various powers of a novelist or dramatist, throwing his characters into suitable lights and shades, disposing his scenes so as to awaken and maintain an unflagging interest, and diffusing over the whole that finished style without which his work will only become a magazine of materials for the more elegant edifices of subsequent writers. He must be—in short, there is no end to what a perfect historian must be and do. It is hardly necessary to add that such a monster never did and never will exist.

But, although we cannot attain to perfect excellence in this or any other science in this world, considerable approaches have been made to it, and different individuals have arisen at different periods, possessed in an eminent degree of some of the principal qualities which go to make up the aggregate of the character we have been describing. The peculiar character of these qualities will generally be determined in the writer by that of the age in which he lives. Thus, the earlier historians of Greece and Rome sought less to instruct than to amuse. They filled their pictures with dazzling and seductive images. In their researches into antiquity, they were not startled by the marvellous, like the more prudish critics of our day, but welcomed it as likely to stir the imaginations of their readers. They seldom interrupted the story by impertinent reflection. They bestowed infinite pains on the costume, the style of their history, and, in fine, made everything subordinate to the main purpose of conveying an elegant and interesting *narrative*. Such was Herodotus, such Livy, and such, too, the earlier chroniclers of modern Europe, whose pages glow with the picturesque and brilliant pageants of an age of chivalry. These last, as well as Herodotus, may be said to have written in the infancy of their nations, when the imagination is more willingly addressed than the understanding. Livy, who wrote in a riper age, lived, nevertheless, in a court and a period where tranquillity and opulence disposed the minds of men to elegant recreation rather than to severe discipline and exertion.

As, however, the nation advanced in years, or became oppressed with calamity, history also assumed a graver complexion. Fancy gave way to reflection. The mind, no longer invited to rove abroad in quest of elegant and alluring pictures, was driven back upon itself, speculated more deeply, and sought for support under the external evils of life in moral and philosophical truth. Description was abandoned for the study of character; men took the place of events; and the romance was converted into the drama. Thus it was with Tacitus, who lived under those imperial monsters who turned Rome into a charnel-house, and his compact narratives are filled with moral and political axioms sufficiently numerous to make a volume; and, indeed, Brotier has made one of them in his edition of the historian. The same philosophical spirit animates the page of Thucydides, himself one of the principal actors in the long, disastrous struggle that terminated in the ruin of his nation.

But, notwithstanding the deeper and more comprehensive thought of these later writers, there was still a wide difference between the complexion given to history under their hands and that which it has assumed in our time. We would not be understood as determining, but simply as discriminating, their relative merits. The Greeks and Romans lived when the world, at least when the mind, was in its comparative infancy,—when fancy and feeling were most

easily and loved most to be excited. They possessed a finer sense of beauty than the moderns. They were infinitely more solicitous about the external dress, the finish, and all that makes up the poetry of a composition. Poetry, indeed, mingled in their daily pursuits as well as pleasures; it determined their gravest deliberations. The command of their armies was given, not to the best general, but oftentimes to the most eloquent orator. Poetry entered into their religion, and created those beautiful monuments of architecture and sculpture which the breath of time has not tarnished. It entered into their philosophy; and no one confessed its influence more deeply than he who would have banished it from his republic. It informed the souls of their orators, and prompted those magnificent rhapsodies which fall lifeless enough from the stammering tongue of the school-boy, but which once awakened to ecstasy the living populace of Athens. It entered deeply even into their latest history. It was first exhibited in the national chronicles of Homer. It lost little of its colouring, though it conformed to the general laws of prosaic composition, under Herodotus. And it shed a pleasing grace over the sober pages of Thucydides and Xenophon. The muse, indeed, was stripped of her wings; she no longer made her airy excursions into the fairy regions of romance; but, as she moved along the earth, the sweetest wild flowers seemed to spring up unbidden at her feet. We would not be understood as implying that Grecian history was ambitious of florid or meretricious ornament. Nothing could be more simple than its general plan and execution; far too simple, we fear, for imitation in our day. Thus Thucydides, for example, distributes his events most inartificially, according to the regular revolutions of the seasons; and the rear of every section is brought up with the same eternal repetition of *ἔτος τῷ πολέμῳ ἐτ' ἄλυστα τὰδε, ὃν Θουκυδίδης ξυνέγραφε*. But in the fictitious speeches with which he has illumined his narrative he has left the choicest specimens of Attic eloquence; and he elaborated his general diction into so high a finish that Demosthenes, as is well known, in the hope of catching some of his rhetorical graces, thought him worthy of being thrice transcribed with his own hand.

Far different has been the general conception, as well as execution, of history by the moderns. In this, however, it was accommodated to the exigencies of their situation, and, as with the ancients, still reflected the spirit of the age. If the Greeks lived in the infancy of civilization, the contemporaries of our day may be said to have reached its prime. The same revolution has taken place as in the growth of an individual. The vivacity of the imagination has been blunted, but reason is matured. The credulity of youth has given way to habits of cautious inquiry, and sometimes to a phlegmatic skepticism. The productions, indeed, which first appeared in the doubtful twilight of morning exhibited the love of the marvellous, the light and fanciful spirit of a green and tender age. But a new order of things commenced as the stores of classical learning were unrolled to the eye of the scholar. The mind seemed at once to enter upon the rich inheritance which the sages of antiquity had been ages in accumulating, and to start, as it were, from the very point where they had terminated their career. Thus raised by learning and experience, it was enabled to take a wider view of its proper destiny,—to understand that truth is the greatest good, and to discern the surest method of arriving at it. The Christian doctrine, too, inculcated that the end of being was best answered by a life of active usefulness, and not by one of abstract contemplation, or selfish indulgence, or passive fortitude, as variously taught by the various sects of antiquity. Hence a new standard of moral excellence was formed. Pursuits were estimated by their practical results, and the useful was preferred to the ornamental.

Poetry, confined to her own sphere, was no longer permitted to mingle in the councils of philosophy. Intellectual and physical science, instead of floating on vague speculation, as with the ancients, was established on careful induction and experiment. The orator, instead of adorning himself with the pomp and garniture of verse, sought only to acquire greater dexterity in the management of the true weapons of debate. The passions were less frequently assailed, the reason more. A wider field was open to the historian. He was no longer to concoct his narrative, if the scene lay in a remote period, from the superficial rumours of oral tradition. Libraries were to be ransacked; medals and monuments to be studied; obsolete manuscripts to be deciphered. Every assertion was to be fortified by an authority; and the opinions of others, instead of being admitted on easy faith, were to be carefully collated, and the balance of probability struck between them. With these qualifications of antiquarian and critic, the modern historian was to combine that of the philosopher, deducing from his mass of facts general theorems, and giving to them their most extended application.

By all this process, poetry lost much, but philosophy gained more. The elegant arts sensibly declined, but the most important and recondite secrets of nature were laid open. All those sciences which have for their object the happiness and improvement of the species, the science of government, of political economy, of education—natural and experimental science—were carried far beyond the boundaries which they could possibly have reached under the ancient systems.

The peculiar forms of historic writing, as it exists with the moderns, were not fully developed until the last century. It may be well to notice the intermediate shape which it assumed before it reached this period in Spain and Italy, but especially this latter country, the sixteenth century. The Italian historians of that age seem to have combined the generalizing and reflecting spirit characteristic of the moderns, with the simple and graceful forms of composition which have descended to us from the ancients. Machiavelli, in particular, may remind us of some recent statue which exhibits all the lineaments and proportions of a contemporary, but to which the sculptor has given a sort of antique dignity by enveloping it in the folds of the Roman toga. No one of the Spanish historians is to be named with him. Mariana, who enjoys among them the greatest celebrity, has, it is true, given to his style, both in the Latin and Castilian, the elegant transparency of an ancient classic; but the mass of detail is not quickened by a single spark of philosophy or original reflection. Mariana was a monk, one of a community who have formed the most copious but in many respects the most incompetent chroniclers in the world, cut off as they are from all sympathy with any portion of the species save their own order, and predisposed by education to admit as truth the grossest forgeries of fanaticism. What can their narratives be worth, distorted thus by prejudice and credulity? The Aragonese writers, and Zurita in particular, though far inferior as to the literary execution of their works, exhibit a pregnant thought and a manly independence of expression far superior to the Jesuit Mariana.

The Italian historians of the sixteenth century, moreover, had the good fortune not only to have been eye-witnesses but to have played prominent parts in the events which they commemorated. And this gives a vitality to their touches which is in vain to be expected from those of a closet politician. This rare union of public and private excellence is delicately intimated in the inscription on Guicciardini's monument, "*Cujus negotium, an otium, gloriosius incertum.*"

The personage by whom the present laws of historic composition may be said to have been first arranged into a regular system was Voltaire. This extraordinary genius, whose works have been productive of so much mingled good and evil, discovers in them many traces of a humane and beneficent disposition. Nowhere is his invective more keenly directed than against acts of cruelty and oppression,—above all, of religious oppression. He lived in an age of crying abuses both in Church and government. Unfortunately, he employed a weapon against them whose influence is not to be controlled by the most expert hand. The envenomed shaft of irony not only wounds the member at which it is aimed, but diffuses its poison to the healthiest and remotest regions of the body.

The free and volatile temper of Voltaire forms a singular contrast with his resolute pertinacity of purpose. Bard, philosopher, historian, this literary Proteus animated every shape with the same mischievous spirit of philosophy. It never deserted him, even in the most sportive sallies of his fancy. It seasons his romances equally with his gravest pieces in the encyclopedia; his familiar letters and most licentious doggerel no less than his histories. The leading object of this philosophy may be defined by the single cant phrase, "the abolition of prejudices." But in Voltaire prejudices were too often confounded with principles.

In his histories, he seems ever intent on exhibiting, in the most glaring colours, the manifold inconsistencies of the human race; in showing the contradiction between profession and practice; in contrasting the magnificence of the apparatus with the impotence of the results. The enormous abuses of Christianity are brought into juxtaposition with the most meritorious features in other religions, and thus all are reduced to nearly the same level. The credulity of one half of mankind is set in opposition to the cunning of the other. The most momentous events are traced to the most insignificant causes, and the ripest schemes of wisdom are shown to have been baffled by the intervention of the most trivial accidents. Thus, the conduct of the world seems to be regulated by chance; the springs of human action are resolved into selfishness; and religion, of whatever denomination, is only a different form of superstition. It is true that his satire is directed not so much against any particular system as the vices of that system; but the result left upon the mind is not a whit less pernicious. His philosophical romance of "Candide" affords a good exemplification of his manner. The thesis of perfect optimism in this world at which he levels this *jeu d'esprit*, is manifestly indefensible. But then he supports his position with such an array of gross and hyperbolical atrocities, without the intervention of a single palliative circumstance, and, withal, in such a tone of keen derision, that if any serious impression be left on the mind it can be no other than that of a baleful, withering skepticism. The historian rarely so far forgets his philosophy as to kindle into high and generous emotion the glow of patriotism, or moral and religious enthusiasm. And hence, too, his style, though always graceful, and often seasoned with the sallies of a piquant wit, never rises into eloquence or sublimity.

Voltaire has been frequently reproached for want of historical accuracy. But, if we make due allowance for the sweeping tenor of his reflections and for the infinite variety of his topics, we shall be slow in giving credit to this charge.* He was, indeed, oftentimes misled by his inveterate Pyrrhonism; a defect, when carried to the excess in which he indulged it, almost equally fatal

* Indeed, Hallam and Warton—the one as diligent a labourer in the field of civil history as the other has been in literary—both bear testimony to his general veracity.

to the historian with credulity or superstition. His researches frequently led him into dark, untravelled regions; but the ailment which he imported thence served only too often to minister to his pernicious philosophy. He resembled the allegorical agents of Milton, paving a way across the gulf of Chaos for the spirits of mischief to enter more easily upon the earth.

Voltaire effected a no less sensible revolution in the structure than in the spirit of history. Thus, instead of following the natural consecutive order of events, the work was distributed, on the principal of a *Catalogue raisonné* into sections arranged according to their subjects, and copious dissertations were introduced into the body of the narrative. Thus, in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, etc., one chapter is devoted to letters, another to religion, a third to manners, and so on. And in the same way, in his "Age of Louis the Fourteenth," he has thrown his various illustrations of the policy of government, and of the social habits of the court, into a detached portion at the close of the book.

This would seem to be deviating from the natural course of things as they occur in the world, where the multifarious pursuits of pleasure and business, the lights and shadows, as it were, of life, are daily intermingled in the motley panorama of human existence. But, however artificial this division, it enabled the reader to arrive more expeditiously at the results, for which alone history is valuable, while at the same time it put it in the power of the writer to convey with more certainty and facility his own impressions.

This system was subsequently so much refined upon that Montesquieu, in his "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," laid no farther stress on historical facts than as they furnished him with illustrations of his particular theorems. Indeed, so little did his work rest upon the veracity of such facts that, although the industry of Niebuhr, or, rather, of Beaufort, has knocked away almost all the foundations of early Rome, Montesquieu's treatise remains as essentially unimpaired in credit as before. Thus the materials which anciently formed the body of history now served only as ingredients from which its spirit was to be extracted. But this was not always the spirit of truth. And the arbitrary selection as well as disposition of incidents which this new method allowed, and the colouring which they were to receive from the author, made it easy to pervert them to the construction of the wildest hypotheses.

The progress of philosophical history is particularly observable in Great Britain, where it seems to have been admirably suited to the grave, reflecting temper of the people. In the graces of *narrative* they have ever been unequal to their French neighbours. Their ancient chronicles are inferior in spirit and execution to those either of France or Spain; and their more elaborate histories, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, could not in any way compete with the illustrious models of Italy. But soon after this period several writers appeared, exhibiting a combination of qualities, erudition, critical penetration, powers of generalization, and a political sagacity unrivalled in any other age or country.

The influence of the new forms of historical composition, however, was here, as elsewhere, made too frequently subservient to party and sectarian prejudices. Tory histories and Whig histories, Protestant and Catholic histories, successively appeared, and seemed to neutralize each other. The most venerable traditions were exploded as nursery-tales. The statues decreed by antiquity were cast down, and the characters of miscreants whom the general suffrage of mankind had damned to infamy—of a Dionysius, a Borgia, or a Richard the Third—were now retraced by what Jovius distinguishes as "the golden pen" of the historian. until the reader, bewildered in the maze of uncertainty,

is almost ready to join in the exclamation of Lord Orford to his son, "Oh, quote me not history, for that I know to be false!" It is remarkable, indeed, that the last-mentioned monarch, Richard the Third, whose name has become a byword of atrocity, the burden of the ballad and the moral of the drama, should have been the subject of elaborate vindication by two eminent writers of the most opposite characters, the pragmatical Horace Walpole and the circumspect and conscientious Sharon Turner. The apology of the latter exhibits a technical precision, a severe scrutiny into the authenticity of records, and a nice balancing of contradictory testimony, that give it all the air of a legal investigation. Thus history seems to be conducted on the principles of a judicial process, in which the writer, assuming the functions of an advocate, studiously suppresses whatever may make against his own side, supports himself by the strongest array of evidence which he can muster, discredits as far as possible that of the opposite party, and, by dexterous interpretation and ingenious inference, makes out the most plausible argument for his client that the case will admit.

But these, after all, are only the abuses of philosophical history, and the unseasonable length of remark into which we have been unwarily led in respect to them may give us the appearance of laying on them greater emphasis than they actually deserve. There are few writers in any country whose judgment has not been sometimes warped by personal prejudices. But it is to the credit of the principal British historians that, however they may have been occasionally under the influence of such human infirmity, they have conducted their researches, in the main, with equal integrity and impartiality. And while they have enriched their writings with the stores of a various erudition, they have digested from these details results of the most enlarged and practical application. History in their hands, although it may have lost much of the simplicity and graphic vivacity which it maintained with the ancients, has gained much more in the amount of useful knowledge and the lessons of sound philosophy which it inculcates.

There is no writer who exhibits more distinctly the full development of the principles of modern history, with all its virtues and defects, than Gibbon. His learning was fully equal to his vast subject. This, commencing with expiring civilization in ancient Rome, continues on until the period of its final and perfect resurrection in Italy in the fifteenth century, and thus may be said to furnish the lights which are to guide us through the long interval of darkness which divides the Old from the Modern world. The range of his subject was fully equal to its duration. Goths, Huns, Tartars, and all the rude tribes of the North are brought upon the stage, together with the more cultivated natives of the South, the Greeks, Italians, and the intellectual Arab; and, as the scene shifts from one country to another, we behold its population depicted with that peculiarity of physiognomy and studied propriety of costume which belong to dramatic exhibition; for Gibbon was a more vivacious draughtsman than most writers of his school. He was, moreover, deeply versed in geography, chronology, antiquities, verbal criticism,—in short, in all the sciences in any way subsidiary to his art. The extent of his subject permitted him to indulge in those elaborate disquisitions so congenial to the spirit of modern history on the most momentous and interesting topics, while his early studies enabled him to embellish the drier details of his narrative with the charms of a liberal and elegant scholarship.

What, then, was wanting to this accomplished writer? Good faith. His defects were precisely of the class of which we have before been speaking, and his most elaborate efforts exhibit too often the perversion of learning and

ingenuity to the vindication of preconceived hypotheses. He cannot, indeed, be convicted of ignorance or literal inaccuracy, as he has triumphantly proved in his discomfiture of the unfortunate Davis. But his disingenuous mode of conducting the argument leads precisely to the same unfair result. Thus, in his celebrated chapters on the "Progress of Christianity," which he tells us were "reduced by three successive revisals from a bulky volume to their present size," he has often slurred over in the text such particulars as might reflect most credit on the character of the religion, or shuffled them into a note at the bottom of the page, while all that admits of a doubtful complexion in its early propagation is ostentatiously blazoned and set in contrast to the most amiable features of paganism. At the same time, by a style of innuendo that conveys "more than meets the ear," he has contrived, with Iago-like duplicity, to breathe a taint of suspicion on the purity which he dares not openly assail. It would be easy to furnish examples of all this were this the place for them; but the charges have no novelty, and have been abundantly substantiated by others.

It is a consequence of this skepticism in Gibbon, as with Voltaire, that his writings are nowhere warmed with a generous moral sentiment. The most sublime of all spectacles, that of the martyr who suffers for conscience' sake, and this equally whether his creed be founded in truth or error, is contemplated by the historian with the smile, or, rather, sneer, of philosophic indifference. This is not only bad taste, as he is addressing a Christian audience, but he thus voluntarily relinquishes one of the most powerful engines for the movement of human passion, which is never so easily excited as by deeds of suffering, self-devoted heroism.

But, although Gibbon was wholly defective in moral enthusiasm, his style is vivified by a certain exhilarating glow that kindles a corresponding warmth in the bosom of his reader. This may perhaps be traced to his egotism, or, to speak more liberally, to an ardent attachment to his professional pursuits and to his inextinguishable love of letters. This enthusiasm appears in almost every page of his great work, and enabled him to triumph over all its difficulties. It is particularly conspicuous whenever he touches upon Rome, the *alma mater* of science, whose adopted son he may be said to have been from his earliest boyhood. Whenever he contemplates her fallen fortunes, he mourns over her with the fond solicitude that might become an ancient Roman; and when he depicts her pristine glories, dimly seen through the mist of so many centuries, he does it with such vivid accuracy of conception that the reader, like the traveller who wanders through the excavations of Pompeii, seems to be gazing on the original forms and brilliant colours of antiquity.

To Gibbon's egotism—in its most literal sense, to his personal vanity—may be traced some of the peculiar defects for which his style is conspicuous. The "historian of the Decline and Fall" too rarely forgets his own importance in that of his subject. The consequence which he attaches to his personal labours is shown in a bloated dignity of expression and an ostentation of ornament that contrast whimsically enough with the trifling topics and commonplace thoughts on which, in the course of his long work, they are occasionally employed. He nowhere moves along with the easy freedom of nature, but seems to leap, as it were, from triad to triad by a succession of strained, convulsive efforts. He affected, as he tells us, the light, festive raillery of Voltaire; but his cumbrous imitation of the mercurial Frenchman may remind one, to make use of a homely simile, of the ass in *Æsop's* fable, who frisked upon his master in imitation of the sportive gambols of the spaniel. The first two

octavo volumes of Gibbon's history were written in a comparatively modest and unaffected manner, for he was then uncertain of the public favour; and, indeed, his style was exceedingly commended by the most competent critics of that day, as Hume, Joseph Warton, and others, as is abundantly shown in their correspondence; but when he had tasted the sweets of popular applause, and had been crowned as the historian of the day, his increased consequence becomes at once visible in the assumed stateliness and magnificence of his bearing. But even after this period, whenever the subject is suited to his style, and when his phlegmatic temper is warmed by those generous emotions of which, as we have said, it was sometimes susceptible, he exhibits his ideas in the most splendid and imposing forms of which the English language is capable.

The most eminent illustrations of the system of historical writing, which we have been discussing, that have appeared in England in the present century, are the works of Mr. Hallam, in which the author, discarding most of the circumstances that go to make up mere narrative, endeavours to fix the attention of the reader on the more important features of constitutional polity, employing his wide range of materials in strict subordination to this purpose.

But, while history has thus been conducted on nearly the same principles in England for the last century, a new path has been struck out in France, or, rather, an attempt has lately been made there to retrace the old one. M. de Barante, no less estimable as a literary critic than as a historian, in the preliminary remarks to his "Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne," considers the draughts of modern compilers as altogether wanting in the vivacity and freshness of their originals. They tell the reader how he should feel, instead of making him do so. They give him their own results, instead of enabling him, by a fair delineation of incidents, to form his own. And while the early chroniclers, in spite of their unformed and obsolete idiom, are still read with delight, the narratives of the former are too often dry, languid, and uninteresting. He proposes, therefore, by a close adherence to his originals, to extract, as it were, the spirit of their works, without any affectation, however, of their antiquated phraseology, and to exhibit as vivid and veracious a portrait as possible of the times he is delineating, unbroken by any discussions or reflections of his own. The result has been a work in eleven octavo volumes, which, notwithstanding its bulk, has already passed into four editions.

The two last productions of our countryman Mr. Irving undoubtedly fall within the class of narrative history. To this he seems peculiarly suited by his genius, his fine perception of moral and natural beauty, his power of discriminating the most delicate shades of character and of unfolding a series of events so as to maintain a lively interest in the reader, and a *lactea ubertas* of expression which can impart a living eloquence even to the most commonplace sentiments. Had the "Life of Columbus" been written by a historian of the other school of which we have been speaking, he would have enlarged with greater circumstantiality on the system adopted by Ferdinand and Isabella for the administration of their colonies and for the regulation of trade; nor would he have neglected to descant on a topic—worn somewhat threadbare, it must be owned—so momentous as the moral and political consequences of the discovery of America; neither would such a writer, in an account of the conquest of Granada, have omitted to collect such particulars as might throw light on the genius, social institutions, and civil polity of the Spanish Arabs. But all these particulars, however pertinent to a philosophical history, would have been entirely out of keeping in Mr. Irving's, and might have produced a disagreeable discordance in the general harmony of his plan.

Mr. Irving has seldom selected a subject better suited to his peculiar powers than the conquest of Granada. Indeed, it would hardly have been possible for one of his warm sensibilities to linger so long among the remains of Moorish magnificence with which Spain is covered, without being interested in the fortunes of a people whose memory has almost passed into oblivion, but who once preserved the "sacred flame" when it had become extinct in every corner of Christendom, and whose influence is still visible on the intellectual culture of Modern Europe. It has been found no easy matter, however, to compile a satisfactory and authentic account of the Arabians, notwithstanding that the number of their historians, cited by D'Herbelot and Casiri, would appear to exceed that of any European nation. The despotic governments of the East have never been found propitious to that independence of opinion so essential to historical composition: "*ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.*" And their copious compilations, prolific in frivolous and barren detail, are too often wholly destitute of the sap and vitality of history.

The social and moral institutions of Arabian Spain experienced a considerable modification from her long intercourse with the Europeans, and she offers a nobler field of research for the chronicler than is to be found in any other country of the Moslem. Notwithstanding this, the Castilian scholars, until of late, have done little towards elucidating the national antiquities of their Saracen brethren; and our most copious notices of their political history, until the recent posthumous publication of Conde, have been drawn from the extracts which M. Cardonne translated from the Arabic Manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris.³

The most interesting periods of the Saracen dominion in Spain are that embraced by the empire of the Omejades of Córdoba, between the years 755 and 1030, and that of the kingdom of Granada, extending from the middle of the thirteenth to the close of the fifteenth century. The intervening period of their existence in the Peninsula offers only a spectacle of inextricable anarchy. The first of those periods was that in which the Arabs attained their meridian of opulence and power, and in which their general illumination affords a striking contrast with the deep barbarism of the rest of Europe; but it was that, too, in which their character, having been but little affected by contact with the Spaniards, retained most of its original Asiatic peculiarities. This has never been regarded, therefore, by European scholars as a period of greatest interest in their history, nor has it ever, so far as we are aware, been selected for the purposes of romantic fiction. But when their territories became reduced within the limits of Granada, the Moors had insensibly submitted to the superior influences of their Christian neighbours. Their story, at this time, abounds in passages of uncommon beauty and interest. Their wars were marked by feats of personal prowess and romantic adventure, while the intervals of peace were abandoned to all the license of luxurious revelry. Their character, therefore, blending the various peculiarities of Oriental and European civilization, offers a rich study for the poet and the novelist. As such, it has been liberally employed by the Spaniards, and has not been altogether neglected by the writers of other nations. Thus, Florian, whose sentiments, as well as his style, seem to be always floundering midway between the regions of prose and poetry, has made out of the story of this people his

³ [Since this article was written, the deficiency noticed in the text has been supplied by the translation into English of Al-Makkarî's "Mohammedan Dynasties," with copious notes and illustrations by Don Pascual de Gayangos, a scholar whose acute criticism

has enabled him to rectify many of the errors of his laborious predecessors, and whose profound Oriental learning sheds a flood of light on both the civil and literary history of the Spanish Arabs.]

popular romance of "Gonsalvo of Córdoba." It also forms the burden of an Italian epic, entitled "Il Conquista di Granata," by Girolamo Gratiani, a Florentine,—much lauded by his countrymen. The ground, however, before the appearance of Mr. Irving, had not been occupied by any writer of eminence in the English language for the purposes either of romance or history.

The conquest of Granada, to which Mr. Irving has confined himself, so disastrous to the Moors, was one of the most brilliant achievements in the most brilliant period of Spanish history. Nothing is more usual than overweening commendations of antiquity,—the "good old times" whose harsher features, like those of a rugged landscape, lose all their asperity in the distance. But the period of which we are speaking, embracing the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the close of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was undoubtedly that in which the Spanish nation displayed the fulness of its moral and physical energies, when, escaping from the license of a youthful age, it seems to have reached the prime of manhood and the perfect development of those faculties whose overstrained exertions were soon to be followed by exhaustion and premature decrepitude.

The remnant of Spaniards who, retreating to the mountains of the north, escaped the overwhelming inundation of the Saracens at the beginning of the eighth century, continued to cherish the free institutions of their Gothic ancestors. The "Fuero Juzgo," the ancient Visi-Gothic code, was still retained by the people of Castile and Leon, and may be said to form the basis of all their subsequent legislation, while in Aragon the dissolution of the primitive monarchy opened the way for even more liberal and equitable forms of government. The independence of character thus fostered by the peculiar constitutions of these petty states was still farther promoted by the circumstances of their situation. Their uninterrupted wars with the infidel—the necessity of winning back from him, inch by inch, as it were, the conquered soil—required the active co-operation of every class of the community, and gave to the mass of the people an intrepidity, a personal consequence, and an extent of immunities, such as were not enjoyed by them in any other country of Europe. The free cities acquired considerable tracts of the reconquered territory, with rights of jurisdiction over them, and sent their representatives to Cortes, near a century before a similar privilege was conceded to them in England. Even the peasantry, so degraded, at this period, throughout the rest of Europe, assumed under this state of things a conscious dignity and importance, which are visible in their manners at this day; and it was in this class, during the late French invasions, that the fire of ancient patriotism revived with greatest force, when it seemed almost extinct in the breasts of the degenerate nobles.

The religious feeling which mingled in their wars with the infidels gave to their characters a tinge of lofty enthusiasm; and the irregular nature of this warfare suggested abundant topics for that popular minstrelsy which acts so powerfully on the passions of a people. The "Poem of the Cid," which appeared, according to Sanchez, before the middle of the twelfth century, contributed in no slight degree, by calling up the most inspiring national recollections, to keep alive the generous glow of patriotism. This influence is not imaginary. Heeren pronounces the "poems of Homer to have been the principal bond which united the Grecian states;" and every one knows the influence exercised over the Scottish peasantry by the Border minstrelsy. Many anecdotes might be quoted to show the veneration universally entertained by the Spaniards, broken, as they were, into as many discordant states as ever swarmed over Greece, for their favourite hero of romance and history.

Among others, Mariana relates one of a king of Navarre, who, making an incursion into Castile about a century after the warrior's death, was carrying off a rich booty, when he was met by an abbot of a neighbouring convent, with his monks, bearing aloft the standard of the Cid, who implored him to restore the plunder to the inhabitants from whom he had ravished it. And the monarch, moved by the sight of the sacred relic, after complying with his request, escorted back the banner in solemn procession with his whole army to the place of its deposit.

But, while all these circumstances conspired to give an uncommon elevation to the character of the ancient Spaniard, even of the humblest rank, and while the prerogative of the monarch was more precisely as well as narrowly defined than in most of the other nations of Christendom, the aristocracy of the country was insensibly extending its privileges, and laying the foundation of a power that eventually overshadowed the throne and well-nigh subverted the liberties of the state. In addition to the usual enormous immunities claimed by this order in feudal governments (although there is no reason to believe that the system of feudal tenure obtained in Castile, as it certainly did in Aragon), they enjoyed a constitutional privilege of withdrawing their allegiance from their sovereign on sending him a formal notice of such renunciation, and the sovereign, on his part, was obliged to provide for the security of their estates and families so long as they might choose to continue in such overt rebellion. These anarchical provisions in their constitution did not remain a dead letter, and repeated examples of their pernicious application are enumerated both by the historians of Aragon and Castile. The long minorities with which the latter country was afflicted, moreover, contributed still farther to swell the overgrown power of the privileged orders; and the violent revolution which, in 1368, placed the house of Trastamarre upon the throne, by impairing the revenues, and consequently the authority of the crown, opened the way for the wild uproar which reigned throughout the kingdom during the succeeding century. Alonso de Palencia, a contemporary chronicler, dwells with melancholy minuteness on the calamities of this unhappy period, when the whole country was split into factions of the nobles, the monarch openly contemned, the commons trodden in the dust, the court become a brothel, the treasury bankrupt, public faith a jest, and private morals too loose and audacious to court even the veil of hypocrisy.

The wise administration of Ferdinand and Isabella could alone have saved the state in this hour of peril. It effected, indeed, a change on the face of things as magical as that produced by the wand of an enchanter in some Eastern tale. Their reign wears a more glorious aspect from its contrast with the turbulent period which preceded it, as the landscape glows with redoubled brilliancy when the sunshine has scattered the tempest. We shall briefly notice some of the features of the policy by which they effected this change.

They obtained from the Cortes an act for the resumption of the improvident grants made by their predecessor, by which means an immense accession of revenue, which had been squandered upon unworthy favourites, was brought back to the royal treasury. They compelled many of the nobility to resign, in favour of the crown, such of its possessions as they had acquired, by force, fraud, or intrigue, during the late season of anarchy. The son of that gallant Marquis Duke of Cadiz, for instance, with whom the reader has become so familiar in Mr. Irving's Chronicle, was stripped of his patrimony of Cadiz and compelled to exchange it for the humbler territory of Arcos, from whence the family henceforth derived their title. By all these expedients the revenues of the state at the demise of Isabella, were increased twelvefold beyond what

they had been at the time of her accession. They reorganized the ancient institution of the "Hermidad,"—a very different association, under their hands, from the "Holy Brotherhood" which we meet with in Gil Blas. Every hundred householders were obliged to equip and maintain a horseman at their joint expense; and this corps furnished a vigilant police in civil emergencies and an effectual aid in war. It was found, moreover, of especial service in suppressing the insurrections and disorders of the nobility. They were particularly solicitous to abolish the right and usage of private war claimed by this haughty order, compelling them on all occasions to refer their disputes to the constituted tribunals of justice. But it was a capital feature in the policy of the Catholic sovereigns to counterbalance the authority of the aristocracy by exalting, as far as prudent, that of the commons. In the various convocations of the national legislature, or Cortes, in this reign, no instance occurs of any city having lost its prescriptive right of furnishing representatives, as had frequently happened under preceding monarchs, who, from negligence or policy, had omitted to summon them.

But it would be tedious to go into all the details of the system employed by Ferdinand and Isabella for the regeneration of the decayed fabric of government; of their wholesome regulations for the encouragement of industry; of their organization of a national militia and an efficient marine; of the severe decorum which they introduced within the corrupt precincts of the court; of the temporary economy by which they controlled the public expenditures, and of the munificent patronage which they, or, rather, their almoner on this occasion, that most enlightened of bigots, Cardinal Ximenes, dispensed to science and letters. In short, their sagacious provisions were not merely remedial of former abuses, but were intended to call forth all the latent energies of the Spanish character, and, with these excellent materials, to erect a constitution of government which should secure to the nation tranquillity at home, and enable it to go forward in its ambitious career of discovery and conquest.

The results were certainly equal to the wisdom of the preparations. The first of the series of brilliant enterprises was the conquest of the Moorish kingdom of Granada,—those rich and lovely regions of the Peninsula, the last retreat of the infidel, and which he had held for nearly eight centuries. This, together with the subsequent occupation of Navarre by the crafty Ferdinand, consolidated the various principalities of Spain into one monarchy, and, by extending its boundaries in the Peninsula to their present dimensions, raised it from a subordinate situation to the first class of European powers. The Italian wars, under the conduct of the "Great Captain," secured to Spain the more specious but less useful acquisition of Naples, and formed that invincible infantry which enabled Charles the Fifth to dictate laws to Europe for nearly half a century. And, lastly, as if the Old World could not afford a theatre sufficiently vast for their ambition, Columbus gave a New World to Castile and Leon.

Such was the attitude assumed by the nation under the Catholic kings, as they were called. It was the season of hope and youthful enterprise, when the nation seemed to be renewing its ancient energies and to prepare like a giant to run its course. The modern Spaniard who casts his eye over the long interval that has since elapsed, during the first half of which the nation seemed to waste itself on schemes of mad ambition or fierce fanaticism, and in the latter half to sink into a state of paralytic torpor,—the Spaniard, we say, who casts a melancholy glance over this dreary interval will turn with satisfaction to the close of the fifteenth century as the most glorious epoch in the annals of his country. This is the period to which Mr. Irving has introduced us in

his late work. And if his portraiture of the Castilian of that day wears somewhat of a romantic and, it may be, incredible aspect to those who contrast it with the present, they must remember that he is only reviving the tints which had faded on the canvas of history. But it is time that we should return from this long digression, into which we have been led by the desire of exhibiting in stronger relief some peculiarities in the situation and spirit of the nation at the period from which Mr. Irving has selected the materials of his last, indeed, his last two publications.

Our author, in his "Chronicle of Granada," has been but slightly indebted to Arabic authorities. Neither Conde nor Cardonne has expended more than fifty or sixty pages on this humiliating topic; but ample amends have been offered in the copious prolixity of the Castilian writers. The Spaniards can boast a succession of chronicles from the period of the great Saracen invasion. Those of a more early date, compiled in rude Latin, are sufficiently meagre and unsatisfactory; but from the middle of the thirteenth century the stream of history runs full and clear, and their chronicles, composed in the vernacular, exhibit a richness and picturesque variety of incident that gave them inestimable value as a body of genuine historical documents. The reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella were particularly fruitful in these sources of information. History then, like most of the other departments of literature, seemed to be in a state of transition, when the fashions of its more antiquated costume began to mingle insensibly with the peculiarities of the modern; when, in short, the garrulous graces of narration were beginning to be tempered by the tone of grave and philosophical reflection.

We will briefly notice a few of the eminent sources from which Mr. Irving has drawn his account of the "Conquest of Granada." The first of these is the Epistles of Peter Martyr, an Italian *savant*, who, having passed over with the Spanish ambassador into Spain, and being introduced into the court of Isabella, was employed by her in some important embassies. He was personally present at several campaigns of this war. In his "Letters" he occasionally smiles at the caprice which had led him to exchange the pen for the sword, while his speculations on the events passing before him, being those of a scholar rather than of a soldier, afford in their moral complexion a pleasing contrast to the dreary details of blood and battle. Another authority is the Chronicle of Bernaldez, a worthy ecclesiastic of that period, whose bulky manuscript, like that of many a better writer, lies still engulfed in the dust of some Spanish library, having never been admitted to the honours of the press. Copies of it, however, are freely circulated. It is one of those good-natured, gossiping memorials of an antique age, abounding equally in curious and commonplace incident, told in a way sufficiently prolix, but not without considerable interest. The testimony of this writer is of particular value, moreover, on this occasion, from the proximity of his residence in Andalusia to those scenes which were the seat of the war. His style overflows with that religious loyalty with which Mr. Irving has liberally seasoned the effusions of Fra Antonio Agapida. Hernando del Pulgar, another contemporary historian, was the secretary and counsellor of their Catholic majesties, and appointed by them to the post of national chronicler, an office familiar both to the courts of Castile and Aragon, in which latter country, especially, it has been occupied by some of its most distinguished historians. Pulgar's long residence at court, his practical acquaintance with affairs, and, above all, the access which he obtained, by means of his official station, to the best sources of information, have enabled him to make his work a rich repository of facts relating to the general resources of government, the policy of its administration, and, more

particularly, the conduct of the military operations in the closing war of Granada, of which he was himself an eye-witness. In addition to these writers, this period has been illumined by the labours of the most celebrated historians of Castile and Aragon, Mariana and Zurita, both of whom conclude their narratives with it, the last expanding the biography of Ferdinand alone into two volumes folio. Besides these, Mr. Irving has derived collateral lights from many sources of inferior celebrity but not less unsuspecting credit. So that, in conclusion, notwithstanding a certain dramatic colouring which Fra Agapida's "Chronicle" occasionally wears, and notwithstanding the romantic forms of a style which, to borrow the language of Cicero, seems "to flow, as it were, from the very lips of the Muses," we may honestly recommend it as substantially an authentic record of one of the most interesting and, as far as English scholars are concerned, one of the most untravelled portions of Spanish history.

CERVANTES.¹

(July, 1837.)

THE publication, in this country, of an important Spanish classic in the original, with a valuable commentary, is an event of some moment in our literary annals, and indicates a familiarity, rapidly increasing, with the beautiful literature to which it belongs. It may be received as an omen favourable to the cause of modern literature in general, the study of which, in all its varieties, may be urged on substantially the same grounds. The growing importance attached to this branch of education is visible in other countries quite as much as in our own. It is the natural, or, rather, necessary result of the changes which have taken place in the social relations of man in this revolutionary age. Formerly a nation, pent up within its own barriers, knew less of its neighbours than we now know of what is going on in Siam or Japan. A river, a chain of mountains, an imaginary line, even, parted them as far asunder as if oceans had rolled between. To speak correctly, it was their imperfect civilization, their ignorance of the means and the subjects of communication, which thus kept them asunder. Now, on the contrary, a change in the domestic institutions of one country can hardly be effected without a corresponding agitation in those of its neighbours. A treaty of alliance can scarcely be adjusted without the intervention of a general Congress. The sword cannot be unsheathed in one part of Christendom without thousands leaping from their scabbards in every other. The whole system is bound together by as nice sympathies as if animated by a common pulse, and the remotest countries of Europe are brought into contiguity as intimate as were in ancient times the provinces of a single monarchy.

¹ "El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha, compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Nueva Edición clásica, ilustrada con Notas históricas, gramaticales y críticas, por la Academia Española, sus Individuos de Número Pellicer, Arrieta, y Cle-

mencin. Enmendada y corregida por Francisco Sales, A.M., Instructor de Frances y Español en la Universidad de Harvard, en Cambriglia, Estado de Massachusetts, Norte América," 2 vols. 12mo, Boston, 1836.

This intimate association has been prodigiously increased of late years by the unprecedented discoveries which science has made for facilitating inter-communication. The inhabitants of Great Britain, that "ultima Thule" of the ancients, can now run down to the extremity of Italy in less time than it took Horace to go from Rome to Brundisium. A steambot of fashionable tourists will touch at all the places of note in the Iliad and Odyssey in fewer weeks than it would have cost years to an ancient Argonaut or a crusader of the Middle Ages. Every one, of course, travels, and almost every capital and noted watering-place on the Continent swarms with its thousands, and Paris with its tens of thousands, of itinerant cockneys, many of whom, perhaps, have not wandered beyond the sound of Bow bells in their own little island.

Few of these adventurers are so dull as not to be quickened into something like curiosity respecting the language and institutions of the strange people among whom they are thrown, while the better sort and more intelligent are led to study more carefully the new forms, whether in arts or letters, under which human genius is unveiled to them.

The effect of all this is especially visible in the reforms introduced into the modern systems of education. In both the universities recently established in London, the apparatus for instruction, instead of being limited to the ancient tongues, is extended to the whole circle of modern literature; and the editorial labours of many of the professors show that they do not sleep on their posts. Periodicals, under the management of the ablest writers, furnish valuable contributions of foreign criticism and intelligence; and regular histories of the various Continental literatures, a department in which the English are singularly barren, are understood to be now in actual preparation.

But, although barren of literary, the English have made important contributions to the political history of the Continental nations. That of Spain has employed some of their best writers, who, it must be admitted, however, have confined themselves so far to the foreign relations of the country as to have left the domestic in comparative obscurity. Thus, Robertson's great work is quite as much the history of Europe as of Spain under Charles the Fifth; and Watson's "Reign of Philip the Second" might with equal propriety be styled "The War of the Netherlands," which is its principal burden.

A few works recently published in the United States have shed far more light on the interior organization and intellectual culture of the Spanish nation. Such, for example, are the writings of Irving, whose gorgeous colouring reflects so clearly the chivalrous splendours of the fifteenth century, and the travels of Lieutenant Slidell, presenting sketches equally animated of the social aspect of that most picturesque of all lands in the present century. In Mr. Cushing's "Reminiscences of Spain" we find, mingled with much characteristic fiction, some very laborious inquiries into curious and recondite points of history. In the purely literary department, Mr. Ticknor's beautiful lectures before the classes of Harvard University, still in manuscript, embrace a far more extensive range of criticism than is to be found in any Spanish work, and display, at the same time, a degree of thoroughness and research which the comparative paucity of materials will compel us to look for in vain in Bouterwek or Sismondi. Mr. Ticknor's successor, Professor Longfellow, favourably known by other compositions, has enriched our language with a noble version of the "Coplas de Manrique," the finest gem, beyond all comparison, in the Castilian verse of the fifteenth century. We have also read with pleasure a clever translation of Quevedo's "Visions," no very easy achievement, by Mr. Elliot, of Philadelphia; though the translator is wrong

in supposing his the first English version. The first is as old as Queen Anne's time, and was made by the famous Sir Roger L'Estrange. To close the account, Mr. Sales, the venerable instructor in Harvard College, has now given, for the first time in the New World, an elaborate edition of the prince of Castilian classics, in a form which may claim, to a certain extent, the merit of originality.

We shall postpone the few remarks we have to make on this edition to the close of our article; in the mean time we propose, not to give the life of Cervantes, but to notice such points as are at least familiar in his literary history, and especially in regard to the composition and publication of his great work, the *Don Quixote*; a work which, from its wide and long-established popularity, may be said to constitute part of the literature not merely of Spain, but of every country in Europe.

The age of Cervantes was that of Philip the Second, when the Spanish monarchy, declining somewhat from its palmy state, was still making extraordinary efforts to maintain, and even to extend, its already overgrown empire. Its navies were on every sea, and its armies in every quarter of the Old World and in the New. Arms was the only profession worthy of a gentleman; and there was scarcely a writer of any eminence—certainly no bard—of the age, who, if he were not in orders, had not borne arms, at some period, in the service of his country. Cervantes, who, though poor, was born of an ancient family (it must go hard with a Casulian who cannot make out a pedigree for himself), had a full measure of this chivalrous spirit, and during the first half of his life we find him in the midst of all the stormy and disastrous scenes of the iron trade of war. His love of the military profession, even after the loss of his hand, or of the use of it, for it is uncertain which, is sufficient proof of his adventurous spirit. In the course of his checkered career he visited the principal countries in the Mediterranean, and passed five years in melancholy captivity at Algiers. The time was not lost, however, which furnished his keen eye with those glowing pictures of Moslem luxury and magnificence with which he has enriched his pages. After a life of unprecedented hardship, he returned to his own country, covered with laurels and scars, with very little money in his pocket, but with plenty of that experience which, regarding him as a novelist, might be considered his stock in trade.

The poet may draw from the depths of his own fancy; the scholar, from his library; but the proper study of the dramatic writer, whether in verse or in prose, is man,—man as he exists in society. He who would faithfully depict human character cannot study it too nearly and variously. He must sit down, like Scott, by the fireside of the peasant and listen to the "auld wife's" tale; he must preside, with Fielding, at a petty justice sessions, or share with some Squire Western in the glorious hazards of a fox-hunt; he must, like Smollett and Cooper, study the mysteries of the deep, and mingle on the stormy element itself with the singular beings whose destinies he is to describe; or, like Cervantes, he must wander among other races and in other climes, before his pencil can give those chameleon touches which reflect the shifting, many-coloured hues of actual life. He may, indeed, like Rousseau, if it were possible to imagine another Rousseau, turn his thoughts inward, and draw from the depths of his own soul; but he would see there only his own individual passions and prejudices, and the portraits he might sketch, however various in subordinate details, would be, in their characteristic features, only the reproduction of himself. He might, in short, be a poet, a philosopher, but not a painter of life and manners.

Cervantes had ample means for pursuing the study of human character,

after his return to Spain, in the active life which engaged him in various parts of the country. In Andalusia he might have found the models of the sprightly wit and delicate irony with which he has seasoned his fictions; in Seville, in particular, he was brought in contact with the fry of small sharpers and pick-pockets who make so respectable a figure in his *picaresco* novels; and in La Mancha he not only found the geography of his Don Quixote, but that whimsical contrast of pride and poverty in the natives, which has furnished the outlines of many a broad caricature to the comic writers of Spain.

During all this while he had made himself known only by his pastoral fiction, the "Galatea," a beautiful specimen of an insipid class, which, with all its literary merits, afforded no scope for the power of depicting human character, which he possessed, perhaps, unknown to himself. He wrote, also, a good number of plays, all of which, except two, and these recovered only at the close of the last century, have perished. One of these, "The Siege of Numantia," displays that truth of drawing and strength of colour which mark the consummate artist. It was not until he had reached his fifty-seventh year that he completed the First Part of his great work, the Don Quixote. The most celebrated novels, unlike most works of imagination, seem to have been the production of the later period of life. Fielding was between forty and fifty when he wrote "Tom Jones;" Richardson was sixty, or very near it, when he wrote "Clarissa;" and Scott was some years over forty when he began the series of the Waverley novels. The world, the school of the novelist, cannot be run through like the terms of a university, and the knowledge of its manifold varieties must be the result of long and diligent training.

The First Part of the Quixote was begun, as the author tells us, in a prison, to which he had been brought, not by crime or debt, but by some offence, probably, to the worthy people of La Mancha. It is not the only work of genius which has struggled into being in such unfavourable quarters. The "Pilgrim's Progress," the most popular, probably, of English fictions, was composed under similar circumstances. But we doubt if such brilliant faucies and such flashes of humour ever lighted up the walls of the prison-house before the time of Cervantes.

The First Part of the Don Quixote was given to the public in 1605. Cervantes, when the time arrived for launching his satire against the old, deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen, probably regarded it, as well he might, as little less rash than his own hero's tilt against the windmills. He sought, accordingly, to shield himself under the cover of a powerful name, and asked leave to dedicate the book to a Castilian grandee, the Duke de Bejar. The duke, it is said, whether ignorant of the design or doubting the success of the work, would have declined, but Cervantes urged him first to peruse a single chapter. The audience summoned to sit in judgment were so delighted with the first pages that they would not abandon the novel till they had heard the whole of it. The duke, of course, without farther hesitation, condescended to allow his name to be inserted in this passport to immortality.

There is nothing very improbable in the story. It reminds one of a similar experiment by St. Pierre, who submitted his manuscript of "Paul and Virginia" to a circle of French *Vittérateurs*, Monsieur and Madame Necker, the Abbé Galiani, Thomas, Buffon, and some others, all wits of the first water in the metropolis. Hear the result, in the words of his biographer, or, rather, his agreeable translator: "At first the author was heard in silence; by degrees the attention grew languid; they began to whisper, to gape, and listened no longer. M. de Buffon looked at his watch, and called for his horses; those near the door slipped out; Thomas went to sleep; M. Necker laughed to see

the ladies weep; and the ladies, ashamed of their tears, did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The reading being finished, nothing was praised. Madame Necker alone criticised the conversation of Paul and the old man. This *moral* appeared to her tedious and commonplace; it broke the action, chilled the reader, and was a sort of *glass of iced water*. M. de St. Pierre retired in a state of indescribable depression. He regarded what had passed as his sentence of death. The effect of his work on an audience like that to which he had read it left him no hope for the future." Yet this work was "Paul and Virginia," one of the most popular books in the French language. So much for criticism!

The truth seems to be, that the judgment of no private circle, however well qualified by taste and talent, can afford a sure prognostic of that of the great public. If the manuscript to be criticised is our friend's, of course the verdict is made up before perusal. If some great man modestly sues for our approbation, our self-complacency has been too much flattered for us to withhold it. If it be a little man (and St. Pierre was but a little man at that time), our prejudices—the prejudices of poor human nature—will be very apt to take an opposite direction. Be the cause what it may, whoever rests his hopes of public favour on the smiles of a *coterie* runs the risk of finding himself very unpleasantly deceived. Many a trim bark which has flaunted gayly in a summer lake has gone to pieces amid the billows and breakers of the rude ocean.

The prognostic in the case of Cervantes, however, proved more correct. His work produced an instantaneous effect on the community. He had struck a note which found an echo in every bosom. Four editions were published in the course of the first year,—two in Madrid, one in Valencia, and another at Lisbon.

This success, almost unexampled in any age, was still more extraordinary in one in which the reading public was comparatively limited. That the book found its way speedily into the very highest circles in the kingdom is evident from the well-known explanation of Philip the Third when he saw a student laughing immoderately over some volume: "The man must be either out of his wits, or reading Don Quixote." Notwithstanding this, its author felt none of that sunshine of royal favour which would have been so grateful in his necessities.

The period was that of the golden prime of Castilian literature. But the monarch on the throne, one of the ill-starred dynasty of Austria, would have been better suited to the darkest of the Middle Ages. His hours, divided between his devotions and his debaucheries, left nothing to spare for letters; and his minister, the arrogant Duke of Lerma, was too much absorbed by his own selfish though shallow schemes of policy to trouble himself with romance-writers, or their satirist. Cervantes, however, had entered on a career which, as he intimates in some of his verses, might lead to fame, but not to fortune. Happily, he did not compromise his fame by precipitating the execution of his works from motives of temporary profit. It was not till several years after the publication of the *Don Quixote* that he gave to the world his *Exemplary Novels*, as he called them,—fictions which, differing from anything before known, not only in the Castilian, but, in some respects, in any other literature, gave ample scope to his dramatic talent, in the contrivance of situations and the nice delineation of character. These works, whose diction was uncommonly rich and attractive, were popular from the first.

One cannot but be led to inquire why, with such success as an author, he continued to be so straitened in his circumstances, as he plainly intimates was

the case more than once in his writings. From the Don Quixote, notwithstanding its great run, he probably received little, since he had parted with the entire copyright before publication, when the work was regarded as an experiment the result of which was quite doubtful. It is not so easy to explain the difficulty when his success as an author had been so completely established. Cervantes intimates his dissatisfaction, in more than one place in his writings, with the booksellers themselves. "What, sir!" replies an author introduced into his Don Quixote, "would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookseller for three maravedis a sheet? for that is the most they will bid, nay, and expect, too, I should thank them for the offer." This burden of lamentation, the alleged illiberality of the publisher towards the poor author, is as old as the art of book-making itself. But the public receive the account from the party aggrieved only. If the bookseller reported his own case, we should, no doubt, have a different version. If Cervantes was in the right, the trade in Castile showed a degree of dexterity in their proceedings which richly entitled them to the pillory. In one of his tales we find a certain licentiate complaining of "the tricks and deceptions they put upon an author when they buy a copyright from him; and still more, the manner in which they cheat him if he prints the book at his own charges; since nothing is more common than for them to agree for fifteen hundred, and have privily, perhaps, as many as three thousand thrown off, one-half, at the least, of which they sell, not for his profit, but their own."

The writings of Cervantes appear to have gained him, however, two substantial friends in Cabra, the Count of Lemos, and the Archbishop of Toledo, of the ancient family of Rojas; and the patronage of these illustrious individuals has been nobly recompensed by having their names for ever associated with the imperishable productions of genius.

There was still one kind of patronage wanting in this early age, that of a great, enlightened community,—the only patronage which can be received without some sense of degradation by a generous mind. There was, indeed, one golden channel of public favour, and that was the theatre. The drama has usually flourished most at the period when a nation is beginning to taste the sweets of literary culture. Such was the early part of the seventeenth century in Europe; the age of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher in England; of Ariosto, Machiavelli, and the wits who first successfully wooed the comic muse of Italy; of the great Corneille, some years later, in France; and of that miracle, or, rather, "monster of nature," as Cervantes styled him, Lope de Vega in Spain. Theatrical exhibitions are a combination of the material with the intellectual, at which the ordinary spectator derives less pleasure, probably, from the beautiful creations of the poet than from the scenic decorations, music, and other accessories which address themselves to the senses. The fondness for *spectacle* is characteristic of an early period of society, and the theatre is the most brilliant of pageants. With the progress of education and refinement, men become less open to, or, at least, less dependent on, the pleasures of sense, and seek their enjoyment in more elevated and purer sources. Thus it is that, instead of

"Sweating in the crowded theatre, squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both our sides,"

as the sad minstrel of nature sings, we sit quietly at home, enjoying the pleasures of fiction around our own firesides, and the poem or the novel takes the place of the acted drama. The decline of dramatic writing may justly be lamented as that of one of the most beautiful varieties in the garden of litera-

ture. But it must be admitted to be both a symptom and a necessary consequence of the advance of civilization.

The popularity of the stage, at the period of which we are speaking, in Spain, was greatly augmented by the personal influence and reputation of Lope de Vega, the idol of his countrymen, who threw off the various inventions of his genius with a rapidity and profusion that almost staggers credibility. It is impossible to state the results of his labours in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend Montalvan, with eighteen hundred regular plays, and four hundred *autos* or religious dramas,—all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each, and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes quarto of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

The only achievements we can recall in literary history bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious contemporary Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes of which Murray has not the copyright, probably contains ninety volumes small octavo. To these should farther be added a large supply of matter for the Edinburgh Annual Register, as well as other anonymous contributions. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels and twenty-one of history and biography were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months during the whole of that period, to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival, and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all.

Notwithstanding we have amused ourselves, at the expense of the reader's patience perhaps, with these calculations, this certainly is not the standard by which we should recommend to estimate works of genius. Wit is not to be measured, like broadcloth, by the yard. Easy writing, as the adage says, and as we all know, is apt to be very hard reading. This brings to our recollection a conversation, in the presence of Captain Basil Hall, in which, some allusion having been made to the astonishing amount of Scott's daily composition, the literary argonaut remarked, "There was nothing astonishing in all that, and that he did as much himself nearly every day before breakfast." Some one of the company unkindly asked "whether he thought the *quality* was the same." It is the quality, undoubtedly, which makes the difference. And in this view Lope de Vega's miracles lose much of their effect. Of all his multitudinous dramas, one or two only retain possession of the stage, and few, very few, are now even read. His facility of composition was like that of an Italian improvisatore, whose fertile fancy easily clothes itself in verse, in a language the vowel terminations of which afford such a plenitude of rhymes. The

Castilian presents even greater facilities for this than the Italian. Lope de Vega was an improvisatore.

With all his negligences and defects, however, Lope's interesting intrigues, easy, sprightly dialogue, infinite variety of inventions, and the breathless rapidity with which they followed one another, so dazzled and bewildered the imagination that he completely controlled the public, and became, in the words of Cervantes, "sole monarch of the stage." The public repaid him with such substantial gratitude as has never been shown, probably, to any other of its favourites. His fortune at one time, although he was careless of his expenses, amounted to one hundred thousand ducats, equal, probably, to between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars of the present day. In the same street in which dwelt this spoiled child of fortune, who, amid the caresses of the great and the lavish smiles of the public, could complain that his merits were neglected, lived Cervantes, struggling under adversity, or at least earning a painful subsistence by the labours of his immortal pen. What a contrast do these pictures present to the imagination! If the suffrages of a *coterie*, as we have said, afford no warrant for those of the public, the example before us proves that the award of one's contemporaries is quite as likely to be set aside by posterity. Lope de Vega, who gave his name to his age, has now fallen into neglect even among his countrymen, while the fame of Cervantes, gathering strength with time, has become the pride of his own nation, as his works still continue to be the delight of the whole civilized world.

However stinted may have been the recompense of his deserts at home, it is gratifying to observe how widely his fame was diffused in his own lifetime, and that in foreign countries, at least, he enjoyed that full consideration to which he was entitled. An interesting anecdote illustrating this is recorded, which, as we have never seen it in English, we will lay before the reader. On occasion of a visit made by the Archbishop of Toledo to the French ambassador resident at Madrid, the prelate's suite fell into conversation with the attendants of the minister, in the course of which Cervantes was mentioned. The French gentlemen expressed their unqualified admiration of his writings, specifying the *Galatea*, *Don Quixote*, and the Novels, which, they said, were read in all the countries round, and in France particularly, where there were some who might be said to know them actually by heart. They intimated their desire to become personally acquainted with so eminent a man, and asked many questions respecting his present occupations, his circumstances, and way of life. To all this the Castilians could only reply that he had borne arms in the service of his country, and was now old and poor. "What!" exclaimed one of the strangers, "is Señor Cervantes not in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?" "Heaven forbid," rejoined another, "that his necessities should be ever relieved, if it is these which make him write, since it is his poverty that makes the world rich."

There are other evidences, though not of so pleasing a character, of the eminence which he had reached at home, in the jealousy and ill will of his brother poets. The Castilian poets of that day seem to have possessed a full measure of that irritability which has been laid at the door of all their tribe since the days of Horace; and the freedom of Cervantes's literary criticisms in his *Don Quixote* and other writings, though never personal in their character, brought down on his head a storm of arrows, some of which, if not sent with much force, were at least well steeped in venom. Lope de Vega is even said to have appeared among the assailants, and a sonnet, still preserved, is currently

imputed to him, in which, after much eulogy on himself, he predicts that the works of his rival will find their way into the kennel. But the author of this bad prophecy and worse poetry could never have been the great Lope, who showed on all occasions a generous spirit, and whose literary success must have made such an assault unnecessary and in the highest degree unmanly. On the contrary, we have evidence of a very different feeling, in the homage which he renders to the merits of his illustrious contemporary in more than one passage of his acknowledged works, especially in his "Laurel de Apolo," in which he concludes his poetical panegyric with the following touching conceit :

" Porque se diga que una mano herida
Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

This poem was published by Lope in 1630, fourteen years after the death of his rival; notwithstanding, Mr. Lockhart informs his readers, in his biographical preface to the *Don Quixote*, that "as Lope de Vega was dead (1615), there was no one to divide with Cervantes the literary empire of his country."

In the dedication of his ill-fated comedies, 1615 (for Cervantes, like most other celebrated novelists, found it difficult to concentrate his expansive vein within the compass of dramatic rules), the public was informed that "*Don Quixote* was already booted" and preparing for another sally. It may seem strange that the author, considering the great popularity of his hero, had not sent him on his adventures before. But he had probably regarded them as already terminated; and he had good reason to do so, since every incident in the First Part, as it has been styled only since the publication of the Second, is complete in itself, and the *Don*, although not actually killed on the stage, is noticed as dead, and his epitaph transcribed for the reader. However this may be, the immediate execution of his purpose, so long delayed, was precipitated by an event equally unwelcome and unexpected. This was the continuation of his work by another hand.

The author's name, his *nom de guerre*, was Avellaneda, a native of Torde-sillas. Adopting the original idea of Cervantes, he goes forward with the same characters, through similar scenes of comic extravagance, in the course of which he perpetuates sundry plagiarisms from the First Part, and has some incidents so much resembling those in the Second Part, already written by Cervantes, that it has been supposed he must have had access to his manuscript. It is more probable, as the resemblance is but general, that he obtained his knowledge through hints which may have fallen in conversation from Cervantes, in the progress of his own work. The spurious continuation had some little merit, and attracted, probably, some interest, as any work conducted under so popular a name could not have failed to do. It was, however, on the whole, a vulgar performance, thickly sprinkled with such gross scurrility and indecency as was too strong even for the palate of that not very fastidious age. The public feeling may be gathered from the fact that the author did not dare to depart from his incognito and claim the honours of a triumph. The most diligent inquiries have established nothing farther than that he was an Aragonese, judging from his diction, and, from the complexion of certain passages in the work, probably an ecclesiastic, and one of the swarm of small dramatists who felt themselves rudely handled by the criticism of Cervantes. The work was subsequently translated, or rather paraphrased, by Le Sage, who has more than once given a substantial value to gems of little price in Castilian literature by the brilliancy of his setting. The original work of Avellaneda, always deriving an interest from the circumstance of its production,

has been reprinted in the present century, and is not difficult to be met with. To have thus coolly invaded an author's own property, to have filched from him the splendid though unfinished creations of his genius before his own face, and while, as was publicly known, he was in the very process of completing them, must be admitted to be an act of unblushing effrontery not surpassed in the annals of literature.

Cervantes was much annoyed, it appears, by the circumstance. The continuation of Avellaneda reached him, probably, when on the fifty-ninth chapter of the Second Part. At least, from that time he begins to discharge his gall on the head of the offender, who, it should be added, had consummated his impudence by sneering, in his introduction, at the qualifications of Cervantes. The best retort of the latter, however, was the publication of his own book, which followed at the close of 1615.

The English novelist Richardson experienced a treatment not unlike that of the Castilian. His popular story of *Pamela* was continued by another and very inferior hand, under the title of "*Pamela in High Life.*" The circumstance prompted Richardson to undertake the continuation himself; and it turned out, like most others, a decided failure. Indeed, a skilful continuation seems to be the most difficult work of art. The first effort of the author breaks, as it were, unexpectedly on the public, taking their judgments by surprise, and by its very success creating a standard by which the author himself is subsequently to be tried. Before, he was compared with others; he is now to be compared with himself. The public expectation has been raised. A degree of excellence which might have found favour at first will now scarcely be tolerated. It will not even suffice for him to maintain his own level. He must rise above himself. The reader, in the mean while, has naturally filled up the blank, and insensibly conducted the characters and the story to a termination in his own way. As the reality seldom keeps pace with the ideal, the author's execution will hardly come up to the imagination of his readers; at any rate, it will differ from them, and so far be displeasing. We experience something of this disappointment in the dramas borrowed from popular novels, where the development of the characters by the dramatic author, and the new direction given to the original story in his hands, rarely fail to offend the taste and preconceived ideas of the spectator. To feel the force of this, it is only necessary to see the *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, and other plays dramatized from the *Waverley* novels.

Some part of the failure of such continuations is, no doubt, fairly chargeable, in most instances, on the author himself, who goes to his new task with little of his primitive buoyancy and vigour. He no longer feels the same interest in his own labours, which, losing their freshness, have become as familiar to his imagination as a thrice-told tale. The new composition has, of course, a different complexion from the former, cold, stiff, and disjointed, like a bronze statue whose parts have been separately put together, instead of being cast in one mould when the whole metal was in a state of fusion.

The continuation of Cervantes forms a splendid exception to the general rule. The popularity of his First Part had drawn forth abundance of criticism, and he availed himself of it to correct some material blemishes in the design of the Second, while an assiduous culture of the Castilian enabled him to enrich his style with greater variety and beauty.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame, and the profits of his continuation may have relieved the pecuniary embarrassments under which he had struggled. But he was not long to enjoy his triumph. Before his death, which took place in the following year, he completed his romance of "*Persiles*

and Sigismunda," the dedication to which, written a few days before his death, is strongly characteristic of its writer. It is addressed to his old patron, the Conde de Lemos, then absent from the country. After saying, in the words of the old Spanish proverb, that he had "*one foot in the stirrup*," in allusion to the distant journey on which he was soon to set out, he adds, "Yesterday I received the extreme unction; but, now that the shadows of death are closing around me, I still cling to life, from the love of it, as well as from the desire to behold you again. But if it is decreed otherwise (and the will of Heaven be done), your excellency will at least feel assured there was one person whose wish to serve you was greater than the love of life itself." After these reminiscences of his benefactor, he expresses his own purpose, should life be spared, to complete several works he had already begun. Such were the last words of this illustrious man; breathing the same generous sensibility, the same ardent love of letters and beautiful serenity of temper which distinguished him through life. He died a few days after, on the 23rd of April, 1616. His remains were laid, without funeral pomp, in the monastery of the Holy Trinity at Madrid. No memorial points out the spot to the eye of the traveller, nor is it known at this day. And, while many a costly construction has been piled on the ashes of the little great, to the shame of Spain be it spoken, no monument has yet been erected in honour of the greatest genius she has produced. He has built, however, a monument for himself more durable than brass or sculptured marble.

Don Quixote is too familiar to the reader to require any analysis; but we will enlarge on a few circumstances attending its composition but little known to the English scholar, which may enable him to form a better judgment for himself. The age of chivalry, as depicted in romances, could never, of course, have had any real existence; but the sentiments which are described as animating that age have been found more or less operative in different countries and different periods of society. In Spain, especially, this influence is to be discerned from a very early date. Its inhabitants may be said to have lived in a romantic atmosphere, in which all the extravagances of chivalry were nourished by their peculiar situation. Their hostile relations with the Moslem kept alive the full glow of religious and patriotic feeling. Their history is one interminable crusade. An enemy always on the borders invited perpetual displays of personal daring and adventure. The refinement and magnificence of the Spanish Arabs throw a lustre over these contests such as could not be reflected from the rude skirmishes with their Christian neighbours. Lofty sentiments, embellished by the softer refinements of courtesy, were blended in the martial bosom of the Spaniard, and Spain became emphatically the land of romantic chivalry.

The very laws themselves, conceived in this spirit, contributed greatly to foster it. The ancient code of Alfonso the Tenth, in the thirteenth century, after many minute regulations for the deportment of the good knight, enjoins on him to "invoke the name of his mistress in the fight, that it may infuse new ardour into his soul and preserve him from the commission of unknighly actions." Such laws were not a dead letter. The history of Spain shows that the sentiment of romantic gallantry penetrated the nation more deeply and continued longer than in any other quarter of Christendom.

Foreign chroniclers, as well as domestic, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, notice the frequent appearance of Spanish knights in different courts of Europe, whither they had travelled, in the language of an old writer, "to seek honour and reverence" by their feats of arms. In the Paston Letters, written in the time of Henry the Sixth of England, we find a notice

of a Castilian knight who presented himself before the court, and, with his mistress's favour around his arm, challenged the English cavaliers "to run a course of sharp spears with him for his sovereign lady's sake." Pulgar, a Spanish chronicler of the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of this roving knight-errantry as a thing of familiar occurrence among the young cavaliers of his day; and Oviedo, who lived somewhat later, notices the necessity under which every true knight found himself of being in love, or *feigning to be so*, in order to give a suitable lustre and incentive to his achievements. But the most singular proof of the extravagant pitch to which these romantic feelings were carried in Spain occurs in the account of the jousts appended to the fine old chronicle of Alvaro de Luna, published by the Academy in 1784. The principal champion was named Sueño de Quenones, who, with nine companions in arms, defended a pass at Orbigo, not far from the shrine of Compostella, against all comers, in the presence of King John the Second and his court. The object of this passage of arms, as it was called, was to release the knight from the obligation imposed on him by his mistress of publicly wearing an iron collar round his neck every Thursday. The jousts continued for thirty days, and the doughty champions fought without shield or target, with weapons bearing points of Milan steel. Six hundred and twenty-seven encounters took place, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken, when the emprise was declared to be fairly achieved. The whole affair is narrated, with becoming gravity, by an eye-witness, and the reader may fancy himself perusing the adventures of a Lancelot or an Amadis. The particulars of this tourney are detailed at length in Mills's Chivalry (vol. ii. chap. v.), where, however, the author has defrauded the successful champions of their full honours by incorrectly reporting the number of lances broken as only sixty-six.

The taste for these romantic extravagancies naturally fostered a corresponding taste for the perusal of tales of chivalry. Indeed, they acted reciprocally on each other. These chimerical legends had once, also, beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors, but, in the progress of civilization, had gradually given way to other and more natural forms of composition. They still maintained their ground in Italy, whither they had passed later, and where they were consecrated by the hand of genius. But Italy was not the true soil of chivalry, and the inimitable fictions of Bojardo, Pulci, and Ariosto were composed with that lurking smile of half-suppressed mirth which, far from a serious tone, could raise only a corresponding smile of incredulity in the reader.

In Spain, however, the marvels of romance were all taken in perfect good faith. Not that they were received as literally true; but the reader surrendered himself up to the illusion, and was moved to admiration by the recital of deeds which, viewed in any other light than as a wild frolic of imagination, would be supremely ridiculous: for these tales had not the merit of a seductive style and melodious versification to relieve them. They were, for the most part, an ill-digested mass of incongruities, in which there was as little keeping and probability in the characters as in the incidents, while the whole was told in that stilted "Hercles' vein" and with that licentiousness of allusion and imagery which could not fail to debauch both the taste and the morals of the youthful reader. The mind, familiarized with these monstrous, over-coloured pictures, lost all relish for the chaste and sober productions of art. The love of the gigantic and the marvellous indisposed the reader for the simple delineations of truth in real history. The feelings expressed by a sensible Spaniard of the sixteenth century, the anonymous author of the

"Diálogo de las Lenguas," probably represent those of many of his contemporaries. "Ten of the best years of my life," says he, "were spent no more profitably than in devouring these lies, which I did even while eating my meals; and the consequence of this depraved appetite was, that if I took in hand any true book of history, or one that passed for such, I was unable to wade through it."

The influence of this meretricious taste was nearly as fatal on the historian himself as on his readers, since he felt compelled to minister to the public appetite such a mixture of the marvellous in all his narrations as materially discredited the veracity of his writings. Every hero became a demigod, who put the labours of Hercules to shame; and every monk or old hermit was converted into a saint, who wrought more miracles, before and after death, than would have sufficed to canonize a monastery. The fabulous ages of Greece are scarcely more fabulous than the close of the Middle Ages in Spanish history, which compares very discreditably, in this particular, with similar periods in most European countries. The confusion of fact and fiction continues to a very late age; and as one gropes his way through the twilight of tradition he is at a loss whether the dim objects are men or shadows. The most splendid names in Castilian annals—names incorporated with the glorious achievements of the land, and embalmed alike in the page of the chronicler and the song of the minstrel—names associated with the most stirring, patriotic recollections—are now found to have been the mere coinage of fancy. There seems to be no more reason for believing in the real existence of Bernardo del Carpio, of whom so much has been said and sung, than in that of Charlemagne's paladins, or of the Knights of the Round Table. Even the Cid, the national hero of Spain, is contended, by some of the shrewdest native critics of our own times, to be an imaginary being; and it is certain that the splendid fabric of his exploits, familiar as household words to every Spaniard, has crumbled to pieces under the rude touch of modern criticism. These heroes, it is true, flourished before the introduction of romances of chivalry; but the legends of their prowess have been multiplied beyond bounds, in consequence of the taste created by these romances, and an easy faith accorded to them at the same time, such as would never have been conceded in any other civilized nation. In short, the elements of truth and falsehood became so blended that history was converted into romance, and romance received the credit due only to history.

These mischievous consequences drew down the animadversions of thinking men, and at length provoked the interference of government itself. In 1543, Charles the Fifth, by an edict, prohibited books of chivalry from being imported into his American colonies, or being printed or even read there. The legislation for America proceeded from the crown alone, which had always regarded the New World as its own exclusive property. In 1555, however, the Cortes of the kingdom presented a *petition* (which requires only the royal signature to become at once the law), setting forth the manifold evils resulting from these romances. There is an air at once both of simplicity and solemnity in the language of this instrument which may amuse the reader: "Moreover, we say that it is very notorious what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like Amadis, and works of that description, since young people especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and, becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they otherwise would have done. And many times the

daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds not only to the dishonour of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your majesty that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter without special license; by which measures your majesty will render great service to God as well as to these kingdoms,⁵ etc.

Notwithstanding this emphatic expression of public disapprobation, these enticing works maintained their popularity. The emperor Charles, unmindful of his own interdict, took great satisfaction in their perusal. The royal *fêtes* frequently commemorated the fabulous exploits of chivalry, and Philip the Second, then a young man, appeared in these spectacles in the character of an adventurous knight-errant. Moratin enumerates more than seventy bulky romances, all produced in the sixteenth century, some of which passed through several editions, while many more works of the kind have, doubtless, escaped his researches. The last on his catalogue was printed in 1602, and was composed by one of the nobles at the court. Such was the state of things when Cervantes gave to the world the First Part of his *Don Quixote*; and it was against prejudices which had so long bade defiance to public opinion and the law itself that he now aimed the delicate shafts of his irony. It was a perilous emprise.

To effect his end, he did not produce a mere humorous travesty, like several of the Italian poets, who, having selected some well-known character in romance, make him fall into such low dialogue and such gross buffoonery as contrast most ridiculously with his assumed name; for this, though a very good jest in its way, was but a jest, and Cervantes wanted the biting edge of satire. He was, besides, too much of a poet—was too deeply penetrated with the true spirit of chivalry not to respect the noble qualities which were the basis of it. He shows this in the *auto da fé* of the Don's library, where he spares the *Amadis de Gaula* and some others, the best of their kind. He had once himself, as he tells us, actually commenced a serious tale of chivalry.

Cervantes brought forward a personage, therefore, in whom were embodied all those generous virtues which belong to chivalry; disinterestedness, contempt of danger, unblemished honour, knightly courtesy, and those aspirations after ideal excellence which, if empty dreams, are the dreams of a magnanimous spirit. They are, indeed, represented by Cervantes as too ethereal for this world, and are successively dispelled as they come in contact with the coarse realities of life. It is this view of the subject which has led Sismondi, among other critics, to consider that the principal end of the author was "the ridicule of enthusiasm,—the contrast of the heroic with the vulgar,"—and he sees something profoundly sad in the conclusions to which it leads. This sort of criticism appears to be over-refined. It resembles the efforts of some commentators to allegorize the great epics of Homer and Virgil, throwing a disagreeable mistiness over the story by converting mere shadows into substances, and substances into shadows.

The great purpose of Cervantes was, doubtless, that expressly avowed by himself, namely, to correct the popular taste for romances of chivalry. It is unnecessary to look for any other in so plain a tale, although, it is true, the conduct of the story produces impressions on the reader, to a certain extent,

like those suggested by Sisimondi. The melancholy tendency, however, is in a great degree counteracted by the exquisitely ludicrous character of the incidents. Perhaps, after all, if we are to hunt for a moral as the key of the fiction, we may with more reason pronounce it to be the necessity of proportioning our undertakings to our capacities.

The mind of the hero, Don Quixote, is an ideal world into which Cervantes has poured all the rich stores of his own imagination, the poet's golden dreams, high romantic exploit, and the sweet visions of pastoral happiness; the gorgeous chimeras of the fancied age of chivalry, which had so long entranced the world; splendid illusions, which, floating before us like the airy bubbles which the child throws off from his pipe, reflect, in a thousand variegated tints, the rude objects around, until, brought into collision with these, they are dashed in pieces and melt into air. These splendid images derive tenfold beauty from the rich, antique colouring of the author's language, skilfully imitated from the old romances, but which necessarily escapes in the translation into a foreign tongue. Don Quixote's insanity operates both in mistaking the ideal for the real, and the real for the ideal. Whatever he has found in romances he believes to exist in the world; and he converts all he meets with in the world into the visions of his romances. It is difficult to say which of the two produces the most ludicrous results.

For the better exposure of these mad fancies, Cervantes has not only put them into action in real life, but contrasted them with another character which may be said to form the reverse side of his hero's. Honest Sancho represents the material principle as perfectly as his master does the intellectual or ideal. He is of the earth, earthy. Sly, selfish, sensual, his dreams are not of glory, but of good feeding. His only concern is for his carcass. His notions of honour appear to be much the same with those of his jovial contemporary Falstaff, as conveyed in his memorable soliloquy. In the sublime night-piece which ends with the fulling-mills—truly sublime until we reach the *dénouement*—Sancho asks his master, "Why need you go about this adventure? It is main dark, and there is never a living soul sees us; we have nothing to do but to sheer off and get out of harm's way. Who is there to take notice of our flinching?" Can anything be imagined more exquisitely opposed to the true spirit of chivalry? The whole compass of fiction nowhere displays the power of contrast so forcibly as in these two characters; perfectly opposed to each other, not only in their minds and general habits, but in the minutest details of personal appearance.

It was a great effort of art for Cervantes to maintain the dignity of his hero's character in the midst of the whimsical and ridiculous distresses in which he has perpetually involved him. His infirmity leads us to distinguish between his character and his conduct, and to absolve him from all responsibility for the latter. The author's art is no less shown in regard to the other principal figure in the piece, Sancho Panza, who, with the most contemptible qualities, contrives to keep a strong hold on our interest by the kindness of his nature and his shrewd understanding. He is far too shrewd a person, indeed, to make it natural for him to have followed so crack-brained a master unless bribed by the promise of a substantial recompense. He is a personification, as it were, of the popular wisdom,—a "bundle of proverbs," as his master somewhere styles him; and proverbs are the most compact form in which the wisdom of a people is digested. They have been collected into several distinct works in Spain, where they exceed in number those of any other, if not every other, country in Europe. As many of them are of great antiquity, they are of inestimable price with the Castilian jurists, as

affording rich samples of obsolete idioms and the various mutations of the language.

The subordinate portraits in the romance, though not wrought with the same care, are admirable studies of national character. In this view, the Don Quixote may be said to form an epoch in the history of letters, as the original of that kind of composition, the Novel of Character, which is one of the distinguishing peculiarities of modern literature. When well executed, this sort of writing rises to the dignity of history itself, and may be said to perform no insignificant part of the functions of the latter. History describes men less as they are than as they appear, as they are playing a part on the great political theatre,—men in masquerade. It rests on state documents—which too often cloak real purposes under an artful veil of policy, or on the accounts of contemporaries blinded by passion or interest. Even without these deductions, the revolutions of states, their wars, and their intrigues do not present the only aspect, nor, perhaps, the most interesting, under which human nature can be studied. It is man in his domestic relations, around his own fireside, where alone his real character can be truly disclosed; in his ordinary occupations in society, whether for purposes of profit or pleasure; in his every-day manner of living, his tastes and opinions, as drawn out in social intercourse; it is, in short, under all those forms which make up the interior of society that man is to be studied, if we would get the true form and pressure of the age,—if, in short, we would obtain clear and correct ideas of the actual progress of civilization.

But these topics do not fall within the scope of the historian. He cannot find authentic materials for them. They belong to the novelist, who, indeed, contrives his incidents and creates his characters, but who, if true to his art, animates them with the same tastes, sentiments, and motives of action which belong to the period of his fiction. His portrait is not the less true because no individual has sat for it. He has seized the physiognomy of the times. Who is there that does not derive a more distinct idea of the state of society and manners in Scotland from the Waverley novels than from the best of its historians? of the condition of the Middle Ages from the single romance of Ivanhoe than from the volumes of Hume or Hallam? In like manner, the pencil of Cervantes has given a far more distinct and a richer portraiture of life in Spain in the sixteenth century than can be gathered from a library of monkish chronicles.

Spain, which furnished the first good model of this kind of writing, seems to have possessed more ample materials for it than any other country except England. This is perhaps owing in a great degree to the freedom and originality of the popular character. It is the country where the lower classes make the nearest approach, in their conversation, to what is called humour. Many of the national proverbs are seasoned with it, as well as the *picaresco* tales, the indigenous growth of the soil, where, however, the humour runs rather too much to mere practical jokes. The free expansion of the popular characteristics may be traced, in part, to the freedom of the political institutions of the country before the iron hand of the Austrian dynasty was laid on it. The long wars with the Moslem invaders called every peasant into the field, and gave him a degree of personal consideration. In some of the provinces, as Catalonia, the democratic spirit frequently rose to an uncontrollable height. In this free atmosphere the rich and peculiar traits of national character were unfolded. The territorial divisions which marked the Peninsula, broken up anciently into a number of petty and independent states, gave, moreover, great variety to the national portraiture. The rude Asturian,

the haughty and indolent Castilian, the industrious Aragonese, the independent Catalan, the jealous and wily Andalusian, the effeminate Valencian, and magnificent Granadine, furnished an infinite variety of character and costume for the study of the artist. The intermixture of Asiatic races to an extent unknown in any other European land was favourable to the same result. The Jews and the Moors were settled in too great numbers, and for too many centuries, in the land, not to have left traces of their Oriental civilization. The best blood of the country has flowed from what the modern Spaniard—the Spaniard of the Inquisition—regards as impure sources; and a work, popular in the Peninsula, under the name of *Tizon de España*, or “Brand of Spain,” maliciously traces back the pedigrees of the noblest houses in the kingdom to a Jewish or Morisco origin. All these circumstances have conspired to give a highly poetic interest to the character of the Spaniards; to make them, in fact, the most picturesque of European nations, affording richer and far more various subjects for the novelist than other nations whose peculiarities have been kept down by the weight of a despotic government or the artificial and levelling laws of fashion.

There is one other point of view in which the *Don Quixote* presents itself, that of its didactic import. It is not merely moral in its general tendency, though this was a rare virtue in the age in which it was written, but is replete with admonition and criticism, oftentimes requiring great boldness, as well as originality, in the author. Such, for instance, are the derision of witchcraft, and other superstitions common to the Spaniards; the ridicule of torture, which, though not used in the ordinary courts, was familiar to the Inquisition; the frequent strictures on various departments and productions of literature. The literary criticism scattered throughout the work shows a profound acquaintance with the true principles of taste far before his time, and which has left his judgments of the writings of his countrymen still of paramount authority. In truth, the great scope of his work was didactic, for it was a satire against the false taste of his age. And never was there a satire so completely successful. The last romance of chivalry, before the appearance of the *Don Quixote*, came out in 1602. It was the last that was ever published in Spain. So completely was this kind of writing, which had bade defiance to every serious effort, now extinguished by the breath of ridicule,

“That soft and summer breath, whose subtle power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.”

It was impossible for any new author to gain an audience. The public had seen how the thunder was fabricated. The spectator had been behind the scenes, and witnessed of what cheap materials kings and queens were made. It was impossible for him, by any stretch of imagination, to convert the tinsel and painted baubles which he had seen there into diadems and sceptres. The illusion had fled for ever.

Satire seldom survives the local or temporary interests against which it is directed. It loses its life with its sting. The satire of Cervantes is an exception. The objects at which it was aimed have long since ceased to interest. The modern reader is attracted to the book simply by its execution as a work of art, and, from want of previous knowledge, comprehends few of the allusions which gave such infinite zest to the perusal in its own day. Yet, under all these disadvantages, it not only maintains its popularity, but is far more widely extended, and enjoys far higher consideration, than in the life of its author. Such are the triumphs of genius!

Cervantes correctly appreciated his own work. He more than once predicted

its popularity. "I will lay a wager," says Sancho, "that before long there will not be a chop-house, tavern, or barber's stall but will have a painting of our achievements." The honest squire's prediction was verified in his own day; and the author might have seen paintings of his work on wood and on canvas, as well as copper-plate engravings of it. Besides several editions of it at home, it was printed, in his own time, in Portugal, Flanders, and Italy. Since that period it has passed into numberless editions both in Spain and other countries. It has been translated into nearly every European tongue over and over again; into English ten times, into French eight, and others less frequently. We will close the present notice with a brief view of some of the principal editions, together with that at the head of our article.

The currency of the romance among all classes frequently invited its publication by incompetent hands; and the consequence was a plentiful crop of errors, until the original text was nearly despoiled of its beauty, while some passages were omitted, and foreign ones still more shamefully interpolated. The first attempt to retrieve the original from these harpies, who thus foully violated it, singularly enough, was made in England. Queen Caroline, the wife of George the Second, had formed a collection of books of romance, which she playfully named the "library of the sage Merlin." The romance of Cervantes alone was wanting; and a nobleman, Lord Carteret, undertook to provide her with a suitable copy at his own expense. This was the origin of the celebrated edition published by Tonson, in London, 1738, 4 tom. 4to. It contained the *Life of the Author*, written for it by the learned Mayans y Siscar. It was the first biography (which merits the name) of Cervantes; and it shows into what oblivion his personal history had already fallen, that no less than seven towns claimed each the honour of giving him birth. The fate of Cervantes resembled that of Homer.

The example thus set by foreigners excited an honourable emulation at home; and at length, in 1780, a magnificent edition, from the far-famed press of Ibarra, was published at Madrid, in 4 tom. 4to, under the auspices of the Royal Spanish Academy; which, unlike many other literary bodies of sounding name, has contributed most essentially to the advancement of letters, not merely by original memoirs, but by learned and very beautiful editions of ancient writers. Its *Don Quixote* exhibits a most careful revision of the text, collated from the several copies printed in the author's lifetime and supposed to have received his own emendations. There is too good reason to believe that these corrections were made with a careless hand; at all events, there is a plentiful harvest of typographical blunders in these primitive editions.

Prefixed to the publication of the Academy is the *Life of Cervantes*, by Rios, written with uncommon elegance, and containing nearly all that is of much interest in his personal history. A copious analysis of the romance follows, in which a parallel is closely elaborated between it and the poems of Homer. But the romantic and the classical differ too widely from each other to admit of such an approximation; and the method of proceeding necessarily involves its author in infinite absurdities, which show an entire ignorance of the true principles of philosophical criticism, and which he would scarcely have fallen into had he given heed to the maxims of Cervantes himself.

In the following year, 1781, there appeared another edition in England deserving of particular notice. It was prepared by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, a clergyman at Idemestone, who was so enamoured of the romance of Cervantes that, after collecting a library of such works as could any way illustrate his author, he spent fourteen years in preparing a suitable commentary on him. There was ample scope for such a commentary. Many of the satirical allusions

of the romance were misunderstood, as we have said, owing to ignorance of the books of chivalry at which they were aimed. Many incidents and usages, familiar to the age of Cervantes, had long since fallen into oblivion; and much of the idiomatic phraseology had grown to be obsolete, and required explanation. Cervantes himself had fallen into some egregious blunders, which in his subsequent revision of the work he had neglected to set right. The reader will readily call to mind the confusion as to Sancho's Dapple, who appears and disappears, most unaccountably, on the scene, according as the author happens to remember or forget that he was stolen. He afterwards corrected this in two or three instances, but left three or four others unheeded. To the same account must be charged numberless gross anachronisms. Indeed, the whole Second Part is an anachronism, since the author introduces his hero criticising his First Part, in which his own epitaph is recorded.

Cervantes seems to have had a great distaste for the work of revision. Some of his blunders he laid at the printer's door, and others he dismissed with the remark, more ingenious than true, that they were like moles, which, though blemishes in themselves, add to the beauty of the countenance. He little dreamed that his lapses were to be watched so narrowly, that a catalogue was actually to be set down of all his repetitions and inconsistencies, and that each of his hero's sallies was to be adjusted by an accurate chronological table like any real history. He would have been still slower to believe that in the middle of the eighteenth century a learned society, the Academy of Literature and Fine Arts at Troyes, in Champagne, should have chosen a deputation of their body to visit Spain and examine the library of the Escorial, in order to obtain, if possible, the original MS. of that Arabian sage from whom Cervantes professed to have translated his romance. This was to be more mad than Don Quixote himself; yet this actually happened.

Bowle's edition was printed in six volumes quarto; the two last contained notes, illustrations, and index, *all, as well as the text, in Castilian*. Watt, in his laborious "*Bibliotheca Britannica*," remarks that the book did not come up to the public expectation. If so, the public must have been very unreasonable. It was a marvellous achievement for a foreigner. It was the first attempt at a commentary on the Quixote, and, although doubtless exhibiting inaccuracies which a native might have escaped, has been a rich mine of illustration, from which native critics have helped themselves most liberally, and sometimes with scanty acknowledgment.

The example of the English critic led to similar labours in Spain, among the most successful of which may be mentioned the edition by Pellicer, which has commended itself to every scholar by its very learned disquisitions on many topics both of history and criticism. It also contains a valuable memoir of Cervantes, whose life has since been written, in a manner which leaves nothing farther to be desired, by Navarrete, well known by his laborious publication of documents relative to the early Spanish discoveries. His biography of the novelist comprehends all the information, direct and subsidiary, which can now be brought together for the elucidation of his personal or literary history. If Cervantes, like his great contemporary, Shakspeare, has left few authentic details of his existence, the deficiency has been diligently supplied in both cases by speculation and conjecture.

There was still wanting a classical commentary on the Quixote devoted to the literary execution of the work. Such a commentary has at length appeared from the pen of Clemencin, the accomplished secretary of the Spanish Academy of History, who had acquired a high reputation for himself by the publication of the sixth volume of its memoirs, the exclusive work of

his own hand. In his edition of the romance, besides illuminating with rare learning many of the obscure points in the narrative, he has accompanied the text with a severe but enlightened criticism, which, while it boldly exposes occasional offences against taste or grammar, directs the eye to those latent beauties which might escape a rapid or an ordinary reader. We much doubt if any Castilian classic has been so ably illustrated. Unfortunately, the First Part only was completed by the commentator, who died very recently. It will not be easy to find a critic equally qualified by his taste and erudition for the completion of the work.

The English, as we have noticed, have evinced their relish for Cervantes not only by their critical labours but by repeated translations. Some of these are executed with much skill, considering the difficulty of correctly rendering the idiomatic phraseology of humorous dialogue. The most popular versions are those of Motteux, Jarvis, and Smollett. Perhaps the first is the best of all. It was by a Frenchman, who came over to England in the time of James the Second. It betrays nothing of its foreign parentage, however, while its rich and racy diction and its quaint turns of expression are admirably suited to convey a lively and very faithful image of the original. The slight tinge of antiquity which belongs to the time is not displeasing, and comports well with the tone of knightly dignity which distinguishes the hero. Lockhart's notes and poetical versions of old Castilian ballads, appended to the recent edition of Motteux, have rendered it by far the most desirable translation. It is singular that the first classical edition of Don Quixote, the first commentary, and probably the best foreign translation should have been all produced in England: and, farther, that the English commentator should have written in Spanish, and the English translation have been by a Frenchman.

We now come to Mr. Sales's recent edition of the original, the first, probably, which has appeared in the New World, of the one-half of which the Spanish is the spoken language. There was great need of some uniform edition to meet the wants of our University, where much inconvenience has been long experienced from the discrepancies of the copies used. The only ones to be procured in this country are contemptible both in regard to printing and paper, and are defaced by the grossest errors. They are the careless manufacture of ill-informed Spanish booksellers, made to sell, and dear to boot.

Mr. Sales has adopted a right plan for remedying these several evils. He has carefully formed his text on that of the last and most correct edition of the Academy, and, as he has stereotyped the work, any verbal errors may be easily rectified. The Academy has substituted the modern orthography for that of Cervantes, who, independently of the change which has gradually taken place in the language, seems to have had no uniform system himself. Mr. Sales has conformed to the rules prescribed by this high authority for regulating his orthography, accent, and punctuation. In some instances, only, he has adopted the ancient usage in beginning words with *f* instead of *h*, and retaining obsolete terminations of verbs, as *hablades* for *hablais*, *hablabades* for *hablabais*, *amades* for *amais*, *amabades* for *amabais*, etc., no doubt as better suited to the lofty tone of the good knight's discourses, who himself affected a reverence for the antique in his conversation to which his translators have not always sufficiently attended.

In one respect the present editor has made some alterations not before attempted, we believe, in the text of his original. We have already noticed the inaccuracies of the early copies of the Don Quixote, partly imputable to Cervantes himself, and in a greater degree, doubtless, to his printers. There is no way of rectifying such errors by collation with the author's manuscript,

which has long since disappeared. All that can now be done therefore, is to point out the purer reading in a note, as Clemencin, Arrieta, and other commentators have done, or, as Mr. Sales has preferred, to introduce it into the body of the text. We will give one or two specimens of these alterations :

“Poco mas ó menos.”—Tom. i. p. 141.

The reading in the old editions is “poco mas á menos,” a phrase as unintelligible in Spanish now as its literal translation would be in English, although in use, it would seem from other authorities, in the age of Cervantes.

“Por tales os juzgué y tuve.”—Tom. i. p. 104.

The old editions add “siempre,” which clearly is incorrect, since Don Quixote is speaking of the present occasion.

“Don Quixote quedó admirado.”—Tom. i. p. 143.

Other editions read “*El cual* quedó,” etc. The use of the relatives leaves the reader in doubt who is intended, and Mr. Sales, in conformity to Clemencin's suggestion, has made the sentence clear by substituting the name of the knight.

“Donde les sucedieron cosas,” etc.—Tom. ii. p. 44.

In other editions, “*sucedió* ;” bad grammar, since it agrees with a plural noun.

“En tan poco espacio de tiempo como ha que *estuvo* allá,” etc. (tom. ii. p. 132), instead of “*está* allá,” clearly the wrong tense, since the verb refers to past time.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples, a sufficient number of which have been cited to show on what principles the emendations have been made. They have been confined to the correction of such violations of grammar, or such inaccuracies of expression, as obscure or distort the meaning. They have been made with great circumspection, and in obedience to the suggestion of the highest authorities in the language. For the critical scholar, who would naturally prefer the primitive text with all its impurities, they were not designed. But they are of infinite value to the general reader and the student, who may now read this beautiful classic purified from those verbal blemishes which, however obvious to a native, could not fail to mislead a foreigner.

Besides these emendations, Mr. Sales has illustrated the work by prefixing to it the admirable preliminary discourse of Clemencin, and by a considerable body of notes, selected and abridged from the most approved commentators ; and, as the object has been to explain the text to the reader, not to involve him in antiquarian or critical disquisitions, when his authorities have failed to do this the editor has supplied notes of his own, throwing much light on matters least familiar to a foreigner. In this part of his work we think he might have derived considerable aid from Bowle, whom he does not appear to have consulted. The Castilian commentator Arrieta, whom he liberally uses, is largely indebted to the English critic, who, as a foreigner, moreover, has been led into many seasonable explanations that would be superfluous to a Spaniard.

We may notice another peculiarity in the present edition, that of breaking up the text into reasonable paragraphs, in imitation of the English translations ; a great relief to the spirits of the reader, which are seriously damped, in the ancient copies, by the interminable waste of page upon page, without these convenient halting-places.

But our readers, we fear, will think we are running into an interminable

waste of discussion. We will only remark, therefore, in conclusion, that the mechanical execution of the book is highly creditable to our press. It is, moreover, adorned with etchings by our American Cruikshank, Johnston,—some of them original, but mostly copies from the late English edition of Smollett's translations. They are designed and executed with much spirit, and, no doubt, would have fully satisfied honest Sancho, who predicted this kind of immortality for himself and his master.

We congratulate the public on the possession of an edition of the pride of Castilian literature from our own press in so neat a form and executed with so much correctness and judgment; and we trust that the ambition of its respectable editor will be gratified by its becoming, as it well deserves to be, the manual of the student in every seminary throughout the country where the noble Castilian language is taught.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

(April, 1838.)

THERE is no kind of writing, which has truth and instruction for its main object, so interesting and popular, on the whole, as biography. History, in its larger sense, has to deal with masses, which, while they divide the attention by the dazzling variety of objects, from their very generality are scarcely capable of touching the heart. The great objects on which it is employed have little relation to the daily occupations with which the reader is most intimate. A nation, like a corporation, seems to have no soul, and its checkered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey than with personal sympathy. How different are the feelings excited by the fortunes of an individual,—one of the mighty mass, who in the page of history is swept along the current unnoticed and unknown! Instead of a mere abstraction, at once we see a being like ourselves, “fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer” as we are. We place ourselves in his position, and see the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to all his little schemes, share in his triumphs, or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their characters from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps, or of disease, settle around the evening of his own day, we feel the same sadness that steals over us on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours. And when at last we have followed him to the tomb, we close the volume, and feel that we have turned over another chapter in the history of life.

¹ 1. “Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., by J. G. Lockhart. Five vols. 12mo. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co., 1837.”

2. “Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 16mo. London: James Fraser, 1837.”

On the same principles, probably, we are more moved by the exhibition of those characters whose days have been passed in the ordinary routine of domestic and social life than by those most intimately connected with the great public events of their age. What, indeed, is the history of such men but that of the times? The life of Wellington or of Bonaparte is the story of the wars and revolutions of Europe. But that of Cowper, gliding away in the seclusion of rural solitude, reflects all those domestic joys, and, alas! more than the sorrows, which gather around every man's fireside and his heart. In this way the story of the humblest individual, faithfully recorded, becomes an object of lively interest. How much is that interest increased in the case of a man like Scott, who, from his own fireside, has sent forth a voice to cheer and delight millions of his fellow-men,—whose life was passed within the narrow circle of his own village, as it were, but who, nevertheless, has called up more shapes and fantasies within that magic circle, acted more extraordinary parts, and afforded more marvels for the imagination to feed on, than can be furnished by the most nimble-footed, nimble-tongued traveller, from Marco Polo down to Mrs. Trollope, and that literary Sinbad, Captain Hall.

Fortunate as Sir Walter Scott was in his life, it is not the least of his good fortunes that he left the task of recording it to one so competent as Mr. Lockhart, who to a familiarity with the person and habits of his illustrious subject unites such entire sympathy with his pursuits and such fine tact and discrimination in arranging the materials for their illustration. We have seen it objected that the biographer has somewhat transcended his lawful limits in occasionally exposing what a nice tenderness for the reputation of Scott should have led him to conceal; but, on reflection, we are not inclined to adopt these views. It is difficult to prescribe any precise rule by which the biographer should be guided in exhibiting the peculiarities, and, still more, the defects, of his subject. He should, doubtless, be slow to draw from obscurity those matters which are of a strictly personal and private nature, particularly when they have no material bearing on the character of the individual. But whatever the latter has done, said, or written to others can rarely be made to come within this rule. A swell of panegyric, where everything is in broad sunshine, without the relief of a shadow to contrast it, is out of nature, and must bring discredit on the whole. Nor is it much better when a sort of twilight mystification is spread over a man's actions, until, as in the case of all biographies of Cowper previous to that of Southey, we are completely bewildered respecting the real motives of conduct. If ever there was a character above the necessity of any management of this sort, it was Scott's: and we cannot but think that the frank exposition of the minor blemishes which sully it, by securing the confidence of the reader in the general fidelity of the portraiture, and thus disposing him to receive without distrust those favourable statements in his history which might seem incredible, as they certainly are unprecedented, is, on the whole, advantageous to his reputation. As regards the moral effect on the reader, we may apply Scott's own argument for not always recompensing suffering virtue, at the close of his fictions, with temporal prosperity,—that such an arrangement would convey no moral to the heart whatever, since a glance at the great picture of life would show that virtue is not always thus rewarded.

In regard to the literary execution of Mr. Lockhart's work, the public voice has long since pronounced on it. A prying criticism may discern a few of those contraband epithets and slipshod sentences, more excusable in *young Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, where, indeed, they are thickly sown, than in the production of a grave Aristarch of British criticism. But this is small

game, where every reader of the least taste and sensibility must find so much to applaud. It is enough to say that in passing from the letters of Scott, with which the work is enriched, to the text of the biographer, we find none of those chilling transitions which occur on the like occasions in more bungling productions; as, for example, in that recent one in which the unfortunate Hannah More is done to death by her friend Roberts. On the contrary, we are sensible only to a new variety of beauty in the style of composition. The correspondence is illumined by all that is needed to make it intelligible to a stranger, and selected with such discernment as to produce the clearest impression of the character of its author. The mass of interesting details is conveyed in language richly coloured with poetic sentiment, and, at the same time, without a tinge of that mysticism which, as Scott himself truly remarked, "will never do for a writer of fiction, no, nor of history, nor moral essays, nor sermons," but which, nevertheless, finds more or less favour in our own community, at the present day, in each and all of these.

The second work which we have placed at the head of this article, and from which the last remark of Sir Walter's was borrowed, is a series of notices originally published in "Fraser's Magazine," but now collected, with considerable additions, into a separate volume. Its author, Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies, is a gentleman of the Scotch bar, favourably known by translations from the German. The work conveys a lively report of several scenes and events which before the appearance of Lockhart's book were of more interest and importance than they can now be, lost as they are in the flood of light which is poured on us from that source. In the absence of the sixth and last volume, however, Mr. Gillies may help us to a few particulars respecting the closing years of Sir Walter's life, that may have some novelty—we know not how much to be relied on—for the reader. In the present notice of a work so familiar to most persons, we shall confine ourselves to some of those circumstances which contribute to form, or have an obvious connection with his literary character.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. The character of his father, a respectable member of that class of attorneys who in Scotland are called Writers to the Signet, is best conveyed to the reader by saying that he sat for the portrait of Mr. Saunders Fairford in "Redgauntlet." His mother was a woman of taste and imagination, and had an obvious influence in guiding those of her son. His ancestors, by both father's and mother's side, were of "gentle blood," a position which, placed between the highest and the lower ranks in society, was extremely favourable, as affording facilities for communication with both. A lameness in his infancy,—a most fortunate lameness for the world, if, as Scott says, it spoiled a soldier,—and a delicate constitution, made it expedient to try the efficacy of country air and diet, and he was placed under the roof of his paternal grandfather at Sandy-Kuowe, a few miles distant from the capital. Here his days were passed in the open fields, "with no other fellowship," as he says, "than that of the sheep and lambs;" and here, in the lap of Nature,

"Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

his infant vision was greeted with those rude, romantic scenes which his own verses have since hallowed for the pilgrims from every clime. In the long evenings, his imagination, as he grew older, was warmed by traditional legends of border heroism and adventure, repeated by the aged relative, who had herself witnessed the last gleams of border chivalry. His memory was one of the first powers of his mind which exhibited an extraordinary develop-

ment. One of the longest of these old ballads, in particular, stuck so close to it, and he repeated it with such stentorian vociferation, as to draw from the minister of a neighbouring kirk the testy exclamation, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is."

On his removal to Edinburgh, in his eighth year, he was subjected to different influences. His worthy father was a severe martinet in all the forms of his profession, and, it may be added, of his religion, which he contrived to make somewhat burdensome to his more volatile son. The tutor was still more strict in his religious sentiments, and the lightest literary diversion in which either of them indulged was such as could be gleaned from the time-honoured folios of Archbishop Spottiswoode or worthy Robert Wodrow. Even here, however, Scott's young mind contrived to gather materials and impulses for future action. In his long arguments with Master Mitchell, he became steeped in the history of the Covenanters and the persecuted Church of Scotland, while he was still more rooted in his own Jacobite notions, early instilled into his mind by the tales of his relatives of Sandy-Knowe, whose own family had been out in the "affair of forty-five." Amid the professional and polemical worthies of his father's library, Scott detected a copy of Shakspeare, and he relates with what *gout* he used to creep out of his bed, where he had been safely deposited for the night, and by the light of the fire, *in puris naturalibus*, pore over the pages of the great magician, and study those mighty spells by which he gave to airy fantasies the forms and substance of humanity. Scott distinctly recollected the time and the spot where he first opened a volume of Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry;" a work which may have suggested to him the plan and the purpose of the "Border Minstrelsy." Every day's experience shows how much more actively the business of education goes on out of school than in it; and Scott's history shows equally that genius, whatever obstacles may be thrown in its way in one direction, will find room for its expansion in another, as the young tree sends forth its shoots most prolific in that quarter where the sunshine is permitted to fall on it.

At the High School, in which he was placed by his father at an early period, he seems not to have been particularly distinguished in the regular course of studies. His voracious appetite for books, however, of a certain cast, as romances, chivalrous tales, and worm-eaten chronicles scarcely less chivalrous, and his wonderful memory for such reading as struck his fancy, soon made him regarded by his fellows as a phenomenon of black-letter scholarship, which, in process of time, achieved for him the cognomen of that redoubtable schoolman, Duns Scotus. He now also gave evidence of his powers of creation as well as of acquisition. He became noted for his own stories, generally bordering on the marvellous, with a plentiful seasoning of knight-errantry, which suited his bold and chivalrous temper. "Slink over beside me, Jamie," he would whisper to his school-fellow Ballantyne, "and I'll tell you a story." Jamie was, indeed, destined to sit beside him during the greater part of his life.

The same tastes and talents continued to display themselves more strongly with increasing years. Having beaten pretty thoroughly the ground of romantic and legendary lore, at least so far as the English libraries to which he had access would permit, he next endeavoured, while at the University, to which he had been transferred from the High School, to pursue the same subject in the continental languages. Many were the strolls which he took in the neighbourhood, especially to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, where, perched on some almost inaccessible eyry, he might be seen conning over his Ariosto or Cervantes, or some other bard of romance, with some favourite cou-

panion of his studies, or pouring into the ears of the latter his own boyish legends, glowing with

"achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry."

A critical knowledge of these languages he seems not to have obtained, and even in the French made but an indifferent figure in conversation. An accurate acquaintance with the pronunciation and prosody of a foreign tongue is undoubtedly a desirable accomplishment; but it is, after all, a mere accomplishment, subordinate to the great purposes for which a language is to be learned. Scott did not, as is too often the case, mistake the shell for the kernel. He looked on language only as the key to unlock the foreign stores of wisdom, the pearls of inestimable price, wherever found, with which to enrich his native literature.

After a brief residence at the University, he was regularly indented as an apprentice to his father in 1786. One can hardly imagine a situation less congenial with the ardent, effervescing spirit of a poetic fancy, fettered down to a daily routine of drudgery scarcely above that of a mere scrivener. It proved, however, a useful school of discipline to him. It formed early habits of method, punctuality, and laborious industry,—business habits, in short, most adverse to the poetic temperament, but indispensable to the accomplishment of the gigantic tasks which he afterwards assumed. He has himself borne testimony to his general diligence in his new vocation, and tells us that on one occasion he transcribed no less than a hundred and twenty folio pages at a sitting.

In the midst of these mechanical duties, he did not lose sight of the favourite objects of his study and meditation. He made frequent excursions into the Lowland as well as Highland districts in search of traditional relics. These pilgrimages he frequently performed on foot. His constitution, now become hardy by severe training, made him careless of exposure, and his frank and warm-hearted manners—eminently favourable to his purposes, by thawing at once any feelings of frosty reserve which might have encountered a stranger—made him equally welcome at the staid and decorous manse and at the rough but hospitable board of the peasant. Here was, indeed, the study of the future novelist, the very school in which to meditate those models of character and situation which he was afterwards, long afterwards, to transfer, in such living colours, to the canvas. "He was makin' himsel' a' the time," says one of his companions, "but he didna ken, maybe, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." The honest writer to the signet does not seem to have thought it either so funny or so profitable; for on his son's return from one of these *raids*, as he styled them, the old gentleman peevishly inquired how he had been living so long. "Pretty much like the young ravens," answered Walter: "I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield. If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," said the grave clerk to the signet, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a *gangrel scrapegut*!" Perhaps even the revelation, could it have been made to him, of his son's future literary glory, would scarcely have satisfied the worthy father, who probably would have regarded a seat on the bench of the Court of Sessions as much higher glory. At all events, this was not far from the judgment of Dominie Mitchell, who, in his notice of his illustrious pupil, "sincerely regrets that Sir Walter's precious time was devoted to the *dulce* rather than the *utile* of composition, and that his great talents should have been wasted on such subjects!"

It is impossible to glance at Scott's early life without perceiving how powerfully all its circumstances, whether accidental or contrived, conspired to train him for the peculiar position he was destined to occupy in the world of letters. There never was a character in whose infant germ the mature and fully-developed lineaments might be more distinctly traced. What he was in his riper age, so he was in his boyhood. We discern the tastes, the same peculiar talents, the same social temper and affections, and, in a great degree, the same habits,—in their embryo state, of course, but distinctly marked; and his biographer has shown no little skill in enabling us to trace their gradual, progressive expansion from the hour of his birth up to the full prime and maturity of his manhood.

In 1792, Scott, whose original destination of a writer had been changed to that of an advocate,—from his father's conviction, as it would seem, of the superiority of his talents to the former station,—was admitted to the Scottish bar. Here he continued in assiduous attendance during the regular terms, but more noted for his stories in the Outer House than his arguments in court. It may appear singular that a person so gifted both as a writer and as a *raconteur* should have had no greater success in his profession. But the case is not uncommon. Indeed, experience shows that the most eminent writers have not made the most successful speakers. It is not more strange than that a good writer of novels should not excel as a dramatic author. Perhaps a consideration of the subject would lead us to refer the phenomena in both cases to the same principle. At all events, Scott was an exemplification of both, and we leave the solution to those who have more leisure and ingenuity to unravel the mystery.

Scott's leisure, in the mean time, was well employed in storing his mind with German romance, with whose wild fictions, intrenching on the grotesque, he found at that time more sympathy than in later life. In 1796 he first appeared before the public as a translator of Bürger's well-known ballads, thrown off by him at a heat, and which found favour with the few into whose hands they passed. He subsequently ventured in Monk Lewis's crazy bark, "Tales of Wonder," which soon went to pieces, leaving, however, among its surviving fragments the scattered contributions of Scott.

At last, in 1802, he gave to the world his first two volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy," printed by his old school-fellow Ballantyne, and which, by the beauty of the typography, as well as literary execution, made an epoch in Scottish literary history. There was no work of Scott's after-life which showed the result of so much preliminary labour. Before ten years old, he had collected several volumes of ballads and traditions, and we have seen how diligently he pursued the same vocation in later years. The publication was admitted to be far more faithful, as well as skilfully collated, than its prototype, the "Reliques" of Bishop Percy; while his notes contained a mass of antiquarian information relative to border life, conveyed in a style of beauty unprecedented in topics of this kind, and enlivened with a higher interest than poetic fiction. Percy's "Reliques" had prepared the way for the kind reception of the "Minstrelsy," by the general relish—notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's protest—it had created for the simple pictures of a pastoral and heroic time. Burns had since familiarized the English ear with the Doric melodies of his native land; and now a greater than Burns appeared, whose first production, by a singular chance, came into the world in the very year in which the Ayrshire minstrel was withdrawn from it, as if Nature had intended that the chain of poetic inspiration should not be broken. The delight of the public was farther augmented on the appearance of the third volume of the

"Minstrelsy," containing various imitations of the old ballad, which displayed the rich fashion of the antique, purified from the mould and rust by which the beauties of such weather-beaten trophies are defaced.

The first edition of the "Minstrelsy," consisting of eight hundred copies, went off, as Lockhart tells us, in less than a year; and the poet, on the publication of a second, received five hundred pounds sterling from Longman,—an enormous price for such a commodity, but the best bargain, probably, that the bookseller ever made, as the subsequent sale has since extended to twenty thousand copies.

Scott was not in great haste to follow up his success. It was three years later before he took the field as an independent author, in a poem which at once placed him among the great original writers of his country. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a complete expansion of the ancient ballad into an epic form, was published in 1805. It was opening a new creation in the realm of fancy. It seemed as if the author had transfused into his page the strong delineations of the Homeric pencil, the rude but generous gallantry of a primitive period, softened by the more airy and magical inventions of Italian romance,² and conveyed in tones of natural melody such as had not been heard since the strains of Burns. The book speedily found that unprecedented circulation which all his subsequent compositions attained. Other writers had addressed themselves to a more peculiar and limited feeling,—to a narrower and, generally, a more select audience. But Scott was found to combine all the qualities of interest for every order. He drew from the pure springs which gush forth in every heart. His narrative chained every reader's attention by the stirring variety of its incidents, while the fine touches of sentiment with which it abounded, like wild flowers springing up spontaneously around, were full of freshness and beauty that made one wonder others should not have stooped to gather them before.

The success of the "Lay" determined the course of its author's future life. Notwithstanding his punctual attention to his profession, his utmost profits for any one year of the ten he had been in practice had not exceeded two hundred and thirty pounds; and of late they had sensibly declined. Latterly, indeed, he had coquetted somewhat too openly with the Muse for his professional reputation. Themis has always been found a stern and jealous mistress, chary of dispensing her golden favours to those who are seduced into a flirtation with her more volatile sister.

Scott, however, soon found himself in a situation that made him independent of her favours. His income from the two offices to which he was promoted, of Sheriff of Selkirk, and Clerk of the Court of Sessions, was so ample, combined with what fell to him by inheritance and marriage, that he was left at liberty freely to consult his own tastes. Amid the seductions of poetry, however, he never shrunk from his burdensome professional duties; and he submitted to all their drudgery with unflinching constancy when the labours of his pen made the emoluments almost beneath consideration. He never relished the idea of being divorced from active life by the solitary occupations of a recluse. And his official functions, however severely they taxed his time, may be said to have in some degree compensated him by the new scenes of

* "Mettendo lo Turpin, lo metto anch' io," says Ariosto, playfully, when he tells a particularly tough story.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me," says the author of the "Lay" on a similar

occasion. The resemblance might be traced much farther than mere forms of expression, to the Italian, who, like

"the Ariosto of the North,
Sung ladye-love, and war, romance, and
knightly worth."

life which they were constantly disclosing,—the very materials of those fictions on which his fame and his fortune were to be built.

Scott's situation was eminently propitious to literary pursuits. He was married, and passed the better portion of the year in the country, where the quiet pleasures of his fireside circle, and a keen relish for rural sports, relieved his mind and invigorated both health and spirits. In early life, it seems, he had been crossed in love; and, like Dante and Byron, to whom in this respect he is often compared, he had more than once, according to his biographer, shadowed forth in his verses the object of his unfortunate passion. He does not appear to have taken it very seriously, however, nor to have shown the morbid sensibility in relation to it discovered by both Byron and Dante, whose stern and solitary natures were cast in a very different mould from the social temper of Scott.

His next great poem was his "Marmion," transcending, in the judgment of many, all his other epics, and containing, in the judgment of all, passages of poetic fire which he never equalled, but which, nevertheless, was greeted on its entrance into the world by a critique, in the leading journal of the day, of the most caustic and unfriendly temper. The journal was the Edinburgh, to which he had been a frequent contributor, and the reviewer was his intimate friend, Jeffrey. The unkindest cut in the article was the imputation of a neglect of Scottish character and feeling. "There is scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr. Scott's only expression of admiration for the beautiful country to which he belongs is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favourites." This of Walter Scott!

Scott was not slow, after this, in finding the political principles of the Edinburgh so repugnant to his own (and they certainly were as opposite as the poles) that he first dropped the journal, and next laboured with unwearied diligence to organize another, whose main purpose should be to counteract the heresies of the former. This was the origin of the London Quarterly, more imputable to Scott's exertions than to those of any, indeed all, other persons. The result has been, doubtless, highly serviceable to the interests of both morals and letters. Not that the new Review was conducted with more fairness, or, in this sense, *principle*, than its antagonist. A remark of Scott's own, in a letter to Ellis, shows with how much principle. "I have run up an attempt on 'The Curse of Kehama' for the Quarterly. It affords cruel openings to the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the Edinburgh Review. I would have made a very different hand of it, indeed, had the order of the day been *pour déchirer*." But, although the fate of the individual was thus, to a certain extent, a matter of caprice, or, rather, prejudice, in the critic, yet the great abstract questions in morals, politics, and literature, by being discussed on both sides, were presented in a fuller and, of course, fairer light to the public. Another beneficial result to letters was—and we shall gain credit, at least, for candour in confessing it—that it broke down somewhat of that divinity which hedged in the despotic *we* of the reviewer so long as no rival arose to contest the sceptre. The claims to infallibility, so long and lavishly acquiesced in, fell to the ground when thus stoutly asserted by conflicting parties. It was pretty clear that the same thing could not be all black and all white at the same time. In short, it was the old story of pope and anti-pope; and the public began to find out that there might be hopes for the salvation of an author though damned by the literary popedom. Time, by reversing many of its decisions, must at length have shown the same thing.

But to return. Scott showed how nearly he had been touched to the quick

by two other acts not so discreet. These were the establishment of an Annual Register, and of the great publishing house of the Ballantynes, in which he became a silent partner. The last step involved him in grievous embarrassments, and stimulated him to exertions which required "a frame of adamant and soul of fire." At the same time, we find him overwhelmed with poetical, biographical, historical, and critical compositions, together with editorial labours of appalling magnitude. In this multiplication of himself in a thousand forms we see him always the same, vigorous and effective. "Poetry," he says in one of his letters, "is a scourging crop, and ought not to be hastily repeated. Editing, therefore, may be considered as a green crop of turnips or pease, extremely useful to those whose circumstances do not admit of giving their farm a summer fallow." It might be regretted, however, that he should have wasted powers fitted for so much higher culture on the coarse products of a kitchen garden, which might have been safely trusted to inferior hands.

In 1811, Scott gave to the world his exquisite poem, "The Lady of the Lake." One of his fair friends had remonstrated with him on thus risking again the laurel he had already won. He replied with characteristic and, indeed, prophetic spirit, "If I fail, *I will write prose all my life*. But if I succeed,

'Up w' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk an' the feather an' a'!'

In his eulogy on Byron, Scott remarks, "There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself." Scott could not have more accurately described his own character.

The "Lady of the Lake" was welcomed with an enthusiasm surpassing that which attended any other of his poems. It seemed like the sweet breathings of his native pibroch, stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude, which beautifully contrasted with the din of battle and the shrill cry of the war-trumpet that stirred the soul in every page of his "Marmion." The publication of this work carried his fame as a poet to its most brilliant height. The post-horse duty rose to an extraordinary degree in Scotland, from the eagerness of travellers to visit the localities of the poem. A more substantial evidence was afforded in its amazing circulation, and, consequently, its profits. The press could scarcely keep pace with the public demand, and no less than fifty thousand copies of it have been sold since the date of its appearance. The successful author received more than two thousand guineas from his production. Milton received ten pounds for the two editions which he lived to see of his "Paradise Lost." The Ayrshire bard had sighed for "a lass wi' a tocher." Scott had now found one where it was hardly to be expected, in the Muse.

While the poetical fame of Scott was thus at its zenith, a new star rose above the horizon, whose eccentric course and dazzling radiance completely bewildered the spectator. In 1812, "Childe Harold" appeared, and the attention seemed to be now called for the first time from the outward form of man and visible nature to the secret depths of the soul. The darkest recesses of human passion were laid open, and the note of sorrow was prolonged in tones of agonized sensibility, the more touching as coming from one who was placed on those dazzling heights of rank and fashion which, to the vulgar eye at least, seem to lie in unclouded sunshine. Those of the present generation who have heard only the same key thrummed *ad nauseam* by the feeble imitators of his lordship can form no idea of the effect produced when the chords were first

swept by the master's fingers. It was found impossible for the ear, once attuned to strains of such compass and ravishing harmony, to return with the same relish to purer, it might be, but tamer melody; and the sweet voice of the Scottish minstrel lost much of its power to charm, let him charm never so wisely. While "Rokeby" was in preparation, bets were laid on the rival candidates by the wits of the day. The sale of this poem, though great, showed a sensible decline in the popularity of its author. This became still more evident on the publication of "The Lord of the Isles;" and Scott admitted the conviction with his characteristic spirit and good nature. "Well, James" (he said to his printer), "I have given you a week—what are people saying about the Lord of the Isles?" I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony *with me* all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word,—*Disappointment.*' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event. At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness, "Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must stick to something else." This *something else* was a mine he had already hit upon, of invention and substantial wealth, such as Thomas the Rhymcr, or Michael Scott, or any other adept in the black art had never dreamed of.

Everybody knows the story of the composition of "Waverley"—the most interesting story in the annals of letters,—and how, some ten years after its commencement, it was fished out of some old lumber in an attic and completed in a few weeks for the press in 1814. Its appearance marks a more distinct epoch in English literature than that of the poetry of its author. All previous attempts in the same school of fiction—a school of English growth—had been cramped by the limited information or talent of the writers. Smollett had produced his spirited sea-pieces, and Fielding his warm sketches of country life, both of them mixed up with so much Billingsgate as required a strong flavour of wit to make them tolerable. Richardson had covered acres of canvas with his faithful family pictures. Mrs. Radcliffe had dipped up to the elbows in horrors; while Miss Burney's fashionable gossip, and Miss Edgeworth's Hogarth drawings of the prose—not the poetry—of life and character, had each and all found favour in their respective ways. But a work now appeared in which the author swept over the whole range of character with entire freedom as well as fidelity, ennobling the whole by high historic associations, and in a style varying with his theme, but whose pure and classic flow was tinged with just so much of poetic colouring as suited the purposes of romance. It was Shakspeare in prose.

The work was published, as we know, anonymously. Mr. Gillies states, however, that, while in the press, fragments of it were communicated to "Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Hamilton, and other *savans* or *savantes*, whose dicta on the merits of a new novel were considered unimpeachable." By their approbation "a strong body of friends were formed, and the curiosity of the public prepared the way for its reception." This may explain the rapidity with which the anonymous publication rose into a degree of favour which, though not less surely, perhaps, it might have been more slow in achieving. The author jealously preserved his incognito, and, in order to heighten the mystification, flung off almost simultaneously a variety of works, in prose and poetry, any one of which might have been the labour of months. The public

for a moment was at fault. There seemed to be six Richmonds in the field. The world, therefore, was reduced to the dilemma of either supposing that half a dozen different hands could work in precisely the same style, or that one could do the work of half a dozen. With time, however, the veil wore thinner and thinner, until at length, and long before the ingenious argument of Mr. Adolphus, there was scarcely a critic so purblind as not to discern behind it the features of the mighty minstrel.

Constable had offered seven hundred pounds for the new novel. "It was," says Mr. Lockhart, "ten times as much as Miss Edgeworth ever realized from any of her popular Irish tales." Scott declined the offer, which had been a good one for the bookseller had he made it as many thousand. But it passed the art of necromancy to divine this.

Scott, once entered on this new career, followed it up with an energy unrivalled in the history of literature. The public mind was not suffered to cool for a moment, before its attention was called to another miracle of creation from the same hand. Even illness, that would have broken the spirits of most men, as it prostrated the physical energies of Scott, opposed no impediment to the march of composition. When he could no longer write he could dictate, and in this way, amid the agonies of a racking disease, he composed "The Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose," and a great part of "Ivanhoe." The first, indeed, is darkened with those deep shadows that might seem thrown over it by the sombre condition of its author. But what shall we say of the imperturbable dry humour of the gallant Captain Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, or of the gorgeous revelries of Ivanhoe,—

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,"—

what shall we say of such brilliant day-dreams for a bed of torture? Never before had the spirit triumphed over such agonies of the flesh. "The best way," said Scott, in one of his talks with Gillies, "is, *if possible*, to triumph over disease by setting it at defiance; somewhat on the same principle as one avoids being stung by boldly grasping a nettle."

The prose fictions were addressed to a much larger audience than the poems could be. They had attractions for every age and every class. The profits, of course, were commensurate. Arithmetic has never been so severely taxed as in the computation of Scott's productions and the proceeds resulting from them. In one year he received (or, more properly, was credited with, for it is somewhat doubtful how much he actually received) fifteen thousand pounds for his novels, comprehending the first edition and the copyright. The discovery of this rich mine furnished its fortunate proprietor with the means of gratifying the fondest and even most chimerical desires. He had always coveted the situation of a lord of acres,—a Scottish laird,—where his passion for planting might find scope in the creation of whole forests,—for everything with him was on a magnificent scale,—and where he might indulge the kindly feelings of his nature in his benevolent offices to a numerous and dependent tenantry. The few acres of the original purchase now swelled into hundreds, and, for aught we know, thousands; for one tract alone we find incidentally noticed as costing thirty thousand pounds. "It rounds off the property so handsomely," he says in one of his letters. There was always a corner to "round off." The mansion, in the mean time, from a simple cottage *ornée*, was amplified into the dimensions almost, as well as the bizarre proportions, of some old feudal castle. The furniture and decorations were of the costliest kind; the wainscots of oak and cedar; the floors tessellated with marbles, or

woods of different dyes; the ceilings fretted and carved with the delicate tracery of a Gothic abbey; the storied windows blazoned with the richly-coloured insignia of heraldry, the walls garnished with time-honoured trophies, or curious specimens of art, or volumes sumptuously bound,—in short, with all that luxury could demand or ingenuity devise; while a copious reservoir of gas supplied every corner of the mansion with such fountains of light as must have puzzled the genius of the *lamp* to provide for the less fortunate Aladdin.

Scott's exchequer must have been seriously taxed in another form by the crowds of visitors whom he entertained under his hospitable roof. There was scarcely a person of note, or, to say truth, not of note, who visited that country without paying his respects to the Lion of Scotland. Lockhart reckons up a full sixth of the British peerage who had been there within his recollection; and Captain Hall, in his amusing Notes, remarks that it was not unusual for a dozen or more coach-loads to find their way into his grounds in the course of the day, most of whom found or forced an entrance into the mansion. Such was the heavy tax paid by his celebrity, and, we may add, his good nature; for if the one had been a whit less than the other he could never have tolerated such a nuisance.

The cost of his correspondence gives one no light idea of the demands made on his time, as well as purse, in another form. His postage for letters, independently of franks, by which a large portion of it was covered, amounted to a hundred and fifty pounds, it seems, in the course of the year. In this, indeed, should be included ten pounds for a pair of unfortunate *Cherokee Lovers*, sent all the way from our own happy land in order to be godfathered by Sir Walter on the London boards. Perhaps the smart-money he had to pay on this interesting occasion had its influence in mixing up rather more acid than was natural to him in his judgments of our countrymen. At all events, the Yankees find little favour on the few occasions on which he has glanced at them in his correspondence. "I am not at all surprised," he says, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, "I am not at all surprised at what you say of the Yankees. They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honourable love of their country and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions. They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling." On another occasion, he does, indeed, admit having met with, in the course of his life, "four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption which distinguish many of their countrymen." This seems hard measure; but perhaps we should find it difficult, among the many who have visited this country, to recollect as great a number of Englishmen—and Scotchmen to boot—entitled to a higher degree of commendation. It can hardly be that the well-informed and well-bred men of both countries make a point of staying at home; so we suppose we must look for the solution of the matter in the existence of some disagreeable

ingredient, common to the characters of both nations, sprouting, as they do, from a common stock, which remains latent at home, and is never fully disclosed till they get into a foreign climate. But, as this problem seems pregnant with philosophical, physiological, and, for aught we know, psychological matter, we have not courage for it here, but recommend the solution to Miss Martineau, to whom it will afford a very good title for a new chapter in her next edition. The strictures we have quoted, however, to speak more seriously, are worth attending to, coming as they do from a shrewd observer, and one whose judgments, though here somewhat coloured, no doubt, by political prejudice, are in the main distinguished by a sound and liberal philanthropy. But were he ten times an enemy, we would say, "Fas est ab hoste doceri."

With the splendid picture of the baronial residence at Abbotsford, Mr. Lockhart closes all that at this present writing we have received of his delightful work in this country; and in the last sentence the melancholy sound of "the muffled drum" gives ominous warning of what we are to expect in the sixth and concluding volume. In the dearth of more authentic information, we will piece out our sketch with a few facts gleaned from the somewhat meagre bill of fare—meagre by comparison with the rich banquet of the true *Amphitryon*—afforded by the "Recollections" of Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies.

The unbounded popularity of the *Waverley Novels* led to still more extravagant anticipations on the part both of the publishers and author. Some hints of a falling off, though but slightly, in the public favour, were unheeded by both parties, though, to say truth, the exact state of things was never disclosed to Scott, it being Ballantyne's notion that it would prove a damper, and that the true course was "to press on more sail as the wind lulled." In these sanguine calculations, not only enormous sums, or, to speak correctly, *bills*, were given for what had been written, but the author's drafts, to the amount of many thousand pounds, were accepted by Constable in favour of works the very embryos of which lay, not only unformed, but unimagined, in the womb of time. In return for this singular accommodation, Scott was induced to endorse the drafts of his publisher, and in this way an amount of liabilities was incurred which, considering the character of the house and its transactions, it is altogether inexplicable that a person in the independent position of Sir Walter Scott should have subjected himself to for a moment. He seems to have had entire confidence in the stability of the firm, a confidence to which it seems, from Mr. Gillies's account, not to have been entitled from the first moment of his connection with it. The great reputation of the house, however, the success and magnitude of some of its transactions, especially the publication of these novels, gave it a large credit, which enabled it to go forward with a great show of prosperity in ordinary times, and veiled its tottering state probably from Constable's own eyes. It is but the tale of yesterday. The case of Constable and Co. is, unhappily, a very familiar one to us. But when the hurricane of 1825 came on, it swept all those buildings that were not founded on a rock, and those of Messrs. Constable, among others, soon became literally mere *castles in the air*: in plain English, the firm stopped payment. The assets were very trifling in comparison with the debts; and Sir Walter Scott was found on their paper to the frightful amount of one hundred thousand pounds!

His conduct on the occasion was precisely what was to have been anticipated from one who had declared, on a similar though much less appalling conjuncture, "I am always ready to make any sacrifices to do justice to my engagements, and would rather sell anything, or everything, than be less than a true man to the world." He put up his house and furniture in town at auction, delivered

over his personal effects at Abbotsford, his plate, books, furniture, etc., to be held in trust for his creditors (the estate itself had been recently secured to his son on occasion of his marriage), and bound himself to discharge a certain amount annually of the liabilities of the insolvent firm. He then, with his characteristic energy, set about the performance of his Herculean task. He took lodgings in a third-rate house in St. David's Street, saw but little company, abridged the hours usually devoted to his meals and his family, gave up his ordinary exercise, and, in short, adopted the severe habits of a regular Grub Street stipendiary.

"For many years," he said to Mr. Gillies, "I have been accustomed to hard work, because I found it a pleasure; now, with all due respect for Falstaff's principle, 'nothing on compulsion,' I certainly will not shrink from work because it has become necessary."

One of his first tasks was his "Life of Bonaparte," achieved in the space of thirteen months. For this he received fourteen thousand pounds, about eleven hundred per month,—not a bad bargain either, as it proved, for the publishers. The first two volumes of the nine which make up the English edition were a *refacimento* of what he had before compiled for the "Annual Register." With every allowance for the inaccuracies and the excessive expansion incident to such a flashing rapidity of execution, the work, taking into view the broad range of its topics, its shrewd and sagacious reflections, and the free, bold, and picturesque colouring of its narration, and, above all, considering *the brief time in which it was written*, is indisputably one of the most remarkable monuments of genius and industry—perhaps the most remarkable—ever recorded.

Scott's celebrity made everything that fell from him, however trifling,—the dew-drops from the lion's mane,—of value. But none of the many adventures he embarked in, or, rather, set afloat, proved so profitable as the republication of his novels with his notes and illustrations. As he felt his own strength in the increasing success of his labours, he appears to have relaxed somewhat from them, and to have again resumed somewhat of his ancient habits, and, in a mitigated degree, his ancient hospitality. But still his exertions were too severe, and pressed heavily on the springs of his health, already deprived by age of their former elasticity and vigour. At length, in 1831, he was overtaken by one of those terrible shocks of paralysis which seem to have been constitutional in his family, but which, with more precaution and under happier auspices, might doubtless have been postponed, if not wholly averted. At this time he had, in the short space of little more than five years, by his sacrifices and efforts, discharged about two-thirds of the debt for which he was responsible,—an astonishing result, wholly unparalleled in the history of letters. There is something inexpressibly painful in this spectacle of a generous heart thus courageously contending with fortune, bearing up against the tide with unconquerable spirit, and finally overwhelmed by it just within reach of shore.

The rest of his story is one of humiliation and sorrow. He was induced to take a voyage to the Continent to try the effect of a more genial climate. Under the sunny sky of Italy he seemed to gather new strength for a while; but his eye fell with indifference on the venerable monuments which in better days would have kindled all his enthusiasm. The invalid sighed for his own home at Abbotsford. The heat of the weather and the fatigue of rapid travel brought on another shock, which reduced him to a state of deplorable imbecility. In this condition he returned to his own halls, where the sight of early friends, and of the beautiful scenery, the creation, as it were, of his own hands, seemed to impart a gleam of melancholy satisfaction, which soon, however, sunk into

insensibility. To his present situation might well be applied the exquisite verses which he indited on another melancholy occasion :

“ Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore ;
Though Evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Etrick's shore.

“ With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.

“ The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me ? ”

Providence, in its mercy, did not suffer the shattered frame long to outlive the glorious spirit which had informed it. He breathed his last on the 21st of September, 1832. His remains were deposited, as he had always desired, in the hoary abbey of Dryburgh, and the pilgrim from many a distant clime shall repair to the consecrated spot so long as the reverence for exalted genius and worth shall survive in the human heart.

This sketch, brief as we could make it, or the literary history of Sir Walter Scott, has extended so far as to leave but little space for—what Lockhart's volumes afford ample materials for—his personal character. Take it for all and all, it is not too much to say that this character is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man of historical celebrity that we now recall, who combined in so eminent a degree the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business ; though achieving with the most wonderful facility of genius, he was patient and laborious ; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present and whatever was going on around him ; with a strong turn for a roving life and military adventure, he was yet chained to his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse ; a man with a heart as capacious as his head ; a Tory, brimful of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest ; a successful author, without pedantry and without conceit ; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and, in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise,—clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism the make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and the publishing house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of Ballantyne, involve him ! while, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along by his solitary momentum a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine with a train of coal-waggons hitched to it. “ Yes,” said

Scott, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for they were felling larches), "and there was a cursed lot of dung-carts too."

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease at a later period, when nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labour, not a page of *Ivanhoe* would have been written. Now, if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable." But the most extraordinary instance of this trait is the readiness with which he assumed and the spirit with which he carried through, till his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

It mattered little what the nature of the task was, whether it were organizing an opposition to a political faction, or a troop of cavalry to resist invasion, or a medley of wild Highlanders or Edinburgh cockneys to make up a royal puppet-show—a loyal celebration—for "His Most Sacred Majesty," he was the master-spirit that gave the cue to the whole *dramatis personæ*. This potent impulse showed itself in the thoroughness with which he prescribed not merely the general orders, but the execution of the minutest details, in his own person. Thus all around him was the creation, as it were, of his individual exertion. His lands waved with forests planted with his own hands, and, in process of time, cleared by his own hands. He did not lay the stones in mortar, exactly, for his whimsical castle, but he seems to have superintended the operation from the foundation to the battlements. The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls were decorated, were specially contrived or selected by him; and, to read his letters at this time to his friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions. We say this not in disparagement of his great qualities. It is only the more extraordinary; for, while he stooped to such trifles, he was equally thorough in matters of the highest moment. It was a trait of character.

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailling fountain, which not merely the distresses but the joys of his fellow-creatures made to flow like water. In early life, and possibly sometimes in later, high spirits and a vigorous constitution led him occasionally to carry his social propensities into convivial excess; but he never was in danger of the habitual excess to which a vulgar mind—and sometimes, alas! one more finely tuned—abandons itself. With all his conviviality, it was not the sensual relish, but the social, which acted on him. He was neither *gourmé* nor *gourmand*; but his social meetings were endeared to him by the free interchange of kindly feelings with his friends. La Bruyère says (and it is odd he should have found it out in Louis the Fourteenth's court), "the heart has more to do than the head with the pleasures, or, rather, promoting the pleasures of society;" "Un homme est d'un meilleur commerce dans la société par le cœur que par l'esprit." If report—the report of travellers—be true, we Americans, at least the New Englanders, are too much perplexed with the cares and crosses of life to afford many genuine specimens of this *bonhomie*. However this may be, we all, doubtless, know some such character, whose shining face, the index of a cordial heart, radiant with beneficent pleasures, diffuses its own exhilarating glow wherever it appears. Rarely, indeed, is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. Whether it be that Nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head, or that the public admiration

has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take an interest in the inferior concerns of others, or that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him, or whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighbourhood,—whatever be the cause, it is too true that the highest powers of mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society,—the power of pleasing.

Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages which concentrate all their light on their own path and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or cordial greeting, for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe which his great name was calculated to inspire. His frank address was a sort of *open sesame* to every heart. He did not deal in sneers, the poisoned weapons which come not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think, but from an acid heart, or, perhaps, an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery. Neither did Scott amuse the company with parliamentary harangues or metaphysical disquisitions. His conversation was of the narrative kind, not formal, but as casually suggested by some passing circumstance or topic, and thrown in by way of illustration. He did not repeat himself, however, but continued to give his anecdotes such variations, by rigging them out in a new "cocked hat and walking-cane," as he called it, that they never tired like the thrice-told tale of a chronic *raconteur*. He allowed others, too, to take their turn, and thought with the Dean of St. Patrick's :

"Carve to all, but just enough :
Let them neither starve nor stuff ;
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you."

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugh," said Scott himself, on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford. His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good breeding which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purpose admirably as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humour with himself, in the same manner as a cunning portrait-painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote as may throw them off their guard and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

Scott, in his wide range of friends and companions, does not seem to have been over-fastidious. In the instance of John Ballantyne, it has exposed him to some censure. In truth, a more worthless fellow never hung on the skirts of a great man ; for he did not take the trouble to throw a decent veil over the grossest excesses. But then he had been the school-boy friend of Scott ; had grown up with him in a sort of dependence,—a relation which begets a kindly feeling in the party that confers the benefits, at least. How strong it was in him may be inferred from his remark at his funeral. "I feel," said Scott, mournfully, as the solemnity was concluded, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." It must be admitted, however, that his intimacy with little Rigdumfunnidos, whatever apology it may find in Scott's heart, was not very creditable to his taste.

But the benevolent principle showed itself not merely in words, but in the more substantial form of actions. How many are the cases recorded of indigent merit which he drew from obscurity and almost warmed into life by his own generous and most delicate patronage! Such were the cases, among others, of Leyden, Weber, Hogg. How often and how cheerfully did he supply such literary contributions as were solicited by his friends—and they taxed him pretty liberally—amid all the pressure of business, and at the height of his fame, when his hours were golden hours to him! In the more vulgar and easier forms of charity he did not stint his hand, though, instead of direct assistance, he preferred to enable others to assist themselves,—in this way fortifying their good habits and relieving them from the sense of personal degradation.

But the place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theatre for expansion was his own home, surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hospitalities of a great feudal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (without which, by-the-by, they can hardly exist), are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us." Every page of the work, almost, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the pleasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles and sports, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honourable principles of action. He delighted, too, to collect his tenants around him, multiplying holidays, when young and old might come together under his roof-tree, when the jolly punch was liberally dispensed by himself and his wife among the elder people, and the *Hogmanay* cakes and pennies were distributed among the young ones, while his own children mingled in the endless reels and hornpipes on the earthen floor, and the *laird* himself, mixing in the groups of merry faces, had "his private joke for every old wife or 'gausie carle,' his arch compliment for the ear of every bonny lass, and his hand and his blessing for the head of every little *Eppie Daidle* from Abbotstown or Broomylees." "Sir Walter," said one of his old retainers, "speaks to every man as if he were his blood relation." No wonder that they should have returned this feeling with something warmer than blood relations usually do. Mr. Gillies tells an anecdote of the Ettrick Shepherd, showing how deep a root such feelings, notwithstanding his rather odd way of expressing them sometimes, had taken in his honest nature. "Mr. James Ballantyne, walking home with him one evening from Scott's, where, by-the-by, Hogg had gone uninvited, happened to observe, 'I do not at all like this illness of Scott's. I have often seen him look jaded of late, and am afraid it is serious.' 'Haud your tongue, or I'll gar you measure your length on the pavement!' replied Hogg. 'You fause, down-hearted loon that you are; ye daur to speak as if Scott were on his death-bed! It cannot be—it *must* not be! I will not suffer you to speak that gait.' The sentiment was like that of Uncle Toby at the bedside of Le Fevre; and, at these words, the Shepherd's voice became suppressed with emotion."

But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species; and if he treated them like blood relations, he treated his brute followers like personal friends. Every one remembers old Maida and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend," whose loss cost him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us that he went into his study on one occasion, when he was winding off his "Vision of Don Roderick."

"'Look here,' said the poet, 'I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day and applauded so much. Return to supper, if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet.' At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he; 'now we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.'" This fellowship extended much farther than to his canine followers, of which, including hounds, terriers, mastiffs, and mongrels, he had certainly a good assortment. We find, also, Grimalkin installed in a responsible post in the library, and, out of doors, pet hens, pet donkeys, and—tell it not in Judaea—a pet pig!

Scott's sensibilities, though easily moved and widely diffused, were warm and sincere. None shared more cordially in the troubles of his friends; but on all such occasions, with a true manly feeling, he thought less of mere sympathy than of the most effectual way for mitigating their sorrows. After a touching allusion in one of his epistles to his dear friend Erskine's death, he concludes, "I must turn to and see what can be done about getting some pension for his daughters." In another passage, which may remind one of some of the exquisite touches in Jeremy Taylor, he indulges in the following beautiful strain of philosophy: "The last three or four years have swept away more than half the friends with whom I lived in habits of great intimacy. So it must be with us

When aunc life's day draws near the gloomin',

and yet we proceed with our plantations and plans as if any tree but the sad cypress would accompany us to the grave, where our friends have gone before us. It is the way of the world, however, and must be so; otherwise life would be spent in unavailing mourning for those whom we have lost. It is better to enjoy the society of those who remain to us." His well-disciplined heart seems to have confessed the influence of this philosophy in his most ordinary relations. "I can't help it," was a favourite maxim of his, "and therefore will not think about it; for that, at least, I *can* help."

Among his admirable qualities must not be omitted a certain worldly sagacity or shrewdness, which is expressed as strongly as any individual trait can be in some of his portraits, especially in the excellent one of him by Leslie. Indeed, his countenance would seem to exhibit, ordinarily, much more of Dandie Dinmont's benevolent shrewdness than of the eye glancing from earth to heaven which in fancy we assign to the poet, and which, in some moods, must have been his. This trait may be readily discerned in his business transactions, which he managed with perfect knowledge of character as well as of his own rights. No one knew better than he the market value of an article; and, though he underrated his literary wares as to their mere literary rank, he set as high a money value on them and made as sharp a bargain as any of the *trade* could have done. In his business concerns, indeed, he managed rather too much, or, to speak more correctly, was too fond of mixing up mystery in his transactions, which, like most mysteries, proved of little service to their author. Scott's correspondence, especially with his son, affords obvious examples of shrewdness, in the advice he gives as to his deportment in the novel situations and society into which the young cornet was thrown. Occasionally, in the cautious hints about etiquette and social observances, we

may be reminded of that ancient "arbiter elegantiarum," Lord Chesterfield, though it must be confessed there is throughout a high moral tone, which the noble lord did not very scrupulously affect.

Another feature in Scott's character was his loyalty, which some people would extend into a more general deference to rank not royal. We do certainly meet with a tone of deference, occasionally, to the privileged orders (or, rather, privileged persons, as the king, or his own chief, for to the mass of stars and garters he showed no such respect) which falls rather unpleasantly on the ear of a republican. But, independently of the feelings which rightfully belonged to him as the subject of a monarchy, and without which he must have been a false-hearted subject, his own were heightened by a poetical colouring that mingled in his mind even with much more vulgar relations of life. At the opening of the regalia in Holyrood House, when the honest burgomaster deposited the crown on the head of one of the young ladies present, the good man probably saw nothing more in the dingy diadem than we should have seen,—a head-piece for a set of men no better than himself, and, if the old adage of a "dead lion" holds true, not quite so good. But to Scott's imagination other views were unfolded. "A thousand years their cloudy wings expanded" around him, and in the dim visions of distant times he beheld the venerable line of monarchs who had swayed the councils of his country in peace and led her armies in battle. The "golden round" became in his eye the symbol of his nation's glory; and, as he heaved a heavy oath from his heart, he left the room in agitation, from which he did not speedily recover. There was not a spice of affectation in this,—for who ever accused Scott of affectation?—but there was a good deal of poetry, the poetry of sentiment.

We have said that this feeling mingled in the more common concerns of his life. His cranium, indeed, to judge from his busts, must have exhibited a strong development of the organ of veneration. He regarded with reverence everything connected with antiquity. His establishment was on the feudal scale; his house was fashioned more after the feudal ages than his own; and even in the ultimate distribution of his fortune, although the circumstance of having made it himself relieved him from any legal necessity of contravening the suggestions of natural justice, he showed such attachment to the old aristocratic usage as to settle nearly the whole of it on his eldest son.

The influence of this poetic sentiment is discernible in his most trifling acts, in his tastes, his love of the arts, his social habits. His museum, house, and grounds were adorned with relics curious not so much from their workmanship as their historic associations. It was the ancient fountain from Edinburgh, the Tolbooth lintels, the blunderbuss and spleughan of Rob Roy, the drinking-cup of Prince Charlie, or the like. It was the same in the arts. The tunes he loved were not the refined and complex melodies of Italy, but the simple notes of his native minstrelsy, from the bagpipe of John of Skye, or from the harp of his own lovely and accomplished daughter. So, also, in painting. It was not the masterly designs of the great Flemish and Italian schools that adorned his walls, but some portrait of Claverhouse, or of Queen Mary, or of "glorious old John." In architecture we see the same spirit in the singular "romance of stone and lime," which may be said to have been his own device, down to the minutest details of its finishing. We see it again in the joyous celebrations of his feudal tenantry, the good old festivals, the Hogmanay, the Kirn, etc., long fallen into desuetude, when the old Highland piper sounded the same wild pibroch that had so often summoned the clans together, for war or for wassail, among the fastnesses of the mountains. To the same source, in fine, may be traced the feelings of superstition which

seemed to hover round Scott's mind like some "strange, mysterious dream," giving a romantic colouring to his conversation and his writings, but rarely, if ever, influencing his actions. It was a poetic sentiment.

Scott was a Tory to the backbone. Had he come into the world half a century sooner, he would, no doubt, have made a figure under the banner of the Pretender. He was at no great pains to disguise his political creed; witness his jolly drinking-song on the acquittal of Lord Melville. This was verse; but his prose is not much more qualified. "As for Whiggery in general," he says, in one of his letters, "I can only say that, as no man can be said to be utterly overset until his rump has been higher than his head, so I cannot read in history of any free state which has been brought to slavery until the rascal and uninstructed populace had had their short hour of anarchical government, which naturally leads to the stern repose of military despotism. . . . With these convictions, I am very jealous of Whiggery under all modifications, and I must say my acquaintance with the total want of principle in some of its warmest professors does not tend to recommend it." With all this, however, his Toryism was not, practically, of that sort which blunts a man's sensibilities for those who are not of the same porcelain clay with himself. No man, Whig or Radical, ever had less of this pretension, or treated his inferiors with greater kindness, and even familiarity,—a circumstance noticed by every visitor at his hospitable mansion who saw him strolling round his grounds, taking his pinch of snuff out of the mull of some "grey-haired old hedger," or leaning on honest Tom Purdie's shoulder and taking sweet counsel as to the right method of thinning a plantation. But, with all this familiarity, no man was better served by his domestics. It was the service of love, the only service that power cannot command and money cannot buy.

Akin to the feelings of which we have been speaking was the truly chivalrous sense of honour which stamped his whole conduct. We do not mean that Hotspur honour which is roused only by the drum and fife,—though he says of himself, "I like the sound of a drum as well as Uncle Toby ever did,"—but that honour which is deep-seated in the heart of every true gentleman, shrinking with sensitive delicacy from the least stain, or imputation of a stain, on his faith. "If we lose everything else," writes he, on a trying occasion, to a friend who was not so nice in this particular, "we will at least keep our honour unblemished." It reminds one of the pithy epistle of a kindred chivalrous spirit, Francis the First, to his mother, from the unlucky field of Pavia: "Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur." Scott's latter years furnished a noble commentary on the sincerity of his manly principles.

Little is said directly of his religious sentiments in the biography. They seem to have harmonized well with his political. He was a member of the English Church, a staunch champion of established forms, and a sturdy enemy to everything that savoured of the sharp tang of Puritanism. On this ground, indeed, the youthful Samson used to wrestle manfully with worthy Dominic Mitchell, who, no doubt, furnished many a screed of doctrine for the Rev. Peter Pound-text, Master Nehemiah Holdenough, and other lights of the Covenant. Scott was no friend to cant under any form. But, whatever were his speculative opinions, in practice his heart overflowed with that charity which is the life-spring of our religion; and whenever he takes occasion to allude to the subject directly he testifies a deep reverence for the truths of revelation, as well as for its Divine original.

Whatever estimate be formed of Scott's moral qualities, his intellectual were of a kind which well entitled him to the epithet conferred on Lope de Vega, "monstruo de naturaleza" (a miracle of nature). His mind scarcely seemed

to be subjected to the same laws that control the rest of his species. His memory, as is usual, was the first of the powers fully developed. While an urchin at school, he could repeat whole cantos, he says, of Ossian and of Spenser. In riper years we are constantly meeting with similar feats of his achievement. Thus, on one occasion he repeated the whole of a poem in some penny magazine, incidentally alluded to, which he had not seen since he was a school-boy. On another, when the Ettrick Shepherd was trying ineffectually to fish up from his own recollections some scraps of a ballad he had himself manufactured years before, Scott called to him, "Take your pencil, Jemmy, and I will tell it to you, word for word;" and he accordingly did so. But it is needless to multiply examples of feats so startling as to look almost like the tricks of a conjurer.

What is most extraordinary is, that while he acquired with such facility that the bare perusal, or the repetition of a thing once to him, was sufficient, he yet retained it with the greatest pertinacity. Other men's memories are so much jostled in the rough and tumble of life that most of the facts get sifted out nearly as fast as they are put in; so that we are in the same dilemma with those unlucky daughters of Danaus, of school-boy memory, obliged to spend the greater part of the time in replenishing. But Scott's memory seemed to be hermetically sealed, suffering nothing once fairly in to leak out again. This was of immense service to him when he took up the business of authorship, as his whole multifarious stock of facts, whether from books or observation, became, in truth, his stock in trade, ready furnished to his hands. This may explain in part—though it is not less marvellous—the cause of his rapid execution of works often replete with rare and curious information. The labour, the preparation, had been already completed. His whole life had been a business of preparation. When he ventured, as in the case of "Rokeby" and of "Quentin Durward," on ground with which he had not been familiar, we see how industriously he set about new acquisitions.

In most of the prodigies of memory which we have ever known, the overgrowth of that faculty seems to have been attained at the expense of all the others; but in Scott the directly opposite power of the imagination, the inventive power, was equally strongly developed, and at the same early age; for we find him renowned for story-craft while at school. How many a delightful fiction, warm with the flush of ingenuous youth, did he not throw away on the ears of thoughtless childhood, which, had they been duly registered, might now have amused children of a larger growth? We have seen Scott's genius in its prime and its decay. The frolic graces of childhood are alone wanting.

The facility with which he threw his ideas into language was also remarked very early. One of his first ballads, and a long one, was dashed off at the dinner-table. His "Lay" was written at the rate of a canto a week. "Waverley," or, rather, the last two volumes of it, cost the evenings of a summer month. Who that has ever read the account can forget the movements of that mysterious hand, as described by the two students from the window of a neighbouring attic, throwing off sheet after sheet, with untiring rapidity, of the pages destined to immortality? Scott speaks pleasantly enough of this marvellous facility in a letter to his friend Morritt: "When once I set my pen to the paper, it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and see whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it. A hopeful prospect for the reader."

As to the time and place of composition, he appears to have been nearly indifferent. He possessed entire power of abstraction, and it mattered little

whether he were nailed to his clerk's desk, under the drowsy eloquence of some long-winded barrister, or dashing his horse into the surf on Portobello sands, or rattling in a post-chaise, or amid the hum of guests in his overflowing halls at Abbotsford,—it mattered not; the same well-adjusted little packet, “nicely corded and sealed,” was sure to be ready, at the regular time, for the Edinburgh mail. His own account of his composition to a friend, who asked when he found time for it, is striking enough. “Oh,” said Scott, “I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up, and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*; and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world.” Never did this sort of simmering produce such a splendid bill of fare.

The quality of the material, under such circumstances, is, in truth, the great miracle of the whole. The execution of so much work, as a mere feat of penmanship, would undoubtedly be very extraordinary, but, as a mere scrivener's miracle, would be hardly worth recording. It is a sort of miracle that is every day performing under our own eyes, as it were, by Messrs. James, Bulwer, and Co., who, in all the various staples of “comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,” etc., supply their own market, and ours too, with all that can be wanted. In Spain, and in Italy also, we may find abundance of *improvvisatori* and *improvvisatrici*, who perform miracles of the same sort, in verse too, in languages whose vowel terminations make it very easy for the thoughts to tumble into rhyme without any malice prepense. Sir Stamford Raffles, in his account of Java, tells us of a splendid avenue of trees before his house, which in the course of a year shot up to the height of forty feet. But who shall compare the brief, transitory splendours of a fungous vegetation with the mighty monarch of the forest, sending his roots deep into the heart of the earth, and his branches, amid storm and sunshine, to the heavens? And is not the latter the true emblem of Scott? For who can doubt that his prose creations, at least, will gather strength with time, living on through succeeding generations, even when the language in which they are written, like those of Greece and Rome, shall cease to be a living language?

The only writer deserving, in these respects, to be named with Scott, is Lope de Vega, who in his own day held as high a rank in the republic of letters as our great contemporary. The beautiful dramas which he threw off for the entertainment of the capital, and whose success drove Cervantes from the stage, outstripped the abilities of an amanuensis to copy. His intimate friend Montalvan, one of the most popular and prolific authors of the time, tells us that he undertook with Lope once to supply the theatre with a comedy—in verse, and in three acts, as the Spanish dramas usually were—at a very short notice. In order to get through his half as soon as his partner, he rose by two in the morning, and at eleven had completed it; an extraordinary feat, certainly, since a play extended to between thirty and forty pages, of a hundred lines each. Walking into the garden, he found his brother-poet pruning an orange-tree. “Well, how do you get on?” said Montalvan. “Very well,” answered Lope. “I rose betimes,—at five,—and, after I had got through, eat my breakfast; since which I have written a letter of fifty triplets and watered the whole of the garden, which has tired me a good deal.”

But a little arithmetic will best show the comparative fertility of Scott and Lope de Vega. It is so germane to the present matter that we shall make no apology for transcribing here some computations from our last July number;

and as few of our readers, we suspect, have the air-tight memory of Sir Walter, we doubt not that enough of it has escaped them by this time to excuse us from equipping it with one of those "cocked hats and walking-sticks" with which he furnished up an old story.

"It is impossible to state the results of Lope de Vega's labours in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his most intimate friend Montalvan, with eighteen hundred regular plays and four hundred *autos*, or religious dramas,—all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each; and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed, and interspersed with sonnets and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and, supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes, quarto, of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

"The only achievements we can recall in literary history bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are those of our illustrious contemporary Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the edition of two volumes of which Murray has not the copyright, probably contains ninety volumes, small octavo. [To these should farther be added a large supply of matter for the Edinburgh Annual Register, as well as other anonymous contributions.] Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months during the whole of that period; to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival, and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all."

Of all the wonderful dramatic creations of Lope de Vega's genius, what now remains? Two or three plays only keep possession of the stage, and few, very few, are still read with pleasure in the closet. They have never been collected into a uniform edition, and are now met with in scattered sheets only on the shelves of some mousing bookseller, or collected in miscellaneous parcels in the libraries of the curious.

Scott, with all his facility of execution, had none of that pitiable affectation sometimes found in men of genius, who think that the possession of this quality may dispense with regular, methodical habits of study. He was most economical of time. He did not, like Voltaire, speak of it as "a terrible thing that so much time should be wasted in talking." He was too little of a pedant, and far too benevolent, not to feel that there are other objects worth living for than mere literary fame; but he grudged the waste of time on merely frivolous and heartless objects. "As for dressing when we are quite alone," he remarked one day to Mr. Gillies, whom he had taken home with him to a family dinner, "it is out of the question. Life is not long enough for such fiddle-faddle." In the early part of his life he worked late at night, but subsequently, from a conviction of the superior healthiness of early rising, as well as the

desire to secure, at all hazards a portion of the day for literary labour, he rose at five the year round; no small effort, as any one will admit who has seen the pain and difficulty which a regular bird of night finds in reconciling his eyes to daylight. He was scrupulously exact, moreover, in the distribution of his hours. In one of his letters to his friend Terry, the player, replete, as usual, with advice that seems to flow equally from the head and the heart, he says, in reference to the practice of dawdling away one's time, "A habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologize for it, but expect to hear you are become *as regular as a Dutch clock,—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated.*" With the same emphasis he inculcates the like habits on his son. If any man might dispense with them, it was surely Scott. But he knew that without them the greatest powers of mind will run to waste, and water but the desert.

Some of the literary opinions of Scott are singular, considering, too, the position he occupied in the world of letters. "I promise you," he says, in an epistle to an old friend, "my oaks will outlast my laurels: and I pique myself more on my compositions for manure than on any other compositions to which I was ever accessory." This may seem *badinage*; but he repeatedly, both in writing and conversation, places literature, as a profession, below other intellectual professions, and especially the military. The Duke of Wellington, the representative of the last, seems to have drawn from him a very extraordinary degree of deference, which we cannot but think smacks a little of that strong relish for gunpowder which he avows in himself.

It is not very easy to see on what this low estimate of literature rested. As a profession, it has too little in common with more active ones to afford much ground for running a parallel. The soldier has to do with externals; and his contests and triumphs are over matter in its various forms, whether of man or material nature. The poet deals with the bodiless forms of air, of fancy lighter than air. His business is contemplative; the other's is active, and depends for its success on strong moral energy and presence of mind. He must, indeed, have genius of the highest order to effect his own combinations, anticipate the movements of his enemy, and dart with eagle eye on his vulnerable point. But who shall say that this practical genius, if we may so term it, is to rank higher in the scale than the creative power of the poet, the spark from the mind of divinity itself?

The orator might seem to afford better ground for comparison, since, though his theatre of action is abroad, he may be said to work with much the same tools as the writer. Yet how much of his success depends on qualities other than intellectual! "Action," said the father of eloquence, "action, action, are the three most essential things to an orator." How much depends on the look, the gesture, the magical tones of voice, modulated to the passions he has stirred, and how much on the contagious sympathies of the audiences itself, which drown everything like criticism in the overwhelming tide of emotion! If any one would know how much, let him, after patiently standing

"till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage."

read the same speech in the columns of a morning newspaper or in the well-concocted report of the orator himself. The productions of the writer are

subjected to a fiercer ordeal. He has no excited sympathies of numbers to hurry his readers along over his blunders. He is scanned in the calm silence of the closet. Every flower of fancy seems here to wither under the rude breath of criticism; every link in the chain of argument is subjected to the touch of prying scrutiny, and if there be the least flaw in it it is sure to be detected. There is no tribunal so stern as the secret tribunal of a man's own closet, far removed from all the sympathetic impulses of humanity. Surely there is no form in which *intellect* can be exhibited to the world so completely stripped of all adventitious aids as the form of written composition. But, says the practical man, let us estimate things by their utility. "You talk of the poems of Homer," said a mathematician, "but, after all, what do they *prove*?" A question which involves an answer somewhat too voluminous for the tail of an article. But if the poems of Homer were, as Heeren asserts, the principal bond which held the Grecian states together and gave them a national feeling, they "*prove*" more than all the arithmeticians of Greece—and there were many cunning ones in it—ever proved. The results of military skill are indeed obvious. The soldier, by a single victory, enlarges the limits of an empire; he may do more,—he may achieve the liberties of a nation, or roll back the tide of barbarism ready to overwhelm them. Wellington was placed in such a position, and nobly did he do his work; or, rather, he was placed at the head of such a gigantic moral and physical apparatus as enabled him to do it. With his own unassisted strength, of course, he could have done nothing. But it is on his own solitary resources that the great writer is to rely. And yet who shall say that the triumphs of Wellington have been greater than those of Scott, whose works are familiar as household words to every fireside in his own land, from the castle to the cottage,—have crossed oceans and deserts, and, with healing on their wings, found their way to the remotest regions,—have helped to form the character, until his own mind may be said to be incorporated into those of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men? Who is there that has not, at some time or other, felt the heaviness of his heart lightened, his pains mitigated, and his bright moments of life made still brighter by the magical touches of his genius? And shall we speak of his victories as less real, less serviceable to humanity, less truly glorious than those of the greatest captain of his day? The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age; but those of a Scott or a Shakspeare will be renewed with greater and greater lustre in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel and the page of the chronicler.

But, after all, this sort of parallel is not very gracious nor very philosophical, and, to say truth, is somewhat foolish. We have been drawn into it by the not random, but very deliberate and, in our poor judgment, very disparaging estimate by Scott of his own vocation; and, as we have taken the trouble to write it, our readers will excuse us from blotting it out. There is too little ground for the respective parties to stand on for a parallel. As to the pedantic *cui bono* standard, it is impossible to tell the final issues of a single act; how can we then hope to those of a course of action? As for the *honour* of different vocations, there never was a truer sentence than the stale one of Pope, —stale now, because it is so true,—

"Act well your part—there all the honour lies."

And it is the just boast of our own country that in no civilized nation is the force of this philanthropic maxim so nobly illustrated as in ours,—thanks to our glorious institutions.

A great cause, probably, of Scott's low estimate of letters was the facility with which he wrote. What costs us little we are apt to prize little. If diamonds were as common as pebbles, and gold-dust as any other, who would stoop to gather them? It was the prostitution of his muse, by-the-by, for this same gold-dust, which brought a sharp rebuke on the poet from Lord Byron, in his "English Bards:"

"For this we spurn Apollo's venal son;"

a coarse cut, and the imputation about as true as most satire,—that is, not true at all. This was indited in his lordship's earlier days, when he most chivalrously disclaimed all purpose of bartering his rhymes for gold. He lived long enough, however, to weigh his literary wares in the same money-balance used by more vulgar manufacturers; and, in truth, it would be ridiculous if the produce of the brain should not bring its price in this form as well as any other. There is little danger, we imagine, of finding too much gold in the bowels of Parnassus.

Scott took a more sensible view of things. In a letter to Ellis, written soon after the publication of "The Minstrelsy," he observes, "People may say this and that of the pleasure of fame, or of profit, as a motive of writing; I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion and research, and I would no more write on any other terms than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare soup. At the same time, if credit and profit came unlooked for, I would no more quarrel with them than with the soup." Even this declaration was somewhat more magnanimous than was warranted by his subsequent conduct. The truth is, he soon found out, especially after the Waverley vein had opened, that he had hit on a gold-mine. The prodigious returns he got gave the whole thing the aspect of a speculation. Every new work was an adventure, and the proceeds naturally suggested the indulgence of the most extravagant schemes of expense, which, in their turn, stimulated him to fresh efforts. In this way the "profits" became, whatever they might have been once, a principal incentive to, as they were the recompense of, exertions. His productions were cash articles, and were estimated by him more on the Hudibrastic rule of "the real worth of a thing" than by any fanciful standard of fame. He bowed with deference to the judgment of the booksellers, and trimmed his sails dexterously as the "aura popularis" shifted. "If it's na weil bobbit," he writes to his printer, on turning out a less lucky novel, "we'll bobbit again." His muse was of that school who seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number. We can hardly imagine him invoking her like Milton:

"Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few."

Still less can we imagine him, like the blind old bard, feeding his soul with visions of posthumous glory, and spinning out epics for five pounds apiece.

It is singular that Scott, although he set as high a money value on his productions as the most enthusiastic of the "trade" could have done, in a literary view should have held them so cheap. "Whatever others may be," he said, "I have never been a partisan of my own poetry; as John Wilkes declared that, 'in the height of his success, he had himself never been a Wilkite.'" Considering the poet's popularity, this was but an indifferent compliment to the taste of his age. With all this disparagement of his own productions, however, Scott was not insensible to criticism. He says somewhere that, "if he had been conscious of a single vulnerable point in himself, he would not have taken up the business of writing;" but on another occasion he writes, "I make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me;" and Captain

Hall remarks, "He never reads the criticisms on his books; this I know from the most unquestionable authority. Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him." Madame de Graffigny says, also, of Voltaire, "that he was altogether indifferent to praise, but the least word from his enemies drove him crazy." Yet both these authors banqueted on the sweets of panegyric as much as any who ever lived. They were in the condition of an epicure whose palate has lost its relish for the dainty fare in which it has been so long revelling, without becoming less sensible to the annoyances of sharper and coarser flavours. It may afford some consolation to humble mediocrity, to the less fortunate votaries of the muse, that those who have reached the summit of Parnassus are not much more contented with their condition than those who are scrambling among the bushes at the bottom of the mountain. The fact seems to be, as Scott himself intimates more than once, that the joy is in the chase, whether in the prose or the poetry of life.

But it is high time to terminate our lucubrations, which, however imperfect and unsatisfactory, have already run to a length that must trespass on the patience of the reader. We rise from the perusal of these delightful volumes with the same sort of melancholy feeling with which we wake from a pleasant dream. The concluding volume, of which such ominous presage is given in the last sentence of the fifth, has not yet reached us; but we know enough to anticipate the sad catastrophe it is to unfold of the drama. In those which we have seen, we have beheld a succession of interesting characters come upon the scene and pass away to their long home. "Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced," seem to haunt us, too, as we write. The imagination reverts to Abbotsford,—the romantic and once brilliant Abbotsford,—the magical creation of *his* hands. We see its halls radiant with the hospitality of *his* benevolent heart; thronged with pilgrims from every land, assembled to pay homage at the shrine of genius: echoing to the blithe music of those festal holidays when young and old met to renew the usages of the good old times.

"These were its charms, but all these charms are fled."

Its courts are desolate, or trodden only by the foot of the stranger. The stranger sits under the shadows of the trees which *his* hand planted. The spell of the enchanter is dissolved; his wand is broken; and the mighty minstrel himself now sleeps in the bosom of the peaceful scenes embellished by his taste, and which his genius has made immortal.

CHATEAUBRIAND'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.¹

(October, 1839.)

THERE are few topics of greater attraction, or, when properly treated, of higher importance, than literary history. For what is it but a faithful register of the successive steps by which a nation has advanced in the career of

¹ "Sketches of English Literature; with Men, and Revolutions. By the Viscount de Considerations on the Spirit of the Times, Chateaubriand." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836.

civilization? Civil history records the crimes and the follies, the enterprises, discoveries, and triumphs, it may be, of humanity. But to what do all these tend, or of what moment are they in the eye of the philosopher, except as they accelerate or retard the march of civilization? The history of literature is the history of the human mind. It is, as compared with other histories, the intellectual as distinguished from the material,—the informing spirit, as compared with the outward and visible.

When such a view of the mental progress of a people is combined with individual biography, we have all the materials for the deepest and most varied interest. The life of the man of letters is not always circumscribed by the walls of a cloister, and was not, even in those days when the cloister was the familiar abode of science. The history of Dante and of Petrarch is the best commentary on that of their age. In later times, the man of letters has taken part in all the principal concerns of public and social life. But, even when the story is to derive its interest from personal character, what a store of entertainment is supplied by the eccentricities of genius,—the joys and sorrows, not visible to vulgar eyes, but which agitate his finer sensibilities as powerfully as the greatest shocks of worldly fortune would a hardier and less visionary temper! What deeper interest can romance afford than is to be gathered from the melancholy story of Petrarch, Tasso, Alfieri, Rousseau, Byron, Burns, and a crowd of familiar names, whose genius seems to have been given them only to sharpen their sensibility to suffering? What matter if their sufferings were, for the most part, of the imagination? They were not the less real to *them*. They lived in a world of imagination, and, by the gift of genius, unfortunate to its proprietor, have known how, in the language of one of the most unfortunate, “to make madness beautiful” in the eyes of others.

But, notwithstanding the interest and importance of literary history, it has hitherto received but little attention from English writers. No complete survey of the treasures of our native tongue has been yet produced, or even attempted. The earlier periods of the poetical development of the nation have been well illustrated by various antiquaries. Warton has brought the history of poetry down to the season of its first vigorous expansion,—the age of Elizabeth. But he did not penetrate beyond the magnificent vestibule of the temple. Dr. Johnson’s “Lives of the Poets” have done much to supply the deficiency in this department. But much more remains to be done to afford the student anything like a complete view of the progress of poetry in England. Johnson’s work, as every one knows, is conducted on the most capricious and irregular plan. The biographies were dictated by the choice of the bookseller. Some of the most memorable names in British literature are omitted to make way for a host of minor luminaries, whose dim radiance, unassisted by the critic’s magnifying lens, would never have penetrated to posterity. The same irregularity is visible in the proportion he has assigned to each of his subjects; the principal figures, or what should have been such, being often thrown into the background to make room for some subordinate person whose story was thought to have more interest.

Besides these defects of plan, the critic was certainly deficient in sensibility to the more delicate, the minor beauties of poetic sentiment. He analyzes verse in the cold-blooded spirit of a chemist, until all the aroma which constituted its principal charm escapes in the decomposition. By this kind of process, some of the finest fancies of the Muse, the lofty dithyrambics of Gray, the ethereal effusions of Collins, and of Milton too, are rendered sufficiently vapid. In this sort of criticism, all the effect that relies on *impressions* goes for nothing. Ideas are alone taken into the account, and all is weighed

in the same hard, matter-of-fact scales, of common sense, like so much solid prose. What a sorry figure would Byron's Muse make subjected to such an ordeal! The doctor's taste in composition, to judge from his own style, was not of the highest order. It was a style, indeed, of extraordinary power, suited to the expression of his original thinking, bold, vigorous, and glowing with all the lustre of pointed antithesis. But the brilliancy is cold, and the ornaments are much too florid and overcharged for a graceful effect. When to these minor blemishes we add the graver one of an obliquity of judgment, produced by inveterate political and religious prejudice, which has thrown a shadow over some of the brightest characters subjected to his pencil, we have summed up a fair amount of critical deficiencies. With all this, there is no one of the works of this great and good man in which he has displayed more of the strength of his mighty intellect, shown a more pure and masculine morality, more sound principles of criticism in the abstract, more acute delineation of character, and more gorgeous splendour of diction. His defects, however, such as they are, must prevent his maintaining with posterity that undisputed dictatorship in criticism which was conceded to him in his own day. We must do justice to his errors as well as to his excellences, in order that we may do justice to the characters which have come under his censure. And we must admit that his work, however admirable as a gallery of splendid portraits, is inadequate to convey anything like a complete or impartial view of English poetry.

The English have made but slender contributions to the history of foreign literatures. The most important, probably, are Roscoe's works, in which literary criticism, though but a subordinate feature, is the most valuable part of the composition. As to anything like a general survey of this department, they are wholly deficient. The deficiency, indeed, is likely to be supplied, to a certain extent, by the work of Mr. Hallam, now in progress of publication, the first volume of which—the only one which has yet issued from the press—gives evidence of the same curious erudition, acuteness, honest impartiality, and energy of diction which distinguish the other writings of this eminent scholar. But the extent of his work, limited to four volumes, precludes anything more than a survey of the most prominent features of the vast subject he has undertaken.

The Continental nations, under serious discouragements, too, have been much more active than the British in this field. The Spaniards can boast a general history of letters, extending to more than twenty volumes in length, and compiled with sufficient impartiality. The Italians have several such. Yet these are the lands of the Inquisition, where reason is hoodwinked and the honest utterance of opinion has been recompensed by persecution, exile, and the stake. How can such a people estimate the character of compositions which, produced under happier institutions, are instinct with the spirit of freedom! How can they make allowance for the manifold eccentricities of a literature where thought is allowed to expatiate in all the independence of individual caprice? How can they possibly, trained to pay such nice deference to outward finish and mere verbal elegance, have any sympathy with the rough and homely beauties which emanate from the people and are addressed to the people?

The French, nurtured under freer forms of government, have contrived to come under a system of literary laws scarcely less severe. Their first great dramatic production gave rise to a scheme of critical legislation which has continued ever since to press on the genius of the nation in all the higher walks of poetic art. Amid all the mutations of state, the tone of criticism

has remained essentially the same to the present century, when, indeed, the boiling passions and higher excitements of a revolutionary age have made the classic models on which their literature was cast appear somewhat too frigid, and a warmer colouring has been sought by an infusion of English sentiment. But this mixture, or rather confusion, of styles, neither French nor English, seems to rest on no settled principles, and is, probably, too alien to the genius of the people to continue permanent.

The French, forming themselves early on a foreign and antique model, were necessarily driven to rules, as a substitute for those natural promptings which have directed the course of other modern nations in the career of letters. Such rules, of course, while assimilating them to antiquity, drew them aside from sympathy with their own contemporaries. How can they, thus formed on an artificial system, enter into the spirit of other literatures so uncongenial with their own?

That the French continued subject to such a system, with little change to the present age, is evinced by the example of Voltaire, a writer whose lawless ridicule,

"like the wind,
blew where it listed, laying all things prone,"

but whose revolutionary spirit made no serious changes in the principles of the national criticism. Indeed, his commentaries on Corneille furnish evidence of a willingness to contract still closer the range of the poet, and to define more accurately the laws by which his movements were to be controlled. Voltaire's history affords an evidence of the truth of the Horatian maxim, "*naturam expellas*," etc. In his younger days he passed some time, as is well known, in England, and contracted there a certain relish for the strange models which came under his observation. On his return he made many attempts to introduce the foreign school with which he had become acquainted to his own countrymen. His vanity was gratified by detecting the latent beauties of his barbarian neighbours and by being the first to point them out to his countrymen. It associated him with names venerated on the other side of the Channel, and at home transferred a part of their glory to himself. Indeed, he was not backward in transferring as much as he could of it, by borrowing on his own account, where he could venture, *manibus plenis*, and with very little acknowledgment. The French at length became so far reconciled to the monstrosities of their neighbours that a regular translation of Shakspeare, the lord of the British Pandemonium, was executed by Letourneur, a scholar of no great merit; but the work was well received. Voltaire, the veteran, in his solitude of Ferney, was roused, by the applause bestowed on the English poet in his Parisian costume, to a sense of his own imprudence. He saw, in imagination, the altars which had been raised to him, as well as to the other master-spirits of the national drama, in a fair way to be overturned in order to make room for an idol of his own importation. "Have you seen," he writes, speaking of Letourneur's version, "his abominable trash? Will you endure the affront put upon France by it? There are no epithets bad enough, nor fool's-caps, nor pillories enough in all France for such a scoundrel. The blood tingles in my old veins in speaking of him. What is the most dreadful part of the affair is, the monster has his party in France; and, to add to my shame and consternation, it was I who first sounded the praises of *this Shakspeare*,—I who first showed the pearls, picked here and there, from his overgrown dung-heap. Little did I anticipate that I was helping to trample under foot, at some future day, the laurels of Racine and Corneille to adorn the brows of a barbarous player,—this drunkard of a

Shakspeare." Not content with this expectation of his bile, the old poet transmitted a formal letter of remonstrance to D'Alembert, which was read publicly, as designed, at a regular *séance* of the Academy. The document, after expatiating at length on the blunders, vulgarities, and indecencies of the English bard, concludes with this appeal to the critical body he was addressing: "Paint to yourselves, gentlemen, Louis the Fourteenth in his gallery at Versailles, surrounded by his brilliant court: a tatterdemalion advances, covered with rags, and proposes to the assembly to abandon the tragedies of Racine for a mountebank, full of grimaces, with nothing but a lucky hit, now and then, to redeem them."

At a later period, Ducis, the successor of Voltaire, if we remember right, in the Academy, a writer of far superior merit to Letourneur, did the British bard into much better French than his predecessor; though Ducis, as he takes care to acquaint us, "did his best to efface those startling impressions of horror which would have damned his author in the polished theatres of Paris!" Voltaire need not have taken the affair so much to heart. Shakspeare, reduced within the compass, as much as possible, of the rules, with all his eccentricities and peculiarities—all that made him English, in fact—smoothed away, may be tolerated, and to a certain extent countenanced, in the "polished theatres of Paris." But this is not

"Shakspeare, *Nature's* child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild."

The Germans are just the antipodes of their French neighbours. Coming late on the arena of modern literature, they would seem to be particularly qualified for excelling in criticism by the variety of styles and models for their study supplied by other nations. They have, accordingly, done wonders in this department, and have extended their critical wand over the remotest regions, dispelling the mists of old prejudice, and throwing the light of learning on what before was dark and inexplicable. They certainly are entitled to the credit of a singularly cosmopolitan power of divesting themselves of local and national prejudice. No nation has done so much to lay the foundations of that reconciling spirit of criticism which, instead of condemning a difference of taste in different nations as a departure from it, seeks to explain such discrepancies by the peculiar circumstances of the nation, and thus from the elements of discord, as it were, to build up a universal and harmonious system. The exclusive and unfavourable views entertained by some of their later critics respecting the French literature, indeed, into which they have been urged, no doubt, by a desire to counteract the servile deference shown to that literature by their countrymen of the preceding age, forms an important exception to their usual candour.

As general critics, however, the Germans are open to grave objections. The very circumstances of their situation, so favourable, as we have said, to the formation of a liberal criticism, have encouraged the taste for theories and for system-building, always unpropitious to truth. Whoever broaches a theory has a hard battle to fight with conscience. If the theory cannot conform to the facts, so much the worse for the facts, as some wag has said; they must, at all events, conform to the theory. The Germans have put together hypotheses with the facility with which children construct card houses, and many of them bid fair to last as long. They show more industry in accumulating materials than taste or discretion in their arrangement. They carry their fantastic imagination beyond the legitimate province of the muse into the sober fields of criticism. Their philosophical systems, curiously and elaborately

devised, with much ancient lore and solemn imaginings, may remind one of some of those venerable English cathedrals where the magnificent and mysterious Gothic is blended with the clumsy Saxon. The effect, on the whole, is grand, but grotesque withal.

The Germans are too often sadly wanting in discretion, or, in vulgar parlance, taste. They are perpetually overleaping the modesty of nature. They are possessed by a cold-blooded enthusiasm, if we may say so,—since it seems to come rather from the head than the heart,—which spurs them on over the plainest barriers of common sense, until even the right becomes the wrong. A striking example of these defects is furnished by the dramatic critic Schlegel, whose “Lectures” are, or may be, familiar to every reader, since they have been reprinted in the English version in this country. No critic, not even a native, has thrown such a flood of light on the characteristics of the sweet bard of Avon. He has made himself so intimately acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the poet’s age and country that he has been enabled to speculate on his productions as those of a contemporary. In this way he has furnished a key to the mysteries of his composition, has reduced what seemed anomalous to system, and has supplied Shakspeare’s own countrymen with new arguments for vindicating the spontaneous suggestions of feeling on strictly philosophical principles. Not content with this important service, he, as usual, pushes his argument to extremes, vindicates obvious blemishes as necessary parts of a system, and calls on us to admire, in contradiction to the most ordinary principles of taste and common sense. Thus, for example, speaking of Shakspeare’s notorious blunders in geography and chronology, he coolly tells us, “I undertake to prove that Shakspeare’s anachronisms are, for the most part, committed purposely and after great consideration.” In the same vein, speaking of the poet’s villanous puns and quibbles, which, to his shame, or, rather, that of his age, so often bespangle with tawdry brilliancy the majestic robe of the Muse, he assures us that “the poet here probably, as everywhere else, has followed principles which will bear a strict examination.” But the intrepidity of criticism never went farther than in the conclusion of this same analysis, where he unhesitatingly assigns several apocryphal plays to Shakspeare, gravely informing us that the last three, “Sir John Oldecastle,” “A Yorkshire Tragedy,” and “Thomas Lord Cromwell,” of which the English critics speak with unreserved contempt, “are not only unquestionably Shakspeare’s, but, in his judgment, rank among the best and ripest of his works!” The old bard, could he raise his head from the tomb where none might disturb his bones, would exclaim, we imagine, “*Non tali auxilio!*”

It shows a tolerable degree of assurance in a critic thus to dogmatize on nice questions of verbal resemblance which have so long baffled the natives of the country, who, on such questions, obviously can be the only competent judges. It furnishes a striking example of the want of discretion noticeable in so many of the German scholars. With all these defects, however, it cannot be denied that they have widely extended the limits of rational criticism, and, by their copious stores of erudition, furnished the student with facilities for attaining the best points of view for a comprehensive survey of both ancient and modern literature.

The English have had advantages, on the whole, greater than those of any other people for perfecting the science of general criticism. They have had no academies to bind the wing of genius to the earth by their thousand wire-drawn subtleties. No Inquisition has placed its burning seal upon the lip and thrown its dark shadow over the recesses of the soul. They have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of thinking what they pleased, and of uttering what

they thought. Their minds, trained to independence, have had no occasion to shrink from encountering any topic, and have acquired a masculine confidence indispensable to a calm appreciation of the mighty and widely diversified productions of genius, as unfolded under the influences of as widely diversified institutions and national character. Their own literature, with chameleon-like delicacy, has reflected all the various aspects of the nation in the successive stages of its history. The rough, romantic beauties and gorgeous pageantry of the Elizabethan age, the stern, sublime enthusiasm of the Commonwealth, the cold brilliancy of Queen Anne, and the tumultuous movements and ardent sensibilities of the present generation, all have been reflected, as in a mirror, in the current of English literature as it has flowed down through the lapse of ages. It is easy to understand what advantages this cultivation of all these different styles of composition at home must give the critic in divesting himself of narrow and local prejudice, and in appreciating the genius of foreign literatures, in each of which some one or other of these different styles has found favour. To this must be added the advantages derived from the structure of the English language itself, which, compounded of the Teutonic and the Latin, offers facilities for a comprehension of other literatures not afforded by those languages, as the German and the Italian, for instance, almost exclusively derived from but one of them.

With all this, the English, as we have remarked, have made fewer direct contributions to general literary criticism than the Continental nations, unless, indeed, we take into the account the periodical criticism, which has covered the whole field with a light skirmishing, very unlike any systematic plan of operations. The good effect of this guerilla warfare may well be doubted. Most of these critics for the nonce (and we certainly are competent judges on this point) come to their work with little previous preparation. Their attention has been habitually called, for the most part, in other directions, and they throw off an accidental essay in the brief intervals of other occupation. Hence their views are necessarily often superficial, and sometimes contradictory, as may be seen from turning over the leaves of any journal where literary topics are widely discussed; for, whatever consistency may be demanded in politics or religion, very free scope is offered, even in the same journal, to literary speculation. Even when the article may have been the fruit of a mind ripened by study and meditation on congenial topics, it too often exhibits only the partial view suggested by the particular and limited direction of the author's thoughts in this instance. Truth is not much served by this irregular process; and the general illumination indispensable to a full and fair survey of the whole ground can never be supplied from such scattered and capricious gleams thrown over it at random.

Another obstacle to a right result is founded in the very constitution of review-writing. Miscellaneous in its range of topics, and addressed to a miscellaneous class of readers, its chief reliance for success in competition with the thousand novelties of the day is in the temporary interest it can excite. Instead of a conscientious discussion and cautious examination of the matter in hand, we too often find an attempt to stimulate the popular appetite by piquant sallies of wit, by caustic sarcasm, or by a pert, dashing confidence, that cuts the knot it cannot readily unloose. Then, again, the spirit of periodical criticism would seem to be little favourable to perfect impartiality. The critic, shrouded in his secret tribunal, too often demeans himself like a stern inquisitor, whose business is rather to convict than to examine. Criticism is directed to scent out blemishes instead of beauties. "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*" is the bloody motto of a well-known British periodical,

which, under this piratical flag, has sent a broadside into many a gallant bark that deserved better at its hands.

When we combine with all this the spirit of patriotism, or, what passes for such with nine-tenths of the world, the spirit of national vanity, we shall find abundant motives for a deviation from a just, impartial estimate of foreign literatures. And if we turn over the pages of the best-conducted English journals, we shall probably find ample evidence of the various causes we have enumerated. We shall find, amid abundance of shrewd and sarcastic observation, smart skirmish of wit, and clever antithesis, a very small infusion of sober, dispassionate criticism; the criticism founded on patient study and on strictly philosophical principles; the criticism on which one can safely rely as the criterion of good taste, and which, however tame it may appear to the jaded appetite of the literary loungeur, is the only one that will attract the eye of posterity.

The work named at the head of our article will, we suspect, notwithstanding the author's brilliant reputation, never meet this same eye of posterity. Though purporting to be, in its main design, an Essay on English Literature, it is, in fact, a multifarious compound of as many ingredients as entered into the witches' caldron, to say nothing of a gallery of portraits of dead and living, among the latter of whom M. de Chateaubriand himself is not the least conspicuous. "I have treated of everything," he says, truly enough, in his preface, "the Present, the Past, the Future." The parts are put together in the most grotesque and disorderly manner, with some striking coincidences, occasionally, of characters and situations, and some facts not familiar to every reader. The most unpleasant feature in the book is the doleful lamentation of the author over the evil times on which he has fallen. He has, indeed, lived somewhat beyond his time, which was that of Charles the Tenth, of pious memory,—the good old time of apostolicals and absolutists, which will not be likely to revisit France again very soon. Indeed, our unfortunate author reminds one of some weather-beaten hulk which the tide has left high and dry on the strand, and whose signals of distress are little heeded by the rest of the convoy, which have trimmed their sails more dexterously and sweep merrily on before the breeze. The present work affords glimpses, occasionally, of the author's happier style, which has so often fascinated us in his earlier productions. On the whole, however, it will add little to his reputation, nor, probably, much subtract from it. When a man has sent forth a score or two of octavos into the world, and as good as some of M. de Chateaubriand's, he can bear up under a poor one now and then. This is not the first indifferent work laid at his door, and, as he promises to keep the field for some time longer, it will probably not be the last.

We pass over the first half of the first volume, to come to the Reformation, the point of departure, as it were, for modern civilization. Our author's views in relation to it, as we might anticipate, are not precisely those we should entertain.

"In a religious point of view," he says, "the Reformation is leading insensibly to indifference, or the complete absence of faith: the reason is, that the independence of the mind terminates in two gulfs, doubt and incredulity.

"By a very natural reaction, the Reformation, at its birth, rekindled the dying flame of Catholic fanaticism. It may thus be regarded as the indirect cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the disturbances of the League, the assassination of Henry the Fourth, the murders in Ireland, and of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the *dragonnades*!"—Vol. i. p. 193.

As to the tendency of the Reformation towards doubt and incredulity, we

know that free inquiry, continually presenting new views as the sphere of observation is enlarged, may unsettle old principles without establishing any fixed ones in their place, or, in other words, lead to skepticism; but we doubt if this happens more frequently than under the opposite system, inculcated by the Romish Church, which, by precluding examination, excludes the only ground of rational belief. At all events, skepticism in the former case is much more remediable than in the latter; since the subject of it, by pursuing his inquiries, will, it is to be hoped, as truth is mighty, arrive at last at a right result; while the Romanist, inhibited from such inquiry, has no remedy. The ingenious author of "Doblado's Letters from Spain" has painted in the most affecting colours the state of such a mind, which, declining to take its creed at the bidding of another, is lost in a labyrinth of doubt without a clue to guide it. As to charging on the Reformation the various enormities with which the above extract concludes, the idea is certainly new. It is, in fact, making the Protestants guilty of their own persecution, and Henry the Fourth of his own assassination; quite an original view of the subject, which, as far as we know, has hitherto escaped the attention of historians.

A few pages farther, and we find the following information respecting the state of Catholicism in our own country:

"Maryland, a Catholic and very populous state, made common cause with the others, and *now most of the Western States are Catholic*. The progress of this communion in the United States of America exceeds belief. There it has been invigorated in its evangelical aliment, popular liberty, *while other communions decline in profound indifference*."—Vol. i. p. 201.

We were not aware of this state of things. We did indeed know that the Roman Church had increased much of late years, especially in the Valley of the Mississippi; but so have other communions, as the Methodist and Baptist, for example, the latter of which comprehends five times as many disciples as the Roman Catholic. As to the population of the latter in the West, the whole number of Catholics in the Union does not amount, probably, to three-fourths of the number of inhabitants in the single Western State of Ohio. The truth is, that in a country where there is no established or favoured sect, and where the clergy depend on voluntary contribution for their support, there must be constant efforts at proselytism, and a mutation of religious opinion, according to the convictions, or fancied convictions, of the converts. What one denomination gains another loses, till, roused in its turn by its rival, new efforts are made to retrieve its position, and the equilibrium is restored. In the mean time, the population of the whole country goes forward with giant strides, and each sect boasts, and boasts with truth, of the hourly augmentation of its numbers. Those of the Roman Catholics are swelled, moreover, by a considerable addition from emigration, many of the poor foreigners, especially the Irish, being of that persuasion. But this is no ground of triumph, as it infers no increase to the sum of Catholicism, since what is thus gained in the New World is lost in the Old.

Our author pronounces the Reformation hostile to the arts, poetry, eloquence, elegant literature, and even the spirit of military heroism. But hear his own words:

"The Reformation, imbued with the spirit of its founder, declared itself hostile to the arts. It sacked tombs, churches, and monuments, and made in France and England heaps of ruins. . . ."

"The beautiful in literature will be found to exist in a greater or less degree, in proportion as writers have approximated to the genius of the Roman Church. . . ."

“If the Reformation restricted genius in poetry, eloquence, and the arts, it also checked heroism in war, for heroism is imagination in the military order.”—Vol. i. pp. 194–207.

This is a sweeping denunciation, and, as far as the arts of design are intended, may probably be defended. The Romish worship, its stately ritual and gorgeous ceremonies, the throng of numbers assisting, in one form or another, at the service, all required spacious and magnificent edifices, with the rich accessories of sculpture and painting, and music also, to give full effect to the spectacle. Never was there a religion which addressed itself more directly to the senses. And, fortunately for it, the immense power and revenues of its ministers enabled them to meet its exorbitant demands. On so splendid a theatre, and under such patronage, the arts were called into life in modern Europe, and most of all in that spot which represented the capital of Christendom. It was there, amid the pomp and luxury of religion, that those beautiful structures rose, with those exquisite creations of the chisel and the pencil, which embodied in themselves all the elements of ideal beauty.

But, independently of these external circumstances, the spirit of Catholicism was eminently favourable to the artist. Shut out from free inquiry—from the Scriptures themselves—and compelled to receive the dogmas of his teachers upon trust, the road to conviction lay less through the understanding than the heart. The heart was to be moved, the affections and sympathies to be stirred, as well as the senses to be dazzled. This was the machinery by which alone could an effectual devotion to the faith be maintained in an ignorant people. It was not, therefore, Christ as a teacher delivering lessons of practical wisdom and morality that was brought before the eye, but Christ filling the offices of human sympathy, ministering to the poor and sorrowing, giving eyes to the blind, health to the sick, and life to the dead. It was Christ suffering under persecution, crowned with thorns, lacerated with stripes, dying on the cross. These sorrows and sufferings were understood by the dullest soul, and told more than a thousand homilies. So with the Virgin. It was not that sainted mother of the Saviour whom Protestants venerate but do not worship; it was the Mother of God, and entitled, like him, to adoration. It was a woman, and, as such, the object of those romantic feelings which would profane the service of the Deity, but which are not the less touching as being in accordance with human sympathies. The respect for the Virgin, indeed, partook of that which a Catholic might feel for his tutelar saint and his mistress combined. Orders of chivalry were dedicated to her service; and her shrine was piled with more offerings and frequented by more pilgrimages than the altars of the Deity himself. Thus, feelings of love, adoration, and romantic honour, strangely blended, threw a halo of poetic glory around their object, making it the most exalted theme for the study of the artist. What wonder that this subject should have called forth the noblest inspirations of his genius? What wonder that an artist like Raphael should have found in the simple portraiture of a woman and a child the materials for immortality?

It was something like a kindred state of feeling which called into being the arts of ancient Greece, when her mythology was comparatively fresh, and faith was easy,—when legends of the past, familiar as Scripture story at a later day, gave a real existence to the beings of fancy, and the artist, embodying these in forms of visible beauty, but finished the work which the poet had begun.

The Reformation brought other trains of ideas, and with them other influences on the arts, than those of Catholicism. Its first movements were decidedly hostile, since the works of art with which the temples were adorned, being

associated with the religion itself, became odious as the symbols of idolatry. But the spirit of the Reformation gave thought a new direction even in the cultivation of art. It was no longer sought to appeal to the senses by brilliant display, or to waken the sensibilities by those superficial emotions which find relief in tears. A sterner, deeper feeling was roused. The mind was turned within, as it were, to ponder on the import of existence and its future destinies; for the chains were withdrawn from the soul, and it was permitted to wander at large in the regions of speculation. Reason took the place of sentiment,—the useful of the merely ornamental. Facts were substituted for forms, even the ideal forms of beauty. There were to be no more Michael Angelos and Raphaels; no glorious Gothic temples which consumed generations in their building. The sublime and the beautiful were not the first objects proposed by the artist. He sought truth,—fidelity to nature. He studied the characters of his species as well as the forms of imaginary perfection. He portrayed life as developed in its thousand peculiarities before his own eyes, and the ideal gave way to the natural. In this way, new schools of painting, like that of Hogarth, for example, arose, which, however inferior in those great properties for which we must admire the masterpieces of Italian art, had a significance and philosophic depth which furnished quite as much matter for study and meditation.

A similar tendency was observable in poetry, eloquence, and works of elegant literature. The influence of the Reformation here was undoubtedly favourable, whatever it may have been on the arts. How could it be otherwise on literature, the written expression of thought, in which no grace of visible forms and proportions, no skill of mechanical execution, can cheat the eye with the vain semblance of genius? But it was not until the warm breath of the Reformation had dissolved the icy fetters which had so long held the spirit of man in bondage that the genial current of the soul was permitted to flow, that the gates of reason were unbarred, and the mind was permitted to taste of the tree of knowledge, forbidden tree no longer. Where was the scope for eloquence when thought was stifled in the very sanctuary of the heart? for out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

There might, indeed, be an elaborate attention to the outward forms of expression, an exquisite finish of verbal arrangement, the dress and garniture of thought. And, in fact, the Catholic nations have surpassed the Protestant in attention to verbal elegance and the soft music of numbers, to nice rhetorical artifice and brilliancy of composition. The poetry of Italy and the prose of France bear ample evidence how much time and talent have been expended on this beauty of outward form, the rich vehicle of thought. But where shall we find the powerful reasoning, various knowledge, and fearless energy of diction which stamp the oratory of Protestant England and America? In France, indeed, where prose has received a higher polish and classic elegance than in any other country, pulpit eloquence has reached an uncommon degree of excellence; for, though much was excluded, the avenues to the heart, as with the painter and the sculptor, were still left open to the orator. If there has been a deficiency in this respect in the English Church, which all will not admit, it arises probably from the fact that the mind, unrestricted, has been occupied with reasoning rather than rhetoric, and sought to clear away old prejudices and establish new truths, instead of wakening a transient sensibility or dazzling the imagination with poetic flights of eloquence. That it is the fault of the preacher, at all events, and not of Protestantism, is shown by a striking example under our own eyes, that of our distinguished countryman Dr. Channing, whose style is irradiated with all the splendours of a glowing imagination, showing, as powerfully as any other example, probably, in English

prose, of what melody and compass the language is capable under the touch of genius instinct with genuine enthusiasm. Not that we would recommend this style, grand and beautiful as it is, for imitation. We think we have seen the ill effects of this already in more than one instance. In fact, no style should be held up as a model for imitation. Dr. Johnson tells us, in one of those oracular passages somewhat threadbare now, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." With all deference to the great critic, who, by the formal cut of the sentence just quoted, shows that he did not care to follow his own prescription, we think otherwise. Whoever would write a good English style, we should say, should acquaint himself with the mysteries of the language as revealed in the writings of the best masters, but should form his own style on nobody but himself. Every man, at least every man with a spark of originality in his composition, has his own peculiar way of thinking, and, to give it effect, it must find its way out in its own peculiar language. Indeed, it is impossible to separate language from thought in that delicate blending of both which is called style; at least, it is impossible to produce the same effect with the original by any copy, however literal. We may imitate the structure of a sentence, but the ideas which gave it its peculiar propriety we cannot imitate. The forms of expression that suit one man's train of thinking no more suit another's than one man's clothes will suit another. They will be sure to be either too large or too small, or, at all events, not to make what gentlemen of the needle call a *good fit*. If the party chances, as is generally the case, to be rather under size, and the model is over size, this will only expose his own littleness the more. There is no case more in point than that afforded by Dr. Johnson himself. His brilliant style has been the ambition of every schoolboy, and of some children of larger growth, since the days of the Rambler. But the nearer they come to it the worse. The beautiful is turned into the fantastic, and the sublime into the ridiculous. The most curious example of this within our recollection is the case of Dr. Symmons, the English editor of Milton's prose writings, and the biographer of the poet. The little doctor has maintained throughout his ponderous volume a most exact imitation of the great doctor, his sesquipedalian words, and florid rotundity of period. With all this cumbrous load of brave finery on his back, swelled to twice his original dimensions, he looks for all the world, as he is, like a mere bag of wind.—a scarecrow, to admonish others of the folly of similar depredations.

But to return. The influence of the Reformation on elegant literature was never more visible than in the first great English school of poets, which came soon after it, at the close of the sixteenth century. The writers of that period displayed a courage, originality, and truth highly characteristic of the new revolution, which had been introduced by breaking down the old landmarks of opinion and giving unbounded range to speculation and inquiry. The first great poet, Spenser, adopted the same vehicle of imagination with the Italian bards of chivalry, the romantic epic; but, instead of making it, like them, a mere revel of fancy, with no farther object than to delight the reader by brilliant combinations, he moralized his song, and gave it a deeper and more solemn import by the mysteries of Allegory, which, however prejudicial to its effect as a work of art, showed a mind too intent on serious thoughts and inquiries itself to be content with the dazzling but impotent coruscations of genius, that serve no other end than that of amusement.

In the same manner, Shakspeare and the other dramatic writers of the time, instead of adopting the formal rules recognized afterwards by the French

writers, their long rhetorical flourishes, their exaggerated models of character, and ideal forms, went freely and fearlessly into all the varieties of human nature, the secret depths of the soul, touching on all the diversified interests of humanity,—for he might touch on all without fear of persecution,—and thus making his productions a storehouse of philosophy, of lessons of practical wisdom, deep, yet so clear that he who runs may read.

But the spirit of the Reformation did not descend in all its fulness on the Muse till the appearance of Milton. That great poet was in heart as thoroughly a Reformer, and in doctrine much more thoroughly so than Luther himself. Indignant at every effort to crush the spirit, and to cheat it, in his own words, "of that liberty which rarefies and enlightens it like the influence of heaven," he proclaimed the rights of man as a rational, immortal being, undismayed by menace and obloquy, amid a generation of servile and unprincipled sycophants. The blindness which excluded him from the things of earth opened to him more glorious and spiritualized conceptions of heaven, and aided him in exhibiting the full influence of those sublime truths which the privilege of free inquiry in religious matters had poured upon the mind. His Muse was as eminently the child of Protestantism as that of Dante, who resembled him in so many traits of character, was of Catholicism. The latter poet, coming first among the moderns, after the fountains of the great deep which had so long overwhelmed the world were broken up, displayed in his wonderful composition all the elements of modern institutions as distinguished from those of antiquity. He first showed the full and peculiar influence of Christianity on literature, but it was Christianity under the form of Catholicism. His subject, spiritual in its design, like Milton's, was sustained by all the auxiliaries of a visible and material existence. His passage through the infernal abyss is a series of tragic pictures of human woe, suggesting greater refinements of cruelty than were ever imagined by a heathen poet. Amid all the various forms of mortal anguish, we look in vain for the mind as a means of torture. In like manner, in ascending the scale of celestial being, we pass through a succession of brilliant *fêtes*, made up of light, music, and motion, increasing in splendour and velocity, till all are lost and confounded in the glories of the Deity. Even the pencil of the great master, dipped in these gorgeous tints of imagination, does not shrink from the attempt to portray the outlines of Deity itself. In this he aspired to what many of his countrymen in the sister arts of design have since attempted, and, like him, have failed; for who can hope to give form to the Infinite? In the same false style Dante personifies the spirits of evil, including Satan himself. Much was doubtless owing to the age, though much, also, must be referred to the genius of Catholicism, which, appealing to the senses, has a tendency to materialize the spiritual, as Protestantism, with deeper reflection, aims to spiritualize the material. Thus Milton, in treading similar ground, borrows his illustrations from intellectual sources, conveys the image of the Almighty by his attributes, and, in the frequent portraiture which he introduces of Satan, suggests only vague conceptions of form, the faint outlines of matter, as it were, stretching vast over many a rood, but towering sublime by the unconquerable energy of will,—the fit representative of the principle of evil. Indeed, Milton has scarcely anything of what may be called scenic decorations to produce a certain stage effect. His actors are few, and his action nothing. It is only by their intellectual and moral relations—by giving full scope to the

"Cherub Contemplation—
He that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,"

that he has prepared for us visions of celestial beauty and grandeur which never fade from our souls.

In the dialogue with which the two poets have seasoned their poems, we see the action of the opposite influences we have described. Both give vent to metaphysical disquisition, of learned sound, and much greater length than the reader would desire; but in Milton it is the free discussion of a mind trained to wrestle boldly on abstrusest points of metaphysical theology, while Dante follows in the same old barren footsteps which had been trodden by the schoolmen. Both writers were singularly bold and independent. Dante asserted that liberty which should belong to the citizen of every free state,—that civil liberty which had been sacrificed in his own country by the spirit of faction. But Milton claimed a higher freedom,—a freedom of thinking and of giving utterance to thought, uncontrolled by human authority. He had fallen on evil times; but he had a generous confidence that his voice would reach to posterity and would be a guide and a light to the coming generations. And truly has it proved so; for in his writings we find the germs of many of the boasted discoveries of our own day in government and education, so that he may be fairly considered as the morning star of that higher civilization which distinguishes our happier era.

Milton's poetical writings do not seem, however, to have been held in that neglect by his contemporaries which is commonly supposed. He had attracted too much attention as a political controversialist, was too much feared for his talents, as well as hated for his principles, to allow anything which fell from his pen to pass unnoticed. Although the profits went to others, he lived to see a second edition of "Paradise Lost," and this was more than was to have been fairly anticipated of a composition of this nature, however well executed, falling on such times. Indeed, its sale was no evidence that its merits were comprehended, and may be referred to the general reputation of its author; for we find so accomplished a critic as Sir William Temple, some years later, omitting the name of Milton in his roll of writers who have done honour to modern literature, a circumstance which may perhaps be imputed to that reverence for the ancients which blinded Sir William to the merits of their successors. How could Milton be understood in his own generation, in the grovelling, sensual court of Charles the Second? How could the dull eyes so long fastened on the earth endure the blaze of his inspired genius? It was not till time had removed him to a distance that he could be calmly gazed on and his merits fairly contemplated. Addison, as is well known, was the first to bring them into popular view, by a beautiful specimen of criticism that has permanently connected his name with that of his illustrious subject. More than half a century later, another great name in English criticism, perhaps the greatest in general reputation, Johnson, passed sentence of a very different kind on the pretensions of the poet. A production more discreditable to the author is not to be found in the whole of his voluminous works,—equally discreditable whether regarded in an historical light or as a sample of literary criticism. What shall we say of the biographer who, in allusion to that affecting passage where the blind old bard talks of himself as "in darkness, and with dangers compass'd round," can coolly remark that "this darkness, had his eyes been better employed, might undoubtedly have deserved compassion"? Or what of the critic who can say of the most exquisite effusion of Doric minstrelsy that our language boasts, "Surely no man could have fancied that he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure, had he not known the author;" and of "Paradise Lost" itself, that "its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure"? Could a more exact measure be afforded than by this single line of the poetic

sensibility of the critic, and his unsuitableness for the office he had here assumed? His "Life of Milton" is a humiliating testimony of the power of political and religious prejudices to warp a great and good mind from the standard of truth, in the estimation not merely of contemporary excellence, but of the great of other years, over whose frailties Time might be supposed to have drawn his friendly mantle.

Another half-century has elapsed, and ample justice has been rendered to the fame of the poet by two elaborate criticisms: the one in the *Edinburgh Review*, from the pen of Mr. Macaulay; the other by Dr. Channing, in the "*Christian Examiner*," since republished in his own works; remarkable performances, each in the manner highly characteristic of its author, and which have contributed, doubtless, to draw attention to the prose compositions of their subject, as the criticism of Addison did to his poetry. There is something gratifying in the circumstance that this great advocate of intellectual liberty should have found his most able and eloquent expositor among us, whose position qualifies us in a peculiar manner for profiting by the rich legacy of his genius. It was but discharging a debt of gratitude.

Chateaubriand has much to say about Milton, for whose writings, both prose and poetry, notwithstanding the difference of their sentiments on almost all points of politics and religion, he appears to entertain the most sincere reverence. His criticisms are liberal and just; they show a thorough study of his author; but neither the historical facts nor the reflections will suggest much that is new on a subject now become trite to the English reader.

We may pass over a good deal of skimble-skamble stuff about men and things, which our author may have cut out of his commonplace-book, to come to his remarks on Sir Walter Scott, whom he does not rate so highly as most critics.

"The illustrious painter of Scotland," he says, "seems to me to have created a false class; he has, in my opinion, confounded history and romance. The novelist has set about writing historical romances, and the historian romantic histories."—Vol. ii. p. 306.

We should have said, on the contrary, that he had improved the character of both; that he had given new value to romance by building it on history, and new charms to history by embellishing it with the graces of romance.

To be more explicit. The principal historical work of Scott is the "*Life of Napoleon*." It has, unquestionably, many of the faults incident to a dashing style of composition, which precluded the possibility of compression and arrangement in the best form of which the subject was capable. This, in the end, may be fatal to the perpetuity of the work, for posterity will be much less patient than our own age. He will have a much heavier load to carry, inasmuch as he is to bear up under all of his own time, and ours too. It is very certain, then, some must go by the board; and nine sturdy volumes, which is the amount of Sir Walter's English edition, will be somewhat alarming. Had he confined himself to half the quantity, there would have been no ground for distrust. Every day, nay, hour, we see, ay, and feel, the ill effects of this rapid style of composition, so usual with the best writers of our day. The immediate profits which such writers are pretty sure to get, notwithstanding the example of M. Chateaubriand, operate like the dressing improvidently laid on a naturally good soil, forcing out noxious weeds in such luxuriance as to check, if not absolutely to kill, the more healthful vegetation. Quantities of trivial detail find their way into the page, mixed up with graver matters. Instead of that skilful preparation by which all the avenues verge at last to one point, so as to leave a distinct impression—an impression of unity—on the reader,

he is hurried along zigzag, in a thousand directions, or round and round, but never, in the cant of the times, "going ahead" an inch. He leaves off pretty much where he set out, except that his memory may be tolerably well stuffed with facts, which, from want of some principle of cohesion, will soon drop out of it. He will find himself like a traveller who has been riding through a fine country, it may be, by moonlight, getting glimpses of everything, but no complete, well-illuminated view of the whole ("*quale per incertam lunam*," etc.), or, rather, like the same traveller whizzing along in a locomotive so rapidly as to get even a glimpse fairly of nothing, instead of making his tour in such a manner as would enable him to pause at what was worth his attention, to pass by night over the barren and uninteresting, and occasionally to rise to such elevations as would afford the best points of view for commanding the various prospect.

The romance-writer labours under no such embarrassments. He may, undoubtedly, precipitate his work, so that it may lack proportion, and the nice arrangement required by the rules which, fifty years ago, would have condemned it as a work of art. But the criticism of the present day is not so squeamish, or, to say truth, pedantic. It is enough for the writer of fiction if he give pleasure; and this, everybody knows, is not effected by the strict observance of artificial rules. It is of little consequence how the plot is entangled, or whether it be untied or cut in order to extricate the *dramatis personæ*. At least, it is of little consequence compared with the true delineation of character. The story is serviceable only as it affords a means for the display of this; and if the novelist but keep up the interest of his story and the truth of his characters, we easily forgive any dislocations which his light vehicle may encounter from too heedless motion. Indeed, rapidity of motion may in some sort favour him, keeping up the glow of his invention, and striking out, as he dashes along, sparks of wit and fancy, that give a brilliant illumination to his track. But in history there must be another kind of process,—a process at once slow and laborious. Old parchments are to be ransacked, charters and musty records to be deciphered, and stupid, worm-eaten chroniclers, who had much more of passion, frequently, to blind, than good sense to guide them, must be sifted and compared. In short, a sort of Medea-like process is to be gone through, and many an old bone is to be boiled over in the caldron before it can come out again clothed in the elements of beauty. The dreams of the novelist,—the poet of prose,—on the other hand, are beyond the reach of art, and the magician calls up the most brilliant forms of fancy by a single stroke of his wand.

Scott, in his History, was relieved in some degree from this necessity of studious research by borrowing his theme from contemporary events. It was his duty, indeed, to examine evidence carefully and sift out contradictions and errors. This demanded shrewdness and caution, but not much previous preparation and study. It demanded, above all, candour; for it was his business not to make out a case for a client, but to weigh both sides, like an impartial judge, before summing up the evidence and delivering his conscientious opinion. We believe there is no good ground for charging Scott with having swerved from this part of his duty. Those who expected to see him deify his hero and raise altars to his memory were disappointed; and so were those, also, who demanded that the tail and cloven hoof should be made to peep out beneath the imperial robe. But this proves his impartiality. It would be unfair, however, to require the degree of impartiality which is to be expected from one removed to a distance from the theatre of strife, from those national interests and feelings which are so often the disturbing causes of historic fair-

ness. An American, no doubt, would have been in this respect in a more favourable point of view for contemplating the European drama. The ocean, stretched between us and the Old World, has the effect of time, and extinguishes, or, at least, cools, the hot and angry feelings which find their way into every man's bosom within the atmosphere of the contest. Scott was a Briton, with all the peculiarities of one,—at least of a North Briton; and the future historian who gathers materials from his labours will throw these national predilections into the scale in determining the probable accuracy of his statements. These are not greater than might occur to any man, and allowance will always be made for them, on the ground of a general presumption; so that a greater degree of impartiality, by leading to false conclusions in this respect, would scarcely have served the cause of truth better with posterity. An individual who felt his reputation compromised may have joined issue on this or that charge of inaccuracy; but no such charge has come from any of the leading journals in the country, which would not have been slow to expose it, and which would not, considering the great popularity and, consequently, influence of the work, have omitted, as they did, to notice it at all, had it afforded any obvious ground of exception on this score. Where, then, is the romance which our author accuses Sir Walter of blending with history?

Scott was, in truth, master of the picturesque. He understood, better than any historian since the time of Livy, how to dispose his lights and shades so as to produce the most striking result. This property of romance he had a right to borrow. This talent is particularly observable in the animated parts of his story,—in his battles, for example. No man ever painted those terrible scenes with greater effect. He had a natural relish for gunpowder; and his mettle roused, like that of the war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet. His acquaintance with military science enabled him to employ a technical phraseology, just technical enough to give a knowing air to his descriptions, without embarrassing the reader by a pedantic display of unintelligible jargon. This is a talent rare in a civilian. Nothing can be finer than many of his battle-pieces in his "Life of Bonaparte," unless, indeed, we except one or two in his "History of Scotland," as the fight of Bannockburn, for example, in which Burns's "Scots, wha hae" seems to breathe in every line.

It is when treading on Scottish ground that he seems to feel all his strength. "I seem always to step more firmly," he said to some one, "when on my own native heather." His mind was steeped in Scottish lore, and his bosom warmed with a sympathetic glow for the age of chivalry. Accordingly, his delineations of this period, whether in history or romance, are unrivalled; as superior in effect to those of most compilers as the richly-stained glass of the feudal ages is superior in beauty and brilliancy of tints to a modern imitation. If this be borrowing something from romance, it is, we repeat, no more than what is lawful for the historian, and explains the meaning of our assertion that he has improved history by the embellishments of fiction.

Yet, after all, how wide the difference between the province of history and of romance, under Scott's own hands, may be shown by comparing his account of Mary's reign in his "History of Scotland" with the same period in the novel of "The Abbot." The historian must keep the beaten track of events. The novelist launches into the illimitable regions of fiction, provided only that his historic portraits be true to their originals. By due attention to this, fiction is made to minister to history, and may, in point of fact, contain as much real truth,—truth of character, though not of situation. "The difference between the historian and me," says Fielding, "is that with him

everything is false but the names and dates, while with me nothing is false but these." There is, at least, as much truth in this as in most witticisms.

It is the great glory of Scott that, by nice attention to costume and character in his novels, he has raised them to historic importance without impairing their interest as works of art. Who now would imagine that he could form a satisfactory notion of the golden days of Queen Bess that had not read "Kenilworth"? or of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his brave paladins that had not read "Ivanhoe"? Why, then, it has been said, not at once incorporate into regular history all these traits which give such historical value to the novel? Because in this way the strict truth which history requires would be violated. This cannot be. The fact is, History and Romance are too near akin ever to be lawfully united. By mingling them together, a confusion is produced, like the mingling of day and night, mystifying and distorting every feature of the landscape. It is enough for the novelist if he be true to the spirit; the historian must be true also to the letter. He cannot coin pertinent remarks and anecdotes to illustrate the characters of his drama. He cannot even provide them with suitable costumes. He must take just what Father Time has given him, just what he finds in the records of the age, setting down neither more nor less. Now, the dull chroniclers of the old time rarely thought of putting down the smart sayings of the great people they biographize, still less of entering into minute circumstances of personal interest. These were too familiar to contemporaries to require it, and therefore they waste their breath on more solemn matters of state, all important in their generation, but not worth a rush in the present. What would the historian not give could he borrow those fine touches of nature with which the novelist illustrates the characters of his actors,—natural touches, indeed, but, in truth, just as artificial as any other part,—all coined in the imagination of the writer! There is the same difference between his occupation and that of the novelist that there is between the historical and the portrait painter. The former necessarily takes some great subject, with great personages, all strutting about in gorgeous state attire and air of solemn tragedy, while his brother artist insinuates himself into the family groups, and picks out natural, familiar scenes and faces, laughing or weeping, but in the charming undress of nature. What wonder that novel-reading should be so much more amusing than history?

But we have already trespassed too freely on the patience of our readers, who will think the rambling spirit of our author contagious. Before dismissing him, however, we will give a taste of his quality by one or two extracts, not very germane to English literature, but about as much so as a great part of the work. The first is a poetical sally on Bonaparte's burial-place, quite in Monsieur Chateaubriand's peculiar vein:

"The solitude of Napoleon, in his exile and his tomb, has thrown another kind of spell over a brilliant memory. Alexander did not die in sight of Greece; he disappeared amid the pomp of distant Babylon. Bonaparte did not close his eyes in the presence of France; he passed away in the gorgeous horizon of the torrid zone. The man who had shown himself in such powerful reality vanished like a dream; his life, which belonged to history, co-operated in the poetry of his death. He now sleeps for ever, like a hermit or a paria, beneath a willow, in a narrow valley, surrounded by steep rocks, at the extremity of a lonely path. The depth of the silence which presses upon him can only be compared to the vastness of that tumult which had surrounded him. Nations are absent; their throng has retired. The bird of the tropics, harnessed to the car of the sun, as Buffon magnificently expresses it, speeding his

sky which delighted Columbus, Vasco de Gama, and Camoens. He looked upon the ship's stern, he perceived not that unknown constellations were parking over his head. His powerful glance, for the first time, encountered their rays. What to him were stars which he had never seen from his throne and which had never shone over his empire? Nevertheless, not one man has failed to fulfil its destiny: one half of the firmament spread its light over his cradle, the other half was reserved to illuminate his tomb."— pp. 185, 186.

The next extract relates to the British statesman, William Pitt: "Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His voice was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible. At the same time, the lucidness and the fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irradiated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his speech something above the ordinary line."

"I frequently saw Pitt walking across St. James's Park from his own house to the palace. On his part, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after having drunk beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he came through the mean courts of his mean habitation in a gray chariot, attended by a few of the horse-guards. This was the master of the kings of England, as five or six merchants of the city are the masters of India. Pitt, dressed in black, with a steel-bilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. In his passage he met with three or four emigrants, who had nothing to do. Casting a disdainful look, he turned up his nose and his pale face, and went on."

"At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never could take the trouble to cast up a bill. A *valet de chambre* attended his house. Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without passion, greedy of money, he despised honours, and would not be anything more than William Pitt."

The month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house.

"As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house where he was born. Lord Chatham, the statesman who had had Europe in his pay and had parted with his own hand all the treasures of the world, died in poverty."— pp. 277, 278.

The following extracts show the changes that have taken place in English manners and society, and may afford the "whiskered pandour" of our own day an opportunity of contrasting his style of dandyism with that of the preceding generation:

"Separated from the Continent by a long war, the English retained their manners and their national character till the end of the last century. All was simplicity in the working classes, folly in the upper classes. On the streets and in the assemblies where you now meet squalid figures and men in frock-coats, were passed by young girls with white tippetts, straw hats tied under the chin with a riband, with a basket on the arm, in which was fruit or a book: they cast their eyes down; all blushed when one looked at them. Frock-coats, without any other, were so unusual in London in 1793 that a woman, weeping with tears the death of Louis the Sixteenth, said to me, 'But, my dear friend, is it true that the poor king was dressed in a frock-coat when they cut off his head?'

"The gentlemen-farmers had not yet sold their patrimony to take up their residence in London; they still formed, in the House of Commons, that independent fraction which, transferring their support from the opposition to the ministerial side, upheld the ideas of order and propriety. They hunted the fox and shot pheasants in autumn, ate fat goose at Michaelmas, greeted the sirloin with shouts of "Roast beef for ever!" complained of the present, extolled the past, cursed Pitt and the war, which doubled the price of port wine, and went to bed drunk, to begin the same life again on the following day. They felt quite sure that the glory of Great Britain would not perish so long as 'God save the King' was sung, the rotten boroughs maintained, the game-laws enforced, and hares and partridges could be sold by stealth at market, under the names of lions and ostriches."—Vol. ii. pp. 279, 280.

"In 1822, at the time of my embassy to London, the fashionable was expected to exhibit, at the first glance, an unhappy and unhealthy man; to have an air of negligence about his person, long nails, a beard neither entire nor shaven, but as if grown for a moment unawares, and forgotten during the pre-occupations of wretchedness; hair in disorder; a sublime, mild, wicked eye; lips compressed in disdain of human nature; a Byronian heart, overwhelmed with weariness and disgust of life.

"The dandy of the present day must have a conquering, frivolous, insolent look. He must pay particular attention to his toilet, wear mustaches, or a beard trimmed into a circle like Queen Elizabeth's ruff, or like the radiant disc of the sun. He shows the proud independence of his character by keeping his hat upon his head, by lolling upon sofas, by thrusting his boots into the faces of the ladies seated in admiration upon chairs before him. He rides with a cane, which he carries like a taper, regardless of the horse, which he bestrides, as it were, by accident. His health must be perfect, and he must always have five or six felicities upon his hands. Some radical dandies, who have advanced the farthest towards the future, have a pipe. But, no doubt, all this has changed, even during the time that I have taken to describe it."—Vol. ii. pp. 303, 304.

The avowed purpose of the present work, singular as it may seem from the above extracts, is to serve as an introduction to a meditated translation of Milton into French, since wholly, or in part, completed by M. Chateaubriand, who thinks, truly enough, that Milton's "poetical ideas make him a man of our own epoch." When an exile in England, in his early life, during the troubles of the Revolution, our author earned an honourable subsistence by translating some of Milton's verses; and he now proposes to render the bard and himself the same kind office by his labours on a more extended scale. Thus he concludes: "I again seat myself at the table of my poet. He will have nourished me in my youth and my old age. It is nobler and safer to have recourse to glory than to power." Our author's situation is an indifferent commentary on the value of literary fame, at least on its pecuniary value. No man has had more of it in his day. No man has been more alert to make the most of it by frequent, reiterated appearance before the public,—whether in full dress or dishabille, yet always before them; and now, in the decline of life, we find him obtaining a scanty support by "French translation and Italian song." We heartily hope that the bard of "Paradise Lost" will do better for his translator than he did for himself, and that M. de Chateaubriand will put more than five pounds in his pocket by his literary labour.

BANCROFT'S UNITED STATES.¹

(January, 1841.)

THE celebrated line of Bishop Berkeley,

Westward the *course* of empire takes its way,"

is too gratifying to national vanity not to be often quoted (though not always quoted right); and if we look on it in the nature of a prediction, the completion of it not being limited to any particular time, it will not be easy to disprove it. Had the bishop substituted "freedom" for "empire," it would be already fully justified by experience. It is curious to observe how steadily the progress of freedom, civil and religious,—of the enjoyment of those rights which may be called the natural rights of humanity,—has gone on from east to west, and how precisely the more or less liberal character of the social institutions of a country may be determined by its geographical position, as falling within the limits of one of the three quarters of the globe occupied wholly or in part by members of the great Caucasian family.

Thus, in Asia we find only far-extended despotisms, in which but two relations are recognized, those of master and slave: a solitary master, and a nation of slaves. No constitution exists there to limit his authority; no intermediate body to counterbalance, or, at least, shield the people from its exercise. The people have no political existence. The monarch is literally the state. The religion of such countries is of the same complexion with their government. The free spirit of Christianity, quickening and elevating the soul by the consciousness of its glorious destiny, made few proselytes there; but Mohammedanism, with its doctrines of blind fatality, found ready favour with those who had already surrendered their wills—their responsibility—to an earthly master. In such countries, of course, there has been little progress in science. Ornamental arts, and even the literature of imagination, have been cultivated with various success; but little has been done in those pursuits which depend on freedom of inquiry and are connected with the best interests of humanity. The few monuments of an architectural kind that strike the traveller's eye are the cold memorials of pomp and selfish vanity, not those of public spirit, directed to enlarge the resources and civilization of an empire.

As we cross the boundaries into Europe, among the people of the same primitive stock and under the same parallels, we may imagine ourselves transplanted to another planet. Man no longer grovels in the dust beneath a master's frown. He walks erect, as lord of the creation, his eyes raised to that heaven to which his destinies call him. He is a free agent,—thinks, speaks, acts for himself; enjoys the fruits of his own industry; follows the career suited to his own genius and taste; explores fearlessly the secrets of time and nature; lives under laws which he has assisted in framing; demands justice as his right when those laws are invaded. In his freedom of speculation and action he has devised various forms of government. In most of them the monarchical principle is recognized; but the power of the monarch is limited by written or customary rules. The people at large enter more or

¹ "History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft." Vol. III. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 8vo, pp. 468.

less into the exercise of government ; and a numerous aristocracy, interposed between them and the crown, secures them from the oppression of Eastern tyranny, while this body itself is so far an improvement in the social organization that the power, instead of being concentrated in a single person,—plaintiff, judge, and executioner,—is distributed among a large number of different individuals and interests. This is a great advance, in itself, towards popular freedom.

The tendency, almost universal, is to advance still farther. It is this war of opinion—this contest between light and darkness, now going forward in most of the countries of Europe—which furnishes the point of view from which their history is to be studied in the present, and, it may be, the following centuries ; for revolutions in society, when founded on opinion,—the only stable foundation, the only foundation at which the friend of humanity does not shudder,—must be the slow work of time ; and who would wish the good cause to be so precipitated that, in eradicating the old abuses which have interwoven themselves with every stone and pillar of the building, the noble building itself, which has so long afforded security to its inmates, should be laid in ruins ? What is the best, what the worst form of government, in the abstract, may be matter of debate ; but there can be no doubt that the best will become the worst to a people who blindly rush into it without the preliminary training for comprehending and conducting it. Such transitions must, at least, cost the sacrifice of generations ; and the patriotism must be singularly pure and abstract which, at such cost, would purchase the possible, or even probable, good of a remote posterity. Various have been the efforts in the Old World at popular forms of government, but, from some cause or other, they have failed ; and however time, a wider intercourse, a greater familiarity with the practical duties of representation, and, not least of all, our own auspicious example, may prepare the European mind for the possession of republican freedom, it is very certain that, at the present moment, Europe is not the place for republics.

The true soil for these is our own continent, the New World, the last of the three great geographical divisions of which we have spoken. This is the spot on which the beautiful theories of the European philosopher—who had risen to the full freedom of speculation, while action was controlled—have been reduced to practice. The atmosphere here seems as fatal to the arbitrary institutions of the Old World as that has been to the democratic forms of our own. It seems scarcely possible that any other organization than these latter should exist here. In three centuries from the discovery of the country, the various races by which it is tenanted, some of them from the least liberal of the European monarchies, have, with few exceptions, come into the adoption of institutions of a republican character. Toleration, civil and religious, has been proclaimed, and enjoyed to an extent unknown since the world began, throughout the wide borders of this vast continent. Alas for those portions which have assumed the exercise of these rights without fully comprehending their import,—who have been intoxicated with the fumes of freedom instead of drawing nourishment from its living principle !

It was a fortunate, or, to speak more properly, a providential thing that the discovery of the New World was postponed to the precise period when it occurred. Had it taken place at an earlier time,—during the flourishing period of the feudal ages, for example,—the old institutions of Europe, with their hallowed abuses, might have been ingrafted on this new stock, and, instead of the fruit of the tree of life, we should have furnished only varieties of a kind already far exhausted and hastening to decay. But, happily, some

important discoveries in science, and, above all, the glorious Reformation, gave an electric shock to the intellect, long benumbed under the influence of a tyrannical priesthood. It taught men to distrust authority, to trace effects back to their causes, to search for themselves, and to take no guide but the reason which God had given them. It taught them to claim the right of free inquiry as their inalienable birthright, and, with free inquiry, freedom of action. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the period of the mighty struggle between the conflicting elements of religion, as the eighteenth and nineteenth have been that of the great contest for civil liberty.

It was in the midst of this universal ferment, and in consequence of it, that these shores were first peopled by our Puritan ancestors. Here they found a world where they might verify the value of those theories which had been derided as visionary or denounced as dangerous in their own land. All around was free,—free as nature herself: the mighty streams rolling on in their majesty, as they had continued to roll from the creation; the forests, which no hand had violated, flourishing in primeval grandeur and beauty; their only tenants the wild animals, or the Indians nearly as wild, scarcely held together by any tie of social polity. Nowhere was the trace of civilized man or of his curious contrivances. Here was no Star Chamber nor Court of High Commission; no racks, nor jails, nor gibbets; no feudal tyrant to grind the poor man to the dust on which he toiled; no Inquisition, to pierce into the thought, and to make thought a crime. The only eye that was upon them was the eye of Heaven.

True, indeed, in the first heats of suffering enthusiasm they did not extend that charity to others which they claimed for themselves. It was a blot on their characters, but one which they share in common with most reformers. The zeal requisite for great revolutions, whether in church or state, is rarely attended by charity for difference of opinion. Those who are willing to do and to suffer bravely for their own doctrines attach a value to them which makes them impatient of opposition from others. The martyr for conscience' sake cannot comprehend the necessity of leniency to those who denounce those truths for which he is prepared to lay down his own life. If he set so little value on his own life, is it natural he should set more on that of others? The Dominican, who dragged his victims to the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, freely gave up his ease and his life to the duties of a missionary among the heathen. The Jesuits, who suffered martyrdom among the American savages in the propagation of their faith, stimulated those very savages to their horrid massacres of the Protestant settlements of New England. God has not often combined charity with enthusiasm. When he has done so, he has produced his noblest work,—a More, or a Fénelon.

*But, if the first settlers were intolerant in practice, they brought with them the living principle of freedom, which would survive when their generation had passed away. They could not avoid it; for their coming here was in itself an assertion of that principle. They came for conscience' sake,—to worship God in their own way. Freedom of political institutions they at once avowed. Every citizen took his part in the political scheme, and enjoyed all the consideration or an equal participation in civil privileges; and liberty in political matters gradually brought with it a corresponding liberty in religious concerns. In their subsequent contest with the mother-country they learned a reason for their faith, and the best manner of defending it. Their liberties struck a deep root in the soil amid storms which shook but could not prostrate them. It is this struggle with the mother-country, this constant assertion of the right of self-government, this tendency—feeble in its beginning, increasing

with increasing age—towards republican institutions, which connects the Colonial history with that of the Union, and forms the true point of view from which it is to be regarded.

The history of this country naturally divides itself into three great periods : the Colonial, when the idea of independence was slowly and gradually ripening in the American mind ; the Revolutionary, when this idea was maintained by arms ; and that of the Union, when it was reduced to practice. The first two heads are now ready for the historian ; the last is not yet ripe for him. Important contributions may be made to it in the form of local narratives, personal biographies, political discussions, subsidiary documents, and *mémoires pour servir* ; but we are too near the strife, too much in the dust and mist of the parties, to have reached a point sufficiently distant and elevated to embrace the whole field of operations in one view and paint it in its true colours and proportions for the eye of posterity. We are, besides, too new as an independent nation, our existence has been too short, to satisfy the skepticism of those who distrust the perpetuity of our political institutions. They do not consider the problem, so important to humanity, as yet solved. Such skeptics are found not only abroad, but at home. Not that the latter suppose the possibility of again returning to those forms of arbitrary government which belong to the Old World. It would not be more chimerical to suspect the Emperor Nicholas, or Prince Metternich, or the citizen-king Louis Philippe, of being republicans at heart, and sighing for a democracy, than to suspect the people of this country (above all, of New England, the most thorough democracy in existence)—who have inherited republican principles and feelings from their ancestors, drawn them in with their mother's milk, breathed the atmosphere of them from their cradle, participated in their equal rights and glorious privileges—of foregoing their birthright and falsifying their nature so far as to acquiesce in any other than a popular form of government. But there are some skeptics who, when they reflect on the fate of similar institutions in other countries,—when they see our sister states of South America, after nobly winning their independence, split into insignificant fractions,—when they see the abuses which from time to time have crept into our own administration, and the violence offered, in manifold ways, to the Constitution,—when they see ambitious and able statesmen in one section of the country proclaiming principles which must palsy the arm of the Federal Government, and urging the people of their own quarter to efforts for securing their independence of every other quarter,—there are, we say, some wise and benevolent minds among us who, seeing all this, feel a natural distrust as to the stability of the federal compact, and consider the experiment as still in progress.

We, indeed, are not of that number, while we respect and feel the weight of their scruples. We sympathize fully in those feelings, those hopes, it may be, which animate the great mass of our countrymen. Hope is the attribute of republics ; it should be peculiarly so of ours. Our fortune is all in the advance. We have no past, as compared with the nations of the Old World. Our existence is but two centuries, dating from our embryo state ; our real existence as an independent people little more than half a century. We are to look forward, then, and go forward, not with vainglorious boasting, but with resolution and honest confidence. Boasting, indecorous in all, is peculiarly so in those who take credit for the great things they are going to do, not those they have done. The glorification of an Englishman or a Frenchman, with a long line of annals in his rear, may be offensive ; that of an American is ridiculous. But we may feel a just confidence from the past that

we shall be true to ourselves for the future; that, to borrow a cant phrase of the day, we shall be true to our *mission*,—the most momentous ever intrusted to a nation; that there is sufficient intelligence and moral principle in the people, if not always to choose the best rulers, at least to right themselves by the ejection of bad ones when they find they have been abused; that they have intelligence enough to understand their only consideration, their security as a nation, is in union; that separation into smaller communities is the creation of so many hostile states; that a large extent of empire, instead of being an evil, from embracing regions of irreconcilable local interests, is a benefit, since it affords the means of that commercial reciprocity which makes the country, by its own resources, independent of every other; and that the representatives drawn from these “magnificent distances” will, on the whole, be apt to legislate more independently and on broader principles than if occupied with the concerns of a petty state, where each legislator is swayed by the paltry factions of his own village. In all this we may honestly confide; but our confidence will not pass for argument, will not be accepted as a solution of the problem. Time only can solve it; and until the period has elapsed which shall have fairly tried the strength of our institutions, through peace and through war, through adversity and more trying prosperity, the time will not have come to write the history of the Union.²

But, still, results have been obtained sufficiently glorious to give great consideration to the two preliminary narratives, namely, of the Colonies and the Revolution, which prepared the way for the Union. Indeed, without these results they would both, however important in themselves, have lost much of their dignity and interest. Of these two narratives, the former, although less momentous than the latter, is most difficult to treat.

It is not that the historian is called on to pry into the dark recesses of antiquity, the twilight of civilization, mystifying and magnifying every object to the senses, nor to unravel some poetical mythology, hanging its metaphorical allusions around everything in nature, mingling fact with fiction, the material with the spiritual, until the honest inquirer after truth may fold his arms in despair before he can cry *εὐρηκα*; nor is he compelled to unroll musty, worm-eaten parchments, and dusty tomes in venerable black letter, of the good times of honest Caxton and Winken de Worde, nor to go about gleaning traditionary tales and ballads in some obsolete provincial *patois*. The record is plain and legible, and he need never go behind it. The antiquity of his story goes but little more than two centuries back,—a very modern antiquity. The commencement of it was not in the dark ages, but in a period of illumination,—an age yet glowing with the imagination of Shakspeare and Spenser, the philosophy of Bacon, the learning of Coke and of Hooker. The early passages of his

* The preceding cheering remarks on the auspicious destinies of our country were written more than four years ago; and it is not now as many days since we have received the melancholy tidings that the project for the *Annexation of Texas* has been sanctioned by Congress. The remarks in the text on “the extent of empire” had reference only to that legitimate extent which might grow out of the peaceful settlement and civilization of a territory, sufficiently ample certainly, that already belongs to us. The craving for foreign acquisitions has ever been a most fatal symptom in the history of republics; but when these acquisitions are made, as in the present instance, in contempt of constitutional law

and in disregard of the great principles of international justice, the evil assumes a tenfold magnitude: for it flows not so much from the single act as from the principle on which it rests, and which may open the way to the indefinite perpetration of such acts. In glancing my eye over the text at this gloomy moment, and considering its general import, I was unwilling to let it go into the world with my name to it, without entering my protest, in common with so many better and wiser in our country, against a measure which every friend of freedom, both at home and abroad, may justly lament as the most serious shock yet given to the stability of our glorious institutions.

story—coeval with Hampden and Milton and Sidney—belong to the times in which the same struggle for the rights of conscience was going on in the land of our fathers as in our own. There was no danger that the light of the Pilgrim should be hid under a bushel, or that there should be any dearth of chronicler or bard—such as they were—to record his sacrifice. And fortunate for us that it was so, since in this way every part of this great enterprise, from its conception to its consummation, is brought into the light of day. We are put in possession not merely of the action, but of the motives which led to it, and, as to the character of the actors, are enabled to do justice to those who, if we pronounce from their actions only, would seem not always careful to do justice to themselves.

The embarrassment of the Colonial history arises from the difficulty of obtaining a central point of interest among so many petty states, each independent of the others, and all at the same time so dependent on a foreign one as to impair the historic dignity which attaches to great, powerful, and self-regulated communities. This embarrassment must be overcome by the author's detecting, and skilfully keeping before the reader, some great principle of action, if such exist, that may give unity and, at the same time, importance to the theme. Such a principle did exist in that tendency to independence, which, however feeble till fanned by the breath of persecution into a blaze, was nevertheless the vivifying principle, as before remarked, of our ante-revolutionary annals.

Whoever has dipped much into historical reading is aware how few have succeeded in weaving an harmonious tissue from the motley and tangled skein of general history. The most fortunate illustration of this within our recollection is Sismondi's "*Républiques Italiennes*," a work in sixteen volumes, in which the author has brought on the stage all the various governments of Italy for a thousand years, and in almost every variety of combination. Yet there is a pervading principle in this great mass of apparently discordant interests. That principle was the rise and decline of liberty. It is the keynote to every revolution that occurs. It gives an harmonious tone to the many-coloured canvas, which would else have offended by its glaring contrasts and the startling violence of its transitions. The reader is interested in spite of the transitions, but knows not the cause. This is the skill of the great artist. So true is this, that the same author has been able to concentrate what may be called the essence of his bulky history into a single volume, in which he confines himself to the development of the animating principle of his narrative, stripped of all the superfluous accessories, under the significant title of "*Rise, Progress, and Decline of Italian Freedom*."

This embarrassment has not been easy to overcome by the writers of our Colonial annals. The first volume of Marshall's "*Life of Washington*" has great merit as a wise and comprehensive survey of this early period, but the plan is too limited to afford room for anything like a satisfactory fulness of detail. The most thorough work, and incomparably the best, on the subject, previous to the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's, is the well-known history by Mr. Grahame, a truly valuable book, in which the author, though a foreigner, has shown himself capable of appreciating the motives and comprehending the institutions of our Puritan ancestors. He has spared no pains in the investigation of such original sources as were at his command, and has conducted his inquiries with much candour, manifesting throughout the spirit of a scholar and a gentleman. It is not very creditable to his countrymen that they should have received his labours with the apathy which he tells us they have, amid the ocean of contemptible trash with which their press is daily

deluged. But, in truth, the Colonial and Revolutionary story of this country is a theme too ungrateful to British ears for us to be astonished at any insensibility on this score.

Mr. Grahame's work, however, with all its merit, is the work of a *foreigner*, and that word comprehends much that cannot be overcome by the best writer. He may produce a beautiful composition, faultless in style, accurate in the delineation of prominent events, full of sound logic and most wise conclusions, but he cannot enter into the sympathies, comprehend all the minute feelings, prejudices, and peculiar ways of thinking, which form the idiosyncrasy of the nation. What can he know of these who has never been warmed by the same sun, lingered among the same scenes, listened to the same tales in childhood, been pledged to the same interests in manhood by which these fancies are nourished,—the loves, the hates, the hopes, the fears, that go to form national character? Write as he will, he is still an alien, speaking a tongue in which the nation will detect the foreign accent. He may produce a book without a blemish in the eyes of foreigners; it may even contain much for the instruction of the native that he would not be likely to find in his own literature; but it will afford evidence on every page of its exotic origin. Botta's "History of the War of the Revolution" is the best treatise yet compiled of that event. It is, as every one knows, a most classical and able work, doing justice to most of the great heroes and actions of the period; but, we will venture to say, no well-informed American ever turned over its leaves without feeling that the writer was not nourished among the men and the scenes he is painting. With all its great merits, it cannot be, at least for Americans, *the* history of the Revolution.

It is the same as in portrait-painting. The artist may catch the prominent lineaments, the complexion, the general air, the peculiar costume of his subject,—all that a stranger's eye will demand; but he must not hope, unless he has had much previous intimacy with the sitter, to transfer those fleeting shades of expression, the almost imperceptible play of features, which are revealed to the eye of his own family.

Who would think of looking to a Frenchman for a history of England? to an Englishman for the best history of France! Ill fares it with the nation that cannot find writers of genius to tell its own story. What foreign hand could have painted like Herodotus and Thucydides the achievements of the Greeks? who like Livy and Tacitus have portrayed the shifting character of the Roman in his rise, meridian, and decline? Had the Greeks trusted their story to these same Romans, what would have been their fate with posterity? Let the Carthaginians tell. All that remains of this nation, the proud rival of Rome, who once divided with her the empire of the Mediterranean and surpassed her in commerce and civilization,—nearly all that now remains to indicate her character is a poor proverb, *Punica fides*, a brand of infamy given by the Roman historian, and one which the Romans merited probably as richly as the Carthaginians. Yet America, it is too true, must go to Italy for the best history of the Revolution, and to Scotland for the best history of the Colonies. Happily, the work before us bids fair, when completed, to supply this deficiency; and it is quite time we should turn to it.

Mr. Bancroft's first two volumes have been too long before the public to require anything to be now said of them. Indeed, the first has already been the subject of a particular notice in this Journal. These volumes are mainly occupied with the settlement of the country by the different colonies, and the institutions gradually established among them, with a more particular illustration of the remarkable features in their character or policy.

In the present volume the immediate point of view is somewhat changed. It was no longer necessary to treat each of the colonies separately, and a manifest advantage in respect to unity is gained by their being brought more under one aspect. A more prominent feature is gradually developed by the relations with the mother-country. This is the mercantile system, as it is called by economical writers, which distinguishes the colonial policy of modern Europe from that of ancient. The great object of this system was to get as much profit from the colonies, with as little cost to the mother-country, as possible. The former, instead of being regarded as an integral part of the empire, were held as property, to be dealt with for the benefit of the proprietors. This was the great object of legislation, almost the sole one. The system, so different from anything known in antiquity, was introduced by the Spaniards and Portuguese, and by them carried to an extent which no other nation has cared to follow. By the most cruel and absurd system of prohibitory legislation, their colonies were cut off from intercourse with all but the parent country; and, as the latter was unable to supply their demands for even the necessaries of life, an extensive contraband trade was introduced, which, without satisfying the wants of the colonies, corrupted their morals. It is an old story, and the present generation has witnessed the results, in the ruin of those fine countries and the final assertion of their independence, which the degraded condition in which they have so long been held has wholly unfitted them to enjoy.

The English government was too wise and liberal to press thus heavily on its transatlantic subjects; but the policy was similar, consisting, as is well known, and is ably delineated in these volumes, of a long series of restrictive measures, tending to cramp their free trade, manufactures, and agriculture, and to secure the commercial monopoly of Great Britain. This is the point from which events in the present volume are to be more immediately contemplated, all subordinate, like those in the preceding, to that leading principle of a republican tendency,—the centre of attraction, controlling the movements of the numerous satellites in our colonial system.

The introductory chapter in the volume opens with a view of the English Revolution in 1688, which, though not popular, is rightly characterized as leading the way to popular liberty. Its great object was the security of property; and our author has traced its operation, in connection with the gradual progress of commercial wealth, to give greater authority to the mercantile system. We select the following original sketch of the character of William the Third:

“The character of the new monarch of Great Britain could mould its policy, but not its Constitution. True to his purposes, he yet wins no sympathy. In political sagacity, in force of will, far superior to the English statesmen who environed him, more tolerant than his ministers or his Parliaments, the childless man seems like the unknown character in algebra, which is introduced to form the equation and dismissed when the problem is solved. In his person thin and feeble, with eyes of a hectic lustre, of a temperament inclining to the melancholic, in conduct cautious, of a self-relying humour, with abiding impressions respecting men, he sought no favour, and relied for success on his own inflexibility and the greatness and maturity of his designs. Too wise to be cajoled, too firm to be complaisant, no address could sway his resolve. In Holland he had not scrupled to derive an increased power from the crimes of rioters and assassins; in England, no filial respect diminished the energy of his ambition. His exterior was chilling; yet he had a passionate delight in horses and the chase. In conversation he was abrupt, speaking

little and slowly, and with repulsive dryness; in the day of battle he was all activity, and the highest energy of life, without kindling his passions, animated his fame. His trust in Providence was so connected with faith in general laws that in every action he sought the principle which should range it on an absolute decree. Thus, unconscious to himself, he had sympathy with the people, who always have faith in Providence. 'Do you dread death in my company?' he cried to the anxious sailors, when the ice on the coast of Holland had almost crushed the boat that was bearing him to the shore. Courage and pride pervaded the reserve of the prince who, spurning an alliance with a bastard daughter of Louis XIV., had made himself the centre of a gigantic opposition to France. For England, for the English people, for English liberties, he had no affection, indifferently employing the Whigs, who found their pride in the Revolution, and the Tories, who had opposed his elevation, and who yet were the fittest instruments 'to carry the prerogative high.' One great passion had absorbed his breast,—the independence of his native country. The harsh encroachments of Louis XIV., which in 1672 had made William of Orange a Revolutionary stadtholder, now assisted to constitute him a Revolutionary king, transforming the impassive champion of Dutch independence into the defender of the liberties of Europe."—Vol. iii. pp. 2-4.

The chapter proceeds to examine the relations, not always of the most friendly aspect, between England and the colonies, in which Mr. Bancroft pays a well-merited tribute to the enlightened policy of Penn and the tranquillity he secured to his settlement. At the close of the chapter is an account of that lamentable—farce, we should have called it, had it not so tragic a conclusion—the Salem witchcraft.

Our author has presented some very striking sketches of these deplorable scenes, in which poor human nature appears in as humiliating a plight as would be possible in a civilized country. The Inquisition, fierce as it was, and most unrelenting in its persecutions, had something in it respectable in comparison with this wretched and imbecile self-delusion. The historian does not shrink from distributing his censure in full measure to those to whom he thinks it belongs. The erudite divine, Cotton Mather, in particular, would feel little pleasure in the contemplation of the portrait sketched for him on this occasion. Vanity, according to Mr. Bancroft, was quite as active an incentive to his movements as religious zeal; and, if he began with the latter, there seems no reason to doubt that pride of opinion, an unwillingness to expose his error, so humiliating to the world, perhaps even to his own heart, were powerful stimulants to his continuing the course he had begun, though others faltered in it.

Mr. Bancroft has taken some pains to show that the prosecutions were conducted before magistrates not appointed by the people, but the crown, and that a stop was not put to them till after the meeting of the representatives of the people. This, in our view, is a distinction somewhat fanciful. The judges held their commissions from the governor; and if he was appointed by the crown, it was, as our author admits, at the suggestion of Increase Mather, a minister of the people. The accusers, the witnesses, the jurors, were all taken from the people. And when a stop was put to farther proceedings by the reasonable delay interposed by the General Court, before the assembling of the "legal colonial" tribunal (thus giving time for the illusion to subside), it was, in part, from the apprehension that, in the rising tide of accusation, no man, however elevated might be his character or condition, would be safe.

In the following chapter, after a full exposition of the prominent features in the system of commercial monopoly which controlled the affairs of the colonies, we are introduced to the great discoveries in the northern and western regions of the continent, made by the Jesuit missionaries of France. Nothing is more extraordinary in the history of this remarkable order than their bold enterprise in spreading their faith over this boundless wilderness, in defiance of the most appalling obstacles which man and nature could present. Faith and zeal triumphed over all, and, combined with science and the spirit of adventure, laid open unknown regions in the heart of this vast continent, then roamed over by the buffalo and the savage, and now alive with the busy hum of an industrious and civilized population.

The historian has diligently traced the progress of the missionaries in their journeys into the western territory of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, down the deep basin of the Mississippi to its mouth. He has identified the scenes of some striking events in the history of discovery, as, among others, the place where Marquette first met the Illinois tribe, at Iowa. No preceding writer has brought into view the results of these labours in a compass which may be embraced, as it were, in a single glance. The character of this order, and their fortune, form one of the most remarkable objects for contemplation in the history of man. Springing up, as it were, to prop the crumbling edifice of Catholicism when it was reeling under the first shock of the Reformation, it took up its residence indifferently within the precincts of palaces or in the boundless plains and forests of the wilderness, held the consciences of civilized monarchs in its keeping, and directed their counsels, while at the same time it was gathering barbarian nations under its banners and pouring the light of civilization into the farthest and darkest quarters of the globe.

"The establishment of 'the Society of Jesus,'" says Mr. Bancroft, "by Loyola had been contemporary with the Reformation, of which it was designed to arrest the progress, and its complete organization belongs to the period when the first full edition of Calvin's 'Institutes' saw the light. Its members were, by its rules, never to become prelates, and could gain power and distinction only by influence over mind. Their vows were poverty, chastity, absolute obedience, and a constant readiness to go on missions against heresy or heathenism. Their cloisters became the best schools in the world. Emancipated, in a great degree, from the forms of piety, separated from domestic ties, constituting a community essentially intellectual as well as essentially plebeian, bound together by the most perfect organization, and having for their end a control over opinion among the scholars and courts of Europe and throughout the habitable globe, the order of the Jesuits held as its ruling maxims the widest diffusion of its influence, and the closest internal unity. Immediately on its institution, their missionaries, kindling with a heroism that defied every danger and endured every toil, made their way to the ends of the earth; they raised the emblem of man's salvation on the Moluccas, in Japan, in India, in Thibet, in Cochin China, and in China; they penetrated Ethiopia, and reached the Abyssinians; they planted missions among the Caffres; in California, on the banks of the Marañon, in the plains of Paraguay, they invited the wildest of barbarians to the civilization of Christianity."

"Religious enthusiasm," he adds, "colonized New England; and religious enthusiasm founded Montreal, made a conquest of the wilderness on the upper Lakes, and explored the Mississippi. Puritanism gave New England its worship and its schools; the Roman Church created for Canada its altars, its hospitals, and its seminaries. The influence of Calvin can be traced to every New England village; in Canada, the monuments of feudalism and the Catho-

lic Church stand side by side, and the names of Montmorenci and Bourbon, of Levi and Condé, are mingled with memorials of St. Athanasius and Augustin, of St. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola."—*Ibid.*, pp. 120, 121.

We hardly know which to select from the many brilliant and spirited sketches in which this part of the story abounds. None has more interest, on the whole, than the discovery of the Mississippi by Marquette and his companions, and the first voyage of the white men down its majestic waters :

"Behold, then, in 1673, on the tenth day of June, the meek, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette, with Joliet for his associate, five Frenchmen as his companions, and two Algonquins as guides, lifting their two canoes on their backs and walking across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed ; uttering a special prayer to the immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that, flowing onward, could have borne their greetings to the Castle of Quebec ; already they stand by the Wisconsin. 'The guides returned,' says the gentle Marquette, 'leaving us alone in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence.' France and Christianity stood in the Valley of the Mississippi. Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers, as they sailed west, went solitarily down the stream, between alternate prairies and hill-sides, beholding neither man nor the wonted beasts of the forest : no sound broke the appalling silence but the ripple of their canoe and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days 'they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed ;' and the two birch-bark canoes, raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated gently down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl,—gliding past islands that swelled from the bosom of the stream, with their tufts of massive thickets, and between the wide plains of Illinois and Iowa, all garlanded as they were with majestic forests, or checkered by island grove and the open vastness of the prairie.

"About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men ; a little footpath was discerned leading into a beautiful prairie : and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the *Mou-in-gou-e-na*, or *Moingona*, of which we have corrupted the name into *Des Moines*. Marquette and Joliet were the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Commending themselves to God, they uttered a loud cry. The Indians hear ; four old men advance slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe brilliant with many-coloured plumes. 'We are Illinois,' said they ; that is, when translated, 'We are men ;' and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming, 'How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us ! Our whole village awaits thee ; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings.' And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

"At the great council, Marquette published to them the one true God, their creator. He spoke, also, of the great captain of the French, the Governor of Canada, who had chastised the Five Nations and commanded peace ; and he questioned them respecting the Mississippi and the tribes that possessed its banks. For the messengers who announced the subjection of the Iroquois, a magnificent festival was prepared of hominy, and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.

"After six days' delay, and invitations to new visits, the chieftain of the

tribe, with hundreds of warriors, attended the strangers to their canoes; and, selecting a peace-pipe embellished with the head and neck of brilliant birds and all feathered over with plumage of various hues, they hung around Marquette the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, the sacred calumet, a safeguard among the nations.

"The little group proceeded onward. 'I did not fear death,' says Marquette; 'I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God.' They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters; they heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by the Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and when they came to the most beautiful confluence of waters in the world—where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea—the good Marquette resolved in his heart, anticipating Lewis and Clarke, one day to ascend the mighty river to its source, to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and, descending a westerly-flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

"In a little less than forty leagues, the canoes floated past the Ohio, which was then, and long afterward, called the Wabash. Its banks were tenanted by numerous villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who quailed under the incursions of the Iroquois.

"The thick canes begin to appear so close and strong that the buffalo could not break through them; the insects become intolerable; as a shelter against the suns of July, the sails are folded into an awning. The prairies vanish: thick forests of whitewood, admirable for their vastness and height, crowd even to the skirts of the pebbly shore. It is also observed that, in the land of the Chickasas, the Indians have guns.

"Near the latitude of thirty-three degrees, on the western bank of the Mississippi, stood the village of Mitchigamea, in a region that had not been visited by Europeans since the days of De Soto. 'Now,' thought Marquette, 'we must indeed ask the aid of the Virgin.' Armed with bows and arrows, with clubs, axes, and bucklers, amid continual whoops, the natives, bent on war, embark in vast canoes made out of the trunks of hollow trees; but, at the sight of the mysterious peace-pipe held aloft, God touched the hearts of the old men, who checked the impetuosity of the young, and, throwing their bows and quivers into the canoes as a token of peace, they prepared a hospitable welcome.

"The next day, a long wooden canoe, containing ten men, escorted the discoverers, for eight or ten leagues, to the village of Akanseas, the limit of their voyage. They had left the region of the Algonquins, and, in the midst of the Sioux and Chickasas, could speak only by an interpreter. A half-league above Akanseas they were met by two boats, in one of which stood the commander, holding in his hand the peace-pipe, and singing as he drew near. After offering the pipe, he gave bread of maize. The wealth of his tribe consisted in buffalo-skins; their weapons were axes of steel,—a proof of commerce with Europeans.

"Thus had our travellers descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, to the genial climes that have almost no winter but rains, beyond the bound of the Huron and Algonquin languages, to the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, and to tribes of Indians that had obtained European arms by traffic with Spaniards or with Virginia.

"So, having spoken of God and the mysteries of the Catholic faith, having become certain that the Father of Rivers went not to the ocean east of Florida,

nor yet to the Gulf of California, Marquette and Joliet left Akanseá and ascended the Mississippi.

"At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, and discovered a country without its paragon for the fertility of its beautiful prairies, covered with buffaloes and stags; for the loveliness of its rivulets, and the prodigal abundance of wild duck and swans, and of a species of parrots and wild turkeys. The tribe of Illinois, that tenanted its banks, entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, conducted the party, by way of Chicago, to Lake Michigan; and before the end of September all were safe in Green Bay.

"Joliet returned to Quebec to announce the discovery, of which the fame, through Talon, quickened the ambition of Colbert; the unassuming Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis, who dwelt in the north of Illinois, round Chicago. Two years afterwards, sailing from Chicago to Mackinaw, he entered a little river in Michigan. Erecting an altar, he said mass after the rites of the Catholic Church; then, begging the men who conducted his canoe to leave him alone for half an hour,

* In the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.'

At the end of the half-hour they went to seek him, and he was no more. The good missionary, discoverer of a world, had fallen asleep on the margin of the stream that bears his name. Near its mouth the canoe-men dug his grave in the sand. Ever after, the forest rangers, if in danger on Lake Michigan, would invoke his name. The people of the West will build his monument."—*Ibid.*, pp. 157-162.

The list of heroic adventurers in the path of discovery is closed by La Salle, the chivalrous Frenchman of whom we have made particular record in a previous number of this Journal,² and whose tremendous journey from the Illinois to the French settlements in Canada, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, is also noticed by Mr. Bancroft. His was the first European bark that emerged from the mouth of the Mississippi; and Mr. Bancroft, as he notices the event, and the feelings it gave rise to in the mind of the discoverer, gives utterance to his own in language truly sublime:

"As he raised the cross by the Arkansas, as he planted the arms of France near the Gulf of Mexico, he anticipated the future affluence of emigrants, and heard in the distance the footsteps of the advancing multitude that were coming to take possession of the valley."—*Ibid.*, p. 168.

This descent of the Great River our author places, without hesitation, in 1682, being a year earlier than the one assigned by us in the article referred to.⁴ Mr. Bancroft is so familiar with the whole ground, and has studied the subject so carefully, that great weight is due to his opinions; but he has not explained the precise authority for his conclusions in this particular.

This leads us to enlarge on what we consider a defect in our author's present plan. His notes are discarded altogether, and his references transferred from the bottom of the page to the side-margin. This is very objectionable, not merely on account of the disagreeable effect produced on the eye, but from the more serious inconvenience of want of room for very frequent and accurate reference. Titles are necessarily much abridged, sometimes at the expense of perspicuity. The first reference in this volume is "Hallam, iv., 374;" the second is "Archdale." Now, Hallam has written several works,

² See "North American Review," vol. xlviii. p. 69, *et seq.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 84, 85.

published in various forms and editions. As to the second authority, we have no means of identifying the passage at all. This, however, is not the habit of Mr. Bancroft where the fact is of any great moment, and his references throughout are abundant. But the practice of references in the side-margin, though warranted by high authority, is unfavourable, from want of room, for very frequent or very minute specification.

The omission of notes we consider a still greater evil. It is true, they lead to great abuses, are often the vehicle of matter which should have been incorporated in the text, more frequently of irrelevant matter which should not have been admitted anywhere, and thus exhaust the reader's patience, while they spoil the effect of the work by drawing the attention from the continuous flow of the narrative, checking the heat that is raised by it in the reader's mind, and not unfrequently jarring on his feelings by some misplaced witticism or smart attempt at one. For these and the like reasons, many competent critics have pronounced against the use of notes, considering that a writer who could not bring all he had to say into the compass of his text was a bungler. Gibbon, who practised the contrary, intimates a regret in one of his letters that he had been overruled so far as to allow his notes to be printed at the bottom of the page instead of being removed to the end of the volume. But from all this we dissent, especially in reference to a work of research like the present History. We are often desirous here to have the assertion of the author, or the sentiment quoted by him, if important, verified by the original extract, especially when this is in a foreign language. We want to see the grounds of his conclusions, the scaffolding by which he has raised his structure; to estimate the true value of his authorities; to know something of their characters, positions in society, and the probable influences to which they were exposed. Where there is contradiction, we want to see it stated, the *pros* and the *cons*, and the grounds for rejecting this and admitting that. We want to have a reason for our faith, otherwise we are merely led blindfold. Our guide may be an excellent guide; he may have travelled over the path till it has become a beaten track to him; but we like to use our own eyesight too, to observe somewhat for ourselves, and to know, if possible, why he has taken this particular road in preference to that which his predecessors have travelled.

The objections made to notes are founded rather on the abuse than the proper use of them. Gibbon only wished to remove his own to the end of his volume; though in this we think he erred, from the difficulty and frequent disappointment which the reader must have experienced in consulting them,—a disappointment of little moment when unattended by difficulty. But Gibbon knew too well the worth of this part of his labours to him to wish to discard them altogether. He knew his reputation stood on them as intimately as on his narrative. Indeed, they supply a body of criticism, and well-selected, well-digested learning, which of itself would make the reputation of any scholar. Many accomplished writers, however, and Mr. Bancroft among the number, have come to a different conclusion; and he has formed his, probably, with deliberation, having made the experiment in both forms.

It is true, the fulness of the extracts from original sources with which his text is inlaid, giving such life and presence to it, and the frequency of his references, supersede much of the necessity of notes. We should have been very glad of one, however, of the kind we are speaking of, at the close of his expedition of La Salle.

We have no room for the discussion of the topics in the next chapter, relating to the hostilities for the acquisition of colonial territory between France and

England, each of them pledged to the same system of commercial monopoly, but must pass to the author's account of the aborigines east of the Mississippi. In this division of his subject he brings into view the geographical positions of the numerous tribes, their languages, social institutions, religious faith, and probable origin. All these copious topics are brought within the compass of a hundred pages, arranged with great harmony, and exhibited with perspicuity and singular richness of expression. It is, on the whole, the most elaborate and finished portion of the volume.

His remarks on the localities of the tribes, instead of a barren muster-roll of names, are constantly enlivened by picturesque details connected with their situation. His strictures on their various languages are conceived in a philosophical spirit. The subject is one that has already employed the pens of the ablest philologists in this country, among whom it is only necessary to mention the names of Du Ponceau, Pickering, and Gallatin. Our author has evidently bestowed much labour and thought on the topic. He examines the peculiar structure of the languages, which, though radically different, bear a common resemblance in their compounded and synthetic organization. He has omitted to notice the singular exception to the polysynthetic formation of the Indian languages presented by the Otomie, which has afforded a Mexican philologist so ingenious a parallel, in its structure, with the Chinese. Mr. Bancroft concludes his review of them by admitting the copiousness of their combinations, and by inferring that this copiousness is no evidence of care and cultivation, but the elementary form of expression of a rude and uncivilized people; in proof of which he cites the example of the partially civilized Indian in accommodating his idiom gradually to the analytic structure of the European languages. May not this be explained by the circumstance that the influence under which he makes this, like his other changes, is itself European? But we pass to a more popular theme, the religious faith of the red man, whose fanciful superstitions are depicted by our author with highly poetical colouring:

"The red man, unaccustomed to generalization, obtained no conception of an absolute substance, of a self-existent being, but saw a divinity in every power. Wherever there was being, motion, or action, there to him was a spirit; and, in a special manner, wherever there appeared singular excellence among beasts, or birds, or in the creation, there to him was the presence of a divinity. When he feels his pulse throb or his heart beat, he knows that it is a spirit. A god resides in the flint, to give forth the kindling, cheering fire; a spirit resides in the mountain-cliff; a spirit makes its abode in the cool recesses of the grottoes which nature has adorned; a god dwells in each 'little grass that springs miraculously from the earth.' The woods, the wilds, and the waters respond to savage intelligence; the stars and the mountains live; the river, and the lake, and the waves have a spirit. Every hidden agency, every mysterious influence, is personified. A god dwells in the sun, and in the moon, and in the firmament; the spirit of the morning reddens in the eastern sky; a deity is present in the ocean and in the fire; the crag that overhangs the river has its genius; there is a spirit to the waterfall; a household god dwells in the Indian's wigwam and consecrates his home; spirits climb upon the forehead to weigh down the eyelids in sleep. Not the heavenly bodies only, the sky is filled with spirits that minister to man. To the savage, divinity, broken as it were into an infinite number of fragments, fills all place and all being. The idea of unity in the creation may exist contemporaneously, but it existed only in the germ, or as a vague belief derived from the harmony of the universe. Yet faith in the Great Spirit, when once presented, was promptly seized and appropriated, and so infused itself into the heart of remotest tribes that it

came to be often considered as a portion of their original faith. Their shadowy aspirations and creeds assumed, through the reports of missionaries, a more complete development, and a religious system was elicited from the pregnant but rude materials."—*Ibid.*, pp. 285, 286.

The following pictures of the fate of the Indian infant, and the shadowy pleasures of the land of spirits, have also much tenderness and beauty :

"The same motive prompted them to bury with the warrior his pipe and his manitou, his tomahawk, quiver, and bow ready bent for action, and his most splendid apparel ; to place by his side his bowl, his maize, and his venison, for the long journey to the country of his ancestors. Festivals in honour of the dead were also frequent, when a part of the food was given to the flames, that so it might serve to nourish the departed. The traveller would find in the forests a dead body placed on a scaffold erected upon piles, carefully wrapped in bark for its shroud, and attired in warmest furs. If a mother lost her babe, she would cover it with bark and envelop it anxiously in the softest beaver-skins ; at the burial-place she would put by its side its cradle, its beads, and its rattles, and, as a last service of maternal love, would draw milk from her bosom in a cup of bark, and burn it in the fire, that her infant might still find nourishment on its solitary journey to the land of shades. Yet the new-born babe would be buried, not, as usual, on a scaffold, but by the wayside, that so its spirit might secretly steal into the bosom of some passing matron and be born again under happier auspices. On burying her daughter, the Chippewa mother adds, not snow-shoes and beads and moccasins only, but (sad emblem of woman's lot in the wilderness) the carrying-belt and the paddle. 'I know my daughter will be restored to me,' she once said, as she clipped a lock of hair as a memorial ; 'by this lock of hair I shall discover her, for I shall take it with me ;' alluding to the day when she too, with her carrying-belt and paddle, and the little relic of her child, should pass through the grave to the dwelling-place of her ancestors."

"The faith, as well as the sympathies, of the savage, descended also to inferior things. Of each kind of animal they say there exists one, the source and origin of all, of a vast size, the type and original of the whole class. From the immense invisible beaver come all the beavers, by whatever run of water they are found ; the same is true of the elk and buffalo, of the eagle and robin, of the meanest quadruped of the forest, of the smallest insect that buzzes in the air. There lives for each class of animals this invisible vast type or elder brother. Thus the savage established his right to be classed by philosophers in the rank of Realists, and his chief effort at generalization was a reverent exercise of the religious sentiment. Where these older brothers dwell they do not exactly know ; yet it may be that the giant manitous which are brothers to beasts are hid beneath the waters, and that those of the birds make their homes in the blue sky. But the Indian believes also of each individual animal that it possesses the mysterious, the indestructible principle of life ; there is not a breathing thing but has its shade, which never can perish. Regarding himself, in comparison with other animals, but as the first among co-ordinate existence, he respects the brute creation, and assigns to it, as to himself, a perpetuity of being. 'The ancients of these lands believed that the warrior, when released from life, renews the passions and activity of this world ; is seated once more among his friends ; shares again the joyous feast ; walks through shadowy forests, that are alive with the spirits of birds ; and there, in his paradise,

" 'By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,

The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade,"
Ibid., pp. 295, 298.

At the close of this chapter the historian grapples with the much-vexed question respecting the origin of the aborigines,—that *pons asinorum* which has called forth so much sense and nonsense on both sides of the water, and will continue to do so as long as a new relic or unknown hieroglyphic shall turn up to irritate the nerves of the antiquary.

Mr. Bancroft passes briefly in review the several arguments adduced in favour of the connection with Eastern Asia. He lays no stress on the affinity of languages or of customs and religious notions, considering these as spontaneous expressions of similar ideas and wants in similar conditions of society. He attaches as little value to the resemblance established by Humboldt between the signs of the Mexican calendar, and those of the signs of the zodiac in Thibet and Tartary; and as for the far-famed Dighton Rock, and the learned lucubrations thereon, he sets them down as so much moonshine, pronouncing the characters Algonquin. The *tumuli*—the great tumuli of the West—he regards as the work of no mortal hand, except so far as they have been excavated for a sepulchral purpose. He admits, however, vestiges of a migratory movement on our continent from the north-east to the south-west, shows very satisfactorily, by estimating the distances of the intervening islands, the practicability of a passage in the most ordinary sea-boat from the Asiatic to the American shores in the high latitudes, and, by a comparison of the Indian and Mongolian skulls, comes to the conclusion that the two races are probably identical in origin. But the epoch of their divergence he places at so remote a period that the peculiar habits, institutions, and culture of the aborigines must be regarded as all their own,—as indigenous. This is the outline of his theory.

By this hypothesis he extricates the question from the embarrassment caused by the ignorance which the aborigines have manifested in the use of iron and milk, known to the Mongol hordes, but which he, of course, supposes were not known at the time of the migration. This is carrying the exodus back to a far period. But the real objection seems to be that by thus rejecting all evidence of communication but that founded on anatomical resemblance he has unnecessarily narrowed the basis on which it rests. The resemblance between a few specimens of Mongolian and American skulls is a narrow basis indeed, taken as the only one, for so momentous a theory.

In fact, this particular point of analogy does not strike us as by any means the most powerful of the arguments in favour of a communication with the East, when we consider the small number of the specimens on which it is founded, the great variety of formation in individuals of the same family,—some of the specimens approaching even nearer to the Caucasian than the Mongolian,—and the very uniform deviation from the latter in the prominence and the greater angularity of the features.

This connection with the East derives, in our judgment, some support, feeble though it be, from affinities of language; but this is a field which remains to be much more fully explored. The analogy is much more striking of certain usages and institutions, particularly of a religious character, and, above all, the mythological traditions which those who have had occasion to look into the Aztec antiquities cannot fail to be struck with. This resemblance is oftentimes in matters so purely arbitrary that it can hardly be regarded as founded in the constitution of man, so very exact that it can scarcely be considered as accidental. We give up the Dighton Rock, that rock of offence

to so many antiquaries, who may read in it the handwriting of the Phœnicians, Egyptians, or Scandinavians, quite as well as anything else. Indeed, the various *fac-similes* of it, made for the benefit of the learned, are so different from one another that, like Sir Hudibras, one may find in it

“ A leash of languages at once.”

We are agreed with our author that it is very good Algonquin. But the zodiac, the Tartar zodiac, which M. de Humboldt has so well shown to resemble in its terms those of the Aztec calendar, we cannot so easily surrender. The striking coincidence established by his investigations between the astronomical signs of the two nations—in a similar corresponding series, moreover, although applied to different uses—is, in our opinion, one of the most powerful arguments yet adduced for the affinity of the two races. Nor is Mr. Bancroft wholly right in supposing that the Asiatic hieroglyphics referred only to the zodiac. Like the Mexican, they also presided over the years, days, and even hours. The strength of evidence, founded on numerous analogies, cannot be shown without going into details, for which there is scarce room in the compass of a separate article, much less in the heel of one. Whichever way we turn, the subject is full of perplexity. It is the sphinx's riddle, and the Œdipus must be called from the grave who is to solve it.

In closing our remarks, we must express our satisfaction that the favourable notice we took of Mr. Bancroft's labours on his first appearance has been fully ratified by his countrymen, and that his Colonial History establishes his title to a place among the great historical writers of the age. The reader will find the pages of the present volume filled with matter not less interesting and important than the preceding. He will meet with the same brilliant and daring style, the same picturesque sketches of character and incident, the same acute reasoning and compass of erudition.

In the delineation of events Mr. Bancroft has been guided by the spirit of historic faith. Not that it would be difficult to discern the colour of his politics; nor, indeed, would it be possible for any one strongly pledged to any set of principles, whether in politics or religion, to disguise them in the discussion of abstract topics, without being false to himself and giving a false tone to the picture: but, while he is true to himself, he has an equally imperative duty to perform,—to be true to others, to those on whose characters and conduct he sits in judgment as a historian. No pet theory nor party predilections can justify him in swerving one hair's-breadth from truth in his delineation of the mighty dead, whose portraits he is exhibiting to us on the canvas of history.

Whenever religion is introduced, Mr. Bancroft has shown a commendable spirit of liberality. Catholics and Calvinists, Jesuits, Quakers, and Church-of-England men, are all judged according to their deeds, and not their speculative tenets; and even in the latter particular he generally contrives to find something deserving of admiration, some commendable doctrine or aspiration in most of them. And what Christian sect—we might add, what sect of any denomination—is there which has not some beauty of doctrine to admire? Religion is the homage of man to his Creator. The forms in which it is expressed are infinitely various; but they flow from the same source, are directed to the same end, and all claim from the historian the benefit of toleration.

What Mr. Bancroft has done for the Colonial history is, after all, but preparation for a richer theme, the history of the War of Independence; a subject which finds its origin in the remote past, its results in the infinite

future ; which finds a central point of unity in the ennobling principle of independence, that gives dignity and grandeur to the most petty details of the conflict, and which has its foreground occupied by a single character, to which all others converge as to a centre,—the character of Washington, in war, in peace, and in private life the most sublime on historical record. Happy the writer who shall exhibit this theme worthily to the eyes of his countrymen !

The subject, it is understood, is to engage the attention, also, of Mr. Sparks, whose honourable labours have already associated his name imperishably with our Revolutionary period. Let it not be feared that there is not compass enough in the subject for two minds so gifted. The field is too rich to be exhausted by a single crop, and will yield fresh laurels to the skilful hand that shall toil for them. The labours of Hume did not supersede those of Lingard, or Turner, or Mackintosh, or Hallam. The history of the English Revolution has called forth, in our own time, the admirable essays of Mackintosh and Guizot ; and the palm of excellence, after the libraries that have been written on the French Revolution, has just been assigned to the dissimilar histories of Mignet and Thiers. The points of view under which a thing may be contemplated are as diversified as mind itself. The most honest inquirers after truth rarely come to precisely the same results, such is the influence of education, prejudice, principle. Truth, indeed, is single, but opinions are infinitely various, and it is only by comparing these opinions together that we can hope to ascertain what is truth.

MADAME CALDERON'S LIFE IN MEXICO.¹

(January, 1843.)

In the present age of high literary activity, travellers make not the least important demands on public attention, and their lucubrations, under whatever name,—Rambles, Notices, Incidents, Pencillings,—are nearly as important a staple for the "trade" as novels and romances. A book of travels, formerly, was a very serious affair. The traveller set out on his distant journey with many a solemn preparation, made his will, and bade adieu to his friends like one who might not again return. If he did return, the results were embodied in a respectable folio, or at least quarto, well garnished with cuts, and done up in a solid form, which argued that it was no fugitive publication, but destined for posterity.

All this is changed. The voyager nowadays leaves home with as little ceremony and leave-taking as if it were for a morning's drive. He steps into the bark that is to carry him across thousands of miles of ocean with the moral certainty of returning in a fixed week, almost at a particular day. Parties of gentlemen and ladies go whizzing along in their steamships over the track which cost so many weary days to the Argonauts of old, and run over the choicest scenes of classic antiquity, scattered through Europe, Asia, and Africa, in less time than it formerly took to go from one end of the British

¹ "Life in Mexico, during a Residence of C— de la B—." Boston: Little and Two Years in that Country. By Madame Brown. Two volumes, 12mo.

Isles to the other. The Cape of Good Hope, so long the great stumbling-block to the navigators of Europe, is doubled, or the Red Sea coasted, in the same way, by the fashionable tourist—who glides along the shores of Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Bombay, and Hindostan, farther than the farthest limits of Alexander's conquests—before the last leaves of the last new novel which he has taken by the way are fairly cut. The facilities of communication have, in fact, so abridged distances that geography, as we have hitherto studied it, may be said to be entirely reformed. Instead of leagues, we now compute by hours, and we find ourselves next-door neighbours to those whom we had looked upon as at the antipodes.

The consequence of these improvements in the means of intercourse is, that all the world goes abroad, or, at least, one half is turned upon the other. Nations are so mixed up by this process that they are in some danger of losing their idiosyncrasy; and the Egyptian and the Turk, though they still cling to their religion, are becoming European in their notions and habits more and more every day.

The taste for pilgrimage, however, it must be owned, does not stop with the countries where it can be carried on with such increased facility. It has begotten a nobler spirit of adventure, something akin to what existed in the fifteenth century, when the world was new or newly discovering, and a navigator who did not take in sail, like the cautious seamen of Knickerbocker, might run down some strange continent in the dark; for in these times of dandy tourists and travel-mongers the boldest achievements, that have hitherto defied the most adventurous spirits, have been performed: the Himmalaya Mountains have been scaled, the Niger ascended, the burning heart of Africa penetrated, the icy Arctic and Antarctic explored, and the mysterious monuments of the semi-civilized races of Central America have been thrown open to the public gaze. It is certain that this is a high-pressure age, and every department of science and letters, physical and mental, feels its stimulating influence.

No nation, on the whole, has contributed so largely to these itinerant expeditions as the English. Uneasy, it would seem, at being cooped up in their little isle, they sally forth in all directions, swarming over the cultivated and luxurious countries of the neighbouring continent, or sending out stragglers on other more distant and formidable missions. Whether it be that their soaring spirits are impatient of the narrow quarters which nature has assigned them, or that there exists a supernumerary class of idlers, who, wearied with the monotony of home and the same dull round of dissipation, seek excitement in strange scenes and adventures; or whether they go abroad for the sunshine, of which they have heard so much but seen so little,—whatever be the cause, they furnish a far greater number of tourists than all the world besides. We Americans, indeed, may compete with them in mere locomotion, for our familiarity with magnificent distances at home makes us still more indifferent to them abroad; but this locomotion is generally in the way of business, and the result is rarely shown in a book, unless, indeed, it be the leger.

Yet John Bull is, on many accounts, less fitted than most of his neighbours for the duties of a traveller. However warm and hospitable in his own home, he has a cold reserve in his exterior, a certain chilling atmosphere, which he carries along with him, that freezes up the sympathies of strangers, and which is only to be completely thawed by long and intimate acquaintance. But the traveller has no time for intimate acquaintances. He must go forward, and trust to his first impressions, for they will also be his last. Unluckily, it rarely falls out that the first impressions of honest John are very favourable. There

is too much pride, not to say *hauteur*, in his composition, which, with the best intentions in the world, will show itself in a way not particularly flattering to those who come in contact with him. He goes through a strange nation, treading on all their little irritable prejudices, shocking their self-love and harmless vanities,—in short, going against the grain, and roughing up everything by taking it the wrong way. Thus he draws out the bad humours of the people among whom he moves, sees them in their most unamiable and by no means natural aspect,—in short, looks on the wrong side of the tapestry. What wonder if his notions are somewhat awry as to what he sees? There are, it is true, distinguished exceptions to all this,—English travellers who cover the warm heart—as warm as it is generally true and manly—under a kind and sometimes cordial manner; but they are the exceptions. The Englishman undoubtedly appears best on his own soil, where his national predilections and prejudices, or at least, the intimation of them, are somewhat mitigated in deference to his guest.

Another source of the disqualification of John Bull as a calm and philosophic traveller is the manner in which he has been educated at home: the soft luxuries by which he has been surrounded from his cradle have made luxuries necessities, and, accustomed to perceive all the machinery of life glide along as noiselessly and as swiftly as the foot of Time itself, he becomes morbidly sensitive to every temporary jar or derangement in the working of it. In no country since the world was made have all the appliances for mere physical and, we may add, intellectual indulgence been carried to such perfection as in this little island nucleus of civilization. Nowhere can a man get such returns for his outlay. The whole organization of society is arranged so as to minister to the comforts of the wealthy; and an Englishman, with the golden talisman in his pocket, can bring about him *genii* to do his bidding, and transport himself over distances with a thought, almost as easily as if he were the possessor of Aladdin's magic lamp and the fairy carpet of the Arabian Tales.

When he journeys over his little island, his comforts and luxuries cling as close to him as round his own fireside. He rolls over roads as smooth and well-beaten as those in his own park; is swept onward by sleek and well-groomed horses, in a carriage as soft and elastic, and quite as showy, as his own equipage; puts up at inns that may vie with his own castle in their comforts and accommodations, and is received by crowds of obsequious servants, more solicitous, probably, even than his own to win his golden smiles. In short, wherever he goes, he may be said to carry with him his castle, park, equipage, establishment. The whole are in movement together. He changes place, indeed, but changes nothing else. For travelling as it occurs in other lands,—hard roads, harder beds, and hardest fare,—he knows no more of it than if he had been passing from one wing of his castle to the other.

All this, it must be admitted, is rather an indifferent preparation for a tour on the Continent. Of what avail is it that Paris is the most elegant capital, France the most enlightened country on the European *terra firma*, if one cannot walk in the streets without the risk of being run over for want of a *trottoir*, nor move on the roads without being half smothered in a lumbering vehicle, dragged by ropes at the rate of five miles an hour? Of what account are the fine music and paintings, the architecture and art, of Italy, when one must shiver by day for want of carpets and sea-coal fires, and be thrown into a fever at night by the active vexations of a still more tormenting kind? The galled equestrian might as well be expected to feel nothing but raptures and ravishment at the fine scenery through which he is riding. It is probable he

will think much more of his own petty hurts than of the beauties of nature. A travelling John Bull, if his skin is not off, is at least so thin-skinned that it is next door to being so.

If the European neighbourhood affords so many means of annoyance to the British traveller, they are incalculably multiplied on this side of the water, and that, too, under circumstances which dispose him still less to charity in his criticisms and constructions. On the Continent he feels he is among strange races, born and bred under different religious and political institutions, and, above all, speaking different languages. He does not necessarily, therefore, measure them by his peculiar standard, but allows them one of their own. The dissimilarity is so great in all the main features of national polity and society that it is hard to institute a comparison. Whatever be his contempt for the want of progress and perfection in the science of living, he comes to regard them as a distinct race, amenable to different laws, and therefore licensed to indulge in different usages, to a certain extent, from his own. If a man travels in China, he makes up his mind to chop-sticks. If he should go to the moon, he would not be scandalized by seeing people walk with their heads under their arms. He has embarked on a different planet. It is only in things which run parallel to those in his own country that a comparison can be instituted, and charity too often fails where criticism begins.

Unhappily, in America the Englishman finds these points of comparison forced on him at every step. He lands among a people speaking the same language, professing the same religion, drinking at the same fountains of literature, trained in the same occupations of active life. The towns are built on much the same model with those in his own land. The brick houses, the streets, the "sidewalks," the in-door arrangements, all, in short, are near enough on the same pattern to provoke a comparison. Alas for the comparison! The cities sink at once into mere provincial towns, the language degenerates into a provincial *patois*, the manners, the fashions, down to the cut of the clothes, and the equipages, all are provincial. The people, the whole nation—as independent as any, certainly, if not, as our orators fondly descant, the best and most enlightened upon earth—dwindle into a mere British colony. The traveller does not seem to understand that he is treading the soil of the New World, where everything is new, where antiquity dates but from yesterday, where the present and the future are all, and the past nothing, where hope is the watchword, and "Go ahead!" the principle of action. He does not comprehend that when he sets foot on such a land he is no longer to look for old hereditary landmarks, old time-honoured monuments and institutions, old families that have vegetated on the same soil since the Conquest. He must be content to part with the order and something of the decorum incident to an old community, where the ranks are all precisely and punctiliously defined, where the power is deposited by prescriptive right in certain privileged hands, and where the great mass have the careful obsequiousness of dependants, looking for the crumbs that fall.

He is now among a new people, where everything is in movement, all struggling to get forward, and where, though many go adrift in their wild spirit of adventure, and a temporary check may be sometimes felt by all, the great mass still advances. He is landed on a hemisphere where fortunes are to be made, and men are employed in getting, not in spending,—a difference which explains so many of the discrepancies between the structure of our own society and habits and those of the Old World. To know how to spend is itself a science; and the science of spending and that of getting are rarely held by the same hand.

In such a state of things, the whole arrangement of society, notwithstanding the apparent resemblance to that in his own country, and its real resemblance in minor points, is reversed. The rich proprietor, who does nothing but fatten on his rents, is no longer at the head of the scale, as in the Old World. The man of enterprise takes the lead in a bustling community, where action and progress, or at least change, are the very conditions of existence. The upper classes—if the term can be used in a complete democracy—have not the luxurious finish and accommodations to be found in the other hemisphere. The humbler classes have not the poverty-stricken, cringing spirit of hopeless inferiority. The pillar of society, if it want the Corinthian capital, wants also the heavy and superfluous base. Every man not only professes to be, but is practically, on a footing of equality with his neighbour. The traveller must not expect to meet here the deference, or even the courtesies, which grow out of distinction of castes. This is an awkward dilemma for one whose nerves have never been jarred by contact with the *profane*; who has never been tossed about in the rough-and-tumble of humanity. It is little to him that the poorest child in the community learns how to read and write; that the poorest man can have—what Henry the Fourth so good-naturedly wished for the humblest of his subjects—a fowl in his pot every day for his dinner; that no one is so low but that he may aspire to all the rights of his fellow-men and find an open theatre on which to display his own peculiar talents.

As the tourist strikes into the interior, difficulties of all sorts multiply, incident to a raw and unformed country. The comparison with the high civilization at home becomes more and more unfavourable, as he is made to feel that in this land of promise it must be long before promise can become the performance of the Old World. And yet, if he would look beyond the surface, he would see that much here too has been performed, however much may be wanting. He would see lands over which the wild Indian roamed as a hunting-ground, teeming with harvests for the consumption of millions at home and abroad; forests, which have shot up, ripened, and decayed on the same spot ever since the creation, now swept away to make room for towns and villages thronged with an industrious population; rivers, which rolled on in their solitudes, undisturbed except by the wandering bark of the savage, now broken and dimpled by hundreds of steamboats, freighted with the rich tribute of a country rescued from the wilderness. He would not expect to meet the careful courtesies of polished society in the pioneers of civilization, whose mission has been to recover the great continent from the bear and the buffalo. He would have some charity for their ignorance of the latest fashions of Bond Street, and their departure, sometimes, even from what, in the old country, is considered as the decorum and, it may be, decencies of life. But not so: his heart turns back to his own land, and closes against the rude scenes around him; for he finds here none of the soft graces of cultivation, or the hallowed memorials of an early civilization; no gray, weather-beaten cathedrals, telling of the Normans; no Gothic churches in their groves of venerable oaks; no moss-covered cemeteries, in which the dust of his fathers has been gathered since the time of the Plantagenets; no rural cottages, half smothered with roses and honeysuckles, intimating that even in the most humble abodes the taste for the beautiful has found its way; no trim gardens, and fields blossoming with hawthorn hedges and miniature culture; no ring fences, enclosing well-shaven lawns, woods so disposed as to form a picture of themselves, bright threads of silvery water, and sparkling fountains. All these are wanting, and his eyes turn with disgust from the wild and rugged features of nature, and all her rough accompaniments,—from man almost as wild; and his heart sickens as

he thinks of his own land and all its scenes of beauty. He thinks not of the poor who leave that land for want of bread and find in this a kindly welcome and the means of independence and advancement which their own denies them.

He goes on, if he be a splenetic Sinbad, discharging his sour bile on everybody that he comes in contact with, thus producing an amiable ripple in the current as he proceeds, that adds marvellously, no doubt, to his own quiet and personal comfort. If he have a true merry vein and hearty good nature, he gets on, laughing sometimes in his sleeve at others, and cracking his jokes on the unlucky pate of Brother Jonathan, who, if he is not very silly,—which he very often is,—laughs too, and joins in the jest, though it may be somewhat at his own expense. It matters little whether the tourist be Whig or Tory in his own land; if the latter, he returns, probably, ten times the Conservative that he was when he left it. If Whig, or even Radical, it matters not; his loyalty waxes warmer and warmer with every step of his progress among the republicans; and he finds that practical democracy, shouldering and elbowing its neighbours as it “goes ahead,” is no more like the democracy which he has been accustomed to admire in theory, than the real machinery, with its smell, smoke, and clatter, under full operation, is like the pretty toy which he sees as a model in the Patent Office at Washington.

There seems to be no people better constituted for travellers, at least for recording their travelling experiences, than the French. There is a mixture of frivolity and philosophy in their composition which is admirably suited to the exigencies of their situation. They mingle readily with all classes and races, discarding for the time their own nationality,—at least their national antipathies. Their pleasant vanity fills them with the desire of pleasing others, which most kindly reacts by their being themselves pleased:

“Pleased with himself, whom all the world can please.”

The Frenchman can even so far accommodate himself to habits alien to his own, that he can tolerate those of the savages themselves, and enter into a sort of fellowship with them, without either party altogether discarding his national tastes and propensities. It is Chateaubriand, if we are not mistaken, who relates that, wandering in the solitudes of the American wilderness, his ears were most unexpectedly saluted by the sounds of a violin. He had little doubt that one of his own countrymen must be at hand; and in a wretched enclosure he found one of them, sure enough, teaching *Messieurs les sauvages* to dance. It is certain that this spirit of accommodation to the wild habits of their copper-coloured friends gave the French traders and missionaries formerly an ascendancy over the aborigines which was never obtained by any other of the white men.

The most comprehensive and truly philosophic work on the genius and institutions of this country, the best exposition of its social phenomena, its present condition, and probable future, are to be found in the pages of a Frenchman. It is in the French language, too, that by far the greatest work has been produced on the great Southern portion of our continent, once comprehended under New Spain.

To write a book of travels seems to most people to require as little preliminary preparation as to write a letter. One has only to jump into a coach, embark on board a steamboat, minute down his flying experiences and hair-breadth escapes, the aspect of the country as seen from the interior of a crowded *diligence* or a vanishing rail-car, note the charges of the landlords and the quality of the fare, a dinner or two at the minister's, the last new

play or opera at the theatre, and the affair is done. It is very easy to do this, certainly; very easy to make a bad book of travels, but by no means easy to make a good one. This requires as many and various qualifications as to make any other good book,—qualifications which must vary with the character of the country one is to visit. Thus, for instance, it requires a very different preparation and stock of accomplishments to make the tour of Italy, its studios and its galleries of art, or of Egypt, with its immortal pyramids and mighty relics of a primeval age, the great cemetery of antiquity, from what it does to travel understandingly in our own land, a new creation, as it were, without monuments, without arts, where the only study of the traveller—the noblest of all studies, it is true—is man. The inattention to this difference of preparation demanded by different places has led many a clever writer to make a very worthless book, which would have been remedied had he consulted his own qualifications instead of taking the casual direction of the first steamboat or mail-coach that lay in his way.

There is no country more difficult to discuss in all its multiform aspects than Mexico, or, rather, the wild region once comprehended under the name of New Spain. Its various climates, bringing to perfection the vegetable products of the most distant latitudes; its astonishing fruitfulness in its lower regions, and its curse of barrenness over many a broad acre of its plateau; its inexhaustible mines, that have flooded the Old World with an ocean of silver, such as Columbus in his wildest visions never dreamed of,—and, unhappily, by a hard mischance, never lived to realize himself; its picturesque landscape, where the volcanic fire gleams amid wastes of eternal snow, and a few hours carry the traveller from the hot regions of the lemon and the cocoa to the wintry solitudes of the mountain fir; its motley population, made up of Indians, old Spaniards, modern Mexicans, mestizos, mulattoes, and zambos; its cities built in the clouds; its lakes of salt water, hundreds of miles from the ocean; its people, with their wild and variegated costume, in keeping, as we may say, with its extraordinary scenery; its stately palaces, half furnished, where services of gold and silver plate load the tables in rooms without a carpet, while the red dust of the bricks soils the diamond-sprinkled robes of the dancer; the costly attire of its higher classes, blazing with pearls and jewels; the tawdry magnificence of its equipages, saddles inlaid with gold, bits and stirrups of massive silver, all executed in the clumsiest style of workmanship; its lower classes,—the men with their jackets glittering with silver buttons, and rolls of silver tinsel round their caps; the women with petticoats fringed with lace, and white satin shoes on feet unprotected by a stocking; its high-born fair ones crowding to the cockpit and solacing themselves with the fumes of a cigar; its churches and convents, in which all those sombre rules of monastic life are maintained in their primitive rigour which have died away before the liberal spirit of the age on the other side of the water; its swarms of *léperos*, the *lazzaroni* of the land; its hordes of almost legalized banditti, who stalk openly in the streets and render the presence of an armed escort necessary to secure a safe drive into the environs of the capital; its whole structure of society, in which a republican form is thrown over institutions as aristocratic and castes as nicely defined as in any monarchy of Europe; in short, its marvellous inconsistencies and contrasts in climate, character of the people, and face of the land,—so marvellous as, we trust, to excuse the unprecedented length of this sentence,—undoubtedly make modern Mexico one of the most prolific, original, and difficult themes for the study of the traveller.

Yet this great theme has found in Humboldt a writer of strength sufficient

to grapple with it in nearly all its relations. While yet a young man, or, at least, while his physical as well as mental energies were in their meridian, he came over to this country with an enthusiasm for science which was only heightened by obstacles, and with stores of it already accumulated that enabled him to detect the nature of every new object that came under his eye and arrange it in its proper class. With his scientific instruments in his hand, he might be seen scaling the snow-covered peaks of the Cordilleras, or diving into their unfathomable caverns of silver; now wandering through their dark forests in search of new specimens for his herbarium, now coasting the stormy shores of the Gulf and penetrating its unhealthy streams, jotting down every landmark that might serve to guide the future navigator, or surveying the crested Isthmus in search of a practicable communication between the great seas on its borders, and then, again, patiently studying the monuments and manuscripts of the Aztecs in the capital, or mingling with the wealth and fashion in its saloons; frequenting every place, in short, and everywhere at home:

“Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, . . . omnia novit.”

The whole range of these various topics is brought under review in his pages, and on all he sheds a ray, sometimes a flood, of light. His rational philosophy, content rather to doubt than to decide, points out the track which other adventurous spirits may follow up with advantage. No antiquary has done so much towards determining the original hives of the semi-civilized races of the Mexican plateau. No one, not even of the Spaniards, has brought together such an important mass of information in respect to the resources, natural products, and statistics generally, of New Spain. His explorations have identified more than one locality and illustrated more than one curious monument of the people of Anahuac, which had baffled the inquiries of native antiquaries; and his work, while embodying the results of profound scholarship and art, is at the same time, in many respects, the very best *manuel du voyageur*, and, as such, has been most frequently used by subsequent tourists. It is true, his pages are sometimes disfigured by pedantry, ambitious display, learned obscurity, and other affectations of the man of letters. But what human work is without its blemishes? His various writings on the subject of New Spain, taken collectively, are one of those monuments which may be selected to show the progress of the species. Their author reminds us of one of the ancient athleteæ, who descended into the arena to hurl the discus with a giant arm, that distanced every cast of his contemporaries.

There is one branch of his fruitful subject which M. de Humboldt has not exhausted, and, indeed, has but briefly touched on. This is the social condition of the country, especially as found in its picturesque capital. This has been discussed by subsequent travellers more fully, and Ward, Bullock, Lyons, Poinsett, Tudor, Latrobe, have all produced works which have for their object, more or less, the social habits and manners of the people. With most of them this is not the prominent object; and others of them, probably, have found obstacles in effecting it, to any great extent, from an imperfect knowledge of the language,—the golden key to the sympathies of a people,—without which a traveller is as much at fault as a man without an eye for colour in a picture-gallery, or an ear for music at a concert. He may see and hear, indeed, in both; but *cui bono?* The traveller, ignorant of the language of the nation whom he visits, may descant on the scenery, the roads, the architecture, the outside of things, the rates and distances of posting, the

dress of the people in the streets, and may possibly meet a native or two, half denaturalized, kept to dine with strangers, at his banker's. But as to the interior mechanism of society, its secret sympathies, and familiar tone of thinking and feeling, he can know no more than he could of the contents of a library by running over the titles of strange and unknown authors packed together on the shelves.

It was to supply this deficiency that the work before us, no doubt, was given to the public, and it was composed under circumstances that afforded every possible advantage and facility to its author. Although the initials only of the name are given in the title-page, yet, from these and certain less equivocal passages in the body of the work, it requires no *Œdipus* to divine that the author is the wife of Chevalier Calderon de la Barca, well known in this country during his long residence as Spanish minister at Washington, where his amiable manners and high personal qualities secured him general respect and the regard of all who knew him. On the recognition of the independence of Mexico by the mother-country, Señor Calderon was selected to fill the office of the first Spanish envoy to the republic. It was a delicate mission after so long an estrangement, and it was hailed by the Mexicans with every demonstration of pride and satisfaction. Though twenty years had elapsed since they had established their independence, yet they felt as a wayward son may feel who, having absconded from the paternal roof and set up for himself, still looks back to it with a sort of reverence, and, in the plenitude of his prosperity, still feels the want of the parental benediction. We, who cast off our allegiance in a similar way, can comprehend the feeling. The new minister, from the moment of his setting foot on the Mexican shore, was greeted with an enthusiasm which attested the popular feeling, and his presence in the capital was celebrated by theatrical exhibitions, bull-fights, illuminations, *fêtes* public and private, and every possible demonstration of respect for the new envoy and the country who sent him. His position secured him access to every place of interest to an intelligent stranger, and introduced him into the most intimate recesses of society, from which the stranger is commonly excluded, and to which, indeed, none but a Spaniard could, under any circumstances, have been admitted. Fortunately, the minister possessed, in the person of his accomplished wife, one who had both the leisure and the talent to profit by these uncommon opportunities, and the result is given in the work before us, consisting of letters to her family, which, it seems, since her return to the United States, have been gathered together and prepared for publication.²

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The present volumes make no pretensions to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge in respect to the mineral products of the country, its geography, its statistics, or, in short, to physical or political science. These topics have been treated with more or less depth by the various travellers who have written since the great publications of Humboldt. We have had occasion to become tolerably well acquainted with their productions; and we may safely assert that for spirited portraiture of society,—a society unlike anything existing in the Old World or the New,—for picturesque delineation of scenery, for richness of illustration and anecdote, and for the fascinating graces of style, no one of them is to be compared with “*Life in Mexico.*”

² The analysis of the work, with several pages of extracts from it, is here omitted, as containing nothing that is not already familiar to the English reader.

MOLIÈRE.¹

(October, 1828.)

THE French surpass every other nation, indeed all the other nations of Europe put together, in the amount and excellence of their memoirs. Whence comes this manifest superiority? The important Collection relating to the History of France, commencing as early as the thirteenth century, forms a basis of civil history more authentic, circumstantial, and satisfactory to an intelligent inquirer than is to be found among any other people; and the multitude of biographies, personal anecdotes, and similar scattered notices which have appeared in France during the two last centuries throw a flood of light on the social habits and general civilization of the period in which they were written. The Italian histories (and every considerable city in Italy, says Tiraboschi, had its historian as early as the thirteenth century) are fruitful only in wars, massacres, treasonable conspiracies, or diplomatic intrigues, matters that affect the tranquillity of the state. The rich body of Spanish chronicles, which maintain an unbroken succession from the reign of Alphonso the Wise to that of Philip the Second, are scarcely more personal or interesting in their details, unless it be in reference to the sovereign and his immediate court. Even the English, in their memoirs and autobiographies of the last century, are too exclusively confined to topics of public notoriety, as the only subject worthy of record or which can excite a general interest in their readers. Not so with the French. The most frivolous details assume in their eyes an importance when they can be made illustrative of an eminent character; and even when they concern one of less note, they become sufficiently interesting, as just pictures of life and manners. Hence, instead of exhibiting their hero only as he appears on the great theatre, they carry us along with him into retirement, or into those social circles where, stripped of his masquerade dress, he can indulge in all the natural gayety of his heart,—in those frivolities and follies which display the real character much better than all his premeditated wisdom; those little nothings which make up so much of the sum of French memoirs, but which, however amusing, are apt to be discarded by their more serious English neighbours as something derogatory to their hero. Where shall we find a more lively portraiture of that interesting period when feudal barbarism began to fade away before the civilized institutions of modern times, than in Philip de Comines' sketches of the courts of France and Burgundy in the latter half of the fifteenth century? where a more nice development of the fashionable intrigues, the corrupt Machiavelian politics, which animated the little coteries, male and female, of Paris, under the regency of Anne of Austria, than in the Memoirs of De Retz?—to say nothing of the vast amount of similar contributions in France during the last century, which, in the shape of letters and anecdotes, as well as memoirs, have made us as intimately acquainted with the internal movements of society in Paris, under all its aspects, literary, fashionable, and political, as if they had passed in review before our own eyes.

The French have been remarked for their excellence in narrative ever since

¹ "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Molière. Par J. Taschereau." Paris, 1825.

the times of the *fabliaux* and the old Norman romances. Somewhat of their success in this way may be imputed to the structure of their language, whose general currency, and whose peculiar fitness for prose composition, have been noticed from a very early period. Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, wrote his *Tesoro* in French, in preference to his own tongue, as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, on the ground "that its speech was the most universal and most delectable of all the dialects of Europe." And Dante asserts in his treatise "on Vulgar Eloquence" that "the superiority of the French consists in its adaptation, by means of its facility and agreeableness, to narratives in prose." Much of the wild, artless grace, the *naïveté*, which characterized it in its infancy, has been gradually polished away by fastidious critics, and can scarcely be said to have survived Marot and Montaigne. But the language has gained considerably in perspicuity, precision, and simplicity of construction, to which the jealous labours of the French Academy must be admitted to have contributed essentially. This simplicity of construction, refusing those complicated inversions so usual in the other languages of the Continent, and its total want of prosody, though fatal to poetical purposes, have greatly facilitated its acquisition to foreigners, and have made it a most suitable vehicle for conversation. Since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, accordingly, it has become the language of the courts and the popular medium of communication in most of the countries of Europe. Since that period, too, it has acquired a number of elegant phrases and familiar turns of expression, which have admirably fitted it for light, popular narrative, like that which enters into memoirs, letter-writing, and similar kinds of composition.

The character and situation of the writers themselves may account still better for the success of the French in this department. Many of them, as Joinville, Sully, Comines, De Thou, Rochefoucault, Torcy, have been men of rank and education, the counsellors or the friends of princes, acquiring from experience a shrewd perception of the character and of the forms of society. Most of them have been familiarized in those polite circles which, in Paris more than any other capital, seem to combine the love of dissipation and fashion with a high relish for intellectual pursuits. The state of society in France, or, what is the same thing, in Paris, is admirably suited to the purposes of the memoir-writer. The cheerful, gregarious temper of the inhabitants, which mingles all ranks in the common pursuit of pleasure, the external polish, which scarcely deserts them in the commission of the grossest violence, the influence of the women, during the last two centuries, far superior to that of the sex among any other people, and exercised alike on matters of taste, politics, and letters, the gallantry and licentious intrigues so usual in the higher classes of this gay metropolis, and which fill even the life of a man of letters, so stagnant in every other country, with stirring and romantic adventure,—all these, we say, make up a rich and varied panorama, that can hardly fail of interest under the hand of the most common artist.

Lastly, the vanity of the French may be considered as another cause of their success in this kind of writing,—a vanity which leads them to disclose a thousand amusing particulars which the reserve of an Englishman, and perhaps his pride, would discard as altogether unsuitable to the public ear. This vanity, it must be confessed, however, has occasionally seduced their writers, under the garb of confessions and secret memoirs, to make such a disgusting exposure of human infirmity as few men would be willing to admit, even to themselves.

The best memoirs of late produced in France seem to have assumed somewhat of a novel shape. While they are written with the usual freedom and

vivacity, they are fortified by a body of references and illustrations that attest an unwonted degree of elaboration and research. Such are those of Rousseau, La Fontaine, and Molière, lately published. The last of these, which forms the subject of our article, is a compilation of all that has ever been recorded of the life of Molière. It is executed in an agreeable manner, and has the merit of examining, with more accuracy than has been hitherto done, certain doubtful points in his biography, and of assembling together in a convenient form what has before been diffused over a great variety of surface. But, however familiar most of these particulars may be to the countrymen of Molière (by far the greatest comic genius in his own nation, and, in very many respects, inferior to none in any other), they are not so current elsewhere as to lead us to imagine that some account of his life and literary labours would be altogether unacceptable to our readers.

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (Molière) was born in Paris, January 15, 1622. His father was an upholsterer, as his grandfather had been before him; and the young Poquelin was destined to exercise the same hereditary craft, to which, indeed, he served an apprenticeship until the age of fourteen. In this determination his father was confirmed by the office which he had obtained for himself, in connection with his original vocation, of *valet de chambre* to the king, with the promise of a reversion of it to his son on his own decease. The youth accordingly received only such a meagre elementary education as was usual with the artisans of that day. But a secret consciousness of his own powers convinced him that he was destined by nature for higher purposes than that of quilting sofas and hanging tapestry. His occasional presence at the theatrical representations of the Hôtel de Bourgogne is said also to have awakened in his mind, at this period, a passion for the drama. He therefore solicited his father to assist him in obtaining more liberal instruction; and when the latter at length yielded to the repeated entreaties of his son, it was with the reluctance of one who imagines that he is spoiling a good mechanic in order to make a poor scholar. He was accordingly introduced into the Jesuits' College of Clermont, where he followed the usual course of study for five years with diligence and credit. He was fortunate enough to pursue the study of philosophy under the direction of the celebrated Gassendi, with his fellow-pupils, Chapelle the poet, afterwards his intimate friend, and Bernier, so famous subsequently for his travels in the East, but who, on his return, had the misfortune to lose the favour of Louis the Fourteenth by replying to him, that "of all the countries he had ever seen, he preferred Switzerland."

On the completion of his studies, in 1641, he was required to accompany the king, then Louis the Thirteenth, in his capacity of *valet de chambre* (his father being detained in Paris by his infirmities), on an excursion to the south of France. This journey afforded him the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the habits of the court, as well as those of the provinces, of which he afterwards so repeatedly availed himself in his comedies. On his return he commenced the study of the law, and had completed it, it would appear, when his old passion for the theatre revived with increased ardour, and, after some hesitation, he determined no longer to withstand the decided impulse of his genius. He associated himself with one of those city companies of players with which Paris had swarmed since the days of Richelieu,—a minister who aspired after the same empire in the republic of letters which he had so long maintained over the state, and whose ostentatious patronage eminently contributed to develop that taste for dramatic exhibition which has distinguished his countrymen ever since.

The consternation of the elder Poquelin on receiving the intelligence of his

son's unexpected determination may be readily conceived. It blasted at once all the fair promise which the rapid progress the latter had made in his studies justified him in forming, and it degraded him to an unfortunate profession, esteemed at that time even more lightly in France than it has been in other countries. The humiliating dependence of the comedian on the popular favour, the daily exposure of his person to the caprice and insults of an unfeeling audience, the numerous temptations incident to his precarious and unsettled life, may furnish abundant objections to this profession in the mind of every parent. But in France, to all these objections were superadded others of a graver cast, founded on religion. The clergy there, alarmed at the rapidly-increasing taste for dramatic exhibitions, openly denounced these elegant recreations as an insult to the Deity; and the pious father anticipated, in this preference of his son, his spiritual no less than his temporal perdition. He actually made an earnest remonstrance to him to this effect, through the intervention of one of his friends, who, however, instead of converting the youth, was himself persuaded to join the company then organizing under his direction. But his family were never reconciled to his proceeding; and even at a later period of his life, when his splendid successes in his new career had shown how rightly he had understood the character of his own genius, they never condescended to avail themselves of the freedom of admission to his theatre, which he repeatedly proffered. M. Bret, his editor, also informs us that he had himself seen a genealogical tree in the possession of the descendants of this same family, in which the name of Molière was not even admitted! Unless it were to trace their connection with so illustrious a name, what could such a family want of a genealogical tree? It was from a deference to these scruples that our hero annexed to his patronymic the name of Molière, by which alone he has been recognized by posterity.

During the three following years he continued playing in Paris, until the turbulent regency of Anne of Austria withdrew the attention of the people from the quiet pleasures of the drama to those of civil broil and tumult. Molière then quitted the capital for the south of France. From this period, 1646 to 1658, his history presents few particulars worthy of record. He wandered with his company through the different provinces, writing a few farces which have long since perished, performing at the principal cities, and, wherever he went, by his superior talent withdrawing the crowd from every other spectacle to the exhibition of his own. During this period, too, he was busily storing his mind with those nice observations of men and manners so essential to the success of the dramatist, and which were to ripen there until a proper time for their development should arrive. At the town of Pezénas they still show an elbow-chair of Molière's (as at Montpellier they show the gown of Rabelais), in which the poet, it is said, ensconced in a corner of a barber's shop, would sit for the hour together, silently watching the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original draughts of character from the middling and lower classes with which his pieces everywhere abound.

In the south of France he met with the Prince of Conti, with whom he had contracted a friendship at the college of Clermont, and who received him with great hospitality. The prince pressed upon him the office of his private secretary; but, fortunately for letters, Molière was constant in his devotion to the drama, assigning as his reason that "the occupation was of too serious a complexion to suit his taste, and that, though he might make a passable author,

he should make a very poor secretary." Perhaps he was influenced in this refusal, also, by the fate of the preceding incumbent, who had lately died of a fever, in consequence of a blow from the fire-tongs, which his highness, in a fit of ill humour, had given him on the temple. However this may be, it was owing to the good offices of the prince that he obtained access to Monsieur, the only brother of Louis the Fourteenth, and father of the celebrated regent, Philip of Orleans, who, on his return to Paris in 1658, introduced him to the king, before whom, in the month of October following, he was allowed, with his company, to perform a tragedy of Corneille's and one of his own farces.

His little corps was now permitted to establish itself under the title of the "Company of Monsieur," and the theatre of the Petit-Bourbon was assigned as the place for its performances. Here, in the course of a few weeks, he brought out his *Etourdi* and *Le Dépôt Amoureux*, comedies in verse and in five acts, which he had composed during his provincial pilgrimage, and which, although deficient in an artful *liaison* of scenes and in probability of incident, exhibit, particularly the last, those fine touches of the ridiculous, which revealed the future author of the *Tartuffe* and the *Misanthrope*. They indeed found greater favour with the audience than some of his later pieces; for in the former they could only compare him with the wretched models that had preceded him, while in the latter they were to compare him with himself.

In the ensuing year Molière exhibited his celebrated farce of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*; a piece in only one act, but which, by its inimitable satire, effected such a revolution in the literary taste of his countrymen as has been accomplished by few works of a more imposing form, and which may be considered as the basis of the dramatic glory of Molière, and the dawn of good comedy in France. This epoch was the commencement of that brilliant period in French literature which is so well known as the age of Louis the Fourteenth; and yet it was distinguished by such a puerile, meretricious taste as is rarely to be met with except in the incipient stages of civilization or in its last decline. The cause of this melancholy perversion of intellect is mainly imputable to the influence of a certain *coterie* of wits, whose rank, talents, and successful authorship had authorized them in some measure to set up as the arbiters of taste and fashion. This choice assembly, consisting of the splenetic Rochefoucault, the *bel-esprit* Voiture, Balzac, whose letters afford the earliest example of numbers in French prose, the lively and licentious Bussy-Rabutin, Chapelain, who, as a wit has observed, might still have had a reputation had it not been for his "Pucelle," the poet Bensérade, Ménage, and others of less note, together with such eminent women as Madame Lafayette, Mademoiselle Scudéri (whose eternal romances, the delight of her own age, have been the despair of every other), and even the elegant Sévigné, was accustomed to hold its *réunions* principally at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the residence of the marchioness of that name, and which from this circumstance has acquired such ill-omened notoriety in the history of letters.

Here they were wont to hold the most solemn discussions on the most frivolous topics, but especially on matters relating to gallantry and love, which they debated with all the subtlety and metaphysical refinement that centuries before had characterized the romantic Courts of Love in the south of France. All this was conducted in an affected jargon, in which the most common things, instead of being called by their usual names, were signified by ridiculous periphrases, which, while it required neither wit nor ingenuity to invent them, could have had no other merit, even in their own eyes, than that of being unintelligible to the vulgar. To this was superadded a tone of exaggerated

sentiment, and a ridiculous code of etiquette, by which the intercourse of these *exclusives* was to be regulated with each other, all borrowed from the absurd romances of Calprenède and Scudéri. Even the names of the parties underwent a metamorphosis, and Madame de Rambouillet's Christian name of *Catherine*, being found too trite and unpoetical, was converted into *Arthénice*, by which she was so generally recognized as to be designated by it in Fléchier's eloquent funeral oration on her daughter.² These insipid affectations, which French critics are fond of imputing to an Italian influence, savour quite as much of the Spanish *cultismo* as of the *concetti* of the former nation, and may be yet more fairly referred to the same false principles of taste which distinguished the French Pleiades of the sixteenth century, and the more ancient compositions of their Provençal ancestors. Dictionaries were compiled and treatises written illustrative of this precious vocabulary; all were desirous of being initiated into the mysteries of so elegant a science; even such men as Corneille and Bossuet did not disdain to frequent the saloons where it was studied; the spirit of imitation, more active in France than in other countries, took possession of the provinces; every village had its coterie of *précieuses* after the fashion of the capital, and a false taste and criticism threatened to infect the very sources of pure and healthful literature.

It was against this fashionable corruption that Molière aimed his wit in the little satire of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, in which the valets of two noblemen are represented as aping their masters' tone of conversation for the purpose of imposing on two young ladies fresh from the provinces and great admirers of the new style. The absurdity of these affectations is still more strongly relieved by the contemptuous incredulity of the father and servant, who do not comprehend a word of them. By this process Molière succeeded both in exposing and degrading these absurd pretensions, as he showed how opposite they were to common sense and how easily they were to be acquired by the most vulgar minds. The success was such as might have been anticipated on an appeal to popular feeling, where nature must always triumph over the arts of affectation. The piece was welcomed with enthusiastic applause, and the disciples of the Hôtel Rambouillet, most of whom were present at the first exhibition, beheld the fine fabric which they had been so painfully constructing brought to the ground by a single blow. "And these follies," said Ménage to Chapelain, "which you and I see so finely criticised here, are what we have been so long admiring. We must go home and burn our idols." "Courage, Molière!" cried an old man from the pit; "this is genuine comedy." The price of the seats was doubled from the time of the second representation. Nor were the effects of the satire merely transitory. It converted an epithet of praise into one of reproach; and a *femme précieuse*, a *style précieux*, a *ton précieux*, once so much admired, have ever since been used only to signify the most ridiculous affectation.

There was, in truth, however, quite as much luck as merit in this success of Molière, whose production exhibits no finer raillery or better-sustained dialogue than are to be found in many of his subsequent pieces. It assured him, however, of his own strength, and disclosed to him the mode in which he should best hit the popular taste. "I have no occasion to study Plautus or Terence any longer," said he: "I must henceforth study the world." The world, accordingly, was his study; and the exquisite models of character which it furnished him will last as long as it shall endure.

² How comes La Harpe to fall into the error of supposing that Fléchier referred to Madame Montausier by this epithet of *Ar-*

thénice? The bishop's style in this passage is as unequivocal as usual. See *Cours de Littérature*, etc., tome vi. p. 167.

In 1660 he brought out the excellent comedy of the *Ecole des Maris*, and in the course of the same month, that of the *Fâcheux*, in three acts,—composed, learned, and performed within the brief space of a fortnight; an expedition evincing the dexterity of the manager no less than that of the author. This piece was written at the request of Fouquet, superintendent of finances to Louis the Fourteenth, for the magnificent *fête* at Vaux, given by him to that monarch, and lavishly celebrated in the memoirs of the period, and with yet more elegance in a poetical epistle of La Fontaine to his friend De Maucroix. This minister had been intrusted with the principal care of the finances under Cardinal Mazarin, and had been continued in the same office by Louis the Fourteenth, on his own assumption of the government. The monarch, however, alarmed at the growing dilapidations of the revenue, requested from the superintendent an *exposé* of its actual condition, which, on receiving, he privately communicated to Colbert, the rival and successor of Fouquet. The latter, whose ordinary expenditure far exceeded that of any other subject in the kingdom, and who, in addition to immense sums occasionally lost at play and daily squandered on his debaucheries, is said to have distributed in pensions more than four millions of livres annually, thought it would be an easy matter to impose on a young and inexperienced prince, who had hitherto shown himself more devoted to pleasure than business, and accordingly gave in false returns, exaggerating the expenses, and diminishing the actual receipts of the treasury. The detection of this speculation determined Louis to take the first occasion of dismissing his powerful minister; but his ruin was precipitated and completed by the discovery of an indiscreet passion for Madame de la Vallière, whose fascinating graces were then beginning to acquire for her that ascendancy over the youthful monarch which has since condemned her name to such unfortunate celebrity. The portrait of this lady, seen in the apartments of the favourite on the occasion to which we have adverted, so incensed Louis that he would have had him arrested on the spot but for the seasonable intervention of the queen-mother, who reminded him that Fouquet was his host. It was for this *fête* at Vaux, whose palace and ample domains, covering the extent of three villages, had cost their proprietor the sum, almost incredible for that period, of eighteen million livres, that Fouquet put in requisition all the various talents of the capital, the dexterity of its artists, and the invention of its finest poets. He was particularly lavish in his preparations for the dramatic portion of the entertainment. Le Brun passed for a while from his victories of Alexander to paint the theatrical decorations; Torelli was employed to contrive the machinery; Pelisson furnished the prologue, much admired in its day, and Molière his comedy of the *Fâcheux*.

This piece, the hint for which may have been suggested by Horace's ninth satire, *Ibam forte viâ Sacrà*, is an amusing caricature of the various *boreds* that infest society, rendered the more vexatious by their intervention at the very moment when a young lover is hastening to the place of assignation with his mistress. Louis the Fourteenth, after the performance, seeing his master of the hunts near him, M. Soyecour, a personage remarkably absent, and inordinately devoted to the pleasures of the chase, pointed him out to Molière as an original whom he had omitted to bring upon his canvas. The poet took the hint, and the following day produced an excellent scene, where this Nimrod is made to go through the *technics* of his art, in which he had himself, with great complaisance, instructed the mischievous satirist, who had drawn him into a conversation for that very purpose on the preceding evening.

This play was the origin of the *comédie-ballet*, afterwards so popular in France. The residence at Vaux brought Molière more intimately in contact with the king and the court than he had before been; and from this time may be dated the particular encouragement which he ever after received from this prince, and which eventually enabled him to triumph over the malice of his enemies. A few days after this magnificent entertainment, Fouquet was thrown into prison, where he was suffered to languish the remainder of his days, "which," says the historian from whom we have gathered these details, "he terminated *in sentiments of the most sincere piety*;"* a termination by no means uncommon in France with that class of persons, of either sex, respectively, who have had the misfortune to survive their fortune or their beauty.

In February, 1662, Molière formed a matrimonial connection with Made-moiselle Béjart, a young comedian of his company, who had been educated under his own eye, and whose wit and captivating graces had effectually ensnared the poet's heart, but for which he was destined to perform doleful penance the remainder of his life. The disparity of their ages—for the lady was hardly seventeen—might have afforded in itself a sufficient objection; and he had no reason to flatter himself that she would remain uninfected by the pernicious example of the society in which she had been educated, and of which he himself was not altogether an immaculate member. In his excellent comedy of the *Ecole des Femmes*, brought forward the same year, the story turns upon the absurdity of an old man's educating a young woman for the purpose, at some future time, of marrying her, which wise plan is defeated by the unseasonable apparition of a young lover, who in five minutes undoes what it had cost the veteran so many years to contrive. The pertinency of this moral to the poet's own situation shows how much easier it is to talk wisely than to act so.

This comedy, popular as it was on its representation, brought upon the head of its author a tempest of parody, satire, and even slander, from those of his own craft who were jealous of his unprecedented success, and from those literary *petits-mâtres* who still smarted with the stripes inflicted on them in some of his previous performances. One of this latter class, incensed at the applause bestowed upon the piece on the night of its first representation, indignantly exclaimed, *Ris donc, parterre! ris donc!* "Laugh then, pit, if you will!" and immediately quitted the theatre.

Molière was not slow in avenging himself of these interested criticisms, by means of a little piece entitled *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*, in which he brings forward the various objections made to his comedy and ridicules them with unsparing severity. These objections appear to have been chiefly of a verbal nature. A few such familiar phrases as *tarte à la crème, enfans par l'oreille*, etc., gave particular offence to the purists of that day, and, in the prudish spirit of French criticism, have since been condemned by Voltaire and La Harpe as unworthy of comedy. One of the personages introduced into the *Critique* is a marquis, who, when repeatedly interrogated as to the nature of his objection to the comedy, has no other answer to make than by his eternal *tarte à la crème*. The Duc de Feuillade, a coxcomb of little brains but great pretension, was the person generally supposed to be here intended. The peer, unequal to an encounter of wits with his antagonist, resorted to a coarser remedy. Meeting Molière one day in the gallery at Versailles, he advanced as if to embrace him,—a civility which the great lords of that day occasionally condescended to bestow upon their inferiors. As the unsuspecting poet in-

* Histoire de la Vie, etc., de La Fontaine, par M. Vaickenaer. Paris, 1824.

clined himself to receive the salute, the duke, seizing his head between his hands, rubbed it briskly against the buttons of his coat, repeating, at the same time, "*Tarte à la crème, Monsieur, tarte à la crème.*" The king, on receiving intelligence of this affront, was highly indignant, and reprimanded the duke with great asperity. He at the same time encouraged Molière to defend himself with his own weapons; a privilege of which he speedily availed himself, in a caustic little satire in one act, entitled *Impromptu de Versailles*. "The marquis," he says in this piece, "is nowadays the droll (*le plaisant*) of the comedy; and as our ancestors always introduced a jester to furnish mirth for the audience, so we must have recourse to some ridiculous marquis to divert them."

It is obvious that Molière could never have maintained this independent attitude if he had not been protected by the royal favour. Indeed, Louis was constant in giving him this protection; and when, soon after this period, the character of Molière was blackened by the vilest imputations, the monarch testified his conviction of his innocence by publicly standing godfather to his child,—a tribute of respect equally honourable to the prince and the poet. The king, moreover, granted him a pension of a thousand livres annually, and to his company, which henceforth took the title of "comedians of the king," a pension of seven thousand. Our author received his pension as one of a long list of men of letters who experienced a similar bounty from the royal hand. The curious estimate exhibited in this document of the relative merits of these literary stipendiaries affords a striking evidence that the decrees of contemporaries are not unfrequently to be reversed by posterity. The obsolete Chapelain is there recorded "as the greatest French poet who has ever existed;" in consideration of which, his stipend amounted to three thousand livres, while Boileau's name, for which his satires had already secured an imperishable existence, is not even noticed! It should be added, however, on the authority of Boileau, that Chapelain himself had the principal hand in furnishing this apocryphal scale of merit to the minister.

In the month of September, 1665, Molière produced his *L'Amour Médecin*, a *comédie-ballet*, in three acts, which from the time of its conception to that of its performance consumed only five days. This piece, although displaying no more than his usual talent for caustic rallery, is remarkable as affording the earliest demonstration of those direct hostilities upon the medical faculty which he maintained at intervals during the rest of his life, and which he may be truly said to have died in maintaining. In this he followed the example of Montaigne, who, in particular, devotes one of the longest chapters in his work to a tirade against the profession, which he enforces by all the ingenuity of his wit and his usual wealth of illustration. In this, also, Molière was subsequently imitated by Le Sage, as every reader of *Gil Blas* will readily call to mind. Both Montaigne and Le Sage, however, like most other libellers of the healing art, were glad to have recourse to it in the hour of need. Not so with Molière. His satire seems to have been without affectation. Though an habitual valetudinarian, he relied almost wholly on the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health. "What use do you make of your physician?" said the king to him one day. "We chat together, sire," said the poet: "he gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them, and so I get well."

An ample apology for this infidelity may be found in the state of the profession at that day, whose members affected to disguise a profound ignorance of the true principles of science under a pompous exterior, which, however it might impose upon the vulgar, could only bring them into deserved discredit with the better portion of the community. The physicians of that time are

described as parading the streets of Paris on mules, dressed in a long robe and bands, holding their conversation in bad Latin, or, if they condescended to employ the vernacular, mixing it up with such a jargon of scholastic phrase and scientific *technics* as to render it perfectly unintelligible to vulgar ears. The following lines, cited by M. Taschereau, and written in good earnest at the time, seem to hit off most of these peculiarities :

' Affecter un air pédantesque,
Cracher du Grec et du Latin,
Longue perruque, habit grotesque,
De la fourrure et du satin,
Tout cela réuni fait presque
Ce qu'on appelle un médecin.'¹

In addition to these absurdities, the physicians of that period exposed themselves to still farther derision by the contrariety of their opinions and the animosity with which they maintained them. The famous consultation in the case of Cardinal Mazarin was well known in its day,—one of his four medical attendants affirming the seat of his disorder to be the liver, another the lungs, a third the spleen, and a fourth the mesentery. Molière's raillery, therefore, against empirics, in a profession where mistakes are so easily made, so difficult to be detected, and the only one in which they are irremediable, stands abundantly excused from the censures which have been heaped upon it. Its effects were visible in the reform which in his own time it effected in their manners, if in nothing farther. They assumed the dress of men of the world, and gradually adopted the popular forms of communication; an essential step to improvement, since nothing cloaks ignorance and empiricism more effectually with the vulgar than an affected use of learned phrase and a technical vocabulary.

We are now arrived at that period of Molière's career when he composed his *Misanthrope*, a play which some critics have esteemed his masterpiece, and which all concur in admiring as one of the noblest productions of the modern drama. Its literary execution, too, of paramount importance in the eye of a French critic, is more nicely elaborated than in any other of the pieces of Molière, if we except the *Tartuffe*, and its didactic dialogue displays a maturity of thought equal to what is found in the best satires of Boileau. It is the very didactic tone of this comedy, indeed, which, combined with its want of eager, animating interest, made it less popular on its representation than some of his inferior pieces. A circumstance which occurred on the first night of its performance may be worth noticing. In the second scene of the first act, a man of fashion, it is well known, is represented as soliciting the candid opinion of *Alceste* on a sonnet of his own inditing, though he flies into a passion with him, five minutes after, for pronouncing an unfavourable judgment. This sonnet was so artfully constructed by Molière, with those dazzling epigrammatic points most captivating to common ears, that the gratified audience were loud in their approbation of what they supposed intended in good faith by the author. How great was their mortification, then, when they heard *Alceste* condemn the whole as puerile, and fairly expose the false principles on which it had been constructed! Such a rebuke must have carried more weight with it than a volume of set dissertation on the principles of taste.

Rousseau has bitterly inveighed against Molière for exposing to ridicule the hero of his *Misanthrope*, a high-minded and estimable character. It was told to the Duc de Montausier, well known for his austere virtue, that he was

¹ A gait and air somewhat pedantic,
And scarce to spit but Greek or Latin,
A long peruke and habit antic,

Sometimes of fur, sometimes of satin,
Form the receipt by which 'tis showed
How to make doctors à la mode.

intended as the original of the character. Much offended, he attended a representation of the piece, but, on returning, declared that "he dared hardly flatter himself the poet had intended him so great an honour." This fact, as has been well intimated by La Harpe, furnishes the best reply to Rousseau's invective.

The relations in which Molière stood with his wife at the time of the appearance of this comedy gave to the exhibition a painful interest. The levity and extravagance of this lady had for some time transcended even those liberal limits which were conceded at that day by the complaisance of a French husband, and they deeply affected the happiness of the poet. As he one day communicated the subject to his friend Chapelle, the latter strongly urged him to confine her person,—a remedy much in vogue then for refractory wives, and one, certainly, if not more efficacious, at least more gallant than the "moderate flagellation" authorized by the English law. He remonstrated on the folly of being longer the dupe of her artifices. "Alas!" said the unfortunate poet to him, "you have never loved!" A separation, however, was at length agreed upon, and it was arranged that, while both parties occupied the same house, they should never meet except at the theatre. The respective parts which they performed in this piece corresponded precisely with their respective situations: that of *Célimène*, a fascinating, capricious coquette, insensible to every remonstrance of her lover, and selfishly bent on the gratification of her own appetites; and that of *Alceste*, perfectly sensible of the duplicity of his mistress, whom he vainly hopes to reform, and no less so of the unworthiness of his own passion, from which he as vainly hopes to extricate himself. The coincidences are too exact to be considered wholly accidental.

If Molière in his preceding pieces had hit the follies and fashionable absurdities of the age, in the *Tartuffe* he flew at still higher game, the most odious of all vices, religious hypocrisy. The result showed that his shafts were not shot in the dark. The first three acts of the *Tartuffe*, the only ones then written, made their appearance at the memorable *fêtes* known under the name of "The Pleasures of the Enchanted Isle," given by Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles in 1664, and of which the inquisitive reader may find a circumstantial narrative in the twenty-fifth chapter of Voltaire's history of that monarch. The only circumstance which can give them a permanent value with posterity is their having been the occasion of the earliest exhibition of this inimitable comedy. Louis the Fourteenth, who, notwithstanding the defects of his education, seems to have had a discriminating perception of literary beauty, was fully sensible of the merits of this production. The *Tartuffes*, however, who were present at the exhibition, deeply stung by the sarcasms of the poet, like the foul birds of night whose recesses have been suddenly invaded by a glare of light, raised a fearful cry against him, until Louis even, whose solicitude for the interests of the Church was nowise impaired by his own personal derelictions, complied with their importunities for imposing a prohibition on the public performance of the play.

It was, however, privately acted in the presence of Monsieur, and afterwards of the great Condé. Copies of it were greedily circulated in the societies of Paris; and, although their unanimous suffrage was an inadequate compensation to the author for the privations he incurred, it was sufficient to quicken the activity of the false zealots, who, under the mask of piety, assailed him with the grossest libels. One of them even ventured so far as to call upon the king to make a public example of him with fire and fagot; another declared that it would be an offence to the Deity to allow Molière, after such an enor-

mity, "to participate in the sacraments, to be admitted to confession, or even to enter the precincts of a church, considering the anathemas which it had fulminated against the authors of indecent and sacrilegious spectacles!" Soon after his sentence of prohibition, the king attended the performance of a piece entitled *Scaramouche Hermite*, a piece abounding in passages the most indelicate and profane. "What is the reason," said he, on retiring, to the Prince of Condé, "that the persons so sensibly scandalized at Molière's comedy take no umbrage at this?" "Because," said the prince, "the latter only attacks religion, while the former attacks themselves;" an answer which may remind one of a remark of Bayle in reference to the *Decameron*, which, having been placed on the Index on account of its immorality, was, however, allowed to be published in an edition which converted the names of the ecclesiastics into those of laymen; "a concession," says the philosopher, "which shows the priests to have been much more solicitous for the interests of their own order than for those of heaven."

Louis, at length convinced of the interested motives of the enemies of the *Tartuffe*, yielded to the importunities of the public and removed his prohibition of its performance. It accordingly was represented, for the first time in public, in August, 1667, before an overflowing house, extended to its full complement of five acts, but with alterations of the names of the piece, the principal personages in it, and some of its most obnoxious passages. It was entitled *The Impostor*, and its hero was styled *Panulfe*. On the second evening of the performance, however, an interdict arrived from the president of the Parliament against the repetition of the performance, and, as the king had left Paris in order to join his army in Flanders, no immediate redress was to be obtained. It was not until two years later, 1669, that the *Tartuffe*, in its present shape, was finally allowed to proceed unmolested in its representations. It is scarcely necessary to add that these were attended with the most brilliant success which its author could have anticipated, and to which the intrinsic merits of the piece, and the unmerited persecutions he had undergone, so well entitled him. Forty-four successive representations were scarcely sufficient to satisfy the eager curiosity of the public; and his grateful company forced upon Molière a double share of the profits during every repetition of its performance for the remainder of his life. Posterity has confirmed the decision of his contemporaries, and it still remains the most admired comedy of the French theatre, and will always remain so, says a native critic, "as long as taste and hypocrites shall endure in France."

We have been thus particular in our history of these transactions, as it affords one of the most interesting examples on record of undeserved persecution with which envy and party spirit have assailed a man of letters. No one of Molière's compositions is determined by a more direct moral aim; nowhere has he stripped the mask from vice with a more intrepid hand; nowhere has he animated his discourses with a more sound and practical piety. It should be added, in justice to the French clergy of that period, that the most eminent prelates at the court acknowledged the merits of this comedy, and were strongly in favour of its representation.

It is generally known that the amusing scene in the first act, where *Dorine* enlarges so eloquently on the good cheer which *Tartuffe* had made in the absence of his host, was suggested to Molière some years previous in Lorraine, by a circumstance which took place at the table of Louis the Fourteenth, whom Molière had accompanied in his capacity of *valet de chambre*. Perefixe, bishop of Rhodéz, entering while the king was at his evening meal, during Lent, was invited by him to follow his example; but the bishop declined, on

the ground that he was accustomed to eat only once during the days of vigil and fast. The king, observing one of his attendants to smile, inquired of him the reason as soon as the prelate had withdrawn. The latter informed his master that he need be under no apprehensions for the health of the good bishop, as he himself had assisted at his dinner on that day, and then recounted to him the various dishes which had been served up. The king, who listened with becoming gravity to the narration, uttered an exclamation of "Poor man!" at the specification of each new item, varying the tone of his exclamation in such a manner as to give it a highly comic effect. The humour was not lost upon our poet who has transported the same ejaculations, with much greater effect, into the above-mentioned scene of his play. The king, who did not at first recognize the source whence he had derived it, on being informed of it, was much pleased, if we may believe M. Taschereau, in finding himself even thus accidentally associated with the work of a man of genius.

In 1668, Molière brought forward his *Avare*, and in the following year his amusing comedy of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, in which the folly of unequal alliances is successfully ridiculed and exposed. This play was first represented in the presence of the court at Chambord. The king maintained during its performance an inscrutable physiognomy, which made it doubtful what might be his real sentiments respecting it. The same deportment was maintained by him during the evening towards the author, who was in attendance in his capacity of *valet de chambre*. The quick-eyed courtiers, the counts and marquises, who had so often smarted under the lash of the poet, construing this into an expression of royal disapprobation, were loud in their condemnation of him, and a certain duke boldly affirmed "that he was fast sinking into his second childhood, and that, unless some better writer soon appeared, French comedy would degenerate into mere Italian farce." The unfortunate poet, unable to catch a single ray of consolation, was greatly depressed during the interval of five days which preceded the second representation of his piece; on returning from which, the monarch assured him that "none of his productions had afforded him greater entertainment, and that, if he had delayed expressing his opinion on the preceding night, it was from the apprehension that his judgment might have been influenced by the excellence of the acting." Whatever we may think of this exhibition of royal caprice, we must admire the suppleness of the courtiers, one and all of whom straightway expressed their full conviction of the merits of the comedy, and the duke above mentioned added, in particular, that "there was a *vis comica* in all that Molière ever wrote, to which the ancients could furnish no parallel!" What exquisite studies for his pencil must Molière not have found in this precious assembly!

We have already remarked that the profession of a comedian was but lightly esteemed in France at this period. Molière experienced the inconveniences resulting from this circumstance even after his splendid literary career had given him undoubted claims to consideration. Most of our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the anecdote of Belloc, an agreeable poet of the court, who, on hearing one of the servants in the royal household refuse to aid the author of the *Tartuffe* in making the king's bed, courteously requested "the poet to accept his services for that purpose." Madame Campan's anecdote of a similar courtesy on the part of Louis the Fourteenth is also well known, who, when several of these functionaries refused to sit at table with the comedian, kindly invited him to sit down with him, and, calling in some of his principal courtiers, remarked that "he had requested the pleasure of Molière's

company at his own table, as it was not thought quite good enough for his officers." This rebuke had the desired effect. However humiliating the reflection may be that genius should have, at any time, stood in need of such patronage, it is highly honourable to the monarch who could raise himself so far above the prejudices of his age as to confer it.

It was the same unworthy prejudice that had so long excluded Molière from that great object and recompense of a French scholar's ambition, a seat in the Academy; a body affecting to maintain a jealous watch over the national language and literature, which the author of the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe*, perhaps more than any other individual of his age, had contributed to purify and advance. Sensible of this merit, they at length offered him a place in their assembly, provided he would renounce his profession of a player and confine himself in future to his literary labours. But the poet replied to his friend Boileau, the bearer of this communication, that "too many individuals of his company depended on his theatrical labours for support to allow him for a moment to think of it;" a reply of infinitely more service to his memory than all the academic honours that could have been heaped upon him. This illustrious body, however, a century after his decease, paid him the barren compliment (the only one then in their power) of decreeing to him an *éloge*, and of admitting his bust within their walls, with this inscription upon it:

"Nothing is wanting to his glory: he was wanting to ours."

The catalogue of Academicians contemporary with Molière, most of whom now rest in sweet oblivion, or, with Cotin and Chapelain, live only in the satires of Boileau, shows that it is as little in the power of academies to confer immortality on a writer as to deprive him of it.

We have not time to notice the excellent comedy of the *Femmes Savantes*, and some inferior pieces, written by our author at a later period of his life, and must hasten to the closing scene. He had been long affected by a pulmonary complaint, and it was only by severe temperance, as we have before stated, that he was enabled to preserve even a moderate degree of health. At the commencement of the year 1673 his malady sensibly increased. At this very season he composed his *Malade Imaginaire*,—the most whimsical, and perhaps the most amusing, of the compositions in which he has indulged his railery against the faculty. On the seventeenth of February, being the day appointed for its fourth representation, his friends would have dissuaded him from appearing, in consequence of his increasing indisposition; but he persisted in his design, alleging "that more than fifty poor individuals depended for their daily bread on its performance." His life fell a sacrifice to his benevolence. The exertions which he was compelled to make in playing the principal part of *Argan* aggravated his distemper, and as he was repeating the word *juro* in the concluding ceremony he fell into a convulsion, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise from the spectators under a forced smile. He was immediately carried to his house in the Rue de Richelieu, now No. 34. A violent fit of coughing, on his arrival, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel; and, seeing his end approaching, he sent for two ecclesiastics of the parish of St. Eustace, to which he belonged, to administer to him the last offices of religion. But these worthy persons refused their assistance; and before a third, who had been sent for, could arrive, Molière, suffocated with the effusion of blood, had expired in the arms of his family.

Harlay de Champvalon, at that time Archbishop of Paris, refused the rites of sepulture to the deceased poet because he was a comedian and had had the misfortune to die without receiving the sacraments. This prelate is com-

spicious, even in the chronicles of that period, for his bold and infamous debaucheries. It is of him that Madame de Sévigné observes, in one of her letters, "There are two little inconveniences which make it difficult for any one to undertake his funeral oration,—his life and his death." Father Gail- laird, who at length consented to undertake it, did so on the condition that he should not be required to say anything of the character of the deceased. The remonstrance of Louis the Fourteenth having induced this person to re- move his interdict, he privately instructed the curate of St. Eustace not to allow the usual service for the dead to be recited at the interment. On the day appointed for this ceremony, a number of the rabble assembled before the deceased poet's door, determined to oppose it. "They knew only," says Voltaire, "that Molière was a comedian, but did not know that he was a philosopher and a great man." They had, more probably, been collected together by the Tartuffes, his unforgiving enemies. The widow of the poet appeased these wretches by throwing money to them from the windows. In the evening, the body, escorted by a procession of about a hundred individuals, the friends and intimate acquaintances of the deceased poet, each of them bearing a flambeau in his hand, was quietly deposited in the cemetery of St. Joseph, without the ordinary chant, or service of any kind. It was not thus that Paris followed to the tomb the remains of her late distinguished comedian, Talma. Yet Talma was only a comedian, while Molière, in addition to this, had the merit of being the most eminent comic writer whom France had ever produced. The different degree of popular civilization which this difference of conduct indicates may afford a subject of contemplation by no means unpleasing to the philanthropist.

In the year 1792, during that memorable period in France when an affecta- tion of reverence for their illustrious dead was strangely mingled with the persecution of the living, the Parisians resolved to exhume the remains of La Fontaine and Molière, in order to transport them to a more honourable place of interment. Of the relics thus obtained, it is certain that no portion be- longed to La Fontaine, and it is extremely probable that none did to Molière. Whosoever they may have been, they did not receive the honours for which their repose had been disturbed. With the usual fickleness of the period, they were shamefully transferred from one place to another, or abandoned to neglect, for seven years, when the patriotic conservator of the *Monumens Français* succeeded in obtaining them for his collection at the *Petits Augustins*. On the suppression of this institution in 1817, the supposed ashes of the two poets were, for the last time, transported to the spacious cemetery of Père de la Chaise, where the tomb of the author of the *Tartuffe* is designated by an inscription in Latin, which, as if to complete the scandal of the proceed- ings, is grossly mistaken in the only fact which it pretends to record, namely, the age of the poet at the time of his decease.

Molière died soon after entering upon his fifty-second year. He is repre- sented to have been somewhat above the middle stature, and well proportioned ; his features large, his complexion dark, and his black, bushy eyebrows so flexible as to admit of his giving an infinitely comic expression to his physiog- nomy. He was the best actor of his own generation, and, by his counsels, formed the celebrated Baron, the best of the succeeding. He played all the range of his own characters, from *Alceste* to *Sganarelle*, though he seems to have been peculiarly fitted for broad comedy. He composed with rapidity, for which Boileau has happily complimented him :

"Rare et sublime esprit, dont la fertile veine
Ignore en écrivant le travail et la peine ;"

unlike in this to Boileau himself, and to Racine, the former of whom taught the latter, if we may credit his son, "the art of rhyming with difficulty." Of course, the verses of Molière have neither the correctness nor the high finish of those of his two illustrious rivals.

He produced all his pieces, amounting to thirty, in the short space of fifteen years. He was in the habit of reading these to an old female domestic by the name of La Forêt, on whose unsophisticated judgment he greatly relied. On one occasion, when he attempted to impose upon her the production of a brother author, she plainly told him that he had never written it. Sir Walter Scott may have had this habit of Molière's in his mind when he introduced a similar expedient into his "Chronicles of the Canongate." For the same reason, our poet used to request the comedians to bring their children with them when he recited a new play. The peculiar advantage of this humble criticism in dramatic compositions is obvious. Alfieri himself, as he informs us, did not disdain to resort to it.

Molière's income was very ample, probably not less than twenty-five or thirty thousand francs,—an immense sum for that day; yet he left but little property. The expensive habits of his wife and his own liberality may account for it. One example of this is worth recording, as having been singularly opportune and well directed. When Racine came up to Paris as a young adventurer, he presented to Molière a copy of his first crude tragedy, long since buried in oblivion. The latter discerned in it, amid all its imperfections, the latent spark of dramatic genius, and he encouraged its author by the present of a hundred louis. This was doing better for him than Corneille did, who advised the future author of *Phèdre* to abandon the tragic walk and to devote himself altogether to comedy. Racine recompensed this benefaction of his friend, at a later period of his life, by quarrelling with him.

Molière was naturally of a reserved and taciturn temper, inasmuch that his friend Boileau used to call him the *Contemplateur*. Strangers who had expected to recognize in his conversation the sallies of wit which distinguished his dramas went away disappointed. The same thing is related of La Fontaine. The truth is, that Molière went into society as a spectator, not as an actor; he found there the studies for the characters which he was to transport upon the stage, and he occupied himself with observing them. The dreamer La Fontaine lived, too, in a world of his own creation. His friend Madame de la Sablière paid to him this untranslatable compliment: "En vérité, mon cher La Fontaine, vous seriez bien bête, si vous n'aviez pas tant d'esprit." These unseasonable reveries brought him, it may be imagined, into many whimsical adventures. The great Corneille, too, was distinguished by the same apathy. A gentleman dined at the same table with him for six months without suspecting the author of the "Cid."

The literary reputation of Molière, and his amiable personal endowments, naturally led him into an intimacy with the most eminent wits of the golden age in which he lived, but especially with Boileau, La Fontaine, and Racine; and the confidential intercourse of these great minds, and their frequent *réunions* for the purposes of social pleasure, bring to mind the similar associations at the Mermaid's, Will's Coffee-house, and Button's, which form so pleasing a picture in the annals of English literature. It was common on these occasions to have a volume of the unfortunate Chapelain's epic, then in popular repute, lie open upon the table, and if one of the party fell into a grammatical blunder, to impose upon him the reading of some fifteen or twenty verses of it: "a whole page," says Louis Racine, "was sentence of death." La Fontaine, in his *Psyché*, has painted his reminiscences of these

happy meetings in the colouring of fond regret; where, "freely discussing such topics of general literature or personal gossip as might arise, they touched lightly upon all, like bees passing on from flower to flower, criticising the works of others without envy, and of one another, when any one chanced to fall into the malady of the age, with frankness." Alas that so rare a union of minds, destined to live together through all ages, should have been dissolved by the petty jealousies incident to common men!

In these assemblies frequent mention is made of Chapelle, the most intimate friend of Molière, whose agreeable verses are read with pleasure in our day, and whose cordial manners and sprightly conversation made him the delight of his own. His mercurial spirits, however, led him into too free an indulgence of convivial pleasures, and brought upon him the repeated though unavailing remonstrances of his friends. On one of these occasions, as Boileau was urging upon him the impropriety of this indulgence, and its inevitable consequences, Chapelle, who received the admonition with great contrition, invited his Mentor to withdraw from the public street in which they were then walking into a neighbouring house, where they could talk over the matter with less interruption. Here wine was called for, and, in the warmth of discussion, a second bottle being soon followed by a third, both parties at length found themselves in a condition which made it advisable to adjourn the lecture to a more fitting occasion.

Molière enjoyed also the closest intimacy with the great Condé, the most distinguished ornament of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; to such an extent, indeed, that the latter directed that the poet should never be refused admission to him, at whatever hour he might choose to pay his visit. His regard for his friend was testified by his remark, rather more candid than courteous, to an abbé of his acquaintance, who had brought him an epitaph of his own writing upon the deceased poet. "Would to Heaven," said the prince, "that he were in a condition to bring me yours!"

We have already wandered beyond the limits which we had assigned to ourselves for an abstract of Molière's literary labours and of the most interesting anecdotes in his biography. Without entering, therefore, into a criticism on his writings, of which the public stand in no need, we shall dismiss the subject with a few brief reflections on their probable influence, and on the design of the author in producing them.

The most distinguished French critics, with the overweening partiality in favour of their own nation, so natural and so universal, placing Molière by common consent at the head of their own comic writers, have also claimed for him a pre-eminence over those of every other age and country. A. W. Schlegel, a very competent judge in these matters, has degraded him, on the other hand, from the walks of high comedy to the writer of "buffoon farces, for which his genius and inclination seem to have essentially fitted him;" adding, moreover, that "his characters are not drawn from nature, but from the fleeting and superficial forms of fashionable life." This is a hard sentence, accommodated to the more forcible illustration of the peculiar theory which the German writer has avowed throughout his work, and which, however reasonable in its first principles, has led him into as exaggerated an admiration of the romantic models which he prefers, as disparagement of the classical school which he detests. It is a sentence, moreover, upon which some eminent critics in his own country, who support his theory in the main, have taken the liberty to demur.

That a large proportion of Molière's pieces are conceived in a vein of broad, homely merriment, rather than in that of elevated comedy, abounding in forced

situations, high caricature, and practical jokes; in the knavish, intriguing valets of Plautus and Terence; in a compound of that good nature and irritability, shrewdness and credulity, which make up the dupes of Aristophanes, is very true; but that a writer distinguished by his deep reflection, his pure taste, and nice observation of character should have preferred this to the higher walks of his art, is absolutely incredible. He has furnished the best justification of himself in an apology which a contemporary biographer reports him to have made to some one who censured him on this very ground: "If I wrote simply for fame," said he, "I should manage very differently; but I write for the support of my company. I must not address myself, therefore, to a few people of education, but to the mob. And this latter class of gentry take very little interest in a continued elevation of style and sentiment." With all these imperfections and lively absurdities, however, there is scarcely one of Molière's minor pieces which does not present us with traits of character that come home to every heart, and felicities of expression that, from their truth, have come to be proverbial.

With regard to the objection that his characters are not so much drawn from nature as from the local manners of the age, if it be meant that they are not acted upon by those deep passions which engross the whole soul, and which, from this intensity, have more of a tragic than a comic import in them, but are rather drawn from the foibles and follies of ordinary life, it is true; but then these last are likely to be quite as permanent, and, among civilized nations, quite as universal, as the former. And who has exposed them with greater freedom or with a more potent ridicule than Molière? Love, under all its thousand circumstances, its quarrels and reconciliations; vanity, humbly suing for admiration under the guise of modesty; whimsical contradictions of profession and habitual practice; the industry with which the lower classes ape, not the virtues, but the follies of their superiors; the affectation of fashion, taste, science, or anything but what the party actually possesses; the *esprit de corps*, which leads us to feel an exalted respect for our own profession and a sovereign contempt for every other; the friendly adviser, who has an eye to his own interest; the author, who seeks your candid opinion, and quarrels with you when you have given it; the fair friend, who kindly sacrifices your reputation for a jest; the hypocrite under every aspect, who deceives the world or himself,—these form the various and motley panorama of character which Molière has transferred to his canvas, and which, though mostly drawn from cultivated life, must endure as long as society shall hold together.

Indeed, Molière seems to have possessed all the essential requisites for excelling in genteel comedy: a pure taste, an acute perception of the ridiculous, the tone of elegant dialogue, and a wit brilliant and untiring as Congreve's, but which, instead of wasting itself, like his, in idle flashes of merriment, is uniformly directed with a moral or philosophical aim. This obvious didactic purpose, in truth, has been censured as inconsistent with the spirit of the drama, and as belonging rather to satire; but it secured to him an influence over the literature and the opinions of his own generation which has been possessed by no other comic writer of the moderns.

He was the first to recall his countrymen from the vapid hyperbole and puerile conceits of the ancient farces, and to instruct them in the maxim which Boileau has since condensed into a memorable verse, that "nothing is beautiful but what is natural." We have already spoken of the reformation which one of his early pieces effected in the admirers of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* and its absurdities; and when this confederacy afterwards rallied

under an affectation of science, as it had before done of letters, he again broke it with his admirable satire of the *Femmes Savantes*. We do not recollect any similar revolution effected by a single effort of genius, unless it be that brought about by the *Paviad* and *Maviad*. But Mr. Gifford, in the Della-Cruscan school, but "broke a butterfly upon the wheel," in comparison with those enemies, formidable by rank and talent, whom Molière assailed. We have noticed in its proper place the influence which his writings had in compelling the medical faculty of his day to lay aside the affected department, technical jargon, and other mummeries then in vogue, by means of the public derision to which he had deservedly exposed them. In the same manner, he so successfully ridiculed the miserable dialectics, pedantry, and intolerance of the schoolmen, in his diverting dialogues between *Dr. Marphurius* and *Dr. Pancrace*, that he is said to have completely defeated the serious efforts of the University for obtaining a confirmation of the decree of 1624, which had actually prohibited, *under pain of death*, the promulgation of any opinion contrary to the doctrines of Aristotle. The *arrêt burlesque* of his friend Boileau, at a later period, if we may trust the *Menagiana*, had a principal share in preventing a decree of the Parliament against the philosophy of Descartes. It is difficult to estimate the influence of our poet's satire on the state of society in general, and on those higher ranks in particular whose affectations and pretensions he assailed with such pertinacious hostility. If he did not reform them, he at least deprived them of their fascination and much of their mischievous influence, by holding them up to the contempt and laughter of the public. Sometimes, it must be admitted, though very rarely, in effecting this object he so far transgressed the bounds of decorum as to descend even to personalities.

From this view of the didactic purpose proposed by Molière in his comedies, it is obviously difficult to institute a comparison between them and those of our English dramatists, or, rather, of Shakspeare, who may be taken as their representative. The latter seems to have had no higher end in view than mere amusement: he took a leaf out of the great volume of human nature as he might find it; nor did he accommodate it to the illustration of any moral or literary theorem. The former, on the other hand, manifests such a direct perceptive purpose as to give to some of his pieces the appearance of satires rather than of comedies; argument takes the place of action, and the *pro* and *con* of the matter are discussed with all the formality of a school exercise. This essentially diminishes the interest of some of his best plays, the *Misanthrope* and the *Femmes Savantes* for example, which for this reason seem better fitted for the closet than the stage, and have long since ceased to be favourites with the public. This want of interest is, moreover, aggravated by the barrenness of action visible in many of Molière's comedies, where he seems only to have sought an apology for bringing together his *coteries* of gentlemen and ladies for the purpose of exhibiting their gladiatorial dexterity in conversation. Not so with the English dramatist, whose boundless invention crowds his scene with incidents that hurry us along with breathless interest, but which sadly scandalize the lover of the unities.

In conformity with his general plan, too, Shakspeare brings before us every variety of situation,—the court, the camp, and the cloister; the busy hum of populous cities, or the wild solitude of the forest,—presenting us with pictures of rich and romantic beauty which could not fall within the scope of his rival, and allowing himself to indulge in the unbounded revelry of an imagination which Molière did not possess. The latter, on the other hand, an attentive observer of man as he is found in an over-refined state of society, in courts

and crowded capitals, copied his minutest lineaments with a precision that gives to his most general sketches the air almost of personal portraits; seasoning, moreover, his discourses with shrewd hints and maxims of worldly policy. Shakspeare's genius led him rather to deal in bold touches than in this nice delineation. He describes classes rather than individuals; he touches the springs of the most intense passions. The daring of ambition, the craving of revenge, the deep tenderness of love, are all materials in his hands for comedy; and this gives to some of his admired pieces—his "Merchant of Venice" and his "Measure for Measure," for example—a solemnity of colouring that leaves them only to be distinguished from tragedy by their more fortunate termination. Molière, on the contrary, sedulously excludes from his plays whatever can impair their comic interest. And when, as he has done very rarely, he aims directly at vice instead of folly (in the *Tartuffe*, for instance), he studies to exhibit it under such ludicrous points of view as shall excite the derision rather than the indignation of his audience.

But, whatever be the comparative merits of these great masters, each must be allowed to have attained complete success in his way. Comedy, in the hands of Shakspeare, exhibits to us man, not only as he is moved by the petty vanities of life, but by deep and tumultuous passion; in situations which it requires all the invention of the poet to devise and the richest colouring of eloquence to depict. But if the object of comedy, as has been said, be "to correct the follies of the age, by exposing them to ridicule," who then has equalled Molière?

ITALIAN NARRATIVE POETRY.¹

(October, 1824.)

THE characteristics of an Italian school are nowhere so discernible in English literary history as under the reign of Elizabeth. At the period when England was most strenuous in breaking off her spiritual relations with Italy, she cultivated most closely her intellectual. It is hardly necessary to name either the contemporary dramatists, or Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser, the former of whom derived the plots of many of their most popular plays, as the latter did the forms, and frequently the spirit, of their poetical compositions, from Italian models. The translations of the same period were, in several instances, superior to any which have been since produced. Harrington's version of the "Orlando Furioso," with all its inaccuracy, is far superior to the cumbrous monotony of Hoole. Of Fairfax, the elegant translator of Tasso, it is enough to say that he is styled by Dryden "the poetical father of Waller," and quoted by him, in conjunction with Spenser, as "one of the great masters in our language." The popularity of the Italian was so great even in Ascham's day, who did not survive the first half of Elizabeth's reign, as to draw from the

¹ 1. "The Orlando Innamorato; translated into prose and verse, from the Italian of Francesco Berni. By W. S. Rose."—8vo, pp. 279. London, 1823.

2. "The Orlando Furioso; translated into verse from the Italian of Ludovico Ariosto. By W. S. Rose." Vol. i., 8vo. London, 1823.

learned schoolmaster much peevish animadversion upon what he terms "the enchantments of Circe, fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, and sold in every shop in London." It gradually lost this wide authority during the succeeding century. This was but natural. Before the time of Elizabeth, all the light of learning which fell upon the world had come from Italy, and our own literature, like a young and tender plant, insensibly put forth its branches most luxuriantly in the direction whence it felt this invigorating influence. As it grew in years and hardihood, it sent its fibres deeper into its own soil, and drew thence the nourishment which enabled it to assume its fair and full proportions. Milton, it is true, the brightest name on the poetical records of that period, cultivated it with eminent success. Any one acquainted with the writings of Dante, Pulci, and Tasso will understand the value and extent of Milton's obligations to the Italian. He was far from desiring to conceal them, and he has paid many a tribute "of melodious verse" to the sources from which he drew so much of the nourishment of his exalted genius. "To imitate, as he has done," in the language of Boileau, "is not to act the part of a plagiarist, but of a rival." Milton is, moreover, one of the few writers who have succeeded so far in comprehending the niceties of foreign tongue as to be able to add something to its poetical wealth, and his Italian sonnets are written with such purity as to have obtained commendations from the Tuscan critics.²

Boileau, who set the current of French taste at this period, had a considerable contempt for that of his neighbours. He pointed one of his antithetical couplets at the "tinsel of Tasso" ("*cliquant du Tasse*"³), and in another he ridiculed the idea of epics in which "the devil was always blustering against the heavens."⁴ The English admitted the sarcasm of Boileau with the cold commentary of Addison;⁵ and the "*cliquant du Tasse*" became a cant term of reproach upon the whole body of Italian letters. The French went still farther, and afterwards, applying the sarcasm of their critic to Milton as well as to Tasso, rejected both the poets upon the same principles. The French did the English as much justice as they did the Italians. No great change of opinion in this matter took place in England during the last century. The Wartons and Gray had a just estimation of this beautiful tongue, but Dr. Johnson, the dominant critic of that day, seems to have understood the language but imperfectly, and not to have much relished in it what he understood.

In the present age of intellectual activity, attention is so generally bestowed on all modern languages which are ennobled by a literature, that it is not singular an acquaintance with the Italian in particular should be widely diffused. Great praise, however, is due to the labours of Mr. Roscoe. There can be little doubt that his elaborate biographies of the Medici, which contain as much literary criticism as historical narrative, have mainly contributed to the promotion of these studies among his countrymen. These works have of late met with much flippant criticism in some of their leading journals. In Italy they have been translated, are now cited as authorities, and have received the most encomiastic notices from several eminent scholars. These facts afford conclusive testimony of their merits. The name of Mathias is well known to every lover of the Italian tongue; his poetical productions rank

² Milton, in his treatise on *The Reason of Church Government*, alludes modestly enough to his Italian pieces and the commendations bestowed upon them: "Other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to hatch up among them, were re-

ceived with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps."

³ Satire IX.

⁴ *L'Art poétique*, c. iii.

⁵ *Spectator*, No. VI.

with those of Milton in merit, and far exceed them in quantity. To conclude, it is not many years since Cary gave to his countrymen his very extraordinary version of the father of Tuscan poetry, and Rose is now swelling the catalogue with translations of the two most distinguished chivalrous epics of Italy.

Epic romance has continued to be a great favourite in that country ever since its first introduction into the polished circles of Florence and Ferrara, towards the close of the fifteenth century. It has held much the same rank in its ornamental literature which the drama once enjoyed in the English, and which historical novel-writing maintains now. It hardly seems credible that an enlightened people should long continue to take great satisfaction in poems founded on the same extravagant actions, and spun out to the appalling length of twenty, thirty, nay, forty cantos of a thousand verses each. But the Italians, like most Southern nations, delight exceedingly in the uncontrolled play of the imagination, and they abandon themselves to all its brilliant illusions, with no other object in view than mere recreation. An Englishman looks for a moral, or, at least, for some sort of instruction, from the wildest work of fiction. But an Italian goes to it as he would go to the opera,—to get impressions rather than ideas. He is extremely sensible to the fine tones of his native language, and, under the combined influence produced by the colouring of a lavish fancy and the music of a voluptuous versification, he seldom stoops to a cold analysis of its purpose or its probability.

Romantic fiction, however, which flourished so exuberantly under a warm Southern sky, was transplanted from the colder regions of Normandy and England. It is remarkable that both these countries, in which it had its origin, should have ceased to cultivate it at the very period when the perfection of their respective languages would have enabled them to do so with entire success. We believe this remark requires no qualification in regard to France. Spenser affords one illustrious exception among the English.⁶

It was not until long after the extinction of this species of writing in the North that it appeared in Italy. The commercial habits and the republican institutions of the Italians in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were most unfavourable to the spirit of chivalry, and, consequently, to the fables which grew out of it. The three patriarchs of their literature, moreover, by the light which, in this dark period, they threw over other walks of imagination, turned the attention of their countrymen from those of romance. Dante, indeed, who resembled Milton in so many other particulars, showed a similar predilection for the ancient tales of chivalry. His *Commedia* contains several encomiastic allusions to them; but, like the English bard, he contented himself with these, and chose a subject better suited to his ambitious genius and inflexible temper.⁷ His poem, it is true, was of too eccentric a character to

* The *influence*, however, of the old Norman romances may be discovered in the productions of a much later period. Their incredible length required them to be broken up into *fyttes*, or cantos, by the minstrel, who recited them with the accompaniment of a harp, in the same manner as the epics of Homer, broken into *rhapsodies*, were chanted by the bards of Ionia. The minstrel who could thus beguile the tedium of a winter's evening was a welcome guest at the baronial castle and in the hall of the monastery. As Greek and Roman letters were revived, the legends of chivalry fell into disrepute, and the minstrel gradually retreated to the cottage of the peasant, who was still rude enough to

relish his simple melody. But the long romance was beyond the comprehension or the taste of the rustic. It therefore gave way to less complicated narratives, and from its wreck may be fairly said to have arisen those Border songs and ballads which form the most beautiful collection of rural minstrelsy that belongs to any age or country.

⁶ Milton's poetry abounds in references to the subjects of romantic fable; and in his "*Epitaphium Damonis*" he plainly intimates his intention of writing an epic on the story of Arthur. It may be doubted whether he would have succeeded on such a topic. His austere character would seem to have been better fitted to feel the impulses of religious

be widely imitated,⁸ and both Boccaccio and Petrarch, with less talent, had a more extensive influence over the taste of their nation. The garrulous graces of the former and the lyrical finish of the latter are still solicited in the lighter compositions of Italy. Lastly, the discoveries of ancient manuscripts at home, and the introduction of others from Constantinople, when that rich depository of Grecian science fell into the hands of the barbarian, gave a new direction to the intellectual enterprise of Italian scholars, and withdrew them almost wholly from the farther cultivation of their infant literature.

Owing to these circumstances, the introduction of the chivalrous epopee was protracted to the close of the fifteenth century, when its first successful specimens were produced at the accomplished court of the Medici. The encouragement extended by this illustrious family to every branch of intellectual culture has been too often the subject of encomium to require from us any particular animadversion. Lorenzo, especially, by uniting in his own person the scholarship and talent which he so liberally rewarded in others, contributed more than all to the effectual promotion of an enlightened taste among his countrymen. Even his amusements were subservient to it, and the national literature may be fairly said at this day to retain somewhat of the character communicated to it by his elegant recreations. His delicious villas at Fiesole and Cajano are celebrated by the scholars who, in the silence of their shades, pursued with him the studies of his favourite philosophy and of poetry. Even the sensual pleasures of the banquet were relieved by the inventions of wit and fancy. Lyrical composition, which, notwithstanding its peculiar adaptation to the flexible movements of the Italian tongue, had fallen into neglect, was revived, and, together with the first eloquent productions of the romantic muse, was recited at the table of Lorenzo.

Of the guests who frequented it, Pulci and Politian are the names most distinguished, and the only ones connected with our present subject. The latter of these was received into the family of Lorenzo as the preceptor of his children,—an office for which he seems to have been better qualified by his extraordinary attainments than by his disposition. Whatever may have been the asperity of his temper, however, his poetical compositions breathe the perfect spirit of harmony. The most remarkable of these, distinguished as the “Verses of Politian” (*Stanze di Poliziano*), is a brief fragment of an epic whose purpose was to celebrate the achievements of Julian de’ Medici, a younger brother of Lorenzo, at a tournament exhibited at Florence in 1468. This would appear but a meagre basis for the structure of a great poem. Politian, however, probably in consequence of the untimely death of Julian, his hero, abandoned it in the middle of the second canto, even before he had reached the event which was to constitute the subject of his story.

The incidents of the poem thus abruptly terminated are of no great account. We have a portrait of Julian, a hunting-expedition, a love-adventure, a digression into the island of Venus, which takes up about half the canto, and a vision of the hero, which ends just as the tournament, the subject of the piece, is about to begin, and with it, like the “fabric of a vision,” ends the poem also. In this short space, however, the poet has concentrated all

enthusiasm than those of chivalry; and England has no reason to regret that her most sublime poet was reserved for the age of Cromwell instead of the romantic reign of Elizabeth.

⁸ The best imitation of the “*Divina Commedia*” is probably the “*Cantata in morte di Ugo Basville*,” by the most eminent of the living Italian poets, Monti. His talent for

vigorous delineation by a single *coup de pinceau* is eminently *Dantesque*, and the plan of his poem is the exact counterpart of that of the “*Inferno*.” Instead of a mortal descending into the regions of the damned, one of their number (the spirit of Basville, a Frenchman) is summoned back to the earth, to behold the crimes and miseries of his native country during the period of the Revolution.

the beauties of his art, the melody of a musical ear, and the inventions of a plastic fancy. His island of love, in particular, is emblazoned with those gorgeous splendours which have since been borrowed for the enchanted gardens of Alcina, Armida, and Acrasia.

But this little fragment is not recommended, at least to an English reader, so much by its Oriental pomp of imagery as by its more quiet and delicate pictures of external nature. Brilliancy of imagination is the birthright of the Italian poet, as much as a sober, contemplative vein is of the English. This is the characteristic of almost all their best and most popular poetry during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The two great poets of the fourteenth approach much nearer to the English character. Dante shows not only deeper reflection than is common with his countrymen, but in parts of his work, in the *Purgatorio* more especially, manifests a sincere relish for natural beauty, by his most accurate pictures of rural objects and scenery. Petrarch cherished the recollections of an unfortunate passion until, we may say, without any mystical perversion of language, it became a part of his intellectual existence.⁹ This gave a tender and melancholy expression to his poems, more particularly to those written after the death of Laura, quite as much English as Italian. Love furnishes the great theme and impulse to the Italian poet. It is not too much to say that all their principal versifiers have written under the inspiration of a real or pretended passion. It is to them what a less showy and less exclusive sensibility is to an Englishman. The latter acknowledges the influence of many other affections and relations in life. The death of a friend is far more likely to excite his muse than the smiles or frowns of his mistress. The Italian seldom dwells on melancholy reminiscences, but writes under the impulse of a living and ardent passion. Petrarch did both; but in the poetry which he composed after the death of his mistress, exalted as it is by devotional sentiment, he deviated from the customs of his nation, and adopted an English tone of feeling. A graver spirit of reflection and a deeper sympathy for the unobtrusive beauties of nature are observable in some of their later writers; but these are not primitive elements in the Italian character. Gay, brilliant, imaginative, are the epithets which best indicate the character of their literature during its most flourishing periods; and the poetry of Italy seems to reflect as clearly her unclouded skies and glowing

⁹ Whatever may be thought of the speculations of the Abbé de Sade, no doubt can be entertained of the substantial existence of Laura, or of Petrarch's passion for her. Indeed, independently of the internal evidence afforded by his poetry, such direct notices of his mistress are scattered through his "Letters" and serious prose compositions that it is singular there should ever have existed a skepticism on these points. Ugo Foscolo, the well-known author of "*Jacopo Ortis*," has lately published an octavo volume, entitled "Essays on Petrarch." Among other particulars showing the unbounded influence that Laura de Sade obtained over the mind of her poetical lover, he quotes the following memorandum, made by Petrarch two months after her decease, in his private manuscript copy of Virgil, now preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan:

"It was in the early days of my youth, on the sixth of April, in the morning, and in the year 1327, that Laura, distinguished by her own virtues, and celebrated in my verses,

first blessed my eyes, in the Church of Santa Clara, at Avignon; and it was in the same city, on the sixth of the very same month of April, at the very same hour in the morning, in the year 1348, that this bright luminary was withdrawn from our sight, when I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my calamity. The remains of her chaste and beautiful body were deposited in the Church of the Cordeliers on the evening of the same day. To preserve the afflicting remembrance, I have taken a bitter pleasure in recording it, particularly in this book, which is most frequently before my eyes, in order that nothing in this world may have any farther attraction for me; that, this great attachment to life being dissolved, I may, by frequent reflection, and a proper estimation of our transitory existence, be admonished that it is high time for me to think of quitting this earthly Babylon, which I trust it will not be difficult for me, with a strong and manly courage, to accomplish."—Page 35.

landscape as that of England does the tranquil and somewhat melancholy complexion of her climate.

The verses of Politian, to return from our digression, contain many descriptions distinguished by the calm, moral beauty of which we have been speaking. Resemblances may be traced between these passages and the writings of some of our best English poets. The descriptive poetry of Gray and of Goldsmith, particularly, exhibits a remarkable coincidence with that of Politian in the enumeration of rural images. The stanza cxxi., setting forth the descent of Cupid into the island of Venus, may be cited as having suggested a much-admired simile in Gay's popular ballad, "Black-eyed Susan," since the English verse is almost a metaphor of the Italian :

"Or poi che ad all tese ivi pervenne,
Forte le scosse, e giù calossi a piombo,
Tutto serrato nelle sacre penne,
Come a suo nido fa lieto colombo."

"So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest."

These "Stanze" were the first example of a happy cultivation of Italian verse in the fifteenth century. The scholars of that day composed altogether in Latin. Politian, as he grew older, disdained this abortive production of his youthful muse, and relied for his character with posterity on his Latin poems and his elaborate commentaries upon the ancient classics. Petrarch looked for immortality to his "Africa," as did Boccaccio to his learned Latin disquisition upon ancient mythology.¹⁰ Could they now, after the lapse of more than four centuries, revisit the world, how would they be astonished, perhaps mortified, the former to find that he was remembered only as the sonneteer, and the latter as the novelist! The Latin prose of Politian may be consulted by an antiquary; his Latin poetry must be admired by scholars of taste; but his few Italian verses constitute the basis of his high reputation at this day with the great body of his countrymen. He wrote several lyrical pieces, and a short pastoral drama (*Orfeo*), the first of a species which afterwards grew into such repute under the hands of Tasso and Guarini. All of these bear the same print of his genius. One cannot but regret that so rare a mind should, in conformity with the perverse taste of his age, have abandoned the freshness of a living tongue for the ungrateful culture of a dead one. His "Stanze," the mere prologue of an epic, still survive amid the complete and elaborate productions of succeeding poets; they may be compared to the graceful portico of some unfinished temple, which time and taste have respected, and which remains as in the days of its architect, a beautiful ruin.

Luigi Pulci, the other eminent poet whom we mentioned as a frequent guest at the table of Lorenzo de' Medici, was of a noble family, and the youngest of three brothers, all of them even more distinguished by their accomplishments than by birth. There seems to be nothing worthy of particular record in his private history. He is said to have possessed a frank and merry disposition, and, to judge from his great poem, as well as from some lighter pieces of burlesque satire, which he bandied with one of his friends whom he was in the habit of meeting at the house of Lorenzo, he was

¹⁰ "De Genealogia Deorum."—The Latin writings of Boccaccio and Petrarch may be considered the foundation of their fame with their contemporaries. The coronation of the latter in the Roman capitol was a homage

paid rather to his achievements in an ancient tongue than to any in his own. He does not even notice his Italian lyrics in his "Letters to Posterity."

not particularly fastidious in his humour. His *Morgante Maggiore* is reported to have been written at the request of Lorenzo's mother, and recited at his table. It is a genuine epic of chivalry, containing twenty-eight cantos, founded on the traditionary defeat—the "dolorosa rotta"—of Charlemagne and his peers in the Valley of Roncesvalles. It adheres much more closely than any of the other Italian romances to the lying chronicle of Turpin.

It may appear singular that the intention of the author should not become apparent in the course of eight-and-twenty cantos, but it is a fact that scholars both at home and abroad have long disputed whether the poem is serious or satirical. Crescimbeni styles the author "modesto e moderato," while Tiraboschi expressly charges him with the deliberate design of ridiculing Scripture, and Voltaire, in his preface, cites the *Morgante* as an apology for his profligate "Pucelle." It cannot be denied that the story abounds in such ridiculous eccentricities as give it the air of a parody upon the marvels of romance. The hero, *Morgante*, is a converted infidel, "un gigante smisurato," whose formidable weapon is a bell-clapper, and who, after running through some twenty cantos of gigantic valour and mountebank extravagance, is brought to an untimely end by a wound in the heel, not from a Trojan arrow, but from the bite of a crab! We doubt, however, whether Pulci intended his satirical shafts for the Christian faith. Liberal allowance is to be conceded for the fashion of his age. Nothing is more frequent in the productions of that period than such irreverent freedoms with the most sacred topics as would be quite shocking in ours. Such freedoms, however, cannot reasonably be imputed to profanity, or even levity, since numerous instances of them occur in works of professed moral tendency, as in the mysteries and moralities, for example, those solemn deformities of the ancient French and English drama. The chronicle of Turpin, the basis of Pulci's epic, which, though a fraud, was a pious one, invented by some priest to celebrate the triumphs of the Christian arms, is tainted with the same indecent familiarities.¹¹

Tempora mutantur. In a scandalous pasquinade published by Lord Byron in the first number of his *Liberal*, there is a verse describing St. Peter officiating as the doorkeeper of heaven. Pulci has a similar one in the *Morgante* (canto xxvi., st. 91), which, no doubt, furnished the hint to his lordship, who has often improved upon the Italian poets. Both authors describe St. Peter's dress and vocation with the most whimsical minuteness. In the Italian, the passage, introduced into the midst of a solemn, elaborate description, has all the appearance of being told in very good faith. No one will venture to put so charitable a construction upon his lordship's motives.

Whatever may have been the intention of Pulci in the preceding portion of the work, its concluding cantos are animated by the genuine spirit of Christian heroism. The rear of Charlemagne's army is drawn into an ambuscade by the treachery of his confidant Ganelon. Roncesvalles, a valley in the heart of the Pyrenees, is the theatre of action, and Orlando, with the flower of French chivalry, perishes there, overpowered by the Saracens. The battle is told in a sublime epic tone worthy of the occasion. The cantos xxvi., xxvii., containing it, are filled with a continued strain of high religious enthusiasm, with the varying, animating bustle of a mortal conflict, with the

¹¹ This spurious document of the twelfth century contains, in a copy which we have now before us, less than sixty pages. It has neither the truth of history nor the beauty of fiction. It abounds in commonplace prodigies, and sets forth Charlemagne's wars and his defeat in the Valley of Roncesvalles, an

event which probably never happened. Insignificant as it is in every other respect, however, it is the seed from which have sprung up those romantic fictions which adorned the rude age of the Normans, and which flourished in such wide luxuriance under Italian culture.

most solemn and natural sentiment suggested by the horror of the situation. Orlando's character rises into that of the divine warrior. His speech at the opening of the action, his lament over his unfortunate army, his melancholy reflections on the battle-field the night after the engagement, are conceived with such sublimity and pathos as attest both the poetical talent of Pulci and the grandeur and capacity of his subject. Yet the Morgante, the greater part of which is so ludicrous, is the only eminent Italian epic which has seriously described the celebrated rout at Roncesvalles.

Pulci's poem is not much read by the Italians. Its style, in general, is too unpolished for the fastidious delicacy of a modern ear, but, as it abounds in the old-fashioned proverbialisms (*riboboli*) of Florence, it is greatly prized by the Tuscan purists. These familiar sayings, the elegant slang of the Florentine mob, have a value among the Italian scholars, at least among a large fraction of them, much like that of old coins with a virtuoso: the more rare and rusty, the better. They give a high relish to many of their ancient writers, who, without other merit than their antiquity, are cited as authorities in their vocabulary.¹² These *riboboli* are to be met with most abundantly in their old *novelle*, those especially which are made up of familiar dialogue between the lower classes of citizens. Boccaccio has very many such; Sacchetti has more than all his prolific tribe, and it is impossible for a foreigner to discern or to appreciate the merits of such a writer. The lower classes in Florence retain to this day much of their antique picturesque phraseology,¹³ and Alfieri tells us that "it was his great delight to stand in some unnoticed corner and listen to the conversation of the mob in the market-place."

With the exception of Orlando, Pulci has shown no great skill in delineation of character. Charlemagne and Ganelon are the prominent personages. The latter is a parody on traitors; he is a traitor to common sense. Charlemagne is a superannuated dupe, with just credulity sufficient to dovetail into all the cunning contrivances of Gan. The women have neither refinement nor virtue. The knights have none of the softer graces of chivalry; they bully and swagger like the rude heroes of Homer, and are exclusively occupied with the merciless extermination of infidels. We meet with none of the imagery, the rich sylvan scenery, so lavishly diffused through the epics of Ariosto and Boiardo. The *machinery* bears none of the airy touches of an Arabian pencil, but is made out of the cold excrescences of Northern superstition, dwarfs, giants, and necromancers. Before quitting Pulci, we must point out a passage (canto xxv., st. 229, 230) in which a devil announces to Rinaldo the existence of another continent, beyond the ocean, inhabited by mortals like himself. The theory of gravitation is also plainly intimated. As the poem was written before the voyages of Columbus and before the physical discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus, the predictions are extremely curious.¹⁴ The fiend, alluding to the vulgar superstitions entertained of the Pillars of Hercules, thus addresses his companion:

¹² This has been loudly censured by many of their scholars opposed to the literary supremacy of the Della-Cruscan Academy. See, in particular, the acute treatise of Cesarotti, "Saggio sulla Filosofia delle Lingue," Parte IV.

¹³ "The pure language of Boccaccio, and of other ancient writers, is preserved at this day much more among the lower classes of Florentine mechanics and of the neighbouring peasants than among the more polished Tuscan society, whose original dialect has suf-

fered great mutations in their intercourse with foreigners." Pignotti, *Storia della Toscana*, tom. ii. p. 167.

¹⁴ Dante, two centuries before, had also expressed the same belief in an undiscovered quarter of the globe:

"De' vostri sensi, ch'è del rimanente,
Non vogliate negar l'esperienza,
Dietro al sol, del mondo senza gente."
Inferno, canto xxvi. v. 115.

"Know that this theory is false: his bark
 The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
 The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
 Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
 Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
 And Hercules might blush to learn how far
 Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
 The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
 Men shall descry another hemisphere,
 Since to one common centre all things tend;
 So earth, by curious mystery divine
 Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
 At our antipodes are cities, states,
 And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
 But see, the sun speeds on his western path
 To glad the nations with expected light."

The dialogues of Pulci's devils respecting free will and necessity, their former glorious and their present fallen condition, having suggested many hints for our greater Milton to improve upon. The juggling frolics of these fiends at the royal banquet in Saragossa may have been the original of the comical marvels played off through the intervention of similar agents by Dr. Faust.

Notwithstanding the good faith and poetical elevation of its concluding cantos, the *Morgante*, according to our apprehension, is anything but a serious romance. Not that it shows a disposition to satire, above all, to the religious satire often imputed to it; but there is a light banter, a vein of fun, running through the greater portion of it, which is quite the opposite of the lofty spirit of chivalry. Romantic fiction, among our Norman ancestors, grew so directly out of the feudal relations and adventurous spirit of the age that it was treated with all the gravity of historical record. When reproduced in the polite and artificial societies of Italy, the same fictions wore an air of ludicrous extravagance which would no longer admit of their being repeated seriously. Recommended, however, by a proper seasoning of irony, they might still amuse as ingenious tales of wonder. This may be kept in view in following out the ramifications of Italian narrative poetry; for they will all be found, in a greater or less degree, tintured with the same spirit of ridicule.¹⁵ The circle for whom Pulci composed his epic was peculiarly distinguished by that fondness for good-humoured raillery which may be considered a national trait with his countrymen.

It seems to have been the delight of Lorenzo de' Medici, as it was afterwards, in a more remarkable degree, of his son Leo Tenth, to abandon himself to the most unreserved social freedoms with the friends whom he collected around his table. The satirical epigrams which passed there in perfect good humour between his guests show, at least, full as much merriment as manners.

¹⁵ A distinction may be pointed out between the Norman and the Italian epics of chivalry. The former, composed in the rude ages of feudal heroism, are entitled to much credit as pictures of the manners of that period; while the latter, written in an age of refinement, have been carried by their poets into such beautiful extravagances of fiction as are perfectly incompatible with a state of society at any period. Let any one compare the feats of romantic valour recorded by Froissart, the turbulent predatory habits of the barons and ecclesiastics under the early Norman dynasty, as reported by Turner in his late "*History of England*," with these old

romances, and he will find enough to justify our remark. Ste.-Palaye, after a diligent study of the ancient epics, speaks of them as exhibiting a picture of society closely resembling that set forth in the chronicles of the period. Turner, after as diligent an examination of early historical documents, pronounces that the facts contained in them perfectly accord with the general portraiture of manners depicted in the romances. *Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions*, tom. xx., art. sur l'ancien Chevalerie.—Turner's *History of England from the Norman Conquest*, etc., vol. I. ch. vi.

Machiavelli concludes his history of Florence with an elaborate portrait of Lorenzo, in which he says that "he took greater delight in frivolous pleasures, and in the society of jesters and satirists, than became so great a man." The historian might have been less austere in his commentary upon Lorenzo's taste, since he was not particularly fastidious in the selection of his own amusements.¹⁶

At the close of the fifteenth century Italy was divided into a number of small but independent states, whose petty sovereigns vied with each other not merely in the poor parade of royal pageantry, but in the liberal endowment of scientific institutions and the patronage of learned men. Almost every Italian scholar was attached to some one or other of these courtly circles, and a generous, enlightened emulation sprang up among the states of Italy, such as had never before existed in any other age or country. Among the republics of ancient Greece the rivalry was *political*. Their *literature*, from the time of Solon, was almost exclusively Athenian. An interesting picture of the cultivated manners and intellectual pleasures of these little courts may be gathered from the *Cortigiano* of Castiglione, which contains in the introduction a particular account of the pursuits and pastimes of the court of his sovereign, the Duke of Urbino.

None of these Italian states make so shining a figure in literary history as the insignificant duchy of Ferrara. The foul crimes which defile the domestic annals of the family of Este have been forgotten in the munificent patronage extended by them to letters. The librarians of the Biblioteca Estense, Muratori and Tiraboschi, have celebrated the virtues of their native princes with the encomiastic pen of loyalty; while Ariosto and Tasso, whose misfortunes furnish but an indifferent commentary upon these eulogiums, offering to them the grateful incense of poetic adulation, have extended their names still wider by inscribing them upon their immortal epics. Their patronage had the good fortune, not always attending patronage, of developing genius. Those models of the pastoral drama, the *Aminta* of Tasso, and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, whose luxury of expression, notwithstanding the dictum of Dr. Johnson,¹⁷ it has been found as difficult to imitate in their own tongue as it is impossible to translate into any other; the comedies and Horatian satires of Ariosto; the *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni, the acknowledged model of the mock-heroic poems of Pope and Boileau; and, finally, the three great epics of Italy, the *Orlando Innamorato*, the *Furioso*, and the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, were all produced in the brief compass of a century, within the limited dominions of the House of Este. Dante had reproached Ferrara, in the thirteenth century, with never having been illustrated by the name of a poet.

Boiardo, Count of Scandiano, the author of the *Orlando Innamorato*, the first-born of these epics, was a subject of Hercules First, Duke of Ferrara, and

¹⁶ A letter written by Machiavelli, long unknown, and printed for the first time at Milan, 1810, gives a curious picture of his daily occupations when living in retirement on his little patrimony at a distance from Florence. Among other particulars, he mentions that it was his custom after dinner to repair to the tavern, where he passed his afternoon at cards with the company whom he ordinarily found there, consisting of the host, a miller, a butcher, and a lime-maker. Another part of the epistle exhibits a more pleasing view of the pursuits of the ex-secretary: "In the evening I return to my house and retire to my study. I then take off the

rustic garments which I had worn during the day, and, having dressed myself in the apparel which I used to wear at court and in town, I mingle in the society of the great men of antiquity. I draw from them the nourishment which alone is suited to me, and during the four hours passed in this intercourse I forget all my misfortunes, and fear neither poverty nor death. In this manner I have composed a little work upon government." This little work was "*The Prince*."

¹⁷ "Dione is a counterpart to *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation."—*Life of Gay*.

by him appointed governor of Reggio. His military conduct in that office, and his learned translations from the ancient classics, show him to have been equally accomplished as a soldier and as a scholar. In the intervals of war, to which his active life was devoted, he amused himself with the composition of his long poem. He had spun this out into the sixty-seventh canto, without showing any disposition to bring it to a conclusion, when his literary labours were suddenly interrupted, as he informs us in his parting stanza, by the invasion of the French into Italy in 1494; and in the same year the author died. The Orlando Innamorato, as it advanced, had been read by its author to his friends; but no portion of it was printed till after his death, and its extraordinary merits were not then widely estimated, in consequence of its antiquated phraseology and Lombard provincialisms. A *rifacimento* some time after appeared, by one Domenichi, who spoiled many of the beauties, without improving the style, of his original. Finally, Berni, in little more than thirty years after the death of Boiardo, new-moulded the whole poem,¹⁸ with so much dexterity as to retain the substance of every verse in the original and yet to clothe them in the seductive graces of his own classical idiom. Berni's version is the only one now read in Italy, and the original poem of Boiardo is so rare in that country that it was found impossible to procure for the library of Harvard University any copy of the Innamorato more ancient than the reformed one by Domenichi.

The history of letters affords no stronger example of the power of *style* than the different fate of these two productions of Berni and Boiardo. We doubt whether the experiment would have been attended with the same result among a people by whom the nicer beauties of expression are less cultivated, as with the English, for example. If we may judge from the few specimens which we have seen extracted from the Italian original, Chaucer exhibits a more obsolete and exotic phraseology than Boiardo. Yet the partial attempt of Dryden to invest the father of English poetry with a modernized costume has had little success, and the little epic of "Palamon and Arcite (The Knight's Tale)" is much more highly relished in the rude but muscular diction of Chaucer than in the polished version of his imitator.

Whatever may be the estimation of the style, the glory of the original delineation of character and incident is to be given exclusively to Boiardo. He was the first of the epic poets who founded a romance upon the love of Orlando; and a large portion of the poem is taken up with the adventures of this hero and his doughty paladins, assembled in a remote province of China for the defence of his mistress, the beautiful Angelica:

"When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica
His daughter, sought by many prowess knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne."

Paradise Regained.

With the exception of the midnight combat between Agrican and Orlando, in which the conversion of the dying Tartar reminds one of the similar but more affecting death of Clorinda in the "Jerusalem Delivered," there is very little moral interest attached to these combats of Boiardo, which are mere

¹⁸ Sismondi is mistaken in saying that Berni remodelled the Innamorato sixty years after the original. He survived Boiardo only forty-two years, and he had half completed his *rifacimento* at least ten years before his

own death, as is evident from his beautiful invocation to Verona and the Po (canto XXX.), on whose banks he was then writing it, and where he was living, 1526, in the capacity of secretary to the Bishop of Verona.

gladiatorial exhibitions of hard fighting, and sharp, jealous wrangling. The fairy gardens of Falerina and Morgana, upon which the poet enters in the second book, are much better adapted to the display of his wild and exuberant imagination. No Italian writer, not even Ariosto, is comparable to Boiardo for exhibitions of fancy. Enchantment follows enchantment, and the reader, bewildered with the number and rapidity of the transitions, looks in vain for some clue, even the slender thread of allegory which is held out by the poet, to guide him through the unmeaning marvellous of Arabian fiction. Ariosto has tempered his imagination with more discretion. Both of these great romantic poets have wrought upon the same characters, and afford, in this respect, a means of accurate comparison. Without going into details, we may observe, in general, that Boiardo has more strength than grace; Ariosto, the reverse. Boiardo's portraits are painted, or may be rather said to be sculptured, with a clear coarse hand, out of some rude material. Ariosto's are sketched with the volatile graces, nice shades, and variable drapery of the most delicate Italian pencil. In female portraiture, of course, Ariosto is far superior to his predecessor. The glaring coquetry of Boiardo's Angelica is refined by the hand of his rival into something like the coquetry of high life, and the ferocious tigress beauties of the original Marfisa are softened into those of a more polished and courtly amazon. The *Innamorato* contains no examples of the pure, deep feeling which gives a soul to the females of the *Furioso*, and we look in vain for the frolic and airy scenes which enchant us so frequently in the latter poem.¹⁹ We may remark, in conclusion, that the rapid and unintermitting succession of incidents in the *Innamorato* prevents the poet from indulging in those collateral beauties of sentiment and imagery which are prodigally diffused over the romance of Ariosto, and which give to it an exquisite finish.

Berni's *rifacimento* of the Orlando *Innamorato*, as we have already observed, first made it popular with the Italians, by a magical varnish of versification, which gave greater lustre to the beauties of his original and glossed over its defects. It has, however, the higher merit of exhibiting a great variety of *original* reflections, sometimes in the form of digressions, but more frequently as introductions to the cantos. These are enlivened by the shrewd wit and *elaborate artlessness* of expression that form the peculiar attraction of Berni's poetry. In one of the prefatory stanzas to the fifty-first canto the reader may recognize a curious coincidence with a well-known passage in Shakspeare,—the more so as Berni, we believe, was never turned into English before the present partial attempt of Mr. Rose :

“ Who steals a bugle-horn, a ring, a steed,
Or such-like worthless thing, has some discretion;
’Tis petty larceny; not such his deed
Who robs us of our fame, our best possession.
And he who takes our labour’s worthiest meed
May well be deem’d a felon by profession.
Who so much more our hate and scourge deserves
As from the rule of right he wider swerves.”

In another of these episodes the poet has introduced a portrait of himself. The whole passage is too long for insertion here; but, as Mr. Rose has also translated it, we will borrow a few stanzas from his skilful version :

“ His mood was choleric, and his tongue was vicious,
But he was praised for stugleness of heart ;”

¹⁹ The chase of the Fairy Morgana, and the malicious dance of the Loves around Rinaldo

(l. II., c. viii., xv.), may however, be considered good exceptions to this remark.

Not tax'd as avaricious or ambitious,

Affectionate and frank, and void of art ;

A lover of his friends, and unsuspecting,

But where he hated knew no middle part ;

And men his malice by his love might rate ;

But then he was more prone to love than hate.

"To paint his person, this was thin and dry ;

Well sorting it, his legs were spare and lean ;

Broad was his visage, and his nose was high,

While narrow was the space that was between

His eyebrows sharp ; and blue his hollow eye,

Which for his bushy beard had not been seen,

But that the master kept this thicket clear'd,

At mortal war with mustache and with beard.

"No one did ever servitude detest

Like him, though servitude was still his dole ;

Since fortune or the devil did their best

To keep him evermore beneath control.

While, whatsoever was his patron's hest,

To execute it went against his soul ;

His service would he freely yield unask'd,

But lost all heart and hope if he were task'd.

"Nor music, hunting-match, nor mirthful measure,

Nor play, nor other pastime, moved him aught ;

And if 'twas true that horses gave him pleasure,

The simple sight of them was all he sought,

Too poor to purchase ; and his only treasure

His naked bed ; his pastime to do naught

But tumble there, and stretch his weary length,

And so recruit his spirits and his strength."

Rose's Innamorato, p. 48.

The passage goes on to represent the dreamy and luxurious pleasures of this indolent pastime, with such an epicurean minuteness of detail as puts the sincerity of the poet beyond a doubt. His smaller pieces—*Capitoli*, as they are termed—contain many incidental allusions which betray the same lazy propensity.

The early part of Berni's life was passed in Rome, where he obtained a situation under the ecclesiastical government. He was afterwards established in a canonry at Florence, where he led an easy, effeminate life, much caressed for his social talents by the Duke Alessandro de' Medici. His end was more tragical than was to have been anticipated from so quiet and unambitious a temper. He is said to have been secretly assassinated, 1536, by the order of Alexander, for refusing to administer poison to the duke's enemy, the Cardinal Hyppolito de' Medici. The story is told in many contradictory ways by different Italian writers, some of whom disbelieve it altogether. The imputation, however, is an evidence of the profligate character of that court, and, if true, is only one out of many examples of perfidious assassination, which in that age dishonoured some of the most polished societies in Italy.

Berni has had the distinction of conferring his name on a peculiar species of Italian composition.²⁰ The epithet "*Bernesco*" is not derived, however, as has been incorrectly stated by some foreign scholars,²¹ from his reformed version of the "*Orlando*," but from his smaller pieces, his *Capitoli* more especially. It is difficult to convey a correct and adequate notion of this kind of

²⁰ He cannot be properly considered its inventor, however. He lived in time to give the last polish to a species of familiar poetry which had been long undergoing the process

of refinement from the hands of his countrymen.

²¹ Vide Annotazioni alla Vita di Berni, dal conte Mazzuchelli, Clas. Ital., p. xxxiv.

satirical trifling, since its chief excellence results from idiomatic felicities of expression that refuse to be transplanted into a foreign tongue, and there is no imitation of it, that we recollect, in our own language. It is a misapplication of the term *Bernesque* to apply it, as has been sometimes done, to the ironical style supposed to have been introduced by Lord Byron in his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. The clear, unequivocal vein of irony which plays through the sportive sallies of the Italian has no resemblance to the subdued but caustic sneer of the Englishman; nor does it, in our opinion, resemble in the least Peter Pindar's burlesque satire, to which an excellent critic in Italian poetry has compared it.²² Pindar is much too unrefined in versification and in diction to justify the parallel. Italian poetry always preserves the purity of its expression, however coarse or indecent may be the topic on which it is employed. The subjects of many of these poems are of the most whimsical and trivial nature. We find some in *Lode della Peste, del Debito*, etc.; several in commendation of the delicacies of the table, of "jellies," "eels," or any other dainty which pleased his epicurean palate. These *Capitoli*, like most of the compositions of this polished versifier, furnish a perfect example of the triumph of style. The sentiments, sometimes indelicate, and often puerile, may be considered, like the worthless insects occasionally found in amber, indebted for their preservation to the beautiful substance in which they are imbedded.

It is a curious fact that, notwithstanding the apparent facility and fluent graces of Berni's style, it was wrought with infinite care. Some of his verses have been corrected twenty and thirty times. Many of his countrymen have imitated it, mistaking its familiarity of manner for facility of execution.

This fastidious revision has been common with the most eminent Italian poets. Petrarch devoted months to the perfecting of one of his exquisite sonnets.²³ Ariosto, as his son Virginius records of him, "was never satisfied with his verses, but was continually correcting and recorrecting them;" almost every stanza in the last edition of his poem published in his lifetime is altered from the original, and one verse is pointed out (canto xviii., st. 142) whose variations filled many pages. Tasso's manuscripts, preserved in the library at Modena, have been so often retouched by him that they are hardly intelligible; and Alfieri was in the habit not only of correcting verses, but of remoulding whole tragedies, several of which, he tells us in his *Memoirs*, were thus transcribed by him no less than three times. It is remarkable that, in a country where the imagination has been most active, the labour of the file should have been most diligently exerted on poetical compositions. Such examples of the pains taken by men of real genius might furnish a wholesome hint to some of the rapid, dashing writers of our own day. "Avec quelque talent qu'on puisse être né," says Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, "l'art d'écrire ne se prend pas tout d'un coup."

We have violated the chronological series of the Italian epopee, in our notice of Berni, in order to connect his poem with the model on which it was cast. We will quit him with the remark that for his fame he seems to have

²² Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, vol. i. p. 392, note.

²³ The following is a literal translation of a succession of memorandums in Latin at the head of one of his sonnets: "I began this by the impulse of the Lord (*Domino jubente*), tenth September, at the dawn of day, after my morning prayers."

"I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them.

Three o'clock a.m., 19th October."

"I like this (*Hoc placet*). 30th October."

"No, this does not please me. 20th December, in the evening."

"February 18th, towards noon. This is now well: however, look at it again."

It was generally on Friday that he occupied himself with the painful labour of correction, and this was also set apart by him as a day of fast and penitence. *Essays, cit. sup.*

been as much indebted to good fortune as to desert. His countrymen have affixed his name to an illustrious poem of which he was not the author, and to a popular species of composition of which he was not the inventor.

In little more than twenty years after the death of Boiardo, Ariosto gave to the world his first edition of the *Orlando Furioso*. The celebrity of the *Innamorato* made Ariosto prefer building upon this sure foundation to casting a new one of his own, and, as his predecessor had fortunately left all the *dramatis personæ* of his unfinished epic alive upon the stage, he had only to continue their histories to the end of the drama. "As the former of these two poems has no termination, and the latter no regular beginning, they may both be considered as forming one complete epic."²⁴ The latter half was, however, destined not only to supply the deficiencies but to eclipse the glories of the former.

Louis Ariosto was born of a respectable family at Reggio, 1474. After serving a reluctant apprenticeship of five years in the profession of the law, his father allowed him to pursue other studies better adapted to his taste and poetical genius. The elegance of his lyrical compositions in Latin and Italian recommended him to the patronage of the Cardinal Hyppolito d'Este, and of his brother Alphonso, who in 1505 succeeded to the ducal throne of Ferrara. Ariosto's abilities were found, however, not to be confined to poetry, and, among other offices of trust, he was employed by the duke in two important diplomatic negotiations with the court of Rome. But the Muses still obtained his principal homage, and all his secret leisure was applied to the perfecting of the great poem which was to commemorate at once his own gratitude and the glories of the house of Este. After fourteen years' assiduous labour, he presented to the Cardinal Hyppolito the first copy of his *Orlando Furioso*. The well-known reply of the prelate, "*Messer Lodovico, dove mai avete trovate tante fanfaluche?*" ("Master Louis, where have you picked up so many trifles?") will be remembered in Italy as long as the poem itself.²⁵

Ariosto, speaking of his early study of jurisprudence in one of his Satires,²⁶ says that he passed five years *in quelle ciuancie*,—a word which signifies much the same with the epithet *fanfaluche* or *coglionerie*, whichever it might have been, imputed to the cardinal. Ariosto was a poet; the cardinal was a mathematician; and each had the very common failing of undervaluing a profession different from his own. The courtly librarian of the Biblioteca Estense endeavours to explain away this and the subsequent conduct of Ariosto's patron; "but the poet's Satires, in which he alludes to the behaviour of the cardinal with the fine raillery, and to his own situation with the philosophic independence, of Horace, furnish abundant evidence of the cold, ungenerous deportment of Hyppolito."²⁷

Notwithstanding the alienation of the cardinal, the poet still continued in

²⁴ Tasso, *Discorsi Poetici*, p. 29.

²⁵ An interrogation which might remind an Englishman of that put by the great Duke of Cumberland to Gibbon: "What, Mr. Gibbon, scribble, scribble, scribble still?"

²⁶ A. M. Pietro Bembo Cardinale.

²⁷ *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, tom. vii. pt. i. pp. 42, 43.

²⁸ In a satire addressed to Alessandro Ariosto, he speaks openly of the unprofitableness of his poetic labours:

"Thanks to the Muses who reward
So well the service of their bard,
He almost may be said to lack
A decent coat to clothe his back."

And soon after, in the same epistle, he adverts with undisguised indignation to the oppressive patronage of Hyppolito:

"If the poor stipend I receive
Has led his highness to believe
He has a right to task my toil
Like any serf's upon his soil,
T' enthrall me with a servile chain
That grinds my soul, his hopes are vain.
Sooner than be such household slave,
The sternest poverty I'll brave,
And, from his pride and presents free,
Resume my long-lost liberty."

favour with Alphonso. The patronage bestowed upon him, however, seems to have been of a very selfish and sordid complexion. He was employed by the duke in offices most vexatious to one of his studious disposition, and he passed three years in reducing to tranquillity a barbarous, rebellious province of the duchy. His adventure there with a troop of banditti, who abandoned a meditated attack upon him when they learned that he was the author of the *Orlando Furioso*, is a curious instance of homage to literary talent, which may serve as a *pendant* to the similar anecdote recorded of Tasso.²⁹

The latter portion of his life was passed on his own estate in comparative retirement. He refused all public employment, and, with the exception of his satires, and a few comedies which he prepared for the theatre committed to his superintendence by Alphonso, he produced no new work. His hours were diligently occupied with the emendation and extension of his great poem; and in 1532, soon after the republication of it in forty-six cantos, as it now stands, he died of a disease induced by severe and sedentary application.

Ariosto is represented to have possessed a cheerful disposition, temperate habits, and their usual concomitant, a good constitution. Barotti has quoted, in his memoirs of the poet, some particulars respecting him, found among the papers of Virginius, his natural son. He is there said not to have been a great reader; Horace and Catullus were the authors in whom he took most delight. His intense meditation upon the subject of his compositions frequently betrayed him into fits of abstraction, one of which is recorded. Intending, on a fine morning, to take his usual walk, he set out from Carpi, where he resided, and reached Ferrara late in the afternoon, in his slippers and *robe de chambre*, uninterrupted by any one. His patrimony, though small, was equal to his necessities. An inscription which he placed over his door is indicative of that moderation and love of independence which distinguished his character:

"Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus."

It does not appear probable that he was ever married. He frequently alludes in his poems to some object of his affections, but without naming her. His bronze inkstand, still preserved in the library at Ferrara, is surmounted by a *rilievo* of a Cupid with his finger upon his lip, emblematic of a discreet silence not very common in these matters with his countrymen. He is said to have intended his mistress by the beautiful portrait of Ginevra (cantos iv., v.), as Tasso afterwards shadowed out Leonora in the affecting episode of Sophronia. This was giving them, according to Ariosto's own allusion, a glorious niche in the temple of immortality.³⁰

There still existed a general affectation among the Italian scholars of writing in the Latin language, when Ariosto determined to compose an epic poem. The most accomplished proficient in that ancient tongue flourished about this period, and Politian, Pontano, Vida, Sannazarius, Sadolet, Bembo, had revived, both in prose and poetry, the purity, precision, and classic elegance of the Augustan age. Politian and Lorenzo de' Medici were the only writers

²⁹ Ginguéné, whose facts are never to be suspected, whatever credit may be attached to his opinions, has related both these adventures without any qualification (*Histoire littéraire d'Italie*, tom. iv. p. 359, tom. v. p. 291). This learned Frenchman professes to have compiled his history under the desire of vindicating Italian literature from the disparaging opinions entertained of it among his countrymen. This has led him to swell the

trumpet of panegyric somewhat too stoutly, —indeed, much above the modest tone of the Italian *scavant* who, upon his premature death, was appointed to continue the work. Ginguéné died before he had completed the materials for his ninth volume, and the hiatus supplied by Professor Salfi carries down the literary narrative only to the conclusion of the sixteenth century.

³⁰ *Orlando Furioso*, canto xxxv., st. 15, 16.

of the preceding century who had displayed the fecundity and poetical graces of their vernacular tongue, and their productions had been too few and of too trifling a nature to establish a permanent precedent. Bembo, who wrote his elaborate history first in Latin, and who carried the complicated inversions, in fact, the idiom, of that language into his Italian compositions, would have persuaded Ariosto to write his poem in the same tongue; but he wisely replied that "he would rather be first among Tuscan writers than second among the Latin," and, following the impulse of his own more discriminating taste, he gave, in the *Orlando Furioso*, such an exhibition of the fine tones and flexible movements of his native language as settled the question of its precedence for ever with his countrymen.

Ariosto at first intended to adopt the *terza rima* of Dante; indeed, the introductory verses of his poem in this measure are still preserved. He soon abandoned it, however, for the *ottava rima*, which is much better adapted to the light, rambling, picturesque narrative of the romantic epic.³¹ Every stanza furnishes a little picture in itself, and the perpetual recurrence of the same rhyme produces not only a most agreeable melody to the ear, but is very favourable to a full and more powerful development of the poet's sentiments. Instances of the truth of this remark must be familiar to every reader of Ariosto. It has been applied by Warton, with equal justice, to Spenser, whom the similar repetition of identical cadences often leads to a copious and beautiful expansion of imagery.³² Spenser's stanza differs materially from the Italian *ottava rima*, in having one more rhyme, and in the elongated Alexandrine with which it is concluded. This gave to his verses "the long, majestic march," well suited to the sober sublimity of his genius; but the additional rhyme much increased its metrical difficulties, already, from the comparative infrequency of assonances in our language, far superior to those of the Italian. This has few compound sounds, but, rolling wholly upon the five open vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, affords a prodigious number of corresponding terminations. Hence their facility of *improvisation*. Voltaire observes that in the Jerusalem Delivered not more than seven words terminate in *u*, and expresses his astonishment that we do not find a greater monotony in the constant recurrence of only four rhymes.³³ The reason may be that in Italian poetry the rhyme falls both upon the penultima and the final syllable of each verse; and, as these two syllables in the same word turn upon different vowels, a greater variety is given to the melody. This double rhyming termination, moreover, gives an inexpressible lightness and delicacy to Italian poetry, very different from the broad comic which similar compound rhymes,

³¹ The Italians, since the failure of Trissino, have very generally adopted this measure for their epic poetry, while the *terza rima* is used for didactic and satirical composition. The graver subjects which have engaged the attention of some of their poets during the last century have made blank verse (*verso sciolto*) more fashionable among them. Cesarotti's *Ossian*, one of the earliest, may be cited as one of the most successful examples of it. No nation is so skilful in a nice adaptation of style to the subject, and *imitative harmony* has been carried by them to a perfection which it can never hope to attain in any other living language; for what other language is made so directly out of the elements of music?

³² The following stanzas from the "Faerie Queene," describing the habitation of Mor-

pheus "drowned deep in drowsie fit," may serve as an exemplification of our meaning:

"And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mist with a murmuring winde much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a sworne;
No other noyes nor people's troublous cryes,
As still are wont to annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but careless quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes."

³³ Lettre à Deodati di Tivazzani.

no doubt from the infrequency of their application to serious subjects, communicate to the English.

Ariosto is commonly most admired for the inexhaustible fertility of his fancy; yet a large proportion of his fictions are borrowed, copied, or continued from those of preceding poets. The elegant allegories of ancient superstition, as they were collected or invented by Homer and Ovid, the wild adventures of the Norman romances, the licentious merriment of the gossiping fabliaux, and the enchantments of Eastern fable, have all been employed in the fabric of Ariosto's epic. But, although this diminishes his claims to an inventive fancy, yet, on the whole, it exalts his character as a poet; for these same fictions under the hands of preceding romancers, even of Boiordo, were cold and uninteresting, or, at best, raised in the mind of the reader only a stupid admiration, like that occasioned by the grotesque and unmeaning wonders of a fairy-tale. But Ariosto inspired them with a deep and living interest; he adorned them with the graces of sentiment and poetic imagery, and enlivened them by a vein of wit and shrewd reflection.

Ariosto's style is most highly esteemed by his countrymen. The clearness with which it expresses the most subtle and delicate beauties of sentiment may be compared to Alcina's

"vel sottile e rado,

Che non copria dinanzi nè di dietro,
Più che le rose o i gigli un chiaro vetro."—C. vii. s. 28.**

We recollect no English poet whose manner in any degree resembles him. La Fontaine, the most exquisite versifier of his nation, when in his least familiar mood, comes the nearest to him among the French. Spence remarks that Spenser must have imagined Ariosto intended to write a serious romantic poem. The same opinion has been maintained by some of the Italian critics. Such, however, is not the impression we receive from it. Not to mention the broad farce with which the narrative is occasionally checkered, as the adventures of Giocondo, the Enchanted Cup, etc., a sly suppressed smile seems to lurk at the bottom even of his most serious reflections; sometimes, indeed, it plays openly upon the surface of his narrative, but more frequently, after a beautiful and sober description, it breaks out, as it were, from behind a cloud, and lights up the whole with a gay and comic colouring. It would seem as if the natural acuteness of his poetic taste led him to discern in the *magnanime mensoigne* of romantic fable abundant sources of the grand and beautiful, while the anti-chivalric character of his age, and, still more, the lively humour of his nation, led him to laugh at its extravagances. Hence the delicate intermixture of serious and comic, which gives a most agreeable variety, though somewhat of a curious perplexity, to his style.

The Orlando Furioso went through six editions in the author's lifetime, two of which he supervised, and it passed through sixty in the course of the same century. Its poetic pretensions were of too exalted a character to allow it to be regarded as a mere fairy-tale; but it sorely puzzled the pedantic critics, both of that and of the succeeding age, to find out a justification for admitting it, with all its fantastic eccentricities, into the ranks of epic poetry. Multitudes have attacked and defended it upon this ground, and justice was not rendered to it until the more enlightened criticism of a later day set all things right by pointing out the distinction between the romantic and the classical.**

** "A thin transparent veil,
That all the beauties of her form discloses,
As the clear crystal doth th' imprison'd roses."

** Hurd and T. Warton seem to have been among the earliest English writers who insisted upon the distinction between the Gothic

The cold and precise Boileau, who, like most of his countrymen, seems to have thought that beauty could wear only one form, and to have mistaken the beginnings of ancient art for its principles, quoted Horace to prove that no poet had the right to produce such grotesque combinations of the tragical and comic as are found in Ariosto.³⁶ In the last century, Voltaire, a critic of a much wider range of observation, objects to a narrow, exclusive definition of an epic poem, on the just ground "that works of imagination depend so much on the different languages and tastes of different nations among whom they are produced, that precise definitions must have a tendency to exclude all beauties that are unknown or unfamiliar to us." (*Essai sur la Poésie épique.*) In less than forty pages farther we find, however, that "the Orlando Furioso, although popular with the mass of readers, is very inferior to the *genuine epic poem.*" Voltaire's general reflections were those of a philosopher; their particular application was that of a Frenchman.

At a later period of his life he made a recantation of this precipitate opinion; and he even went so far, in a parallel between the Furioso and the Odyssey, which he considered the *model* of the Italian poem, as to give a decided preference to the former. Ariosto's imitations of the Odyssey, however, are not sufficient to authorize its being considered the model of his epic. Where these imitations do exist, they are not always the happiest efforts of his muse. The tedious and disgusting adventure of the Ogre, borrowed from that of the Cyclops Polypheme, is one of the greatest blemishes in the Furioso. Such "Jack the giant-killing" horrors do not blend happily with the airy and elegant fictions of the East. The *familiarity* of Ariosto's manner has an apparent resemblance to the *simplicity* of Homer's, which vanishes upon nearer inspection. The unaffected ease common to both resembles, in the Italian, the fashionable breeding that grows out of a perfect intimacy with the forms of good society. In the Greek it is rather an artlessness which results from never having been embarrassed by the conventional forms of society at all. Ariosto is perpetually addressing his reader in the most familiar tone of conversation; Homer pursues his course with the undeviating dignity of an epic poet. He tells all his stories, even the incredible, with an air of confiding truth. The Italian poet frequently qualifies his with some sly reference or apology, as, "I will not vouch for it; I repeat only what Turpin has told before me:"

"Mettendo lo Turpin, lo metto anch'io."*

Ariosto's narratives are complicated and interrupted in a most provoking manner. This has given offence to some of his warmest admirers, and to the severe taste of Alfieri in particular. Yet this fault, if indeed it be one, seems imputable to the art, not to the artist. He but followed preceding romancers, and conformed to the laws of his peculiar species of poetry. This involuntariness of the narrative may be even thought to afford a relief and an agreeable contrast, by its intermixture of grave and comic incidents; at least, this is the apology set up for the same peculiarities of our own romantic drama. But,

and the classical. In their application of it to Spenser they display a philosophical criticism, guided not so much by ancient rules as by the peculiar genius of modern institutions. How superior this to the pedantic dogmas of the French school, or of such a cavalier as Rymer, whom Dryden used to quote, and Pope extolled as "the best of English critics!"

* Dissertation critique sur l'Aventure de

Joconde. Œuvres de Boileau, tom. II. p. 151.

³⁷ Voltaire, with all his aversion to local prejudices, was too national to relish the naked simplicity of Homer. One of his witty reflections may show how he esteemed him. Speaking of Virgil's obligations to the Greek poet, "Some say," he observes, "that Homer made Virgil; if so, this is, without doubt, the best work he ever made!" *si cela est, c'est sans doute son plus bel ouvrage.*

whatever exceptions may be taken by the acuteness or ignorance of critics at the conduct of the Orlando Furioso, the sagacity of its general plan is best vindicated by its wide and permanent popularity in its own country. None of their poets is so universally read by the Italians; and the epithet *divine*, which the homage of an enlightened few had before appropriated to Dante, has been conferred by the voice of the whole nation upon the "Homer of Ferrara."²⁸ While those who copied the classical models of antiquity are forgotten, Ariosto, according to the beautiful eulogium of Tasso, "partendo dalle vestigie degli antichi scrittori e dalle regole d'Aristotile, è letto e riletto da tutte l'età, da tutti i sessi, noto a tutte le lingue, ringiovanisce sempre nella sua fama, e vola glorioso per le lingue de' mortali."²⁹

The name of Ariosto most naturally suggests this of Tasso, his illustrious but unfortunate rival in the same brilliant career of epic poetry; for these two seem to hold the same relative rank, and to shed a lustre over the Italian poetry of the sixteenth century like that reflected by Dante and Petrarch upon the fourteenth. The interest always attached to the misfortunes of genius has been heightened, in the case of Tasso, by the veil of mystery thrown over them; and while his sorrows have been consecrated by the "melodious tear" of the poet, the causes of them have furnished a most fruitful subject of speculation to the historian.

He had been early devoted by his father to the study of jurisprudence, but, as with Ariosto, a love for the Muses seduced him from his severer duties. His father remonstrated; but Tasso, at the age of seventeen, produced his *Rinaldo*, an epic in twelve cantos, and the admiration which it excited throughout Italy silenced all future opposition on the part of his parent. In 1565, Tasso, then twenty-one years of age, was received into the family of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom he had dedicated his precocious epic. The brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty at the little court of Ferrara excited the visions of the youthful poet, while its richly-endowed libraries and learned societies furnished a more solid nourishment to his understanding. Under these influences, he was perpetually giving some new display of his poetic talent. His vein flowed freely in lyrical composition, and he is still regarded as one of the most perfect models in that saturated species of national poetry. In 1573 he produced his *Aminta*, which, in spite of its conceits and pastoral extravagances, exhibited such a union of literary finish and voluptuous sentiment as was to be found in no other Italian poem. It was translated into all the cultivated tongues in Europe, and was followed, during the lifetime of its author, by more than twenty imitations in Italy. No valuable work ever gave birth to a more worthless progeny. The *Pastor Fido* of Guarini is by far the best of these imitations; but its elaborate luxury of wit is certainly not comparable to the simple, unsolicited beauties of the original. Tasso was, however, chiefly occupied with the composition of his great epic. He had written six cantos in a few months, but he was nearly ten years in completing it. He wrote with the rapidity of genius, but corrected with scrupulous deliberation. His "Letters" show the unwearied pains which he took to obtain the counsel of his friends, and his critical "Discourses" prove that no one could stand less in need of such counsel than himself. In 1575 he completed his "Jerusalem Delivered." Thus, before he had reached his thirty-second year, Tasso, as a lyric, epic, and dramatic writer, may be fairly said to have earned a threefold immortality in the highest walks of his art. His subsequent fate shows that literary glory rests upon no surer basis than the accidental successes of worldly ambition.

²⁸ The name originally given to him by his rival Tasso. ²⁹ Discorsi Poetici, p. 33.

The long and rigorous imprisonment of Tasso by the sovereign over whose reign his writings had thrown such a lustre has been as fruitful a source of speculation as the inexplicable exile of Ovid, and, in like manner, was for a long time imputed to an indiscreet and too aspiring passion in the poet. At length Tiraboschi announced, in an early edition of his history, that certain letters and original manuscripts of Tasso, lately discovered in the library of Modena, had been put into the hands of the Abbé Serassi for the farther investigation of the mysterious transaction. The abbé's work appeared in 1785, and the facts disclosed by it clearly prove that the poet's passion for Leonora was not, as formerly imagined, the origin of his misfortunes.⁴⁰ These may be imputed to a variety of circumstances, none of which, however, would have deeply affected a person of a less irritable or better disciplined fancy. The calumnies and petty insults which he experienced from his rivals at the court of Ferrara, a clandestine attempt to publish his poem, but, more than all, certain conscientious scruples which he entertained as to the orthodoxy of his own creed, gradually wrought upon his feverish imagination to such a degree as in a manner to unsettle his reason. He fancied that his enemies were laying snares for his life, and that they had concerted a plan for accusing him of heresy before the Inquisition.⁴¹ He privately absconded from Ferrara, returned to it again, but soon after, disquieted by the same unhappy suspicions, left it precipitately a second time, without his manuscripts, without money or any means of subsistence, and, after wandering from court to court, and experiencing, in the sorrowful language of Dante,

"Come sa di sale
Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l'altrui scale,"⁴²

he threw himself once more upon the clemency of Alphonso; but the duke, already alienated from him by his past extravagances, was incensed to such a degree by certain intemperate expressions of anger in which the poet indulged on his arrival at the court, that he caused him to be confined in a mad-house (Hospital of St. Anne).

Here, in the darkness and solitude of its meanest cell, disturbed only by the cries of the wretched inmates of the mansion, he languished two years under the severest discipline of a refractory lunatic. Montaigne, in his visit to Italy, saw him in this humiliating situation, and his reflections upon it are even colder than those which usually fall from the phlegmatic philosopher.⁴³ The genius of Tasso, however, broke through the gloom of his dungeon, and several

⁴⁰ We are only acquainted with Serassi's "Life of Tasso" through the epitomes of Fabroni and Ginguené. The latter writer seems to us to lay greater stress upon the poet's passion for Leonora than is warranted by his facts. Tasso dedicated, it is true, many an elegant sonnet to her charms, and distorted her name into as many ingenious puns as did Petrarch that of his mistress; but when we consider that this sort of poetical tribute is very common with the Italians, that the lady was at least ten years older than the poet, and that, in the progress of this passion, he had four or five other well-attested subordinate flames, we shall have little reason to believe it produced a deep impression on his character.

⁴¹ His "Letters" betray the same timid jealousy. He is perpetually complaining that

his correspondence is watched and intercepted.

⁴² "How salt the savour is of others' bread,
How hard the passage to descend and climb
By others' stairs."—CARY.

⁴³ "I felt even more spite than compassion to see him in so miserable a state, surviving, as it were, himself, unmindful either of himself or his works, which, without his concurrence, and before his eyes, were published to the world incorrect and deformed." (Essais de Montaigne, tom. v. p. 114.) Montaigne doubtless exaggerated the mental degradation of Tasso, since it favoured a position which, in the vain love of paradox that has often distinguished his countrymen, he was then endeavouring to establish, viz. the superiority of stupidity and ignorance over genius.

of the lyrical compositions of his imprisoned muse were as brilliant and beautiful as in the day of her prosperity. The distempered state of his imagination seems never to have clouded the vividness of his perceptions on the subjects of his composition, and during the remaining five years of his confinement at St. Anne he wrote, in the form of dialogues, several highly-esteemed disquisitions on philosophical and moral theorems. During this latter period Tasso had enjoyed a more commodious apartment, but the duke, probably dreading some literary reprisal from his injured prisoner, resisted all entreaties for his release. This was at length effected, through the intercession of the Prince of Mantua, in 1586.

Tasso quitted Ferrara without an interview with his oppressor, and spent the residue of his days in the south of Italy. His countrymen, affected by his unmerited persecutions, received him wherever he passed with enthusiastic triumph. The nobility and the citizens of Florence waited upon him in a body, as if to make amends for the unjust strictures of their academy upon his poem, and a day was appointed by the court of Rome for his solemn coronation in the capitol with the poetic wreath which had formerly encircled the brow of Petrarch. He died a few days before the intended ceremony. His body, attired in a Roman toga, was accompanied to the grave by nobles and ecclesiastics of the highest dignity, and his temples were decorated with the laurel of which his perverse fortune had defrauded him when living.

The unhappy fate of Tasso has affixed a deep stain on the character of Alphonso the Second. The eccentricities of his deluded fancy could not have justified seven years of solitary confinement, either as a medicine or as a punishment, least of all from the man whose name he had so loudly celebrated in one of the most glorious productions of modern genius. What a caustic commentary upon his unrelenting rigour must Alphonso have found in one of the opening stanzas of the *Jurusalem* :

“ Tu, magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
E fra londe agitato, e quasi assorto ;
Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli,” etc.

The illiberal conduct of the princes of Este both towards Ariosto and Tasso essentially diminishes their pretensions to the munificent patronage so exclusively imputed to them by their own historians and by the eloquent pen of Gibbon.⁴⁴ A more accurate picture, perhaps, of the second Alphonso may be found in the concluding canto of *Childe Harold*, where the poet, in the language of indignant sensibility, not always so judiciously directed, has rendered more than poetical justice to the “antique brood of Este.”

The *Jerusalem* was surreptitiously published, for the first time, during Tasso's imprisonment, and, notwithstanding the extreme inaccuracy of its early editions, it went through no less than six in as many months. Others grew rich on the productions of an author who was himself languishing in the most abject poverty,—one example out of many of the insecurity of literary

⁴⁴ Muratori's *Antichità Estensi* are expressly intended to record the virtues of the family of Este. Tiraboschi's *Storia della Letteratura Italiana* is a splendid panegyric upon the intellectual achievements of the whole nation. More than a due share of this praise, however, is claimed for his native princes of Ferrara. It is amusing to see by what evasions the historian attempts to justify

their conduct both towards Tasso and Ariosto. Gibbon, who had less apology for partiality, in his laborious researches into the “Antiquities of the House of Brunswick” has not tempered his encomiums of the Alphonsoes with a single animadversion upon their illiberal conduct towards their two illustrious subjects.

property in a country where the number of distinct independent governments almost defeats the protection of a copyright.⁴⁵

Notwithstanding the general admiration which the Jerusalem excited throughout Italy, it was assailed, on its first appearance, with the coarsest criticism it ever experienced. A comparison was naturally suggested between it and the Orlando Furioso, and the Italians became divided into the factions of Tassisti and Aristostisti. The Della-Cruscan Academy, just then instituted, in retaliation of some extravagant encomiums bestowed on the Jerusalem, entered into an accurate but exceedingly intemperate analysis of it, in which they degraded it not only below the rival epic, but, denying it the name of a poem, spoke of it as "a cold and barren compilation." It is a curious fact that both the Della-Cruscan and French Academies commenced their career of criticism with an unlucky attack upon two of the most extraordinary poems in their respective languages.⁴⁶

Although Tasso was only one-and-twenty years of age when he set about writing his Jerusalem, yet it is sufficiently apparent, from the sagacious criticism exhibited in his letters, that he brought to it a mind ripened by extensive studies and careful meditation. He had, moreover, the advantage of an experience derived both from his own previous labours and those of several distinguished predecessors in the same kind of composition. The learned Trissino had fashioned, some years before, a regular heroic poem, with pedantic precision, upon the models of antiquity. From this circumstance, it was so formal and tedious that nobody could read it. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, who might apply to himself, with equal justice, the reverse of the younger Racine's lament,

"Et moi père inconnu d'un si glorieux fils,"

had commenced his celebrated Amadis with the same deference to the rules of Aristotle. Finding that the audiences of his friends, to whom he was accustomed to read the epic as it advanced, gradually thinned off, he had the discretion to take the hint, and new-cast it in a more popular and romantic form. Notwithstanding these inauspicious examples, Tasso was determined to give to his national literature what it so much wanted, a great heroic poem; his fine eye perceived at once, however, all the advantages to be derived from the peculiar institutions of the moderns, and, while he conformed, in the general plan of his epic, to the precepts of antiquity, he animated it with the popular and more exalted notions of love, of chivalry, and of religion. His Jerusalem exhibits a perfect combination of the romantic and the classical.

The subject which he selected was most happily adapted to his complicated design. However gloomy a picture the Crusades may exhibit to the rational historian, they are one of the most brilliant and imposing ever offered to the eye of the poet. It is surprising that a subject so fruitful in marvellous and warlike adventure, and which displays the full triumph of Christian chivalry, should have been so long neglected by the writers of epical romance. The plan of the Jerusalem is not without defects, which have been pointed out by the Italians, and bitterly ridiculed by Voltaire, whose volatile sarcasms have led him into one or two blunders that have excited much wrath among some of Tasso's countrymen.⁴⁷ The conceits which occasionally glitter on the surface

⁴⁵ "Foreigners," says Denina, "who ask if there are great writers in Italy now, as in times past, would be surprised at the number, were they to learn how much even the best of them are brought in debt by the publication of their own works." *Vicende della Let-*

teratura, tom. ii. p. 326.

⁴⁶ It is hardly necessary to refer to Corneille's "Cid," so clumsily anatomized by the Académie Française at the jealous instigation of Cardinal Richelieu.

⁴⁷ Among other heinous slanders, he had

of Tasso's clear and polished style have afforded another and a fair ground for censure. Boileau's metaphorical distich, however, has given to them an undeserved importance. The epithet *tinsel* (cliquant), used by him without any limitation, was quoted by his countrymen as fixing the value at once of all Tasso's compositions, and afterwards, by an easy transition, of that of the whole body of Italian literature. Boileau subsequently diluted this censure of the Italian poet with some partial commendations;⁴⁸ but its ill effects were visible in the unfavourable prejudices which it left on the minds of his own countrymen, and on those of the English, for nearly a century.

The affectations imputed to Tasso are to be traced to a much more remote origin. Petrarch's best productions are stained with them, as are those of preceding poets, Cino da Pistoja, Guido Cavalcanti, and others,⁴⁹ and they seem to have flowed directly from the Provençal, the copious fountain of Italian lyrical poetry. Tiraboschi referred their introduction to the influence of Spanish literature under the viceroys of Naples during the latter part of the sixteenth century, which provoked a patriotic replication, in seven volumes, from the Spanish Abbé Lampillas. The Italian had the better of his adversary in temper, if not in argument. This false refinement was brought to its height during the first half of the seventeenth century, under Marini and his imitators, and it is somewhat maliciously intimated by Denina that the foundation of the Academy Della Crusca corresponds with the commencement of the decay of good taste.⁵⁰ Some of their early publications prove that they have at least as good a claim to be considered its promoters as Tasso.⁵¹

Tasso is the most lyrical of all epic poets. This often weakens the significance and picturesque delineation of his narrative, by giving to it an ideal and too general character. His eight-line stanza is frequently wrought up, as it were, into a miniature sonnet. He himself censures Ariosto for occasionally indulging this lyrical vein in his romance, and cites as an example the celebrated comparison of the virgin and the rose (canto i., s. 42). How many similar examples may be found in his own epic! The gardens of Armida are

termed the musical bird "di color vari" "e purpureo rostro" in Armida's gardens a "parrot," and the "fatal Donzella" (canto xv.), "whose countenance was beautiful like that of the angels," an "old woman," which his Italian censor assures his countrymen "is much worse than a *vecchia donna*." For the burst of indignation which these and similar sins brought upon Voltaire's head, vide *Annotazioni di Canti xv., xvi., Clas. Ital.*

** Both Ginguené and some Italian critics affect to consider these commendations as an *amende honorable* on the part of Boileau. They, however, amount to very little, and, like the Frenchman's compliment to Yorick, have full as much of bitter as of sweet in them. The remarks quoted by D'Olivet (*Histoire de l'Académie Française*) as having been made by the critic a short time previous to his death, are a convincing proof, on the other hand, that he was tenacious to the last of his original heresy. "So little," said he, "have I changed, that, on reviewing Tasso of late, I regretted exceedingly that I had not been more explicit in my strictures upon him." He then goes on to supply the hiatus by taking up all the blemishes in detail which he had before only alluded to *en gros*.

** These veteran versifiers have been con-

densed into two volumes 8vo, in an edition published at Florence, 1816, under the title of *Poeti del Primo Secolo*.

⁴⁸ *Vicende della Letteratura*, tom. ii. p. 52.

⁴⁹ A distinction seems to be authorized between the ancients and the moderns in regard to what is considered *purity of taste*. The earliest writings of the former are distinguished by it, and it fell into decay only with the decline of the nation; while a vicious taste is visible in the earliest stages of modern literature, and it has been corrected only by the corresponding refinement of the nation. The Greek language was written in classic purity from Homer until long after Greece herself had become tributary to the Romans, and the Latin tongue from the time of Terence till the nation had sacrificed its liberties to its emperors; while the early Italian authors, as we have already seen, the Spaniards in the age of Ferdinand, the English in that of Elizabeth, and the French under Francis the First (the epochs which may fix the dawn of their respective literatures), seem to have been deeply infected with a passion for conceits and quibbles, which has been purified only by the diligent cultivation of ages.

full of them. To this cause we may perhaps ascribe the glittering affectations, the *clingant*, so often noticed in his poetry. Dazzling and epigrammatic points are often solicited in sonnets. To the same cause may be referred, in part, the nicely-adjusted harmony of his verses. It would almost seem as if each stanza was meant to be set to music, as Petrarch is known to have composed many of his odes with this view.⁵² The melodious rhythm of Tasso's verse has none of the monotonous sweetness so cloying in Metastasio. It is diversified by all the modulations of an exquisitely sensible ear. For this reason, no Italian poet is so frequently in the mouths of the common people. Ariosto's familiar style and lively narrative are better suited to the popular apprehension; but the lyrical melody of Tasso triumphs over these advantages in his rival, and enables him literally *virum volitare per ora*. It was once common for the Venetian gondoliers to challenge each other and to respond in the verses of the Jerusalem, and this sort of musical contest might be heard for hours in the silence of a soft summer evening. The same beautiful ballads, if we may so call these fragments of an epic, are still occasionally chanted by the Italian peasant, who is less affected by the sublimity of their sentiments than the musical flow of the expression.⁵³

Tasso's sentiments are distinguished, in our opinion, by a moral grandeur surpassing that of any other Italian poet. His devout mind seems to have been fully inspired with the spirit of his subject. We say in our opinion, for an eminent German critic, F. Schlegel, is disposed to deny him this merit. We think in this instance he must have proposed to himself what is too frequent with the Germans,—an ideal and exaggerated standard of elevation. A few stanzas (st. 1 to 19) in the fourth canto of the Jerusalem may be said to contain almost the whole argument of the Paradise Lost. The convocation of the devils in the dark abyss,⁵⁴ the picture of Satan, whom he injudiciously names Pluto, his sublime address to his confederates, in which he alludes to their rebellion and the subsequent creation of man, were the germs of Milton's most glorious conceptions. Dante had before shadowed forth Satan, but it was only in the physical terrors of a hideous aspect and gigantic stature. The ancients had clothed the Furies in the same external deformities. Tasso, in obedience to the superstitions of his age, gave to the devil similar attributes, but he invested his character with a moral sublimity which raised it to the rank of divine intelligences:

“Ebbero i più felici allor vittoria
Rimase a noi d'invito ardir la gloria.”

“Sia destin ciò ch'io voglio.”

In the literal version of Milton,

“What I will is fate.”

Sentiments like these also give to Satan, in Paradise Lost, his superb and terrific majesty. Milton, however, gave a finer finish to the portrait, by dis-

⁵² Foscolo, “Essay,” etc., p. 93.

⁵³ “The influence of metrical harmony is visible in the lower classes, who commit to memory the stanzas of Tasso, and sing them without comprehending them. They even disfigure the language so as to make nonsense of it, their senses deceived all the while by the unmeaning melody.” Pignotti, Storia, etc., tom. iv. p. 192.

⁵⁴ The semi-stanza which describes the hoarse reverberations of the infernal trumpet in this Pandemonium is cited by the Italians as a happy example of imitative harmony:

“Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne
Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba.
Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba.”

pensing altogether with the bugbear deformities of his person, and by depicting it as a form that

"Had yet not lost
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd."

It seems to us a capital mistake in Tasso to have made so little use of the *diablerie* which he has so powerfully portrayed. Almost all the machinations of the infidels in the subsequent cantos turn upon the agency of petty necromancers.

Tasso frequently deepens the expression of his pictures by some skilful moral allusion. How finely has he augmented the misery of the soldier perishing under a consuming drought before the walls of Jerusalem, by recalling to his imagination the cool and crystal waters with which he had once been familiar!

"Se alcun giammai tra frondeggianti rive
Puro vide stagnar liquido argento,
O giù precipitose ir acque vive
Per Alpe, o'n spiaggia erbosa a passo lento;
Quelle al vago deslo forma e describe,
E ministra materia al suo tormento;
Che l'immagine lor gelida e molle
L'asciuga e scalda, e nel pensier ribolle." **
Canto xiii., st. 60.

In all the manifold punishments of Dante's "Hell" we remember one only in which the *mind* is made use of as a means of torture. A counterfeiter (*barratiere*) contrasts his situation in these dismal regions with his former pleasant residence in the green vale of the Arno; an allusion which adds a new sting to his anguish and gives a fine moral colouring to the picture. Dante was the first great Christian poet that had written; and when, in conformity with the charitable spirit of his age, he assigned all the ancient heathens a place either in his *hell* or *purgatory*, he inflicted upon them corporeal punishments which alone had been threatened by their poets.

Both Ariosto and Tasso elaborated the style of their compositions with infinite pains. This labour, however, led them to the most opposite results. It gave to the *Furioso* the airy graces of elegant conversation; to the *Gerusalemme* a stately and imposing eloquence. In this last you may often find a consummate art carried into affectation, as in the former natural beauty is sometimes degraded into vulgarity, and even obscenity. Ariosto has none of the national vices of style imputed to his rival, but he is tainted with the less excusable impurities of sentiment. It is stated by a late writer that the exceptionable passages in the *Furioso* were found crossed out with a pen in a manuscript copy of the author, showing his intention to have suppressed them at some future period. The fact does not appear probable, since the edition as it now stands, with all its original blemishes, was revised and published by himself the year of his death.

Tasso possessed a deeper, a more abstracted and lyrical turn of thought. Ariosto infuses an active worldly spirit into his poetry; his beauties are social, while those of his rival are rather of a solitary complexion. Ariosto's muse

** "He that the gliding rivers erst had seen
Adown their verdant channels gently
roll'd,
Or falling streams, which to the valleys
green
Distill'd from tops of Alpine mountains
cold,

Those he desired in vain, new torments been
Augmented thus with wish of comforts
old;
Those waters cool he drank in vain conceit,
Which more increased his thirst, increased his
heat." FAIRFAX.

seems to have caught the gossiping spirit of the *fabliaux*, and Tasso's the lyrical refinements of the *Provençal*. Ariosto is seldom sublime like the other. This may be imputed to his subject, as well as to the character of his genius. Owing to his subject, he is more generally entertaining. The easy freedom of his narrative often leads him into natural details much more affecting than the ideal generalization of Tasso. How pathetic is the dying scene of Brandimarte, with the half-finished name of his mistress, Fiordiligi, upon his lip :

"Orlando, fa che ti raccordi
Di me nell' orazion tue grate a Dio ;
Nè men ti raccomandando la mia Fiordi . . .
Ma dir non potè *ligi*, e qui finì."²⁶

Tasso could never have descended to this beautiful negligence of expression.²⁷

Tasso challenged a comparison with his predecessor in his gardens of Armida. The indolent and languishing repose of the one, the brisk, amorous excitement of the other, are in some measure characteristic of their different pencils. The parallel has been too often pursued for us to weary our readers with it.

The Italians have a copious variety of narrative poetry, and are very nice in their subdivisions of it. Without attending to these, we have been guided by its chronological succession. We have hardly room to touch upon the "Secchia Rapita" ("Rape of the Bucket") of Tassoni, the model of the mock-heroic poems afterwards frequent in Italy,²⁸ of Boileau's "Lutrin," and of the "Rape of the Lock." Tassoni, its author, was a learned and noble Modenese, who, after a life passed in the heats of literary controversies, to which he had himself given rise, died 1635, aged seventy-one. The subject of the poem is a war between Modena and Bologna, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, in consequence of a wooden bucket having been carried off from the market-place in the latter city by an invading party of the former. This memorable trophy has been preserved down to the present day in the cathedral of Modena. Tassoni's epic will confer upon it a more lasting existence.

"The Bucket, which so sorely had offended,
In the Great Tower, where yet it may be found,
Was from on high by ponderous chain suspended,
And with a marble cope environ'd round.

²⁶ "Orlando, I implore thee
That in thy prayers my name may be com-
mended,

And to thy care I leave my loved *Fiordi*—
Ligi he could not add; but here he ended."

²⁷ The *ideal*, which we have imputed to Tasso, may be cited, however, as a characteristic of the national literature, and as the point in which their literature is most decidedly opposed to our own. With the exception of Dante and Parini, whose copies from life have all the precision of proof-impressions, it would be difficult to find a picture in the compass of Italian poetry executed with the fidelity to nature so observable in our good authors, so apparent in every page of Cowper or Thomson, for example. It might be well, perhaps, for the English artist, if he could embellish the minute and literal details of his own school with some of the ideal graces of the Italian. Byron may be considered as having done this more effectually than any contemporary poet. Byron's love of the *ideal*, it must be allowed, however, has

too often bewildered him in mysticism and hyperbole.

²⁸ The Italians long disputed with great acrimony whether this or the comic-heroic poem of Bracciolini (*Lo Scherno degli Dei*) was precedent in point of age. It appears probable that Tassoni's was written first, although printed last. No country has been half so fruitful as Italy in literary quarrels, and in none have they been pursued with such bitterness and pertinacity. In some instances, as in that of Marini, they have even been maintained by assassination. The sarcastic commentaries of Galileo upon the "Jerusalem," quoted in the vulgar edition of the "Classics," were found sadly mutilated by one of the offended *Tassisti*, into whose hands they had fallen more than two centuries after they were written; so long does a literary faction last in Italy! The Italians, inhibited from a free discussion on political or religious topics, entered with incredible zeal into those of a purely abstract and often unimportant character.

By portals five the entrance is defended;
 Nor cavalier of note is that way bound,
 Nor pious pilgrim, but doth pause to see
 The spoil so glorious of the victory."—Canto i., st. 63.

Gironi, in his life of the poet, triumphantly adduces, in evidence of the superiority of the Italian epic over the French mock-heroic poem of Boileau, that the subject of the former is far more insignificant than that of the latter, and yet the poem has twelve cantos, being twice the number of the *Lutrin*. He might have added that each canto contains about six hundred lines instead of two hundred, the average complement of the French, so that Tassoni's epic has the glory of being twelve times as long as Boileau's, and all about a bucket! This is somewhat characteristic of the Italians. What other people would good-humouredly endure such an interminable epic upon so trivial an affair, which had taken place more than four centuries before? To make amends, however, for the wants of pungency in a satire on transactions of such an antiquated date, Tassoni has besprinkled his poem very liberally with allusions to living characters.

We may make one general objection to the poem, that it is often too much in earnest for the perfect keeping of the mock-heroic. The cutting of throats and fighting regular pitched battles are too bloody a business for a joke. How much more in the genuine spirit of this species of poetry is the bloodless battle with the books in the *Lutrin*!

The machinery employed by Tassoni is composed of the ancient heathen deities. These are frequently brought upon the stage, and are travestied with the coarsest comic humour. But the burlesque which reduces great things to little is of a grosser and much less agreeable sort than that which magnifies little things into great. The "Rape of the Lock" owes its charms to the latter process. The importance which it gives to the elegant nothings of high life, its perpetual sparkling of wit, the fairy fretwork which constitutes its machinery, have made it superior, as a fine piece of irony, to either of its foreign rivals. A Frenchman would doubtless prefer the epic regularity, progressive action, and smooth seesaw versification of the *Lutrin*;⁵⁹ while an Italian would find sufficient in the grand heroic sentiment and the voluptuous portraiture with which Tassoni's unequal poem is occasionally inlaid, to justify his preference of it. There is no accounting for national taste. La Harpe, the Aristarchus of French critics, censures the gossamer machinery of the "Rape of the Lock" as the greatest defect in the poem. "La fable des Sylphes, que Pope a très-inutilement empruntée du Conte de Gabalis, pour en faire le merveilleux de son poëme, n'y produit rien d'agréable, rien d'intéressant!"

Italy, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was inundated with crude and insipid romances, distributed into all the varieties of epic poetry. The last one, however, of sufficient importance to require our notice, namely, the *Ricciardetto* of Nicholas Fortiguerra, appeared as late as 1738. After two centuries of marvellous romance, Charlemagne and his paladins became rather insipid *dramatis personæ*. What could not be handled seriously, however, might be ridiculed; and the smile half suppressed by Ariosto and Berni broke out into broad buffoonery in the poem of Fortiguerra.

The *Ricciardetto* may be considered the Don Quixote of Italy; for although it did not bring about that revolution in the national taste ascribed to the

⁵⁹ The versification of the *Lutrin* is esteemed as faultless as any in the language. The tame and monotonous flow of the best of French rhyme, however, produces an effect,

at least upon a foreign ear, which has been well likened by one of their own nation to "the drinking of cold water."

Spanish romance, yet it is, like that, an unequivocal parody upon the achievements of knight-errantry. It may be doubted whether Don Quixote itself was not the consequence rather than the cause of the revolution in the national taste. Fortiguerra pursued an opposite method to Cervantes, and, instead of introducing his crack-brained heroes into the realities of vulgar life, he made them equally ridiculous by involving them in the most absurd caricatures of romantic fiction. Many of these adventures are of a licentious, and sometimes of a disgusting, nature; but the graceful though negligent beauties of his style throw an illusive veil over the grossness of the narrative. Imitations of Pulci may be more frequently traced than of any other romantic poet. But, although more celebrated writers are occasionally, and the extravagances of chivalry are perpetually, parodied by Fortiguerra, yet his object does not seem to have been deliberate satire so much as good-humored jesting. What he wrote was for the simple purpose of raising a laugh, not for the derision or the correction of the taste of his countrymen. The tendency of his poem is certainly satirical, yet there is not a line indicating such an intention on his part. The most pointed humour is aimed at the clergy.⁶⁰ Fortiguerra was himself a canon. He commenced his epic at the suggestion of some friends with whom he was passing a few weeks of the autumn at a hunting-seat. The conversation turned upon the labour bestowed by Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto on their great poems; and Fortiguerra undertook to furnish, the next day, a canto of good poetry exhibiting some of the peculiarities of their respective styles. He fulfilled his promise, and his friends, delighted with its sprightly graces, persuaded him to pursue the epic to its present complement of thirty cantos. Any one acquainted with the facilities for improvisation afforded by the flexible organization of the Italian tongue will be the less surprised at the rapidity of this composition. The "Ricciardetto" may be looked upon as a sort of improvisation.

In the following literal version of the two opening stanzas of the poem we have attempted to convey some notion of the sportive temper of the original:

"It will not let my busy brain alone;
The whim has taken me to write a tale,
In poetry, of things till now unknown,
Or if not wholly new, yet nothing stale.
My muse is not a daughter of the Sun,
With harp of gold and ebony; a hale
And buxom country lass, she sports at ease,
And, free as air, sings to the passing breeze.

"Yet, though accustom'd to the wood,—its spring
Her only beverage, and her food its mast—
She will of heroes and of battles sing.
The loves and high emprises of the past,
Then, if she falter on so bold a wing,
Light be the blame upon her errors cast;
She never studied; and she well may err,
Whose home hath been beneath the oak and fir."

⁶⁰ One of the leading characters is Ferragus, who had figured in all the old epics as one of the most formidable Saracen chieftains. He turns hermit with Fortiguerra, and beguiles his lonely winter evenings with the innocent pastime of making candles:

"E ne l'orrída bruma,
Quando l'aria è piu fredda, e piu crudele,
Io mi diverto in far della candeale."—*lil.* 53.

A contrast highly diverting to the Italians, who had been taught to associate very lofty ideas with the name of Ferragus. The conflict kept up between the devout scruples of the new saint and his old heathen appetites affords perpetual subjects for the profane comi.

Fortiguerra's introductions to his cantos are seasoned with an extremely pleasant wit, which Lord Byron has attentively studied, and, in some passages of his more familiar poetry, closely imitated. The stanza, for example, in Beppo, beginning

"She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a *certain age*,
Which yet the most uncertain age appears," etc.,

was evidently suggested by the following in "Ricciardetto":

"Quando si giugne ad una *certa età*,
Ch'io non voglio descrivervi qual è,
Bisogna stare allora a quel ch'un ha,
Nè d'altro amante provar più la fè,
Perchè, donne me care, la beltà
Ha l'ali al capo, alle spalle, ed a' piè;
E vola sì, che non si scorge più
Vestigio alcun ne' visi, dove fu."

Byron's wit, however, is pointed with a keener sarcasm, and his serious reflections show a finer perception both of natural and moral beauty, than belong to the Italian. No two things are more remote from each other than sentiment and satire. In "Don Juan" they are found side by side in almost every stanza. The effect is disagreeable. The heart, warmed by some picture of extreme beauty or pathos, is suddenly chilled by a selfish sneer, a cold-blooded maxim, that makes you ashamed of having been duped into a good feeling by the writer even for a moment. It is a melancholy reflection that the last work of this extraordinary poet should be the monument alike of his genius and his infamy. Voltaire's licentious epic, the "Pucelle," is written in a manner, perhaps, more nearly corresponding to that of the Italian; but the philosophical irony, if we may so call it, which forms the substratum of the more familiar compositions of this witty and profligate author is of somewhat too deep a cast for the light, superficial banter of Fortiguerra.

We have now traced the course of Italian narrative poetry down to the middle of the last century. It has by no means become extinct since that period, and, among others, an author well known here by his history of our Revolutionary War has contributed his share to the epopee of his country, in his "Camillo, o Vejo Conquistata." Almost every Italian writer has a poetic vein within him, which, if it does not find a vent in sonnets or canzones, will flow out into more formidable compositions.⁶¹

In glancing over the long range of Italian narrative poems, one may be naturally led to the reflection that the most prolific branch of the national literature is devoted *exclusively* to purposes of mere amusement. Brilliant inventions, delicate humour, and a beautiful colouring of language are lavished upon all; but, with the exception of the "Jerusalem," we rarely meet with sublime or ennobling sentiment, and very rarely with anything like a moral or philosophical purpose. Madame de Staël has attempted to fasten a reproach on the whole body of Italian letters, "that, with the exception of their works on physical science, they have never been directed to *utility*."⁶² The imputation applied in this almost unqualified manner is unjust. The language has been enriched by the valuable reflections of too many historians, the solid labours of too many antiquaries and critics, to be thus lightly designated. The

⁶¹ Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Bembo, Varchi, Castiglione, Pignotti, Botta, and a host of other classic prose writers of Italy, have all confessed the "impetus sacer," and given birth to epics, lyrics, or bucolics.

⁶² "Tous les ouvrages des Italiens, excepté ceux qui traitent des sciences physiques, n'ont jamais pour but l'utilité." De la Littérature, etc.

learned lady may have found a model for her own comprehensive manner of philosophizing, and an ample refutation of her assertion, in Machiavelli alone.⁶² In their works of imagination, however, such an imputation appears to be well merited. The Italians seem to demand from these nothing farther than from a fine piece of music, where the heart is stirred, the ear soothed, but the understanding not a whit refreshed. The splendid apparitions of their poet's fancy fade away from the mind of the reader, and, like the enchanted fabrics described in their romances, leave not a trace behind them.

In the works of fancy in our language, fiction is almost universally made subservient to more important and nobler purposes. The ancient drama, and novels, the modern prose drama, exhibit historical pictures of manners and accurate delineations of character. Most of the English poets in other walks, from the "moral Gower" to Cowper, Crabbe, and Wordsworth, have made their verses the elegant vehicles of religious or practical truth. Even descriptive poetry in England interprets the silence of external nature into a language of sentiment and devotion. It is characteristic of this spirit in the nation that Spenser, the only one of their classic writers who has repeated the fantastic legends of chivalry, deemed it necessary to veil his Italian fancy in a cloud of allegory, which, however it may be thought to affect the poem, shows unequivocally the didactic intention of the poet.

These grave and extended views are seldom visible in the ornamental writing of the Italians. It rarely conveys useful information or inculcates moral or practical truth; but it is too commonly an elegant, unprofitable pastime. *Novelle*, lyrical and epic poetry may be considered as constituting three principal streams of their lighter literature. These have continued to flow, with little interruption, the two first from the "golden urns" of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the last from the early sources we have already traced down to the present day. Their multitudinous *novelle*, with all their varieties of tragic and comic incident, the last by far the most frequent, present few just portraits of character, still fewer examples of sound ethics or wise philosophy.⁶⁴ In the exuberance of their sonnets and canzone, we find some, it is true, animated by an efficient spirit of religion or patriotism; but too frequently they are of a purely amatory nature, the unsubstantial though brilliant exhalations of a heated fancy. The pastoral drama, the opera, and other beautiful varieties of invention, which, under the titles of *Bernesco*, *Burlesco*, *Maccherónico*, and the like, have been nicely classed according to their different modifications of style and humour, while they manifest the mercurial temper and the originality of the nation, confirm the justice of our position.

The native melody of the Italian tongue, by seducing their writers into an overweening attention to sound, has doubtless been in one sense prejudicial to their literature. We do not mean to imply, in conformity with a vulgar opinion, that the language is deficient in energy or compactness. Its harmony

⁶² We say *manner*, not spirit. The "*Discorsi sopra T. Livio*," however, require less qualification on the score of their principles. They obviously furnished the model to the "*Grandeur et Décadence des Romains*," and the same extended philosophy which Montesquieu imitated in civil history, Madame de Staël has carried into literary. Among the historians, antiquaries, etc., whose names are known where the language is not read, we might cite Guicciardini, Bembo, Sarpi, Giannone, Nardi, Davila, Denina, Muratori, Tiraboschi, Gravina, Bettinelli, Algarotti, Beccaria, Filangieri, Cesarotti, Pignotti, and

many others; a hollow muster-roll of names, that it would be somewhat ridiculous to run over did not their wide celebrity expose in a stronger light Madame de Staël's sweeping assertion.

⁶⁴ The heavier charge of indecency lies upon many. The *Novelle* of Casti, published as late as 1804, make the foulest tales of Boccaccio appear fair beside them. They have run through several editions since their first appearance, and it tells not well for the land that a numerous class of readers can be found in it who take delight in banqueting upon such abominable offal.

is no proof of its weakness. It allows more licenses of contraction than any other European tongue, and retains more than any other the vigorous inversions of its Latin original. Dante is the most concise of early moderns, and we know none superior to Alfieri in this respect among those of our own age. Davanzati's literal translation of Tacitus is condensed into a smaller compass than its original, the most sententious of ancient histories; but still the silver tones of a language that almost sets itself to music as it is spoken must have an undue attraction for the harmonious ear of an Italian. Their very first classical model of prose composition is an obvious example of it.

The frequency of *improvisation* is another circumstance that has naturally tended to introduce a less serious and thoughtful habit of composition. Above all, the natural perceptions of an Italian seem to be peculiarly sensible to *beauty*, independent of every other quality. Any one who has been in Italy must have recognized the glimpses of a pure taste through the rags of the meanest beggar. The musical pieces, when first exhibited at the theatre of San Carlo, are correctly pronounced upon by the lazzaroni of Naples, and the mob of Florence decide with equal accuracy upon the productions of their immortal school. Cellini tells us that he exposed his celebrated statue of Perseus in the public square by order of his patron, Duke Cosmo First, who declared himself perfectly satisfied with it on learning the commendations of the people.⁵⁵ It is not extraordinary that this exquisite sensibility to the beautiful should have also influenced them in literary art, and have led them astray sometimes from the substantial and the useful. Who but an Italian historian would, in this practical age, so far blend fact and fiction as, for the sake of rhetorical effect, to introduce into the mouths of his personages sentiments and speeches never uttered by them, as Botta has lately done in his history of the American War?

In justice, however, to the Italians, we must admit that the reproach incurred by too concentrated an attention to beauty, to the exclusion of more enlarged and useful views, in their lighter compositions, does not fall upon this or the last century. They have imbibed a graver and more philosophical cast of reflection, for which they seem partly indebted to the influence of English literature. Several of their most eminent authors have either visited or resided in Great Britain, and the genius of the language has been made known through the medium of skilful translations. Alfieri has transported into his tragedies the solemn spirit and vigorous characterization peculiar to the English. He somewhere remarks that "he could not read the language;" but we are persuaded his stern pen would never have traced the dying scene of Saul had he not witnessed a representation of Macbeth. Ippolito Pindemonte, in his descriptive pieces, has deepened the tones of his native idiom with the moral melancholy of Gray and Cowper. Monti's compositions, both dramatic and miscellaneous, bear frequent testimony to his avowed admiration for Shakspeare; and Cesarotti, Foscolo, and Pignotti have introduced the "severer muses" of the North to a still wider and more familiar acquaintance with their countrymen.⁵⁶ Lastly, among the works of fancy which attest the practical scope of Italian letters in the last century, we must not omit the "Giorno" of Parini, the most curious and nicely-elaborated specimen of *didactic* satire produced in any age or country. Its

⁵⁵ Vita di Benvenuto Cellini, tom. ii. p. 339.

⁵⁶ Both the prose and poetry of Foscolo are pregnant with more serious meditation and warmer patriotism than is usual in the works of the Italians. Pignotti, although his own national manner has been but little affected

by his foreign erudition, has contributed more than any other to extend the influence of English letters among his countrymen. His works abound in allusions to them, and two of his principal poems are dedicated to the memory of Shakspeare and of Pope.

polished irony, pointed at the domestic vices of the Italian nobility, indicates both the profligacy of the nation and the moral independence of the poet.

The Italian language, the first-born of those descended from the Latin, is also the most beautiful. It is not surprising that a people endowed with an exquisite sensibility to beauty should have been often led to regard this language rather as a means of pleasure than of utility. We must not, however, so far yield to the unqualified imputation of Madame de Staël as to forget that they have other claims to our admiration than what arise from the inventions of the poet, or from the ideal beauties which they have revived of Grecian art; that the light of *genius* shed upon the world in the fourteenth, and that of *learning* in the fifteenth century, was all derived from Italy; that her writers first unfolded the sublimity of Christian doctrines as applied to modern literature, and by their patient philological labours restored to life the buried literature of antiquity; that her schools revived and expounded the ancient code of law, since become the basis of so important a branch of jurisprudence both in Europe and our own country; that she *originated* literary, and brought to a perfection unequalled in any other language, unless it be our own, civil and political, history; that she led the way in physical science and in that of political philosophy; and, finally, that of the two enlightened navigators who divide the glory of adding a new quarter to the globe, the one was a Genoese and the other a Florentine.

In following down the stream of Italian narrative poetry, we have wandered into so many details, especially where they would tend to throw light on the intellectual character of the nation, that we have little room, and our readers, doubtless, less patience, left for a discussion of the poems which form the text of our article. The few stanzas descriptive of Berni, which we have borrowed from the *Innamorato*, may give some notion of Mr. Rose's manner. The translations have been noticed in several of the English journals, and we perfectly accord with the favourable opinion of them which has been so often expressed that it needs not here be repeated.

The composite style of Ariosto owes its charms to the skill with which the delicate tints of his irony are mixed with the sober colouring of his narrative. His translators have spoiled the harmony of the composition by overcharging one or other of these ingredients. Harrington has caricatured his original into burlesque; Hoole has degraded him into a most melancholy prosier. The popularity of this latter version has been of infinite disservice to the fame of Ariosto, whose aerial fancy loses all its buoyancy under the heavy hexameters of the English translator. The purity of Mr. Rose's taste has prevented him from exaggerating even the beauties of his original.

POETRY AND ROMANCE OF THE ITALIANS.¹

(July, 1831.)

It is not our intention to go into an analysis, or even to discuss the merits, of the works at the head of this article, which we have selected only as a text for such reflections on the poetry and ornamental prose-writing of the Italians as might naturally suggest themselves to an English reader. The points of view from which a native contemplates his own literature and those from which it is seen by a foreigner are so dissimilar that it would be hardly possible that they should come precisely to the same results without affectation or servility on the part of the latter. The native, indeed, is far better qualified than any foreigner can be to estimate the productions of his own countrymen; but, as each is subjected to peculiar influences, truth may be more likely to be elicited from a collision of their mutual opinions than from those exclusively of either.

The Italian, although the first modern tongue to produce what still endure as classical models of composition, was, of all the Romance dialects, the last to be applied to literary purposes. The poem of the *Cid*, which, with all its rawness, exhibits the frank bearing of the age in a highly poetic aspect, was written nearly a century previously to this event. The northern French, which even some Italian scholars of that day condescended to employ as the most popular vehicle of thought, had been richly cultivated, indemnifying itself in anticipation, as it were, by this extraordinary precocity, for the poetic sterility with which it has been cursed ever since. In the South, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, every remote corner was alive with the voice of song. A beautiful poetry had ripened into perfection there, and nearly perished, before the first lisplings of the Italian muse were heard, not in her own land, but at the court of a foreigner, in Sicily. The poets of Lombardy wrote in the Provençal. The histories—and almost every city had its historian, and some two or three—were composed in Latin, or in some half-formed, discordant dialect of the country. "The Italian of that age," says Tiraboschi, "more nearly resembled the Latin than the Tuscan does now any of her sister dialects." It seemed doubtful which of the conflicting idioms would prevail, when a mighty genius arose, who, collecting the scattered elements together, formed one of those wonderful creations which make an epoch in the history of civilization, and for ever fixed the destinies of his language.

We shall not trouble our readers with a particular criticism on so popular a work as the *Divine Comedy*, but confine ourselves to a few such desultory observations as have been suggested on a reperusal of it. The *Inferno* is more

¹ [The reader may find in this article some inadvertent repetitions of what had been said in two articles written some years before, and covering, in part, the same ground.]

1. "Della Letteratura Italiana, di Camillo Ugolini." 3 tom. 12mo. Brescia, 1820.

2. "Storia della Letteratura Italiana, del cavaliere Giuseppe Maffei." 3 tom. 12mo. Milano, 1825.

3. "Storia della Letteratura Italiana nel Secolo XVIII., di Antonio Lombardi." 3 tom. 8vo. Modena, 1827-29.

frequently quoted and eulogized than any other portion of the *Commedia*. It exhibits a more marked progress of the action, and, while it affects us by its deepened pictures of misery, it owes, no doubt, something to the piquant personalities which have to this day not entirely lost their relish. Notwithstanding this, it by no means displays the whole of its author's intellectual power, and so very various are the merits of the different portions of his epic that one who has not read the whole may be truly said not to have read Dante. The poet has borrowed the hints for his punishments partly from ancient mythology, partly from the metaphorical denunciations of Scripture, but principally from his own inexhaustible fancy; and he has adapted them to the specific crimes with a truly frightful ingenuity. We could wish that he had made more use of the mind as a means of torture, and thus given a finer moral colouring to the picture. This defect is particularly conspicuous in his portraiture of Satan, who, far different from that spirit whose form has not yet lost all her original brightness, is depicted in the gross and superstitious terrors of a childish imagination. This decidedly bad taste must be imputed to the rudeness of the age in which Dante lived. The progress of refinement is shown in Tasso's subsequent portrait of this same personage, who, "towering like Carpe or huge Atlas," is sustained by that unconquerable temper which gives life to the yet more spiritualized conceptions of Milton. The faults of Dante were those of his age; but in his elevated conceptions, in the wild and desolating gloom which he has thrown around the city of the dead, the world saw for the first time, the genius of modern literature fully displayed; and in his ripe and vigorous versification it beheld also, for the first time, the poetical capacities of a modern idiom.²

The Purgatory relies for its interest on no strong emotion, but on a contemplative moral tone, and on such luxuriant descriptions of nature as bring it much nearer to the style of English poetry than any other part of the work. It is on the Paradise, however, that Dante has lavished all the stores of his fancy. Yet he has not succeeded in his attempt to exhibit there a regular gradation of happiness; for happiness cannot, like pain, be measured by any scale of physical sensations. Neither is he always successful in the notions which he has conveyed of the occupations of the blessed. There was no source whence he could derive this knowledge. The Scriptures present no determinate idea of such occupations, and the mythology of the ancients had so little that was consolatory in it, even to themselves, that the shade of Achilles is made to say, in the *Odyssey*, that "he had rather be the slave of the meanest living man than rule as a sovereign among the dead."

Dante wisely placed the moral sources of happiness in the exercises of the mind. The most agreeable of these to himself, though, perhaps, to few of his readers, was metaphysical polemics. He had, unfortunately, in his youth gained a prize for successful disputation at the schools; and in every page of these gladiatorial exhibitions we discern the disciple of Scotus and Aquinas. His *matériel* is made up of light, music, and motion. These he has arranged in every possible variety of combination. We are borne along from one magnificent *fête* to another, and, as we rise in the scale of being, the motion of the celestial dance increases in velocity, the light shines with redoubled brilliancy, and the music is of a more ravishing sweetness, until all is confounded in the intolerable splendours of the Deity.

² Dante anticipated the final triumph of the Italian with a generous confidence not shared by the more timid scholars of his own or the succeeding age. See his eloquent apo-

logy for it in his *Convito*, especially pp. 81, 82, tom. iv., ed. 1758. See, also, *Purgatorio* canto xxiv.

Dante has failed in his attempt to personify the Deity. Who, indeed, has not? No such personification can be effected without the aid of illustration from physical objects; and how degrading are these to our conceptions of Omnipotence! The repeated failures of the Italians who have attempted this in the arts of design are still more conspicuous. Even the genius of Raphael has only furnished another proof of the impotence of his art. The advancement of taste may be again seen in Tasso's representation of the Supreme Being by his attributes;³ and, with similar discretion, Milton, like the Grecian artist who drew a mantle over the countenance which he could not trust himself to paint, whenever he has introduced the Deity has veiled his glories in a cloud.

The characters and conditions of Dante and Milton were too analogous not to have often invited the parallel. Both took an active part in the revolutions of their age; both lived to see the extinction of their own hopes and the ruin of their party; and it was the fate of both to compose their immortal poems in poverty and disgrace. These circumstances, however, produced different effects on their minds. Milton, in solitude and darkness, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, was obliged to seek inwardly that celestial light which, as he pathetically laments, was denied to him from without. Hence his poem breathes a spirit of lofty contemplation, which is never disturbed by the impurities that disfigure the page of Dante. The latter poet, an exile in a foreign land, condemned to eat the bread of dependence from the hands of his ancient enemies, felt the iron enter more deeply into his soul, and, in the spirit of his age, has too often made his verses the vehicle of his vindictive scorn. Both stood forth the sturdy champions of freedom in every form, above all, of intellectual freedom. The same spirit which animates the controversial writings of Milton glows with yet fiercer heat in every page of the Divine Comedy. How does its author denounce the abuses, the crying abuses, of the Church, its hypocrisies and manifold perversions of Scripture! How boldly does he declare his determination to proclaim the truth, that he may live in the memory of the just hereafter! His Ghibelline connections were indeed unfavourable to these principles; but these connections were the result of necessity, not of choice. His hardy spirit had been nursed in the last stages of the republic; and it may be truly said of him that he became a Ghibelline in the hope of again becoming a Florentine. The love of his native soil, as with most exiles, was a vital principle with him. How pathetically does he recall those good old times when the sons of Florence were sure to find a grave within her walls! Even the bitterness of his heart against her, which breaks forth in the very courts of heaven, proves, paradoxical as it may appear, the tenacity of his affection. It might not be easy to rouse the patriotism of a modern Italian even into this symptom of vitality.

The genius of both was of the severest kind. For this reason, any display of their sensibility, like the light breaking through a dark cloud, affects us the more by contrast. Such are the sweet pictures of domestic bliss in *Paradise Lost*, and the tender tale of *Francesca da Rimini* in the *Inferno*. Both are sublime in the highest signification of the term; but Milton is an ideal poet, and delights in generalization, while Dante is the most literal of artists, and paints everything in detail. He refuses no imagery, however mean, that can illustrate his subject. This is too notorious to require exemplification. He is, moreover, eminently distinguished by the power of depicting his thought by a single vigorous touch,—a manner well known in Italy under the name of *Dantesque*. It would not be easy for such a verse as the following,

³ *Gerusalemme Liberata*, c. ix., s. 56.

without sacrifice of idiom, to be condensed within the same compass in our language :

“Con viso, che tacendo dicea, taci.”

It would be interesting to trace the similarity of tastes in these great minds, as exhibited in their pleasures equally with their serious pursuits ; in their exquisite sensibility to music ; in their early fondness for those ancient romances which they have so often celebrated both in prose and verse ; but our limits will not allow us to pursue the subject farther.

Dante's epic was greeted by his countrymen in that rude age with the general enthusiasm with which they have ever welcomed the works of genius. A chair was instituted at Florence for the exposition of the Divine Comedy, and Boccaccio was the first who filled it. The bust of its author was crowned with laurels ; his daughter was maintained at the public expense ; and the fickle Florentines vainly solicited from Ravenna the ashes of their poet, whom they had so bitterly persecuted when living.

Notwithstanding all this, the father of Italian verse has had a much less sensible influence on the taste of his countrymen than either of the illustrious triumvirate of the fourteenth century. His bold, masculine diction and his concentrated thought were ill suited to the effeminacy of his nation. One or two clumsy imitators of him appeared in his own age ; and in ours a school has been formed, professing to be modelled on the severe principles of the *trecentisti* ; but no one has yet arisen to bend the bow of Ulysses.

Several poets wrote in the Tuscan or Italian dialect at the close of the thirteenth century with tolerable purity ; but their amorous effusions would probably, like those in the Provençal, have rapidly passed into oblivion had the language not been consecrated by some established work of genius like the *Divina Commedia*. It was fortunate that its author selected a subject which enabled him to exhibit the peculiar tendency of Christianity and of modern institutions, and to demonstrate their immense superiority for poetical purposes over those of antiquity. It opened a cheering prospect to those who doubted the capacities of a modern idiom ; and, after ages of barbarism, it was welcomed as a sign that the waters had at length passed from the face of the earth.

We have been detained long upon Dante, though somewhat contrary to our intention of discussing classes rather than individuals, from the circumstance that he constitutes in himself, if we may so say, an entire and independent class. We shall now proceed, as concisely as possible, to touch upon some of the leading peculiarities in the lyrical poetry of the Italians, which forms with them a very important branch of letters.

Lyrical poetry is more immediately the offspring of imagination, or of deep feeling, than any other kind of verse, and there can be little chance of reaching to high excellence in it among a nation whose character is defective in these qualities. The Italians are, undoubtedly, the most prolific in this department, as the French are the least so, of any people in Europe. Nothing can be more mechanical than a French ode. Reason, wit, pedantry, anything but inspiration, find their way into it ; and when the poet is in extremity, like the countryman in the fable, he calls upon the pagan gods of antiquity to help him out. The best ode in the language, according to La Harpe, is that of J. B. Rousseau on the Count de Luc, in which Phœbus, or the Fates, Pluto, Ceres, or Cybele, figure in every stanza. There is little of the genuine *impetus sacer* in all this. Lyrical compositions, the expression of natural sensibility, are generally most abundant in the earlier periods of a nation's literature. Such are the beautiful collections of rural minstrelsy in

our own tongue, and the fine old ballads and songs in the Castilian ; which last have had the advantage over ours of being imitated down to a late day by their most polished writers. But Italy is the only country in which lyrical composition, from the first, instead of assuming a plebeian garb, has received all the perfection of literary finish, and which, amid every vicissitude of taste, has been cultivated by the most polished writers of the age.

One cause of this is to be found in the circumstances and peculiar character of the father of Italian song. The life of Petrarch furnishes the most brilliant example of the triumph of letters in a country where literary celebrity has been often the path to political consequence. Princes and pontiffs, cities and universities, vied with each other in lavishing honours upon him. His tour through Italy was a sort of royal progress, the inhabitants of the cities thronging out to meet him, and providing a residence for him at the public expense.

The two most enlightened capitals in Europe contended with each other for the honour of his poetical coronation. His influence was solicited in the principal negotiations of the Italian States, and he enjoyed at the same time the confidence of the ferocious Visconti and the accomplished Robert of Naples. His immense correspondence connected him with the principal characters, both literary and political, throughout Europe, and his personal biography may be said to constitute the history of his age.

It must be confessed that the heart of Petrarch was not insensible to this universal homage, and that his writings occasionally betray the vanity and caprice which indicate the spoiled child of fortune ; but, with this moderate alloy of humanity, his general deportment exhibits a purity of principle and a generous elevation of sentiment far above the degenerate politics of his time. He was, indeed, the first in an age of servility, as Dante had been the last in an age of freedom. If he was intimate with some of the petty tyrants of Lombardy, he never prostituted his genius to the vindication of their vices. His political negotiations were conducted with the most generous and extended views for the weal of all Italy. How independently did he remonstrate with Dandolo on his war with the Genoese ! How did he lift his voice against the lawless banditti who, as foreign mercenaries, ravaged the fair plains of Lombardy ! How boldly, to a degree which makes it difficult to account for his personal safety, did he thunder his invectives against the Western Babylon !

Even his failings were those of a generous nature. Dwelling much of his time at a distance from his native land, he considered himself rather as a citizen of Italy than of any particular district of it. He contemplated her with the eye of an ancient Roman, and wished to see the Imperial City once more resume her supremacy among the nations. This led him for a moment to give in to the brilliant illusion of liberty which Rienzi awakened. "Who would not," he says, appealing to the Romans, "rather die a freeman than live a slave?"⁴ But when he saw that he had been deceived, he did not attempt to conceal his indignation, and, in an animated expostulation with the tribune, he admonishes him that he is the minister, not the master, of the republic, and that treachery to one's country is a crime which nothing can expiate.⁵

As he wandered amid the ruins of Rome, he contemplated with horror the violation of her venerable edifices, and he called upon the pontiffs to return to the protection of their "widowed metropolis." He was, above all, solicitous for the recovery of the intellectual treasures of antiquity, sparing no expense or personal fatigue in this cause. Many of the mouldering manuscripts he

* *Epist. ad Nic. Laurentii* : *Opera*, p. 535. ⁵ *Famil. Epist.*, lib. vii. ep. 7, p. 677, *Basil. ed.*

restored or copied with his own hand; and his beautiful transcript of the epistles of Cicero is still to be seen in the Laurentian Library at Florence.

The influence of his example is visible in the generous emulation for letters kindled throughout Italy, and in the purer principles of taste which directed the studies of the Schools.* His extensive correspondence diffused to the remotest corners of Europe the sacred flame which glowed so brightly in his own bosom; and it may be truly said that he possessed an intellectual empire such as was never before enjoyed, and probably never can be again, in the comparatively high state of civilization to which the world is arrived.

It is not, however, the antiquarian researches of Petrarch, nor those elaborate Latin compositions which secured to him the laurel wreath of poetry in the capitol, that have kept his memory still green in the hearts of his countrymen, but those humbler effusions in his own language, which he did not even condescend to mention in his Letter to Posterity, and which he freely gave away as alms to ballad-singers. It was auspicious for Italian literature that a poet like Dante should have been followed by one of so flexible a character as Petrarch. It was beauty succeeding vigour. The language to which Dante had given all its compactness and energy was far from having reached the full harmony of numbers of which it was capable. He had, moreover, occasionally distorted it into such Latinized inversions, uncouth phrases, Hebraisms and Grecisms, as were foreign to the genius of the tongue. These blemishes, of so little account in Dante's extensive poem, would have been fatal to the lyrical pieces of Petrarch, which, like miniatures, from their minuteness, demand the highest finish of detail. The pains which the latter poet bestowed on the correction of his verses are almost inconceivable. Some of them would appear, from the memoranda which he has left, to have been submitted to the file for weeks, nay, months, before he dismissed them. Nor was this fastidiousness of taste frivolous in one who was correcting not for himself but for posterity, and who, in these peculiar graces of style, was creating beautiful and permanent forms of expression for his countrymen. His acquaintance with the modern dialects, especially the Spanish and the Provençal, enriched his vocabulary with many exotic beauties. His fine ear disposed him to refuse all but the most harmonious combinations of sound. He was accustomed to try the melody of his verses by the lute, and, like the fabled Theban, built up his elegant fabric by the charms of music. By these means he created a style scarcely more antiquated than that of the present day, and which can hardly be said to contain an obsolete phrase; an assertion not to be ventured respecting any author in our language before the days of Queen Anne. Indeed, even a foreigner can hardly open a page of Petrarch without being struck with the precocity of a language which, like the vegetation of an arctic summer, seems to have ripened into full maturity at once. There is nothing analogous to this in any other tongue with which we are acquainted, unless it be the Greek, which, in the poems of Homer, appears to have attained its last perfection; a circumstance which has led Cicero to remark, in his Brutus, that "there must, doubtless, have existed poets antecedent to Homer, since invention and perfection can hardly go together."

The mass of Petrarch's Italian poetry is, as is well known, of an amorous complexion. He was naturally of a melancholy temperament, and his unfortunate passion became with him the animating principle of being. His

* In Florence, for example, with a population which Villani, at the middle of the fourteenth century, reckons at ninety thousand souls, there were from eight to ten thousand children who received a liberal education

(Istor. Fiorent., lib. xi. cap. 93), at a time when the higher classes in the rest of Europe were often uninstructed in the elementary principles of knowledge.

compositions in the Latin, as well as those in the vulgar tongue, his voluminous correspondence, his private memoranda or confessions, which, from their nature, seem never to have been destined for the public eye, all exhibit this passion in one shape or another. Yet there have been those who have affected to doubt even the existence of such a personage as Laura.

His Sonnets and Canzoni, chronologically arranged exhibit pretty fairly the progress of his life and love, and, as such, have been judiciously used by the Abbé de Sade. The most trivial event seems to have stirred the poetic feeling within him. We find no less than four sonnets indited to his mistress's gloves, and three to her eyes; which last, styled, *par excellence*, "The Three Sisters," are in the greatest repute with his countrymen,—a judgment on which most English critics would be at issue with them. Notwithstanding the vicious affectation of style and the mysticism which occasionally obscure these and other pieces of Petrarch, his general tone exhibits a moral dignity unknown to the sordid appetites of the ancients, and an earnestness of passion rarely reflected from the cold glitter of the Provençal. But it is in the verses written after the death of his mistress that he confesses the inspiration of Christianity, in the deep moral colouring which he has given to his descriptions of nature, and in those visions of immortal happiness which he contrasts with the sad realities of the present life. He dwells rather on the melancholy pleasures of retrospection than those of hope; unlike most of the poets of Italy, whose warm, sunny skies seem to have scattered the gloom which hangs over the poetry of the North. In this and some other peculiarities, Dante and Petrarch appear to have borne greater resemblance to the English than to their own nation.

Petrarch's career, however brilliant, may serve rather as a warning than as a model. The querulous tone of some of his later writings, the shade of real sorrow which seems to come across even his brightest moments, show the utter inefficacy of genius and of worldly glory to procure to their possessor a substantial happiness. It is melancholy to witness the aberrations of mind into which so fine a genius was led by unfortunate passion. The apparition of Laura haunted him by night as well as by day, in society and in solitude. He sought to divert his mind by travelling, by political or literary occupation, by reason and religion; but in vain. His letters and private confessions show, no less than his poetry, how incessantly his imagination was tortured by doubts, hopes, fears, melancholy presages, regrets, and despair. She triumphed over the decay of her personal charms, and even over the grave, for it was a being of the mind he worshipped. There is something affecting in seeing such a mind as Petrarch's feeding on this unrequited passion, and more than twenty years after his mistress's death, and when on the verge of the grave himself, depicting her in all the bright colouring of youthful fancy, and following her in anticipation to that heaven, where he hopes soon to be united to her.

Petrarch's example, even in his own day, was widely infectious. He sarcastically complains of the quantities of versés sent to him for correction, from the farthest north, from Germany and the British Isles, then the *Ultima Thule* of civilization. The pedants of the succeeding age, it is true, wasted their efforts in hopeless experiments upon the ancient languages, whose chilling influence seems to have entirely closed the hand of the native minstrel; and it was not until the time of Lorenzo de' Medici, whose correct taste led him to prefer the flexible movements of a living tongue, that the sweet tones of the Italian lyre were again awakened. The excitement, however, soon became general, affecting all ranks, from the purpled prelate down to the most

humble artisan ; and a collection of the *Beauties* (as we should call them) of this latter description of worthies has been gathered into a respectable volume, which Baretto assures us, with a good-natured criticism, may be compared with the verses of Petrarch. In all these the burden of the song is love. Those who did not feel could at least affect the tender passion. Lorenzo de' Medici pitched upon a mistress as deliberately as Don Quixote did on his Dulcinea ; and Tasso sighed away his soul to a nymph so shadowy as sorely to have puzzled his commentators till the time of Serassi.

It would be unavailing to attempt to characterize those who have followed in the footsteps of the Laureate, or we might dwell on the romantic sweetness of Lorenzo de' Medici, the purity of Vittoria Colonna, the elaborate polish of Bembo, the vivacity of Marini, and the eloquence, the Platonic reveries, and rich colouring of Tasso, whose beauties and whose defects so nearly resemble those of his great original in this department. But we have no leisure to go minutely into the shades of difference between the imitators of Petrarch. One may regret that, amid their clouds of amorous incense, he can so rarely discern the religious or patriotic enthusiasm which animates the similar compositions of the Spanish poets, and which forms the noblest basis of lyrical poetry at all times. The wrongs of Italy, the common battle-field of the banditti of Europe for nearly a century, and at the very time when her poetic vein flowed most freely, might well have roused the indignation of her children. The comparatively few specimens of this theme from Petrarch to Filicaja are justly regarded as the happiest efforts of the Italian lyre.

The seventeenth century, so unfortunate for the national literature in all other respects, was marked by a bolder deviation from the eternal track of the Petrarchists ; a reform, indeed, which may be traced back to Casa. Among these innovators, Chiabrera, whom Tiraboschi styles both Anacreon and Pindar, but who may be content with the former of these appellations, and Filicaja, who has found in the Christian faith sources of a sublimity that Pindar could never reach, are the most conspicuous. Their salutary example has not been lost on the modern Italian writers.

Some of the ancients have made a distinct division of lyrical poetry, under the title of *melicus*.* If, as it would seem, they mean something of a more calm and uniform tenor than the impetuous dithyrambic flow, something in which symmetry of form and melody of versification are chiefly considered, in which, in fine, the effeminate beauties of sentiment are preferred to the more hardy conceptions of fancy, the term may be significant of the great mass of Italian lyrics. But we fear that we have insisted too far on their defects. Our criticism has been formed rather on the average than on the highest specimens of the art. In this way the very luxuriance of the soil is a disadvantage to it. The sins of exuberance, however, are much more corrigible than those of sterility, which fall upon this department of poetry in almost every other nation. We must remember, too, that no people had exhibited the passion of love under such a variety of beautiful aspects, and that, after all, although the amount be comparatively small, no other modern nation can probably produce so many examples of the very highest lyrical inspiration.

But it is time that we should return to the Romantic Epics, the most important and, perhaps, the most prolific branch of the ornamental literature of the Italians. They have been distributed into a great variety of classes by their own critics. We shall confine our remarks to some of their most eminent models, without regard to their classification.

Those who expect to find in these poems the same temper which animates

* Ausonius, Edyl. IV., 54.—Cicero, De Opt. Gen. Oratorum, 1.

the old English tales of chivalry will be disappointed. A much more correct notion of their manner may be formed from Mr. Ellis's *Bernesque* (if we may be allowed a significant term) recapitulations of these latter. In short, they are the marvels of an heroic age, told with the fine incredulous air of a polite one. It is this contrast of the dignity of the matter with the familiarity of the manner of narration that has occasioned among their countrymen so many animated disputes respecting the serious or satirical intentions of Pulci, Ariosto, Berni, and the rest.

The Italians, although they have brought tales of chivalry to higher perfection than any other people in the world, are, of all others, in their character the most anti-chivalrous. Their early republican institutions, which brought all classes nearly to the same level, were obviously unfavourable to the spirit of chivalry. Commerce became the road to preferment. Wealth was their pedigree, and their patent of nobility. The magnificent Medici were bankers and merchants; and the ancient aristocracy of Venice employed their capital in traffic until an advanced period of the republic. Courage, so essential in the character of a knight, was of little account in the busy communities of Italy. Like Carthage of old, they trusted their defence to mercenaries, first foreign, and afterwards native, but who in every instance fought for hire, not honour, selling themselves, and often their employers, to the highest bidder; and who, cased in impenetrable mail, fought with so little personal hazard that Machiavelli has related more than one infamous encounter in which the only lives lost were from suffocation under their ponderous panoplies. So low had the military reputation of the Italians declined, that in the war of the Neapolitan succession in 1502 it was thought necessary for thirteen of their body to vindicate the national character from the imputation of cowardice by solemn defiance and battle against an equal number of French knights, in presence of the hostile armies.

Hence other arts came to be studied than that of war,—the arts of diplomacy and intrigue. Hence statesmen were formed, but not soldiers. The campaign was fought in the cabinet instead of the field. Every spring of cunning and corruption was essayed, and an insidious policy came into vogue, in which, as the philosopher who has digested its principles into a system informs us, “the failure, not the atrocity of a deed, was considered disgraceful.”* The law of honour became different with the Italians from what it was with other nations. Conspiracy was preferred to open defiance, and assassination was a legitimate method of revenge. The State of Venice condescended to employ a secret agent against the life of Francis Sforza; and the noblest escutcheons in Italy, those of Este and the Medici, were stained with the crimes of fratricide and incest.

In this general moral turpitude, the literature of Italy was rapidly rising to its highest perfection. There was scarcely a petty state which, in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, had not made brilliant advances in elegant prose, poetry, or the arts of design. Intellectual culture was widely diffused, and men of the highest rank devoted themselves with eagerness to the occupation of letters; this, too, at a time when learning in other countries was banished to colleges and cloisters; when books were not always essential in the education of a gentleman. Du Guesclin, the flower of French chivalry in the fourteenth century, could not read a word. Castiglione, in his *Cortegiano*, has given us so pleasing a picture of the recreations of the little court of Urbino, one of the many into which Italy was distributed at the close of the fifteenth century, as to suggest an exalted

* Machiavelli, *Istor. Flor.*, l. vi.

notion of its taste and cultivated habits; and Guicciardini has described, with all the eloquence of regret, the flourishing condition of his country at the same period, ere the storm had descended on her beautiful valleys. In all this we see the characteristics of a highly-polished state of society, but none of the hardy virtues of chivalry.

It was precisely in such a state of society, light, lively, and licentious, possessed of a high relish for the beauties of imagination, but without moral dignity or even a just moral sense, that the Muse of romance first appeared in Italy; and it was not to be expected that she would retain there her majestic Castilian port, or the frank, cordial bearing which endeared her to our Norman ancestors. In fact, the Italian fancy seems to have caught rather the gay, gossiping temper of the *fabliaux*. The most familiar and grotesque adventures are mixed in with the most serious, and even these last are related in a fine tone of ironical pleasantry. Magnificent inventions are recommended by agreeable illusions of style; but they not unfrequently furnish a flimsy drapery for impurity of sentiment. The high devotion and general moral aspect of our English Faerie Queene are not characteristic, with a few eminent exceptions, of Italian tales of chivalry, in which we too often find the best interests of our nature exposed to all the license of frivolous banter. Pulci, who has furnished an apology for the infamous Pucelle,* and Fortiguerra, with their school of imitators, may afford abundant examples to the curious in these matters.

The first successful models of the romantic epic were exhibited at the table of Lorenzo de' Medici, that remarkable man, who, as Machiavelli says of him, "seemed to unite in his person two distinct natures,"—who could pass from the severe duties of the council-chamber to mingle in the dances of the people, and from the abstractions of his favourite philosophy to the broad merriment of a convivial table. Amid all the elegance of the Medici, however,—of Lorenzo and Leo X.,—there seems to have been a lurking appetite for vulgar pleasure, at least if we may judge from the coarse, satirical repartee which Franco and his friend Pulci poured out upon one another for the entertainment of their patron, and the still more bald buffoonery which enlightened the palace of his pontifical son.

The Stanze of Politian, however, exhibit no trace of this obliquity of taste. This fragment of an epic, almost too brief for criticism, like a prelude to some beautiful air, seems to have opened the way to those delightful creations of the Muse which so rapidly followed, and to have contained within itself their various elements of beauty,—the invention of Boiardo, the picturesque narrative of Ariosto, and Tasso's flush of colour. Every stanza is music to the ear, and affords a distinct picture to the eye. Unfortunately, Politian was soon seduced by the fashion of the age from the culture of his native tongue. Probably no Italian poet of equal promise was ever sacrificed to the manes of antiquity. His voluminous Latin labours are now forgotten, and this fragment of an epic affords almost the only point from which he is still contemplated by posterity.

Pulci's Morgante is the first thorough-bred romance of chivalry which the Italians have received as *text of the tongue*. It is fashioned much more literally than any of its successors on Turpin's Chronicle, that gross medley of fact and fable, too barren for romance, too false for history; the dunghill from which have shot up, nevertheless, the bright flowers of French and

* See Voltaire's preface to It. Chapelain's proxy poem on the same subject, *La Pucelle d'Orléans*, lives now only in the satire of

Boileau. It was the hard fate of the Heroine of Orleans to be canonized in a dull epic and damned in a witty one.

Italian fiction. In like manner as in this, religion, not love, is the principle of Pulci's action. The theological talk of his devils may remind one of the prosy conference of Roland and Ferracute; and, strange to say, he is the only one of the eminent Italian poets who has adopted from the chronicle the celebrated rout at Roncesvalles. In his concluding cantos, which those who have censured him as a purely satirical or burlesque poet can have hardly reached, Pulci, throwing off the vulgar trammels which seem to have oppressed his genius, rises into the noblest conceptions of poetry, and describes the tragical catastrophe with all the eloquence of pathos and moral grandeur. Had he written often thus, the Morgante would now be resorted to by native purists, not merely as the well of Tuscan undefiled, but as the genuine fount of epic inspiration.

From the rank and military profession of Boiardo, it might be expected that his poem, the Orlando Innamorato, would display more of the lofty tone of chivalry than is usual with his countrymen; but, with some exceptions, the portrait of Ruggiero, for example, it will be difficult to discern this. He, however, excels them all in a certain force of characterizing, and in an inexhaustible fertility of invention. His *dramatis personæ*, continued by Ariosto, might afford an excellent subject for a parallel, which we have not room to discuss. In general, he may be said to sculpture where Ariosto paints. His heroes assume a fiercer and more indomitable aspect, and his Amazonian females a more glaring and less fastidious coquetry. But it is in the regions of pure fancy that his muse delights to sport, where, instead of the cold conceptions of a Northern brain, which makes up the machinery of Pulci, we are introduced to the delicate fairies of the East, to gardens blooming in the midst of the desert, to palaces of crystal, winged steeds, enchanted armour, and all the gay fabric of Oriental mythology. It has been the singular fate of Boiardo to have had his story continued and excelled by one poet, and his style reformed by another, until his own original work, and even his name, have passed into comparative oblivion. Berni's *rifacimento* is perhaps the most remarkable instance of the triumph of style on record. Every stanza reflects the sense of the original; yet such is the fascination of his diction, compared with the provincial barbarism of his predecessor, as to remind one of those mutations in romance where some old and withered hag is suddenly transformed into a blooming fairy. It may be doubted whether this could have succeeded so completely in a language where the beauties of style are less appreciated. Dryden has made a similar attempt in the Canterbury Tales; but who does not prefer the racy, romantic sweetness of Chaucer?

The Orlando Furioso, from its superior literary execution, as well as from its union of all the peculiarities of Italian tales of chivalry, may be taken as the representative of the whole species. Some of the national critics have condemned, and some have endeavoured to justify, these peculiarities of the romantic eposée,—its complicated narrative and provoking interruptions, its transitions from the gravest to the most familiar topics, its lawless extravagance of fiction, and other deviations from the statutes of antiquity,—but very few have attempted to explain them on just and philosophical principles. The romantic eccentricities of the Italian poets are not to be imputed either to inattention or ignorance. Most of them were accomplished scholars, and went to their work with all the forecast of consummate artists. Boiardo was so well versed in the ancient tongues as to have made accurate translations of Herodotus and Apuleius. Ariosto was such an elegant Latinist that even the classic Bembo did not disdain to learn from him the mysteries of Horace. He consulted his friends over and over again on the disposition of his fable,

assigning to them the most sufficient reasons for its complicated texture. In like manner, Tasso shows, in his Poetical Discourses, how deeply he had revolved the principles of his art, and his Letters prove his dexterity in the application of these principles to his own compositions. These illustrious minds understood well the difference between copying the ancients and copying nature. They knew that to write by the rules of the former is not to write like them; that the genius of our institutions requires new and peculiar forms of expression; that nothing is more fantastic than a modern antique; and they wisely left the attempt and the failure to such spiritless pedants as Trissino.

The difference subsisting between the ancients and moderns, in the constitution of society, amply justifies the different principles on which they have proceeded in their works of imagination. Religion, love, honour,—what different ideas are conveyed by these terms in these different periods of history! The love of country was the pervading feeling which, in the ancient Greek or Roman, seems to have absorbed every other, and to have obliterated, as it were, the moral idiosyncrasy of the individual, while with the moderns it is the *individual* who stands forward in principal relief. His loves, his private feuds and personal adventures, form the object almost of exclusive attention. Hence, in the classical fable strict unity of action and concentration of interests are demanded, while in the romantic the object is best attained by variety of action and diversity of interest, and the threads of personal adventure separately conducted, and perpetually intersecting each other, make up the complicated texture of the fable. Hence it becomes so exceedingly difficult to discern who is the real hero, and what the main action, in such poems as the *Innamorato* and *Furioso*. Hence, too, the episode, the accident, if we may so say, of the classical epic, becomes the essence of the romantic. On this explication, Tasso's delightful excursions, his adventures of Sophronia and Erminia, so often condemned as excrescences, may be admired as perfectly legitimate beauties.

The poems of Homer were intended as historical compositions. They were revered and quoted as such by the most circumspect of the national writers, as Thucydides and Strabo, for example. The romantic poets, on the other hand, seem to have intended nothing beyond a mere *delassement* of the imagination. The old Norman epics, it is true, exhibit a wonderful coincidence in their delineations of manners with the contemporary chronicles. But this is not the spirit of Italian romance, which has rarely had any higher ostensible aim than that of pure amusement,

"Scritta così come la penna getta,
Per fuggir l'ozio, e non per cercar gloria,"

and which was right, therefore, in seeking its materials in the wildest extravagances of fiction, the *magnanime menzogne* of chivalry, and the brilliant chimeras of the East.

The immortal epics of Ariosto and Tasso are too generally known to require from us any particular analysis. Some light, however, may be reflected on these poets from a contrast of their peculiarities. The period in which Tasso wrote was one of high religious fermentation. The Turks, who had so long overawed Europe, had recently been discomfited in the memorable sea-fight of

¹⁰ How feeble, as an operative principle must religion have been among a people who openly avowed it to be the creation of their own poets! "Homer and Hesiod," says Herodotus, "created the theology of the Greeks,

assigning to the gods their various titles, characters, and forms." (Herod., ii. 63.) Religion, it is well known, was a principal basis of modern chivalry.

Lepanto, and the kindling enthusiasm of the nations seemed to threaten for a moment to revive the follies of the Crusades. Tasso's character was of a kind to be peculiarly sensible to these influences. His soul was penetrated with religious fervour, to which, as Serassi has shown, more than to any cause of mysterious passion, are to be imputed his occasional mental aberrations. He was distinguished, moreover, by his chivalrous personal valour, put to the test in more than one hazardous encounter; and he was reckoned the most expert swordsman of his time. Tasso's peculiarities of character were singularly suited to his subject. He has availed himself of this to the full in exhibiting the resources and triumphs of Christian chivalry. The intellectual rather than the physical attributes of his supernatural agents, his solemn meditations on the fragility of earthly glory, and the noble ardour with which he leads us to aspire after an imperishable crown, give to his epic a moral grandeur which no preceding poet had ever reached. It has been objected to him, however, that he preferred the intervention of subordinate agents to that of the Deity; but the God of the Christians cannot be introduced like those of pagan mythology. They espoused the opposite sides of the contest; but wherever He appears the balance is no longer suspended, and the poetical interest is consequently destroyed.

"Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

This might be sublime with the ancients, but would be blasphemous and absurd with the moderns; and Tasso judged wisely in availing himself of inferior and intermediate ministers.

Ariosto's various subject—

"Le donne, l cavalier, l'arme, gli amori"—

was equally well suited with Tasso's to his own various and flexible genius. It did not, indeed, admit of the same moral elevation, in which he was himself perhaps deficient, but it embraced within its range every variety of human passion and portraiture. Tasso was of a solitary, as Ariosto was of a social temper. He had no acquaintance with affairs, and Gravina accuses him of drawing his knowledge from books instead of men. He turned his thoughts inward, and matured them by deep and serious meditation. He had none of the volatile talents of his rival, who seems to have parted with his brilliant fancies as readily as the tree gives up its leaves in autumn. Ariosto was a man of the world, and in his philosophy may be styled an Epicurean. His satires show a familiarity with the practical concerns of life, and a deep insight into the characters of men. His conceptions, however, were of the earth; and his pure style, which may be compared with Alcina's transparent drapery, too often reveals to us the grossest impurity of thought.

The muse of Tasso was of a heavenly nature, and nourished herself with celestial visions and ideal forms of beauty. He was a disciple of Plato, and hence the source of his general elevation of thought, and, too often, of his mystical abstraction. The healthful bloom of his language imparts an inexpressible charm to the purity of his sentiments, and it is truly astonishing that so chaste and dignified a composition should have been produced in an age and court so corrupt.

Both of these great artists elaborated their style with the utmost care, but with totally different results. This frequently gave to Tasso's verse the finish of a lyrical, or, rather, of a musical composition; for many of his stanzas have less resemblance to the magnificent rhythm of Petrarch than to the melodious monotony of Metastasio. This must be considered a violation of the true epic style. It is singular that Tasso himself, in one of his poetical criticisms,

should have objected this very defect to his rival.¹¹ The elaboration of Ariosto, on the other hand, resulted in that exquisite negligence, or, rather, artlessness of expression, so easy in appearance, but so difficult in reality to be imitated :

“Facil’ versè che costan tanta pena.”

The Jerusalem Delivered is placed, by the nice discrimination of the Italian critics, at the head of their heroic epics. In its essence, however, it is strictly romantic, though in its form it is accommodated to the general proportions of the antique. In Ariosto’s complicated fable it is difficult to discern either a leading hero or a predominant action. Sismondi applauds Ginguené for having discovered this hero in Ruggiero. But both those writers might have found this discovery, where it was revealed more than two centuries ago, in Tasso’s own Discourses.¹² We doubt, however, its accuracy, and cannot but think that the prominent part assigned to Orlando, from whom the poem derives its name, manifests a different intention in the author.

The stately and imposing beauties of Tasso’s epic have rendered it generally the most acceptable to foreigners, while the volatile graces of Ariosto have made him most popular with his own nation. Both poets have had the rare felicity not only of obtaining the applause of the learned, but of circulating among the humblest classes of their countrymen. Fragments of the *Furioso* are still recited by the *lazzaroni* of Naples, as those of the Jerusalem once were by the gondoliers of Venice, where this beautiful epic, broken up into ballads, might be heard for miles along the canals on a tranquil summer evening. Had Boileau, who so bitterly sneers at the *cinquant* of Tasso, “heard these musical contests,” says Voltaire, “he would have had nothing to say.” It is worthy of remark that these two celebrated poems, together with the *Aminta*, the *Pastor Fido*, and the *Secchia Rapita*, were all produced within the brief compass of a century, in the petty principality of the house of Este, which thus seemed to indemnify itself for its scanty territory by its ample acquisitions in the intellectual world.

The mass of epical imitations in Italy, both of Ariosto and Tasso, especially the former, is perfectly overwhelming. Nor is it easy to understand the patience with which the Italians have resigned themselves to these interminable poems of seventy, eighty, or even ninety thousand verses each. Many of them, it must be admitted, are the work of men of real genius, and, in a literature less fruitful in epic excellence, would have given a wide celebrity to their authors ; and the amount of others of less note, in a department so rarely attempted in other countries, shows in the nation at large a wonderful fecundity of fancy.

The Italians, desirous of combining as many attractions as possible, and extremely sensible to harmony, have not, as has been the case in France and England, divested their romances of the music of verse. They have rarely adopted a national subject for their story, but have condescended to borrow those of the old Norman minstrels ; and, in conformity with the characteristic temperament of the nation, they have almost always preferred the mercurial temper of the court of Charlemagne to the more sober complexion of the Round Table.¹³

With a few exceptions, the romantic poets, since the time of Ariosto, appear to have gained as little in elevation of sentiment as in national feeling. The

¹¹ *Discorsi Poetici*, iii.

¹² *Ibid.*, ii.

¹³ The French antiquary Tressan furnishes an exception to the general criticism of his

countrymen, in admitting the superiority of this latter class of romances over those of Charlemagne.

nice classification of their critics seems to relate only to their varieties of comic character, and, as we descend to a later period, the fine, equivocal raillery of the older romances degenerates into a broad and undisguised burlesque. In the latter class, the Ricciardetto of Fortiguerra is a jest rather than a satire upon tales of chivalry. The singular union which this work exhibits of elegance of style and homeliness of subject may have furnished, especially in its introduction, the model of that species of poetry which Lord Byron has familiarized us with in Don Juan, where the contrast of sentiment and satire, of vivid passion and chill misanthropy, of images of beauty and splenetic sarcasm, may remind one of the whimsical combinations in Alpine scenery, where the strawberry blooms on the verge of a snow-wreath.

The Italians claim to have given the first models of mock-heroic poetry in modern times. The *Secchia Rapita* of Tassoni has the merit of a graceful versification, exhibiting many exquisite pictures of voluptuous repose, and some passages of an imposing grandeur. But these accord ill with the vulgar merriment and general burlesque tone of the piece, which, on the whole, presents a strange medley of beauties and blemishes mixed up promiscuously together. Twelve cantos of hard fighting and cutting of throats are far too serious for a joke. The bloodless battle of the books in the *Lutrin*, or those of the pot-valiant heroes of *Knickerbocker*, are in much better keeping. The Italians have no poetry of a *mezzo carattere* like our *Rape of the Lock*,¹⁴ where a fine atmosphere of irony pervades the piece and gives life to every character in it. They appear to delight in that kind of travesty which reduces great things into little, but which is of a much less spiritual nature than that which exalts little things into great. Parini's exquisite *Giorno*, if the satire had not rather too sharp an edge, might furnish an exception to both these remarks.

But it is time that we should return to the *Novelle*, those delightful "tales of pleasantry of love," which form one of the most copious departments of the national literature. And here we may remark two peculiarities: first, that similar tales in France and England fell entirely into neglect after the fifteenth century, while in Italy they have been cultivated with the most unwearied assiduity from their earliest appearance to the present hour; secondly, that in both the former countries the *fabliaux* were almost universally exhibited in a poetical dress, while in Italy, contrary to the popular taste on all other occasions, they have been as uniformly exhibited in prose. These peculiarities are undoubtedly to be imputed to the influence of Boccaccio, whose transcendent genius gave a permanent popularity to this kind of composition, and finally determined the forms of elegant prose with his nation.

The appearance of the *Decameron* is, in some points of view, as remarkable a phenomenon as that of the *Divine Comedy*. It furnishes the only example on record of the almost simultaneous development of prose and poetry in the literature of a nation. The earliest prose of any pretended literary value in the Greek tongue, the most precocious of any of antiquity, must be placed near four centuries after the poems of Homer. To descend to modern times, the Spaniards have a little work, "*El Conde Lucanor*," nearly contemporary with the *Decameron*, written on somewhat of a similar plan, but far more didactic in its purport. Its style, though marked by a certain freshness and *naïveté*, the healthy beauties of an infant dialect, has nothing of a classical finish; to which, indeed, Castilian prose, notwithstanding its fine old chronicles and romances, can make no pretension before the close of the fifteenth century. In France a still later period must be assigned for this perfection. Dante, it

¹⁴ "Pignotti, Storia della Toscana, tom. x. p. 132.

is true, speaks of the peculiar suitableness of the French language in his day for prose narration, on account of its flexibility and freedom;¹⁵ but Dante had few and very inadequate standards of comparison, and experience has shown how many ages of purification it was to undergo before it could become the vehicle of elegant composition. Pascal's Provincial Letters furnish, in the opinion of the national critics, the earliest specimen of good prose. It would be more difficult to agree upon the author or the period that arrested the fleeting forms of expression in our own language; but we certainly could not venture upon an earlier date than the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

The style of the Decameron exhibits the full maturity of an Augustan age. The finish of its periods, its long, Latinized involutions, but especially its redundancy and Asiatic luxury of expression, vices imputed to Cicero by his own contemporaries, as Quintilian informs us, reveal to us the model on which Boccaccio diligently formed himself. In the more elevated parts of his subject he reaches to an eloquence not unworthy of the Roman orator himself. The introductions to his novels, chiefly descriptive, are adorned with all the music and the colouring of poetry; much too poetic, indeed, for the prose of any other tongue. It cannot be doubted that this brilliant piece of mechanism has had an immense influence on the Italians, both in seducing them into a too exclusive attention to mere beauties of style, and in leading them to solicit such beauties in graver and less appropriate subjects than those of pure invention.

In the celebrated description of the Plague, however, Boccaccio has shown a muscular energy of diction quite worthy of the pen of Thucydides. Yet there is no satisfactory evidence that he had read the similar performance of the Greek historian, and the conjecture of Baldelli to that effect is founded only on a resemblance of some detached passages, which might well occur in treating of a similar disease.¹⁶ In the delineation of its fearful moral consequences, Boccaccio has undoubtedly surpassed his predecessor. It is singular that of the three celebrated narratives of this distemper, that by the Englishman De Foe is by far the most circumstantial in its details, and yet that he was the only one of the three historians who was not an eye-witness to what he relates.¹⁷ The Plague of London happened in the year succeeding his birth.

The Italian novelists have followed so closely in the track of Boccaccio that we may discuss their general attributes without particular reference to him, their beauties and their blemishes varying only in degree. They ransacked every quarter for their inventions,—Eastern legends, Norman *fabliaux*, domestic history, tradition, and vulgar contemporary anecdote. They even helped themselves, *plenis manibus*, to one another's fancies, particularly filching from the Decameron, which has for this reason been pleasantly compared to a pawnbroker's shop. But no exceptions seem to be taken at such plagiarism, and, as long as the story could be disguised in a different dress, they cared little for the credit of the invention. These fictions are oftentimes of the most grotesque and improbable character, exhibiting no great skill in the *liaison* of events, which are strung together with the rude artlessness of a primitive *trouveur*, while most promising beginnings are frequently brought up by flat and impotent conclusions. Many of the *novelle* are made up of mere personal anecdote, proverbialisms, and Florentine table-talk, the in-

¹⁵ De Vulgari Eloquentia, lib. i., cap. x.

¹⁶ Vita di Boccaccio, lib. ii. s. 2, note.

¹⁷ It seems probable, however, from a pas-

sage in Boccaccio, cited by Baldelli, that he witnessed the plague in some other city of Italy than Florence.

redients of an encyclopædia of wit. In all this, however, we often find less wit than merriment, which shows itself in the most puerile practical jokes, played off upon idiots, unfortunate pedants, and other imbeciles, with as little taste as feeling.

The *novelle* wear the usual light and cheerful aspect of Italian literature. They seldom aim at a serious or didactic purpose. Their tragical scenes, though very tragical, are seldom affecting. We recollect in them no example of the passion of love treated with the depth and tenderness of feeling so frequent in the English dramatists and novelists. They can make little pretension, indeed, to accurate delineation of character of any sort. Even Boccaccio, who has acquired, in our opinion, a somewhat undeserved celebrity in this way, paints professions rather than individuals. The brevity of the Italian tale, which usually affords space only for the exhibition of a catastrophe, is an important obstacle to a gradual development of character.

A remarkable trait in these *novelle* is the extreme boldness with which the reputations of the clergy are handled. Their venality, lechery, hypocrisy, and abominable impositions are all exposed with a reckless independence. The head of the Church himself is not spared. It is not easy to account for this authorized latitude in a country where so jealous a surveillance has been maintained over the freedom of the press in relation to other topics. Warton attempts to explain it, as far as regards the Decameron, by supposing that the ecclesiastics of that age had become tainted with the dissoluteness so prevalent after the Plague of 1348; and Madame de Staël suggests that the government winked at this license as the jesting of children, who are content to obey their masters so they may laugh at them. But neither of these solutions will suffice; for the license of Boccaccio has been assumed more or less by nearly every succeeding novelist, and the jests of this merry tribe have been converted into the most stinging satire on the clergy, in the hands of the gravest and most powerful writers of the nation, from Dante to Monti.

It may be truly objected to the Italian novelists that they have been as little solicitous about purity of sentiment as they have been too much so about purity of style. The reproach of indecency lies heavily upon most of their writings, from the Decameron to the infamous tales of Casti, which, reeking with the corruption of a brothel, have passed into several surreptitious editions during the present century. This indecency is not always a mere excrescence, but deeply ingrained in the body of the piece. It is not conveyed in innuendo, or softened under the varnish of sentiment, but is exhibited in all the nakedness of detail which a debauched imagination can divine. Petrarch's encomiastic letter to his friend Boccaccio, written at the close of his own life, in which he affects to excuse the licentiousness of the Decameron from the youth of the author,¹⁸ although he was turned of forty when he composed it, has been construed into an ample apology for their own transgressions by the subsequent school of novelists.

It is true that some of the popes, of a more fastidious conscience, have taken exceptions at the license of the Decameron, and have placed it on the Index; but an expurgated edition, whose only alteration consisted in the substitution of lay names for those of the clergy, set all things right again.

Such adventures as the seduction of a friend's wife, or the deceptions practised upon a confiding husband, are represented as excellent pieces of wit in these fictions,—in some of the best of them, even; and often when their authors would be moral they betray, in their confused perceptions of right and wrong, the most deplorable destitution of a moral sense. Grazzini (*il*

¹⁸ Petrarca Opera, ed. Basil., p. 540.

Lasca), one of the most popular of the tribe of the sixteenth century, after invoking, in the most solemn manner, the countenance of the Deity upon his labours, and beseeching Him to inspire his mind "with such thoughts only as may redound to his praise and glory," enters immediately, in the next page, upon one of the most barefaced specimens of "bold bawdry," to make use of the plain language of Roger Ascham, that is to be found in the whole work. It is not easy to estimate the demoralizing influence of writings many of which, being possessed of the beauties of literary finish, are elevated into the rank of classics and thus find their way into the most reserved and fastidious libraries.

The literary execution of these tales is, however, by no means equal. In some it is even neglected, and in all falls below that of their great original. Still, in the larger part the graces of style are sedulously cultivated, and in many constitute the principal merit. Some of their authors, especially the more ancient, as Sacchetti and Ser Giovanni, derive great repute from their picturesque proverbialisms (*riboboli*), the racy slang of the Florentine mob,—pearls of little price with foreigners, but of great estimation with their own countrymen. On these qualities, however, as on all those of mere external form, a stranger should pronounce with great diffidence; but the intellectual and moral character of a composition, especially the last, are open to universal criticism. The principles of taste may differ in different nations; but, however often obscured by education or habit, there can be only one true standard of morality.

We may concede, then, to many of the *novelle* the merits of a delicate work of art, gracefulness, nay, eloquence of style, agreeable facility of narrative, pleasantry that sometimes rises into wit, occasional developments of character, and an inexhaustible novelty of situation. But we cannot help regretting that, while so many of the finest wits of the nation have amused themselves with these compositions, they should not have exhibited virtue in a more noble and imposing attitude, or studied a more scientific delineation of passion, or a more direct moral aim or practical purpose. How rarely do we find, unless it be in some few of the last century, the didactic or even satirical tone of the English essayists, who seldom assume the Oriental garb, so frequent in Italian tales, for any other purpose than that of better conveying a prudential lesson! Goldsmith and Hawkesworth may furnish us with pertinent examples of this. How rarely do we recognize in these *novelle* the living portraiture of Chaucer, or the philosophical point which sharpens the pleasantry of La Fontaine; both competitors in the same walk. Without any higher object than that of present amusement, these productions, like many others of their elegant literature, seem to be thrown off in the mere gaiety of the heart.

Chaucer, in his peculiarities, represents as faithfully those of the English nation as his rival and contemporary Boccaccio represents the Italian. In a searching anatomy of the human heart he as far excels the latter as in rhetorical beauty he is surpassed by him. The prologue to his *Canterbury Tales* alone contains a gallery of portraits such as is not to be found in the whole compass of the *Decameron*; his friar, for example,

"That somewhat lipped from his wantonnesse
To make his Englishe sweete upon his tonge:"

his worthy parson, "glad to teche and glad to lerne;" his man of law, who,

"Though so besy a man as he ther n' as,
Yet seemed besier than he was:"

and his inimitable wag of a host, breaking his jests, like Falstaff, indiscriminately upon every one he meets. Chaucer was a shrewd observer of the

realities of life. He did not indulge in day-dreams of visionary perfection. His little fragment of Sir Thopaz is a fine quiz upon the *incredibilia* of chivalry. In his conclusion of the story of the patient Griselde, instead of adopting the somewhat *fade* eulogiums of Boccaccio, he good-naturedly jests at the ultra perfection of the heroine. Like Shakspeare and Scott, his successors and superiors in the school of character, he seems to have had too vivid a perception of the vanities of human life to allow him for a moment to give in to those extravagances of perfection which have sprung from the brain of so many fond enthusiasts.

Chaucer's genius was every way equal to that of Boccaccio, yet the direct influence of the one can scarcely be discerned beyond his own age, while that of the other has reached to the present generation. A principal cause of this is the difference of their style; that of the former exhibiting only the rude graces of a primitive dialect, while Boccaccio's may be said to have reached the full prime of a cultivated period. Another cause is discernible in the new and more suitable forms which came to be adopted for that delineation of character which constitutes the essence of Chaucer's fictions, viz., those of the drama and the extended novel, in both of which Italian literature has, until very recently, been singularly deficient. Boccaccio made two elaborate essays in novel-writing, but his genius seems to have been ill adapted to it, and in his strange and prolix narrative, which brings upon the stage again the obsolete deities of antiquity, even the natural graces of his style desert him. The attempt has scarcely been repeated until our day, when the impulse communicated by the English, in romance and historical novel-writing, to other nations on the Continent, seems to have extended itself to Italy; and the extraordinary favour which has been shown there to the first essays in this way may perhaps lead eventually to more brilliant successes.

The Spaniards, under no better circumstances than the Italians, made, previously to the last-mentioned period, a nearer approach to the genuine novel. Cervantes has furnished, amid his caricatures of chivalry, many passages of exquisite pathos and pleasantry, and a rich variety of national portraiture. The same, though in a less degree, may be affirmed of his shorter tales, *Novelas exemplares*, which, however inferior to those of the Decameron in rhetorical elegance, certainly surpass them in their practical application. But the peculiar property of the Spaniards is their *picaresco* novel, a mere chronicle of the adventures and mischievous pranks of young pickpockets and *chevaliers d'industrie*, invented, whimsically enough, by a Castilian grandee, one of the proudest of his caste, and which, notwithstanding the glaring contrast it affords to the habitual gravity of the nation, has, perhaps from this very circumstance, been a great favourite with it ever since.

The French have made other advances in novel-writing. They have produced many specimens of wit and of showy sentiment, but they seldom afford any wide range of observation or searching views of character. The conventional breeding that universally prevails in France has levelled all inequalities of rank, and obliterated, as it were, the moral physiognomy of the different classes, which, however salutary in other respects, is exceedingly unpropitious to the purposes of the novelist. Molière, the most popular character-monger of the French, has penetrated the superficialities of the most artificial state of society. His spirited sketches of fashionable folly, though very fine, very Parisian, are not always founded on the universal principles of human nature, and, when founded on these, they are sure to be carried more or less into caricature. The French have little of the English talent for humour. They have buffoonery, a lively wit, and a *naïveté* beyond the reach of art,—Rabelais,

Voltaire, La Fontaine,—everything but humour. How spiritless and affected are the caricatures so frequently stuck up at their shop-windows, and which may be considered as the popular expression in this way, compared with those of the English! It is impossible to conceive of a French Goldsmith or Fielding, a Hogarth or a Wilkie. They have, indeed, produced a *Le Sage*, but he seems to have confessed the deficiency of his own nation by deriving his models exclusively from a foreign one.

On the other hand, the freedom of the political and social institutions, both in this country and in England, which has encouraged the undisguised expansion of intellect and of peculiarities of temper, had made them the proper theatre for the student of his species. Hence man has been here delineated with an accuracy quite unrivalled in any ancient or modern nation, and, as the Greeks have surpassed every later people in statuary, from their familiarity with the visible naked forms of manly beauty, so the English may be said, from an analogous cause, to have excelled all others in moral portraiture. To this point their most eminent artists have directed their principal attention. We have already noticed it in Chaucer. It formed the essence of the drama in Elizabeth's time, as it does that of the modern novel. Shakspeare and Scott, in their respective departments, have undoubtedly carried this art to the highest perfection of which it is capable, sacrificing to it every minor consideration of probability, incident, and gradation of plot, which they seem to have valued only so far as they might be made subservient to the main purpose of a clearer exposition of character.

But it is time to return from the digression into which we have been led by a desire of illustrating certain peculiarities of Italian literature, which can in no way be done so well as by comparing them with those of corresponding departments in other languages. Such a comparison abundantly shows how much deeper and more philosophical have been the views proposed by prose fiction in England than in Italy.

We have reserved the Drama for the last, as, until a very recent period, it has been less prolific in eminent models than either of the great divisions of Italian letters. Yet it has been the one most assiduously cultivated from a very early period, and this, too, by the ripest scholars and most approved wits. The career was opened by such minds as Ariosto and Machiavelli, at a time when the theatres in other parts of Europe had given birth only to the unseemly abortions of mysteries and moralities. Bouterwek has been led into a strange error in imputing the low condition of the Italian drama to the small number of men of even moderate abilities who have cultivated it.¹⁹ A glance at the long muster-roll of eminent persons employed upon it, from Machiavelli to Monti, will prove the contrary.²⁰ The unprecedented favour bestowed on the most successful of the dramatic writers may serve to show, at least, the aspirations of the people. The *Merope* of Maffei, which may be deemed the first dawn of improvement in the tragic art, passed through sixty editions. Notwithstanding all this, the Italians, in comedy, and still more in tragedy, until the late apparition of Alfieri, remained far below several of the other nations of Europe.

A principal cause of their repeated failures has been often referred to the inherent vices of their system, which required a blind conformity with the supposed rules of Aristotle. Under the cumbrous load of antiquity, the free-

¹⁹ See the conclusion of his *History of Spanish Literature*.

²⁰ See Allacci's *Drammaturgia, passim*, and Riccoboni, *Theatre Ital.*, tom. 1. pp. 187-208.

Allacci's catalogue, as continued down to the middle of the eighteenth century, occupies nearly a thousand quarto pages.

dom and grace of natural movement were long impeded. Their first attempts were translations, or literal imitations, of the Latin theatre. Some of these, though objectionable in form, contain the true spirit of comedy. Those of Ariosto and Machiavelli in particular, with even greater licentiousness of detail and a more immoral conclusion than belong either to Plautus or Terence, fully equal, perhaps surpass them, in their spirited and whimsical draughts of character. Ariosto is never more a satirist than in his comedies; and Machiavelli, in his *Mandragola*, has exposed the hypocrisies of religion with a less glaring caricature than Molière has shown in his *Tartuffe*. The spirit of these great masters did not descend to their immediate successors. Goldoni, however, the Molière of Italy, in his numerous comedies or farces, has succeeded in giving a lively, graphic portraiture of local manners, with infinite variety and comic power, but no great depth of interest. He has seldom risen to refined and comprehensive views of society, and his pieces, we may trust, are not to be received as faithfully reflecting the national character, which they would make singularly deficient both in virtue and the principle of honour. The writers who have followed in the footsteps of Goldoni exhibit, for the most part, similar defects, with far inferior comic talent. Their productions, on the whole, however, may be thought to maintain an advantageous comparison with those of any other people in Europe during the same period, although some of them, to judge from the encomiastic tone of their critics, appear to have obtained a wider celebrity with their contemporaries than will be probably conceded to them by posterity. The comedies of art which Goldoni superseded, and which were, perhaps, more indicative of the national taste than any other dramatic performances, can hardly come within the scope of literary criticism.

The Italian writers would seem not even to have agreed upon a suitable measure for comedy, some using the common *versi sciolti*, some the *sdruccioli*, others, again, the *martelliani*, and many more preferring prose.²¹ Another impediment to their success is the great variety of dialects in Italy, as numerous as her petty states, which prevents the recognition of any one uniform style of familiar conversation for comedy. The greater part of the pieces of Goldoni are written, more or less, in the local idiom of one of the extremities of Italy,—an inconvenience which cannot exist and which can hardly be appreciated in a country where one acknowledged capital has settled the medium of polite intercourse.

The progress of the nation in the tragic art, until a late period, has been yet more doubtful. Some notion may be formed of its low state in the last century from the circumstance that when the players were in want of a serious piece they could find none so generally acceptable as an opera of Metastasio, stripped of its musical accompaniments. The appearance of Alfieri at this late season, of a genius so austere, in the midst of the voluptuous, Sybarite effeminacy of the period, is a remarkable phenomenon. It was as if the severe Doric proportions of a Pæstum temple had been suddenly raised up amid the airy forms of Palladian architecture. The reserved and impenetrable character of this man has been perfectly laid open to us in his own autobiography. It was made up of incongruity and paradox. To indomitable passions he joined the most frigid exterior. With the fiercest aristocratic nature, he yet quitted his native state that he might enjoy unmolested the sweets of liberty. He published one philippic against kings, and another

²¹ Professor Salfi affirms prose to be the most suitable, indeed the only proper, dress for Italian comedy. See his sensible *critique*

on the Italian comic drama, prefixed to the late edition of Alberto Nota's *Commedie*. Paris, 1829.

against the people. His theoretic love of freedom was far from being warmed by the genuine glow of patriotism. Of all his tragedies, he condescended to derive two only from Italian history; and when, in his prefaces, dedications, or elsewhere, he takes occasion to notice his countrymen, he does it in the bitterness of irony and insult.

When he first set about his tragedies, he could compose only in a sort of French and Piedmontese *patois*. He was unacquainted with any written dramatic literature, though he had witnessed the theatrical exhibitions of the principal capitals of Europe. He was, therefore, to form himself all fresh upon such models as he might prefer. His haughty spirit carried him back to the *trecentisti*, especially to Dante, whose stern beauties he sedulously endeavoured to transfuse into his own style. He studied Tacitus, moreover, with diligence, and made three entire translations of Sallust. He was greatly afraid of falling into the *cantilena* of Metastasio, and sought to avoid this by sudden abruptness of language, by an eccentric use of the articles and pronouns, by dislocating the usual structure of verse, and by distributing the emphatic words with exclusive reference to the sense.²²

This unprecedented manner brought upon Alfieri a host of critics, and he was compelled, in a subsequent edition, to soften down its most offensive asperities. He imputes to himself as many different styles of composition as distinguish the works of Raphael, and it is pretty evident that he considers the last as near perfection as he could well hope to attain. It is, indeed, a noble style: with the occasional turbulence of a mighty rapid, it has all its fulness and magnificent flow; and it shows how utterly impossible it is, by any effort of art, to repress the natural melody of the Tuscan.

Alfieri effected a still more important revolution in the intellectual character of the drama, arousing it from the lethargy into which it had fallen, and making it the vehicle of generous and heroic sentiment. He forced his pieces sometimes, it is true, by violent contrast, but he brought out his characters with a fulness of relief and exhibited a dexterous combat of passion that may not unfrequently remind us of Shakspeare. He dismissed all supernumeraries from his plays, and put into action what his predecessors had coldly narrated. He dispensed, moreover, with the curious coincidences, marvellous surprises, and all the *bei colpi di scena* so familiar in the plays of Metastasio. He disdained even the poetical aid of imagery, relying wholly for effect on the dignity of his sentiments and the imposing character of his agents.

Alfieri has been thought to have made a nearer approach to the Greek tragedy than any of the moderns. He, indeed, disclaims the imitation of any foreign model, and he did not learn the Greek till late in life; but the drama of his own nation had always been servilely accommodated to the rules of the ancients, and he himself had rigorously adhered to the same code. His severe genius, too, wears somewhat of the aspect of that of the father of Grecian tragedy, with which it has been repeatedly compared; but any apparent resemblance in their compositions vanishes on a closer inspection. The assassination of Agamemnon, for example, forms the subject of a tragedy with both these writers; but on what different principles is it conducted by each! The larger proportion of the play of Æschylus is taken up with the melancholy monologues of Cassandra and the chorus, which, boding the coming disasters of the house of Atreus, or mourning over the destiny of man, are poured forth in a lofty dithyrambic eloquence that gives to the whole the air of a lyrical rather than a dramatic composition. It was this lyrical enthu-

²² See a summary of these peculiarities in Casalbigi's Letter, prefixed to the late edition of Alfieri's tragedies.

siasm which, doubtless, led Plutarch to ascribe the inspiration of Æschylus to the influence of the grape.²³ The dialogue of the piece is of a most inartificial texture, and to an English audience might sometimes appear flat. The action moves heavily, and the principal—indeed, with the exception of Agamemnon, the only—attempt at character is in the part of Clytemnestra, whose gigantic stature overshadows the whole piece, and who appalls the spectator by avowing the deed of assassination with the same ferocity with which she had executed it.

Alfieri, on the other hand, refuses the subsidiary aids of poetical imagery. He expressly condemns, in his criticisms, a confounding of the lyric and the dramatic styles. He elaborated his dialogue with the nicest art and with exclusive reference to the final catastrophe. *Scena non levis artifex*. His principal aim is to exhibit the collision of passions. The conflicts between passion and principle in the bosom of Clytemnestra, whom he has made a subordinate agent, furnish him with his most powerful scenes. He has portrayed the Iago-like features of Ægisthus in the darkest colours of Italian vengeance. The noble nature of Agamemnon stands more fully developed than in the Greek, and the sweet character of Electra is all his own. The assassination of the king of men in his bed, at the lonely hour of midnight, must forcibly remind the English reader of the similar scene in Macbeth; but, though finely conceived, it is far inferior to the latter in those fearful poetical accompaniments which give such an air of breathless horror to the story. In solemn, mysterious imaginings, who indeed can equal Shakspeare? He is the only modern poet who has succeeded in introducing the dim form of an apparition on the stage with any tolerable effect. Yet Voltaire accuses him of mistaking the horrible for the terrible. When Voltaire had occasion to raise a ghost upon the French stage (a ticklish experiment), he made him so amiable in his aspect that Queen Semiramis politely desires leave to "throw herself at his feet and to embrace them."²⁴

It has been a matter of debate whether Italian tragedy, as reformed by Alfieri, is an improvement on the French. Both are conducted on the same general principles. A. W. Schlegel, a competent critic whenever his own prejudices are not involved, decides in favour of the French. We must confess ourselves inclined to a different opinion. The three master-spirits in French tragedy seem to have contained within themselves all the elements of dramatic creation, yet their best performances have something tame and unsatisfactory in them. We see the influence of that fine-spun web of criticism which in France has bound the wing of genius to the earth, and which no one has been hardy enough to burst asunder. Corneille, after a severe lesson, submitted to it, though with an ill grace. The flexible character of Racine moved under it with more freedom, but he was of too timid a temper to attempt to contravene established prejudices. His reply to one who censured him for making Hippolyte in love, in his *Phèdre*, is well known: "What would our *petits-maitres* have said had I omitted it?" Voltaire, although possessed of a more enterprising and revolutionary spirit, left the essential principles of the drama as he found them. His multifarious criticisms exhibit a perpetual paradox. His general principles are ever at variance with their particular application. No one lauds more highly the scientific system of his countrymen; witness his numerous dramatic prefaces,

²³ Sympos. LVII., Prob. 10. In the same spirit, a critic of a more polished age has denounced Shakspeare's Hamlet as the work of a drunken savage! See Voltaire's Dissertation

sur la Tragédie, etc., addressed to Cardinal Querini.

²⁴ Semiramis, acte iii. s. 6.

dedications, and articles in the encyclopædia. He even refines upon it with hypercritical acumen, as in his commentaries on Corneille. But when he feels its tyrannical pressure on himself, he is sure to wince; see, for example, his lamentable protest in his Preface to Brutus.

Alfieri acknowledged the paramount authority of the ancients equally with the French dramatic writers. He has but thrice violated the unity of place, and very rarely that of time; but, with all his deference for antiquity, the Italian poet has raised himself far above the narrow code of French criticism. He has relieved tragedy from that eternal chime of love-sick damsels, so indispensable in a French piece that, as Voltaire informs us, out of four hundred which had appeared before his time, there were not more than twelve which did not turn upon love. He substituted in its place a more pure and exalted sentiment. It will be difficult to find, even in Racine, such beautiful personifications of female loveliness as his *Electra* and *Micol*, to name no others. He has, moreover, dispensed with the *confidantes*, those insipid shadows that so invariably walk the round of the French stage. Instead of insulated axioms and long rhetorical pleadings, he has introduced a brisk, moving dialogue; and instead of the ceremonious breeding, the *perrique* and *chapeau bordé*, of Louis the Fourteenth's court, his personages, to borrow an allusion from a sister art, are sculptured with the bold natural freedom which distinguishes the school of Michael Angelo.

It is true that they are apt to show too much of the same fierce and sarcastic temper, too much of a family likeness with himself and with one another; that he sometimes mistakes passion for poetry; that he has left this last too naked of imagery and rhetorical ornament; that he is sometimes stilted when he would be dignified; and that his affected energy is too often carried into mere muscular contortions. His system has, indeed, the appearance of an aspiration after some ideal standard of excellence which he could not wholly attain. It is sufficient proof of his power, however, that he succeeded in establishing it, in direct opposition to the ancient taste of his countrymen, to their love of poetic imagery, of verbal melody, and voluptuousness of sentiment. It is the triumph of genius over the prejudices, and even the constitutional feelings, of a nation.

We have dwelt thus long on Alfieri, because, like Dante, he seems himself to constitute a separate department in Italian literature. It is singular that the two poets who present the earliest and the latest models of surpassing excellence in this literature should bear so few of its usual characteristics. Alfieri's example has effected a decided revolution in the theatrical taste of his countrymen. It has called forth the efforts of some of their most gifted minds. Monti, perhaps the most eminent of this school, surpasses him in the graces of an easy and brilliant elocution, but falls far below him in energy of conception and character. The stoical system of Alfieri would seem, indeed, better adapted to his own peculiar temperament than to that of his nation; and the successful experiment of Manzoni in discarding the unities, and otherwise relaxing the unnatural rigidity of this system, would appear to be much better suited to the popular taste as well as talent.

Our limits, necessarily far too scanty for our subject, will not allow us to go into the Opera and the Pastoral Drama, two beautiful divisions in this department of Italian letters. It is singular that the former, notwithstanding the natural sensibility of the Italians to harmony, and the melody of their language, which almost sets itself to music as it is spoken, should have been so late in coming to its perfection under Metastasio. Nothing can be more unfair than to judge of this author, or, indeed, of any composer of operas, by

the effect produced on us in the closet. Their pieces are intended to be exhibited, not read. The sentimental *ariettes* of the heroes, the romantic bombast of the heroines, the racks, ropes, poisoned daggers, and other fee-faw-fum of a nursery tale, so plentifully besprinkled over them, have certainly, in the closet, a very *fade* and ridiculous aspect; but an opera should be considered as an appeal to the senses by means of the illusions of music, dancing, and decorations. The poetry, wit, sentiment, intrigue, are mere accessories, and of value only as they may serve to promote this illusion. Hence the necessity of love,—love, the vivifying principle of the opera, the only passion in perfect accordance with its voluptuous movements. Hence the propriety of exhibiting character in exaggerated colour of light and shadow, the *chiar-oscuro* of poetry, as the imagination is most forcibly affected by powerful contrast. Yet this has been often condemned in Metastasio. On the above principle, too, the seasonable disclosures, miraculous escapes, and all the other magical apparatus before alluded to, may be defended. The mind of the spectator, highly stimulated through the medium of the senses, requires a corresponding extravagance, if we may so say, in the creations of the poet. In this state, a veracious copy of nature would fall flat and powerless; to reach the heart, it must be raised into gigantic proportions, and adorned with a brighter flush of colouring than is to be found in real life. As a work of art, then, but not as a purely intellectual exhibition, we may criticise the opera, and, in this view of it, the peculiarities so often condemned in the artist may be, perhaps, sufficiently justified.

The Pastoral Drama, that attempt to shadow forth the beautiful absurdities of a golden age, claims to be invented by the Italians. It was carried to its ultimate perfection in two of its earliest specimens, the poems of Tasso and Guarini. Both these writers have adorned their subject with the highest charms of versification and imagery. With Tasso all this seems to proceed spontaneously from the heart, while Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, on the other hand, has the appearance of being elaborated with the nicest preparation. It may, in truth, be regarded as the solitary monument of his genius, and as such he seems to have been desirous to concentrate within it every possible variety of excellence. During his whole life he was employed in retouching and enriching it with new beauties. This great variety and finish of details somewhat impair its unity, and give it too much the appearance of a curious collection of specimens. Yet there are those, and very competent critics too, who prefer the splendid patchwork of Guarini to the sweet, unsolicited beauties of his rival. Dr. Johnson has condemned both the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido* as "trifles easily imitated and unworthy of imitation." The Italians have not found them so. Out of some hundred specimens cited by Serassi, only three or four are deemed by him worthy of notice. An English critic should have shown more charity for a kind of composition that has given rise to some of the most exquisite creations of Fletcher and Milton.

We have now reviewed the most important branches of the ornamental literature of the Italians. We omit some others, less conspicuous, or not essentially differing in their characteristics from similar departments in the literatures of other European nations. An exception may perhaps be made in favour of satirical writing, which, with the Italians, assumes a peculiar form, and one quite indicative of the national genius. Satire, in one shape or another, has been a great favourite with them, from Ariosto, or, indeed, we may say Dante, to the present day. It is, for the most part, of a light, vivacious character, rather playful than pointed. Their critics, with their usual precision, have subdivided it into a great variety of classes, among which

the *Bernesque* is the most original. This epithet, derived not, as some have supposed, from the *rifacimento* but from the Capitoli of Berni, designates a style of writing compounded of the beautiful and the burlesque, of which it is nearly impossible to convey an adequate notion, either by translation or description, in a foreign language. Even so mature a scholar as Mr. Roscoe has failed to do this, when, in one of his histories, he compares this manner to that of Peter Pindar, and in the other to that of Sterne. But the Italian has neither the coarse diction of the former nor the sentiment of the latter. It is generally occupied with some frivolous topic, to which it ascribes the most extravagant properties, descanting on it through whole pages of innocent irony, and clothing the most vulgar and oftentimes obscene ideas in the polished phrase or idiomatic graces of expression that never fail to disarm an Italian critic. A foreigner, however, not so sensible to the seductions of style, will scarcely see in it anything more than a puerile debauch of fancy.

Historians are fond of distributing the literature of Italy into masses, chronologically arranged in successive centuries. The successive revolutions in this literature justify the division to a degree unknown in that of any other country, and a brief illustration of it may throw some additional light on our subject.

Thus the fourteenth century, the age of the *trecentisti*, as it is called, the age of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, is the period of high and original invention. These three great writers, who are alone capable of attracting our attention at this distance of time, were citizens of a free state, and were early formed to the contemplation and practice of public virtue. Hence their works manifest an independence and a generous self-confidence that we seek in vain in the productions of a later period, forced in the artificial atmosphere of a court. Their writings are marked, moreover, by a depth of reflection not to be discerned in the poets of a similar period of antiquity, the pioneers of the civilization of their times. The human mind was then in its infancy; but in the fourteenth century it seemed to awake from the slumber of ages, with powers newly invigorated, and a memory stored with the accumulated wisdom of the past. Compare, for example, the Divine Comedy with the poems of Homer and Hesiod, and observe how much superior to these latter writers is the Italian in moral and intellectual science, as well as in those higher speculations which relate to our ultimate destiny.²⁵ The rhetorical beauties of the great works of the fourteenth century have equally contributed to their permanent popularity and influence. While the early productions of other countries, the poems of the Niebelungen, of the Cid, of the Norman *trouveurs*, and those of Chaucer, even, have passed, in consequence of their colloquial barbarisms, into a certain degree of oblivion, the writings of the *trecentisti* are still revered as the models of purity and elegance, to be for ever imitated, though never equalled.

The following age exhibits the reverse of all this. It was as remarkable for the general diffusion of learning as the preceding had been for the concentration of talent. The Italian, which had been so successfully cultivated, came to be universally neglected for the ancient languages. It would seem as if the soil, exhausted by too abundant harvests, must lie fallow another century before it could be capable of reproduction. The scholars of that day disdained any other than the Latin tongue for the medium of their publications, or

²⁵ Hesiod, it is true, has digested a compact body of ethics, wonderfully mature for the age in which he wrote; but the best of it is disfigured with those childish superstitions

which betray the twilight of civilization. See, in particular, the concluding portion of his Works and Days.

even of their private epistolary correspondence. They thought, with Waller, that

"Those who lasting marble seek
Must carve in Latin or in Greek."

But the marble has crumbled into dust, while the natural beauties of their predecessors are still green in the memory of their countrymen. To make use of a simile which Dr. Young applied to Ben Jonson, they "pulled down, like Samson, the temple of antiquity on their shoulders, and buried themselves under its ruins."

But let us not err by despising these men as a race of unprofitable pedants. They lived on the theatre of ancient art, in an age when new discoveries were daily making of the long-lost monuments of intellectual and material beauty, and it is no wonder that, dazzled with the contemplation of these objects, they should have been blind to the modest merits of their contemporaries. We should be grateful to men whose indefatigable labours preserved for us the perishable remains of classic literature, and who thus opened a free and familiar converse with the great minds of antiquity; and we may justly feel some degree of reverence for the enthusiasm of an age in which the scholar was willing to exchange his learned leisure for painful and perilous pilgrimages, when the merchant was content to barter his rich freights for a few mouldering, worm-eaten folios, and when the present of a single manuscript was deemed of sufficient value to heal the dissensions of two rival states. Such was the fifteenth century in Italy; and Tiraboschi, warming as he approaches it, in his preface to the sixth volume of his history, has accordingly invested it with more than his usual blaze of panegyric.

The genius of the Italians, however, was sorely fettered by their adoption of an ancient idiom, and, like Tasso's Erminia when her delicate form was enclosed in the iron mail of the warrior, lost its elasticity and grace. But at the close of the century the Italian muse was destined to regain her natural freedom in the court of Lorenzo de' Medici. His own compositions, especially, are distinguished by a romantic sweetness, and his light popular pieces,—Carnascialeschi, Contadineschi,—so abundantly imitated since, have a buoyant, exhilarating air, wholly unlike the pedantic tone of his age. Under these new auspices, however, the Italian received a very different complexion from that which had been imparted to it by the hand of Dante.

The sixteenth century is the healthful, the Augustan age of Italian letters. The conflicting principles of an ancient and a modern school are, however, to be traced throughout almost the whole course of it. A curious passage from Varchi, who flourished about the middle of this century, informs us that when he was at school it was the custom of the instructors to interdict to their pupils the study of any vernacular writer, even Dante and Petrarch.²⁶ Hence the Latin came to be cultivated almost equally with the Italian, and both, singularly enough, attained simultaneously their full development.

There are few phrases more inaccurately applied than that of the Age of Leo X., to whose brief pontificate we are accustomed to refer most of the magnificent creations of genius scattered over the sixteenth century, although very few, even of those produced in his own reign, can be imputed to his influence. The nature of this influence in regard to Italian letters may even admit of question. His early taste led him to give an almost exclusive attention to the ancient classics. The great poets of that century, Ariosto, Sanazaro, the Tassos, Rucellai, Guarini, and the rest, produced their immortal

²⁶ Ercolano, Ques. VIII.

works far from Leo's court. Even Bembo, the oracle of his day, retired in disgust from his patron, and composed his principal writings in his retreat. Ariosto, his ancient friend, he coldly neglected,²⁷ while he pensioned the infamous Aretin. He surrounded his table with buffoon literati and parasitical poets, who amused him with feats of improvisation, gluttony, and intemperance, some of whom, after expending on them his convivial wit, he turned over to public derision, and most of whom, debauched in morals and constitution, were abandoned, under his austere successor, to infamy and death. He collected about him such court-flies as Berni and Molza; but, as if the papal atmosphere were fatal to high continued effort, even Berni, like Trissino and Rucellai, could find no leisure for his more elaborate performance till after his patron's death. He magnificently recompensed his musical retainers, making one an archbishop, another an archdeacon; but what did he do for his countryman Machiavelli, the philosopher of his age?²⁸ He hunted, and hawked, and caroused; everything was a jest; and while the nations of Europe stood aghast at the growing heresy of Luther, the merry pontiff and his ministers found strange matter of mirth in witnessing the representation of comedies that exposed the impudent mummeries of priestcraft. With such an example, and under such an influence, it is no wonder that nothing better should have been produced than burlesque satire, licentious farces, and frivolous impromptus. Contrast all this with the elegant recreations of the little court of Urbino, as described in the Cortegiano; or compare the whole result on Italian letters of the so much vaunted patronage of this luxurious pontiff with the splendid achievements of the petty state of Este alone during the first half of this century, and it will appear that there are few misnomers which convey grosser misconceptions than that of the age of Leo X.

The seventeenth century (*seicento*) is one of humiliation in the literary annals of Italy; one in which the Muse, like some dilapidated beauty, endeavoured to supply the loss of natural charms by all the aids of coquetry and meretricious ornament. It is the prodigal use of "these false brilliants," as Boileau terms them, in some of their best writers, which has brought among foreigners an undeserved discredit on the whole body of Italian letters, and which has made the condemned age of the *seicentisti* a by-word of reproach even with their own countrymen. The principles of a corrupt taste are, however, to be discerned at an earlier period, in the writings of Tasso especially, and still more of Guarini; but it was reserved for Marini to reduce them into a system, and by his popularity and foreign residence to diffuse the infection among the other nations of Europe. To this source, therefore, most of these nations have agreed to refer the impurities which at one time or another have disfigured their literatures. Thus the Spaniard Lampillas has mustered an array of seven volumes to prove the charge of original corruption on the Italians, though Marini openly affected to have formed himself upon a Spanish model.²⁹ In like manner, La Harpe imputes to them the sins of Jodelle and the contemporary wits, though these last preceded by some years the literary existence of Marini; and the vices of the English *metaphysical* school have been expressly referred by Dr. Johnson to Marini and his followers.

A nearer inspection, however, might justify the opinion that these various affectations bear too much of the physiognomy of the respective nations in

²⁷ Roscoe attempts to explain away the conduct of Leo; but the satires of the poet furnish a bitter commentary upon it, not to be misunderstood.

²⁸ Machiavelli, after having suffered torture on account of a suspected conspiracy

against the Medici, in which his participation was never proved, was allowed to linger out his days in poverty and disgrace.

²⁹ *Obras sueltas de Lope de Vega*, tom. xxi. p. 17.

which they are found, and are capable of being traced to too high a source in each, to be thus exclusively imputed to the Italians. Thus the elements of the *cultismo* of the Spaniards, that compound of flat pedantry and Oriental hyperbole, so different from the fine *concetti* of the Italian, are to be traced through some of their most eminent writers up to the fugitive pieces of the fifteenth century, as collected in their Cancioneros; and, in like manner, the elements of the metaphysical jargon of Cowley, whose intellectual combinations and far-fetched analogies show too painful a research after wit for the Italian taste, may be traced in England through Donne and Ben Jonson, to say nothing of the "unparalleled John Lillie," up to the veteran versifiers of the fifteenth and fourteenth centuries. Thus, also, some features of the *style précieux* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, so often lashed by Boileau and laughed at by Molière, may be imputed to the malign influence of the constellation of pedants celebrated in France under the title of Pleiades, in the sixteenth century.

The Greek is the only literature which from the first seems to have maintained a sound and healthful state. In every other, the barbaric love of ornament, so discernible even in the best of the earlier writers, has been chastised only by long and assiduous criticism; but the principle of corruption still remains, and the season of perfect ripeness seems to be only that of the commencement of decay. Thus it was in Italy in the perverted age of the *seicentisti*, an age yet warm with the productions of an Ariosto and a Tasso.

The literature of the Italians assumed in the last century a new and highly improved aspect. With less than its usual brilliancy of imagination, it displayed an intensity, and, under the circumstances in which it has been produced, we may add, intrepidity of thought quite worthy of the great spirits of the fourteenth century, and a freedom and nature in its descriptions altogether opposed to the heartless affectations of the seventeenth. The prejudicial influence of their neighbours threatened at one time, indeed, to precipitate the language into a French *machéronico*; but a counter-current, equally exclusive, in favour of the *trecentisti*, contributed to check the innovation and to carry them back to the ancient models of purity and vigour. The most eminent writers of this period seem to have formed themselves on Dante, in particular, as studiously as those of the preceding age affected the more effeminate graces of Petrarch. Among these, Monti, who, in the language of his master, may be truly said to have inherited from him "Lo bello stile, che l'ha fatto onore," is thought most nearly to resemble Dante in the literary execution of his verses; while Alfieri, Parini, and Foscolo approach him still nearer in the rugged virtue and independence of their sentiments. There seems to be a didactic import in much of the poetry of this age, too, and, in its descriptions of external nature, a sober, contemplative vein, that may remind us of writers in our own language. Indeed, an English influence is clearly discernible in some of the most eminent poets of this period, who have either visited Great Britain in person or made themselves familiar with its language.³⁹ The same influence may be, perhaps, recognized in the moral complexion of many of their compositions, the most elegant specimen of which is probably Parini's satire, which disguises the sarcasm of Cowper in the rich, embroidered verse which belongs to the Italians.

In looking back on the various branches of literature which we have been discussing, we are struck with the almost exclusive preference given to poetry over prose, with the great variety of beautiful forms which the former exhibits,

³⁹ Among these may be mentioned Monti, Pindemonte, Cesarotti, Mazza, Alfieri, Pignotti, and Foscolo.

with its finished versification, its inexhaustible inventions, and a wit that never tires. But in all this admirable mechanism we too often feel the want of an informing soul, of a nobler, or, at least, some more practical object than mere amusement. Their writers too rarely seem to feel

"Divinity within them, breeding wings
Wherewith to spurn the earth."

They have gone beyond every other people in painting the intoxication of voluptuous passion; but how rarely have they exhibited it in its purer and more ethereal form! How rarely have they built up their dramatic or epic fables on national or patriotic recollections! Even satire, disarmed of its moral sting, becomes in their hands a barren, though perhaps a brilliant, jest,—the harmless electricity of a summer sky.

The peculiar inventions of a people best show their peculiar genius. The romantic epic has assumed with the Italians a perfectly original form, in which, stripped of the fond illusions of chivalry, it has descended, through all the gradations of mirth, from well-bred raillery to broad and bald buffoonery. In the same merry vein their various inventions in the burlesque style have been conceived. Whole cantos of these puerilities have been strung together with a patience altogether unrivalled except by that of their indefatigable commentators.²¹ Even the most austere intellects of the nation, a Machiavelli and a Galileo, for example, have not disdained to revel in this frivolous debauch of fancy, and may remind one of Michael Angelo, at the instance of Pietro de' Medici, employing his transcendent talents in sculpturing a perishable statue of snow!

The general scope of our vernacular literature, as contrasted with that of the Italian, will set the peculiarities of the latter in a still stronger light. In the English, the drama and the novel, which may be considered as its staples, aiming at more than a vulgar interest, have always been made the theatre of a scientific dissection of character. Instead of the romping merriment of the *novelle*, it is furnished with those periodical essays which, in the form of apologue, of serious disquisition or criticism, convey to us lessons of practical wisdom. Its pictures of external nature have been deepened by a sober contemplation not familiar to the mercurial fancy of the Italians. Its biting satire, from Pierce Plowman's Visions to the Baviad and Mæviad of our day, instead of breaking into vapid jests, has been sharpened against the follies or vices of the age, and the body of its poetry, in general, from the days of "morale Gower" to those of Cowper and Wordsworth, breathes a spirit of piety and unsullied virtue. Even Spenser deemed it necessary to shroud the eccentricities of his Italian imagination in sober allegory; and Milton, while he adopted in his *Comus* the beautiful and somewhat luxurious form of the *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido*, animated it with the most devotional sentiments.

The political situation of Italy may afford a key to some of the peculiarities of her literature. Oppressed by foreign or domestic tyrants for more than five centuries, she has been condemned, in the indignant language of her poet,

"Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta."

Her citizens, excluded from the higher walks of public action, have too often resigned themselves to corrupt and effeminate pleasure, and her writers, inhibited from the free discussion of important topics, have too frequently contented themselves with an impotent play of fancy. The histories of

²¹ The annotations upon Lippi's burlesque poem of the *Malmantile Racquistata* are in-

ferior in bulk to those only on the *Divine Comedy*.

Machiavelli and of Guicciardini were not permitted to be published entire until the conclusion of the last century. The writings of Alemanni, from some umbrage given to the Medici, were burned by the hands of the common hangman. Marchetti's elegant version of Lucretius was long prohibited on the ground of its epicurean philosophy, and the learned labours of Giannone were recompensed with exile. Under such a government, it is wonderful that so many rather than so few writers should have been found with intrepidity sufficient to raise the voice of unwelcome truth. It is not to be wondered at that they should have produced so few models of civil or sacred eloquence, the fruit of a happier and more enlightened system; that they should have been too exclusively devoted to mere beauties of form, have been more solicitous about style than thought, have studied rather to amuse than to instruct. Hence the superabundance of their philological treatises and mere verbal criticisms, of their tomes of commentaries with which they have illustrated or obscured their most insignificant poets, where a verse furnishes matter for a lecture, and a *canzone* becomes the text for a volume. This is no exaggeration.²² Hence, too, the frequency and ferocity of their literary quarrels, into which the Italians, excluded too often from weightier disquisition, enter with an enthusiasm which in other nations can be roused only by the dearest interests of humanity. The comparative merit of some obscure classic, the orthography of some obsolete term, a simple sonnet, even, has been sufficient to throw the whole community into a ferment, in which the parties have not always confined themselves to a war of words.

The influence of academies on Italian literature is somewhat doubtful. They have probably contributed to nourish that epicurean sensibility to mere verbal elegance so conspicuous in the nation. The great variety of these institutions scattered over every remote district of the country, the whimsicality of their titles, and still more of those of their members, have an air sufficiently ridiculous.²³ Some of them have been devoted to the investigation of science. But a license refused to individuals will hardly be conceded to public associations; and the persecution of some of the most eminent has proved an effectual warning to confine their speculations within the inoffensive sphere of literary criticism. Hence the exuberance of *prose* and *lezioni*, endless dissertations on barren rhetorical topics, and those vapid attempts at academic wit, which should never have transcended the bounds of the Lyceum.

It is not in such institutions that the great intellectual efforts of a nation are displayed. All that any academy can propose to itself is to keep alive the flame which genius has kindled; and in more than one instance they have gone near to smother it. The French Academy, as is well known, opened its career with its celebrated attack upon Corneille; and the earliest attempt of the Cruscan was upon Tasso's Jerusalem, which it compelled its author to remodel, or, in other words, to reduce, by the extraction of its essential spirit, into a flat and insipid decoction. Denina has sarcastically intimated that the era of the foundation of this latter academy corresponds exactly with that of the commencement of the decline of good taste. More liberal critics concede,

²² Benedetto of Ravenna wrote ten lectures on the fourth sonnet of Petrarch; Pico della Mirandola devoted three whole books to the illustration of a *canzone* of his friend Benivieni; and three Arcadians published a volume in defence of the *Tre Sorelle* of Petrarch! It would be easy to multiply similar examples of critical prodigality.

²³ Take at hazard some of the most familiar,

the "Ardent," the "Frozen," the "Wet," the "Dry," the "Stupid," the "Lazy." The Cruscan takes its name from Crusca (bran); and its members adopted the corresponding epithets of "brown bread," "white bread," "the kneaded," etc. Some of the Italians, as Lasca, La Bindo, for instance, are better known by their frivolous academic names than by their own.

however, that this body has done much to preserve the integrity of the tongue, and that a pure spirit of criticism was kept alive within its bosom when it had become extinct in almost every other part of Italy.²⁴ Their philological labours have, in truth, been highly valuable, though perhaps not so completely successful as those of the French academicians. We do not allude to any capricious principle on which their vocabulary may have been constructed,—an affair of their own critics,—but to the fact that, after all, they have not been able to settle the language with the same precision and uniformity with which it has been done in France, from the want of some great metropolis, like Paris, whose authority would be received as paramount throughout the country. No such universal deference has been paid to the Cruscan academy; and the Italian language, far from being accurately determined, is even too loose and inexact for the common purposes of business. Perhaps it is for this very reason better adapted to the ideal purposes of poetry.

The exquisite mechanism of the Italian tongue, made up of the very elements of music, and picturesque in its formation beyond that of any other living language, is undoubtedly a cause of the exaggerated consequence imputed to style by the writers of the nation. The author of the Dialogue on Orators points out, as one of the symptoms of depraved eloquence in Rome, that “voluptuous artificial harmony of cadence, which is better suited to the purposes of the musician or the dancer than of the orator.” The same vice has infected Italian prose from its earliest models, from Boccaccio and Bembo down to the most ordinary book-wright of the present day, who hopes to disguise his poverty of thought under his melodious redundancy of diction. Hence it is that their numerous Letters, Dialogues, and their specimens of written eloquence are too often defective both in natural force and feeling. Even in those graver productions which derive almost their sole value from their facts, they are apt to be far more solicitous about style and ingenious turns of thought, as one of their own critics has admitted, than either utility or sound philosophy.²⁵

A principal cause, after all, of the various peculiarities of Italian literature, of which we have been speaking, is to be traced to that fine perception of the beautiful, so inherent in every order of the nation, whether it proceed from a happier physical organization, or from an early familiarity with those models of ideal beauty by which they are everywhere surrounded. Whoever has visited Italy must have been struck with a sensibility to elegant pleasure, and a refinement of taste, in the very lowest classes, that in other countries belong only to the more cultivated. This is to be discerned in the most trifling particulars; in their various costume, whose picturesque arrangement seems to have been studied from the models of ancient statuary; in the flowers and other tasteful ornaments with which, on *fête*-days, they decorate their chapels and public temples; in the eagerness with which the peasant and the artisan, after their daily toil, resort to the theatre, the opera, or similar intellectual amusements, instead of the bear-baitings, bull-fights, and drunken orgies so familiar to the populace of other countries; and in the quiet rapture with which they listen for hours, in the public squares, to the strains of an *improvisatore* or the recitations of a story-teller, without any other refreshment than a glass of water. Even the art of improvisations carried to such perfection by the Italians, is far less imputable to the facilities of their verse than to the poetical genius of the people; an evidence of which

²⁴ See, in particular, the treatise of Parini, himself a Lombard, *De' Principi delle Belle Lettere*, part ii. cap. v.

²⁵ Bettinelli, *Risorgimento d'Italia*, Introd. p. 14.

is the abundance of *improvisatori* in Latin in the sixteenth century, when that language came to be widely cultivated.

It is time, however, to conclude our remarks, which have already encroached too liberally on the patience of our readers. Notwithstanding our sincere admiration, as generally expressed, for the beautiful literature of Italy, we fear that some of our reflections may be unpalatable to a people who shrink with sensitive delicacy from the rude touch of foreign criticism. The most liberal opinions of a foreigner, it is true, coming through so different a medium of prejudice and taste, must always present a somewhat distorted aspect to the eye of a native. On those finer shades of expression which constitute, indeed, much of the value of poetry, none but a native can pronounce with accuracy; but on its intellectual and moral character a foreign critic is better qualified to decide. He may be more perspicacious, even, than a native, in detecting those obliquities from a correct standard of taste, to which the latter has been reconciled by prejudice and long example, or which he may have learned to reverence as beauties.

There must be so many exceptions, too, to the sweeping range of any general criticism, that it will always carry with it a certain air of injustice. Thus, while we object to the Italians the diluted, redundant style of their compositions, may they not refer us to their versions of Tacitus and Persius, the most condensed writers in the most condensed language in the world, in a form equally compact with that of the originals? May they not object to us Dante and Alfieri, scarcely capable of translation into any modern tongue, in the same compass, without a violence to idiom? And may they not cite the same hardy models in refutation of an unqualified charge of effeminacy? Where shall we find examples of purer and more exalted sentiment than in the writings of Petrarch and Tasso? Where of a more chastised composition than in Casa or Caro? And where more pertinent examples of a didactic aim than in their numerous poetical treatises on husbandry, manufactures, and other useful arts, which in other countries form the topics of bulky disquisitions in prose? This is all just. But such exceptions, however imposing, in no way contravene the general truth of our positions, founded on the *prevalent* tone and characteristics of Italian literature.

Let us not, however, appear insensible to the merits of a literature pre-eminent above all others for activity of fancy and beautiful variety of form, or to those of a country so fruitful in interesting recollections to the scholar and the artist; in which the human mind has displayed its highest energies untired through the longest series of ages; on which the light of science shed its parting ray, and where it first broke again upon the nations; whose history is the link that connects the past with the present, the ancient with the modern, and whose enterprising genius enlarged the boundaries of the Old World by the discovery of a New; whose scholars opened to mankind the intellectual treasures of antiquity; whose schools first expounded those principles of law which have become the basis of jurisprudence in most of the civilized nations of Europe; whose cities gave the earliest example of free institutions, and, when the vision of liberty had passed away, maintained their empire over the mind by those admirable productions of art that revive the bright period of Grecian glory; and who, even now that her palaces are made desolate and her vineyards trodden down under the foot of the stranger, retains within her bosom all the fire of ancient genius. It would show a strange insensibility indeed did we not sympathize in the fortunes of a nation that has manifested, in such a variety of ways, the highest intellectual power;

of which we may exclaim, in the language which a modern poet has applied to one of the most beautiful of her cities,

"O Decus, O Lux
Ansonia, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet!"

SCOTTISH SONG.¹

(July, 1826.)

IT is remarkable that poetry, which is esteemed so much more difficult than prose among cultivated people, should universally have been the form which man, in the primitive stages of society, has adopted for the easier development of his ideas. It may be that the infancy of nations, like that of individuals, is more taken up with imagination and sentiment than with reasoning, and is thus instinctively led to verse, as best suited, by its sweetness and harmony, to the expression of passionate thought. It may be, too, that the refinements of modern criticism have multiplied rather than relieved the difficulties of the art. The ancient poet poured forth his *carmina incondita* with no other ambition than that of accommodating them to the natural music of his own ear, careless of the punctilious observances which the fastidious taste of a polished age so peremptorily demands. However this may be, it is certain that poetry is more ancient than prose in the records of every nation, and that this poetry is found in its earliest stages almost always allied with music. Thus the Rhapsodies of Homer were chanted to the sound of the lyre by the wandering bards of Ionia; thus the citharædi of the ancient Romans, the Welsh harper, the Sax on gleeman, the Scandinavian scald, and the Norman minstrel, soothed the sensual appetites of an unlettered age by the more exalted charms of poetry and music. This precocious poetical spirit seems to have been more widely diffused among the modern than the ancient European nations. The astonishing perfection of the Homeric epics makes it probable, it is true, that there must have been previously a diligent cultivation of the divine art among the natives.²

The introduction of the bards Phemius and Demodocus into the Odyssey shows also that minstrelsy had long been familiar to Homer's countrymen. This, however, is but conjecture, as no undisputed fragments of this early age have come down to us. The Romans, we know, were not till a very late period moved by the *impetus sacer*. One or two devotional chants and a few ribald satires are all that claim to be antiquities in their prosaic literature.

It was far otherwise with the nations of modern Europe. Whether the romantic institutions of the age, or the warmth of classic literature not wholly extinguished, awakened this general enthusiasm, we know not; but no sooner

¹ "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern, with an Introduction and Notes, Historical and Critical, and the Characters of the Lyric Poets. By Allan Cunningham."

In four volumes. London, 1825. 12mo.

² "Nec dubitari debet quin fuerint ante Homerum poete." Cic., Brut., 18.

had the thick darkness which for centuries had settled over the nations begun to dissipate, than the voice of song was heard in the remotest corners of Europe, where heathen civilization had never ventured,—from the frozen isles of Britain and Scandinavia, no less than from the fertile shores of Italy and Provence. We do not mean that the light of song was totally extinguished, even at the darkest period. It may be faintly discerned in the barbaric festivals of Attila, himself the theme of more than one venerable German romance; and, at a later period, in the comparatively refined courts of Alfred and Charlemagne.

But it was not until the eleventh or twelfth century that refinement of taste was far advanced among the nations of Europe; that, in spite of all the obstacles of a rude, unconnected dialect, the foundations and the forms of their poetical literature were cast, which, with some modification, they have retained ever since. Of these, the ballads may be considered as coming more immediately from the body of the people. In no country did they take such deep root as in Spain and Scotland, and, although cultivated more or less by all the Northern nations, yet nowhere else have they had the good fortune, by their own intrinsic beauty, and by the influence they have exerted over the popular character, to constitute so important a part of the national literature. The causes of this are to be traced to the political relations of these countries. Spain, divided into a number of petty principalities, which contended with each other for pre-eminence, was obliged to carry on a far more desperate struggle for existence, as well as religion, with its Saracen invaders; who, after advancing their victorious crescent from the Arabian desert to the foot of the Pyrenees, had established a solid empire over the fairest portions of the Peninsula. Seven long centuries was the ancient Spaniard reclaiming, inch by inch, this conquered territory; thus a perpetual crusade was carried on, and the fertile fields of Andalusia and Granada became the mimic theatre of exploits similar to those performed by the martial enthusiasts of Europe, on a much greater scale, indeed, on the plains of Palestine. The effect of all this was to infuse into their popular compositions a sort of devotional heroism, which is to be looked for in vain in any other. The existence of the *Cid* so early as the eleventh century was a fortunate event for Spanish poetry. The authenticated actions of that chief are so nearly allied to the marvellous that, like Charlemagne, he forms a convenient nucleus for the manifold fictions in which successive bards have enveloped him. The ballads relating to this doughty hero have been collected into a sort of patchwork epic, whose fabrication thus resembles that imputed to those ancient poems which some modern critics have determined to be but a tissue of rhapsodies executed by different masters. But, without comparing them with the epics of Homer in symmetry of design or perfection of versification, we may reasonably claim for them a moral elevation not inferior, and a tone of courtesy and generous gallantry altogether unknown to the heroes of the *Iliad*.

The most interesting of the Spanish ballads are those relating to the Moors. This people, now so degraded in every intellectual and moral aspect, were, as is well known, in the ninth and tenth centuries the principal depositaries of useful science and elegant art. This is particularly true of the Spanish caliphate; and more than one Christian prelate is on record who, in a superstitious age, performed a literary pilgrimage to the schools of Córdoba, and drank from these profane sources of wisdom. The peculiarities of Oriental costume, their showy military exercises, their perilous bull-feasts and cane-fights, their chivalric defiance and rencounters with the Christian knights on the plains before the assembled city, their brilliant revels, romantic wooings, and midnight

serenades, afforded rich themes for the muse; above all, the capture and desolation of Granada, that "city without peer," the "pride of heathendom," on which the taste and treasures of the Western caliphs had been lavished for seven centuries, are detailed in a tone of melancholy grandeur, which comes over us like the voice of an expiring nation.²

One trait has been pointed out in these poems most honourable to the Spanish character, and in which, in later times, it has been lamentably deficient, that of religious toleration: we find none of the fierce bigotry which armed the iron hand of the Inquisition; which coolly condemned to exile or the stake a numerous native population for an honest difference of religious opinion, and desolated with fire and sword the most flourishing of their Christian provinces.

The ancient Spaniard, on the contrary, influenced by a more enlightened policy, as well as by humanity, contracted familiar intimacies, nay, even matrimonial alliances, with his Mohammedan rivals, and the proudest of their nobles did not disdain, in an honest cause, to fight under the banners of the Infidel. It would be a curious study to trace the progress and the causes of this pitiable revolution in national feeling.

The Spaniards have good reason to cherish their ancient ballads, for nowhere is the high Castilian character displayed to such advantage,—haughty, it is true, jealous of insult, and without the tincture of letters which throws a lustre over the polished court of Charles and Philip, but also without the avarice, the insatiable cruelty, and dismal superstition which deface the bright page of their military renown.⁴ The Cid himself, whose authentic history may vindicate the hyperbole of romance, was the *beau idéal* of chivalry.⁵

The peculiarities of early Scottish poetry may also be referred, in a great degree, to the political relations of the nation, which for many centuries was distracted by all the rancorous dissensions incident to the ill-balanced fabric of feudal government. The frequent and long regencies, always unfavourable to civil concord, multiplied the sources of jealousy, and armed with new powers the factious aristocracy. In the absence of legitimate authority, each baron sought to fortify himself by the increased number of his retainers, who, in their turn, willingly attached themselves to the fortunes of a chief who secured to them plunder and protection. Hence a system of clanship was organized, more perfect and more durable than has existed in any other country, which is not entirely effaced at the present day. To the nobles who garrisoned the Marches, still greater military powers were necessarily delegated for purposes

² An ancient Arabian writer concludes a florid eulogium on the architecture and local beauties of Granada in the fourteenth century, with likening it, in Oriental fashion, to "a richly-wrought vase of silver, filled with jacinths and emeralds." (*Historia de los Arabes de España*, tom. III. p. 147.) Among the ballads relating to the Moorish wars, two of the most beautiful are the "Lament over Albama," indifferently translated by Byron, and that beginning with "En la ciudad de Granada," rendered by Lockhart with his usual freedom and vivacity. *Hita*, i. 464, and Depping, 240.

³ Sufficient evidence of this may be found in works of imagination, as well as the histories of the period. The plays of Lope de Vega, for instance, are filled with all manner of perfidy and assassination, which takes place as a matter of course, and without the

least compunction. In the same spirit, the barbarous excesses of his countrymen in South America are detailed by Ercilla, in his historical epic, *La Araucana*. The flimsy pretext of conscience, for which these crimes are perpetrated, cannot veil their enormity from any but the eyes of the offender.

⁴ The veracity of the traditionary history of the Cid, indeed, his existence, discussed and denied by Masdeu, in his *Historia crítica de España*, has been satisfactorily established by the learned Müller; and the conclusions of the latter writer are recently confirmed by Condé's posthumous publication of translated Arabian manuscripts of great antiquity, where the Cid is repeatedly mentioned as the chief known by the name of the Warrior, *el Campeador*: "the Cid whom Alla curse;" "the tyrant Cid;" "the accursed Cid," etc. See *Historia de los Arabes de España*, ii. 92.

of state defence, and the names of Home, Douglas, and Buccleuch make a far more frequent and important figure in national history than that of the reigning sovereign. Hence private feuds were inflamed and vindicated by national antipathies, and a pretext of patriotism was never wanting to justify perpetual hostility. Hence the scene of the old ballads was laid chiefly on the borders, and hence the minstrels of the "North Countrie" obtained such pre-eminence over their musical brethren.

The odious passion of revenge, which seems adapted by nature to the ardent temperaments of the South, but which even there has been mitigated by the spirit of Christianity, glowed with fierce heat in the bosoms of those Northern savages. An offence to the meanest individual was espoused by his whole clans, and was expiated, not by the blood of the offender only, but by that of his whole kindred. The sack of a peaceful castle and the slaughter of its sleeping inhabitants seem to have been as familiar occurrences to these Border heroes as the lifting of a drove of cattle, and attended with as little compunction. The following pious invocation, uttered on the eve of an approaching foray, may show the acuteness of their moral sensibility :

" He that ordained us to be born
Sent us mair meat for the morn.
Come by right or come by wrang,
Christ, let us not fast owre lang,
But blithely spend what's gaily got.
Ride, Rowland, hough 'a' f' the pot."

When superstition usurps the place of religion, there will be little morality among the people. The only law they knew was the command of their chief, and the only one he admitted was his sword. "By what right," said a Scottish prince to a marauding Douglas, "do you hold these lands?" "By that of my sword," he answered.

From these causes the early Scottish poetry is deeply tinged with a gloomy ferocity, and abounds in details of cool, deliberate cruelty. It is true that this is frequently set off, as in the fine old ballads of Chevy Chase and Auld Maitland, by such deeds of rude but heroic gallantry as, in the words of Sidney, "stir the soul like the sound of a trumpet." But, on the whole, although the scene of the oldest ballads is pitched as late as the fourteenth century, the manners they exhibit are not much superior, in point of refinement and humanity, to those of our own North American savages.*

From wanton or vindictive cruelty, especially when exercised on the defenceless or the innocent, the cultivated mind naturally shrinks with horror and disgust; but it was long ere the stern hearts of our English ancestors yielded to the soft impulses of mercy and benevolence. The reigns of the Norman dynasty are written in characters of fire and blood. As late as the conclusion of the fourteenth century, we find the Black Prince, the "flower of English knighthood," as Froissart styles him, superintending the butchery of three thousand unresisting captives, men, women, and children, who vainly clung to him for mercy. The general usage of surrendering as hostages their wives and children, whose members were mutilated or lives sacrificed on the least infraction of their engagements, is a still better evidence of the universal barbarism of the so much lauded age of chivalry.

Another trait in the old Scotch poetry, and of a very opposite nature from that we have been describing, is its occasional sensibility: touches of genuine

* For proof of this assertion, see "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and in particular the ballads of "Jellon Grame,"

"Young Benjie," "Lord William," "Duel of Wharton and Stuart," "Death of Featherstonehaugh," "Douglas Tragedy," etc.

pathos are found scattered among the cold, appalling passions of the age, like the flowers which, in Switzerland, are said to bloom alongside the avalanche. No state of society is so rude as to extinguish the spark of natural affection; tenderness for our offspring is but a more enlarged selfishness, perfectly compatible with the utmost ferocity towards others. Hence scenes of parental and filial attachment are to be met with in these poems which cannot be read without emotion. The passion of love appears to have been a favourite study with the ancient English writers, and by none, in any language we have read, is it managed with so much art and feeling as by the dramatic writers of Queen Elizabeth's day. The Scottish minstrels, with less art, seem to be entitled to the praise of possessing an equal share of tenderness. In the Spanish ballad love glows with the fierce ardour of a tropical sun. The amorous serenader celebrates the beauties of his Zayda (the name which, from its frequency, would seem to be a general title for a Spanish mistress) in all the florid hyperbole of Oriental gallantry, or, as a disappointed lover, wanders along the banks of the Guadalete, imprecating curses on her head and vengeance on his devoted rival. The calm dejection and tender melancholy which are diffused over the Scottish love-songs are far more affecting than all this turbulence of passion. The sensibility which, even in a rude age, seems to have characterized the Scottish maiden, was doubtless nourished by the solemn complexion of the scenery by which she was surrounded, by the sympathies continually awakened for her lover in his career of peril and adventure, and by the facilities afforded her for brooding over her misfortunes in the silence of rural solitude.

To similar physical causes may be principally referred those superstitions which are so liberally diffused over the poetry of Scotland down to the present day. The tendency of wild, solitary districts, darkened with mountains and extensive forests, to raise in the mind ideas of solemn, preternatural awe, has been noticed from the earliest ages. "Where is a lofty and deeply-shaded grove," writes Seneca, in one of his epistles, "filled with venerable trees, whose interlacing boughs shut out the face of heaven, the grandeur of the wood, the silence of the place, the shade so dense and uniform, infuse into the breast the notion of a divinity;" and thus the speculative fancy of the ancients, always ready to supply the apparent void of nature, garrisoned each grove, fountain, or grotto with some local and tutelary genius. These sylvan deities, clothed with corporeal figures and endowed with mortal appetites, were brought near to the level of humanity; but the Christian revelation, which assures us of another world, is the "evidence of things unseen," and, while it dissipates the gross and sensible creations of classic mythology, raises our conceptions to the spiritual and the infinite. In our eager thirst for communication with the world of spirits, we naturally imagine it can only be through the medium of spirits like themselves, and, in the vulgar creed, these apparitions never come from the abodes of the blessed, but from the tomb, where they are supposed to await the period of a final and universal resurrection, and whence they are allowed to "revisit the glimpses of the moon," for penance or some other inscrutable purpose. Hence the gloomy, undefined character of the modern apparition is much more appalling than the sensual and social personifications of antiquity.

The natural phenomena of a wild, uncultivated country greatly conspire to promote the illusions of the fancy. The power of clouds to reflect, to distort, and to magnify objects is well known, and on this principle many of the preternatural appearances in the German mountains and the Scottish Highlands, whose lofty summits and unreclaimed valleys are shrouded in clouds and

exhalations, have been ingeniously and philosophically explained. The solitary peasant, as the shades of evening close around him, witnesses with dismay the gathering phantoms, and, hurrying home, retails his adventures with due amplification. What is easily believed is easily seen, and the marvellous incident is soon placed beyond dispute by a multitude of testimonies. The appetite, once excited, is keen in detecting other visions and prognostics, which as speedily circulate through the channels of rustic tradition, until in time each glen and solitary heath has its unearthly visitants, each family its omen or boding spectre, and superstition, systematized into a science, is expounded by indoctrinated wizards and gifted seers.

In addition to these fancies, common, though in a less degree, to other nations, the inhabitants of the North have inherited a more material mythology, which has survived the elegant fictions of Greece and Rome, either because it was not deemed of sufficient importance to provoke the arm of the Church, or because it was too nearly accommodated to the moral constitution of the people to be thus easily eradicated. The character of a mythology is always intimately connected with that of the scenery and climate in which it is invented. Thus the graceful Nymphs and Naiads of Greece, the Peris of Persia, who live in the colours of the rainbow and on the odours of flowers, the Fairies of England, who in airy circles "dance their ringlets to the whistling wind," have the frail gossamer forms and delicate functions congenial with the beautiful countries which they inhabit; while the Elves, Bogles, Brownies, and Kelpies, which seem to have legitimately descended, in ancient Highland verse, from the Scandinavian Dvergar, Nisser, etc., are of a stunted and malignant aspect, and are celebrated for nothing better than maiming cattle, bewildering the benighted traveller, and conjuring out the souls of new-born infants. Within the memory of the present generation, very well authenticated anecdotes of these ghostly kidnappers have been circulated and greedily credited in the Scottish Highlands. But the sunshine of civilization is rapidly dispelling the lingering mists of superstition. The spirits of darkness love not the cheerful haunts of men, and the bustling activity of an increasing, industrious population allows brief space for the fears or inventions of fancy.

The fierce aspect of the Scottish ballad was mitigated under the general tranquillity which followed the accession of James to the united crowns of England and Scotland, and the Northern muse might have caught some of the inspiration which fired her Southern sister at this remarkable epoch, had not the fatal prejudices of her sovereign in favour of an English or even a Latin idiom diverted his ancient subjects from the cultivation of their own. As it was, Drummond of Hawthornden, whose melodious and melancholy strains, however, are to be enrolled among English verse, is the most eminent name which adorns the scanty annals of this reign. The civil and religious broils, which, by the sharp concussion they gave to the English intellect during the remainder of this unhappy century, seemed to have forced out every latent spark of genius, served only to discourage the less polished muse of the North. The austerity of the Reformers chilled the sweet flow of social song, and the only verse in vogue was a kind of rude satire, sometimes pointed at the licentiousness of the Roman clergy, and sometimes at the formal affectation of the Puritans, but which, from the coarseness of the execution, and the transitory interest of its topics, has for the most part been consigned to a decent oblivion.

The Revolution in 1688, and the subsequent union of the two kingdoms, by the permanent assurance they gave of civil and religious liberty, and, lastly,

the establishment of parochial schools about the same period, by that wide diffusion of intelligence among the lower orders which has elevated them above every other European peasantry, had a most sensible influence on the moral and intellectual progress of the nation. Improvements in art and agriculture were introduced; the circle of ideas was expanded and the feelings liberalized by a free communication with their southern neighbours; and religion, resigning much of her austerity, lent a prudent sanction to the hilarity of social intercourse. Popular poetry naturally reflects the habits and prevailing sentiments of a nation. The ancient notes of the border trumpet were exchanged for the cheerful sounds of rustic revelry; and the sensibility which used to be exhausted on subjects of acute but painful interest now celebrated the temperate pleasures of domestic happiness and rational though romantic love.

The rustic glee which had put such mettle into the compositions of James the First and Fifth, those royal poets of the commonalty, as they have been aptly styled, was again renewed; ancient songs, purified from their original vices of sentiment or diction, were revived; new ones were accommodated to ancient melodies; and a revolution was gradually effected in Scottish verse, which experienced little variation during the remainder of the eighteenth century. The existence of a national music is essential to the entire success of lyrical poetry. It may be said, indeed, to give wings to song, which, in spite of its imperfections, is thus borne along from one extremity of the nation to the other, with a rapidity denied to many a nobler composition.

Thus allied, verse not only represents the present, but the past; and, while it invites us to repose or to honourable action, its tones speak of joys which are gone, or wake in us the recollections of ancient glory.

It is impossible to trace the authors of a large portion of the popular lyrics of Scotland, which, like its native wild flowers, seem to have sprung up spontaneously in the most sequestered solitudes of the country. Many of these poets, even, who are familiar in the mouths of their own countrymen, are better known south of the Tweed by the compositions which, under the title of "Scottish Melodies," are diligently thrummed by every miss in her teens, than by their names; while some few others, as Ramsay, Ferguson, etc., whose independent tomes maintain higher reputation, are better known by their names than their compositions, which, much applauded, are, we suspect, but little read.

The union of Scotland with England was unpropitious to the language of the former country; at least it prevented it from attaining a classical perfection, which some, perhaps, may not regret, as being in its present state a better vehicle for the popular poetry so consonant with the genius of the nation. Under Edward the First the two nations spoke the same language, and the formidable epics of Barbour and Blind Harry, his contemporaries, are cited by Warton as superior models of English versification. After the lapse of five centuries, the Scottish idiom retains a much greater affinity with the original stock than does the English; but the universal habit with the Scotch of employing the latter in works of taste or science, and of relinquishing their own idiom to the more humble uses of the people, has degraded it to the unmerited condition of a provincial dialect. Few persons care to bestow much time in deciphering a vocabulary which conceals no other treasures than those of popular fancy and tradition.

A genius like Burns certainly may do, and doubtless has done, much to diffuse a knowledge and a relish for his native idiom. His character as a poet has been too often canvassed by writers and biographers to require our

panegyric. We define it, perhaps, as concisely as may be, by saying that it consisted of an acute sensibility regulated by uncommon intellectual vigour. Hence his frequent visions of rustic love and courtship never sink into mawkish sentimentality, his quiet pictures of domestic life are without insipidity, and his mirth is not the unmeaning ebullition of animal spirits, but is pointed with the reflection of a keen observer of human nature. This latter talent, less applauded in him than some others, is in our opinion his most eminent. Without the grace of *La Fontaine*, or the broad buffoonery of *Berni*, he displays the same facility of illuminating the meanest topics, seasons his humour with as shrewd a moral, and surpasses both in a generous sensibility which gives an air of truth and cordiality to all his sentiments. Lyrical poetry admits of less variety than any other species; and *Burns*, from this circumstance, as well as from the flexibility of his talents, may be considered as the representative of his whole nation. Indeed, his universal genius seems to have concentrated within itself the rays which were scattered among his predecessors,—the simple tenderness of *Crawford*, the fidelity of *Ramsay*, and careless humour of *Ferguson*. The Doric dialect of his country was an instrument peculiarly fitted for the expression of his manly and unsophisticated sentiments. But no one is more indebted to the national music than *Burns*: embalmed in the sacred melody, his songs are familiar to us from childhood, and, as we read them, the silver sounds with which they have been united seem to linger in our memory, heightening and prolonging the emotions which the sentiments have excited.

Mr. *Cunningham*, to whom it is high time we should turn, in some prefatory reflections on the condition of Scottish poetry, laments exceedingly the improvements in agriculture and mechanics, the multiplication of pursuits, the wider expansion of knowledge, which have taken place among the peasantry of Scotland during the present century.

“Change of condition, increase of knowledge,” says he, “the calling in of machinery to the aid of human labour, and the ships which whiten the ocean with their passing and repassing sails, wafting luxuries to our backs and our tables, are all matters of delight to the historian or the politician, but of sorrow to the poet, who delights in the primitive glory of a people, and contemplates with pain all changes which lessen the original vigour of character and refine mankind till they become too sensitive for enjoyment. Man has now to labour harder and longer to shape out new ways to riches, and even bread, and feel the sorrows of the primeval curse, a hot and sweaty brow, more frequently and more severely than his ancestors. All this is uncongenial to the creation of song, where many of our finest songs have been created, and to its enjoyment, where it was long and fondly enjoyed, among the peasantry of Scotland.”—*Preface*.

These circumstances certainly will be a matter of delight to the historian and politician, and we doubt if they afford any reasonable cause of lamentation to the poet. An age of rudeness and ignorance is not the most propitious to a flourishing condition of the art, which indulges quite as much in visions of the past as the present, in recollections as in existing occupations; and this is not only true of civilized, but of ruder ages: the forgotten bards of the *Nibelungen* and the *Heldenbuch*, of the romances of *Arthur* and of *Charlemagne*, looked back through the vista of seven hundred years for their subjects, and the earliest of the *Border minstrely* celebrates the antique feuds of a preceding century. On the other hand, a wider acquaintance with speculative and active concerns may be thought to open a bolder range of ideas and illustrations to the poet. Examples of this may be discerned among the

Scottish poets of the present age; and if the most eminent, as Scott, Campbell, Joanna Baillie, have deserted their natural dialect and the humble themes of popular interest for others better suited to their aspiring genius, and for a language which could diffuse and perpetuate their compositions, it can hardly be matter for serious reproach even with their own countrymen. But this is not true of Scott, who has always condescended to illuminate the most rugged and the meanest topics relating to his own nation, and who has revived in his "Minstrelsy" not merely the costume but the spirit of the ancient Border muse of love and chivalry.

In a similar tone of lamentation, Mr. Cunningham deprecates the untimely decay of superstition throughout the land. But the seeds of superstition are not thus easily eradicated: its grosser illusions, indeed, may, as we have before said, be scattered by the increasing light of science; but the principal difference between a rude and a civilized age, at least as regards poetical fiction, is that the latter requires more skill and plausibility in working up the *matériel* than the former. The witches of Macbeth are drawn too broadly to impose on the modern spectator, as they probably did on the credulous age of Queen Bess; but the apparition in Job, or the Bodach Glass in Waverley, is shadowed with a dim and mysterious portraiture that inspires a solemn interest sufficient for the purposes of poetry. The philosophic mind may smile with contempt at popular fancies, convinced that the general experience of mankind contradicts the existence of apparitions; that the narratives of them are vague and ill authenticated; that they never or rarely appeal to more than one sense, and that the most open to illusion; that they appear only in moments of excitement and in seasons of solitude and obscurity; that they come for no explicable purpose and effect no perceptible result; and that, therefore, they may in every case be safely imputed to a diseased or a deluded imagination. But if, in the midst of these solemn musings, our philosopher's candle should chance to go out, it is not quite certain that he would continue to pursue them with the same stoical serenity. In short, no man is quite so much a hero in the dark as in broad daylight, in solitude as in society, in the gloom of the churchyard as in the blaze of the drawing-room. The season and the place may be such as to oppress the stoutest heart with a mysterious awe, which, if not fear, is near akin to it. We read of adventurous travellers who through a sleepless night have defied the perilous nonentities of a haunted chamber, and the very interest we take in their exploits proves that the superstitious principle is not wholly extinguished in our own bosoms. So, indeed, do the mysterious inventions of Mrs. Radcliffe and her ghostly school; of our own Brown, in a most especial manner; and Scott, ever anxious to exhibit the speculative as well as practical character of his countrymen, has more than once appealed to the same general principle. Doubtless few in this enlightened age are disposed boldly to admit the existence of these spiritual phenomena; but fewer still there are who have not enough of superstitious feeling lurking in their bosoms for all the purposes of poetical interest.

Mr. Cunningham's work consists of four volumes of lyrics, in a descending series from the days of Queen Mary to our own. The more ancient, after the fashion of Burns and Ramsay, he has varnished over with a colouring of diction that gives greater lustre to their faded beauties, occasionally restoring a mutilated member which time and oblivion had devoured. Our author's prose, consisting of a copious preface and critical notices, is both florid and pedantic; it continually aspires to the vicious affectation of poetry, and explains the most common sentiments by a host of illustrations and images, thus perpetually reminding us of the children's play of "What is it like?"

As a poet, his fame has long been established, and the few original pieces which he has introduced into the present collection have the ease and natural vivacity conspicuous in his former compositions. We will quote one or two, which we presume are the least familiar to our readers :

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

"There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free;
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea."—Vol. iv. p. 208.

This spirited water-piece, worthy of Campbell, is one evidence among others of the tendency of the present improved condition of the Scottish peasantry to expand the beaten circle of poetical topics and illustrations. The following is as pretty a piece of fairy gossamer as has been spun out of this skeptical age :

"SONG OF THE ELFIN MILLER.

"Full merrily rings the millstone round,
Full merrily rings the wheel,
Full merrily gushes out the grist,—
Come, taste my fragrant meal.
As sends the lift its snowy drift,
So the meal comes in a shower;
Work, fairies, fast, for time flies past
I borrow'd the mill an hour.

"The miller he's a worldly man
And maun hae double fee!
So draw the sluice of the churl's dam,
And let the stream come free.
Shout, fairies, shout! see, gushing out,
The meal comes like a river;
The top of the grain on hill and plain
Is ours, and shall be ever.

"One elf goes chasing the wild bat's wing,
And one the white owl's horn;
One hunts the fox for the white o' his tail,
And we winna hae him till morn.
One idle fay, with the glow-worm's ray,
Runs glimmering 'mang the mosses;
Another goes tramp wi' the will-o-wisp's lamp,
To light a lad to the lasses.

"O haste, my brown elf, bring me corn
From bonnie Blackwood plains;
Go, gentle fairy, bring me grain
From green Dalgonar mains;
But, pride of a' at Closeburn ha',
Fair is the corn and fatter;
Taste, fairies, taste, a gallanter grist
Has never been wet with water.

"Hilloah! my hopper is heaped high;
Hark to the well-hung wheels!
They sing for joy; the dusty roof
It clatters and it reels.
Haste, elves, and turn yon mountain burn—
Bring streams that shine like siller;
The dam is down, the moon sinks soon,
And I maun grind my meller.

"Ha! bravely done, my wanton elves!
That is a foaming stream;
See how the dust from the mill-ee flies,
And chokes the cold moonbeam.
Haste, fairies fleet, come baptized feet,
Come sack and sweep up clean,
And meet me soon, ere sinks the moon,
In thy green vale, Dalveen."—Vol. iv. p. 327.

The last we can afford is a sweet, amorous effusion, in the best style of the romantic muse of the Lowlands. It has before found a place in the "Nithsdale and Galloway" collection :

"Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand of thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wouldst aye be mine;
And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart of thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine.

"Foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band
But the finger of Him above.
Though the wee wee cot maun be my bield,
And my clothing e'er sae mean,
I should lap me up rich in the faulds of love
Heaven's armfu' of my Jean.

"Thy white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down,
And Love wad winnow o'er us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep and soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me,
The morning is full of the presence of God,
And I cannot pray but thee.

"The wind is sweet among the new flowers,
The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our goodman sits in the bonnie sunshine,
And a blithe old bodle is he:
The Beuk maun be ta'en when he comes hame,
Wi' the hollie psalmodie,
And I will speak of thee when I pray,
And thou maun speak of me."—Vol. iv. p. 393.

Our readers may think we have been detained too long by so humble a theme as old songs and ballads; yet a wise man has said, "Give me the making of the ballads, and I care not who makes the laws of a nation." Indeed, they will not be lightly regarded by those who consider their influence on the character of a simple, susceptible people, particularly in a rude age, when they constitute the authentic records of national history. Thus the wandering minstrel kindles in his unlettered audience a generous emulation of the deeds of their ancestors, and while he sings the bloody feuds of the Zegriss and Abencerrages, the Percy and the Douglas, artfully fans the flame of an expiring hostility. Under these animating influences, the ancient Spaniard and the Border warrior displayed that stern military enthusiasm which distinguished them above every other peasantry in Europe. Nor is this influence altogether extinguished in a polite age, when the narrow attachments of feudal servitude are ripened into a more expanded patriotism; the generous principle is nourished and invigorated in the patriot by the simple strains which recount the honourable toils, the homebred joys, the pastoral adventures, the romantic scenery, which have endeared to him the land of his fathers. There is no moral cause which operates more strongly in infusing a love of country into the mass of the people than the union of a national music with popular poetry.

But these productions have an additional value in the eyes of the antiquarian to what is derived from their moral or political influence, as the repertory of the motley traditions and superstitions that have descended for ages through the various races of the North. The researches of modern scholars have discovered a surprising affinity between the ancient Scottish ballad and the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and even Calmuck romance. Some of the most eminent of the old Border legends are almost literal versions of those which inflamed the martial ardour of our Danish ancestors.⁷ A fainter relationship had before been detected between them and Southern and Oriental fable. Thus, in a barbarous age, when the nearest provinces of Europe had but a distant intercourse with each other, the electric spark of fancy seems to have run around the circle of the remotest regions, animating them with the same wild and original creations.

Even the lore of the nursery may sometimes ascend to as high an antiquity. The celebrated Whittington and his Cat can display a Teutonic pedigree of more than eight centuries; "Jack, commonly called the Giant-Killer, and Thomas Thumb," says an antiquarian writer, "landed in England from the very same keels and war-ships which conveyed Hengist and Horsa, and Ebba the Saxon;" and the nursery-maid who chants the friendly monition to the "Lady-bird," or narrates the "fee-faw-fum" adventure of the carnivorous giant, little thinks she has purloined the stores of Teutonic song and Scandinavian mythology.⁸ The ingenious Blanco White, who, under the name of Doblado, has thrown great light on the character and condition of modern Spain, has devoted a chapter to tracing out the genealogies of the games and popular pastimes of his country. Something of the same kind might be attempted in the untrodden walks of nursery literature. Ignorance and youth

⁷ Such are "The Child of Elle," "Catharine and Janfarie," "Cospatrick," "Willie's Lady," etc.

⁸ "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will
roam."

This fragment of a respectable little poem

has soothed the slumbers of the German infant for many ages. The giant who so cunningly scented the "blood of an Englishman" is the counterpart of the personage recorded in the collection of Icelandic mythology made by Snorro in the thirteenth century. Edda, Fable 23.

are satisfied at no great cost of invention. The legend of one generation answers, with little variation, for the next, and, within the precincts of the nursery, obtains that imperishable existence which has been the vain boast of many a loftier lyric. That the mythology of one age should be abandoned to the "Juvenile Cabinet" of another, is indeed curious. Thus the doctrines most venerated by man in the infancy of society become the sport of infants in an age of civilization, furnishing a pleasing example of the progress of the human intellect, and a plausible colouring for the dream of perfectibility.

DA PONTE'S OBSERVATIONS.¹

(July, 1825.)

THE larger part of the above work is devoted to stories upon an article on "Italian Narrative Poetry," which appeared in October, 1824. The author is an eminent Italian teacher at New York. His poetical abilities have been highly applauded in his own country, and were rewarded with the office of Cæsarean poet at the court of Vienna, where he acquired new laurels as successor to the celebrated Metastasio. His various fortunes in literary and fashionable life while in Europe, and the eccentricities of his enthusiastic character, furnish many interesting incidents for an autobiography published by him two years since at New York, and to this we refer those of our readers who are desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the author.

We regret that our remarks, which appeared to us abundantly encomiastic of Italian letters, and which certainly proceeded from our admiration for them, should have given such deep offence to the respectable author of the *Osservazioni* as to compel him, although a "veteran" in literature, to arm himself against us in defence of his "calumniated" country. According to him, "we judge too lightly of the Italians, and quote as axioms the absurd opinions of their insane rivals (*accaniti rivali*) the French. We conceal some things where silence has the appearance of malice; we expose others which common generosity should have induced us to conceal; we are guilty of false and arbitrary accusations, that do a grievous wrong to the most tender and most compassionate of nations; we are wanting in a decent reverence for the illustrious men of his nation; finally, we pry with the eyes of Argus into the defects of Italian literature, and with one eye only, and that, indeed, half shut (*anche quello socchiuso*), into its particular merits." It is true, this sour rebuke is sweetened once or twice with a compliment to the extent of our knowledge, and a "confession that many of our reasonings, facts, and reflections merit the gratitude of his countrymen; that our intentions were doubtless generous, praiseworthy," and the like; but such vague commendations, besides that they are directly inconsistent with some of the imputations

¹ "Alcune Osservazioni sull' Articolo Quarto pubblicato nel North American Review, il Mese d'Ottobre dell' Anno 1824. Da

L. Da Ponte. Nuova-Jorca. Stampatori Gray e Bunce." 1825.

formerly alleged against us, are too thinly scattered over sixty pages of criticism to mitigate very materially the severity of the censure. The opinions of the author of the *Osservazioni* on this subject are undoubtedly entitled to great respect; but it may be questioned whether the excitable temperament usual with his nation, and the local partiality which is common to the individuals of every nation, may not have led him sometimes into extravagance and error. This seems to us to have been the case; and, as he has more than once intimated the extreme difficulty of forming a correct estimate of a foreign literature, "especially of the Italian," we shall rely exclusively for the support of our opinions on the authorities of his own countrymen, claiming one exception only in favour of the industrious Ginguené, whose opinions he has himself recommended to "the diligent study of all who would form a correct notion of Italian literature."²

His first objection is against what he considers the unfair view which we exhibited of the influence of Italy on English letters. This influence, we had stated, was most perceptible under the reign of Elizabeth, but had gradually declined during the succeeding century, and, with a few exceptions, among whom we cited Milton and Gray, could not be said to be fairly discerned until the commencement of the present age. Our censor is of a different opinion. "Instead of confining *himself*" (he designates us always by this humble pronoun) "to Milton," he says, "for which exception *I acknowledge no obligation to him*, since few there are who were not previously acquainted with it, I would have had him acknowledge that many English writers not only loved and admired, but studiously imitated, our authors, from the time of Chaucer to that of the great Byron; for the *clearest evidence* of which it will suffice to read the compositions of this last poet, of Milton, and of Gray." He then censures us for not specifying the obligations which Shakspeare was under to the early Italian novelists for the plots of many of his pieces; "which silence" he deems "as little to be commended as would be an attempt to conceal the light, the most beautiful prerogative of the sun, from one who had never before seen it. And," he continues, "these facts should, for two reasons, have been especially communicated to Americans: first, to animate them more and more to study the Italian tongue; and, secondly, in order not to imitate, by what may appear a malicious silence, the example of another nation [the French], who, after drawing their intellectual nourishment from us, have tried every method of destroying the reputation of their earliest masters."—Pp. 74-79.

We have extracted the leading ideas diffused by the author of the *Osservazioni* over half a dozen pages. Some of them have at least the merit of novelty. Such are not, however, those relating to Chaucer, whom we believe no one ever doubted to have found in the Tuscan tongue—the only one of that rude age in which

"The pure well-head of poesie did dwell"—

one principal source of his premature inspiration. We acknowledged that the same sources nourished the genius of Queen Elizabeth's writers, among whom we particularly cited the names of Surrey, Sidney, and Spenser. And if we did not distinguish Shakspeare amid the circle of contemporary dramatists whom we confessed to have derived the designs of many of their most popular plays from Italian models, it was because we did not think the extent of his obligations, amounting to half a dozen imperfect skeletons of plots, required

² "Ma bisognava aver l'anima di Ginguené, conoscer la lingua e la letteratura Italiana come Ginguené, e amar il vero come

Ginguené, per sentire," etc. *Osservazioni*, pp. 115, 116.

any such specification; more especially as several of his *great minor* contemporaries, as Fletcher, Shirley, and others, made an equally liberal use of the same materials. The obligations of Shakspeare, such as they were, are, moreover, notorious to every one. The author of the *Osservazioni* expressly disclaims any feelings of gratitude towards us for mentioning those of Milton, because they were notorious. It is really very hard to please him. The literary enterprise which had been awakened under the reign of Elizabeth was in no degree diminished under her successor; but the intercourse with Italy, so favourable to it at an earlier period, was, for obvious reasons, at an end. A Protestant people, but lately separated from the Church of Rome, would not deign to resort to what they believed her corrupt fountains for the sources of instruction. The austerity of the Puritan was yet more scandalized by the voluptuous beauties of her lighter compositions, and Milton, whose name we cited in our article, seems to have been a solitary exception on the records of that day, of an eminent English scholar thoroughly imbued with a relish for Italian letters.

After the days of civil and religious faction had gone by, a new aspect was given to things under the brilliant auspices of the Restoration. The French language was at that time in the meridian of its glory. Boileau, with an acute but pedantic taste, had draughted his critical ordinances from the most perfect models of classical antiquity. Racine, working on these principles, may be said to have put into action the poetic conceptions of his friend Boileau; and, with such a model to illustrate the excellence of his theory, it is not wonderful that the code of the French legislator, recommended as it was, too, by the patronage of the most imposing court in Europe, should have found its way into the rival kingdom and have superseded there every other foreign influence.* It did so. "French criticism," says Bishop Hurd, speaking of this period, "has carried it before the Italian with the rest of Europe. This dexterous people have found means to lead the taste, as well as set the fashions, of their neighbours." Again: "The exact but cold Boileau happened to say something of the *clinquant* of Tasso, and the magic of this word, like the report of Astolfo's horn in Ariosto, overturned at once the solid and well-built foundation of Italian poetry: it became a sort of watch-word among the critics." Mr. Gifford, whose acquaintance with the ancient literature of his nation entitles him to perfect confidence on this subject, whatever we may be disposed to concede to him on some others, in his introduction to Massinger remarks, in relation to this period, that "criticism, which in a former reign had been making no inconsiderable progress under the great masters of Italy, was now diverted into a new channel, and only studied under the puny and jejune canons of their degenerate followers, the French." Pope and Addison, the legislators of their own and a future age, cannot be exempted from this reproach. The latter conceived and published the most contemptuous opinion of the Italians. In a very early paper of the *Spectator* bearing his own signature (No. 6), he observes, "The finest writers among the modern Italians [in contradistinction to the ancient Romans] express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country, and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits as our youths

* Boileau's sagacity in fully appreciating the merits of Phœdre and of Athalie, and his independence in supporting them against the fashionable factions of the day, are well known. But he conferred a still greater obligation on his friend. Racine the younger

tells us that "his father, in his youth, was given to a vicious taste (*conceits*), and that Boileau led him back to nature, and taught him to rhyme with labour (*rimar difficilement*)."

are ashamed of before they have been two years at the university." In the same paper he adds, "I entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse of Virgil is worth all the tinsel of Tasso." This is very unequivocal language, and our censor will do us the justice to believe that we do not quote it from any "malicious intention," but simply to show what must have been the popular taste, when sentiments like these were promulgated by a leading critic of the day, in the most important and widely circulated journal in the kingdom.*

In conformity with this anti-Italian spirit, we find that no translation of Ariosto was attempted subsequent to the very imperfect one by Harrington in Elizabeth's time. In the reign of George the Second a new version was published by one Huggins. In his preface he observes, "After this work was pretty far advanced, I was informed there had been a translation published in the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to that queen; whereupon I requested a friend to obtain a sight of that book; for it is, it seems, very scarce, and the *glorious original* much more so, in this country." Huggins was a learned scholar, although he made a bad translation. Yet it seems he had never met with, or even heard of, the version of his predecessor Harrington. But, without encumbering ourselves with authorities, a glance at the compositions of the period in question would show how feeble are the pretensions of an Italian influence, and we are curious to know what important names, or productions, or characteristics can be cited by the author of the *Osservazioni* in support of it. Dryden, whom he has objected to us, versified, it is true, three of his Fables from Boccaccio; but this brief effort is the only evidence we can recall, in the multitude of his miscellaneous writings, of a respect for Italian letters, and he is well known to have powerfully contributed to the introduction of a French taste in the drama. The only exception which occurs to our general remark is that afforded by the Metaphysical School of Poets, whose vicious propensities have been referred by Dr. Johnson to Marini and his followers. But as an ancient English model for this affectation may be found in Donne, and as the doctor was not prodigal of golden opinions towards Italy, we will not urge upon our opponent what may be deemed an ungenerous, perhaps an unjust, imputation. The same indifference appears to have lasted the greater portion of the eighteenth century, and with few exceptions, enumerated in our former article, the Tuscan spring seems to have been almost hermetically sealed against the English scholar. The increasing thirst for every variety of intellectual nourishment in our age has again invited to these early sources, and, while every modern tongue has been anxiously explored by the diligence of critics, the Italian has had the good fortune to be more widely and more successfully cultivated than at any former period.

We should apologize to our readers for afflicting them with so much commonplace detail, but we know no other way of rebutting the charge, which, according to the author of the *Osservazioni*, might be imputed to us, of a "malicious silence" in our account of the influence of Italian letters in England.

But if we have offended by saying too little on the preceding head, we have given equal offence on another occasion by saying too much. Our antagonist attacks us from such opposite quarters that we hardly know where to expect

* Addison tells us, in an early number of the Spectator, that three thousand copies were daily distributed; and Chalmers somewhere remarks that this circulation was afterwards increased to fourteen thousand; an amount,

in proportion to the numerical population and intellectual culture of that day, very far superior to that of the most popular journals at the present time.

him. We had spoken, and in terms of censure, of Boileau's celebrated sarcasm upon Tasso; and we had added that, notwithstanding an affected change of opinion, "he adhered until the time of his death to his original heresy." "As much," says our censor, "as it would have been desirable in him [the reviewer] to have spoken on these other matters, so it would have been equally proper to have suppressed all that Boileau wrote upon Tasso, together with the remarks made by him in the latter part of his life, as having a tendency to prejudice unfavourably the minds of such as had not before heard them. Nor should he have coldly styled it his 'original heresy;' but he should have said that, in spite of all the heresies of Boileau and all the blunders of Voltaire, the *Jerusalem* has been regarded for more than two centuries and a half, and will be regarded, as long as the earth has motion, by *all* the nations of the civilized world, as the most noble, most magnificent, most sublime epic produced for more than eighteen centuries; that this consent and this duration of its splendour are the strongest and most authentic seal of its incontrovertible merit; that this unlucky *clinquant*, that defaces at most a hundred verses of this poem, and which, in fact, is nothing but an excess of overwrought beauty, is but the merest flaw in a mountain of diamonds; that these hundred verses are compensated by more than three thousand in which are displayed all the perfection, grace, learning, eloquence, and colouring of the loftiest poetry." In the same swell of commendation the author proceeds for half a page farther. We know not what inadvertence on our part can have made it necessary, by way of reproof to us, to pour upon Tasso's head such a pelting of pitiless panegyric. Among all the Italian poets there is no one for whom we have ever felt so sincere a veneration, after

"quel signor dell' altissimo canto
Che sovra gli altri, com' aquila vola,"

as for Tasso. In some respects he is even superior to Dante. His writings are illustrated by a purer morality, as his heart was penetrated with a more genuine spirit of Christianity. Oppression, under which they both suffered the greater part of their lives, wrought a very different effect upon the gentle character of Tasso and the vindictive passions of the Ghibelline. The religious wars of Jerusalem, exhibiting the triumphs of the Christian chivalry, were a subject peculiarly adapted to the character of the poet, who united the qualities of an accomplished knight with the most unaffected piety. The vulgar distich, popular in his day with the common people of Ferrara, is a homely but unsuspecting testimony to his opposite virtues.⁵ His greatest fault was an ill-regulated sensibility, and his greatest misfortune was to have been thrown among people who knew not how to compassionate the infirmities of genius. In contemplating such a character, one may without affectation feel a disposition to draw a veil over the few imperfections that tarnished it, and in our notice of it, expanded into a dozen pages, there are certainly not the same number of lines devoted to his defects, and those exclusively of a

⁵ "Colla penna e colla spada,
Nessun val quanto Torquato."

This elegant couplet was made in consequence of a victory obtained by Tasso over three cavaliers who treacherously attacked him in one of the public squares of Ferrara. His skill in fencing is notorious, and his passion for it is also betrayed by the frequent, circumstantial, and masterly pictures of it in his "*Jerusalem*." See, in particular, the

mortal combat between Tancred and Argante, canto xix., where all the evolutions of the art are depicted with the accuracy of a professed sword-player. In the same manner, the numerous and animated allusions to field-sports betray the favourite pastime of the author of *Waverley*; and the falcon, the perpetual subject of illustration and simile in the "*Divina Commedia*," might lead us to suspect a similar predilection in Dante.

literary nature. This is but a moderate allowance for the transgressions of any man; yet, according to Mr. Da Ponte, "we close our eyes against the merits of his countrymen, and pry with those of Argus into their defects."

But why are we to be debarred the freedom of criticism enjoyed even by the Italians themselves? To read the *Osservazioni*, one would conclude that Tasso, from his first appearance, had united all suffrages in his favour; that, by unanimous acclamation, his poem had been placed at the head of all the epics of the last eighteen centuries, and that the only voice raised against him had sprung from the petty rivalries of French criticism, from which source we are more than once complimented with having recruited our own forces. Does our author reckon for nothing the reception with which the first academy in Italy greeted the Jerusalem on its introduction into the world, when they would have smothered it with the kindness of their criticism? Or the volumes of caustic commentary by the celebrated Galileo, almost every line of which is a satire? Or, to descend to a later period, when the lapse of more than a century may be supposed to have rectified the caprice of contemporary judgments, may we not shelter ourselves under the authorities of Andrés,⁶ whose favourable notice of Italian letters our author cites with deference; of Metastasio, the avowed admirer and eulogist of Tasso;⁷ of Gravina, whose philosophical treatise on the principles of poetry, a work of great authority in his own country, exhibits the most ungrateful irony on the literary pretensions of Tasso, almost refusing to him the title of a poet?⁸

But, to proceed no farther, we may abide by the solid judgment of Ginguené, that second Daniel, whose opinions we are advised so strenuously "to study and to meditate." "As to florid images, frivolous thoughts, affected turns, conceits, and *jeux de mots*, they are to be found in greater abundance in Tasso's poem than is commonly imagined. The enumeration of them would be long, if one should run over the Jerusalem and cite all that could be classed under one or other of these heads, etc. Let us content ourselves with a few examples." He then devotes ten pages to these few examples (our author is indignant that we should have bestowed as many lines), and closes with this sensible reflection: "I have not promised a blind faith in the writers I admire the most; I have not promised it to Boileau, I have not promised it to Tasso; and in literature we all owe our faith and homage to the eternal laws of truth, of nature, and of taste."⁹

But, in order to relieve Tasso from an undue responsibility, we had stated in our controverted article that "the affectations imputed to him were to be traced to a much more remote origin;" that "Petrarch's best productions were stained with them, as were those of preceding poets, and that they seemed to have flowed directly from the Provençal, the fountain of Italian lyric poetry." This transfer of the sins of one poet to the door of another is not a whit more to the approbation of our censor, and he not only flatly denies the truth of our remark, as applied to "Petrarch's best productions," but gravely pronounces it "one of the most solemn, the most horrible literary blasphemies that ever proceeded from the tongue or pen of mortal!"¹⁰ "I maintain," says he, "that not one of those that are truly Petrarch's best productions, and there are very many, can be accused of such a defect; let but the critic point me out a single affected or vicious expression in the three

⁶ Dell' Origine, etc., d'ogni Letteratura, tom. iv. p. 250.

⁷ Opere postume di Metastasio, tom. lii. p. 30.

⁸ Ragion poetica, pp. 161, 162.

⁹ Histoire littéraire, tom. v. pp. 368, 378.

¹⁰ "Dirò essere questa una delle più solenni, delle più orribili letterarie bestemmie, che sia stata mai pronunziata o scritta da lingua o penna mortale."—P. 94.

patriotic Canzoni, or in the *Chiare fresche e dolci acque*, or in the *Tre Sorelle*," etc. (he names several others), "or, in truth, in any of the rest, excepting one or two only." He then recommends to us that, "instead of hunting out the errors and blemishes of these masters of our intellects, and occupying ourselves with unjust and unprofitable criticism, we should throw over them the mantle of gratitude, and recompense them with our eulogiums and applause." In conformity with which, the author proceeds to pour out his grateful tribute on the head of the ancient laureate for two pages farther, but which, as not material to the argument, we must omit.

We know no better way of answering all this than by taking up the gauntlet thrown down to us, and we are obliged to him for giving us the means of bringing the matter to so speedy an issue. We will take one of the first Canzoni, of which he has challenged our scrutiny. It is in Petrarch's best manner, and forms the first of a series which has received, *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, the title of the *Three Sisters (Tre Sorelle)*. It is indited to his mistress's eyes, and the first stanza contains a beautiful invocation to these sources of a lover's inspiration; but in the second we find him relapsing into the genuine Provençal heresy:

"When I become *snow* before their *burning rays*,
Your noble pride
Is perhaps offended with my unworthiness.
Oh, if this my apprehension
Should not temper the flame that consumes me,
Happy should I be to dissolve; since in their presence
It is dearer to me to die than to live without them.
Then, that I do not melt,
Being so frail an object, before so potent a fire,
It is not my own strength which saves me from it,
But principally fear,
Which congeals the blood wandering through my veins,
And mends the heart that it may burn a long time."¹¹

This melancholy parade of cold conceits, of fire and snow, thawing and freezing, is extracted, be it observed, from one of those choice productions which is recommended as without a blemish; indeed, not only is it one of the best, but it was esteemed by Petrarch himself, together with its two sister odes, the very best of his lyrical pieces, and the decision of the poet has been ratified by posterity. Let it not be objected that the spirit of an ode must necessarily evaporate in a prose translation. The ideas may be faithfully transcribed, and we would submit it to the most ordinary taste whether ideas like those above quoted can ever be ennobled by any artifice of expression.

We think the preceding extract from one of the "best of Petrarch's compositions" may sufficiently vindicate us from the imputation of unprecedented "blasphemy" on his poetical character; but, lest an appeal be again made, on the ground of a diversity in national taste, we will endeavour to fortify our feeble judgment with one or two authorities among his own countrymen, whom Mr. Da Ponte may be more inclined to admit.

The Italians have exceeded every other people in the grateful tribute of commentaries which they have paid to the writings of their eminent men: some of these are of extraordinary value, especially in verbal criticism, while

¹¹ "Quando agli ardenti rai neve divvegno,
Vostro gentile sdegno
Forse ch' allor mia indegnitate offende.
O, se questa temenza
Non temprasse l'arsura che m'incende,
Beato venir men! che n'lor presenza
M'è più caro il morir, che l'viver senza.

Dunque ch' i' non mi sfaccia,
Si frale oggetto a sì possente foco,
Non è proprio valor, che me ne scampi;
Ma la paura un poco,
Che 'l sangue vago per le vene agghiaccia,
Risalda 'l cor, perchè più tempo avvampi."
Canzone vii., nell' Edizione di Muratori.

many more, by the contrary lights which they shed over the path of the scholar, serve rather to perplex than to enlighten it.¹² Tassoni and Muratori are accounted among the best of Petrarch's numerous commentators, and the latter, in particular, has discriminated his poetical character with as much independence as feeling. We cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from Muratori's preface, as exceedingly pertinent to our present purpose: "Who, I beg to ask, is so pedantic, so blind an admirer of Petrarch, that he will pretend that no defects are to be found in his verses, or, *being found, will desire they should be respected with a religious silence?* Whatever may be our rule in regard to moral defects, there can be no doubt that in those of art and science the public interest requires that truth should be openly unveiled, since it is important that all should distinguish the beautiful from the bad, in order to imitate the one and to avoid the other."¹³ In the same tone speaks Tiraboschi (tom. v. p. 474). Yet more to the purpose is an observation of the Abbé Denina upon Petrarch, "who," says he, "not only in his more ordinary sonnets affords obvious examples of affectation and coldness, but in his *most tender and most beautiful* compositions approaches the conceited and inflated style of which I am now speaking."¹⁴ And the "impartial Ginguéné," a name we-love to quote, confesses that "Petrarch could not deny himself those puerile antitheses of cold and heat, of ice and flames, which occasionally *disfigure his most interesting and most agreeable pieces.*"¹⁵ It would be easy to marshal many other authorities of equal weight in our defence, but obviously superfluous, since those we have adduced are quite competent to our vindication from the reproach, somewhat severe, of having uttered "the most horrible blasphemy which ever proceeded from the pen of mortal."

The age of Petrarch, like that of Shakspeare, must be accountable for his defects, and in this manner we may justify the character of the poet where we cannot that of his compositions. The Provençal, the most polished European dialect of the Middle Ages, had reached its last perfection before the fourteenth century. Its poetry, chiefly amatory and lyrical, may be considered as the homage offered by the high-bred cavaliers of that day at the shrine of beauty, and, of whatever value for its literary execution, is interesting for the beautiful grace it diffuses over the iron age of chivalry. It was, as we have said, principally devoted to love; those who did not feel could at least affect the tender passion; and hence the influx of subtle metaphors and frigid conceits that give a meretricious brilliancy to most of the Provençal poetry. The fathers of Italian verse, Guido, Cino, etc., seduced by the fashion of the period, clothed their own more natural sentiments in the same vicious forms of expression; even Dante, in his admiration, often avowed, for the Troubadours, could not be wholly insensible to their influence; but the less austere Petrarch, both from constitutional temperament and the accidental circumstances of his situation, was more deeply affected by them. In the first place, a pertinacious attachment to a mistress whose heart was never warmed,

¹² A single ode has furnished a repast for a volume. The number of Petrarch's commentators is incredible: no less than a dozen of the most eminent Italian scholars have been occupied with annotations upon him at the same time. Dante has been equally fortunate. A noble Florentine projected an edition of a hundred volumes for the hundred cantos of the "Commedia," which should embrace the different illustrations. One of the latest of the fraternity, Biagioli, in an edition of Dante, published at Paris, 1818, not only

claims for his master a foreknowledge of the existence of America, but of the celebrated Harveian discovery of the circulation of the blood! (Tom. I. p. 18, note.) After this, one may feel less surprise at the bulk of these commentaries.

¹³ Le Rime di F. Petrarca; con le Osservazioni di Tassoni, Muzio, e Muratori. Pref., p. 9.

¹⁴ Vicende della Letteratura, tom. II. p. 55.

¹⁵ Histoire littéraire, tom. II. p. 566.

although her vanity may have been gratified by the adulation of the finest poet of the age, seems to have maintained an inexplicable control over his affections, or his fancy, during the greater portion of his life. In the amatory poetry of the ancients, polluted with coarse and licentious images, he could find no model for the expression of this sublimated passion. But the Platonic theory of love had been imported into Italy by the fathers of the Church, and Petrarch, better schooled in ancient learning than any of his contemporaries, became early enamoured of the speculative doctrines of the Greek philosophy. To this source he was indebted for those abstractions and visionary ecstasies which sometimes give a generous elevation, but very often throw a cloud over his conceptions. And, again, an intimate familiarity with the Provençal poetry was the natural consequence of his residence in the south of France. There, too, he must often have been a spectator at those metaphysical disputations in the courts of love, which exhibited the same ambition of metaphor, studied antithesis, and hyperbole, as the written compositions of Provence. To all these causes may be referred those defects which, under favour be it spoken, occasionally offend us, even "in his most perfect compositions." The rich finish which Petrarch gave to the Tuscan idiom has perpetuated these defects in the poetry of his country. *Decipit exemplar vitis imitabile.* His beauties were inimitable, but to copy his errors was in some measure to tread in his footsteps, and a servile race of followers sprang up in Italy, who, under the emphatic name of Petrarchists, have been the object of derision or applause, as a good or a bad taste predominated in their country. Warton, with apparent justice, refers to the same source some of the early corruptions in English poetry; and Petrarch—we hope it is not "blasphemy" to say it—becomes, by the very predominance of his genius, eminently responsible for the impurities of diction which disfigure some of the best productions both in English literature and his own.

We trust that the free manner in which we have spoken will not be set down by the author of the *Osservazioni* to a malicious desire of "calumniating" the literature of his country. We have been necessarily led to it in vindication of our former assertions. After an interval of nearly five centuries, the dispassionate voice of posterity has awarded to Petrarch the exact measure of censure and applause. We have but repeated their judgment. No one of the illustrious triumvirate of the fourteenth century can pretend to have possessed so great an influence over his own age and over posterity. Dante, sacrificed by a faction, was, as he pathetically complains, a wandering mendicant in a land of strangers; Boccaccio, with the interval of a few years in the meridian of his life, passed from the gayety of a court to the seclusion of a cloister; but Petrarch, the friend, the minister of princes, devoted, during the whole of his long career, his wealth, his wide authority, and his talents to the generous cause of philosophy and letters. He was unwearied in his researches after ancient manuscripts, and from the most remote corners of Italy, from the obscure recesses of churches and monasteries, he painfully collected the mouldering treasures of antiquity. Many of them he copied with his own hand,—among the rest, all the works of Cicero; and his beautiful transcript of the epistles of the Roman orator is still preserved in the Laurentian Library at Florence. In his numerous Latin compositions he aspired to revive the purity and elegance of the Augustan age; and, if he did not altogether succeed in the attempt, he may claim the merit of having opened the soil for the more successful cultivation of later Italian scholars.

His own efforts, and the generous impulse which his example communicated to his age, have justly entitled him to be considered the restorer of classical

learning. His greatest glory, however, is derived from the spirit of life which he breathed into modern letters. Dante had fortified the Tuscan idiom with the vigour and severe simplicity of an ancient language, but the graceful genius of Petrarch was wanting to ripen it into that harmony of numbers which has made it the most musical of modern dialects. His knowledge of the Provençal enabled him to enrich his native tongue with many foreign beauties; his exquisite ear disposed him to refuse all but the most melodious combinations; and, at the distance of five hundred years, not a word in him has become obsolete, not a phrase too quaint to be used. Voltaire has passed the same high eulogium upon Pascal; but Pascal lived three centuries later than Petrarch. It would be difficult to point out the writer who so far fixed the *ἔρεα πρεπόετρα*; we certainly could not assign an earlier period than the commencement of the last century. Petrarch's brilliant success in the Italian led to most important consequences all over Europe by the evidence which it afforded of the capacities of a modern tongue. He relied, however, for his future fame on his elaborate Latin compositions, and, while he dedicated these to men of the highest rank, he gave away his Italian lyrics to ballad-mongers, to be chanted about the streets for their own profit. His contemporaries authorized this judgment, and it was for his Latin eclogues, and his epic on Scipio Africanus, that he received the laurel wreath of poetry in the Capitol. But nature must eventually prevail over the decisions of pedantry or fashion. By one of those fluctuations not very uncommon in the history of letters, the author of the Latin "*Africa*" is now known only as the lover of Laura and the father of Italian song.

We have been led into this long, we fear tedious, exposition of the character of Petrarch, partly from the desire of defending the justice of our former criticism against the heavy imputations of the author of the *Osservazioni*, and partly from reluctance to dwell only on the dark side of a picture so brilliant as that of the laureate, who, in a barbarous age, with

"his rhetorike so swete
Enluminid all itaile of poetrie."

Our limits will compel us to pass lightly over some less important strictures of our author.

About the middle of the last century a bitter controversy arose between Tiraboschi and Lampillas, a learned but intemperate Spaniard, respecting which of their two nations had the best claim to the reproach of having corrupted the other's literature in the sixteenth century. In alluding to it, we had remarked that "the Italian had the better of his adversary in temper, if not in argument." The author of the *Osservazioni* styles this "a dry and dogmatic decision, which so much displeased a certain Italian letterato that he had promised him a confutation of it." We know not who the indignant letterato may be whose thunder has been so long hanging over us, but we must say that, so far from a "dogmatic decision," if ever we made a circum-spect remark in our lives, this was one. As far as it went, it was complimentary to the Italians; for the rest, we waived all discussion of the merits of the controversy, both because it was impertinent to our subject, and because we were not sufficiently instructed in the details to go into it. One or two reflections, however, we may now add. The relative position of Italy and Spain, political and literary, makes it highly probable that the predominant influence, of whatever kind it may have been, proceeded from Italy. 1. She had matured her literature to a high perfection while that of every other nation was in its infancy, and she was, of course, much more likely to communicate than to receive impressions. 2. Her political relations with Spain

were such as particularly to increase this probability in reference to her. The occupation of an insignificant corner of her own territory (for Naples was very insignificant in every literary aspect) by the house of Aragon opened an obvious channel for the transmission of her opinions into the sister kingdom. 3. Any one, even an Italian, at all instructed in the Spanish literature, will admit that this actually did happen in the reign of Charles the Fifth, the golden age of Italy; that not only, indeed, the latter country influenced but changed the whole complexion of Spanish letters, establishing, through the intervention of her high-priests, Boscan and Garcilaso, what is universally recognized under the name of an Italian school. This was an era of good taste; but, when, only fifty years later, both languages were overrun with those deplorable affectations which, in Italy particularly, have made the very name of the century (*seicento*) a term of reproach, it would seem probable that the same country which but so short a time before had possessed so direct an influence over the other should through the same channels have diffused the poison with which its own literature was infected. As Marini and Gongora, however, the reputed founders of the school, were contemporaries, it is extremely difficult to adjust the precise claims of either to the melancholy credit of originality; and, after all, the question to foreigners can be one of little interest or importance.

Much curiosity has existed respecting the source of those affectations which, at different periods, have tainted the modern languages of Europe. Each nation is ambitious of tracing them to a foreign origin, and *all* have at some period or other agreed to find this in Italy. From this quarter the French critics derive their *style précieux*, which disappeared before the satire of Molière and Boileau; from this the English derive their *metaphysical* school of Cowley; and the *cultismo*, of which we have been speaking, which Lope and Quevedo condemned by precept but authorized by example, is referred by the Spaniards to the same source. The early celebrity of Petrarch and his vicious imitators may afford a specious justification of all this; but a generous criticism may perhaps be excused in referring them to a more ancient origin. The Provençal for three centuries was the most popular and, as we have before said, the most polished dialect in Europe. The language of the people all along the fertile coasts of the Mediterranean, it was also the language of poetry in most of the polite courts of Europe,—in those of Toulouse, Provence, Sicily, and of several in Italy; it reached its highest perfection under the Spanish nobles of Aragon; it passed into England in the twelfth century with the dowry of Eleanor of Guienne and Poitou; even kings did not disdain to cultivate it, and the lion-hearted Richard, if report be true, could embellish the rude virtues of chivalry with the milder glories of a Troubadour.¹⁶ When this precocious dialect had become extinct, its influence still remained. The early Italian poets gave a sort of classical sanction to its defects; but, while their genius may thus with justice be accused of scattering the seeds of corruption, the soil must be confessed to have been universally prepared for their reception at a more remote period.

Thus the metaphysical conceits of Cowley's school, which Dr. Johnson has

¹⁶ Every one is acquainted with Sismondi's elegant treatise on the Provençal poetry. It cannot, however, now be relied on as of the highest authority. The subject has been much more fully explored, since the publication of his work, by Monsieur Raynaud, Secretary of the French Academy. His *Poésies des Troubadours* has now reached the sixth

volume; and W. A. Schlegel, in a treatise of little bulk but great learning, entitled *Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençale*, has pronounced it, by the facts it has brought to light, to have given the *coup de grâce* to the theory of Father Andrés, whom Sismondi has chiefly followed.

referred to Marini, may be traced through the poetry of Donne, of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, of Surrey, Wyatt, and Chaucer, up to the fugitive pieces of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which have been redeemed from oblivion by the diligence of the antiquarian. In the same manner, the religious and amatory poetry of Spain at the close of the thirteenth century, as exhibited in their *Cancioneros*, displays the same subtleties and barbaric taste for ornament, from which few of her writers, even in the riper season of her literature, have been wholly uncontaminated. Perhaps the perversities of Voiture and of Scudéry may find as remote a genealogy in France. The corruptions of the Pleiades may afford one link in the chain, and any one who has leisure might verify our suggestions. Almost every modern literature seems to have contained in its earliest germs an active principle of corruption. The perpetual lapses into barbarism have at times triumphed over all efforts of sober criticism; and the perversion of intellect for the greater part of a century may furnish to the scholar an ample field for humiliating reflection. How many fine geniuses in the condemned age of the *seicentisti*, wandering after the false lights of Marini and his school, substituted cold conceits for wit, puns for thoughts, and wire-drawn metaphors for simplicity and nature! How many, with Cowley, exhausted a genuine wit in hunting out remote analogies and barren combinations, or, with Lope, and even Calderon, devoted pages to curious distortions of rhyme, to echoes or acrostics, in scenes which invited all the eloquence of poetry! Prostitutions of genius like these not merely dwarf the human mind, but carry it back centuries to the scholastic subtleties, the alliterations, anagrams, and thousand puerile devices of the Middle Ages.

But we have already rambled too far from the author of the *Osservazioni*. Our next rock of offence is a certain inconsiderate astonishment which was expressed at the patience of his countrymen under the infliction of epics of thirty and forty cantos in length; and he reminds us of our corresponding taste, equally unaccountable, for novels and romances spun out into an interminable length, like those, for example, by the author of *Waverley* [p. 82 to 85]. A liberal criticism, we are aware, will be diffident of censuring the discrepancies of national tastes. Where the value of the thought is equal, the luxury of polished verse and poetic imagery may yield a great superiority to poetry over prose, particularly with a people so sensible to melody and of so vivacious a fancy as the Italians; but, then, to accomplish all this requires a higher degree of skill in the artist, and mediocrity in poetry is intolerable.

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non Di," etc.

Horace's maxim is not the less true for being somewhat stale. D'Alembert has uttered a sweeping denunciation against all long works in verse, as impossible to be read through without experiencing *ennui*; from which he does not except even the masterpieces of antiquity.¹⁷ What would he have said to a second-rate Italian epic, wire-drawn into thirty or forty cantos, of the *incredibilia* of chivalry!

The English novel, if tolerably well executed, may convey some solid instruction in its details of life, of human character, and of passion; but the tales of chivalry—the overcharged pictures of an imaginary state of society, of "Gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire"—can be regarded only as an intellectual *relaxation*. In a less polished dialect, and in a simpler age, they beguiled the tedious evenings of our unlettered Norman ancestors, and as late as Elizabeth's day they incurred their parting malediction from the

¹⁷ *Œuvres philosophiques, etc.*, tom. iv. p. 152.

worthy Ascham, as "stuff for wise men to laugh at, whose whole pleasure standeth in open manslaughter and bold bawdry." The remarks in our article, of course, had no reference to the *chef-d'œuvres* of their romantic muse, many of which we had been diligently commending. It is the prerogative of genius, we all know, to consecrate whatever it touches.

Some other of our general remarks seem to have been barbed arrows to the patriot breast of the author of the *Osservazioni*. Such are our reflections "on the want of a moral or philosophical aim in the ornamental writings of the Italians;" on "love, as suggesting the constant theme and impulse to their poets;" on the evil tendency of their language, in seducing their writers into "an overweening attention to sound." There are few general reflections which have the good fortune not to require many, and sometimes very important, exceptions. The physiognomy of a nation, whether moral or intellectual, must be made up of those features which arrest the eye most frequently and forcibly on a wide survey of them; yet how many individual portraits, after all, may refuse to correspond with the prevailing one! The Bœotians were dull to a proverb;¹⁸ yet the most inspired, in the most inspired region of Greek poetry, was a Bœotian. The most amusing of Greek prose writers was a Bœotian. Or, to take recent examples, when we find the "accurate Ginguéné" speaking of "the universal corruption of taste in Italy during the seventeenth century," or Sismondi telling us that "the abuse of wit extinguished there, during that age, every other species of talent," we are obviously not to nail them down to a pedantic precision of language, or how are we to dispose of some of the finest poets and scholars Italy has ever produced—of Chiabrera, Filicaja, Galileo, and other names sufficiently numerous to swell into a bulky quarto of Tiraboschi? The same pruning principle applied to writers who, like Montesquieu, Madame de Staël, and Schlegel, deal in general views, would go near to strip them of all respect or credibility.

But it is frivolous to multiply examples. Dante, Tasso, Alemanni, Guidi, Petrarch often, the generous Filicaja always, with, doubtless, very many others, afford an honourable exception to our remark on the want of a moral aim in the lighter walks of Italian letters, and to many of these, by indirect criticism, we accorded it in our article. But let any scholar cast his eye over the prolific productions of their romantic muse, which even Tiraboschi censures as "crude and insipid,"¹⁹ and Gravina deplures as having "excluded the light of truth" from his countrymen;²⁰ or on their thousand tales of pleasantry and love, which, since Boccaccio's example, have agreeably perpetuated the ingenious inventions of a barbarous age;²¹ or round "the circle of frivolous extravagances," as Salfi²² characterizes the burlesque novelties with which the Italian wits have regaled the laughter-loving appetite of their nation; or on their hecatombs of *amorous* lyrics alone; and he may accept, in these

¹⁸ "Sns Bœotica, anris Bœotica, Bœoticum ingenium."

¹⁹ Letteratura Italiana, tom. vii. part. iii. s. 42.

²⁰ Ragion poetica, p. 14.

²¹ The Italian *Novelle*, it is well known, were originally suggested by the French *Fabliaux* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It may be worthy of remark that, while in Italy these amusing fictions have been diligently propagated from Boccaccio to the present day, in England, although recommended by a genius like Chaucer, they have scarcely been adopted by a single writer. The same may be said of them in France,

their native soil, with perhaps a solitary exception in the modern imitations by La Fontaine, himself inimitable.

²² This learned Italian is now employed in completing the unfinished history of M. Ginguéné. With deference to the opinions of the author of the "Osservazioni" (vide pp. 115, 116), we think he has shown in it a more independent and impartial criticism than his predecessor. His own countrymen seem to be of the same opinion, and in a recent flattering notice of his work they have qualified their general encomium with more than one rebuke on the severity of his strictures. Vide *Antologia* for April, 1824.

saturated varieties of the national literature, a decent apology, if not an ample justification, for our assertion.

But we are not to speak of "love as furnishing the great impulse to the Italian poet," and "as prevailing in the bosom far over every other affection or relation in life"? Have not their most illustrious writers, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Sannazarius, Tasso, nay, philosophic prelates like Bembo, politic statesmen like Lorenzo, embalmed the names of their mistresses in verse, until they have made them familiar in every corner of Italy as their own? Is not nearly half of the miscellaneous selection of lyrics, in the vulgar edition of "Italian classics," exclusively amatory? Had Milton, Dryden, Pope, or, still more, such solid personages as Bishop Warburton or Dr. Johnson (whose "Tetty," we suspect, never stirred the doctor's poetic feeling), dedicated, not a passing sonnet, but whole volumes to their Beatrices, Lauras, and Leonoras, we think a critic might well be excused in regarding the tender passion as the *vivida vis* of the English author. Let us not be misunderstood, however, as implying that nothing but this amorous incense escapes from the Italian lyric muse. To the exceptions which the author of the *Osservazioni* has enumerated, he might have added, had not his modesty forbidden him, as inferior to none, the sacred melodies which adorn his own autobiography; above all, the magnificent canzone on the "Death of Leopold," which can derive nothing from our commendation, when a critic like Mathias has declared it to have "secured to its author a place on the Italian Parnassus, by the side of Petrarch and Chiabrera."²³

As to our remark on the tendency of the soft Italian tones "to seduce their writers into an overweening attention to sound," we are surprised that this should have awakened two such grave pages of admonition from our censor. Why, we were speaking of

"The Tuscan's siren tongue,
That music in itself, whose sounds are song."

We thought the remark had been as true as it was old. We cannot but think there is something in it, even now, as we are occasionally lost in the mellifluous redundances of Bembo or Boccaccio, those celebrated models of Italian eloquence. At any rate, our remark fell far short of the candid confession of Bettinelli, who, in speaking of historical writing, observes that "in this, as in every other department of literature, his countrymen have been more solicitous about *style*, and ingenious turns of thought, than utility or good philosophy."²⁴

But we must hasten to the last, not by any means the least, offence recorded on the roll of our enormities. This is an ill-omened stricture on the poetical character of Metastasio, for which the author of the *Osservazioni*, after lavishing upon him a shower of golden compliments at our expense, proceeds to censure us as "wanting in respect to this famous man; as perspicacious only in detecting blemishes; as guilty of extravagant and unworthy expressions, which prove that we cannot have read or digested the works of this exalted dramatist, nor those of his biographers, nor of his critics." (Pp. 98-111.) And what, think you, gentle reader, invited these unsavoury rebukes, with the dozen pages of panegyric accompaniment on his predecessor? "The melodious rhythm of Tasso's verse has *none of the monotonous sweetness so*

²³ A letter from Mr. Mathias, which fell into our hands some time since, concludes a complimentary analysis of the above canzone with this handsome eulogium: "After having read and reflected much on this wonderful production, I believe that, if Petrarch could

have heard it, he would have assigned to its author a seat very near to his own, without requiring any other evidence of his vivacious, copious, and sublime genius."

²⁴ *Risorgimento d'Italia*, Introd., tom. i. p. 14.

cloying in Metastasio." In this italicized line lies the whole of our offending; no more.

We shall consult the comfort of our readers by disposing of this point as briefly as possible. We certainly do not feel, and we will not affect, that profound veneration for Metastasio which the author of the *Osservazioni* professes, and which may have legitimately descended to him with the inheritance of the Cæsarean laurel. We have always looked upon his *operas* as exhibiting an effeminacy of sentiment, a violent contrivance of incident, and an extravagance of character, that are not wholly to be vindicated by the constitution of the Musical Drama. But nothing of all this was intimated in our unfortunate suggestion; and, as we are unwilling to startle anew the principles or prejudices of our highly respectable censor, we shall content ourselves with bringing into view one or two stout authorities, behind whom we might have entrenched ourselves, and resign the field to him.

The author has presented his readers with an abstract of about forty pages of undiluted commendation on his favourite poet, by the Spaniard Arteaga. We have no objection to this; but, while he recommends them as the opinions of "a learned, judicious, and indubitably impartial critic," we think it would have been fair to temper these forty pages of commendation with some allusion to five-and-thirty pages of almost unmitigated censure which immediately follow them.²⁵ In the course of this censorious analysis, it may be noticed that the "impartial Arteaga," speaking of the common imputation of *monotony in the structure of Metastasio's verse, and of his periods*, far from acquitting him, expressly declines passing judgment upon it.

But we may find ample countenance for our "irreverent opinion" in that of Ugo Foscolo, a name of high consideration both as a poet and a critic, and whom, for his perspicacity in the latter vocation, our author, on another occasion, has himself cited and eulogized as his "magnus Apollo." Speaking incidentally of Metastasio, he observes, "To please the court of Vienna, the musicians, and the public of his day, and to gratify the delicacy of his own feminine taste, Metastasio has reduced his language and versification to so limited a number of words, phrases, and cadences that they seem always the same, and in the end produce only the effect of a flute, which conveys rather delightful melody than quick and distinct sensations."²⁶ To precisely the same effect speaks W. A. Schlegel, in his eighth lecture on Dramatic Literature, whose acknowledged excellence in this particular department of criticism may induce us to quote him, although a foreigner. These authorities are too pertinent and explicit to require the citation of any other, or to make it necessary, by a prolix but easy enumeration of extracts from the poet, more fully to establish our position.

"Hic aliquid plus
Quam satis est."

We believe we are quite as weary as our readers of the very disagreeable office of dwelling on the defects of a literature so beautiful, and for which we feel so sincere an admiration, as the Italian. The severe impeachment made, both upon the spirit and the substance of our former remarks, by so accomplished a scholar as the author of the *Osservazioni*, has necessarily compelled us to this course in self-defence. The tedious parade of citations must be excused by the necessity of buoying up our opinions in debatable matters of taste by those whose authority alone our censor is disposed to admit,—that of his own countrymen. He has emphatically repeated his distrust of the capacity of foreigners to decide upon subjects of literary taste; yet the extraordinary

²⁵ Le Rivoluzioni del Teatro musicale, etc., pp. 375, 410.

²⁶ Essays on Petrarch, p. 93.

diversity of opinion manifest between him and those eminent authorities whom we have quoted might lead us to anticipate but little correspondence in the national criticism. An acquaintance with Italian history will not serve to diminish our suspicions; and the feuds which, from the learned but querulous scholars of the fifteenth century to those of our own time, have divided her republic of letters, have not been always carried on with the bloodless weapons of scholastic controversy.²⁷

That some assertions too unqualified, some errors or prejudices, should have escaped, in the course of fifty or sixty pages of remark, is to be expected from the most circumspect pen; but a benevolent critic, instead of fastening upon these, will embrace the spirit of the whole, and by this interpret and excuse any specific inaccuracy. It may not be easy to come up to the standard of our author's principles, it may be his partialities, in estimating the intellectual character of his country; but we think we can detect one source of his dissatisfaction with us, in his misconception of our views, which, according to him, were that "a particular knowledge of the Italian should be widely diffused in America." This he quotes and requotes with peculiar emphasis, objecting it to us as perfectly inconsistent with our style of criticism. Now, in the first place, we made no such declaration. We intended only to give a veracious analysis of one branch of Italian letters. But, secondly, had such been our design, we doubt exceedingly, or rather we do not doubt, whether the best way of effecting it would be by indiscriminate panegyric. The amplification of beauties, and the prudish concealment of all defects, would carry with it an air of insincerity that must dispose the mind of every ingenuous reader to reject it. Perfection is not the lot of humanity more in Italy than elsewhere. Such intemperate panegyric is, moreover, unworthy of the great men who are the objects of it. They really shine with too brilliant a light to be darkened by a few spots; and to be tenacious of their defects is in some measure to distrust their genius. *Rien n'est beau que le vrai*, is the familiar reflection of a critic whose general maxims in his art are often more sound than their particular application.

Notwithstanding the difficulty urged by Mr. Da Ponte of forming a correct estimate of a foreign language, the science of general literary criticism and history, which may be said to have entirely grown up within the last fifty years, has done much to eradicate prejudice and enlarge the circle of genuine knowledge. A century and a half ago, "the best of English critics,"²⁸ in the opinion of Pope and Dryden, could institute a formal examination, and, of course, condemnation, of the plays of Shakspeare "by the practice of the ancients." The best of French critics,²⁹ in the opinion of every one, could condemn the "Orlando Furioso" for wandering from the rules of Horace; even Addison, in his triumphant vindication of the "Paradise Lost," seems most solicitous to prove its conformity with the laws of Aristotle; and a writer like Lope de Vega felt obliged to apologize for the independence with which he deviated from the dogmas of the same school and adapted his beautiful inven-

²⁷ Take two familiar examples: that of Caro and that of Marini. The adversary of the former poet, accused of murder, heresy, etc., was condemned by the Inquisition, and compelled to seek his safety in exile. The adversary of Marini, in an attempt to assassinate him, fortunately shot only a courtier of the King of Sardinia. In both cases, the wits of Italy, ranged under opposite banners, fought with incredible acrimony during the

greater part of a century. The subject of fierce dispute, in both instances, was a *sonnet*!

²⁸ "The Tragedies of the Last Age, considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients," etc. By Thomas Rymer. London, 1678.

²⁹ "Dissertation critique sur l'Aventure de Joconde." Œuvres de Boileau, tom. II.

tions in the drama to the peculiar genius of his own countrymen.²⁰ The magnificent fables of Ariosto and Spenser were stigmatized as *barbarous*, because they were not *classical*; and the polite scholars of Europe sneered at "the bad taste which could prefer an 'Ariosto to a Virgil, a Romance to an Iliad.'" ²¹ But the reconciling spirit of modern criticism has interfered; the character, the wants of different nations and ages have been consulted; from the local beauties peculiar to each, the philosophic inquirer has deduced certain general principles of beauty applicable to all; petty national prejudices have been extinguished; and a difference of taste, which for that reason alone was before condemned as a deformity, is now admired as a beautiful variety in the order of nature.

The English, it must be confessed, can take little credit to themselves for this improvement. Their researches in literary history amount to little in their own language, and to nothing in any other. Warton, Johnson, and Campbell have indeed furnished an accurate inventory of their poetical wealth; but, except it be in the limited researches of Drake and Dunlop, what record have we of all their rich and various prose? As for foreign literature, while other cultivated nations have been developing their views in voluminous and valuable treatises, the English have been profoundly mute.²² Yet for several reasons they might be expected to make the best general critics in the world, and the collision of their judgments in this matter with those of the other European scholars might produce new and important results.

The author of the *Osservazioni* has accused us of being too much under the influence of his enemies the French (p. 112). There are slender grounds for this imputation. We have always looked upon this fastidious people as the worst general critics possible; and we scarcely once alluded to their opinions in the course of our article without endeavouring to controvert them. The truth is, while they have contrived their own system with infinite skill, and are exceedingly acute in detecting the least violation of it, they seem incapable of understanding why it should not be applied to every other people, however

²⁰ "Arte de hacer Comedias." Obras sueltas, tom. iv. p. 406.

"Y quando he de escribir una Comedia,
Enclero los preceptos con seis llaves;
Saco a Terencio y Plauto de mi estudio,
Para que no me den voces, que suele
Dar gritos la verdad en libros mudos," etc.

²¹ See Lord Shaftesbury's "Advice to an Author;" a treatise of great authority in its day, but which could speak of the "Gothic Muse of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Milton as lisping with stammering tongues, that nothing but the youth and rawness of the age could excuse!" Sir William Temple, with a purer taste, is not more liberal. The term *Gothic*, with these writers, is applied to much the same subjects with the modern term *Romantic*, with this difference: the latter is simply distinctive, while the former was also an opprobrious epithet.

²² The late translation of "Sismondi's Southern Europe" is the only one, we believe, which the English possess of a detailed literary history. The discriminating taste of this sensible Frenchman has been liberalized by his familiarity with the lan-

guages of the North. His knowledge, however, is not always equal to his subject, and the credit of his opinions is not unfrequently due to another. The historian of the "Italian Republics" may be supposed to be at home in treating of Italian letters, and this is undoubtedly the strongest part of his work; but in what relates to Spain, he has helped himself "manibus pleinis" from Bousterwek, much too liberally, indeed, for the scanty acknowledgments made by him to the accurate and learned German. Page upon page is *literally translated* from him. Sismondi's work, however, is intrinsically valuable for its philosophical illustrations of the character of the Spaniards by the peculiarities of their literature. His analysis of the national drama, as opposed to that of Schlegel, is also extremely ingenious. Is it not more sound than that of the German? We trust that this hitherto untrodden field in our language will be entered before long by one of our own scholars, whose researches have enabled him to go much more *extensively* into the Spanish department than either of his predecessors.

opposite its character from their own. The consequence is obvious. Voltaire, whose elevated views sometimes advanced him to the level of the generous criticism of our own day, is by no means an exception. His Commentaries on Corneille are filled with the finest reflections imaginable on that eminent poet, or, rather, on the French drama; but the application of these same principles to the productions of his neighbours leads him into the grossest absurdities. "Addison's Cato is the only well-written tragedy in England." "Hamlet is a barbarous production, that would not be endured by the meanest populace in France or Italy." "Lope de Vega and Calderon familiarized their countrymen with all the extravagances of a gross and ridiculous drama." But the French theatre, modelled upon the ancient Greek, can boast "of more than twenty pieces which surpass their most admirable *chef-d'œuvres*, without excepting those of Sophocles or Euripides." So in other walks of poetry, Milton, Tasso, Ercilla, occasionally fare no better. "Who would dare to talk to Boileau, Racine, Molière, of an epic poem upon Adam and Eve?" Voltaire had one additional reason for the exaltation of his native literature at the expense of every other: he was himself at the head, or aspired to be, of every department in it.

Madame de Staël is certainly an eminent exception, in very many particulars, to the general character of her nation. Her defects, indeed, are rather of an opposite cast. Instead of the narrowness of conventional precept, she may be sometimes accused of vague and visionary theory; instead of nice specific details, of dealing too freely in abstract and independent propositions. Her faults are of the German school, which she may have in part imbibed from her intimacy with their literature (no common circumstance with her countrymen), from her residence in Germany, and from her long intimacy with one of its most distinguished scholars, who lived under the same roof with her for many years. But, with all her faults, she is entitled to the praise of having shown a more enlarged and truly philosophical spirit of criticism than any of her countrymen.

The English have never yielded to the arbitrary legislation of academies; their literature has at different periods exhibited all the varieties of culture which have prevailed over the other European tongues; and their language, derived both from the Latin and the Teutonic idiom, affords them a much greater facility for entering into the spirit of foreign letters than can be enjoyed by any other European people, whose language is derived almost exclusively from one or the other of these elements. With all these peculiar facilities for literary history and criticism, why, with their habitual freedom of thought, have they remained in it so far behind most other cultivated nations?

SPANISH LITERATURE.¹

(January, 1852.)

LITERARY history is the least familiar kind of historical writing. It is, in some respects, the most difficult, requiring certainly far the most laborious study. The facts for civil history we gather from personal experience, or from the examination of a comparatively few authors, whose statements the historian transfers, with such modification and commentary as he pleases, to his own pages. But in literary history the books are the facts, and pretty substantial ones in many cases, which are not to be mastered at a glance, or on the report of another. It is a tedious process to read through a library in order to decide that the greater part is probably not worth reading at all.

Literary history must come late in the intellectual development of a nation. It is the history of books, and there can be no history of books till books are written. It presupposes, moreover, a critical knowledge,—an acquaintance with the principles of taste, which can come only from a wide study and comparison of models. It is, therefore, necessarily the product of an advanced state of civilization and mental culture.

Although criticism, in one form or another, was studied and exemplified by the ancients, yet they made no progress in direct literary history. Neither has it been cultivated by all the nations of modern Europe. At least, in some of them it has met with very limited success. In England, one might have thought, from the free scope given to the expression of opinion, it would have flourished beyond all other countries. But Italy, and even Spain, with all the restraint imposed on intellectual movement, have done more in this way than the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The very freedom with which the English could enter on the career of political action has not only withdrawn them from the more quiet pursuits of letters, but has given them a decided taste for descriptions of those stirring scenes in which they or their fathers have taken part. Hence the great preponderance with them, as with us, of civil history over literary.

It may be further remarked that the monastic institutions of Roman Catholic countries have been peculiarly favourable to this, as to some other kinds of composition. The learned inmates of the cloister have been content to solace their leisure with those literary speculations and inquiries which had no immediate connection with party excitement and the turmoils of the world. The best literary histories, from whatever cause, in Spain and in Italy, have been the work of members of some one or other of the religious fraternities.

Still another reason of the attention given to this study in most of those countries may be found in the embarrassments existing there to the general pursuit of science, which have limited the powers to the more exclusive cultivation of works of imagination, and those other productions of elegant literature that come most properly within the province of taste and of literary criticism.

Yet in England, during the last generation, in which the mind has been unusually active, if there have been few elaborate works especially devoted to

¹ "History of Spanish Literature." By George Ticknor. New York: Harper and Brothers: 1849. 3 vols. 8vo.

criticism, the electric fluid has been imperceptibly carried off from a thousand minor points, in the form of essays and periodical reviews, which cover nearly the whole ground of literary inquiry, both foreign and domestic. The student who has the patience to consult these scattered notices, if he cannot find a system ready made to his hands, may digest one for himself by a comparison of contradictory judgments on every topic under review. Yet it may be doubted if the multitude of cross-lights thrown at random over his path will not serve rather to perplex than to enlighten him.

Wherever we are to look for the reasons, the fact will hardly be disputed, that, since Warton's learned fragment, no general literary history has been produced in England which is likely to endure, with the exception of Hallam's late work, that, under the modest title of an "Introduction," gives a general survey of the scientific and literary culture of Europe during three centuries. If the English have done so little in this way for their own literature, it can hardly be expected that they should do much for that of their neighbours. If they had extended their researches to the Continent, it might probably have been in the direction of Spain; for no country has been made with them the subject of so large historical investigation. One or two good histories devoted to Italy and Germany, as many to the revolutionary period of France—the country with which they are most nearly brought into contact—make up the sum of what is of positive value in this way. But for Spain, a series of writers—Robertson, Watson, Dunlop, Lord Mahon, Coxe, some of the highest order, all respectable—have exhibited the political annals of the monarchy under the Austrian and Bourbon dynasties. Even at the present moment, a still livelier interest seems to be awakened to the condition of this romantic land. Two excellent works, by Head and by Stirling,—the latter of especial value,—have made the world acquainted, for the first time, with the rich treasures of art in the Peninsula. And last, not least, Ford, in his Hand-book and other works, has joined to a curious erudition that knowledge of the Spanish character and domestic institutions that can be obtained only from singular acuteness of observation combined with a long residence in the country he describes.

Spain, too, has been the favourite theme of more than one of our own writers, in history and romance; and now the long list is concluded by the attempt of the work before us to trace the progress of intellectual culture in the Peninsula.

No work on a similar extended plan is to be found in Spain itself. Their own literary histories have been chiefly limited to the provinces, or to particular departments of letters. We may except, indeed, the great work of Father Andrés, which, comprehending the whole circle of European science and literature, left but a comparatively small portion to his own country. To his name may also be added that of Lampillas, whose work, however, from its rambling and its controversial character, throws but a very partial and unsatisfactory glance on the topics which he touches.

The only books on a similar plan, which cover the same ground with the one before us, are the histories of Bouterwek and Sismondi. The former was written as part of a great plan for the illustration of European art and science since the revival of learning,—projected by a literary association in Göttingen. The plan, as is too often the case in such copartnerships, was very imperfectly executed. The best fruits of it were the twelve volumes of Bouterwek, on the elegant literature of modern Europe. That of Spain occupies one of these volumes.

It is written with acuteness, perspicuity, and candour. Notwithstanding

the writer is perhaps too much under the influence of certain German theories then fashionable, his judgments, in the main, are temperate and sound, and he is entitled to great credit as the earliest pioneer in this untrodden field of letters. The great defect in the book is the want of proper materials on which to rest these judgments. Of this the writer more than once complains. It is a capital defect, not to be compensated by any talent or diligence in the author. For in this kind of writing, as we have said, books are facts, the very stuff out of which the history is to be made.

Bouterwek had command of the great library of Göttingen. But it would not be safe to rely on any one library, however large, for supplying all the materials for an extended literary history. Above all, this is true of Spanish literature. The difficulty of making a literary collection in Spain is far greater than in most other parts of Europe. The booksellers' trade there is a very different affair from what it is in more favoured regions. The taste for reading is not, or, rather, has not been, sufficiently active to create a demand for the republication always of even the best authors, the ancient editions of whose works have become scarce and most difficult to be procured. The impediment to a free expression of opinion has condemned many more works to the silence of manuscript. And these manuscripts are preserved, or, to say truth, buried, in the collections of old families, or of public institutions, where it requires no ordinary interest with the proprietors, private or public, to be allowed to disinter them. Some of the living Spanish scholars are now busily at work in these useful explorations, the result of which they are giving, from time to time, to the world in the form of *livraisons* or numbers, which seem likely to form an important contribution to historical science. For the impulse thus given to these patriotic labours the world is mainly indebted to the late venerable Navarette, who, in his own person, led the way by the publication of a series of important historical documents. It is only from these obscure and uncertain repositories, and from booksellers' stalls, that the more rare and recondite works in which Spain is so rich can be procured; and it is only under great advantages that the knowledge of their places of deposit can be obtained, and that, having obtained it, the works can be had, at a price proportioned to their rarity. The embarrassments caused by this circumstance have been greatly diminished under the more liberal spirit of the present day, which on a few occasions has even unlocked the jealous archives of Simancas, that Robertson, backed by the personal authority of the British ambassador, strove in vain to penetrate.

Spanish literature occupies also one volume of Sismondi's popular work on the culture of Southern Europe. But Sismondi was far less instructed in literary criticism than his German predecessor, of whose services he had freely availed himself in the course of his work. Indeed, he borrows from him not merely thoughts, but language, translating from the German page after page and incorporating it with his own eloquent commentary. He does not hesitate to avow his obligations; but they prove at once his own deficiencies in the performance of his critical labours as well as in the possession of the requisite materials. Sismondi's ground was civil history, whose great lessons no one had meditated more deeply; and it is in the application of these lessons to the character of the Spaniards, and in tracing the influence of that character on their literature, that a great merit of his work consists. He was, moreover, a Frenchman,—or, at least, a Frenchman in language and education; and he was prepared, therefore, to correct some of the extravagant theories of the German critics, and to rectify some of their judgments by a moral standard which they had entirely overlooked in their passion for the beautiful.

With all his merits, however, and the additional grace of a warm and picturesque style, his work, like that of Bouterwek, must be admitted to afford only the outlines of the great picture, which they have left to other hands to fill up in detail and on a far more extended plan. To accomplish this great task is the purpose of the volumes before us; we are now to inquire with what result. But, before entering on the inquiry, we will give some account of the preparatory training of the writer, and the materials which he has brought together.

Mr. Ticknor, who now first comes before the world in the avowed character of an author, has long enjoyed a literary reputation which few authors who have closed their career might not envy. While quite a young man, he was appointed to fill the chair of Modern Literature in Harvard College, on the foundation of the late Abiel Smith, Esq., a distinguished merchant of Boston. When he received the appointment, Mr. Ticknor had been some time in Europe pursuing studies in philology. He remained there two or three years afterwards, making an absence of above four years in all. A part of this period was passed in diligent study at Göttingen. In Paris he explored, under able teachers, the difficult *Romance* dialects, the medium of the beautiful Provençal.

During his residence in Spain he perfected himself in the Castilian, and established an intimacy with her most eminent scholars, who aided him in the collection of rare books and manuscripts, to which he assiduously devoted himself. It is a proof of the literary consideration which, even at that early age, he had obtained in the society of Madrid, that he was elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History. His acquisitions in the early literature of modern Europe attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who in a letter to Southey, printed in Lockhart's Life, speaks of his young guest (Mr. Ticknor was then at Abbotsford) as a "wonderful fellow for romantic lore."

On his return home, Mr. Ticknor entered at once on his academic labours, and delivered a series of lectures on the Castilian and French literatures, as well as on some portions of the English, before successive classes, which he continued to repeat, with the occasional variation of oral instruction, during the fifteen years he remained at the University.

We well remember the sensation produced on the first delivery of these Lectures, which served to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity; they opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom. The influence of this instruction was soon visible in the higher education as well as the literary ardour shown by the graduates. So decided was the impulse thus given to the popular sentiment that considerable apprehension was felt lest modern literature was to receive a disproportionate share of attention in the scheme of collegiate education.

After the lapse of fifteen years so usefully employed, Mr. Ticknor resigned his office, and, thus released from his academic labours, paid a second visit to Europe, where, in a second residence of three years, he much enlarged the amount and the value of his literary collection. In the more perfect completion of this he was greatly assisted by the professor of Arabic in the University of Madrid, Don Pascual de Gayangos, a scholar to whose literary sympathy and assistance more than one American writer has been indebted, and who to a profound knowledge of Oriental literature unites one equally extensive in the European.

With these aids, and his own untiring efforts, Mr. Ticknor succeeded in bringing together a body of materials in print and manuscript, for the illustration of the Castilian, such as probably has no rival either in public or private collections. This will be the more readily believed when we find that nearly every author employed in the composition of this great work—with the exception of a few, for which he has made ample acknowledgments—is to be found on his own shelves. We are now to consider in what manner he has availed himself of this inestimable collection of materials.

The title of the book—the “History of Spanish Literature”—is intended to comprehend all that relates to the poetry of the country, its romances, and works of imagination of every sort, its criticism and eloquence,—in short, whatever can be brought under the head of elegant literature. Even its chronicles and regular histories are included; for, though scientific in their import, they are still, in respect to their style and their execution as works of art, brought into the department of ornamental writing. In Spain, freedom of thought, or, at least, the free expression of it, has been so closely fettered that science, in its strictest sense, has made little progress in that unhappy country, and a history of its elegant literature is, more than in any other land, a general history of its intellectual progress.

The work is divided into three great periods, having reference to time rather than to any philosophical arrangement. Indeed, Spanish literature affords less facilities for such an arrangement than the literature of many other countries, as that of England and of Italy, for example, where, from different causes, there have been periods exhibiting literary characteristics that stamp them with a peculiar physiognomy. For example, in England we have the age of Elizabeth, the age of Queen Anne, our own age. In Italy, the philosophical arrangement seems to correspond well enough with the chronological. Thus, the Trecentisti, the Seicentisti, convey ideas as distinct and as independent of each other as the different schools of Italian art. But in Spain, literature is too deeply tinged at its fountain-head not to retain somewhat of the primitive colouring through the whole course of its descent. Patriotism, chivalrous loyalty, religious zeal, under whatever modification and under whatever change of circumstances, have constituted, as Mr. Ticknor has well insisted, the enduring elements of the national literature. And it is this obvious preponderance of these elements throughout which makes the distribution into separate masses on any philosophical principle extremely difficult. A proof of this is afforded by the arrangement now adopted by Mr. Ticknor himself, in the limit assigned to his first period, which is considerably shorter than that assigned to it in his original Lectures. The alteration, as we shall take occasion to notice hereafter, is, in our judgment, a decided improvement.

The first great division embraces the whole time from the earliest appearance of a written document in the Castilian to the commencement of the sixteenth century, the reign of Charles the Fifth,—a period of nearly four centuries.

At the very outset we are met by the remarkable poem of the *Cid*, that primitive epic, which, like the *Nieblungenlied* or the *Iliad*, stands as the traditional legend of an heroic age, exhibiting all the freshness and glow which belong to the morning of a nation's existence. The name of the author, as is often the case with those memorials of the olden time, when the writer thought less of himself than of his work, has not come down to us. Even the date of its composition is uncertain,—probably before the year 1200; a century earlier than the poem of Dante; a century and a half before Petrarch and

Chaucer. The subject of it, as its name imports, is the achievements of the renowned Ruy Diaz de Bivar,—*the Cid, the Campeador*, “the lord, the champion,” as he was fondly styled by his countrymen, as well as by his Moorish foes, in commemoration of his prowess, chiefly displayed against the infidel. The versification is the fourteen-syllable measure, artless, and exhibiting all the characteristics of an unformed idiom, but, with its rough melody, well suited to the expression of the warlike and stirring incidents in which it abounds. It is impossible to peruse it without finding ourselves carried back to the heroic age of Castile; and we feel that in its simple and cordial portraiture of existing manners we get a more vivid impression of the feudal period than is to be gathered from the more formal pages of the chronicler. Heeren has pronounced that the poems of Homer were one of the principal bonds which held the Grecian states together. The assertion may seem extravagant; but we can well understand that a poem like that of the Cid, with all its defects as a work of art, by its proud historic recollections of an heroic age should do much to nourish the principle of patriotism in the bosoms of the people.

From the “Cid” Mr. Ticknor passes to the review of several other poems of the thirteenth and some of the fourteenth century. They are usually of considerable length. The Castilian muse, at the outset, seems to have delighted in works of *longue haleine*. Some of them are of a satirical character, directing their shafts against the clergy, with an independence which seems to have marked also the contemporaneous productions of other nations, but which, in Spain at least, was rarely found at a later period. Others of these venerable productions are tinged with the religious bigotry which enters so largely into the best portions of the Castilian literature.

One of the most remarkable poems of the period is the *Danza General*,—the “Dance of Death.” The subject is not original with the Spaniards, and has been treated by the bards of other nations in the elder time. It represents the ghastly revels of the dread monarch, to which all are summoned, of every degree, from the potentate to the peasant.

“It is founded on the well-known fiction, so often illustrated both in painting and in verse during the Middle Ages, that all men, of all conditions, are summoned to the Dance of Death; a kind of spiritual masquerade, in which the different ranks of society, from the Pope to the young child, appear dancing with the skeleton form of Death. In this Spanish version it is striking and picturesque,—more so, perhaps, than in any other,—the ghastly nature of the subject being brought into a very lively contrast with the festive tone of the verses, which frequently recalls some of the better parts of those flowing stories that now and then occur in the ‘Mirror for Magistrates.’”

“The first seven stanzas of the Spanish poem constitute a prologue, in which Death issues his summons partly in his own person, and partly in that of a preaching friar, ending thus:

“Come to the Dance of Death, all ye whose fate
By birth is mortal, be ye great or small;
And willing come, nor loitering, nor late,
Else force shall bring you struggling to my thrall:
For since yon friar hath uttered loud his call
To penitence and godliness sincere,
He that delays must hope no waiting here;
For still the cry is, Haste! and, Haste to all!”

“Death now proceeds, as in the old pictures and poems, to summon, first the Pope, then cardinals, kings, bishops, and so on, down to day-labourers; all of whom are forced to join his mortal dance, though each first makes some

remonstrance that indicates surprise, horror, or reluctance. The call to youth and beauty is spirited :

“Bring to my dance, and bring without delay,
Those damsels twain you see so bright and fair;
They came, but came not in a willing way,
To list my chants of mortal grief and care :
Nor shall the flowers and roses fresh they wear,
Nor rich attire, avail their forms to save.
They strive in vain who strive against the grave ;
It may not be ; my wedded brides they are.”

Another poem, of still higher pretensions, but, like the last, still in manuscript, is the *Poema de José*,—the “Poem of Joseph.” It is probably the work of one of those Spanish Arabs who remained under the Castilian domination after the great body of their countrymen had retreated. It is written in the Castilian dialect, but in Arabic characters, as was not very uncommon with the writings of the Moriscoes. The story of Joseph is told, moreover, conformably to the version of the Koran, instead of that of the Hebrew Scriptures.

The manner in which the Spanish and the Arabic races were mingled together after the great invasion produced a strange confusion in their languages. The Christians, who were content to dwell in their old places under the Moslem rule, while they retained their own language, not unfrequently adopted the alphabetical characters of their conquerors. Even the coins struck by some of the ancient Castilian princes, as they recovered their territory from the invaders, were stamped with Arabic letters. Not unfrequently the archives and municipal records of the Spanish cities, for a considerable time after their restoration to their own princes, were also written in Arabic characters. On the other hand, as the great inundation gradually receded, the Moors who lingered behind under the Spanish sway often adopted the language of their conquerors, but retained their own written alphabet. In other words, the Christians kept their language and abandoned their alphabetical characters ; while the Moslems kept their alphabetical characters and abandoned their language. The contrast is curious, and may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the superiority conceded by the Spaniards to the Arabic literature in this early period led the few scholars among them to adopt, for their own compositions, the characters in which that literature was written. The Moriscoes, on the other hand, did what was natural when they retained their peculiar writing, to which they had been accustomed in the works of their countrymen, while they conformed to the Castilian language, to which they had become accustomed in daily intercourse with the Spaniard. However explained, the fact is curious. But it is time we should return to the Spanish Arab poem.

We give the following translation of some of its verses by Mr. Ticknor, with his few prefatory remarks :

“On the first night after the outrage, Jusuf, as he is called in the poem, when travelling along in charge of a negro, passes a cemetery on a hill-side where his mother lies buried.

“And when the negro heeded not, that guarded him behind,
From off the camel Jusuf sprang, on which he rode confined,
And hastened, with all speed, his mother's grave to find,
Where he knelt and pardon sought, to relieve his troubled mind.

“He cried, ‘God's grace be with thee still, O Lady mother dear !
O mother, you would sorrow, if you looked upon me here ;
For my neck is bound with chains, and I live in grief and fear,
Like a traitor by my brethren sold, like a captive to the spear.

"They have sold me ! they have sold me ! though I never did them harm
They have torn me from my father, from his strong and living arm,
By art and cunning they enticed me, and by falsehood's guilty charm,
And I go a base-bought captive, full of sorrow and alarm."

"But now the negro looked about, and knew that he was gone;
For no man could be seen, and the camel came alone;
So he turned his sharpened ear, and caught the wailing tone,
Where Jusuf, by his mother's grave, lay making heavy moan."

"And the negro hurried up, and gave him there a blow;
So quick and cruel was it, that it instant laid him low:
'A base-born wretch,' he cried aloud, 'a base-born thief art thou;
Thy masters, when we purchased thee, they told us it was so,'"

"But Jusuf answered straight, 'Nor thief nor wretch am I;
My mother's grave is this, and for pardon here I cry;
I cry to Allah's power, and send my prayer on high,
That, since I never wronged thee, his curse may on thee lie.'"

"And then all night they travelled on, till dawned the coming day,
When the land was sore tormented with a whirlwind's furious sway;
The sun grew dark at noon, their hearts sunk in dismay,
And they knew not, with their merchandise, to seek or make their way."

The manuscript of the piece, containing about twelve hundred verses, though not entirely perfect, is in Mr. Ticknor's hands, with its original Arabic characters converted into the Castilian. He has saved it from the chances of time by printing it at length in his Appendix, accompanied by the following commendations, which, to one practised in the old Castilian literature, will probably not be thought beyond its deserts:

"There is little, as it seems to me, in the early narrative poetry of any modern nation better worth reading than this old Morisco version of the story of Joseph. Parts of it overflow with the tenderest natural affection; other parts are deeply pathetic; and everywhere it bears the impress of the extraordinary state of manners and society that gave it birth. From several passages, it may be inferred that it was publicly recited; and even now, as we read it, we fall unconsciously into a long-drawn chant, and seem to hear the voices of Arabian camel-drivers, or of Spanish muleteers, as the Oriental or the romantic tone happens to prevail. I am acquainted with nothing in the form of the old metrical romance that is more attractive,—nothing that is so peculiar, original, and separate from everything else of the same class."

With these anonymous productions, Mr. Ticknor enters into the consideration of others from an acknowledged source, among which are those of the Prince Don Juan Manuel and Alfonso the Tenth, or Alfonso the Wise, as he is usually termed. He was one of those rare men who seem to be possessed of an almost universal genius. His tastes would have been better suited to a more refined period. He was, unfortunately, so far in advance of his age that his age could not fully profit by his knowledge. He was raised so far above the general level of his time that the light of his genius, though it reached to distant generations, left his own in a comparative obscurity. His great work was the code of the *Siete Partidas*,—little heeded in his own day, though destined to become the basis of Spanish jurisprudence both in the Old World and in the New.

Alfonso caused the Bible, for the first time, to be translated into the Castilian. He was an historian, and led the way in the long line of Castilian writers in that department, by his *Crónica General*. He aspired also to the laurel of the Muses. His poetry is still extant in the Gallician dialect, which

the monarch thought might in the end be the cultivated dialect of his kingdom. The want of a settled capital, or, to speak more correctly, the want of civilization, had left the different elements of the language contending, as it were, for the mastery. The result was still uncertain at the close of the thirteenth century. Alfonso himself did, probably, more than any other to settle it, by his prose compositions,—by the *Siete Partidas* and his Chronicle, as well as by the vernacular version of the Scriptures. The Gallician became the basis of the language of the sister-kingdom of Portugal, and the generous dialect of Castile became, in Spain, the language of the court and of literature.

Alfonso directed his attention also to mathematical science. His astronomical observations are held in respect at the present day. But, as Mariana sarcastically intimates, while he was gazing at the stars he forgot the earth, and lost his kingdom. His studious temper was ill accommodated to the stirring character of the times. He was driven from his throne by his factious nobles; and in a letter written not long before his death, of which Mr. Ticknor gives a translation, the unhappy monarch pathetically deploras his fate and the ingratitude of his subjects. Alfonso the Tenth seemed to have at command every science but that which would have been of more worth to him than all the rest,—the science of government. He died in exile, leaving behind him the reputation of being the wisest fool in Christendom.

In glancing over the list of works which, from their anomalous character as well as their antiquity, are arranged by Mr. Ticknor in one class, as introductory to his history, we are struck with the great wealth of the period,—not great, certainly, compared with that of an age of civilization, but as compared with the productions of most other countries in this portion of the Middle Ages. Much of this ancient lore, which may be said to constitute the foundations of the national literature, has been but imperfectly known to the Spaniards themselves; and we have to acknowledge our obligations to Mr. Ticknor, not only for the diligence with which he has brought it to light, but for the valuable commentaries, in text and notes, which supply all that could reasonably be demanded, both in a critical and bibliographical point of view. To estimate the extent of this information, we must compare it with what we have derived on the same subject from his predecessors; where the poverty of original materials, as well as of means for illustrating those actually possessed, is apparent at a glance. Sismondi, with some art, conceals his poverty, by making the most of the little finery at his command. Thus, his analysis of the poem of the *Cid*, which he had carefully read, together with his prose translation of no inconsiderable amount, covers a fifth of what he has to say on the whole period, embracing more than four centuries. He has one fine bit of gold in his possession, and he makes the most of it by hammering it out into a superficial extent altogether disproportionate to its real value.

Our author distributes the productions which occupy the greater part of the remainder of his first period into four great classes,—Ballads, Chronicles, Romances of Chivalry, and the Drama. The mere enumeration suggests the idea of that rude, romantic age, when the imagination, impatient to find utterance, breaks through the impediments of an unformed dialect, or, rather, converts it into an instrument for its purposes. Before looking at the results, we must briefly notice the circumstances under which they were effected.

The first occupants of the Peninsula who left abiding traces of their peculiar civilization were the Romans. Six-tenths of the languages now spoken are computed to be derived from them. Then came the Visigoths, bringing with them the peculiar institutions of the Teutonic races. And lastly, after the lapse of three centuries, came the great Saracen inundation, which covered

the whole land up to the northern mountains, and, as it slowly receded, left a fertilizing principle, that gave life to much that was good as well as evil in the character and literature of the Spaniards. It was near the commencement of the eighth century that the great battle was fought, on the banks of the Guadalete, which decided the fate of Roderic, the last of the Goths, and of his monarchy. It was to the Goths—the Spaniards, as their descendants were called—what the battle of Hastings was to the English. The Arab conquerors rode over the country as completely its masters as were the Normans of Britain. But they dealt more mercifully with the vanquished. The Koran, tribute, or the sword were the terms offered by the victors. Many were content to remain under Moslem rule, in the tolerated enjoyment of their religion, and, to some extent, of their laws. Those of nobler metal withdrew to the rocks of the Asturias; and every muleteer or water-carrier who emigrates from this barren spot glories in his birthplace as of itself a patent of nobility.

Then came the struggle against the Saracen invaders,—that long crusade to be carried on for centuries,—in which the ultimate triumph of a handful of Christians over the large and flourishing empire of the Moslems is the most glorious of the triumphs of the Cross upon record. But it was the work of eight centuries. During the first of these the Spaniards scarcely ventured beyond their fastnesses. The conquerors occupied the land, and settled in greatest strength over the pleasant places of the South, so congenial with their own voluptuous climate in the East. Then rose the empire of Córdoba, which, under the sway of the Omejades, rivalled in splendour and civilization the caliphate of Bagdad. Poetry, philosophy, letters, everywhere flourished. Academies and gymnasiums were founded, and Aristotle was expounded by commentators who acquired a glory not inferior to that of the Stagirite himself. This state of things continued after the Córdoba empire had been broken into fragments, when Seville, Murcia, Malaga, and the other cities which still flourished among the ruins continued to be centres of a civilization that shone bright amid the darkness of the Middle Ages.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards, strong in their religion, their Gothic institutions, and their poverty, had emerged from their fastnesses in the North, and brought their victorious banner as far as the Douro. In three centuries more, they had advanced their line of conquest only to the Tagus. But their progress, though slow, was irresistible, till at length the Moslems, of all their proud possessions, retained only the petty territory of Granada. On this little spot, however, they made a stand for more than two centuries, and bade defiance to the whole Christian power; while at the same time, though sunk in intellectual culture, they surpassed their best days in the pomp of their architecture and in the magnificence of living characteristic of the East. At the close of the fifteenth century, this Arabian tale—the most splendid episode in the Mohammedan annals—was brought to an end by the fall of Granada before the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such were the strange influences which acted on the Spanish character, and on the earliest development of its literature,—influences so peculiar that it is no wonder they should have produced results to which no other part of Europe has furnished a parallel:—the Oriental and the European for eight centuries brought into contact with one another, yet, though brought into contact, too different in blood, laws, and religion ever to coalesce. Unlike the Saxons and Normans, who, sprung from a common stock, with a common faith, were gradually blended into one people, in Spain the conflicting elements could never mingle. No length of time could give the Arab a right to the soil. He

was still an intruder. His only right was the right of the sword. He held his domain on the condition of perpetual war,—the war of race against race, of religion against religion. This was the inheritance of the Spaniard, as well as of the Moslem, for eight hundred years. What remarkable qualities was this situation not calculated to call out!—loyalty, heroism, the patriotic feeling, and the loftier feeling of religious enthusiasm. What wonder that the soldier of the Cross should fancy that the arm of Heaven was stretched out to protect him?—that St. Jago should do battle for him with his celestial chivalry?—that miracles should cease to be miracles?—that superstition, in short, should be the element, the abiding element, of the national character? Yet this religious enthusiasm, in the early ages, was tempered by charity towards a foe whom even the Christian was compelled to respect for his superior civilization. But as the latter gained the ascendant, enthusiasm was fanned by the crafty clergy into fanaticism. As the Moslem scale became more and more depressed, fanaticism rose to intolerance, and intolerance ended in persecution when the victor was converted into the victim. It is a humiliating story,—more humiliating even to the oppressors than to the oppressed.

The literature all the while, with chameleon-like sensibility, took the colour of the times; and it is for this reason that we have always dwelt with greater satisfaction on the earlier period of the national literature, rude though it be, with its cordial, free, and high romantic bearing, than on the later period of its glory,—brilliant in an intellectual point of view, but in its moral aspect dark and unrelenting.

Mr. Ticknor has been at much pains to unfold these peculiarities of the Castilian character, in order to explain by them the peculiarities of the literature, and indeed to show their reciprocal action on each other. He has devoted occasional chapters to this subject, not the least interesting in his volumes, making the history of the literature a running commentary on that of the nation, and thus furnishing curious information to the political student, no less than to the student of letters. His acute, and at the same time accurate, observations, imbued with a spirit of sound philosophy, give the work a separate value, and raise it above the ordinary province of literary criticism.

But it is time that we should turn to the ballads,—or *romances*, as they are called in Spain,—the first of the great divisions already noticed. Nowhere does this popular minstrelsy flourish to the same extent as in Spain. The condition of the country, which converted every peasant into a soldier and filled his life with scenes of stirring and romantic incident, may in part account for it. We have ballads of chivalry, of the national history, of the Moorish wars, mere domestic ballads,—in short, all the varieties of which such simple poetical narratives are susceptible. The most attractive of these to the Spaniards, doubtless, were those devoted to the national heroes. The Cid here occupies a large space. His love, his loyalty, his invincible prowess against the enemies of God, are all celebrated in the frank and cordial spirit of a primitive age. They have been chronologically arranged into a regular series,—as far as the date could be conjectured,—like the Robin Hood ballads in England, so as to form a tolerably complete narrative of his life. It is interesting to observe with what fondness the Spaniards are ever ready to turn to their ancient hero, the very type of Castilian chivalry, and linked by so many glorious recollections with the heroic age of their country.

The following version of one of these ballads, by Mr. Ticknor, will give a fair idea of the original. The time chosen is the occasion of a summons made by the Cid to Queen Urraca to surrender her castle, which held out against the arms of the warrior's sovereign, Sancho the Brave :

" Away! away! proud Roderic!
 Castilian proud, away!
 Bethink thee of that olden time,
 That happy, honoured day,
 When, at St. James's holy shrine,
 Thy knighthood first was won;
 When Ferdinand, my royal sire,
 Confessed thee for a son.
 He gave thee then thy knightly arms,
 My mother gave thy steed;
 Thy spurs were buckled by these hands,
 That thou no grace might'st need.
 And had not chance forbid the vow,
 I thought with thee to wed;
 But Count Lozano's daughter fair
 Thy happy bride was led.
 With her came wealth, an ample store,
 But power was mine, and state:
 Broad lands are good, and have their grace,
 But he that reigns is great.
 Thy wife is well; thy match was wise;
 Yet, Roderic! at thy side
 A vassal's daughter sits by thee,
 And not a royal bride!"

Our author has also given a pleasing version of the beautiful *romance* of "*Fonte frida, fonte frida*,"—"Cooling fountain, cooling fountain,"—which we are glad to see rendered faithfully, instead of following the example of Dr. Percy, in his version of the fine old ballad in a similar simple style, "*Rio verde, rio verde*," which we remember he translates by "Gentle river, gentle river," etc. Indeed, to do justice to Mr. Ticknor's translations we should have the text before us. Nowhere do we recall so close fidelity to the original, unless in Cary's Dante. Such fidelity does not always attain the object of conveying the best idea of the original. But in this humble poetry it is eminently successful. To give these rude gems a polish would be at once to change their character and defeat the great object of our author,—to introduce his readers to the peculiar culture of a primitive age.

A considerable difficulty presents itself in finding a suitable measure for the English version of the *romances*. In the original they are written in the eight-syllable line, with trochaic feet, instead of the iambs usually employed by us. But the real difficulty is in the peculiarity of the measure,—the *asonante*, as it is called, in which the rhyme depends solely on the conformity of vowel sounds, without reference to the consonants, as in English verse. Thus the words *dedo, tiempo, viejos*, are all good *asonantes*, taken at random from one of these old ballads. An attempt has been made by more than one clever writer to transplant them into English verse. But it has had as little success as the attempt to naturalize the ancient hexameter, which neither the skill of Southey nor of Longfellow will, probably, be able to effect. The Spanish vowels have for the most part a clear and open sound, which renders the melody of the versification sufficiently sensible to the ear; while the middle station which it occupies between the perfect rhyme and blank verse seems to fit it in an especial manner for these simple narrative compositions. The same qualities have recommended it to the dramatic writers of Spain as the best medium of poetical dialogue, and as such it is habitually used by the great masters of the national theatre.

No class of these popular compositions have greater interest than the Moorish *romances*, affording glimpses of a state of society in which the Oriental was strangely mingled with the European. Some of them may have been written by the Moriscoes after the fall of Granada. They are redolent of the

beautiful land which gave them birth,—springing up like wild flowers amid the ruins of the fallen capital. Mr. Ticknor has touched lightly on these in comparison with some of the other varieties, perhaps because they have been more freely criticised by preceding writers. Every lover of good poetry is familiar with Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of these ballads, which has every merit but that of fidelity to the original.

The production of the Spanish ballads is evidence of great sensibility in the nation; but it must also be referred to the exciting scenes in which it was engaged. A similar cause gave rise to the beautiful border minstrelsy of Scotland. But the adventures of robber chieftains and roving outlaws excite an interest of a very inferior order to that created by the great contest for religion and independence which gave rise to the Spanish ballads. This gives an ennobling principle to these compositions which raises them far above the popular minstrelsy of every other country. It recommended them to the more polished writers of a later period, under whose hands, if they have lost something of their primitive simplicity, they have been made to form a delightful portion of the national literature. We cannot do better than to quote on this the eloquent remarks of our author:

“Ballads, in the seventeenth century, had become the delight of the whole Spanish people. The soldier solaced himself with them in his tent, and the muleteer amid the *sierras*; the maiden danced to them on the green, and the lover sang them for his serenade; they entered into the low orgies of thieves and vagabonds, into the sumptuous entertainments of the luxurious nobility, and into the holiday services of the Church; the blind beggar chanted them to gather alms, and the puppet-showman gave them in recitative to explain his exhibition; they were a part of the very foundation of the theatre, both secular and religious, and the theatre carried them everywhere, and added everywhere to their effect and authority. No poetry of modern times has been so widely spread through all classes of society, and none has so entered into the national character. The ballads, in fact, seem to have been found on every spot of Spanish soil. They seem to have filled the very air that men breathed.”

The next of the great divisions of this long period is the Chronicles,—a fruitful theme, like the former, and still less explored. For much of this literature is in rare books, or rarer manuscripts. There is no lack of materials, however, in the present work, and the whole ground is mapped out before us by a guide evidently familiar with all its intricacies.

The Spanish Chronicles are distributed into several classes, as those of a public and of a private nature, romantic chronicles, and those of travels. The work which may be said to lead the van of the long array is the “*Crónica General*” of Alfonso the Wise, written by this monarch probably somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century. It covers a wide ground, from the creation to the time of the royal writer. The third book is devoted to the Cid, ever the representative of the heroic age of Castile. The fourth records the events of the monarch's own time. Alfonso's work is followed by the “*Chronicle of the Cid*,” in which the events of the champion's life are now first detailed in sober prose.

There is much resemblance between large portions of these two chronicles. This circumstance has led to the conclusion that they both must have been indebted to a common source, or, as seems more probable, that the “*Chronicle of the Cid*” was taken from that of Alfonso. This latter opinion Mr. Ticknor sustains by internal evidence not easily answered. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that both one and the other were indebted to the popular

ballads, and that these, in their turn, were often little more than a versification of the pages of Alfonso's Chronicle. Mr. Ticknor has traced out this curious process by bringing together the parallel passages, which are too numerous and nearly allied to leave any doubt on the matter.

Sepulveda, a scholar of the sixteenth century, has converted considerable fragments of the "General Chronicle" into verse, without great violence to the original,—a remarkable proof of the near affinity that exists between prose and poetry in Spain; a fact which goes far to explain the facility and astonishing fecundity of some of its popular poets. For the Spaniards, it was nearly as easy to extemporize in verse as in prose.

The example of Alfonso the Tenth was followed by his son, who appointed a chronicler to take charge of the events of his reign. This practice continued with later sovereigns, until the chronicle gradually rose to the pretensions of regular history; when historiographers, with fixed salaries, were appointed by the crowns of Castile and Aragon; giving rise to a more complete body of contemporary annals, from authentic public sources, than is to be found in any other country in Christendom.

Such a collection, beginning with the thirteenth century, is of high value, and would be of far higher were its writers gifted with anything like a sound spirit of criticism. But superstition lay too closely at the bottom of the Castilian character to allow of this,—a superstition nourished by the strange circumstances of the nation, by the legends of the saints, by the miracles coined by the clergy in support of the good cause, by the very ballads of which we have been treating, which, mingling fact with fable, threw a halo around both that made it difficult to distinguish the one from the other. So palpable to a modern age are many of these fictions in regard to the Cid that one ingenious critic doubts even the real existence of this personage. But this is a degree of skepticism which, as Mr. Ticknor finely remarks, "makes too great a demand on our credulity."

This superstition, too deeply seated to be eradicated, and so repugnant to a philosophical spirit of criticism, is the greatest blemish on the writing of the Castilian historians, even of the ripest age of scholarship, who show an appetite for the marvellous, and an easy faith, scarcely to be credited at the present day. But this is hardly a blemish with the older chronicles, and was suited to the twilight condition of the times. They are, indeed, a most interesting body of ancient literature, with all the freshness and chivalrous bearing of the age; with their long, rambling episodes, that lead to nothing; their childish fondness for pageants and knightly spectacles; their rough dialect, which, with the progress of time, working off the impurities of an unformed vocabulary, rose, in the reign of John the Second and of Ferdinand and Isabella, into passages of positive eloquence. But we cannot do better than give the concluding remarks of our author on this rich mine of literature, which he has now for the first time fully explored and turned up to the public gaze.

"As we close it up," he says,—speaking of an old chronicle he has been criticising,—“we should not forget that the whole series, extending over full two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth, and covering the New World as well as the Old, is unrivalled in richness, in variety, and in picturesque and poetical elements. In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can, on such points, be compared to them; not even the Portuguese, which approach the nearest in original and early materials; nor the French, which, in Joinville and Froissart, make the highest claims in another direction. For these old Spanish chronicles,

whether they have their foundations in truth or in fable, always strike farther down than those of any other nation into the deep soil of the popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in the long periods of national trial and suffering, are constantly coming out,—hardly less in Columbus and his followers, or even amid the atrocities of the conquests in the New World, than in the half-miraculous accounts of the battles of Hazinas and Tolosa, or in the grand and glorious drama of the fall of Granada. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether to the court of Tamerlane or to that of Saint Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us; and thus, in this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people, we are constantly discovering not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of the old Spanish ballads, plays, and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes and still remains unexhausted."

We now come to the Romances of Chivalry, to which the transition is not difficult from the romantic chronicles we have been considering. It was, perhaps, the romantic character of these compositions, as well as of the popular minstrelsy of the country, which supplied the wants of the Spaniards in this way, and so long delayed the appearance of the true Romance of Chivalry.

Long before it was seen in Spain, this kind of writing had made its appearance, in prose and verse, in other lands, and the tales of Arthur and the Round Table, and of Charlemagne and his Peers, had beguiled the long evenings of our Norman ancestors, and of their brethren on the other side of the Channel. The first book of chivalry that was published in Spain even then was not indigenous, but translated from a Portuguese work, the *Amadis de Gaula*. But the Portuguese, according to the account of Mr. Ticknor, probably perished with the library of a nobleman, in the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755; so that Montalvan's Castilian translation, published in Queen Isabella's reign, now takes the place of the original. Of its merits as a translation who can speak? Its merits as a work of imagination, and, considering the age, its literary execution, are of a high order.

An English version of the book appeared early in the present century, from the pen of Southey, to whom English literature is indebted for more than one valuable contribution of a similar kind. We well remember the delight with which, in our early days, we pored over its fascinating pages,—the bright scenes in which we revelled of Oriental mythology, the beautiful portraiture which is held up of knightly courtesy in the person of Amadis, and the feminine loveliness of Oriana. It was an ideal world of beauty and magnificence, to which the Southern imagination had given a far warmer colouring than was to be found in the ruder conceptions of the Northern minstrel. At a later period, we have read—tried to read—the same story in the pages of Montalvan himself. But the age of chivalry was gone.

The "*Amadis*" touched the right spring in the Castilian bosom, and its popularity was great and immediate. Edition succeeded edition; and, what was worse, a swarm of other knight-errants soon came into the world, claiming kindred with the Amadis. But few of them bore any resemblance to their prototype, other than in their extravagance. Their merits were summarily settled by the worthy curate in "*Don Quixote*," who ordered most of them to the flames, declaring that the good qualities of Amadis should not cloak the sins of his posterity.

The tendency of these books was very mischievous. They fostered the

spirit of exaggeration, both in language and sentiment, too natural to the Castilian. They debauched the taste of the reader, while the voluptuous images in which most of them indulged did no good to his morals. They encouraged, in fine, a wild spirit of knight-errantry, which seemed to emulate the extravagance of the tales themselves. Sober men wrote, preachers declaimed, against them, but in vain. The Cortes of 1553 presented a petition to the crown that the publication of such works might be prohibited, as pernicious to society. Another petition of the same body, in 1555, insists on this still more strongly, and in terms that, coming as they do from so grave an assembly, can hardly be read at the present day without a smile. Mr. Ticknor notices both these legislative acts, in an extract which we shall give. But he omits the words of the petition of 1555, which dwells so piteously on the grievances of the nation, and which we will quote, as they may amuse the reader. "Moreover," says the instrument, "we say that it is very notorious what mischief has been done to young men and maidens, and other persons, by the perusal of books full of lies and vanities, like *Amadis*, and works of that description, since young people especially, from their natural idleness, resort to this kind of reading, and, becoming enamoured of passages of love or arms, or other nonsense which they find set forth therein, when situations at all analogous offer, are led to act much more extravagantly than they otherwise would have done. And many times the daughter, when her mother has locked her up safely at home, amuses herself with reading these books, which do her more hurt than she would have received from going abroad. All which redounds not only to the dishonour of individuals, but to the great detriment of conscience, by diverting the affections from holy, true, and Christian doctrine, to those wicked vanities, with which the wits, as we have intimated, are completely bewildered. To remedy this, we entreat your majesty that no book treating of such matters be henceforth permitted to be read, that those now printed be collected and burned, and that none be published hereafter without special license; by which measures your majesty will render great service to God, as well as to these kingdoms," etc., etc.

But what neither the menaces of the pulpit nor the authority of the law could effect was brought about by the breath of ridicule,—

"That soft and summer breath, whose subtle power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."

The fever was at its height when Cervantes sent his knight-errant into the world to combat the phantoms of chivalry; and at one touch of his lance they disappeared for ever. From the day of the publication of the "*Don Quixote*," not a book of chivalry was ever written in Spain. There is no other such triumph recorded in the annals of genius.

We close these remarks with the following extract, which shows the condition of society in Castile under the influence of these romances:

"Spain, when the romances of chivalry first appeared, had long been peculiarly the land of knighthood. The Moorish wars, which had made every gentleman a soldier, necessarily tended to this result; and so did the free spirit of the communities, led on as they were, during the next period, by barons who long continued almost as independent in their castles as the king was on his throne. Such a state of things, in fact, is to be recognized as far back as the thirteenth century, when the *Partidas*, by the most minute and painstaking legislation, provided for a condition of society not easily to be distinguished from that set forth in the *Amadis* or the *Palmerin*. The poem and history of the *Cid* bear witness yet earlier, indirectly indeed, but very strongly,

to a similar state of the country; and so do many of the old ballads and other records of the national feelings and traditions that had come from the fourteenth century.

“But in the fifteenth the chronicles are full of it, and exhibit it in forms the most grave and imposing. Dangerous tournaments, in some of which the chief men of the time, and even the kings themselves, took part, occur constantly, and are recorded among the important events of the age. At the passage of arms near Orbigo, in the reign of John the Second, eighty knights, as we have seen, were found ready to risk their lives for as fantastic a fiction of gallantry as is recorded in any of the romances of chivalry; a folly of which this was by no means the only instance. Nor did they confine their extravagances to their own country. In the same reign, two Spanish knights went as far as Burgundy, professedly in search of adventure, which they strangely mingled with a pilgrimage to Jerusalem,—seeming to regard both as religious exercises. And as late as the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, Fernando del Pulgar, their wise secretary, gives us the names of several distinguished noblemen, personally known to himself, who had gone into foreign countries ‘in order,’ as he says, ‘to try the fortune of arms with any cavalier that might be pleased to adventure with them, and so gain honour for themselves, and the fame of valiant and bold knights for the gentlemen of Castile.’

“A state of society like this was the natural result of the extraordinary development which the institutions of chivalry had then received in Spain. Some of it was suited to the age, and salutary; the rest was knight-errantry, and knight-errantry in its wildest extravagance. When, however, the imaginations of men were so excited as to tolerate and maintain in their daily life such manners and institutions as these, they would not fail to enjoy the boldest and most free representations of a corresponding state of society in works of romantic fiction. But they went farther. Extravagant and even impossible as are many of the adventures recorded in the books of chivalry, they still seemed so little to exceed the absurdities frequently witnessed or told of known and living men, that many persons took the romances themselves to be true histories, and believed them. Thus, Mexia, the trustworthy historiographer of Charles the Fifth, says, in 1545, when speaking of ‘the Amadis, Lisuartes, and Clarions,’ that ‘their authors do waste their time and weary their faculties in writing such books, which are read by all and believed by many. For,’ he goes on, ‘there be men who think all these things really happened, just as they read or hear them, though the greater part of the things themselves are sinful, profane, and unbecoming.’ And Castillo, another chronicler, tells us gravely, in 1587, that Philip the Second, when he married Mary of England, only forty years earlier, promised that if King Arthur should return to claim the throne he would peaceably yield to that prince all his rights; thus implying, at least in Castillo himself, and probably in many of his readers, a full faith in the stories of Arthur and his Round Table.

“Such credulity, it is true, now seems impossible, even if we suppose it was confined to a moderate number of intelligent persons; and hardly less so when, as in the admirable sketch of an easy faith in the stories of chivalry by the innkeeper and Maritornes in *Don Quixote*, we are shown that it extended to the mass of the people. But before we refuse our assent to the statements of such faithful chroniclers as Mexia, on the ground that what they relate is impossible, we should recollect that, in the age when they lived, men were in the habit of believing and asserting every day things no less incredible than those recited in the old romances. The Spanish Church then countenanced a trust in miracles as of constant recurrence, which required of those who

believed them more credulity than the fictions of chivalry; and yet how few were found wanting in faith! And how few doubted the tales that had come down to them of the impossible achievements of their fathers during the seven centuries of their warfare against the Moors, or the glorious traditions of all sorts that still constitute the charm of their brave old chronicles, though we now see at a glance that many of them are as fabulous as anything told of Palmerin or Launcelot!

"But, whatever we may think of this belief in the romances of chivalry, there is no question that in Spain during the sixteenth century there prevailed a passion for them such as was never known elsewhere. The proof of it comes to us from all sides. The poetry of the country is full of it, from the romantic ballads that still live in the memory of the people, up to the old plays that have ceased to be acted and the old epics that have ceased to be read. The national manners and the national dress, more peculiar and picturesque than in other countries, long bore its sure impress. The old laws, too, speak no less plainly. Indeed, the passion for such fictions was so strong, and seemed so dangerous, that in 1553 they were prohibited from being printed, sold, or read in the American colonies; and in 1555 the Cortes earnestly asked that the same prohibition might be extended to Spain itself, and that all the extant copies of romances of chivalry might be publicly burned. And, finally, half a century later, the happiest work of the greatest genius Spain has produced bears witness on every page to the prevalence of an absolute fanaticism for books of chivalry, and becomes at once the seal of their vast popularity and the monument of their fate."

We can barely touch on the Drama, the last of the three great divisions into which our author has thrown this period. It is of little moment, for down to the close of the fifteenth century the Castilian drama afforded small promise of the brilliant fortunes that awaited it. It was born under an Italian sky. Almost its first risings were at the vice-regal court of Naples, and under a foreign influence it displayed few of the national characteristics which afterwards marked its career. Yet the germs of future excellence may be discerned in the compositions of Encina and Naharro; and the "Celestina," though not designed for the stage, had a literary merit that was acknowledged throughout Europe.

Mr. Ticknor, as usual, accompanies his analysis with occasional translations of the best passages from the ancient masters. From one of these—a sort of dramatic eclogue, by Gil Vicente—we extract the following spirited verses. The scene represents Cassandra, the heroine of the piece, as refusing all the solicitations of her family to change her state of maiden freedom for married life:

"They say, 'Tis time, go, marry! go!
 But I'll no husband! not I! no!
 For I would live all carelessly,
 Amid these hills, a maiden free,
 And never ask, nor anxious be,
 Of wedded weal or woe:
 Yet still they say, 'Go, marry! go!
 But I'll no husband! not I! no!"

"So, mother, think not I shall wed,
 And through a tiresome life be led,
 Or use in folly's ways instead
 What grace the heavens bestow.
 Yet still they say, 'Go, marry! go!
 But I'll no husband! not I! no!"

The man has not been born, I ween,
 Who as my husband shall be seen;
 And since what frequent tricks have been
 Undoubtingly I know,
 In vain they say, 'Go, marry! go!'
 For I'll no husband! not I! no!"

She escapes to the woods, and her kinsmen, after in vain striving to bring her back, come in dancing and singing as madly as herself:

"She is wild! she is wild!
 Who shall speak to the child?
 On the hills pass her hours,
 As a shepherdess free;
 She is fair as the flowers,
 She is wild as the sea!
 She is wild! she is wild!
 Who shall speak to the child?"

During the course of the period we have been considering there runs another rich vein of literature, the beautiful Provençal,—those days of love and chivalry poured forth by the Troubadours in the little court of Provence, and afterwards of Catalonia. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the voice of the minstrel was hardly heard in other parts of Europe, the northern shores of the Mediterranean, on either side of the Pyrenees, were alive with song. But it was the melody of a too early spring, to be soon silenced under the wintry breath of persecution.

Mr. Ticknor, who paid, while in Europe, much attention to the Romance dialects, has given a pleasing analysis of this early literature after it had fled from the storms of persecution to the south of Spain. But few will care to learn a language which locks up a literature that was rather one of a beautiful promise than performance,—that prematurely perished and left no sign. And yet it did leave some sign of its existence, in the influence it exerted both on Italian and Castilian poetry.

This was peculiarly displayed at the court of John the Second of Castile, who flourished towards the middle of the fifteenth century. That prince gathered around him a circle of wits and poets, several of them men of the highest rank; and the intellectual spirit thus exhibited shows like a bright streak in the dawn of that higher civilization which rose upon Castile in the beginning of the following century. In this literary circle King John himself was a prominent figure, correcting the verses of his loving subjects, and occasionally inditing some of his own. In the somewhat severe language of Mr. Ticknor, "he turned to letters to avoid the importunity of business, and to gratify a constitutional indolence." There was, it is true, something ridiculous in King John's most respectable tastes, reminding us of the character of his contemporary, René of Anjou. But still it was something, in those rough times, to manifest a relish for intellectual pleasures; and it had its effect in weaning his turbulent nobility from the indulgence of their coarser appetites.

The same liberal tastes, with still better result, were shown by his daughter, the illustrious Isabella the Catholic. Not that any work of great pretensions for its poetical merits was then produced. The poetry of the age, indeed, was pretty generally infected with the meretricious conceits of the Provençal and the old Castilian verse. We must except from this reproach the "Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, which have found so worthy an interpreter in Mr. Longfellow, and which would do honour to any age. But the age of Isabella was in Castile what that of Poggio was in Italy. Learned men were invited from

abroad, and took up their residence at the court. Native scholars went abroad, and brought back the rich fruits of an education in the most renowned of the Italian universities. The result of this scholarship was the preparation of dictionaries, grammars, and various philological works, which gave laws to the language and subjected it to a classic standard. Printing was introduced, and, under the royal patronage, presses were put in active operation in various cities of the kingdom. Thus, although no great work was actually produced, a beneficent impulse was given to letters, which trained up the scholar and opened the way for the brilliant civilization of the reign of Charles the Fifth. Our author has not paid the tribute to the reign of Isabella to which, in our judgment, it is entitled even in a literary view. He has noticed with commendation the various efforts made in it to introduce a more liberal scholarship, but has by no means dwelt with the emphasis they deserve on the importance of the results.

With the glorious rule of Ferdinand and Isabella closes the long period from the middle of the twelfth to the beginning of the sixteenth century,—a period which, if we except Italy, has no rival in modern history for the richness, variety, and picturesque character of its literature. It is that portion of the literature which seems to come spontaneously like the vegetation of a virgin soil, that must lose something of its natural freshness and perfume when brought under a more elaborate cultivation. It is that portion which is most thoroughly imbued with the national spirit, unaffected by foreign influences; and the student who would fully comprehend the genius of the Spaniards must turn to these pure and primitive sources of their literary culture.

We cannot do better than close with the remarks in which Mr. Ticknor briefly, but with his usual perspicuity, sums up the actual achievements of the period:

“Poetry, or at least the love of poetry, made progress with the great advancement of the nation under Ferdinand and Isabella; though the taste of the court in whatever regarded Spanish literature continued low and false. Other circumstances, too, favoured the great and beneficial change that was everywhere becoming apparent. The language of Castile had already asserted its supremacy, and, with the old Castilian spirit and cultivation, it was spreading into Andalusia and Aragon, and planting itself amid the ruins of the Moorish power on the shores of the Mediterranean. Chronicle-writing was become frequent, and had begun to take the forms of regular history. The drama was advanced as far as the ‘*Celestina*’ in prose, and the more strictly scenic efforts of Torres Naharro in verse. Romance-writing was at the height of its success. And the old ballad spirit—the true foundation of Spanish poetry—had received a new impulse and richer materials from the contests in which all Christian Spain had borne a part amid the mountains of Granada, and from the wild tales of the feuds and adventures of rival factions within the walls of that devoted city. Everything, indeed, announced a decided movement in the literature of the nation, and almost everything seemed to favour and facilitate it.”

The second great division embraces the long interval between 1500 and 1700, occupied by the Austrian dynasty of Spain. It covers the golden age, as generally considered, of Castilian literature; that in which it submitted in some degree to the influences of the advancing European civilization, and which witnessed those great productions of genius that have had the widest reputation with foreigners,—the age of Cervantes, of Lope de Vega, and of Calderon. The condition of Spain itself was materially changed. Instead of being hemmed in by her mountain-barrier, she had extended her relations

to every court in Europe, and established her empire in every quarter of the globe. Emerging from her retired and solitary condition, she now took the first rank among the states of Christendom. Her literature naturally took the impress of this change, but not to the extent—or, at least, not in the precise manner—it would have done if left to its natural and independent action. But, unhappily for the land, the great power of its monarchs was turned against their own people, and the people were assailed, moreover, through the very qualities which should have entitled them to forbearance from their masters. Practising on their loyalty, their princes trampled on their ancient institutions, and loyalty was degraded into an abject servility. The religious zeal of early days, which had carried them triumphant through the Moorish struggle, turned, under the influence of the priests, into a sour fanaticism, which opened the way to the Inquisition,—the most terrible engine of oppression ever devised by man,—not so terrible for its operation on the body as on the mind. Under its baneful influence, literature lost its free and healthy action; and, however high its pretensions as a work of art, it becomes so degenerate in a moral aspect that it has far less to awaken our sympathies than the productions of an earlier time. From this circumstance, as well as from that of its being much better known to the generality of scholars, we shall pass only in rapid review some of its most remarkable persons and productions. Before entering on this field, we will quote some important observations of our author on the general prospects of the period he is to discuss. Thus to allow coming events to cast their shadows before, is better suited to the purposes of the literary historian than of the novelist. His remarks on the Inquisition are striking:

“The results of such extraordinary traits in the national character could not fail to be impressed upon the literature of any country, and particularly upon a literature which, like that of Spain, had always been strongly marked by the popular temperament and peculiarities. But the period was not one in which such traits could be produced with poetical effect. The ancient loyalty, which had once been so generous an element in the Spanish character and cultivation, was now infected with the ambition of universal empire, and was lavished upon princes and nobles who, like the later Philips and their ministers, were unworthy of its homage; so that in the Spanish historians and epic poets of this period, and even in more popular writers, like Quevedo and Calderon, we find a vainglorious admiration of their country, and a poor flattery of royalty and rank, that reminds us of the old Castilian pride and deference only by showing how both had lost their dignity. And so it is with the ancient religious feeling that was so nearly akin to this loyalty. The Christian spirit, which gave an air of duty to the wildest forms of adventure throughout the country during its long contest with the power of misbelief, was now fallen away into a low and anxious bigotry, fierce and intolerant towards everything that differed from its own sharply-defined faith, and yet so pervading and so popular that the romances and tales of the time are full of it, and the national theatre, in more than one form, becomes its strange and grotesque monument.

“Of course, the body of Spanish poetry and eloquent prose produced during this interval—the earlier part of which was the period of the greatest glory Spain ever enjoyed—was injuriously affected by so diseased a condition of the national character. That generous and manly spirit which is the breath of intellectual life to any people was restrained and stifled. Some departments of literature, such as forensic eloquence and eloquence of the pulpit, satirical poetry, and elegant didactic prose, hardly appeared at all; others, like epic

poetry, were strangely perverted and misdirected; while yet others, like the drama, the ballads, and the lighter forms of lyrical verse, seemed to grow exuberant and lawless, from the very restraints imposed on the rest,—restraints which, in fact, forced poetical genius into channels where it would otherwise have flowed much more scantily and with much less luxuriant results.

“The books that were published during the whole period on which we are now entering, and indeed for a century later, bore everywhere marks of the subjection to which the press and those who wrote for it were alike reduced. From the abject title-pages and dedications of the authors themselves, through the crowd of certificates collected from their friends to establish the orthodoxy of works that were often as little connected with religion as fairy-tales, down to the colophon, supplicating pardon for any unconscious neglect of the authority of the Church or any too free use of classical mythology, we are continually oppressed with painful proofs not only how completely the human mind was enslaved in Spain, but how grievously it had become cramped and crippled by the chains it had so long worn.

“But we shall be greatly in error if, as we notice these deep marks and strange peculiarities in Spanish literature, we suppose they were produced by the direct action either of the Inquisition or of the civil government of the country, compressing, as if with a physical power, the whole circle of society. This would have been impossible. No nation would have submitted to it; much less so high-spirited and chivalrous a nation as the Spanish in the reign of Charles the Fifth and in the greater part of that of Philip the Second. This dark work was done earlier. Its foundations were laid deep and sure in the old Castilian character. It was the result of the excess and misdirection of that very Christian zeal which fought so fervently and gloriously against the intrusion of Mohammedanism into Europe, and of that military loyalty which sustained the Spanish princes so faithfully through the whole of that terrible contest; both of them high and ennobling principles, which in Spain were more wrought into the popular character than they ever were in any other country.

“Spanish submission to an unworthy despotism, and Spanish bigotry, were, therefore, not the results of the Inquisition and the modern appliances of a corrupting monarchy, but the Inquisition and the despotism were rather the results of a misdirection of the old religious faith and loyalty. The civilization that recognized such elements presented, no doubt, much that was brilliant, picturesque, and ennobling; but it was not without its darker side; for it failed to excite and cherish many of the most elevating qualities of our common nature,—those qualities which are produced in domestic life and result in the cultivation of the arts of peace.

“As we proceed, therefore, we shall find, in the full development of the Spanish character and literature, seeming contradictions, which can be reconciled only by looking back to the foundations on which they both rest. We shall find the Inquisition at the height of its power, and a free and immoral drama at the height of its popularity,—Philip the Second and his two immediate successors governing the country with the severest and most jealous despotism, while Quevedo was writing his witty and dangerous satires, and Cervantes his genial and wise *Don Quixote*. But the more carefully we consider such a state of things, the more we shall see that these are moral contradictions which draw after them grave moral mischiefs. The Spanish nation and the men of genius who illustrated its best days might be light-hearted because they did not perceive the limits within which they were con-

fined, or did not, for a time, feel the restraints that were imposed upon them. What they gave up might be given up with cheerful hearts, and not with a sense of discouragement and degradation; it might be done in the spirit of loyalty and with the fervour of religious zeal; but it is not at all the less true that the hard limits were there, and that great sacrifices of the best elements of the national character must follow.

"Of this, time gave abundant proof. Only a little more than a century elapsed before the government that had threatened the world with a universal empire was hardly able to repel invasion from abroad, or maintain the allegiance of its own subjects at home. Life—the vigorous, poetical life which had been kindled through the country in its ages of trial and adversity—was evidently passing out of the whole Spanish character. As a people they sunk away from being a first-rate power in Europe, till they became one of altogether inferior importance and consideration, and then, drawing back haughtily behind their mountains, rejected all equal intercourse with the rest of the world, in a spirit almost as exclusive and intolerant as that in which they had formerly refused intercourse with their Arab conquerors. The crude and gross wealth poured in from their American possessions sustained, indeed, for yet another century the forms of a miserable political existence in their government; but the earnest faith, the loyalty, the dignity of the Spanish people were gone, and little remained in their place but a weak subserviency to the unworthy masters of the state, and a low, timid bigotry in whatever related to religion. The old enthusiasm, rarely directed by wisdom from the first, and often misdirected afterwards, faded away; and the poetry of the country, which had always depended more on the state of the popular feeling than any other poetry of modern times, faded and failed with it."

The first thing that strikes us, at the very commencement of this new period, is the attempt to subject the Castilian to Italian forms of versification. This attempt, through the perfect tact of Boscan and the delicate genius of Garcilasso, who rivalled in their own walks the greatest masters of Italian verse, was eminently successful. It would indeed be wonderful if the intimate relations now established between Spain and Italy did not lead to a reciprocal influence of their literatures on each other. The two languages, descended from the same parent stock, the Latin, were nearest of kin to each other,—in the relation, if we may so speak, of brother and sister. The Castilian, with its deep Arabic gutturals, and its clear, sonorous sounds, had the masculine character, which assorted well with the more feminine graces of the Italian, with its musical cadences and soft vowel terminations. The transition from one language to the other was almost as natural as from the dialect of one province of a country to that of its neighbour.

The revolution thus effected went far below the surface of Spanish poetry. It is for this reason that we are satisfied that Mr. Ticknor has judged wisely, as we have before intimated, in arranging the division-lines of his two periods in such a manner as to throw into the former that primitive portion of the national literature which was untouched, at least to any considerable extent, by a foreign influence.

Yet in the compositions of this second period it must be admitted that by far the greater portion of what is really good rests on the original basis of the national character, though under the controlling influences of a riper age of civilization. And foremost of the great writers of this national school we find the author of "Don Quixote," whose fame seems now to belong to Europe as much as to the land that gave him birth. Mr. Ticknor has given a very interesting notice of the great writer and of his various compositions. The

materials for this are, for the most part, not very difficult to be procured; for Cervantes is the author whom his countrymen, since his death, with a spirit very different from that of his contemporaries, have most delighted to honour. Fortunately, the Castilian romancer has supplied us with materials for his own biography, which remind us of the lamentable poverty under which we labour in all that relates to his contemporary, Shakspeare. In Mr. Ticknor's biographical notice the reader will find some details probably not familiar to him, and a careful discussion of those points over which still rests any cloud of uncertainty.

He inquires into the grounds of the imputation of an unworthy jealousy having existed between Lope and his illustrious rival, and we heartily concur with him in the general results of his investigation :

"Concerning his relations with Lope de Vega there has been much discussion to little purpose. Certain it is that Cervantes often praises this great literary idol of his age, and that four or five times Lope stoops from his pride of place and compliments Cervantes, though never beyond the measure of praise he bestows on many whose claims were greatly inferior. But in his stately flight it is plain that he soared much above the author of *Don Quixote*, to whose highest merits he seemed carefully to avoid all homage; and though I find no sufficient reason to suppose their relation to each other was marked by any personal jealousy or ill will, as has been sometimes supposed, yet I can find no proof that it was either intimate or kindly. On the contrary, when we consider the good nature of Cervantes, which made him praise to excess nearly all his other literary contemporaries, as well as the greatest of them all, and when we allow for the frequency of hyperbole in such praises at that time, which prevented them from being what they would now be, we may perceive an occasional coolness in his manner, when he speaks of Lope, which shows that, without overrating his own merits and claims, he was not insensible to the difference in their respective positions, or to the injustice towards himself implied by it. Indeed, his whole tone, whenever he notices Lope, seems to be marked with much personal dignity, and to be singularly honourable to him."

Mr. Ticknor, in a note to the above, states that he has been able to find only five passages in all Lope de Vega's works where there is any mention of Cervantes, and not one of these written after the appearance of the "*Don Quixote*," during its author's lifetime,—a significant fact. One of the passages to which our author refers, and which is from the "*Laurel de Apolo*," contains, he says, "a somewhat stiff eulogy on Cervantes." We quote the original couplet, which alludes to the injury inflicted on Cervantes's hand in the great battle of Lepanto :

"Porque se diga que una mano herida
Pudo dar á su dueño eterna vida."

Which may be rendered,

"The hand, though crippled in the glorious strife,
Sufficed to gain its lord eternal life."

We imagine that most who read the distich—the Castilian, not the English—will be disposed to regard it as no inelegant, and certainly not a parsimonious, tribute from one bard to another,—at least, if made in the lifetime of the subject of it. Unfortunately, it was not written till some fourteen years after the death of Cervantes, when he was beyond the power of being pleased or profited by praise from any quarter.

Mr. Ticknor closes the sketch of Cervantes with some pertinent and touching reflections on the circumstances under which his great work was composed :

“The romance which he threw so carelessly from him, and which, I am persuaded, he regarded rather as a bold effort to break up the absurd taste of his time for the fancies of chivalry than as anything of more serious import, has been established by an uninterrupted, and, it may be said, an unquestioned, success ever since, both as the oldest classical specimen of romantic fiction, and as one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius. But, though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled; for, if we would do him the justice that would have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote*, we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that—with all its unquenchable and irresistible humour, with its bright views of the world, and its cheerful trust in goodness and virtue—it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectations, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in a prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart. If this be remembered as we read, we may feel, as we ought to feel, what admiration and reverence are due not only to the living power of *Don Quixote*, but to the character and genius of Cervantes.”

The next name that meets us in the volume is that of Lope de Vega Carpio, the idol of his generation, who lived, in all the enjoyment of wealth and worldly honours, in the same city, and, as some accounts state, in the same street, where his illustrious rival was pining in poverty and neglect. If posterity has reversed the judgment of their contemporaries, still we cannot withhold our admiration at the inexhaustible invention of Lope and the miraculous facility of his composition. His achievements in this way, perfectly well authenticated, are yet such as to stagger credibility. He wrote in all about eighteen hundred regular dramas, and four hundred autos,—pieces of one act each. Besides this, he composed, at leisure intervals, no less than twenty-one printed volumes of miscellaneous poetry, including eleven narrative and didactic poems of much length, in *ottava rima*, and seven hundred sonnets, also in the Italian measure. His comedies, amounting to between two and three thousand lines each, were mostly rhymed, and interspersed with ballads, sonnets, and different kinds of versification. Critics have sometimes amused themselves with computing the amount of matter thus actually thrown off by him in the course of his dramatic career. The sum swells to twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses! He lived to the age of seventy-two, and if we allow him to have employed fifty years—which will not be far from the truth—in his theatrical compositions, it will give an average of something like a play a week, through the whole period, to say nothing of the epics and other miscellanies! He tells us, farther, that on one occasion he produced five entire plays in a fortnight. And his biographer assures us that more than once he turned off a whole drama in twenty-four hours. These plays, it will be recollected, with their stores of invention and fluent versification, were the delight of all classes of his countrymen, and the copious fountain of supply to half the theatres of Europe. Well might Cervantes call him the “*monstruo de naturaleza*,”—the “miracle of nature.”

The vast popularity of Lope, and the unprecedented amount of his labours, brought with them, as might be expected, a substantial recompense. This remuneration was of the most honourable kind, for it was chiefly derived from

the public. It is said to have amounted to no less than a hundred thousand ducats,—which, estimating the ducat at its probable value of six or seven dollars of our day, has no parallel—or perhaps not more than one—upon record.

Yet Lope did not refuse the patronage of the great. From the Duke of Sessa he is said to have received, in the course of his life, more than twenty thousand ducats. Another of his noble patrons was the Duke of Alva; not the terrible Duke of the Netherlands, but his grandson,—a man of some literary pretensions, hardly claimed for his great ancestor. Yet with the latter he has been constantly confounded, by Lord Holland, in his life of the poet, by Southey, after an examination of the matter, and lastly, though with some distrust, by Nicholas Antonio, the learned Castilian biographer. Mr. Ticknor shows beyond a doubt, from a critical examination of the subject, that they are all in error. The inquiry and the result are clearly stated in the notes, and are one among the many evidences which these notes afford of the minute and very accurate researches of our author into matters of historical interest that have baffled even the Castilian scholars.

We remember meeting with something of a similar blunder in Schlegel's Dramatic Lectures, where he speaks of the poet Garcilasso de la Vega as descended from the Peruvian Incas, and as having lost his life before Tunis. The fact is that the poet died at Nice, and that, too, some years before the birth of the Inca Garcilasso, with whom Schlegel so strangely confounds him. One should be charitable to such errors,—though a dogmatic critic like Schlegel has as little right as any to demand such charity,—for we well know how difficult it is always to escape them, when, as in Castile, the same name seems to descend, as an heirloom, from one generation to another, if it be not, indeed, shared by more than one of the same generation. In the case of the Duke of Alva there was not even this apology.

Mr. Ticknor has traced the personal history of Lope de Vega, so as to form a running commentary on his literary. It will be read with satisfaction even by those who are familiar with Lord Holland's agreeable life of the poet, since the publication of which more ample researches have been made into the condition of the Castilian drama. Those who are disposed to set too high a value on the advantages of literary success may learn a lesson by seeing how ineffectual it was to secure the happiness of that spoiled child of fortune. We give our author's account of his latter days, when his mind had become infected with the religious gloom which has too often settled round the evening of life with the fanatical Spaniard:

“But, as his life drew to a close, his religious feelings, mingled with a melancholy fanaticism, predominated more and more. Much of his poetry composed at this time expressed them; and at last they rose to such a height that he was almost constantly in a state of excited melancholy, or, as it was then beginning to be called, of hypochondria. Early in the month of August he felt himself extremely weak, and suffered more than ever from that sense of discouragement which was breaking down his resources and strength. His thoughts, however, were so exclusively occupied with his spiritual condition that, even when thus reduced, he continued to fast, and on one occasion went through with a private discipline so cruel that the walls of the apartment where it occurred were afterwards found sprinkled with his blood. From this he never recovered. He was taken ill the same night; and, after fulfilling the offices prescribed by his Church with the most submissive devotion,—mourning that he had ever been engaged in any occupations but such as were exclusively religious,—he died on the 25th of August, 1635, nearly seventy-three years old.

"The sensation produced by his death was such as is rarely witnessed even in the case of those upon whom depends the welfare of nations. The Duke of Sessa, who was his especial patron, and to whom he left his manuscripts, provided for the funeral in a manner becoming his own wealth and rank. It lasted nine days. The crowds that thronged to it were immense. Three bishops officiated, and the first nobles of the land attended as mourners. Eulogies and poems followed on all sides, and in numbers all but incredible. Those written in Spain make one considerable volume, and end with a drama in which his apotheosis was brought upon the public stage. Those written in Italy are hardly less numerous, and fill another. But more touching than any of them was the prayer of that much-loved daughter, who had been shut up from the world fourteen years, that the long funeral procession might pass by her convent and permit her once more to look on the face she so tenderly venerated: and more solemn than any was the mourning of the multitude, from whose dense mass audible sobs burst forth as his remains slowly descended from their sight into the house appointed for all living."

Mr. Ticknor follows up his biographical sketch of Lope with an analysis of his plays, concluding the whole with a masterly review of his qualities as a dramatic writer. The discussion has a wider import than at first appears. For Lope de Vega, although he built on the foundations of the ancient drama, yet did this in such a manner as to settle the forms of this department of literature for ever for his countrymen.

It would be interesting to compare the great Spanish dramatist with Shakspeare, who flourished at the same period, and who, in like manner, stamped his own character on the national theatre. Both drew their fictions from every source indiscriminately, and neither paid regard to probabilities of chronology, geography, or scarcely history. Time, place, and circumstance were of little moment in their eyes. Both built their dramas on the romantic model, with its magic scenes of joy and sorrow, in the display of which each was master in his own way; though the English poet could raise the tone of sentiment to a moral grandeur which the Castilian, with all the tragic colouring of his pencil, could never reach. Both fascinated their audiences by that sweet and natural flow of language, that seemed to set itself to music as it was uttered. But, however much alike in other points, there was one distinguishing feature in each, which removed them and their dramas far as the poles asunder.

Shakspeare's great object was the exhibition of character. To this everything was directed. Situation, dialogue, story,—all were employed only to this great end. This was in perfect accordance with the taste of his nation, as shown through the whole of its literature, from Chaucer to Scott. Lope de Vega, on the other hand, made so little account of character that he reproduces the same leading personages, in his different plays, over and over again, as if they had been all cast in the same mould. The *galan*, the *dama*, the *gracioso*, or buffoon, recur as regularly as the clown in the old English comedy, and their *role* is even more precisely defined.

The paramount object with Lope was the intrigue,—the story. His plays were, what Mr. Ticknor well styles them, dramatic novels. And this, as our author remarks, was perfectly conformable to the prevalent spirit of Spanish literature,—clearly narrative,—as shown in its long epics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, its host of ballads, its gossiping chronicles, its chivalrous romances. The great purpose of Lope was to excite and maintain an interest in the story. "Keep the *dénouement* in suspense," he says: "if it be once surmised, your audience will turn their backs on you." He frequently com-

plicates his intrigues in such a manner that only the closest attention can follow them. He cautions his hearers to give this attention, especially at the outset.

Lope, with great tact, accommodated his theatre to the prevailing taste of his countrymen. "Plautus and Terence," he says, "I throw into the fire when I begin to write;" thus showing that it was not by accident but on a settled principle that he arranged the forms of his dramas. It is the favourite principle of modern economists, that of consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Lope did so, and was rewarded for it not merely by the applause of the million, but by that of every Spaniard, high and low, in the country. In all this, Lope de Vega acted on strictly philosophical principles. He conformed to the romantic, although the distinction was not then properly understood; and he thought it necessary to defend his departure from the rules of the ancients. But, in truth, such rules were not suited to the genius and usages of the Spaniards, any more than of the English; and more than one experiment proved that they would be as little tolerated by the one people as the other.

It is remarkable that the Spaniards, whose language rests so broadly on the Latin, in the same manner as with the French and the Italians, should have refused to rest their literature, like them, on the classic models of antiquity, and have chosen to conform to the romantic spirit of the more northern nations of the Teutonic family. It was the paramount influence of the Gothic element in their character, co-operating with the peculiar and most stimulating influences of their early history.

We close our remarks on Lope de Vega with some excellent reflections of our author on the rapidity of his composition, and showing to what extent his genius was revered by his contemporaries:

"Lope de Vega's immediate success, as we have seen, was in proportion to his rare powers and favourable opportunities. For a long time nobody else was willingly heard on the stage; and during the whole of the forty or fifty years that he wrote for it, he stood quite unapproached in general popularity. His unnumbered plays and farces, in all the forms that were demanded by the fashions of the age or permitted by religious authority, filled the theatres both of the capital and the provinces; and so extraordinary was the impulse he gave to dramatic representations that, though there were only two companies of strolling players at Madrid when he began, there were about the period of his death no less than forty, comprehending nearly a thousand persons.

"Abroad, too, his fame was hardly less remarkable. In Rome, Naples, and Milan his dramas were performed in their original language; in France and Italy his name was announced in order to fill the theatres when no play of his was to be performed; and once even, and probably oftener, one of his dramas was represented in the seraglio at Constantinople. But perhaps neither all this popularity, nor yet the crowds that followed him in the streets and gathered in the balconies to watch him as he passed along, nor the name of Lope, that was given to whatever was esteemed singularly good in its kind, is so striking a proof of his dramatic success as the fact, so often complained of by himself and his friends, that multitudes of his plays were fraudently noted down as they were acted, and then printed for profit throughout Spain, and that multitudes of other plays appeared under his name, and were represented all over the provinces, that he had never heard of till they were published and performed.

"A large income naturally followed such popularity, for his plays were

liberally paid for by the actors; and he had patrons of a munificence unknown in our days, and always undesirable. But he was thriftless and wasteful, exceedingly charitable, and, in hospitality to his friends, prodigal. He was, therefore, almost always embarrassed. At the end of his 'Jerusalem,' printed as early as 1609, he complains of the pressure of his domestic affairs; and in his old age he addressed some verses, in the nature of a petition, to the still more thriftless Philip the Fourth, asking the means of living for himself and daughter. After his death, his poverty was fully admitted by his executor; and yet, considering the relative value of money, no poet, perhaps, ever received so large a compensation for his works.

"It should, however, be remembered that no other poet ever wrote so much with popular effect. For, if we begin with his dramatic compositions, which are the best of his efforts, and go down to his epics, which, on the whole, are the worst, we shall find the amount of what was received with favour, as it came from the press, quite unparalleled. And when to this we are compelled to add his own assurance, just before his death, that the greater part of his works still remained in manuscript, we pause in astonishment, and, before we are able to believe the account, demand some explanation that will make it credible,—an explanation which is the more important because it is the key to much of his personal character, as well as of his poetical success. And it is this. No poet of any considerable reputation ever had a genius so nearly related to that of an improvisator, or ever indulged his genius so freely in the spirit of improvisation. This talent has always existed in the southern countries of Europe, and in Spain has, from the first, produced, in different ways, the most extraordinary results. We owe to it the invention and perfection of the old ballads, which were originally improvised and then preserved by tradition; and we owe to it the *seguidillas*, the *boleros*, and all the other forms of popular poetry that still exist in Spain, and are daily poured forth by the fervent imaginations of the uncultivated classes of the people, and sung to the national music, that sometimes seems to fill the air by night as the light of the sun does by day.

"In the time of Lope de Vega the passion for such improvisation had risen higher than it ever rose before, if it had not spread out more widely. Actors were expected sometimes to improvise on themes given to them by the audience. Extemporaneous dramas, with all the varieties of verse demanded by a taste formed in the theatres, were not of rare occurrence. Philip the Fourth, Lope's patron, had such performed in his presence, and bore a part in them himself. And the famous Count de Lemos, the viceroy of Naples, to whom Cervantes was indebted for so much kindness, kept, as an *apanage* to his viceroyalty, a poetical court, of which the two Argensolas were the chief ornaments, and in which extemporaneous plays were acted with brilliant success.

"Lope de Vega's talent was undoubtedly of near kindred to this genius of improvisation, and produced its extraordinary results by a similar process and in the same spirit. He dictated verse, we are told, with ease, more rapidly than an amanuensis could take it down; and wrote out an entire play in two days which could with difficulty be transcribed by a copyist in the same time. He was not absolutely an improvisator, for his education and position naturally led him to devote himself to written composition; but he was continually on the borders of whatever belongs to an improvisator's peculiar province,—was continually showing, in his merits and defects, in his ease, grace, and sudden resource, in his wildness and extravagance, in the happiness of his versification and the prodigal abundance of his imagery, that a very little more free-

dom, a very little more indulgence given to his feelings and his fancy, would have made him at once and entirely, not only an improvisator, but the most remarkable one that ever lived."

We pass over the long array of dramatic writers who trod closely in the footsteps of their great master, as well as a lively notice of the satirist Quevedo, and come at once to Calderon de la Barca, the great poet who divided with Lope the empire of the Spanish stage.

Our author has given a full biography of this famous dramatist, to which we must refer the reader; and we know of no other history in English where he can meet with it at all. Calderon lived in the reign of Philip the Fourth, which, extending from 1621 to 1665, comprehends the most flourishing period of the Castilian theatre. The elegant tastes of the monarch, with his gay and gracious manners, formed a contrast to the austere temper of the other princes of the house of Austria. He was not only the patron of the drama, but a professor of the dramatic art, and, indeed, a performer. He wrote plays himself, and acted them in his own palace. His nobles, following his example, turned their saloons into theatres; and the great towns, and many of the smaller ones, partaking of the enthusiasm of the court, had their own theatres and companies of actors, which altogether amounted, at one time, to no less than three hundred. One may understand that it required no small amount of material to keep such a vast machinery in motion.

At the head of this mighty apparatus was the poet Calderon, the favourite of the court even more than Lope de Vega, but not more than he the favourite of the nation. He was fully entitled to this high distinction, if we are to receive half that is said of him by the German critics, among whom Schlegel particularly celebrates him as displaying the purest model of the romantic ideal, the most perfect development of the sentiments of love, heroism, and religious devotion. This exaggerated tone of eulogy calls forth the rebuke of Sismondi, who was educated in a different school of criticism, and whose historical pursuits led him to look below the surface of things to their moral tendencies. By this standard Calderon has failed. And yet it seems to be a just standard, even when criticising a work by the rules of art; for a disregard of the obvious laws of morality is a violation of the principles of taste, on which the beautiful must rest. Not that Calderon's plays are chargeable with licentiousness or indecency to a greater extent than was common in the writers of the period. But they show a lamentable confusion of ideas in regard to the first principles of morality, by entirely confounding the creed of the individual with his religion. A conformity to the established creed is virtue, the departure from it vice. It is impossible to conceive, without reading his performances, to what revolting consequences this confusion of the moral perceptions perpetually leads.

Yet Calderon should not incur the reproach of hypocrisy, but that of fanaticism. He was the very dupe of superstition; and the spirit of fanaticism he shares with the greater part of his countrymen—even the most enlightened—of that period. Hypocrisy may have been the sin of the Puritan, but fanaticism was the sin of the Catholic Spaniard of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The one quality may be thought to reflect more discredit on the heart, the other on the head. The philosopher may speculate on their comparative moral turpitude; but the pages of history show that fanaticism armed with power has been the most fruitful parent of misery to mankind.

Calderon's drama turns on the most exaggerated principles of honour, jealousy, and revenge, mingled with the highest religious exaltation. Some of these sentiments, usually referred to the influence of the Arabs, Mr. Ticknor

traces to the ancient Gothic laws, which formed the basis of the early Spanish jurisprudence. The passages he cites are pertinent, and his theory is plausible; yet in the relations with woman we suspect much must still be allowed for the long contact with the jealous Arabian.

Calderon's characters and sentiments are formed for the most part on a purely ideal standard. The incidents of his plots are even more startling than those of Lope de Vega, more monstrous than the fictions of Dumas or Eugène Sue. But his thoughts are breathed forth in the intoxicating language of passion, with all the glowing imagery of the East, and in tones of the richest melody of which the Castilian tongue is capable.

Mr. Ticknor has enlivened his analysis of Calderon's drama with several translations, as usual, from which we should be glad to extract, but must content ourselves with the concluding portion of his criticism, where he sums up the prominent qualities of the bard:

"Calderon neither effected nor attempted any great changes in the forms of the drama. Two or three times, indeed, he prepared dramas that were either wholly sung, or partly sung and partly spoken; but even these, in their structure, were no more operas than his other plays, and were only a courtly luxury, which it was attempted to introduce, in imitation of the genuine opera just brought into France by Louis the Fourteenth, with whose court that of Spain was now intimately connected. But this was all. Calderon has added to the stage no new form of dramatic composition. Nor has he much modified those forms which had been already arranged and settled by Lope de Vega. But he has shown more technical exactness in combining his incidents, and arranged everything more skilfully for stage effect. He has given to the whole a new colouring, and, in some respects, a new physiognomy. His drama is more poetical in its tone and tendencies, and has less the air of truth and reality, than that of his great predecessor. In its more successful portions—which are rarely objectionable from their moral tone—it seems almost as if we were transported to another and more gorgeous world, where the scenery is lighted up with unknown and preternatural splendour, and where the motives and passions of the personages that pass before us are so highly wrought that we must have our own feelings not a little stirred and excited before we can take an earnest interest in what we witness or sympathize in its results. But even in this he is successful. The buoyancy of life and spirit that he has infused into the gayer divisions of his drama, and the moving tenderness that pervades its graver and more tragical portions, lift us unconsciously to the height where alone his brilliant exhibitions can prevail with our imaginations,—where alone we can be interested and deluded when we find ourselves in the midst not only of such a confusion of the different forms of the drama, but of such a confusion of the proper limits of dramatic and lyrical poetry.

"To this elevated tone, and to the constant effort necessary in order to sustain it, we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual and characteristic in his separate merits and defects. It makes him less easy, graceful, and natural than Lope. It imparts to his style a mannerism which, notwithstanding the marvellous richness and fluency of his versification, sometimes wearies and sometimes offends us. It leads him to repeat from himself till many of his personages become standing characters, and his heroes and their servants, his ladies and their confidants, his old men and his buffoons, seem to be produced, like the masked figures of the ancient theatre, to represent, with the same attributes and in the same costume, the different intrigues of his various plots. It leads him, in short, to regard the whole of the Spanish drama as a form, within whose

limits his imagination may be indulged without restraint, and in which Greeks and Romans, heathen divinities, and the supernatural fictions of Christian tradition, may be all brought out in Spanish fashions and with Spanish feelings, and led, through a succession of ingenious and interesting adventures, to the catastrophes their stories happen to require.

"In carrying out this theory of the Spanish drama, Calderon, as we have seen, often succeeds, and often fails. But when he succeeds, his success is sometimes of no common character. He then sets before us only models of ideal beauty, perfection, and splendour,—a world, he would have it, into which nothing should enter but the highest elements of the national genius. There, the fervid yet grave enthusiasm of the old Castilian heroism, the chivalrous adventures of modern, courtly honour, the generous self-devotion of individual loyalty, and that reserved but passionate love which, in a state of society where it was so rigorously withdrawn from notice, became a kind of unacknowledged religion of the heart, all seem to find their appropriate home. And when he has once brought us into this land of enchantment, whose glowing impossibilities his own genius has created, and has called around him forms of such grace and loveliness as those of Clara and Doña Angela, or heroic forms like those of Tuzani, Mariamne, and Don Ferdinand, then he has reached the highest point he ever attained, or ever proposed to himself; he has set before us the grand show of an idealized drama, resting on the purest and noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its unquestionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry."

We shall not attempt to follow down the long file of dramatic writers who occupy the remainder of the period. Their name is legion; and we are filled with admiration as we reflect on the intrepid diligence with which our author has waded through this amount of matter, and the fidelity with which he has rendered to the respective writers literary justice. We regret, however, that we have not space to select, as we had intended, some part of his lively account of the Spanish players, and of the condition of the stage. It is collected from various obscure sources, and contains many curious particulars. They show that the Spanish theatre was conducted in a manner so dissimilar from what exists in other European nations as perfectly to vindicate its claims to originality.

It must not be supposed that the drama, though the great national diversion, was allowed to go on in Spain, any more than in other countries, in an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. It met with considerable opposition more than once in its career; and, on the representations of the clergy, at the close of Philip the Second's reign, performances were wholly interdicted, on the ground of their licentiousness. For two years the theatre was closed. But on the death of that gloomy monarch the drama, in obedience to the public voice, was renewed in greater splendour than before. It was urged by its friends that the theatre was required to pay a portion of its proceeds to certain charitable institutions, and this made all its performances in some sort an exercise of charity. Lope de Vega also showed his address by his *Comedias de Santos*, under which pious name the life of some saint or holy man was portrayed, which, however edifying in its close, afforded, too often, as great a display of profligacy in its earlier portions as is to be found in any of the secular plays of the *capa y espada*. His experiment seems to have satisfied the consciences of the opponents of the drama, or at least to have silenced their opposition. It reminds us of the manner in which some among us, who seem to have regarded the theatre with the antipathy entertained by

our Puritan fathers, have found their scruples vanish at witnessing these exhibitions under the more reputable names of "Athenæum," "Museum," or "Lyceum."

Our author has paid due attention to the other varieties of elegant literature which occupy this prolific period. We can barely enumerate the titles. Epic poetry has not secured to itself the same rank in Castile as in many other countries. At the head stands the "Araucana" of Ercilla, which Voltaire appears to have preferred to "Paradise Lost"! Yet it is little more than a chronicle done in rhyme; and, notwithstanding certain passages of energy and poetic eloquence, it is of more value as the historical record of an eye-witness than as a work of literary art.

In Pastoral poetry the Spaniards have better specimens. But they are specimens of an insipid kind of writing, notwithstanding it has found favour with the Italians, to whom it was introduced by a Spaniard,—a Spaniard in descent,—the celebrated author of the "Arcadia."

In the higher walks of Lyrical composition they have been more distinguished. The poetry of Herrera, in particular, seems to equal, in its dithyrambic flow, the best models of classic antiquity; while the muse of Luis de Leon is filled with the genuine inspiration of Christianity. Mr. Ticknor has given a pleasing portrait of this gentle enthusiast, whose life was consecrated to Heaven, and who preserved a tranquillity of temper unruffled by all the trials of an unmerited persecution.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a translation of one of his odes, as the last extract from our author. The subject is, the feelings of the disciples on witnessing the ascension of their Master:

"And dost thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thine unprotected flock alone,
Here, in this darksome vale, to grieve,
While thou ascend'st thy glorious throne?"

"Oh, where can they their hopes now turn
Who never lived but on thy love?
Where rest the hearts for thee that burn,
When thou art lost in light above?"

"How shall those eyes now find repose
That turn, in vain, thy smile to see?
What can they bear save mortal woes,
Who lose thy voice's melody?"

"And who shall lay his tranquil hand
Upon the troubled ocean's might?
Who hush the wind by his command?
Who guide us through this startless night?"

"For THOU art gone!—that cloud so bright,
That bears thee from our love away,
Springs upward through the dazzling light,
And leaves us here to weep and pray!"

A peculiar branch of Castilian literature is its Proverbs; those extracts of the popular wisdom,—“short sentences from long experience,” as Cervantes publicly styles them. They have been gathered, more than once, in Spain, into printed collections. One of these, in the last century, contains no less than twenty-four thousand of these sayings! And a large number was still left floating among the people. It is evidence of extraordinary sagacity in the nation that its humblest classes should have made such a contribution to

its literature. They have an additional value with purists for their idiomatic richness of expression,—like the *riboboli* of the Florentine mob, which the Tuscan critics hold in veneration as the racy runnings from the dregs of the people. These popular maxims may be rather compared to the copper coin of the country, which has the widest circulation of any, and bears the true stamp of antiquity,—not adulterated, as is too often the case with the finer metals.

The last department we shall notice is that of the Spanish Tales,—rich, various, and highly picturesque. One class—the *picaresco* tales—are those with which the world has become familiar in the specimen afforded by the “Gil Blas” of Le Sage, an imitation—a rare occurrence—surpassing the original. This amusing class of fictions has found peculiar favour with the Spaniards, from its lively sketches of character, and the contrast it delights to present of the pride and the poverty of the *hidalgo*. Yet this kind of satirical fiction was invented by a man of rank, and one of the proudest of his order.

Our remarks have swelled to a much greater compass than we had intended, owing to the importance of the work before us, and the abundance of the topics, little familiar to the English reader. We have no room, therefore, for farther discussion of this second period, so fruitful in great names, and pass over, though reluctantly, our author’s criticism on the historical writings of the age, in which he has penetrated below the surface of their literary forms to the scientific principles on which they were constructed.

Neither can we pause on the last of the three great periods into which our author has distributed the work, and which extends from the accession of the Bourbon dynasty in 1700 to some way into the present century. The omission is of the less consequence, from the lamentable decline of the literature, owing to the influence of French models, as well as to the political decline of the nation under the last princes of the Austrian dynasty. The circumstances which opened the way both to this social and literary degeneracy are well portrayed by Mr. Ticknor, and his account will be read with profit by the student of history.

We regret still more that we can but barely allude to the Appendix, which, in the eye of the Spanish critic, will form not the least important portion of the work. Besides several long poems, highly curious for their illustration of the ancient literature, now for the first time printed from the original manuscripts, we have, at the outset, a discussion of the origin and formation of the Castilian tongue, a truly valuable philological contribution. The subject has too little general attraction to allow its appearance in the body of the text; but those students who would obtain a thorough knowledge of the Castilian and the elements of which it is compounded will do well to begin the perusal of the work with this elaborate essay.

Neither have we room to say anything of our author’s inquiry into the genuineness of two works which have much engaged the attention of Castilian scholars, and both of which he pronounces apocryphal. The manner in which the inquiry is conducted affords a fine specimen of literary criticism. In one of these discussions occurs a fact worthy of note. An ecclesiastic named Barrientos, of John the Second’s court, has been accused of delivering to the flames, on the charge of necromancy, the library of a scholar then lately deceased, the famous Marquis of Villena. The good bishop, from his own time to the present, has suffered under this grievous imputation, which ranks him with Omar. Mr. Ticknor now cites a manuscript letter of the bishop himself, distinctly explaining that it was by the royal command that this

literary *auto da fé* was celebrated. This incident is one proof among many of the rare character of our author's materials, and of the careful study which he has given to them.

Spanish literature has been until now less thoroughly explored than the literature of almost any other European nation. Everybody has read "Gil Blas," and, through this foreign source, has got a good idea of the social condition of Spain at the period to which it belongs; and the social condition of that country is slower to change than that of any other country. Everybody has read "Don Quixote," and thus formed, or been able to form, some estimate of the high value of the Castilian literature. Yet the world, for the most part, seems to be content to take Montesquieu's witticism for truth,—that "the Spaniards have produced one good book, and the object of that was to laugh at all the rest." All, however, have not been so ignorant; and more than one cunning adventurer has found his way into the pleasant field of Castilian letters and carried off materials of no little value for the composition of his own works. Such was Le Sage, as shown in more than one of his productions; such, too, were various of the dramatic writers of France and other countries, where the extent of the plunder can only be estimated by those who have themselves delved in the rich mines of Spanish lore.

Mr. Ticknor has now, for the first time, fully surveyed the ground, systematically arranged its various productions, and explored their character and properties. In the disposition of his immense mass of materials he has maintained the most perfect order, so distributing them as to afford every facility for the comprehension of the student.

We are everywhere made conscious of the abundance not merely of these materials—though one-third of the subjects brought under review, at least, are new to the public—but of the writer's intellectual resources. We feel that we are supplied from a reservoir that has been filled to overflowing from the very fountains of the Muses, which is, moreover, fed from other sources than those of the Castilian literature. By his critical acquaintance with the literatures of other nations, Mr. Ticknor has all the means at command for illustration and comparison. The extent of this various knowledge may be gathered from his notes, even more than from the text. A single glance at these will show on how broad a foundation the narrative rests. They contain stores of personal anecdote, criticism, and literary speculation that might almost furnish materials for another work like the present.

Mr. Ticknor's History is conducted in a truly philosophical spirit. Instead of presenting a barren record of books,—which, like the catalogue of a gallery of paintings, is of comparatively little use to those who have not previously studied them,—he illustrates the works by the personal history of their authors, and this, again, by the history of the times in which they lived; affording, by the reciprocal action of one on the other, a complete record of Spanish civilization, both social and intellectual. It would be difficult to find a work more thoroughly penetrated with the true Castilian spirit, or to which the general student, or the student of civil history, may refer with no less advantage than one who is simply interested in the progress of letters. A pertinent example of this is in the account of Columbus, which contains passages from the correspondence of that remarkable man, which, even after all that has been written on the subject,—and so well written,—throw important light on his character.

The tone of criticism in these volumes is temperate and candid. We cannot but think Mr. Ticknor has profited largely by the former discussion of this subject in his academic lectures. Not that the present book bears much

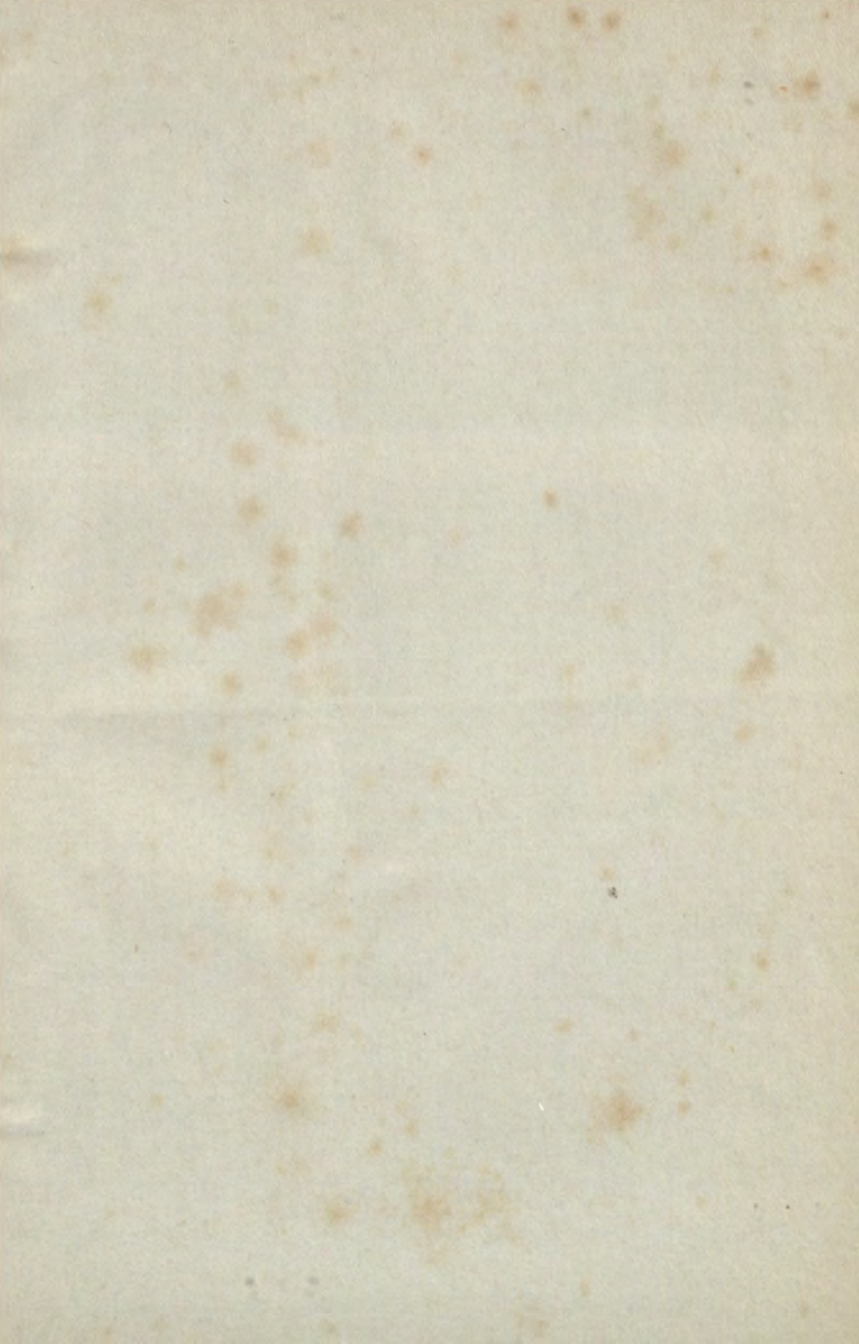
resemblance to those lectures,—certainly not more than must necessarily occur in the discussion of the same subject by the same mind, after a long interval of time. But this interval has enabled him to review, and no doubt in some cases to reverse, his earlier judgments, and his present decisions come before us as the ripe results of a long and patient meditation. This gives them still higher authority.

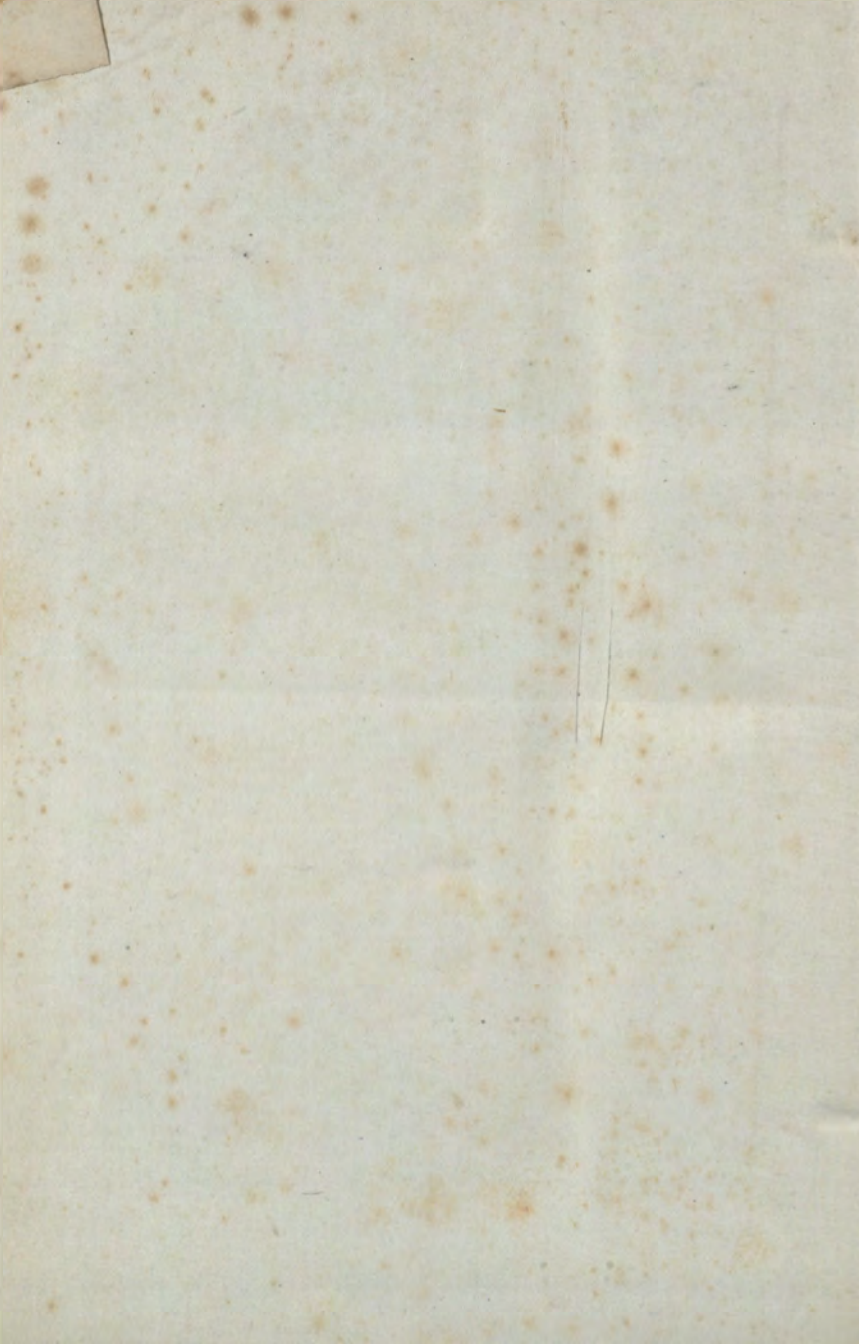
We cannot conclude without some notice of the style, so essential an element in a work of elegant literature. It is clear, classical, and correct, with a sustained moral dignity that not unfrequently rises to eloquence. But it is usually distinguished by a calm philosophical tenor that is well suited to the character of the subject. It is especially free from any tendency to mysticism,—from vagueness of expression,—a pretty sure indication of vague conceptions in the mind of the author, which he is apt to dignify with the name of philosophy.

In our criticism on Mr. Ticknor's labours, we may be thought to have dwelt too exclusively on his merits. It may be that we owe something to the contagion of his own generous and genial tone of criticism on others. Or it may be that we feel more than common interest in a subject which is not altogether new to us; and it is only an acquaintance with the subject that can enable one to estimate the difficulties of its execution. Where we have had occasion to differ from our author, we have freely stated it. But such instances are few and of no great moment. We consider the work as one that does honour to English literature. It cannot fail to attract much attention from European critics who are at all instructed in the topics which it discusses. We predict with confidence that it will be speedily translated into Castilian and into German, and that it must become the standard work on Spanish literature, not only for those who speak our own tongue, but for the Spaniards themselves.

We have still a word to add on the typographical execution of the book, not in reference to its mechanical beauty, which is equal to that of any other that has come from the Cambridge press, but in regard to its verbal accuracy. This is not an easy matter in a work like the present, involving such an amount of references in foreign languages, as well as the publication of poems of considerable length from manuscript, and that, too, in the Castilian. We doubt if any similar work of erudition has been executed by a foreign press with greater accuracy. We do not doubt that it would not have been so well executed, in this respect, by any other press in this country.









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