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Stories of Mexico and South America

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Stories of Mexico and South America

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Cortes and Montezuma

by

Mara Pratt

Cortes and Montezuma

When Columbus reached this continent of ours, he little knew how great a land was before him. Nor would he have then believed, had he been told, that in this new continent were people whose cities were hundreds of years old, and whose manners and customs were not so very different from those of the people of the "old world" he had just left.

I often wonder what he would have said, if he could have seen the ruins of the mound-builders, or had visited the beautiful golden cities of the Aztecs. His own surprise, I'm sure, would have been equal to that of the Spanish people themselves when Columbus returned from his long voyage and told them of the new shore across the great water.

Far inland from where Columbus landed was a wonderful city, called by its people Mexico. The king over these people, the Aztecs, was Montezuma. In reading of this king in history you will hear strangely contradictory stories of him. One historian will speak of him as "the gentle-hearted Monarch," giving you the impression that he was a veritable Philip Sydney in the midst of a barbarous community. Another will speak of him as a coward, a traitor, a deserter of his people in time of trouble,

and, withal, a stern unyielding tyrant. Surely he could not have been both these; and so, in reading of him it will be well not to agree quite with either side, but try, in our judgments of him, to remember his surroundings, the traditions that governed him, and to bear in mind the manner of people over whom he ruled, their demands and their needs.

Montezuma had been educated for the priesthood; though among the Aztecs a training for the priesthood was more a training for war than for peace.

As a youth Montezuma had little hope of becoming king; for, although his father had been king, it was the custom in this country for the office to go to the king's brother, if there was one, rather than to the son.

When Montezuma's uncles had both died, the four nobles who were elected to choose the next king met in solemn council. As Montezuma had been a successful warrior, had performed most acceptably his duties as priest, and was, moreover, unusually respectful and modest in behavior, the choice fell upon him. It is said that when the news of his election was brought him, he was most dutifully engaged in sweeping down the steps of the temple.

I wonder if the Aztecs believed their Montezuma would always conduct himself as humbly in the office of king as he had in the office of priest. I don't know that they would have liked him to, or

that they would even have approved of it had he done so. Judging from the reverence the half-civilized races show to their priests and kings, I should hardly think it would have been at all agreeable to these Aztecs. One thing, however, is sure, and that is that Montezuma as ruler gave them little opportunity to see whether they would have liked that manner of king or not. No sooner had he taken the oath of his office than he assumed, also, a manner of bearing and of living that, in their grandeur and formality, could hardly have been more lofty in the most cultured courts of Europe.

He allowed no one but nobles to serve him, and of these some six hundred waited daily upon him. He allowed no one to enter his presence without first removing his shoes. All who presented themselves before him bowed very low and said "Lord." Another bow, and "My Lord." Another, and "Great Lord." All this must be said in a low, reverential tone, and with bowed head.

Montezuma held himself as far too sacred to be gazed upon by the common people of his household. He always dined alone, and had drawn around him a golden screen that even his noble attendants might not gaze too curiously upon him as he ate. His dishes, too, of the finest material that his people could make, were never used a second time.

I hardly think you would have felt really at ease had you been invited to dine with this august

emperor. The ways of the people were curious enough, and the ways of the royalty were more curious still. When Montezuma announced himself as inclined to dine, a throng of young nobles appeared, bearing each some dainty dish with which to tempt their master's appetite. These were set upon the matted floor, and the young nobles at once retired to an ante-chamber, in which their dinner was to be served.

A beautiful Mexic woman then brought water with which his majesty's hands were washed, another arranged his robes, and others stood waiting to perform the least of Montezuma's commands.

He himself cast his glance over the many dishes set before him, and pointed with a golden rod to the dish that seemed most to catch his fancy.

All the other dishes were then carried to the nobles in the adjoining room. Montezuma's attendants then stood waiting, all with eyes turned away lest they should appear to see his royal highness in the process of eating.

After dinner Montezuma smoked and took a fine long nap; after which he was ready to meet his people. While he is taking his nap after this very stiff and unsocial dinner, let us look about his palace. It was a very large building of stone, with large, long rooms, sheathed with cedar and other sweet smelling woods. In the courts about the palace are beautiful lawns with splashing

fountains, gardens of rare and beautiful plants, tanks of fish, and great aviaries in which sang the beautiful, gay-colored tropical birds.

All these palace gardens, and all the city in fact, were kept in finest order. Nothing so incensed Montezuma, it is said, as sloveliness. Woe unto the serving man whose work was not well done. The streets of the city were, by his order, kept in such a condition of neatness that one could walk them without even soiling his feet.

Montezuma was also very liberal towards his people. The poor of his own city and in the immediate neighborhood were generously cared for by their king, and the king in return was loved and reverenced by his subjects. Contentment and prosperity seemed to prevail throughout the kingdom; and in comparison with other Indian peoples, Montezuma's were certainly in an advanced and comfortable condition.

But in the midst of all this came rumors of a strange new people, white men, who had landed on Mexican shores, and were marching inward to attack the Mexic cities. At the same time strange omens began to appear. The lake, suddenly, and without any known cause, rose, overflowed its banks, and destroyed a large part of the city. Then the great temple blazed up in a sudden light. Strange shooting fires appeared in the skies, and awful rumblings were heard beneath the earth.

Montezuma, very superstitious, and so restless

with fear, sought the advice of a neighboring king, who had marvelous powers of prophecy.

"These strange omens," said he, "are but the forerunners of your city's downfall."

Montezuma, knowing that the white men were advancing on his city, and believing implicitly in the prophecies of the reader of the stars, was filled now with a mysterious dread, a shadowy fear, a sad foreboding of what was to happen. Hour after hour he would sit in his favorite retreat among the cypress trees, pondering upon the fate he knew must fall upon his much loved city.

So, helplessly and hopelessly he awaited the coming of his foe. Never a thought had he that meantime he could make any preparations to protect his people from these white men, or in any way circumvent their plan of march and attack.

The gods had prophesied ruin to his people, and he had been educated to believe that nothing could change the decrees of the gods. To have thought of such a thing, much more to have tried in any way to resist a fate so decreed, would have been a sacrilege, an act so atrocious, so irreverent that nothing less than a thunderbolt would have been speedy enough punishment for the wicked mortal who had dared disregard the warnings of the gods.

So Montezuma sat in silence and in fear, dreading the coming disasters which were to overthrow his power, subjugate his people, and ruin his

beautiful and prosperous country. Remember all this, by and by, as you read how feebly Montezuma resisted the white man when at last he really came. You will know that it was not cowardice, but rather religious belief in the omniscience of his gods, that controlled Montezuma in the hour of trial and peril to his kingdom.

Hernando Cortes

Hernando Cortes, the "white man," who was to prove the conqueror of the great Montezuma, was born in Spain in 1485. As he grew to manhood and heard continually of the wonderful "new world," he longed to see it for himself. Quiet home life was not at all to his liking. To be a sailor, a soldier, an explorer, a discoverer, an adventurer, a conqueror —those were his ambitions, his hopes by day, and his dreams by night. And so, when his parents had done all in their power to make him what they wished him to be, a respectable, educated, home abiding citizen, they packed him off for America, almost with a feeling of relief that they need not be longer responsible for his wild, daring behavior.

We need not dwell upon his career in the period between his leaving Spain and his entrance into Mexico. Enough for us at present to know that he was a "born adventurer." He had an indomitable will, was absolutely fearless, and seemed not to know the meaning of the word discouragement.

Montezuma, when he had learned that the white man was on the way to the Mexic country, posted sentinels along the sea-coast, who were to bring him careful descriptions of the new comers as soon as they had reached the shores.

It was on the present site of Vera Cruz that the

Spaniards landed. The Indians, as usual, flocked to the shores to give them friendly greetings and to offer them food and shelter. Bits of shining gold they brought, which to the gold-greedy Spaniards were more than food and shelter, good-will or comfort.

A messenger from Montezuma having been announced, Cortes brought forth his interpreters, and gladly received the new-comer.

"I come in the name of the great Montezuma," said the messenger, "to ask why you bring your white men to our shore."

"I have come," said Cortes, "from the greatest king in the world—one who has other kings and princes for his slaves. My great king has heard of your Montezuma, and he has sent me across the wide sea with a present for him. And now will you direct me to your king that I may deliver into his own hands the present I bring him?"

"You have scarcely arrived in this country," said the messenger angrily, "and yet you ask at once to be taken into the presence of our king. I can hardly believe there can anywhere be another king so great as Montezuma, but I will take your message to him."

Then followed an exchange of presents according to the customs of the times. To Cortes, Montezuma had sent a present of some marvellously wrought mantles, and a beautiful basket filled with gold ornaments.

Cortes, in turn, brought forth an arm chair, a brilliant crimson cap, a gold coin, and many strings of bright colored beads.

The messenger then went back to Montezuma. Wonderful indeed was the report he carried of the white men, their glittering armor, and their terrible thunder-guns. Montezuma and his people were divided with fear and admiration.

What should be done with them? Montezuma hardly dared receive them, neither did he quite dare to refuse to receive them. He consulted his priests and the oracles, but here he found no help. One oracle said, "Receive the stranger" another, "Receive not the stranger within the outskirts even of thy realm."

For long hours Montezuma shut himself away from the people, praying in his heathen manner to be guided aright between these contradictory counselings of his oracles. To receive them into the very heart of his city, into his very palace, as some of the oracles demanded, did indeed seem a hazardous thing to do. On the other hand, to drive them from the country, to not allow them even a peaceable landing, seemed to Montezuma's gentle mind an inhospitable thing to do and an altogether unnecessary course of action. He decided, therefore, after long deliberation, to adopt a middle course. He would send them friendly greeting to Mexican shores; but any nearer approach to his royal person should be forbidden.

And now the messengers set forth with Montezuma's royal answer. The interpreter, two Aztec nobles, and a long procession of slaves bearing to Cortes the rich gifts from Montezuma, were seen coming slowly across the country to the Spanish camp.

Coming into the camp, the two nobles bowed low before Cortes, the slaves waved the censors filled with incense, and one of the messengers advanced to deliver the message from their king.

"Our noble Montezuma," said he, "sends congratulations that you have safely crossed the great seas and have reached our sunny land. He is glad such brave men have come into his kingdom, and it rejoices him to hear of a king so great as yours. He sends you, as an expression of his goodwill, these gifts."

Then the slaves came forward and spread upon the ground beautiful mats woven in gold, and on this they placed a great gold plate, upon which were signs and figures representing the Aztec calendar; a silver plate of similar design; a helmet filled with gold; golden collars and mantles of brilliant feathers with gold and silver threads. Such a display of shining gold and brilliant colors the Spaniards had never seen before. They gazed awestruck! Even Cortes stood and looked speechless with delight.

The interpreter was not slow to see the effect of this display upon the Spaniards, and hastened to

deliver the rest of their king's message.

"These presents," said he, "our king sends you in token of his good-will. He wishes you to remain upon our shores and rest from your long journey, and to freely load your vessels with whatever our land provides that is pleasing to you. But as to your demand to visit his city, that he forbids. The journey would lie through hostile tribes and would be perilous. He prays the gods that your homeward journey be prosperous, and that your king receive these tokens of Montezuma's good will."

Cortes was filled with rage and disappointment. "These beautiful gifts," said he, "make me the more desirous to meet your noble king. Indeed, I dare not return to my own country without this, the object of our voyage, accomplished. As to the hostile tribes through whose country we would need to pass, think how little such perils would mean to us who have passed over more than two thousand leagues of sea!"

Then giving to the slaves what few articles he could find among his possessions fit to send the wealthy king, he requested that they be taken, with his reply, to Montezuma. The messengers received the presents haughtily, and went away.

Ten days now passed and the messengers came again—this time bearing presents more beautiful and more valuable than the others. These the messengers laid before Cortes, saying briefly, "Our king wishes you all happiness and all success; but

he will receive no more messages and no more presents from the new-comers."

Cortes made a very courteous and humble reply, and received the presents with great show of gratitude. But turning to his officers, he said, "Nothing makes me more determined to enter this city of Montezuma than the very richness of these presents. They tell me more than words that this city must be well worth capturing."

Montezuma now anxious to be rid of these persistent visitors, sent word to the tribes round about the Spanish camps that all gifts and assistance of all kinds be at once discontinued.

Accordingly, these tribes, some of whom had come and pitched their tents close about the Spanish camp, and had generously supplied them with all the fruit the country afforded, had cooked for them, worked for them, and served them in every way, silently folded their tents and stole away under cover of the darkness of the night.

Now, indeed, the Spaniards began to experience the real discomfort of landing in an unknown land. The mosquitoes which had swarmed before, now seemed to form in double and treble swarms; their bites, poisonous and irritating, distracted many a brave soldier who would have faced unflinchingly the cannon's mouth; and the blazing heat of the sun by day and the steaming heat of the soil by night prostrated and sickened the men. Something must be done. Leave the country,

Cortes was determined he would not. Accordingly, a little band was sent out to explore the shore and find a place more favorable for camp than was this low, sickly spot.

Just at this critical point, when his men were full of discontent and dissatisfaction, and were urging him to return to Cuba and report to the Governor there what had been discovered, five natives came into camp.

"We are recently conquered," said they, "by the Mexicans; and we like our new rule not at all. We will join you in a march against this king of theirs and will fight with you."

This was indeed joyful news. At once Cortes saw that by arousing rebellion among the different tribes he might conquer Montezuma. He treated these natives with great kindness and respect, sending them away loaded with beads of glass and bits of cloth, which were to them of untold value.

Cortes was now in fine spirits. Help had indeed come. But now rebellion arose in his own camp.

"It is time to go back to Cuba," muttered the men. "What is the use of staying here until we have the whole Mexican empire down on our heads!"

Calling his friends together in secret, he said to them, "Form yourselves against these discontented ones. Tell them that the reason the Governor of Cuba gave us no orders to do anything more than find this country, was that he intended himself to come here should we discover the way, to

march into the city of which we have been told, and appropriate all the glory and all the rich gold to himself—while we, the discoverers, will remain as poor as ever.

No one knew better than the greedy Cortes himself, how to appeal to his greedy band of followers. His words had the desired effect; and finally, though not without much quarrelling and grumbling, much threatening and bullying on the part of the men, and no little flattery and bribery on the part of Cortes, a conciliation was effected, and the Spaniards were again of one mind.

At once preparations for a change of camp were made. The artillery was loaded into the vessels, and the men began their line of march across the country. Glad, indeed, were they to leave behind the burning sand hills amid which they had so long been imprisoned, and to find themselves in a rich, fertile country, where fruit and game were abundant.

As they passed on from village to village, the natives fled before them, fearful that the Spaniards were bent on death and destruction. In the temples of these deserted villages Cortes found books made of paper, and, to their horror, human beings stretched upon the altars for living sacrifices to the gods.

As the Spaniards neared the town of Cempoalla, the natives came forth to greet them, their hands laden with sweet-scented flowers.

Nothing can be prettier than an offering of flowers; but I am inclined to think that Cortes and his gold-greedy followers had little sentiment regarding these natives, and would have been far more pleased had they been offered one-tenth the amount in gold.

One of these native tribes invited Cortes to their village, begging him to excuse the absence of their ruler—their cacique—they called him, for he was too fat and heavy to be moved about much.

Cortes, anxious to see the manner of living in these Mexic cities, gladly accepted the opportunity to enter this city of Cempoalla.

Some of the horsemen galloped ahead to catch a glimpse of the city. The finer houses were white and carefully polished, and the poorer houses were white-washed, it being a law of the city that houses and streets shall be always white and clean.

As the horsemen approached and saw this city all white and glistening in the clear sunlight, some one cried. "The city is built of silver! the city is built of silver!" and back they rushed to Cortes, shouting the wonderful news—"The city is built of silver! the city is built of silver!"

Great excitement ran through the troops, who were only too ready to believe any wonderful story of this new country. But when the city was reached and the shining silver was found to be merely clean whitewash, a roar of laughter went up from the troops, and ever after the "silver city" was a

standing joke among them.

On reaching the city, the "fat cacique," supported by two strong attendants, met them, and courteously offered Cortes and his officers some of the finest buildings in the city for their occupancy. The men of the city were oddly dressed in wide sashes, and were adorned with rings in their ears, their noses, and even in their lips. The women of the upper classes wore long robes of fine cotton reaching from their shoulders to the ground.

The Spaniards were feasted with maize bread and the best of tropical fruits. The fat cacique and Cortes held a long interview, in which the former complained bitterly of the harshness of the great Montezuma, whose armies, so he said, were likely at any time to sweep down upon the city of Cempoalla and gather up all its treasures, and carry off its youths and maidens for sacrifices. Cortes promised to aid them, by and by, to throw off this tyranny, and on the following day moved his troops on, leaving the fat cacique in high spirits that, at last, a power had come that would overthrow the "cruel Montezuma."

As Cortes was setting forth, attended by hundreds of slaves, who, by the fat cacique's order, had been sent with the troops to carry their baggage, a procession of these very tax-gatherers from Montezuma was met.

Immediately the watchful mind of Cortes saw here an opportunity to make his way and prove his

power both Montezuma and the tax-burdened natives.

The natives, so it is said, turned pale at the sight of these tax-gatherers, and the fat cacique trembled like the great jelly-fish that he was.

"Arrest and imprison these Aztec tax-gatherers," said Cortes, when his advice and help were asked.

"Arrest and imprison the messengers of the great Montezuma!" gasped the cacique, clasping his fat hands in great fear.

"Yes," said Cortes boldly, "Let these people of Shiahintzia do as I bid, and I will take care that they do not suffer for it."

The natives went away more than ever impressed with the greatness of this Spanish leader. "Surely," said they, "this of itself is proof that he must be sent by the gods; for no one otherwise ordered would dare to thus defy the great Montezuma."

This was exactly what Cortes wished them to think, knowing that with these ignorant, superstitious people, to be considered a messenger from the gods would be to receive from them most abject and profound reverence and submission.

But now Montezuma was to be appeased.

"Who are you and whence do you come?" said Cortes to the prisoners with the greatest show of innocence.

"We are Montezuma's officers," said they haughtily, and we are imprisoned by these people who have been spurred on to this by you."

"By me!" cried Cortes, "You are unjust. I knew nothing of it, I assure you. If I had, I should have used what little influence I might have to prevent so sad an occurrence as this. As proof of my sincerity, I will myself release you, and send you secretly in my own vessels to your king."

Of course, Cortes took great pains that the people should believe the officers had escaped, while, on the other hand, Montezuma would be made to feel that the Spanish chief had done him a very great kindness.

The plan worked well. The people, frightened that the nobles had escaped to their king, knew only too well that to ask pardon of their king would be of no avail, and so swore eternal allegiance to Cortes, and the cacique placed himself and his people under Spanish protection.

And now the escaped tax-gatherers had arrived in their city, bearing such a report of the kindness and courtesy of Cortes, that Montezuma, easily influenced as he was, and truly desirous to be just even to these apparent enemies of his country, recalled an army that he had already sent out against them, and decided to wait a little before he made any move whatever. Wishing to appear in no wise unappreciative of Cortes' support of his royal authority, Montezuma at once dispatched

messengers to the new Spanish camp, with beautiful and costly gifts.

These messengers Cortes received with his usual flattering speeches, feasted and entertained them handsomely; and took great care also that they should be duly impressed with the grandeur and power of his troops and artillery.

The people, instead of seeing through the double-dealing of Cortes, looked upon this friendly interview with more and more of awe. Surely these Spaniards must be from the gods themselves; else how could they terrify the great Montezuma! Surely they were possessed of some secret power of which Montezuma was well aware, and before which he bowed in submission!

Finally, on the sixteenth of August, 1519, the Spaniards set out for the interior of this wonderful country, determined at any cost to see this "great Montezuma." We will not here stop to describe the journey across the hot plains, up the gradual rise of country, which grew colder and colder at every mile, through the rough mountain passes, where they were assailed by fearful storms of rain and hail, till, at last, they reached the region of the table-lands. Beautiful and strange as the scenery was, it had little attraction for these sordid-minded Spaniards, who would have bowed before a nugget of gold far more readily than before the most marvellous scene of tropical beauty that nature could have spread before them.

Arriving at last at the gates of a city, Cortes asked of the cacique, "Is this city subject to Montezuma?"

"What city is there that is *not* subject to our noble king Montezuma?" answered the cacique coldly.

"My city is not," answered Cortes, shortly—"neither am I. I come from a country whose king is the greatest in the world. His very servants are princes as great as Montezuma."

"Montezuma has thirty vassals," boasted the cacique, "each one of whom has thirty thousand men. Montezuma has wealth untold; and his city is in a lake, approachable only by long causeways, and these intersected by many draw-bridges, guarded day and night by hundreds of sentinels."

Before leaving this cacique, Cortes asked him for gold to send to the great king across the water.

"I have gold enough," replied he; "but not one piece of it will I send to your king lest it displease Montezuma. But should Montezuma ask it, then myself and all I possess would be yours."

This condition of mind among those nearest Montezuma's city was hardly encouraging to Cortes; but Cortes was not the man to entertain one thought of doubt or fear.

The Mountaineers

On the mountains, high up in its natural defenses, was the city of the Tlascalans. It was an independent city, not under the rule of Montezuma, having defeated the forces of this great king in two fierce battles.

Once, irritated that there should exist in the very midst of his possessions a city so free and independent, he had sent against it a great army commanded by his own son.

But the hardy mountaineers, caring no more for a son of Montezuma than for any leader, had fallen upon his forces, killed him, and had pursued his fleeing army far down the mountain side.

Again Montezuma sent forces against these lawless Tlascalans. These sweeping through the valley and half way up the mountain sides, were suddenly poured down upon by these Tlascalans, who had hidden in the mountain fastnesses, like swarms of insects. Showers of rocks and arrows beat back the struggling Aztecs, and they were driven down the mountain side, across the valley, to the very confines of their own city.

Never again had Montezuma attempted to subdue these hardy people in open contest. In shutting them off from intercourse with other tribes, he shut them off from certain foods; but

these they seemed very little to heed. So there they were, up in their stronghold, happy and contented as far as Montezuma could see, rejoicing in their victory, proud of their independence, and, worst of all, a source of constant irritation and vexatious annoyance to him, their king in name but not in power.

It was with delight, therefore, that Montezuma learned that the approaching Spaniards were attempting to pass through the country of the Tlascalans. Surely Cortes would be defeated by these people—unless, indeed, they were, as they said, sons of the gods.

Imagine, then, the terror and discouragement that fell upon Montezuma when, after days of horrible slaughter between Spaniards and Tlascalans, word came that the Tlascalans—yes even the Tlascalans, had fallen under the supernatural power of Cortes and his men.

Montezuma's Policy

From this time, although Montezuma guarded it from his people, he had little hope for his own city. "If these Spaniards had not the help of the gods themselves," he thought, "they could never have overcome these Tlascalans. And if they *have* the help of the gods, then what use is it for us to resist."

Certainly this was logical in Montezuma, as a believer in the counsels and prophecies of the Oracles. Then why blame him, why call him weak, as many do? Was he not after all true to his teachings; and in trying to save his people from bloodshed and destruction, simply more philosophical, more clear-sighted, and more humane than another king in a similar position would have been who, believing in his gods, had urged his people on to bloody and fatal resistance?

Montezuma now sent messengers again to Cortes, bearing more beautiful and costly presents, and saying that Montezuma would be glad to meet so great a general, but regretted that the roads leading to the Mexican capital were too rough and dangerous for any army to attempt to pass. More than this, Montezuma was willing to pay an annual tribute to this great Spanish king.

Cortes, shrewd man that he was, saw at once

that Montezuma was frightened, and that, for some reason he shrank from open contest with him. So, receiving the presents with great show of gratitude and respect, Cortes was only the more courageous to push on into the very city of the "great king."

As the messengers were going away, they earnestly advised him not to go up into the city of the Tlascalans, lest they should be entrapped. "These Tlascalans," said they; "cannot be relied upon. They are treacherous, and are quite as likely to have ready a trap as a feast for you in their city."

At the same time the Tlascalans, listening eagerly, shook their heads wisely, and warned Cortes that Montezuma's people were not to be trusted; that Montezuma was never nearer and deeper in evil schemes than when his words seemed softest and his presents finest.

Nothing better suited the scheming nature of Cortes than this. With both parties he pretended the greatest friendship, the greatest gratitude and respect for their timely suggestions. Both parties he dismissed with hearty handclasp, tears of seeming gratitude, and vows of eternal indebtedness. And each party went away feeling that he was the one whose words had moved Cortes, whose advice and warning Cortes would be sure to heed.

Cortes and his officers were received in the Tlascalan city with great pomp and ceremony. Here, as in Cempoalla, Cortes rashly attempted to

enforce the Spanish religion, and but for the wisdom of his priest, Father Olmedo, who declared that it was worse than useless to try to force a new religion upon any people, would again have brought down upon himself the just anger of these fiery Aztecs.

It would seem strange that Cortes, with all his wisdom, should not himself have seen the foolishness and unnaturalness of such a course; but his foolish zeal for demolishing the heathen gods, revered as they were by the people, and setting up his own symbols, seemed to be a weakness of this otherwise shrewd reader of men.

After much argument and threatening, in which Cortes seemed likely to lose all he had gained with the Tlascalans, he agreed to compromise with them. If they would clear one temple of its "abominable trash," as he called it, and give him that to make fit for the worship of his own men, he would, for the present, allow the other temples to remain as they were, and the people to still maintain the traditional faith of their ancestors.

Montezuma, hearing of all this, was stupefied with fear. "These," said he, "must indeed be those men who, long ago our oracles prophesied, would come to conquer our country." The fact that Cortes had overcome and was forming an alliance with these Tlascalans, his deadly enemies, was to him indeed an omen of no little terror.

Something, he saw, must be done; and so,

useless as it almost seemed to him, he sent messengers to Cortes, bidding him come at once to his city, and warning him against forming any alliances with the Tlascalans on the way.

On reaching Cholula, which was on his way to the city of Montezuma, the watchful Cortes saw much that aroused his suspicion that all was not above board.

The Cholulans, who had pretended to be desirous that Cortes should visit them, behaved very queerly for people assuming to be hosts, and there were hardly provisions enough to satisfy the hunger of the visiting Spaniards.

Ambassadors again came to Cortes from Montezuma, telling him that on no account would Montezuma receive him within his city. When these ambassadors had conferred with the Cholulans, Cortes noticed that his men were treated with added indifference. On inspection, he found that the roofs of the houses were loaded with stones, the Mexican's favorite weapon in battle, that the women and children were being carried outside the city, and that the Cholulans were secretly sacrificing to the god of war.

It seems that, after Montezuma had sent inviting the Spaniards to his city, his Oracles had told him that the foe were to meet their fate at Cholula. Faithful to his religion and faith in the Oracles, he at once sent troops to Cholula with a report of what the Oracles had said, telling them to trap Cortes

and his men, reserve twenty of them for sacrifices, and to send the rest to Mexico.

In some way Cortes got a full account of the plot.

"We will watch," said Cortes, "and when I give the signal, be it night or day, spring upon the Cholulans."

The night passed quietly. In the morning the Cholulans seemed unusually active. They assembled, apparently with no cause, in their great square. "See!" said Cortes, "they are about to fall upon us. Be ready for action. Now, if ever, are we to strike the blow that shall help to hew our way to the Aztec capital."

Going coolly up to one of the Cholulan chiefs, Cortes said, "Knew you not that no plot of yours could be concealed from us, the sons of the gods?" Then, giving the signal, the killing of the Cholulans began. The Tlascalans, who had come with Cortes, and who had long hated the Cholulans, joined in the frightful slaughter.

The Tlascalans, indeed, Cortes was forced to command to stop in their heathenish butchery, so fierce and so full of revenge were they.

After the battle, Cortes ordered that the city, so far as possible, be put in its original condition of order and cleanliness, and that the fleeing citizens be requested to return to their homes.

The brother of the slaughtered Cholulan

cacique was placed in power and in a few days the city was as busy and quiet as ever.

The news of this quick destruction of the power of Cholula reached Montezuma. So depressed was he with this, following so closely upon the Tlascalan victory, that all life and courage left him. For days he shut himself up in his palace, fasting and calling upon the gods to save the country.

Cortes, wary as ever, sent word to Montezuma that, although he had been told that Montezuma was concerned in the plot of the Cholulans, he could not believe that so great a monarch would be guilty of so contemptible a scheme.

You may be sure that after this Cortes had always an eye open, as we say, for treachery.

Mexico

Cortes and his army set forth from Cholula towards Mexico again. Coming to the two great volcanoes, they were told by the natives that these were a god and his giant wife. The long Aztec names for these volcanoes, which I will not ask you now to remember, had these meanings: "The hill that smokes," and "The white woman."

Finding that the natives looked upon these mountains with great awe and reverence, Cortes suggested, that to show the superiority of the Spaniards, some of the men ascend them.

They did so, greatly to the horror of the superstitious natives who now felt, more than ever, that these Spaniards must indeed be children of the gods. When the men came back, they brought report of a wonderful city far away on the level table-land, and surrounded on all sides by water.

"This must be Mexico!" cried Cortes; and taking the shortest and roughest road, he hastened up the mountain side to see for himself this great city.

The sight of this wonderful city had the effect to discourage some and to spur forward others of the Spanish troops. To Cortes it was but a whetting anew of his fierce ambition.

"Forward! Forward!" was his cry. "To the great king of the golden city!"

As they passed on from village to village, the people everywhere flocked to them, complaining of the tyranny of Montezuma, and expressing their willingness to join forces with the Spaniards.

Again an embassy from Montezuma came, bearing rich presents and requesting that the Spaniards should leave the country. "Four loads of gold shall be given Cortes, and one apiece for each of his officers. Moreover a rich yearly tribute will we send to your king," said the messengers, "if only the Spaniards will return to that country from which they came."

Cortes pretended extreme regret that he was unable to do as the good Montezuma wished. "I myself," said he, "would be glad indeed to return; but that I dare not do when my great king bade me stay until I had seen the powerful Montezuma."

When the messengers returned with this reply from Cortes, Montezuma's heart sank within him. Again he shut himself up in his palace and fasted. But one plan seemed possible now that the Spaniards had come so near, had conquered every village as they passed, and were determined to enter the very capital of the country and stand before the king himself. Since come they would, Montezuma advised and assisted by his priests, decided the best and only thing now to do, was to invite them to the city, give them cordial greeting, feast them bountifully, load them with presents, and then, having disarmed their fears, to entrap

them if possible.

All this time Cortes was advancing towards the city. Again they were met by an embassy from Montezuma. This time it was a most stately and formal messenger indeed. None less than the king of Tezcuco, who at Montezuma's command came to bear greetings to the all-conquering Cortes.

The king appeared, borne upon a rich litter, adorned with rich plumes and golden draperies, its canopy supported by pillars of gold, and these set with sparkling jewels.

The king descending, bowed low before Cortes. "I come, great Spaniard," said he, "at the bidding of our noble Montezuma to attend you to the city."

The Spaniards, though over-joyed that Montezuma's evident fear had driven him to this, did not forget, for an instant, that it might be but a scheme to surround and entrap them when once within the walls of the city.

As they marched along the great causeway leading into Mexico, the lake was thronged on every side by canoes loaded with natives, eager to see these wonderful beings who were entering their city. The horses, the glittering armor, and the military order of march were all new and wonderful to these natives, who, in their battle array, were accustomed to no order other than the inspiration of the war-cry, and to no other weapons than arrows and stones and bits of burning timber.

As the army crossed the wooden drawbridges,

and saw them drawn up after them, thus cutting off escape, more than one soldier felt that death would be the only way out.

Now came Montezuma to greet them. Borne upon a most magnificent litter, supported by nobles who bent their eyes to the ground, with lords before him bearing standards of gold and silver, and a long line of retainers behind him, the great ruler of the Aztecs approached.

Montezuma touched his hand to the ground and then to his head as was the custom of salutation, Cortes bowed and placed around the king's neck a chain of colored crystals. Then, with many compliments and expressions of gratification at the meeting, Montezuma himself led Cortes to the great palace which was to be devoted to his use.

Leading Cortes to his own apartment, he assigned him a seat upon a piece of fine matting, saying, "You and your friends are now at home. Now repose yourselves."

With these words, he bowed himself away, leaving the Spaniards to speculate among themselves how much of all this display of good-will was genuine and how much treacherous.

Having disposed of their cannon to the very best advantage, and every possible precaution against an attack having been taken, the Spaniards then sat down to a feast of rich cakes and tropical fruits.

No sooner had they arisen from this

"sumptuous meal" than Montezuma was announced.

"Malinche," said Montezuma, as he and Cortes sat down upon a rich mat in the midst of the grandest apartment in the palace, "for a long time, from our records, have we known that we are not descended from the original people of this land. Our ancestors came from over the sea; and the prince of that country came here and lived among us for a time. Long have we looked for his descendants from that country where, the sun rises; and so, from what you say of this wonderful king of yours, I believe that he is the descendant whom we should acknowledge."

"We are indeed those of whose coming your Oracles have prophesied," replied Cortes. "We come from the great monarch, Don Carlos, who has many princes subject to him."

"Hearing of the fame of the great Montezuma, he sent us in his name to thee that we might tell thee of the true religion, the true Christian faith."

"Whatever is mine is at your disposal," said the courteous Montezuma. "I trust that you will feel that you are in your own home, in your own land. Rest and refresh yourselves; for your journey here has been hard indeed."

And now Montezuma signalled his slaves, who advanced, bearing magnificent presents for Cortes, his officers, and every soldier. For Montezuma was generous and whole-hearted, and as far from

greed and avarice as Cortes was close to it.

Rising, Montezuma said, "I go now to my dwelling. I shall order that everything be done for your comfort and entertainment."

"A most generous prince, indeed," said the soldiers when he had gone. And at sunset, the Spanish artillery roared forth a salute to the noble Montezuma, king of the Aztecs.

But notwithstanding all this display of generosity and goodwill, the Spaniards did not forget to guard their doors with their cannon, and see that the sentinels kept up their measured pace about the great walls of the palace.

On the following day, Cortes returned the visit of the king. With great ceremony he was ushered into the presence of Montezuma. No sooner were they seated than Cortes, rash and over-zealous as he always was, began at once to set forth to Montezuma the foolishness and the wickedness of his religion, and to try to force upon him the truth of his own.

As you may well suppose, this was not pleasing to Montezuma, who had been educated from babyhood to reverence the gods in the temples and to believe in their power and wisdom.

"Malinche," said he gently, "I have heard of this religion you tell me of. I doubt not your gods are just and good; so, too, I believe, are mine. Let us drop this now, and let us talk rather of the country across the sea from which you came."

When Cortes told Father Olmedo how little progress he had made, the wise Father said, "O, Cortes! where is that wisdom, that shrewdness, that tact that everywhere you use in military affairs? Did you use as little there as you use in matters of religion, I fear you would soon be our ruin."

But Cortes was not the man to listen to reproof from any quarter. Only four days later, when Montezuma was kindly taking him through the various temples of the city, explaining to him the significance of the various gods, the altars and the ceremonies, Cortes rashly broke forth with, "Father Olmedo, we must erect a cross here upon the great pyramid."

"Do not mention it," said Father Olmedo quickly. "It would be ill-timed, indeed, guests as we are of the king."

Coming before the Aztecs' "god of war," an immense image with horrible face and eyes that made the Spaniards shudder, bound round with serpents of gold, and holding in its great hand a plate upon which were five human hearts, Cortes again broke forth: "I cannot imagine," said he, "how so wise a prince as you can believe in such an abominable thing as this!" Only let me place crosses upon these towers, true images within these altars, and you must very soon see how ridiculous this trash of yours has always been."

At this Montezuma's eyes flashed. "Had I

supposed you would insult our gods, I should hardly have admitted you to our temples," said he with dignity. "Our gods have been good to us. They have brought us health, rains in season, good harvests, fine weather, victories in war. It is our pleasure and our duty to worship them."

Cortes saw that he had overstepped the bounds of courtesy; and, rebuked by the gentle dignity of Montezuma, said, "I think it is time to go."

"It is," answered Montezuma gravely. "You shall be escorted by my nobles. I myself must stay to expiate the insults to the gods."

The visit to the temples seemed to arouse in the Spaniards a surprising enthusiasm for their own religion. Cortes at once asked Montezuma to build for his men a temple in which they could carry on their own religious rites. Montezuma, with a tolerance that would be remarkable even in these days, readily granted it, saying, "We all have our own ideas of worship; but at heart we are all the same; I will order that a temple be at once constructed for you."

While looking about for a place suitable for their new temple, Cortes found a door that seemed to have been recently sealed and covered over. Having no scrupulous notions of honor, Cortes ordered that, guest though he was, the door be opened. His men worked secretly upon it; and as it yielded beneath their wedges, what a wonder was displayed before them! For it opened into a great

apartment filled with the accumulated gold and wealth of the long line of Montezumas.

Cortes ordered that the door be sealed up, and that all knowledge of their discovery be kept profoundly secret until such time as the city should be theirs.

Montezuma a Prisoner

Cortes now began to realize that something must be done. The soldiers would not be content to remain long in the city, crowded as they were into the palace. On the other hand, to leave the city, and go forth across the country where all along the line of march were those tribes still suffering from his fierce attacks and bloody victories, and still burning with revenge upon the destroyers of their villages and houses—this was impossible. While, with his few men, anything like an attack upon the city would be mere foolhardiness.

It was, indeed, a desperate game. But Cortes was unscrupulous, daring, false—and desperate.

One plan only seemed to him possible: to capture Montezuma himself. Accuse him of being involved in the schemes of the Cholulans, and of having brought the Spaniards into the city only with the intent to trap them—these should be the reasons he would advance to his men to gain their assistance in this hazardous project.

No sooner had Cortes secured the cooperation of his officers than he proceeded to carry out his plan. Going to the palace of Montezuma, he said to the king, "I learn that it is said that certain of my men were, at your instigation, killed in the affray with the Cholulans. I hear that a Spanish head was

brought to you here in this city. I must, therefore, according to the laws of my own country, request you to come to my quarters until the truth of this affair be ascertained."

Montezuma stood for a moment astounded at the boldness of this demand.

"Think you," cried he, a pallor sweeping over his face, "that I am a person to be taken prisoner? And even if I were to assent, think you that my people would suffer such an insult to their king!"

"Pray do not look upon it as an imprisonment," said the oily-tongued Cortes. "You shall be treated only as a guest—the best apartments shall be yours, and your own servants shall attend you. It is only that I must carry out the form of my own country that I ask you to come beneath our roof."

A long conversation followed, in which Cortes gave many reasons why Montezuma should come with them; and Montezuma gave many more why he should remain free in his own home.

At last, Velaquez de Leon, out of all patience, and fearing that prolonging the interview increased their danger, cried angrily, "Why waste words? Tell him he must come or we will plunge our swords into his heart."

I can hardly tell you how it came about that Montezuma, wise as he was in other matters, was made to half believe the Spaniards were right; and that it was indeed best for him to go with them.

So, ordering that the best rooms in the palace occupied by Cortes should be fitted up for him, and telling his attendants that it was of his own free will and at the mandates of the gods that he went with them, Montezuma set forth with Cortes—a prisoner.

It was only a few hours after his arrival, that the nobles of the city came to Cortes asking to see their king.

"Certainly," said Cortes; "if your king wishes to receive you."

Accordingly they were ushered into Montezuma's presence with all the formality to which they were accustomed.

Montezuma received them with dignity, "I am here for a few days' visit. I receive here the ambassadors, chiefs, and princes; here I hold my court until it shall be pleasing to me to return to my home."

The Spaniards themselves treated Montezuma with the greatest respect, and the king suffered nothing more than the bitterness of the disgrace known only to himself.

Three weeks later the Aztecs who had been implicated in the plot at Cholula arrived. On examination it was found that Montezuma had indeed instigated the slaughter of the Spaniards, and, when the subjects were condemned by Cortes to be burned alive, they fell upon their knees, begging for mercy, and calling upon the eternal gods to

witness that they had acted only by the orders of Montezuma.

Cortes pretended to be greatly shocked at such wicked duplicity. Ordering that Montezuma be at once put in chains, he abruptly left the palace.

In the public square, in the face of all the people, the burning of these natives took place. The Spaniards were now in arms, the king was a prisoner in chains, and the Mexicans were dumb with terror.

When the execution was over, Cortes returned to the palace, loosed the iron chains, and with great display of generosity told Montezuma he was now free. Montezuma, however, knew only too well how empty were these words, and how ready were the officers to seize him should he advance one step towards the doorway. The tears poured down his cheeks as he listened to the deceitful words of Cortes, and realized the helplessness of his position.

Montezuma's pride was great. That his people should not know that he was a prisoner was his one great desire. He held his court daily, and lived as he had always done. Only one thing was lacking —he was no longer seen worshipping in the temples.

"Malinche," said he to Cortes one day, "it is well that I visit the temples, as has been my former custom, that my people may know that it is indeed at the command of the gods that I remain here with you."

"You may go," replied Cortes sternly; "but my guards go with you."

Montezuma knew full well what this meant; but it was worth much to his pride to be able to go out into his city and into the temple before the eyes of his people, even though he himself knew how closely he was watched and how quickly he would be slain should he give but one sign that all was not as he would wish it.

It seems strange that the Mexicans should all this time have so willingly permitted foreign rule. Perhaps they, too, were held down by the same superstitious fear that had ruined their king, and, like him, felt that if, in truth, these Spaniards were the sons of the gods, no resistance on their part could be of avail.

The princes in the villages round about were, however, already beginning to demur. Much that they had heard convinced them that Montezuma was not in the palace of the Spaniards of his own accord.

Cacama, the cacique who had gone forth to escort the Spaniards to the city, already had begun a movement against them.

"Montezuma is a prisoner," said he; "or, if he has given up his throne of his own free will, then it is lawful that some one of us take possession of it."

Cortes, hearing of this plan, hastened to Montezuma with it, and so presented it that Montezuma, thinking to save bloodshed among his people, sent

his nephew, Cacama, a message in which he begged him to go back to his own tribe, and leave Mexico to Montezuma, the rightful king. To this Cortes added that if any further hostility was carried on, Montezuma would be killed.

"I care neither for Montezuma nor for Cortes," was the rash reply. "Montezuma is no better than a hen; and I will see that the wrongs of my people are avenged."

Montezuma, enraged and stung by this insolent reply, laid a plot by which this nephew should be seized and brought into the Spanish quarters. This, of course, but strengthened the position of the Spaniards in the city.

Not many days later, Montezuma gathered the caciques of the neighboring tribes about him, and, with the tears pouring down his face, said to them, "You all know of the ancient prophecies that tell us that from yonder land where the sun rises, there would come men who were to rule our country. You know it is written that with their appearance our empire ceases. I now truly believe these Spaniards to be those spoken of in the prophecies. Faithfully have I sacrificed to the gods, but have received from them but the one answer—'These are the children of the gods!' Therefore I now beseech you give them some token of submission. They demand it of me; let us not refuse. For eighteen years have I reigned; and during that time I have been kind to you, and you have been faithful

to me. Since the gods require it, let us now be obedient together to them."

The caciques, sobbing, bowed in acknowledgment of the truth of what he had said.

Montezuma, broken-hearted, wept.

You can easily imagine, knowing as you do the character of these Spaniards, what the first act of power over the subjugated empire would be.

"Gold, gold, gold!" was their one ambition, their one gloating purpose. Accordingly, the wealth of the city was at once seized upon. The secret vault was torn open, tax-gatherers were sent out over the country, and in a short time an untold wealth lay at the feet of Cortes. The soldiers clamored for a division. A fair division was made; but Cortes had now to learn that among these unprincipled, avaricious followers of his, no division, however generous or fair, was likely to satisfy their greed, any more than anything less than the absolute subjugation of all Mexico to his power could satisfy his own ambition.

The ill-gotten treasure worked nothing but evil. Quarrels, jealousies, hatreds arose, until Cortes wished the whole treasure had been thrown into the sea—or perhaps more truly, that he had kept it all himself.

But one thing more was needed to be done to complete the Spanish control of the city. The Spanish religion must be established. The heathen gods must be destroyed, and the temples must be

purified and filled with symbols of the true religion. The only reason the impulsive, reckless Cortes had not insisted upon this before was probably that his wits had been kept so busily at work in other lines of treachery that there had been no time for this.

Now, Cortes seemingly desirous to expiate any sin of delay which his peculiar conscience might accuse him of, began his work in earnest. Dragging the wretched Montezuma forth into the city, he forced him to witness the re-dedication of one of these temples to the Spanish faith, and to show to his people every sign of respect and approval at the ceremony.

His people were amazed. Slow were the Aztecs, almost stupid, it sometimes seemed. Cortes certainly thought them so; but he had yet to learn the true Aztec temper. Slow it might be, but when at last it did burst forth in action, there was a fury and destruction in it of which Cortes had never dreamed.

The Spanish soldiers taking it for granted that, now havoc among the temples had begun, there need be no limit to their action, fell one day upon the youths and maidens of the city who were dancing and sporting in the temples, in celebration of their great yearly festival.

Without a moments warning, Alvarado, one of Cortes' officers, ordered his men to attack those innocent dancers, slaughter them, rob them of

their jewels, and demolish the gods of the temple.

This was a piece of butchery for which there was no excuse, and in which there was no reason.

Cortes, when he heard what had happened, was beside himself with rage. Only too well he foresaw what the result of this inopportune attack would be.

The Aztecs were aroused at last. And when aroused nothing could stand in their way. They thirsted for revenge, and revenge they would have. It did not take the Aztec warriors long to prepare for battle. Crowned with feathers, brandishing their spears and arrows, they rushed down the avenues of the city like a great flood tide. Down from the housetops poured the stones and pieces of burning timbers, driving the few Spaniards about in the town back to their garrison in the palace like hunted dogs.

The Aztecs were in arms! And the war for the conquest of Mexico had indeed begun!

The Aztec War

The great palace in which the Spaniards were quartered, was an odd looking structure, made up of several buildings connected, and having but one floor. In the very centre there was an elevated partition, another story high, in which were separate rooms, like those in our own houses.

Here and there along the parapets, had been set their thirteen great guns, and within the walls of the great enclosure, was the entire Spanish army. They were crowded into the enclosure, that, at the first sound of the trumpet, the army could be summoned and in a moment be ready for command.

As the Spanish commander kept at all times the strictest discipline, and as the sentries were ever on the alert, it was impossible to take the army of Cortes by surprise. So it was that when the Aztecs were at last seen to approach, at one loud call, every soldier was at his post, cavalry were mounted, the artillery men at their guns—all ready for the command to act.

On came the Aztecs, filled with terrible rage, their arrows, helmets, spear-heads glittering in the sunlight, their many-colored banners flying—and, above all, the strange terrible whistling, hissing sound with which the Aztecs were accustomed to sweep down like an angry tornado upon their foe.

Now came a volley of stones, darts, arrows, raining down like deadly hail upon the waiting

Spaniards.

The Spaniards stood, quiet and firm, until the foremost ranks came within reach of the guns. One general discharge of artillery, and the Aztecs were mowed down like grass. For a second they stood aghast. Never had they seen the murderous power of Spanish artillery. For a second they staggered before the deadly fire. Then with one great, piercing yell of hate, they sprang forward over the bodies of their fallen comrades, their arrows, and stones and darts whizzing like fire rockets.

On, on they pressed, up under the very muzzles of the guns, scaling the very walls in the face of the Spanish marks-men who shot them down at every trial. Finding this of no avail, they attacked the parapet with battering timbers. This, too, failed; then, as a last resort, burning arrows and fire-brands were aimed within the building. This was indeed a procedure for which the Spaniards had not prepared. Already the water supply for food and drink was running low. Should it then be used for protection against the fiery missiles! Already the wooden structures were blazing and crackling, the fire was spreading, and the smoke, blinding and suffocating, was pouring from every opening. It was indeed a desperate battle between the barbarian, with his rude weapons, his savage hate, and the Spaniard with his deadly machinery, his science, and his deliberate, scheming cruelty. And as the thunders of his artillery roared and echoed among the hills, it seemed to tell only of death,

death, death to the simple-hearted Aztec.

Darkness came at last, and for a time there was peace. All night long the Spaniards worked, restoring their broken walls, repairing their battered guns, and removing their dead and wounded. All night long the Aztecs watched, sending now and then some fiery missile crashing in upon the fortress.

Cortes had never before known the fury of these Mexicans. So much had they borne from him with little resentment, so readily had they fallen back before his army, that he had come to think of them as a yielding, cowardly foe. And now, as he saw this storm of rage, he thought it but an uprising of a moment, sure to die away with the setting sun. But when the morning dawned, early as were the Spaniards up and in arms, earlier still were the Aztecs. Instead of the discouraged remnant of an army which Cortes had expected to see, there stood a host, filling the great field, and filling in from every side. Moreover there was every sign of plan and order in the appearance. In a moment the practised eye of Cortes took in the scene. Some sort of a planned attack was on foot; and whatever it was to be, Cortes knew full well, it would be a furious, sudden onslaught.

Some thing desperate must be done! Some sudden, unexpected move must be made against them. And so, at the first movement of the Aztec forces, Cortes threw wide the fortress gates, and sallied

forth with all his forces.

At full gallop, the Spanish cavalry set upon the foe, trampling underfoot, cutting down with broadswords or piercing with their lances the resisting forces. On followed the infantry and for a moment the rout was fearful.

The Aztecs fled only to their barricades, and from there sent forth such a volley of missiles that even the onset of the mighty Spaniards were for a time arrested. The guns were set upon the barricades, levelling them to the ground. But the Aztecs were not afraid. They beat back the Spaniards from the front, and swarmed about them like bees on every side. The canals were alive with boats filled with warriors, men were swarming to the attack from every road, fresh battalions were forming in the squares, and the stones and arrows were whizzing from every quarter.

Cortes began to see that at last the nation was aroused. Their city was their god! Annoyed and embarrassed by the heavy stones against which their heavy mail was no protection, the Spaniards began to burn the houses. This drew the Aztecs from their covers, and made time and opportunity for the Spaniards.

The day was nearly done. The Spaniards had at every attack broken down the Aztec force, although they still were in the field.

At length Cortes, satisfied with the day's success, sounded the retreat. During the entire retreat

to their fortress, they were followed by the undaunted Aztecs, who pelted the retreating foe with stones and arrows. Then settling in the darkness about the fort, they broke the stillness of the night with cries of vengeance, and threats of terror.

"Our gods have given you into our hands," they cried. "The sacrificial rites are ready. The wild beasts are roaring for you! The knives are sharpened! The cages are yawning for you!"

Cortes, who now realized the black hate of his foes, their terrible desperation, and their undying thirst for vengeance, listened to their threats and taunts through the long, dark night. He, indeed, mistook the character of the Mexicans when he judged them lacking in warlike spirit. What had seemed to him patient endurance, almost cowardice, had proved to be but the slumbering of a ferocity and daring of which he had not dreamed.

The fury, which, out of reverence for Montezuma's commands, they had so long restrained, had now burst forth. Their passions, their long-nourished sense of injustice, their long-suppressed revenge had broken out in the rage of the volcano, the whirlwind, the tempest.

Realizing the furious storm about him, Cortes turned to Montezuma for aid. "Speak to your people," said Cortes, "and command them for their own temples' sake to cease this furious slaughter."

But Montezuma was too full of disgust at the treatment he had received, too full of the scenes of

the preceding day when he had watched the battle from his prison window, too full of despair, indignation, and grief to hear the words of Cortes.

"What have I to do with him?" asked he when word was brought that Cortes would speak with him. "I do not want to see him. I want only to die. O, to what wretchedness has my willingness to serve him brought me and my people. They would not believe me."

Cortes, however, made him at last believe that if the enemy would only make a way for them, they would gladly march away. Then Montezuma, moved by the hope to spare his people's lives, consented to speak to them.

Arraying himself in his imperial robes, his feet shod in golden sandals, he stepped forth upon the parapet. Instantly his presence was recognized by the Aztecs swarming about the walls. The voices were hushed, many prostrated themselves upon the ground, others bowed in reverence—all turned in longing expectation towards their king.

With a strong, firm voice he said, "Why do I see my people here in arms against the palace of my fathers? Is it that you think your king is prisoner and wish to release him? If so, you have acted rightly. But you are mistaken. I am no prisoner. The strangers are my guests. I am here with them from choice. I leave them when I list. Have you come to drive them from the city? That is unnecessary. They will go of their own accord if only you

will open a way for them. Return to your homes. Lay down your arms. Show obedience to me who have a right to it. The white men shall go back to their own land; and all will be at peace again within our walls."

For a second the Aztecs stood still. Amazed, confounded at their sovereign's words. Then with one great yell of rage, bursting with contempt for their king's weak spirit, so unmindful of the great insult for which they suffered, they fell upon him, crying, "Base Aztec! coward! coward! coward!"

Then followed a shower of stones from the infuriated mob upon the sovereign whom so shortly before they had looked upon with slavish awe and had bowed before in sacred reverence.

Montezuma turned away. A great stone falling upon his head, struck him senseless to the ground.

A sudden hush fell upon the mob. The horror of their sacrilegious deed swept over them. Then with one long, dismal cry, like the cry of a hunted animal, they turned and fled.

The wretched Montezuma was carried within the fort. When at last his consciousness came back to him, and a sense of his wretchedness broke in upon him, he sank upon the floor refusing to be comforted. "I have tasted the bitterness of disgrace. I have been scorned by my people. I have been struck down by the rabble. O, I have no hope to live. O, my fathers! O, my fathers!"

The Fight on the Tower

Not far from the Spanish quarters stood a great temple. It was pyramidal in form, and stood over a hundred feet in height. A body of five hundred Mexicans had taken possession of this temple, and were pouring from its top such showers of arrows into the Spanish garrison that the Spaniards were in continual danger.

"We must dislodge these archers," said Cortes. Accordingly Escobar, one of Cortes' aids, was sent with a hundred men to storm the tower. Three times was he driven back with great loss. Cortes himself resolved to storm the tower. Setting out with three hundred men, amid volleys of stones and arrows, he cut his way to the stone steps. In the courtyard of the temple he found a large body of Indians arrayed against him. Quickly the Spaniards fell upon them; but the showers of sharp stones, the slippery pavements, the flying arrows so impeded and frightened the horses that many of them fell. Now the Spaniards were indeed aroused. Sending the horses back to the quarters, they made one desperate dash upon the Indians, and cut their way over fallen bodies to the temple.

The stairs winding four times around the pyramid, up which the Spaniards must fight their way, placed them at a terrible disadvantage because of

the showers of stones sent down upon them from the enemy above.

Clearing the way at the base, however, Cortes sprang upon the lower stairway, followed by his bravest men, and surrounded by his strong band of Indian allies.

At every turn the Aztecs were firmly banked against them. Showers of stones, beams, and burning rafters volleyed down upon them, carrying destruction and death to the struggling Spaniards. Keeping up a steady fire from below, in return the Spaniards so drove back the Indians that they were more than glad to retreat to the open space at the summit of the pyramid.

Cortes and his comrades closely followed; and now the Spaniards and the Aztecs find themselves in deadly combat on this strange battle-field, a hundred and fifty feet above the city.

The two opposing forces fell upon each other in the desperate fury of warriors, with neither hope of victory nor hope of escape. No mercy was shown on either side. For three long hours the battle raged. Although the Aztecs far outnumbered the Spaniards, the Spanish armor, the sword, the fire and the skill far outweighed the strength and numbers of their foe.

The edges of this summit were unprotected; and the foes, struggling in single combat, were often thrown over the sides, down upon the sharp stones and the pavements below. Cortes himself,

history tells us, narrowly escaped this terrible fate. Two mighty Aztecs seizing him, dragged him to the very brink. For a moment his fate seemed inevitable. With one great struggle, however, he tore himself from their grasp, hurled one of them over the precipice himself, then rushed back into the thickest of the fight. Now resistance grew weaker and weaker on the Aztec side. Many had fallen. The altars were stained with Aztec blood, and the sacred priests themselves had been carried away by the Spaniards. The Spaniards now rushed in upon the holy places, trampling upon the altars, destroying the sacred sculptures, tearing the images from their niches, and hurling them down the steps of the temple. Nothing in the war struck such awe to the hearts of the Indians as this sacrilegious storming of the sacred temple, this defying of the very gods.

Now the temple was set on fire; and amid the blaze, the Spaniards, filled with victory, came down the blood-stained steps, triumphing in the feeling that the blessing of Heaven rested upon them for having razed this temple of heathen gods.

The Indians, too much stunned by what seemed to them most horrible, most appalling deeds, stood dumb as the Spaniards passed out from the ruined city. Cortes, seeing that they were subdued from superstitious fear, took advantage of their mood, and made at night another attack upon the town, burning hundreds of houses and slaying the inhabitants. On the following day, he called the chiefs

together and addressed them thus: "You must now be convinced that you can gain nothing by opposition to the mighty Spaniards. You have seen your gods trampled in the dust, your altars broken, your dwellings burned, and your warriors falling on every side. All this you have brought on by your own rebellion. Yet, for the love the sovereign whom you have so wickedly treated still bears you, I would willingly stay my hand, if you will lay down your arms and return once more to obedience. But if you will not, I will leave your city a heap of ruins, with not one Aztec soul alive to mourn for it."

Cortes did not yet know the metal of the Aztecs. Quiet and slow as they seemed, he could not frighten them with threats. He did not yet know that when at last such a people as the Aztecs were roused their anger was like the anger of the lion.

Turning upon Cortes, their leader spoke, "True," said he, "you have destroyed our temples, have desecrated our gods, and have slain our people. True, more of the Aztec blood must flow under the Spanish sword. But for that we care nothing, if for a thousand Aztecs we can slay *one Spaniard*. Look out upon our terraces and our streets. See them thronging with our warriors as far as eye can reach. You can hardly see from our numbers that any have been lost. Your number is lessening every hour and you have no more to help you. You are perishing in these quarters from sickness and hunger. We know no sickness and the broad fields are before us for food. Your provisions

and your water are failing. You will soon fall into our hands. We have destroyed the bridges and you cannot escape. There will not be enough of you left to glut the vengeance of the gods."

As he concluded, down upon the Spaniards beneath the battlements came a shower of arrows, driving the Spaniards for refuge to their defences. The fierce determination of the Aztecs filled the soldiers' hearts with fear. They gazed upon each other in dismay. The old veterans of Cortes stood firm. They had followed their leader through many trying hours, had known him in his successes, had seen his unfailing spirit under defeat. The newer soldiers who had come to this wretched country only with the hope of gaining gold, and with no thought of vengeance upon the natives, now began to clamor for liberty. "We will not," cried they, "serve longer in a defence where like sheep in a shamble we are cooped up only to be dragged forth to certain slaughter."

But Cortes was equal to the occasion. It was in such times as these that the generalship of Cortes shone forth. Calmly he surveyed the field before him. A retreat from the city would be fraught with fearful danger in the face of their desperate foe, and there was, moreover, the deep mortification of surrendering a city over which he so long had ruled. Again, if he surrendered thus, he must leave behind the enormous riches he had accumulated with which on his return to Spain he hoped to win the favor of his king. Oh, what a wretched ending

for his brilliant career! what a contrast to his loud boastings! what a triumph to his enemies!

But humiliating as all this seemed, to remain in his quarters seemed still more foolhardy. His men were, as the Aztec leader had said, growing weaker every day. Disease and hunger, as well as the Aztec arrows were doing their deadly work. Ammunition, too, was low, and the fortifications were growing every day more feeble in their protection against the enemy's fire.

There seemed no way of escape. The city must be evacuated. The only question now was, by which road and when.

The Moving Towers

Determined that the Aztecs should know nothing of his plans, he proposed to make one more sally into the town not only that he might deceive the enemy as to his real plans, but also that it might afford the opportunity to examine the different roads with a view to departure.

For sometime the Spaniards had been at work constructing three great machines made something like a tower with chambers within. These were to be filled with Spaniards, who through the small windows were to fire upon the Aztecs, they themselves protected by the tower walls from the stones and arrows of the Indians.

These machines Cortes now rolled into the city. The Mexicans gazed with astonishment upon these monsters, as they rolled along the streets, pouring out their fire and smoke upon the houses as they rolled along. For a time the advantage seemed wholly with the Spaniards. But the Indians were quick to learn that from the higher buildings they could still rain down upon the towers themselves their heavy masses of stone and timber, and, by thundering with their missiles against the sides of the frail machines, shake them to their foundations. But this was not all. The bridges, as the Aztecs had said, had indeed been torn away. This

not only interfered with the moving of the towers, but it also embarrassed the movements of the cavalry. Cortez gave orders that the towers be abandoned, and that all join in the labor of making a passage for the army by filling in the canal with the stone and timber from the fallen buildings of the city. In spite of the steady fire from the Indians, a passage was made, and the Spanish cavalry dashed against the enemy, driving them back until another bridgeless canal again gave them the advantage. For two days did Cortes and his army thus force their way against the retreating Aztecs. The Mexicans seemed frightened at last. More than Spanish fire, did this steady, persistent defiance of the Spaniards impress them with the character of their foe; at least, so thought Cortes when, as the Aztecs had been driven to the very furthest outpost, word was brought him that they wished to make terms with him. "We would that you release the two priests you hold in captivity that they may serve as message-bearers between us."

Cortes could scarcely conceal his delight. The priests were sent with full instructions. And Cortes, relieved by the prospect of satisfactory arrangements with the enemy fell back with his officers for food and drink after the two days' hard work. The priests, however, did not return. "What means this delay?" said Cortes, impatiently; for anxiety had begun to tell upon this strong man's nerves. Just then a herald came with the alarming tidings that the enemy were in arms again! that

they were fighting with redoubled fury! that already the guards at three of the bridges were overpowered!

Stung with shame and angry with himself that he had been so easily deceived by the foe, Cortes threw himself into the saddle and galloped back to the battle scene. "Upon them! Upon them!" shouted Cortes, himself in the foremost of the ranks. Inspired by their leader's fury, again the Spaniards pressed on. Again the Mexicans were driven back and again the bridges were restored. Down the streets like frightened animals fled the Mexican foe, the Spaniards pursuing like blood hounds close upon their heels with fire and sword. Victory seemed to rest with the Spaniards at last. But before they could return, new bands of Aztecs had swarmed in from adjoining lanes and streets, in from the hills outside, in from the forests, closing in upon the rear in such numbers as to fill the Spaniards again with despair. Already had they gained possession of one of the bridges. Their storms of arrows and stones rattled down upon the Spanish armor like hail. The confusion grew greater and greater. Horsemen were thrown into the canals, and foot soldiers were trampled to the ground. The air rang with the Aztec yell, the clash of armor and the thunder of Spanish fire.

Cortes himself in the midst of the fight, spurred on his men with his well-known war cry, striking dead the enemy on every side with his fearless sword. Here he stood, defying the enemy, until

every man had crossed the bridge; then, the planks, having given way, he leaped the chasm amid showers of stones, and was once more in safety among his soldiers.

Night fell, and quiet again reigned for an hour. The passes were in the possession of the Spaniards, and they themselves worn out with their two days' fighting, dispirited with their failures, went slowly and sadly back to their citadel.

Montezuma's Death

Full of grief and despair, seeing little honor for himself if the Spaniards conquered, and even less if his own people conquered, Montezuma had but one wish—to die.

His wounds though severe, need not have caused his death; but the unhappy king resolutely turned away from all aid, tore away the bandages which the surgeon had applied, refused all food and drink, begging only that he be allowed to die.

Knowing that his death was near, the Spaniards, who had come to love him for his gentle manners and kindness, gathered round him and begged him to save his soul from the sad doom that must await one who died in the darkness of a heathen belief. Father Olmedo, with honest tears, begged him to turn from his wicked faith, embrace the Spanish religion, be baptized and saved. But the wretched Montezuma only turned his face away saying, "Little have I seen of good in the white man's religion. Little have I seen to turn me from the ancient faith of my people. No; I have but a little time to live, and I will not at this hour desert the religion of my fathers."

One care only weighed upon Montezuma's mind. That was the future of his three daughters.

Calling Cortes to his bedside, he said, "For the friendly offices I have rendered the Spaniards, and for the love I have shown, I beg you promise me, in this my last hour, that these children, to me my most precious jewels, shall not be left destitute, shall not be deprived of their rightful inheritance."

Cortes promised that it should be in this as he asked; and let us remember it to Cortes's honor that he kept his promise.

Montezuma died. And among none were more honest, heartfelt tears shed than among his captors. For though Montezuma had failed in the great trial of his courage, although he had proved himself lacking in the courage to lay down his life for his people, although he was therefore not a great warrior, yet during his captivity he had shown such tenderness and gentleness of thought, such stately dignity of bearing and such nobility of principle, that his captors even had come to love him. Perhaps this sorrow on the part of the Spaniards, who, at no time, have been charged with over tender-heartedness, speaks more in favor of Montezuma's personal character than anything else could.

By Montezuma's faithful attendants and the priests who had remained with him, his body was carried forth into the city.

"He died," thundered Cortes, "from wounds inflicted by his own people."

Loud lamentations arose when the Mexicans

saw the body of their king cold in death.

"The Spaniards have killed our king! The Spaniards have killed our king! O Montezuma! Great Montezuma! Avenge our king's death! Avenge his death! On, on to the Spanish quarters!"

And so, even while Montezuma's body was being burned in the great square amid the mourning multitude, fierce battle again closed round the Spaniards. Day after day it increased in fury—"Montezuma! Montezuma!" now the war-cry. All attempts at peace with the incensed Indians were rejected; the Spaniards grew weaker; the troops mutinied; the bridges were destroyed; the streets were blocked. Ruin, ruin, ruin stared Cortes in the face, on every side.

Montezuma's death was a great misfortune to the Spaniards; for while he lived, they had in their keeping a precious hostage, which might, in a last despair, prove of untold service to the Spaniards in their dealings with the Mexicans. Now, not one tie existed between Cortes and the natives.

The Retreat from the City

"There is no longer any choice," said Cortes, "but to leave the city. The only question is. How shall we leave it and when?"

Calling his officers together, a route was decided upon. It should be a certain less frequented avenue, which, though a little longer than some others, had the advantage of having a shorter causeway at its end.

An astrologer in the army was consulted as to the time best for their departure. "Go," said he, "by night. The stars commend it."

Cortes, either filled with the superstitions of his age, or finding the astrologer's prophecy conveniently in accordance with his own desires, readily agreed to a midnight departure, and began at once to make preparation.

The rich booty taken in these many battles was divided among the officers, who were to guard it until they should again come into quarters. When this had been done, much booty still was left for want of means to carry it. Gold lay scattered in shining heaps upon the floor. "Take what you will of it," said Cortes to his men, "it is far better that you have it than that it be left for these Mexican dogs. Be careful not to overload yourselves. Remember that he travels safest who travels

lightest."

A portable bridge had been built, with which the causeway was to be passed, and all seemed in readiness. Mass was said by Father Olmedo, asking Divine protection through the perilous march before them.

Then the gates were thrown open, and the Spaniards marched forth from the palace in which they had suffered so greatly and had shown such unyielding fortitude.

It was a dark, rainy night. The great square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since Montezuma's death. All was hushed in silence. Noiselessly, but quickly, the army moved along the great street. The great city slept undisturbed. Already the causeway had been reached. Only a little longer, and they would be in safety on the opposite shore. But as the Spaniards drew near, the Indian sentinels caught the alarm, and fled to rouse their countrymen. The priests who had been watching from the temples sounded the alarm, and the great drum in the temple of the god of war rang out, rousing the citizens.

The Spaniards knew full well no time was to be lost. Hurriedly the bridge was stretched across the causeway and the soldiers hurried over. Already the well-known yell of the Mexicans in battle array rang through the air. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, it came. Now came the arrows and sharp stones. Thicker and faster, more and more

furious, they rained down upon the fleeing army.

Smarting under the cutting blows from the sharp missiles, the army pressed on. At last all were over, and Magarino and his brave, strong aids were ready to raise the bridge to convey it to the next waterway.

The Spaniards though standing still in the midst of the cruel shower of stones, felt that only a little more and they would be beyond the reach of their Mexic foe. Only the bridge to be raised! Already Father Olmedo raised his voice in thanksgiving that Almighty God had protected his chosen people against the heathen army. Magarino was hard at work.

"The bridge will not yield! the bridge will not yield!" whispered the horror-stricken men as they pulled and tugged with all their force. From man to man sprang the terrible tidings. "The bridge will not yield! the bridge will not yield!"

Panic fell upon the army. Shut off from escape, unable to return, no hope was left! Each man thought only of his own life! Plunging into the water, some swam or forded across. Others, driven back, fell bleeding beneath the enemy's sword. Infantry and cavalry crowded in deadly confusion on the bank. The Mexicans fell upon the Spaniards without mercy. Some were killed, some imprisoned, others dragged off for sacrifice.

Well was it for those soldiers struggling in the water who had not weighted themselves with the

Mexic gold.

The causeway was a scene of awful slaughter! The air rang with the cries of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded. And now the baggage, the treasure, the artillery, the dead had filled the causeway to the very top. Over this horrible bridge those in the rear rushed on to the next pass. Here the same awful scene followed; and on the surviving ones pressed to the third pass.

Cortes and the straggling bands of soldiers had at last reached the shore. The Mexicans did not follow on, and Cortes, worn out, almost hopeless, threw himself upon the steps of a temple to review his wretched, dripping, straggling, broken army as it passed before him. As the great general regarded the pitiful line before him, it is said he bowed his head and wept. The Mexicans were indeed revenged for all they had suffered from the Spaniards now. All the booty had come again into their hands, Cortes' bravest men were slain, and the army had been driven before the foe—a mere broken, wretched wreck.

This night has ever since been called in Mexic history *"Noche Tristi"*—or the sad night.

Still Cortes was not to be discouraged. Rousing himself, he formed his army into lines, planned for them a halt, and went on at once to plan revenge.

Fortunately for the exhausted Spaniards, the Mexicans did not follow up their victory. They employed the day after their victory in clearing the

streets of their city, burning the dead, and rejoicing over the sacrificing of their captives.

Lame, wounded, half famished, the Spanish army moved slowly away to Tlascala. What their welcome here would be they knew not—they dared not think. Cortes cheered them on with the hope, which he hardly dared himself to trust, that friends would meet them. Fancy then the despair that seized upon them, when, as they journeyed through the mountain pass, their scouts came scurrying back with, "An hostile army is before us! they are already assembled upon the mountain-top to intercept our march."

A halt was ordered. "My men," said Cortes, "there is no choice before us. Fight we must and fight we will. Already the Aztecs are moving down upon us. Charge! Strike at the chiefs! and trust in God!"

The armies fell upon each other. Upon the Aztec chieftain the cavalry charged through the densest of the enemy's ranks. Cortes himself struck the fatal blow, and a cavalier pursuing the wounded chief, seized the standard and bore it back to Cortes.

The Aztecs fell back. The Spaniards pushed forward, driving the natives before them in dire confusion. No more a sense of hunger! no more a sense of exhaustion! Revenge, revenge! was the battle cry. And revenge, full and terrible, the Spaniards heaped upon the flying Aztecs.

Cortes and his men reached Tlascala; and cruel as they were, you will be relieved to know that welcome, warm and hearty awaited them.

Here, for three weeks, the army rested. At the end of that time the undaunted Cortes began to plan a fresh campaign against the Aztecs. No sooner had he laid his plans before his officers than rebellion sprang up among his soldiers. Those from Cuba were longing to return to their sunny plantations and live in peace once more. Tired, indeed, of war were the soldiers. A petition was drawn up, requesting that Cortes abandon his ambitious schemes and allow them to leave the country in peace.

Cortes, however, had no such idea. His veterans stood bravely for him; and although the number of his soldiers was at best but small, he believed that, by wise playing of tribes against tribes, he could again attack the capital.

Already Montezuma's successor had sent ambassadors to the Tlascalans urging them to join in a common cause against the white men; but nothing less than flat refusal had been the answer returned. "You do not come to us as friends," said they; "neither would you be true to us when the white man had gone. You come to us in fear. You would use us to save your capital, then you would cast us off and turn again against us. We will fight, side by side with the Spaniard, you the common foe."

Accordingly Cortes set forth accompanied by his allies. Success attended his every move, and again Cortes was rising to his old place in the esteem of the natives as a wonderful conqueror. Just here Montezuma's successor, who had so bravely and wisely defied the Spaniards' approach, and who, had the neighboring tribes proved loyal to their common cause, would certainly have taken prisoner these Spaniards to a man—just here this warrior died.

Guatemozin

A new king, Guatemozin, was elected. Guatemozin was a nephew of Montezuma.

Alive to the danger to his capital, this new king lost no time in making active preparations for resistance.

Cortes was now near upon the carrying out of his new plans. His vessels with which he proposed this time to attack the city were nearly ready. The Spanish arms had been repaired, and every possible addition to the supply had been made. Powder only was needed. Saltpetre they had, but where could sulphur be found with which to make the powder.

"There's enough of it up in the volcano," said a soldier carelessly.

"Then we must have it," said Montano, a daring cavalier.

"Shall we bring the great crater to you?" laughed a soldier.

"No." said Montano, "I will bring the sulphur from the volcano."

And true enough, Montano and his party pushed their way to the top of that great volcano, Popocatepetl, let down a basket containing the brave leader into the very bottom of this smoking

pit that he might scrape sulphur from the sides of the crater.

Now, indeed, Cortes was ready to set out for Mexico again. Knowing the Aztecs would be lying in wait for him, he led his army through the most difficult and least travelled of all the mountain passes. As they reached the mountain tops and looked down upon the beautiful Aztec valley, and upon the battleground of the *"Noche tristi,"* they said, "Never again will we leave this country unvictorious, though it cost us our lives."

Cortes determined to strike first upon the city of Iztapalapan. This city was situated on a narrow tongue of land, with water on either side. The city was carefully diked, and so preserved from the destructive overflow from the lakes. As Cortes approached, he was promptly assailed by the warriors from the city. On he pressed, driving the natives before him into the very streets of their city. The natives betook themselves to the houses built out upon the water and thence escaped across the lake.

And now the Spaniards and their allies devoted themselves to sacking and burning the city. Busy in their cruel work, they had not noticed the gradually rising water about the city. Slowly, slowly it arose, until at last the Spaniards perceived their peril.

Instantly the retreat was sounded, and the army, loaded with what plunder they could carry

with them, rushed from the city. Struggling, under their burdens, they lost their footing, dropped their spoils, and were drowned in the lake.

The survivors wet, cold, exasperated, shook themselves out, wondering whether it had been by chance or by deliberate plan that they had been thus driven from the city they had so successfully sacked.

"Our plunder is lost in the water, our powder is spoiled, our"—But the words were never finished; for down from the hillsides and across the fields came the shouts, and yells and laughter of the escaped citizens, telling the Spaniards all too well that no mere accident had driven them thus from the city.

And now for the great city! Dividing his vessels into three divisions, that together they might enter the three causeways of the city, Cortes began his seige. He had already destroyed the aqueduct through which the city was supplied with water, and he now proposed each day to make an attack upon the natives and so hasten the end.

Hardly had he stationed himself around the city when he was attacked himself by a great host of Mexicans. This time their blows were readily warded off by steady fire from the vessels. No sooner had morning dawned than a second attack was made. In describing it, Cortes said, "As far as eye could reach over the land and over the water, nothing but warriors could be seen. Their howls

and yells filled the air. We drove them along the causeway, we stormed their intrenchment and crossed a bridge. Our artillery from the vessels swept away like grass before the wind, the canoes. The Mexicans had driven piles into the water on which to trap our vessels as we came into the shallow water, but these we evaded. Pushing up into the city, we drove the enemy before us, burning the dwellings as we went. Thus did we spend our first day."

Day after day the siege went on. Each day the Spaniards advanced, stormed the intrenchments, broke down the bridges, and each night did the natives endeavor to repair the work of the day.

Again and again the Mexicans were put to flight, and again and again they rallied and rushed upon their foe anew. Never had a city been more desperately, more persistently beseiged, and never had a city been more desperately, more persistently defended.

Hour after hour Cortes expected terms of peace. But no such message came. The warriors seemed only to increase in fury. Though mowed down by the cannon's volley, the breach seemed only to be filled in by swarms from the adjoining fields. There seemed no end to their numbers, no end to their courage, no end to their schemes and devices for new attacks.

Once an attempt to capture the Spanish vessels was made this way. Stakes were planted beneath

the water, and near by were placed canoes in ambush. Two of them paddled down to the nearest vessel, attracted the attention of the captains who at once gave chase, when the Aztecs appearing to be greatly frightened, paddled rapidly toward the shore. The vessel swooping down upon them caught fast in the hidden stakes. Out came the hidden canoes, surrounding like wasps the vessel, and attacking it from every point.

At another time, canoes appeared from the opposite side loaded with provisions apparently for the besieged city. Cortes, however, seeing through this, sent a vessel to overtake them as they wished. Standing just outside the trap, the vessel invited the attack from the hidden canoes. Out rushed the canoes to attack the vessel. Two shots from the vessel, however, the signal agreed upon, brought from some unknown place six concealed vessels. The Aztecs had been caught in their own trap. Swooping down upon the canoes, these vessels sunk many of the canoes, fired upon the crew, killing many, and taking the rest prisoners. The Aztecs never tried to entrap the Spanish vessels again; although they turned their minds with equal activity upon other plans of attack.

Day after day attacks were made, but with no seeming result. At length an especial move was planned to take the market place.

Early in the morning of this day the Spaniards were astir. Dividing his men with their

detachments, they entered the three avenues that led to the great square.

On the three armies marched, carrying for a time all before them. Already the square was nearly reached. The division in the main avenue, wild with their success sent word to Cortes, who was fighting his way up the narrowest and most difficult street, "We are almost there. We await orders to proceed into the square itself."

"By no means advance until you have made your bridges firm, that you may have a way to retreat if necessary," answered he.

"We have thought of all that," was the reply.

But hardly had they advanced, when down upon them pounced the Mexicans with such fury, so unexpectedly and so fiercely, that the Spaniards turned in flight. Down the street like dogs fled the Spaniards, pursued by the fleet-footed natives.

"Hold!" cried Cortes, who knew full well that no bridge they had built would bear this crowding, pushing throng.

In an instant the canal was heaped with Spaniards, blinded in their haste and fear. Over the sides went the Mexicans in hot pursuit. The canal was alive with the writhing forms of Spaniards and Mexicans, wrestling in deadly combat.

Cortes and his men, rushing to the canal, pulled out from the water those who could be reached. Engaged in this, they heard not the approaching

cloud of Mexican warriors. Down they come, closing around the little band of Spaniards. Already their yell of victory has sounded forth, "Cortes himself is captured! Cortes himself is captured! Now will our war-god have a victim to his taste."

Forward rushed a Spanish youth to his master's rescue. With one sweep of his sword he cut off with one blow the arms of the captor. Again Cortes is free, and, surrounded by his body guard, is saved from the foe.

Ordering the other divisions to retreat, he himself with his body of men resisted an attack in the great square, but was defeated. Already the incense was burning in the Mexican temples in honor of their victory. Marching before Cortes, the victors, they threw some bleeding heads before him. "Do you see, O Spaniard? This soon shall be your fate and the fate of all your pale-faced warriors."

Upon this, the Mexicans sprang upon the Spaniards fighting, wrestling with them hand to hand. Driven back, Cortes and his fearless band escaped to their camp. It had indeed been a terrible day. The Mexicans, full of delight at their victory, were already sacrificing their victims, burning incense, and revelling as was their custom after victory. Encouraged and buoyed up by this strange turning in the fortunes of their forces, Cortes knew full well that on the morrow they would be all the fiercer, bolder, and more furious for their day's success.

The Spaniards seemed indeed hard pressed. In these daily attacks upon the city many men had fallen, the ammunition had given out; surrender seemed almost staring them in the face. As if this were not black enough, reports came from their outlying allies saying that the Mexicans were making inroads upon their lands and begging that forces be sent to their protection.

"Alas," said Cortes sadly, "we are more in need of aid ourselves than able to give it." Still, knowing it would be a death-blow to all hopes of success to acknowledge just now the weakness of his forces, Cortes sent detachments to the assistance of these allies. Fortunately, these detachments were successful in their engagements and returned to their quarters very little reduced.

Destruction of the City

It was evident that something new must be done. These daily attacks seemed in no wise to have weakened or to have disheartened the Mexicans.

Cortes consulted long and anxiously with his officers.

One of two schemes must be put into action. Either they must quietly wait to starve out the city and so bring it into subjection, or the city must be razed. Already the water was shut off; surely provisions could not much longer hold out. Still, the idea of patiently waiting for this condition to come about was not an agreeable one to these impetuous, hot-headed Spaniards.

"One more opportunity," said Cortes, "will we give these defiant Aztecs to surrender their city without further loss. Upon their answer will we build our future plans."

Thereupon messengers were sent to Guatemozin. "Tell your king," said Cortes, "that because of the love I bear the family of Montezuma, I am willing to make terms of peace. He must know that, cut off as he is from food and water, we must surely conquer. Ask him if he will not, for the sake of the lives of his subjects and for the sake of his ancient city, put an end to this fearful slaughter, by

surrender to the Spanish power."

When Guatemozin heard these words, he gathered together his priests and nobles and sat in council with them. Many were in favor of peace; but the priests, with a thought only to the religion which the Spaniards would destroy, opposed any step towards submission.

"See," said they, "what has been the conduct of the white man from the very first. Remember the treatment of Montezuma and all the princes that have come into their power. Think how they have stolen our treasures, despoiled our temples, and branded as slaves those countrymen of ours who have submitted to them. Shall we, too, bow as slaves before this hated foe?"

For days the Spaniards anxiously awaited the reply. No messenger came. "We are done with words," savagely thundered the Emperor. "It is time to act. Away then with this dallying—fit only for the puny, white-faced Spaniard. Think of our forefathers—think of the former Aztec glory. Have we no pride! have we no daring! Shame upon us! Shame upon us! Vengeance! vengeance! On! on! on to battle! And let us rest not until our war-god lays every Spanish foe dead at our feet."

And so it was that without warning, down came the Aztec warriors like a mighty whirlwind upon the Spaniards.

Surging around their vessels, like angry waves, hurling their stones and arrows, their shouts of

"Cowards! cowards!" and the shrill, blood-curdling war-cry rising high above all, taught Cortes that little hope had he of submission from his savage foe.

"There is no other way," said Cortes almost regretfully. "The city must be razed. At four different points the work was begun. Burning the buildings, filling up the canals with the debris was the work now before them.

Alvarado pressed forward towards the great temple. Here followed a furious fight. Bravely and desperately did the Aztecs, spurred on by the priests, defend their holy sanctuary. Once, twice, thrice they drove the Spaniards down the great stone steps. But the temple is gained at last, and soon the belching flame and smoke is pouring forth from its sacred altars.

Day after day the Spaniards enter the city, carrying each day the destruction farther up into the heart of the capital. Provisions were giving out. Even the flesh of the Spaniard was denied them now that the slaughter had ceased. They were starving, ill, disheartened. And yet, not one thought had they of surrender, not one thought of giving themselves into the hands of the white man.

Three-fourths of the city already was in the possession of the Spaniards. Now Cortes pushed onward to the marketplace, the last stronghold of the Aztec. This the foe captured, burning and tearing down on either side of the great water street as

they advanced. From the high tower in the marketplace, Cortes looked out over the great wasted city. Women and children, wretched objects, dying of hunger, wandered up and down the streets searching for food.

"It was a sad, sad sight," wrote Cortes; "still in all the suffering no word of submission was heard. Even the children seemed to understand the spirit of their race."

Again proposals for peace were sent to Guatemozin. Again the same haughty reply returned. At last, one day, in desperation, the Mexicans themselves broke forth in open attack. Hopeless as it was, it seemed a sort of delight to the Mexicans to resist with their latest breath their conquering foe. It could hardly be called a battle, so unequal were the enemies.

Standing upon one side of a canal, Cortes spoke with the wretched, haggard warriors. "Why do you not send your king to make peace with us?" asked Cortes. "Surely you know that if we would, we could slay you in an hour. It is only that we do not seek to war with dying men that we spare you."

"Death is all we ask," they cried. Then followed a shower of arrows and stones with such fury as to prove to the Spaniards that the Aztec spirit could never die.

Again Cortes sought to save the people. Summoning certain of the Mexic noblemen, with promise to do them no harm, he feasted them, and

sent them back to their king to ask that he meet Cortes.

Answer came that Guatemozin would confer with Cortes on the following day. But no Guatemozin appeared. Again and again did Cortes await the coming of the Mexic king.

At length there seemed no alternative. Precious time was being wasted. There seemed no other way than to attack these poor dying warriors. Even now Cortes gave Guatemozin opportunity to save his people. But the answer was, "Guatemozin will die; but he will not come to the Spaniard."

At last the battle, if it can be called a battle, began. As the Spaniards neared the dwelling of Guatemozin, he with his family fled to his boat. Swiftly he was pursued and overtaken. Brought at last a captive into the presence of Cortes, he said, "Malinche, I have done my duty in the defence of my kingdom and my people. I have failed, and am now your prisoner." Laying his hand upon the sword which Cortes wore at his side, he said, "Strike me to the heart with that. Give me at least the liberty of death."

New Spain

Thus ended the war against the Mexicans. The kingdom of Montezuma was now "New Spain." Seventy-five days of siege and battle, and the city of the Montezumas was taken. The inhabitants had been slain almost to a man, yet the Spaniards had little of the glory of a victory. The city though taken was a worthless heap of ruins; the enormous booty which was known to be in possession of the people could not be found. Though put to the rack, Guatemozin could not be made to say what had been done with it. The soldiers quarreled and were discontented. They accused Cortes of having himself secreted the great treasure, and of having wilfully defrauded them all.

But Mexico was taken and Cortes returned to Spain with his offering. As to the Aztecs, many fled from the country farther north, and their descendants are still found in parts of New Mexico.

Not very many years ago. Col. Doniphon marched into New Mexico. Imagine his amazement to find living there Indians wholly unlike in appearance or in customs the Indians before seen in this country.

These Indians lived in a great stone building, several stories high. These buildings they called Pueblos. There were about ten thousand of these

Indians living in different settlements of about a thousand each. They claimed to have come from the sunny south long, long ago, when the south was conquered by the pale face from across the water; and certainly their houses and their customs were like those of the people of Montezuma as described by Cortes.

Their pueblos or houses were built of stone, looking much like great forts. There were no doors nor staircases; but the upper stories were entered by means of ladders, which, being drawn up by night, rendered the people secure from all attacks.

In these buildings are underground chambers in which the sacred fires are burned. "These fires," said the New Mexico Indians, "were brought from the sunny land of our fathers, and have been kept burning these hundreds of years. If we never allow these fires to be lost, and if we keep them forever from the sight of the white man, some day our great king Montezuma will come for us and we shall all go back to our old home in the South from whence our fathers were so cruelly driven."

These Indians are sun-worshippers. Often they may be seen sitting upon the roofs of their buildings watching the rising of the sun. "The sun," say they, "is the chariot of our great chief. And some time he will come with it to carry us to our old home."

They are gentle, peace-abiding people, living simply and honestly in their houses, waiting,

waiting, waiting for the great Montezuma of their fathers; hoping always that with the next appearing of the great fire-chariot he may come for them.

Francisco Pizarro: The Conquest of Peru

by

Mara Pratt

Francisco Pizarro

I suppose it would be hardly fair to our boy readers to keep from them the story of Pizarro's "running away,"—much as there is to be said against filling the heads of lads with stories of that kind. But, you see, Pizarro was a boy of rather unusual type, and the times, too, four hundred years ago, were very different from those of to-day. The New World had just been discovered; European countries were at war with each other; ships were only just beginning to be built strong enough to sail far out to sea; and navigation, adventure, exploration, and discovery were the watch-words of the hour.

Pizarro's father, who was a soldier full of daring, but of very little moral worth, seems to have bequeathed his son nothing but his name and his bold spirit. Pizarro's mother, a low peasant woman, had no choice in the matter, even had she wished to see her boy brought up in the poor way common to children of her caste.

Almost as soon as he could walk, this black-eyed, fiery-hearted little Spaniard was set to work watching the herds of pigs as they wallowed and grunted about—just as pigs do to-day, except that those were given the liberty of the roads and mires and any other place where the filth and garbage

were sufficient to give their pig-ships pleasure.

This was the life Pizarro led until, when fifteen years old, his ambitious spirit could endure it no longer. Poor little fellow! He had known little of the joys of childhood. All these years he had grown up amid those mean, squalid surroundings, ignorance and filth and poverty his only education, watching the pigs from dawn till dark, eating only the coarsest food, sleeping at night on a bed of dirty hay, and with all this, beaten and kicked for the slightest neglect of his duties.

Such a life as this would kill out the fire and ambition of any boy, and make him into an animal as stupid and brutish as those Pizarro watched.

But Pizarro had inherited from his father so fierce and proud a spirit, that even this grovelling life could not kill it. It seemed rather to increase it—this daily wretchedness and tyranny; and, as he came up into his "teens," he chafed angrily at his revolting labor and his brutal masters.

It happened one day as he was about his work, his blood boiling and his heart beating angrily over some fresh injustice from his master, that a sailor arrived in the little village, bringing with him wonderful stories of the "new land" across the sea. "Oh, such a wonderful land!" the sailor said. "Gold, silver and precious stones! A land of plenty!" In his rough way the sailor went on to tell about the voyage; the excitement of the landing; the wonderful explorations; the strange, copper-colored

people, and, above all, the number of ships that were already being built in the different Spanish sea-ports to go out again across the great sea to this wonderful new land.

The little swineherd was fired with ambition to see this new land. All the pent-up passion of his life burst forth; all the longings, dreamings, all his schemes for future greatness went rushing through his brain at red-hot speed.

Here, indeed, was a career worthy of his courage and ambition. "I shall go!" cried Pizarro. "I shall go!"

From that day Pizarro had but one plan—to escape, make his way to Seville, join the army, and some time go to the wonderful land of which the sailor had told him.

Among the many swineherds were two boys of Pizarro's own age, in whom he had found no little sympathy in days gone by, when, from time to time, he had burst into indignant fury at their wretched lives among the pigs. To these two boys Pizarro unfolded his new plans and his scheme for escape. Readily the boys fell in with their leader, and all three joined in preparation for the time when escape would be possible.

An opportunity came at last; and in the dead of the night, the three boys, each with a little bundle thrown over his shoulder, in which were food and all their worldly possessions, crept out from the village up the mountain road.

It was just at daybreak when they reached the summit of a rough, steep cliff, from which they could look down upon the village.

"Just see how small the village looks!" cried one of the boys. "We must have climbed a long distance to have it look so far away."

"We're done with Truxillo, thank heaven!" exclaimed Francisco, throwing himself down to rest on the broad cliff. "No more watching swine for us! We will be soldiers or sailors, and we'll cross the sea, and fight our way to fame and glory!"

"But it is a long journey to Seville," said the youngest of the three boys. "How shall we ever reach there?"

"What, Pedro, are you afraid? Away with such coward-words! I'd rather starve than go back to that slave's work! Come, come! Courage, Pedro, courage!"

The Boys Arrive in Seville

It was a long, hard journey that lay before these desperate boys. Over hills, along hot, dusty roads, across streams, and over parched and barren fields they tramped bravely on, resting one night beneath the warm shelter of some good peasant's roof, another by the roadside or beneath some forest trees.

But the lads had youth and health and courage, and, best of all, an honest, steady purpose to help them on their way. And one bright, warm evening, just as the setting sun was gilding the clouds and reflecting its sunset glory upon the towers and domes of the beautiful city, our travel-worn lads came within the gates of Seville.

"Was ever anything so grand?" exclaimed Pizarro, as the grand steeple of the great cathedral and the great towers of the Alcazar rose high before them.

Their arrival seemed indeed well timed. Soldiers, soldiers, appeared on every side. Amidst the crowds of people, hurrying along the street, in the windows of the balconied dwellings, in the gardens, in the cathedral—everywhere glittered and shone the beautiful armor of the Spanish soldiers.

All this but rekindled the fire in Pizarro's heart. To be a soldier, to wear an armor like that, to fight,

to win fame! such were the ambitions of Pizarro. Though but fifteen, he was tall, straight and strong, brave, daring and resolute. "Sir," said Pizarro, walking boldly up to an officer, "we three lads have run away from home to join the army. We are ready to go anywhere or do anything, and we want to join at once."

The officer, recognizing at once that in these boys were that fire and daring of which soldiers are made, took them to the captain, and they were at once enrolled as soldiers in the Spanish army, pledged to fight for Ferdinand and Isabella against the French.

Now the three lads separated; and Pizarro, with whom we have—in this story especially—to do, dressed in the showy uniform of his time, began his life as a soldier.

On reaching Italy, where the war against the French usurper was carried on, Pizarro was able only to take part in the final battles. But such was his bravery, his strength, the fire with which he fought, the resolute patience with which he endured the hardship of the march and the camp, that, in this short time even, he had won the good-will of his officers and the respect of his fellow soldiers.

On his return to Seville, as reward for his valor he was made lieutenant; and as he marched about the city in his beautiful, glittering uniform, I hardly think, except in the same eager eye and manly

bearing, you would have recognized him as the dusty, ragged swineherd of a few months before.

For several years he served in the army, gaining every year new honors and higher rank; and had army life been always on the field, doubtless even his restless spirit would have found ample scope in such a career; but there were the long intervening months of barrack life—stupid, intolerable months of imprisonment, so they seemed to Pizarro.

Again the old fever and ambition to win wealth and fame in the New World burned within him. A life of bold adventure, of continual conflict, even perpetual danger, was Pizarro's only dream of happiness.

Every day, as reports of this wonderful New World came to his ears, he grew more and more restless and determined. Such opportunities for conquest, wealth, power, fame!

Already Spain was ringing with the reports of the enormous wealth, the vast lands, the beautiful climate, the strange, copper-colored people of the New World. And when at last an expedition was fitted out, whose commander called for brave, hardy men with military experience, men who were strong and daring, ready to brave the hardships of the rude forest life, Pizarro hastened to join the party, to offer his sword and his genius to the new expedition to the New World.

Pizarro in America

We can no longer think of Pizarro as the enthusiastic, daring soldier-boy. Many years have passed since he so boldly presented himself to the Spanish officer and enrolled himself with the king's soldiers.

He is now a full-grown man, hardened by the rigid military life, his body and mind both strengthened by contact with the rough experiences of a rough life. Perhaps Pizarro was a hero; no doubt his courage and his ambition were commendable; and we would not filch from him one word of the praise and admiration which belong to him. Still we cannot but be glad that such ruthless, defiant, selfish characters as the adventurer are not in this day needed to sustain our civilization and to promote our progress. We are glad that, in this day, the self-made man knows that to be truly honored and respected, to be of real help and value to his fellow-men, he must not, in his struggle for self-elevation, allow himself to grow so selfish and hardened as to lose all the finer, gentler, nobler qualities of manhood.

Physical courage in Pizarro's day, boys, was no doubt in the minds of the people, the grandest thing; but in these days, the world expects something better than that of its heroes. Men like Cortes

and Pizarro are well to read about—we need to read about them in fact; but don't take them for your models. Remember that the world's heroes to-day must not only be brave, ambitious, progressive, but they must withal be *gentle-men.*

Brevity is the soul of wit, they say; yes, and it's the very pith of a sermon, isn't it? So let us go back again to Pizarro, who, if he isn't to-day, was, at least, then, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the type of a "great hero."

Amid sturdy men like himself, filled with the same fire of cupidity and thirst for fame and conquest, Pizarro entered heart and soul into the schemes laid before him during the long voyage. Conscious that he himself was able to command, he determined to lose no opportunity for pushing himself into such positions as would better his fortunes.

Fight With the Indians

On reaching the New World, he was at once taken into the confidence of Alonzo de Ojeda, one of the boldest and fiercest of the Spanish adventurers there—a man who was famous already for the daring with which he assailed the natives, and the pitiless way in which he destroyed them, broke up their families, and sold them into slavery.

Now, Ojeda had been made governor of a part of the Isthmus of Darien, and was sadly in need of another, as daring as himself, to go there and overcome the native Indian. Pizarro, according to Ojeda's judgment, was just the man for the occasion; and the occasion, according to Pizarro's judgment, was just the one for Pizarro.

Although warned of the hostility of the natives, Pizarro and Ojeda set forth in excellent spirits for the Isthmus. They were indeed a well-mated pair of officers, fear being as much a stranger to the one as to the other.

But for all that, the expedition was doomed to fail. No sooner had their ship's keels grated upon the shore than down from the hills and out from the forests swarmed the natives, armed with their deadly, poisoned arrows.

In an hour seventy Spaniards lay dead upon the shore; and the rest, many of them already writhing

in the agony of death from their poison wounds, were driven back to their ships. Ojeda himself, cutting his way through the infuriated savages, escaped half-dead to the forest. There he was found the following day, and carried, fainting, to his vessel.

But Ojeda was not the man to die or to be discouraged by one defeat. Calling Pizarro to him as soon as he was able to speak, he gave the colony into his charge, and made arrangements to go back to Hispaniola, from whence they had come, for help.

For fifty long weary days did Pizarro and his companions wait for Ojeda's return. And now, so few of the men lived, that their one ship could carry them all; and Pizarro set sail from the wretched place for Hispaniola.

Pizarro Joins Balboa

In no wise discouraged, however, Pizarro at once joined the forces of Balboa, the governor-general of this same Isthmus. Balboa had been told by friendly Indians that beyond the Isthmus was a great and mighty ocean—as great and as broad as the Atlantic. If this was true, Balboa was determined to be the first to gaze upon the undiscovered waters. So, getting together a band of his strongest and sturdiest men, and taking with him a herd of cruel bloodhounds, Balboa, with Pizarro as his lieutenant, set out again for the Isthmus of Darien.

There were danger and glory both in this expedition, and in both Pizarro had his share. A friendly chief, Ponca, accompanied Balboa as guide. Coming out from the dense forest one morning, Ponca cried, "There! there! from that mountain you can see the great ocean rolling at your feet!"

Although yet far distant, Balboa pushed eagerly onward. But they were now in the country of hostile Indians. Down came the tribes, showering upon the white men their arrows, and attacking them with spears and clubs.

"Fire upon them!" was Pizarro's command. Instantly out blazed the fire and smoke, the echo thundering on and on from mountain to mountain.

The Indians, having never heard a gun-report, ran shrieking and howling back to their village. The Spaniards pursued, and no less than six hundred of them fell dead. The few who escaped fled to the mountain, and Balboa and his men were free to enter their village and plunder to their heart's content. Much food was found stored away in the huts of the village; and what was almost dearer still to the Spanish adventurer's soul, gold and silver and precious stones.

Leaving a number of his men to guard the store, Balboa pushed on to the mountain. It was at daybreak, one bright September morning, in 1513, that the foot of the mountain was reached.

"This is the peak," repeated Ponca, "from which you can see our great ocean."

First View of the Ocean

Balboa's heart beat with excitement. "If this is true," said he in his ambitious mind, "l shall be a discoverer—a discoverer!—and I shall be famous throughout all Europe."

"My good men," said he, turning to his followers, "rest you here. I alone will climb to the summit. Mine shall be the eyes first to behold this wonderful ocean that glistens on the other side of this great wall."

Then, springing up the mountain side, and from cliff to cliff, he made his way to the summit. His followers watched eagerly from below.

There, in truth, lay spread out before him, the boundless waters of the ocean. Balboa was indeed a discoverer! He would indeed be honored by the European nations!

Eagerly signalling to his men to follow him, he sank down upon the mountain top, overcome by the beauty of the scene before him and his own contending thoughts.

Such beauty! such breadth! such peace! Such a picture had never entered the vision of Balboa even in his wildest dreams. And now, descending upon the ocean side, they explored the shore along the Isthmus, collected a goodly amount of treasure, and returned in safety to the colony.

During the absence of Balboa, a new governor had been sent over to take the charge of Darien. Balboa might well have resisted this injustice, but gallant cavalier that he was, he welcomed him with all honor.

It is a pity the new governor was not more deserving of this generous treatment from Balboa. But as was too often the case among these adventurers, personal interests and the gratification of selfish ambitions overruled; and, after having gleaned from Balboa all the information necessary to carry on the exploration of the coast of the new ocean, this new governor ordered that Balboa be set aside, and if he made trouble, that he be arrested and thrown into prison.

Pizarro Heads an Expedition

The new governor then fitted out an expedition in his own name, putting Pizarro at the head of it. It was an expedition fatal to many a brave Spaniard; for on reaching the Pacific coast, Pizarro divided his forces, and with one part set off for a group of islands, on whose shores he had been told were pearls without number. No sooner had the Spaniards landed than the natives, convinced that they came on no friendly visit, fell upon them in true Indian fashion. A long, hard battle followed, and it was only after great loss that the Spaniards were able to get possession of the island. As reward for all this loss of life, Pizarro found a vast number of very large and brilliant pearls, and also a large quantity of gold; enough, one would think, to satisfy even the most grasping and ambitious man.

When the new governor saw all these golden signs of wealth, he immediately resolved to cross the Isthmus to the point now called Panama, and there, on the Pacific coast, build the palace of the future capital.

Pizarro accompanied the governor to the new site for the capital city. There, having now gained wealth and fame, he laid out for himself a fine estate, as we should call it in these days, was served

by a retinue of Indian servants, and was held in high respect as one of the cavaliers who had had his part in the conquering and settling of this great country.

Cities of Gold

Pizarro was now more than forty years of age, and except we remember that discovery and exploration were the watchwords of the time, we should almost think he would be "a-weary" of his life, so full of hardship and of strife, and would be glad indeed to live, for a while at least, a quiet life, surrounded by ease and comfort.

But selfish as Pizarro was, his selfishness happened not to find its fulness in this manner of living.

His bold adventurous spirit longed rather for the stirring excitement of the battle-field, and the perils of exploration. Day after day, as he looked over his broad and beautiful fields, he saw no beauty in their quiet, and no comfort in their possession. According to his estimate of what a successful life should be, of what a hero is, he was but in the swine-herd days again.

What to him were wealth and comfort compared with the fame of his first gallant chief, Balboa! what compared with the world-renowned conquests of Cortes!

Well, there's the old saying that "where there's a will there's a way." Pizarro certainly had will enough, and so it came about, I presume, that one day there came into port an explorer who had been

far down the Pacific coast.

"There," said he, "are natives very different from these savages of Darien. There are cities there, and gold and precious stones."

It was the same old, old story that had urged on every Spaniard since the discovery of the New World; the old, old story that had excited their cupidity, urged them on in their cruelty, and driven them to their death.

Pizarro's ambition blazed up anew. Already he saw in eager anticipation the city that, like Mexico, he should overcome. Pizarro and Cortes! Cortes and Pizarro!

Fortunately for Pizarro, others in the colony had been fired by the explorer's story of gold, and all were ready together to fit out a fleet. Pizarro was put in command and a force of a hundred brave, sturdy men was gathered together.

With this little force, Pizarro set forth upon his journey to an undiscovered country, knowing little more than that glory or death—as likely one as the other—awaited them all.

Like Columbus or Cortes, he set forth, his heart bursting with hope and ambition; and like them, too, he had before him a conquest, of the greatness of which, in his wildest flights, he had never dreamed.

The Land of the Inca

While Pizarro is on his way, let us take a flight in mind to this mysterious land to which our hero is to come.

It is, indeed, a marvellous country. More marvellous than even the explorer who had told Pizarro of it had imagined. Nearing the shore, one would hardly be attracted to the country, and would hardly dream of the wonders beyond the mountains. It doesn't seem as if the soil were worthy of cultivation even, so barren and craggy do the mountains look. But let us go nearer. Wonders upon wonders! What manner of people are here, pray, that they build bridges and canals and aqueducts? And see! the sides of the mountains, which from the ocean looked so barren, are covered with gardens, terraced one above the other, to the very tops. And there are houses, too, upon these terraces. Upon the mountain sides browse herds of long-haired sheep—llamas we call them now; and upon the high table-lands on the tops of the mountains are other towns and villages, with their long, straight roads, their thrifty dwellings, and their luxuriant gardens.

This is Peru, the land of the Inca, as the Peruvians called their ruler.

How They Lived

The Peruvians, we may as well learn here, were Sun-worshippers. The Sun, they believed, in order that his chosen people, the Peruvians, might be prosperous, had sent his only son and his only daughter to live among them, and to teach them such arts as would give them riches and power.

The brother founded his capital at Cuzco, and then taught the Peruvians how to cultivate their farms and gardens, to supply themselves with water, to build canals, bridges and houses. Then the sister came; she took the women under her instruction, teaching them to weave, to spin, and to cook.

So it was that the empire of Peru was founded by the children of the Sun; and when this brother and sister had gone away, the son's children had been given charge over the people, and the realm had ever since passed down from one generation to another of these children of the Sun—the Incas.

All high places in church or state or battle-field were held by the members of the families descended from the Sun.

In regard to that Inca who was to become the next monarch, these rude people had certain established conditions, from which many a modern monarchy might well learn useful lessons. He

was obliged to pass a life of study, to be skilled in military affairs, learned in the history of his people, and, before taking his throne, to prove in severe examinations his ability to rule intelligently over his people.

When, however, the Inca was made king, then his word was absolute, his will divine law. Standing, as he now did, as the representative of the Sun, he was an object of worship. Even the Inca nobles could now appear before him only with bared feet and uncovered head, carrying upon their backs a burden in token of their acknowledged inferiority.

The monarch was the high-priest also; and in this double office ruled both church and state. Such beautiful palaces of silver and gold, studded with sparkling gems, as the Incas had! Even the glories of the Montezumas paled before them! And their temple! Great bars of gold for cornices, rods of shining silver for the altars, and the walls covered from floor to ceiling with golden plates and ornaments!

The Inca was never tyrannical, though perfect obedience was demanded. The farms were redivided every year, and the people were thus never allowed to grow rich, neither were they ever poor. Each farmer did a share of the tilling of the farms of the nobility, then he performed a certain amount of labor upon those lands dedicated to the Sun, besides which he must do his share towards cultivating the farms of the sick and aged—the rest

of his time was his own.

Every trade, every art was, in a similar way, controlled by a central government; and whether wise or not, this form of control certainly had the effect of producing the greatest harmony between rulers and people, success in all arts and trades, prosperity in their nation, and power over their enemies

Such was the beautiful land of the Incas. Such was the peaceful, law-abiding people upon whom Pizarro was so soon to descend. Such the quiet, prosperous nation, so soon to lie a noble ruin at Pizarro's feet.

Pizarro's Journey

Pizarro was brave and daring. Fear was no more known to his nature now than it had been in his boyhood. Still, with only a hundred men, journeying through a rough, unknown country, inhabited by hostile Indians, what could even the bravest commander hope to gain? Had the jealous governor, the same one who had so unjustly overthrown Balboa, given Pizarro a fleet of any size, and forces of any number worthy of such an undertaking, Pizarro would have been sure of success.

With even his few men, Pizarro pushed his way southward nearly to Peru. On the journey he fought desperately with hostile tribes along the shore, often driving them back into the forests, frightened and subdued. A large amount of gold was thus collected, and many precious stones. But in all these battles Spaniards fell, until at last Pizarro, knowing that to push on was worse than useless, embarked his few remaining men, and turned his vessel homeward. Landing on an island not far from Darien, he sent his treasure to the governor by a fellow-voyager, with the request that a larger fleet be fitted out, and that a force be given him sufficiently large to conquer the people in this southern gold country.

Again the governor was seized with jealousy as he viewed the golden treasure and heard the wonderful reports about those southern Indians. But Luque, a priest, asserting his authority as church official, compelled the governor to do as he should. Funds were procured, ships built, and again Pizarro started forth—this time with Almagro, his faithful friend.

Together they sailed directly to the farthest point along the coast which had, in a previous voyage, been reached by Almagro. Reconnoitering here, Pizarro was convinced that they were upon the border-lands of hostile, warlike tribes. Surely more men would be needed. Accordingly Almagro returned to Panama, while Pizarro and his few men held their position until he should return. It was a long and dreary waiting. Sickness, starvation, treachery surrounded them on every side. No wonder the bravest of them loudly bewailed their wretched plight, and regretted bitterly the folly that had led them from comfortable homes to such a land as this.

Here, as ever in times of sore distress, Pizarro proved the heroism of his character. Sharing his last mouthful with his men, working with them and for them, by his courage and patience and ready sympathy, he kept them from despair, until at last, when hope seemed almost dead, Ruiz, who had been sent to coast along the shore, appeared in sight.

With food and gold, and with a thrilling story of the prospects farther south, Ruiz revived the ambition in these half-dead men, and soon no word was heard other than that expressing willingness, yes, even impatience to go on to the wonderful lands farther south.

Almagro soon returned from Panama, bringing with him some eighty men, all eager for adventure. A new governor had been installed during their voyage, and welcome news it was indeed to Almagro and Pizarro.

A Second Attempt

Now, all miseries and discontent forgotten, spirits revived by the arrival of food and clothes as well as by the courage and eagerness of the eighty new arrivals—all set forth again down the Pacific coast.

It seemed now as if Pizarro deserved success; that is, if such a cruel errand as that upon which he had set forth could be said to merit favor. Surely he had proved himself no coward, and had bravely held his own in time of trial.

For a few days all seemed prosperous. Then arose a gale of wind—such, Pizarro said, as had never been known on Atlantic waters. Then storms burst upon them, and for a time it seemed as if the brave sailors had escaped famine and massacre only to be now destroyed by the tempest.

Putting into St. Matthew's Bay, they were sheltered until the storm had passed.

Then, on again they sped, rejoicing in the bright, sparkling waters, and in the increasing signs of thrift along the shore.

One morning, as they were skimming along, full of hope and eagerly watching each bend in the coast, Pizarro called, "Almagro! Almagro! see this village! It has houses!"

"And streets!" cried Almagro, alive in an instant.

"And look, the people glitter with golden ornaments!"

The natives on board told them this was one of the famous towns of their land; and, what appealed far more than its beauty or its fame to the Spaniards, that the pretty river winding through the town was full of large and rare emeralds.

"Let us land!" said the impetuous Pizarro.

"Let us land!" echoed the greedy sailors. And so busy were they with the hurried preparations for landing, and so filled were their minds with visions of great, green emeralds, with which they would load themselves and their ships, that they hardly saw the rush of the natives to the shore until the javelins whizzed about their ears.

Their situation was now one of peril. What but quick work on the part of every sailor could save them!

"To the ship! to the ship!" called the commander. "To the ship! to the ship!" shouted the sailors. Then followed a rush for life! Everyone flew to his place! Escape seemed hopeless! Already the Indians were at the water's edge! Canoes were darting out from every nook! It was indeed a moment of excitement. Almagro and Pizarro seemed everywhere. "For your lives, my men! For your lives!"

They Are Saved

And what do you suppose saved them? No flash of lightning from a clear sky, as the novels have it; no sudden eclipse of the sun. No supernatural uprising of old Neptune. Simply this—one soldier in his hurry and flurry lost his balance and fell from his horse. Imagine the surprise of the fallen soldier and all the rest, when the natives, instead of seizing upon him, dropped their bows, gave one howl, and fled up the mountain.

"What is it?" cried Pizarro, pausing in his work.

"They thought the horse and the rider were one animal," said the native captives, gloomily "and they were frightened to see it separate itself."

A loud laugh went up from the rescued band, and they lost no time in getting themselves on board, and in readiness to leave these inhospitable shores.

Almagro Goes Back to Panama

"It is fool-hardiness," said Pizarro, as they sailed away, "to attempt to attack such swarms of savages as there seem to be along this shore, with such a little company as this. I will go back to Panama for help."

"You will not," said Almagro angrily. "I myself will go."

"You're a coward!" shouted Pizarro. "You dare not face the possible misery of famine while waiting for more men. You would have me always stay while you choose the far easier part of going to the land of plenty. I say it is this time my *right* to go."

A bitter quarrel ensued. How it ended matters little. Enough for us just here to know that Almagro carried the point and went to Panama.

When the sailors learned that they were again to be left to the mercies of this strange land and still stranger people, they rebelled. It was of no avail, however; and when they found escape impossible, they wrote letters to their friends in Panama, telling them a pitiful story of suffering and ill-treatment. These letters they concealed in bales of cotton which Almagro was to carry to Panama.

These letters when found were taken to the governor, and appeal made to him for the rescue of

these men. The governor, exasperated at the story these letters told, sternly rebuked Almagro for concealing from him the truth. "Not only will I send no more aid," said he, "but I will at once dispatch a ship to bring Pizarro and the ill-used men back to Panama."

Nothing Almagro could say would change the decree; and accordingly when the Spanish vessel appeared off the coast where Pizarro awaited it, it was not to bring the longed-for aid, but to bring an order from the governor that to Pizarro was more bitter than death.

When the ship's commander delivered the governor's order, the men were wild with delight. And if you could have seen them—sick, starving, their clothes in tatters, drenched with rain and covered with mud—you would not have blamed them.

Pizarro's Brave Band

Pizarro was determined not to go back to Panama. "It would mean defeat—disgrace! I will not go back like a wounded dog to confess myself a failure. I know that below here is a land of riches. I will not turn back with wealth and conquest at my right hand!" Then, striding into the midst of his men, he said, "Comrades, you have now a great question to decide. We stand here where two roads meet. One is full of peril and privation, hard labor, storms, famine, the poisoned arrow, the midnight attack of angry savages; but that road leads to Peru. Peru! with its untold wealth, and the endless glory of its conquest.

The other road leads home—to Panama, with its plenty, its ease and indolence; where you will be clothed and fed, mayhap, but where contempt will greet you, poverty and obscurity. Now choose your way. For my part, I remain." Then, drawing a deep line upon the sand, he said, stepping over on the southern side, "Those of you who will return to Panama, stay where you are; but you brave men who dare stand by your captain, who dare share his dangers and his hardships, his honors and triumphs, follow me and cross this line."

For a moment, perfect silence. The men glanced at each other, some hung their heads, others crept

away to the rear. Then one stepped over, then another, and another. Thirteen in all. A small band you will say to attempt to conquer a country. But Pizarro knew Almagro would hear the story and would lose no time in sending provisions, and perhaps, soldiers.

For seven long months these fourteen men waited and watched for help. Sickness, starvation, insects, poisonous reptiles, everything of horror that the country could bring forth seemed added to their desolation.

At last a vessel came in sight. With what eagerness the men rushed to the shore! with what desperation they signalled! Fortunately the crew was watching for them. The prow was turned shoreward; the men waded out and climbed up the vessel's sides.

It was indeed a vessel sent by Almagro; but there were no soldiers on it, for the governor, though willing that provisions should be sent these foolhardy men as they seemed to him, still opposed firmly the sacrifice of more men.

Pizarro was disappointed indeed. But he was not the man to sulk or to refuse such aid as the vessel had brought. The provisions at least were acceptable as the half-starved men soon proved. And it was worth something to get even a little fresh powder for their guns.

Pizarro had no idea of returning in the vessel to Panama. "We'll die here rather than go back there

to be jeered at," said he, and his brave men were of the same mind. So the good vessel, instead of carrying them home, bore them farther south, nearer the land of gold—the land which some day Pizarro was sure he should conquer.

The City of Tumbez

It was a daring deed, no doubt, for Pizarro to set forth with this one little vessel into a country which was in all probability inhabited by millions of brave warriors. But as he said, death was more bearable by far than the jeers of his country-men. Well he knew that all his daring, all the suffering he had undergone would count nothing with them were he not able to bring proof that a great empire existed at least in South America.

So they sailed on past the Island of Gallo, past Cape St. Helena. At last the Gulf of Guayaquil was reached.

"See! see!" cried the Indian interpreters. "Here is the land of the Incas! See, there is Quito! And there on the coast is the city of Tumbez, and not far away the city of Puna."

Pizarro gazed longingly at this country, which, for the present, he must be content to look upon, gain some information regarding it perhaps, and then sail quietly away.

Pizarro made up his mind to approach Tumbez, and, if possible, land and enter the city.

"Let us enter as friends," said he "and see to it that we do no harm and in no wise arouse suspicion in the natives of our real object."

Tumbez was a wonderful place to the eyes of those Spaniards, who had never dreamed of such splendor even in the "land of gold." The strong fortresses up among the crags, the aqueducts, the temples, the palaces, the broad, well-kept streets all filled the Spaniards with wonder and delight. The people, too, dressed in gay colors and glittering bracelets and chains of gold and silver, served to intensify their visions of future conquest and their greedy longing for gold.

Down flocked the natives to the shore, filled with wonder on their part at the great white-winged bird coming up their harbor. Up and down the shore they ran, shouting, calling and waving their hands. A boat load of natives pushed off from the shore, full of curiosity, and eager to be the first to examine the strange creatures.

"Let them come close to oar vessel," said Pizarro. "Tell them," said he, "that we come as friends, and ask them to send us provisions. Tell them, too, that we wish to send one of our men ashore to speak with their chief."

The Welcome of the Natives

The chief, honest himself, and supposing the Spaniards to be honest likewise, sent at once a boat-load of fruit, potatoes, corn, game, and fish, and with it a noble messenger of high rank, who should welcome Pizarro and bear greetings from the chief. This noble was richly dressed, of dignified bearing, and had a handsome, intelligent face. You may be sure Pizarro and his men behaved their very best towards this stranger; allowed him to examine every part of the vessel, regaled him with a tempting dinner, and finally sent him away delighted with the great white-winged bird and the wonderful strangers.

Such an odd little incident occurred the next morning! Pizarro, in return for the courtesy of the chief, or governor, on the preceding day, sent one of his men and a negro who had come with the Spaniards from Panama, to the city with pork and chickens as a gift to the governor. No sooner had Molina and the negro stepped on shore than they were surrounded by a crowd of chattering men and women who stared at them in amazement. They wondered at Molina's fair skin and long brown beard; but still more they wondered at the negro's black skin. One woman, true to her instinct for cleaning, twisted her scarf over her finger and attempted to scrub off the black. This made the

negro throw back his head and laugh. Then the Indians saw his rows of white ivories and it was their turn to laugh.

Suddenly one of the little fowls, Pizarro had sent, thrust out his head with a hearty "Cock-a-doodle-do! cock-a-doodle-do!" The natives were struck dumb. "What does the little fellow say? What does he say?" asked they, when they had somewhat recovered from their surprise.

The utmost good humor prevailed now, and it was in the midst of a crowd of admiring friends that Pizarro's men made their way to the royal palace.

Here they found a handsome building, surrounded by a guard. Within dwelt the governor, attended by number-less servants, who served their master in the most respectful manner. On every side throughout the city were evidences of wealth and thrift.

Pizarro, delighted with what he heard of the apparent wealth of the city, sent on the next day another man to display the wonders of the Spanish arms, as well as to learn more of those conditions of the city which should, by and by, in Panama, be of value to him in securing the co-operation of the governor there.

This man, Candia, entered the city, and boldly marched up the main street carrying his gun upon his shoulder.

"What is it you carry with you on your

shoulder?" asked the curious people. "Make it speak! Make it speak!"

And Candia did make it speak. Setting up a board, he aimed at it and fired. The natives, who had been carefully watching every movement, and wondering what the board had to do with the gun, fell upon their knees and shrieked when they saw the flash and heard the crash of the splintered board.

On Candia's return to the ship, Pizarro, convinced that the city must indeed be rich and wonderful, sailed on farther south, visiting from time to time the towns along the coast, and receiving always a generous welcome from the people.

After a few weeks of pleasant voyaging, Pizarro returned to Tumbez. Here he left three of his own men, and carried in their places two of the natives. Pizarro was far-sighted; and he saw that not only would it be of advantage to present these natives to the Governor of Darien, but that later they would prove of great value as interpreters and guides.

Pizarro and the Governor

Full of hope, Pizarro now sailed for Panama. First to meet him at the quay stood his faithful friends, Almagro and Luque. Such a story as he had to tell! And how their eyes glistened when they saw the gold and silver trinkets, the rare and beautiful cloths, the sparkling gems, the strange, long-haired sheep, which Pizarro had brought to prove the truth of his story.

"But, Pizarro," said Almagro, "the governor is bitterly opposed to any more exploring. He will give us no aid—perhaps not his consent to go even."

"What can be done?" said Pizarro, not one whit discouraged at such a prospect. "But one thing; and that is to appeal directly to the King of Spain. I will go to him myself!"

So the three friends, Pizarro, Almagro, and Luque deliberated well upon the plan; and at length it was decided that Pizarro should indeed go to Spain and state the case to the king, carrying with him the gold and silver he had brought with him from Peru, and also the natives, who should tell their story for themselves.

We need not follow Pizarro on his voyage. It was pretty much like the voyage across the Atlantic to-day, except that his conveyance was a

sailing vessel, and was so at the mercy of "fair winds and foul" that it was seven long weeks before the fiery-hearted Pizarro reached the Spanish coast.

The vessel put in at the port of Seville—the same beautiful Seville which more than twenty-five years before he had left a mere soldier lad. There stood the very same glittering spire, there towered the same mountain, over whose sides he and his boy-companions had so eagerly fled. Strange things had happened since then. Through what successes, defeats, perils and dangers had he not passed! What a difference between his sailing forth from this old Spanish city and his return to it! Long before, his fame had reached the land of his birth. The obscure, ragged little wanderer upon the face of the earth now found himself a hero. His wonderful valor, his brilliant achievements, his explorations, he found were the common topic of conversation. Just as so long ago he had listened, with wide-open eyes and mouth, to the sailor stories of the earlier explorers, so now the boys of Seville were listening to the sailor stories of Pizarro's own exploits

Hardly had our hero landed when he received an invitation from the King to come into his royal presence and report to him the story of his adventures.

Pizarro was received by his royal highness in a great hall, filled with the nobility of Spain. It was a

brilliant array of richly-dressed men and women that met the wanderer's sight as he entered the hall. One face among them all attracted him most. It was a dark, sunburned face, bronzed and toughened by exposure to wind and weather. It was, indeed, the face of our old friend Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico.

"Come forward," said the king, "and tell us of this wonderful land which lies so far to the south."

We already know the story Pizarro was so eager to tell; and when we think how daring and how enthusiastic this adventurer was, and how strong were the proofs he brought of the truth of his report, it is but natural his words were listened to with eager interest and sympathy. King Charles, it is said, sat spell-bound during the whole story, eagerly drinking in every word. And when Pizarro's attendants brought into the hall the odd-looking Peruvian sheep, the chest of golden ornaments and the richly-woven cloths, the king sprang from his chair with a burst of admiration, saying, "Pizarro, Pizarro! Brave and gallant man! Honorable and worthy subject! Wonderful are your deeds, and beyond compensation are your discoveries. You have opened to Spain a dominion richer than her own. You have no rival but our noble Cortes in the greatness of your gifts to Spain. To you shall be granted the permission and the aid to go again to Peru and do with that country as Cortes has done with Mexico. O noble man! Daring adventurer! Never can Spain repay her debt of gratitude

to you!"

And Charles the Fifth called at once his scribes and drew up papers, giving to Pizarro the authority to proceed in his ambitious scheme as he wished.

While his vessels were being fitted out, he made a journey to his old home—the little village in which he had lived his swine-herd life. His proud, soldier-father had long since died, and his peasant mother had passed away, never knowing of the honors that had attended her son's career. Four great, broad-shouldered brothers, however, greeted him, and proudly entertained him as grandly as, in their humble life, they were able, losing no opportunity to avail themselves of whatever honor and riches their hero-brother was willing to bestow upon them.

Fancy the amazement and chagrin on the part of the governor, when, a few weeks later, Pizarro with his new ships and soldiers sailed into the port at Panama. Pizarro was now the hero of the hour. Those who had sneered now fawned upon him; and those who had feared to aid him now pressed their services upon him.

"Surprising," said Pizarro to his friend Almagro, "how a king's approval gilds my plans in the eyes of my good friends here. However, let us take advantage of all this good will, fickle as it is, get our forces together, and sail away before this fair wind changes."

And so it was that a little later Pizarro's fleet, amid the cheers of the people and the booming of cannon, sailed out from the bay, southward to the wonderful land of Peru.

Pizarro's Return to Peru

Pizarro was now filled with a desperate determination to make the conquest of the country before him. Now he had authority. Now he had power. Now he had an army, loyal, brave, and filled with devotion to their daring leader.

Having landed at St. Matthew's Bay, Pizarro sent the ships back to Panama for reenforcements, and at once proceeded into the country. "Why dally," said he, "we have come to take Peru. Here it is. Let us begin at once. And let us show there is no failure for such as we."

The march inland, like any march in an unknown country was hard and full of peril. But all this the Spaniards had expected, and so were prepared for. Many days of marching at last brought them upon a beautiful little village nestled down among the hills along the shores of a shining river

"Now for our first attack!" cried Pizarro. "Without delay, *now, at once,* let us rush down upon this village."

Before the peaceful natives could even gather their families together for flight, the Spanish army fell upon them, slaughtering some, driving others to the forests, ransacking and burning their homes.

In these huts the soldiers found not only fruit and food, but quantities of gold and silver, and

many beautiful stones.

"See! see!" cried a soldier, bringing forward a beautiful green stone.

"It looks like an emerald!" cried a greedy priest. "Pound it with a stone. If it does not break, it is an emerald."

Of course the green jewel broke beneath the blow, and the ignorant soldier hurried away eager for other plunder, while the tricky old monk carefully concealed in the folds of his robe the precious bits of emerald, the value of which he knew only too well.

The plunder from this village was carefully stored away in the vessels when they returned, and were sent to Panama with most glowing reports of what had already been learned of the wonderful new land.

Pizarro continued his line of march, keeping close to the coast. After long days of hard marching, during which no more villages of plenty appeared upon which to feast themselves, with sickness, and no little discouragement among the men, Pizarro found himself once more on the very frontier of Peru.

"I shall at once attack Tumbez," said he. The forces accordingly embarked, and directed their course to that city on the coast.

Sailing in between Puna (a city off the coast) and Tumbez, Pizarro's vessels were met by canoes

filled with natives. "Welcome, welcome" said they, as the vessels drew near. "We come to invite you to land upon our island and remain with us as our guests."

You may be sure Pizarro did not wait to be urged. Nothing was more to his mind than that a city of Peru should be entered under such delightful circumstances. What the circumstances might be under which, by and by, either he or the natives would be forced to leave, he did not so much care at present.

On reaching the island, the Spaniards were met by crowds and crowds of natives dressed in rich and gaudy cloaks, covered with gold and precious stones. Such deafening music, too, as burst forth when Pizarro landed. Such prancing about and capering! Such howling and singing!—all in honor of the strange white people who had come, borne over the waters by the great white birds.

This hearty reception delighted Pizarro's ambitious soul; for, knowing that these Puna Indians were bitter enemies of Tumbez, he thought he saw here a chance to work this enmity to his own advantage.

But these natives were wiser than he thought. They, too, could play a part, as Pizarro soon learned. For several days Pizarro's men rested and feasted on this pleasant island, lording it over the simple-hearted natives in a way that no doubt was vastly agreeable to the Spaniards. But one day a

servant of Pizarro's came to him and said, "I have a suspicion that these natives are not what they seem. I have a suspicion that under all their seeming friendship there is plotting of some sort against us."

Pizarro was startled. At once he called his officers together and set out into the village. Sure enough! there in the village were the natives hard at work making hosts of arrows and javelins. In the forests was the cacique himself, drilling his people and preparing them for an attack upon their unwelcome guests. Surely, the Puna men were not as foolish and simple-hearted as they had seemed.

No time was to be lost. Quickly summoning his men, an attack was made upon the house of the cacique. He himself was captured, and his house ransacked and robbed of its jewels and fine cloths.

The natives fled in dismay. But Pizarro knew that no time was to be lost. The natives would revenge themselves for the capture of their chief. All night the Spaniards watched, ready to engage in battle. At daybreak a great noise arose from the forests, and down upon the Spanish camp burst the Indians, clanging their war instruments, and shouting and yelling, until the very arch of heaven seemed to ring.

Instantly the Spaniards sent forth a volley of fire upon them. It was a short, fierce encounter; but the natives, with all their numbers, were no match for the cool-headed, skilful Spaniards with their

deadly fire.

The Indians turned and fled. Pizarro's men followed, pouring out their fire and striking down their foes at every step. Then followed a sickening day of wretched plunder, destruction and deadly havoc. Those natives who escaped capture or massacre fled to the mainland. Nothing remained now but to deal with the cacique and the other prisoners. In the trial that followed Pizarro sternly commanded that the prisoners be put to death, all except the cacique; he should be spared on this one condition—that he pledge himself ever after to act as an ally of the Spaniards, using always his influence in their behalf.

The first step towards the "Conquest of Peru" had now been taken. Next in order should be the attack on Tumbez. So, getting together his plunder, he sent that ahead on rafts, and prepared to follow with his army and his supplies. In a few hours Pizarro was again in the harbor of Tumbez, on the very margin of the empire—the land of the Incas.

Pizarro Invades Peru

If Pizarro had fancied that his old friends at Tumbez were still his friends, and that they were mildly awaiting his arrival, he was doomed to sad disappointment and to no little unpleasant surprise; for, on drawing near the shore, and seeing nothing of his rafts, he learned all too quickly that they had been captured by the natives, assisted no doubt by those Puna Indians who had escaped from the island.

Pizarro hastened into the city. Here, instead of the throng of curious natives who had met him in so friendly a manner on his visit a few months before, he found only deserted streets and buildings. Scouts were at once sent out, and soon it was learned that, with the treasures of their own city, as well as those taken from the rafts, the people had fled into the forests.

Setting out after them, their camp was soon found, their cacique taken prisoner and the natives put to flight.

"Shame upon you, traitor, to treat my men like this! You, who on my last visit here pretended such friendship for the Spaniard! What, pray, did I do on my first visit here that you should turn against me like this?"

The cacique trembled with fear. His eyes grew

big, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together, his very hair seemed to stand erect.

"I beg you, great stranger," said he, keeping his eyes fixed in terror on the great guns, "spare me. It was not I. It was my chiefs who did this."

"Where, then, are the chiefs?" asked Pizarro scornfully.

"I—I know not. They—they are fled."

"Put him in irons," ordered Pizarro. "We will not kill him. He may be of more use to us alive than dead."

On the following day Pizarro assembled his men, and said to them, "We are now in the lands of the Incas. There are great dangers and great difficulties before us. There are mountains to cross. There are thirst and hunger to be endured—perhaps sickness and death. There are not very many of us, and we do not know how great our foe may be; but we have firearms and skill and courage. Have we the spirit to go on, to fight, to suffer, to die perhaps—all for the glorious hope of enrolling our names in history as the conquerors of Peru?"

"Long live our captain! Long live Pizarro! Long live the future governor of Peru! Lead on. We will follow. Lead on! lead on!" cried his brave followers.

Then the march began. "Straight at the heart of the Incas let us strike, and that, too, at once," said Pizarro.

In from the coast, up the mountains, across

deserts and through rich valleys the brave little band marched, until at last the garrisoned towns of the Incas were reached. On every side the Spaniards were met with kindness from the natives, and often with personal welcome from the cacique.

At last the city of Zaran was reached. Here Pizarro learned that a little further on the Indians were drawn up in battle array. What did this mean? Had the Inca's suspicions been aroused? Was a combat with these natives now so close at hand?

Pizarro was prudent as well as daring. He had no men to lose in needless risk, neither did he wish to shrink from battle, if that was the Inca's meaning. Accordingly he sent De Soto, his lieutenant, forward with a body of chosen men to reconnoitre. Two weeks passed, and no word came. Pizarro, fearing they had been massacred, was just on the eve of starting forth in search of them when, to his great joy, De Soto appeared. With him was a tall, noble-looking Indian, brilliantly dressed in a richly-bejewelled robe and many chains of gold.

"This," said De Soto, "is the brother of the Inca. He comes as messenger from the Inca himself. He brings with him as presents from the royal chief these beautiful, finely-woven, many-colored cloths, these sheep, these birds, besides this honey, this gold, and these silver vases and precious stones."

Pizarro welcomed his royal guest with the

respect becoming one of so great a name, talked with him and made him presents of a red cap and some long strings of bright-colored beads.

"I come," said he, "from the Inca to bid you welcome to our land, and invite you to visit him at his camp."

Pizarro, with great show of delight and appreciation of the mighty Inca's condescension, accepted this invitation, and took great pains to make the guest's visit a pleasant one, and to make such a display of his army and of his power that the Inca should be impressed with the report the messenger would make on his return. Pizarro was not, however, at all deceived by this appearance of friendship, and saw at once that the messenger had been sent merely as a spy.

Pizarro Advances Upon the Incas

Pizarro had pushed on to the foot of the mighty Cordilleras, on the other side of which he knew lay the fertile plains and beautiful cities of the Inca. On the water-side these mountains, indeed, looked grim and forbidding. On the other side were gentle slopes and beautiful woody spots. Here and there, up among the hills on the tops of rounded mounds, were perched the odd little villages of the Peruvians, each with its shining temple and its great strong walls.

It was at the city of Caxamalca that the Inca held his court; and it was on a gently-sloping plain outside the city that his army was drawn up.

The messenger had returned from Pizarro's camp, and though he had reported the terrible power of the Spanish firearms, and had described the great animals, larger by far than sheep and much more swift, on which the Spaniards rode, the Inca was little moved by fear as he looked proudly over his numberless followers, brave and daring, strong and well trained, and, above all, so loyal to their country and to him.

"Let them come," said he. "Little can they do with their two hundred men against my unnumbered forces."

We will meet them, and if they are hostile they

will die. Are we not children of the Sun, and is that not enough?

Let it not be said that children of the Sun have fear."

The Inca had make up his mind to get Pizarro into his power by trickery. That was the Peruvian method of procedure in battle, and in this method the Inca had perfect faith. He did not know that in the Spaniard he had a foe whose duplicity could more than match his own.

Long, long ago, a dying Inca had told his people that one day there would come from the far east a band of strangers, "white, with long, straight beards," who would conquer and put an end to the great empire of the Incas. But this prophecy was not remembered now, and the Inca retired to his rest in perfect contentment, assured within himself that there was little cause for fear from these foreign foes.

The march across the mountains had been full of hardships. In some places the mountain road was a mere path, so narrow that the soldiers must go forward one by one, carefully leading their horses. Deep ravines and steep precipices added to the difficulty. Colder and colder grew the air as they went higher and higher up the mountain side. The summit was at last reached, fires were built, and the weary little band rested and warmed themselves.

Here, upon this mountain top, came again an

envoy from the Inca, repeating the same invitation and welcome.

Pizarro was puzzled. Not once, in his march up the mountain, had he received anything but kindness from the villages through which he had passed. What did it mean? Was the Inca so foolish as to suppose the Spaniards came with any other than the object of conquest? Had he thus easily given up in terror to them, and was this his chosen way to receive his conquerors? Or was he wise and wily, and was all this pretence at friendliness but a deep plot to decoy the Spaniards beyond the mountains into the city, and there destroy them?

In this second visit the envoy unwisely told Pizarro of a feud existing between Atahualpa, the Inca at Caxamalca, and his brother Hauscar, the Inca of another part of the country. Pizarro was shrewd; and at once saw in this a possibility for securing aid in this attack upon Peru.

The City of the Incas

The march down the mountain side was slow and full of difficulties. To climb the steep precipices with their horses and their heavy armor had been hard enough; but to descend these slippery steeps, with the yawning chasms beneath, was more frightful still. But this little band of tried soldiers knew not the meaning of fear. On they pressed, down into the beautiful green valley in which lay the shining city of the Inca.

Here, indeed, lay stretched out before them the rich lands of that empire whose conquest had so long been the one bright dream of Pizarro's life. There lay the city. Beyond moved the marshalled forces of the great Inca himself. Pizarro realized that his glory or his destruction, his victory or his defeat was close at hand.

As yet no sign of resistance was evident. Again a messenger from the Inca welcomed them, and brought them food and rich gifts. Pizarro's heart sank within him as he noted the enormous forces of the Inca drawn up beyond the city and compared with them his own little band of two hundred. But it was only for a moment. With grim determination he gave his order, "March!"

Up to the very gates of the city they moved—in through the gates—up to the public square. And

still no resistance. The city was deserted, the houses closed. Pizarro was indeed in possession of the city of the Inca.

"We must lose no time," said Pizarro to De Soto, "in finding out the real intentions of this mysterious Inca. In the morning, with fifteen horsemen, you shall proceed to the Inca's camp and demand a hearing."

Early with the rising of the sun De Soto set forth.

Atahualpa had been told of their approach. He allowed him to come into his presence and to deliver the message from Pizarro. During it all, the Inca sat motionless, not a muscle of his face showing in any way that he was conscious of a stranger's presence.

"Is he deaf and dumb," said one of the horsemen, "or is he made of stone?"

A long, deep silence followed De Soto's speech. De Soto waited. The whole court waited. The Inca sat motionless.

"This must be the Peruvian idea of noble dignity," said one horseman to another.

By and by, a tall, swarthy-faced nobleman advanced and said, "It is well."

Then followed another long silence. At last, Hernando, one of Pizarro's brothers who had come with him, spoke sharply and said, "We do not come here to trifle. We demand an answer. What is the

reception intended by the Inca for the Spaniards?"

At this, the Inca slowly raised his head in a grieved, injured sort of way and said, "This is our feast day. Tomorrow I will visit your leader."

The Inca again dropped his head, as much as to say, "Trouble me no more." Quietly the horsemen left the camp and returned to Pizarro. The report of the wealth, the strength, the discipline, and the great numbers of natives drawn up in readiness for battle, aroused fear in the hearts of many a brave Spaniard, as he contrasted the two armies.

Pizarro himself knew that fearful odds were against him. "And still," said he to his men, "the arts of war do not consist wholly in battles. We have our firearms and we have our wits. Let us put them both to work. Can we not fall upon our foe, and, by some great stratagem like that with which Cortes overthrew the mighty Montezuma, bring them into our power. Escape, there is none. Of that we are sure. Then let us *act*."

That night, as Pizarro lay beneath the starry Southern sky, he rehearsed to himself over and over the desperate bravery of his kinsman, Cortes. "His position was not unlike mine, and he seized upon the king," said he to himself. Then calling his officers together, he said: "Comrades, I have a desperate plan, one that becomes our desperate position. To battle with our small force against the Inca would be folly. To attempt retreat would be death. Even if we did reach Panama again there

would be for us only sneers and jeers. Our only hope lies in a bold stroke—in strategy. Here is my plan. Tomorrow the Inca comes to our camp. I shall take him prisoner."

"Take the Inca prisoner!" cried his officers starting up. "It can't be done."

"It *can* be done." answered Pizarro, calmly. "Can we not do as much as Cortes did in Mexico? Did he not with a little force take Montezuma prisoner? Can we not do the same?"

"It is desperate, it is perilous, it is hopeless," said his officers.

"Is not our position here desperate, perilous, and hopeless?" answered he.

Capture of Atahualpa

All was in readiness in the Spanish camp. Pizarro's desperate scheme had been communicated to the soldiers, the plan for action arranged, and a signal agreed upon.

It was nearly night-fall before the Inca came. All day long his forces were mysteriously parading up and down the road leading from their camp to the city, much to the annoyance and concern of Pizarro, who feared his scheme might fail from lack of opportunity. Message after message came from the Inca, who, as if filled with presentiment of the fate in store for him, seemed determined to take every precaution in entering the city.

But at last, borne upon a gorgeous litter, and surrounded by a strong guard, he entered the city. As he paused in the great square, a priest advanced to him, Bible in hand, and said, "I am a priest and I am a teacher of Christians. In this Book are the Commandments of God. I ask you in His name to be friendly with us."

Atahualpa, seeing the book, took it from the priest's hand, looked at for an instant, then threw it upon the ground. He was no longer the dignified, solemn Inca. His rage burst forth. Dignity was forgotten. "I know," shouted he, "only too well how you have treated my people and have robbed my

villages. Now I come to meet the Spaniard, face to face, and to tell him that I will have my treasures restored to me. I do not leave this place until all are brought and laid at my feet."

The monk tried to speak. "Silence!" thundered the Inca. "and hear *me*. I will not be slave to any king. I will be friends with you, but I will never obey your king. Neither will I bow to your God. I am a child of the Sun. I will not know your God. The Sun, the Sun is our God, and him will his children worship."

The monk, angry at this, turned to Pizarro, saying, "Seize the infidel! Seize him! He insults our Bible and our God! Seize him! Seize him!"

Instantly Pizarro gave the signal and rushed upon the Inca. A great cry went up from the square. Guns blazed forth their deadly fire! The cannon roared! Soldiers burst forth from every side and fell upon the unprotected guard. Out came the cavalry, charging fiercely upon the frightened natives. A panic ensued. Order was lost. Confusion reigned. The tramping, foaming horses seemed to the poor natives, fiends indeed. The square ran blood. The shrieks of the wounded and dying, mingled with the thunder of the cannon, filled the air. The cavaliers, slashing right and left with their sabres, mowed down the Peruvians like grain before the mower's scythe. Around the sacred body of the Inca thronged his guard, fighting fiercely to save his precious life. One by one they

fell before the fury of the Spaniards. One rush upon the bearers of the litter and it fell upon the writhing bodies of its dying defenders.

Now the blood-thirsty Spaniards fell upon the Inca. "Away, away!" cried Pizarro. "Preserve the Inca's life! Do you not see we must hold him as hostage? Away, away with him! To kill him would be our ruin."

Poor, crest-fallen Atahualpa! As they led him away he walked as one in a dream—dazed, unconscious. His beautiful feathers were broken, his crown lost, his robe dabbled and blood-stained. All his glory was gone. Atahualpa, the Inca, the child of the Sun, was a prisoner of war.

The Inca was conducted to Pizarro's own apartments, and there dressed in simple garments. As with sad and wretched face he took the seat beside his captor, Pizarro said to him, "Listen, O thou great Inca, and know that we are subjects of a greater king than you. We come to conquer your country and bend you to our king. We come to make Christians of you and teach you the wickedness of your heathen worship."

The Inca made no reply; he only slowly shook his head, puzzled, sorrowful, crushed.

"You have nothing to fear, Atahualpa," continued Pizarro, "if only you will submit yourselves to us. We make war only on our foes. You will be protected and kindly dealt with if you are true to us." Then, calling his men together, he commended

them for their valor, and cautioned them to be watchful lest the Peruvians fall upon them unawares, in their desperation and determination to rescue their sacred Inca.

Then the soldiers retired to their posts, and quiet reigned. The day's work was done. The Inca was captured. But what will the morrow bring?

Atahualpa a Prisoner

The morning sun rose warm and clear, seemingly all unconscious of the terrible slaughter of its children, and careless of the sacrilegious capture of its chosen ruler.

It was with a strange sense of loss of confidence in the Sun-god that Atahualpa and his fellow captives performed their morning devotions, and prayed for protection through the coming day.

With the first rays of light, the captives were marshalled forth into the public square. Oh, such a ghastly sight! There on every side, their rich robes stained with blood, lay two thousand of Inca's bravest nobles, stiff and stark in death.

"These warriors are to be buried, even while their Sun-god's face looks down upon them," said Pizarro. "See to it that trenches are dug, and that these captives bury their own dead. Let them see how little power their Sun-god has before the soldiers of the Spanish king."

It seems cruel and coarse in Pizarro to have made this thrust at the already broken-spirited captives; but great heroes of Pizarro's type are not apt to be burdened with an over-sensitive nature, and then, too, it was the custom of the time to have little mercy upon the conquered foe.

Pizarro knew that his victory must at once be

followed up with another onslaught before the people were recovered from their confusion and terror.

To have taken their Inca, the child of the Sun, was a deed unheard of in all their history. That the Inca was under the divine protection of the Sun and could never see misfortune, was their religion. Now all was swept away.

The loss of two thousand warriors was nothing. They held it their duty and their privilege to fight and die for their country and their Inca. But to see their Inca taken prisoner, captured—perhaps killed—that was a death- blow to their very faith, and it filled them with superstitious fear.

While this terror was upon them, Pizarro knew was his time to strike. Accordingly he despatched his horsemen to the Peruvian camp. The camp was indeed in sad confusion. The thousands of troops, one half of whom alone could have destroyed, ten times over, the little Spanish army had they made an attack upon it, were rushing hither and thither, groaning and wailing, prostrating themselves before the uprising sun, begging and praying for mercy. Their god had deserted them! Their monarch was slain! What was there for them but flight?

Up rode the little body of horsemen into the very heart of the camp. Away fled the natives as before avenging fiends, leaving their camp and all its treasures in the possession of the Spaniards.

In the Inca's gorgeous tent such treasures of

gold and brilliant stones were found! All these the cavaliers gathered together and laid at Pizarro's feet. Even the greedy Spaniards for once were satisfied with their gain. Had they returned to Panama with this treasure alone, they would even then have brought to the Spanish power a world of wealth, and have secured for themselves lives of ease and luxury. But "Conquest! conquest!" was their watchword.

Pizarro amused himself during the weeks that followed, in conversing with his royal prisoner, and in teaching him to speak the Spanish language. In nothing did the Inca show such interest as in this. To him it was his one hope of learning the Spanish secrets, and so sometime, perhaps, freeing himself from their hated power.

The manner in which the Spaniards were able to read was a great puzzle to Atahualpa. Nothing pleased and amused him more than to have a word written for him, and then to take it from one Spaniard to another asking, "What do these figures say?" And when one after another of the Spaniards would read the word, giving the same name to it, the Inca would go away both delighted and puzzled at this strange power. One day, it is said, he presented a word to Pizarro himself, saying, "Read, read!" Pizarro looked at it, grew red in the face, and was obliged to admit that he could not read. The Inca looked at him with scorn, and never after did he have such profound reverence for his captor.

Pizarro's Treachery

Some few weeks after his capture the Inca said to Pizarro, "I have a brother in a neighboring province. If you will free me, I will give him into your power—he and all his belongings—and will bring to you loads of golden plate and bars of silver, more than would fill this palace."

Pizarro's interest was aroused—his greed was aroused too, I fancy. After some show of authority and pretence at refusal, Pizarro agreed to the Inca's offer. Away went the Inca's trusty servant to the city of Cuzco with the Inca's message that two thousand men should at once come to Pizarro, bringing all the treasure they could carry.

In a short time the treasure began to arrive. Such loads of gold! Such jewels! Again even the Spanish greed was more than satisfied. "What manner of country can this be," said they, "to pour out such wealth from its cities? Let us hasten on to complete our conquest of this wonderful country."

Hernando, Pizarro's brother, set forth across the country to this city of Cuzco. Accompanied by guides under orders from the Inca, Hernando and his men were everywhere met with generous welcome, and were sumptuously feasted. In one city they shattered the great idol, stripped a temple of its glory, and bade the people leave their

heathen worship and worship the true God. A strange way of turning peoples' hearts God-ward, we should say; but many things were strange in those early times.

The horrified Peruvians looked on as the Spaniards razed their idols and their temples, expecting every instant that a bolt from the sky would strike them dead. But no bolt came. The sun seemed not to care. What did it all mean? Had they not always preserved and protected these idols reverently and carefully; and had they not been taught that the sun-god would most terribly avenge any injury or insult to them? Who were the Spaniards that even the Sun dared not punish them?

Just about this time Almagro arrived from Panama. Pizarro had promised him that as soon as he should have established himself in Peru he would send for his old friend, and would divide the power with him. Almagro, having more confidence in Pizarro's courage than in his honesty, thought it quite time that he came to Peru to remind Pizarro of his promise. Pizarro pretended great joy at the sight of his old friend, and eagerly unfolded to him the story of his success, and his plans for the future.

But the ransom which the Inca had promised had now all been brought, and the Inca demanded his freedom. Now, Pizarro had no more idea of freeing the Inca than he had of going back to Panama and settling down upon his farm. He knew

full well that the Inca would raise an army and march against the Spaniards at once, and that all Peru would flock around his banner. But he had not hesitated to lie to the Inca, and to receive his great ransom under these false pretences. Pizarro was not the man to hesitate in a little question of right or wrong. He was there to conquer Peru, and to him no means were beneath his use.

Pizarro was distant and cold to the Inca now, and often surly and cruel. He knew he had acted contemptibly with his prisoner, and so shrank from meeting him, much more from speaking with him.

"I must find some pretence for this breaking of my promise," said Pizarro; "even with a heathen captive it is well to have some excuse."

Rumor now reached the city that a mighty army was advancing to attack the Spaniards, and that the army had been raised by private messages from the Inca. In this army, so rumor said, were thirty thousand Peruvians and two thousand Carib man-eaters. A terrible force, indeed, if the report was true. At any rate, Pizarro saw in it an opportunity to seize upon Atahualpa. He ordered him to be brought forth. "What is the meaning of this treason?" said he. "Have I not treated you with honor? Have you not been protected and generously treated? Had I not promised you freedom? Why have you thus turned against me?"

"I do not even know what you mean," answered

the Inca, wearily. "Am I not in your power? You yourself shall say whether I have been protected, whether I have been justly dealt with."

It is said Pizarro quailed before the quiet contempt of his royal prisoner. But if he did, it was but for a moment. Turning to a servant, he said, "Take away this prisoner and keep him closely guarded. He shall be dealt with by and by."

Enough had been said to arouse the fiery Spaniards against the Inca. Now there arose a clamor in the camp that Pizarro could not have quieted had he wished. "The Inca has caused this peril," said the soldiers, "and he shall be brought forth. He should be tried. He should be slain."

Death of Atahualpa

Pizarro led forth the unhappy Atahualpa for trial. The trial was but a mere form, for already his doom was sealed. He was placed upon a bench before his cruel judges, Pizarro and Almagro. Little was said, for there was little to be said. The Inca was to die—that was the only thought—not because treason could be proven against him, but because it was convenient for his captors that he be put out of the way.

Such a brief, one-sided trial was a mere farce; and Atahualpa was condemned to be burned at the stake.

Poor Atahualpa! little had he deserved this cruel fate! a good, kind ruler, over a loyal and loving people, he had arisen in rebellion only at the invasion of his country by his people's foe.

"What have I done," said he, the tears rolling down his swarthy cheeks, "that you should put me to such a death as this? Have you not been welcomed everywhere by my subjects, befriended by them, enriched by them? Have I not lavished my wealth upon you? Have mercy! I, the once powerful Inca of Peru, I, the child of the Sun, beg you to have mercy!"

Pizarro, be it said to his credit, strode out of the hall, his hard heart touched by the truth of the

Inca's words. But his resolve was not changed. Hardly had the sun reached the western sky when the Inca was brought forth, chained hand and foot, into the city square. His face was proud and kingly; his carriage stately. Not one word, one look of pleading now. Before these treacherous Spaniards he walked, a king again. The fagots were piled about him, the priest advanced to perform the rites of baptism; to offer him the choice of burning or of strangling; and thus closed the life of Atahualpa, the child of the Sun.

Prescott, in his history of Peru, gives this account of the funeral of the Inca:

"The body of the Inca remained on the place of execution through the night. On 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. The ceremony was interrupted by the sound of loud cries, and wailing 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 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

behavior, 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, killed themselves in the vain hope of accompanying their beloved lord to the bright mansions of the Sun.

Pizarro's Capture of Cuzco

When rumor came of the great force marching upon the Spaniards, De Soto had been sent out to reconnoitre. Now, when Atahualpa had but just been buried, De Soto and his scouts rode back into the city, bearing the news that no such army was to be found, and that the whole report was but a false one. Everywhere he had found the people kindly disposed, willing to share with the Spaniards and to aid them.

At this report, Pizarro was, for a time, filled with, shame and remorse. "But it cannot be helped," said he grimly, "and after all, it would never have been quite safe with him alive. If he did not in this case instigate insurrection, he might have done it later." And so Pizarro easily satisfied his not over-sensitive conscience, and went on with his plans for attacking Cuzco.

Leaving a few soldiers in charge, he set forth across the slopes of the mountains to the Peruvian capital.

It was not a hard journey; and although twice they were attacked by hostile Peruvians, the small band reached the capital with little difficulty.

During the journey, Pizarro's suspicions were aroused against an old chief who had been captured by his forces, and he was at once condemned

to be burned alive. As he stood in the midst of the fagots, the priest besought him to accept the Spanish religion and so save his own soul. But the poor chief, who perhaps in his whole life had never seen such selfishness, such greed, such lawless plunder and slaughter as he had seen in the Spanish quarters, turned wearily away saying, "Alas, I see nothing in your religion that seems better than my own worship of the Sun. We have been a gentle, prosperous, peace-loving people, and our sun-god has given us warmth and protection." Then turning his face toward the bright sun that shone down upon him, he endured the torture without one sign of suffering, and so passed out from the persecution of the Spanish conquerors.

As Pizarro marched on towards the capital, he was met by a Peruvian noble, who said, "I am Manco the brother of the murdered Inca, and I am the rightful successor to the power. I come to you as a friend, and I ask your aid and protection in my attempt to come into the authority that belongs to me."

The shrewd Pizarro saw at once in this a help for himself. "You are welcome," said he, "and I promise you my aid in your attempt to secure your royal rights. Let us go forward together."

It was night when the Spaniards reached the city. There being no signs of hostility, Pizarro rested until morning outside the gates. When the bright sun rose, Pizarro divided his forces into

three lines, and with waving plumes and banners, glittering armor, and sounding trumpets, marched in through the great gateway.

The people seemed dazed by such display of glory. Then, as the young prince came, borne upon the royal litter, the people shouted and waved their turbans, hailing him as their sovereign.

You may be sure Pizarro lost no time in taking possession of the city and establishing his power. He at once marched to the central square and took possession of the great buildings on every side for his officers. From the towers and the domes floated the Spanish flag. No hostility appeared on the part of the people, and Pizarro seemed indeed to have completed the "conquest of Peru." The soldiers, eager for more treasures, ransacked the public buildings, tore the golden frescoes from the walls of the temples, and even entered the sacred vaults of the dead, robbing them of the funeral ornaments and golden urns.

At once Pizarro had young Manco crowned as Inca, and in the presence of the throng, he and the young prince pledged friendship and everlasting loyalty.

He set up a new government, in which he held the real power, and retained as much show of the old forms as seemed necessary to avoid arousing suspicion among the natives.

But though the conquest had been so easily accomplished and Cuzco was already a Spanish

city, there was little peace for Pizarro. Hardly had he taken possession when reports of gathering armies reached his ears. Almagro, however, went against them, and so perfect was the rout on one occasion that the natives turned and killed their own chief, so angry were they at his failure.

But these attacks from the natives, which were frequent, were as nothing compared with a contest which seemed about to come, and that too with his own countrymen.

All this time, Alvarado, the governor of Panama, had been seeking information regarding Pizarro's proceedings in Peru. And when he heard of his marvellous success and of the fabulous wealth of the conquered country, his ambition and greed were fired.

Getting together five hundred troops, he sailed for the southern sea, intending to take possession of the northern part of Peru, and, if need be, dispute his right with Pizarro. Grievous misfortune assailed him, however; and by the time he had crossed the mountains, in the freezing cold, he had lost fully one-half his men and horses in the awful chasms, the provisions were giving out, sickness seized upon them, and little courage remained to attack Cuzco.

In the valley they were met by Almagro, who had been sent by Pizarro to treat with, and if need be, fight the newcomers. At first there was great show of resistance on the part of Alvarado, but it

was of little avail. Almagro came into his camp, offering to escort him as a friend to Cuzco, and to share with him the treasures gathered in the city.

While Almagro and Alvarado conversed together, the soldiers, too, were mingling freely and talking of their adventures. It was a strange conciliation; in a few hours both armies were marching along together to the capital, and once more Pizarro was rescued from an impending evil.

Almagro Against Pizarro

Pizarro now planned to found a new city. "No one," said he, "but Indians would think of locating their capital all this distance from the sea. It may have served very well over here behind the mountains for the natives; but we must have a seaport. There will be commerce for the future of Peru!"

Accordingly, in the beautiful valley of the Rimac River, Pizarro began his work of founding the city which we now call Lima, but which he called "The City of the King."

It was a beautiful city as he planned it. The streets were wide and straight, and the great square in the centre was surrounded by elegant buildings, one of which Pizarro appropriated for his own mansion.

Such swarms of workmen as he employed! The city grew up out of the plain, like magic. Around it was built a strong clay wall, high enough to keep out the foe, and strong enough to resist the shocks of those terrible earthquakes which so often in that latitude shake the cities to their very foundations.

This new city was Pizarro's one delight. Giving Cuzco into the command of Almagro, he himself remained in the new capital, watching with eager interest every new building, and superintending,

with wise thought for the city's future, the laying out of each street and square.

All this time Pizarro had noticed that Almagro was not content. There was a sullen look in his face, and now and then there flashed in his eyes a light that warned Pizarro of a time when Almagro would demand of him the division of spoils and of power which had been promised him.

Pizarro was quick to see, and very likely, too, his sense of his own unfairness helped to sharpen his wits. At any rate, Pizarro thought it wise to make some concession to Almagro—some show of intention to abide by his promise. It would have been well had he thought of this a little earlier, for now, even while he was debating, Hernando, who had been sent to Spain to tell of the wonderful country now held by Pizarro, returned to Peru.

He had been received with great honor, and had brought back most generous rewards from the delighted king. Upon Pizarro he conferred the governorship of Peru, with power to make conquests two hundred miles further south; to Hernando himself, he had granted permission to raise forces to return to Peru with him, and had made him a knight of the royal court; and to Almagro he gave permission to conquer and hold for his own six hundred miles of territory south of Pizarro's dominion.

Now, when Almagro heard this, he at once claimed that Cuzco itself was within the limits of

the territory granted to him by the king. A bitter quarrel arose between Almagro and Juan and Gonzalo, Pizarro's two brothers, who had been in command of Cuzco before Almagro came.

Pizarro was sent for by speedy messengers. He sent back word to his brothers to hold the city, and he himself would return at once. When at last he reached the city, he greeted Almagro with all the warmth of an old friend, put on an air of reproachful sadness that Almagro should have doubted his honest intention to make a just division with him when the new capital had been finished, and succeeded once more in bringing Almagro to friendly terms.

Manco, the Young Inca

You have not forgotten the young Inca, who, all this time had been pretending to rule his people, though he himself was ruled by Pizarro. So meek and pliable had he been that Pizarro had almost ceased to think of any possible rebellion from him.

But Pizarro little knew what was going on under Manco's appearance of submission.

He was like his predecessors, proud and courageous, and full of reverence for the religion of his people. Imagine then the rebellious spirit with which he saw his mild and thrifty people under the oppression of a foreign foe, and the horror with which he saw his temples destroyed and the idols torn from their sacred places.

During all these months, while seeming to willingly cooperate with Pizarro in all his plans for the future glory of Peru, he had nourished a secret plan of escape. Once out among his people, he knew he could arouse them to a sense of their position, raise numberless troops, rush upon the city and rescue it from the foreign foe.

For some time he had been sending secret messages to all parts of his kingdom, bidding them to prepare for war against the tyrant Pizarro.

Now all was ready. From every village answer had come telling him of his people's readiness to

follow him in any plan that should free them from their oppression, and restore their temples and their gods to their rightful glory.

And so, one night Manco dressed himself as a peasant, slipped out of the palace, and hastened to a thicket of low brush outside the city. Success seemed to attend him. But alas, hardly had he reached his hiding-place before the galloping of horses told him he was pursued. A moment more, and the barking of the dogs told Juan Pizarro, who led the party, that the young prince was discovered.

Poor Manco, discouraged for the time, and bitterly disappointed that the armies awaiting him must lay down their arms and wait again, went sadly back to the city, from which so few hours ago he had hastened with such eager hope.

He was taken at once to a strong tower and surrounded by a guard. For a time it looked as if the young prince's cause was lost.

But when Hernando returned from Spain he said, "Release the young prince. It is cruel and altogether unnecessary. Most bitterly do I repent the death of Atahualpa. Let us not repeat that cruelty."

And thus it came about that Manco was again restored to his freedom in the palace; but all those weeks of imprisonment had not served to increase the prince's love for the Spaniards, nor had it weakened in him his firm determination to rescue

his people. He only awaited another opportunity to attempt their deliverance.

Manco's Escape

One day Manco said to Hernando, "You are in need of more gold. Pizarro needs it in his new cities. You need it for your army. Far up in the mountains there is a secret cave known only to the Incas. Send me secretly to this cave, and I will bring you jewels grander than you have ever seen, gold purer than you have ever melted."

Hernando had great faith in the fidelity of this young prince; and now, too, his never-satisfied greed for gold was excited. "Larger jewels, purer gold," thought he. "I must risk it. If the prince is playing me double, I can easily seize him and bring him again into my power. I will send him."

Away Manco went, accompanied by two Spaniards who, since they were subject to his leading, were as good as no guard at all. As we might easily guess, he led them straight to a loyal Peruvian town, delivered them up, and at once himself took command of the little army awaiting him. Then fleet messengers were sent into every village and town to announce the young prince's escape, and to bid them gather their forces.

Ten days passed by. Eagerly, impatiently and somewhat fearfully Hernando awaited the young prince's return. A Spaniard who had been out about the country saw suspicious signs of uprising

among the people. He hastened to Hernando with the news.

"It is Manco!" exclaimed he. "I was a fool to trust him. But he must be overtaken. Juan, Juan, gather sixty horsemen and set forth with all haste to overtake this royal fugitive. Let there be no delay. Haste, haste I say!"

And away galloped Juan out upon the highway, straight to the mountains.

Hardly had he gone five miles before he was met by the two Spaniards who had accompanied Manco, galloping at full speed towards Cuzco. "Come back to the city! Come back to the city!" cried they, breathless and frightened. "The Peruvians have arisen! They are in pursuit! There are millions of them! And Manco is at their head!"

"Go to the city and tell Hernando," answered Juan. "Go with all haste. And tell him, too, that I will go on and perhaps be able to hold them back. Come on, my men, come on!" And away the sixty horsemen flew to meet the troops of angry Peruvians.

"There they are, there they are!" cried Juan, "on the opposite side of the river! Ready, ready, my comrades, plunge in, and follow me! Our only hope is in rushing upon them with such fury that, as at Caxamalca, they will be struck with panic."

Into the rushing river, with all the rash courage of a hot-headed Spaniard, Juan plunged. One second, and the river seemed alive with Spanish horses and riders. The Peruvians looked on aghast.

A hot, hard fight and they are driven back into the forest. Once more the white man is victorious.

"We will encamp here upon the plain," said Juan. "This is not the end of these Peruvians, I fear."

And, indeed, it was not. With the first rays of light a sight met Juan's eyes which might well strike terror to his heart. The mountains seemed alive. As far as eye could reach, on every table-land and through every defile, shone the javelins of Peruvian warriors. Without warning, down upon the little Spanish company they showered arrows and stones.

Another hard battle. Hour after hour the brave horsemen stood amid the Peruvian host, now advancing, now retreating. But the natives poured in from the towns on all sides, faster and faster, thicker and thicker. There was no hope of driving back such a numberless throng. "Retreat!" called Juan; and rushing down to the river banks, they hurried across and back to the city.

Here, at the city gates, more terror greeted him. All around the city as far as eye could reach, so it seemed to Juan, were troops and troops of Peruvians, seething like a great sea, all pushing on towards the city gates. The people were aroused at last. Cuzco was beseiged!

"There is but one way to enter, comrades," said Juan, grimly; "and that is to dash through the swarm, trample these warriors beneath our horses' feet and rush in through the gates while the

panic is upon them." Poor, slow-thinking Peruvians! It was upon their sad lack of coolheadedness, as we call it, together with their superstition, that the Spaniards based their operations.

The Siege of Cuzco

Morning came. From the city watch-tower Juan and Hernando looked forth upon a sight that might well indeed have caused their courage to fail, their hearts to sink. The throng of Peruvians had grown to be a multitude. The plains, the valleys, the hill tops—all seemed covered with them; and through the mountain passes, up from the river they surged like a coming wave. Their wild shouts, their shrill war cries, their deafening clang of music struck terror to the brave hearts of the little band of Spaniards.

What was to be done? To attack this numberless foe was worse than useless. To attempt conciliation, enraged as they were at last, was childishness. There seemed nothing to do but to wait, wait, wait. Pizarro might come. Forces might be raised.

But the Peruvians had not come to wait. A long beseiging of the city was not their policy. Aroused at last, they came to fight, to kill, to destroy, to revenge themselves, and that, too, *at once*, and with all the speed and cruelty of an infuriated nation. They attacked the city with wild fury. Over the walls, into the city, showers, aye, torrents of arrows, stones, spears poured down upon the Spaniards. Then came great masses of red-hot stones and blazing masses of burning wood. The

city was fired! Up and down the streets and across the buildings the fire spread. From tower to tower leaped the flames, and down, crash on crash, came the great masses of stone and clay. Soon Cuzco was little more than a blazing, smouldering ruin.

And now the angry troops set upon the fortress. A hot, deadly fight with the little band of Spaniards, and it was in their possession. Now, driven from their stronghold, surrounded on every hand by fire and flame, pressed upon by the oncoming enemy, Hernando called, "Again to the fortress! On to the fortress! Together now, all together, rush upon the fortress! It is our only hope! If die we must, then there as well as anywhere. On to the fortress! On! On! On to the fortress!"

For a second the Spaniards quailed. Then Juan sprang forward. "It can be done, and I will lead the force." Setting forth from the city, the little band suddenly and to the utter surprise of the Peruvians fell upon the fortress. With the desperation of hunted men they assailed it. The fight was long and terrible. Juan, fighting with the strength of a giant, pushed his way to the very parapet. The fortress again was theirs. Again the Spanish dash and daring had conquered the strength and numbers of the Peruvian troops.

But though the Peruvians drew away, and quiet seemed to prevail, the Spaniards knew all too well that their sufferings had perhaps but just begun. Their position was insecure. Pizarro, far from

coming to their aid, was himself in fierce battle; the whole country was in arms; the Peruvian spirit, was aroused and Vengeance rode forth upon the wind.

For five long months Manco besieged the little fortress. Starvation or death at the hands of the foe seemed the Spaniards' only choice. Still they held on. Pizarro sent to Panama for aid, begging the governor to send troops and save the wealth and honor of the Spanish power in Peru.

At last the Peruvian forces drew away. Their very numbers proved their ruin. Provisions gave out, and Manco saw too plainly that large numbers of his soldiers must be sent home to till the fields.

Quickly Hernando divined their situation. "Now is our time," said he. And boldly he sallied forth, attacked the Peruvians, mowing them down like grain before the scythe.

"We must do more even than this; we must capture Manco. Secure, as he seems to be, in yonder fortress, on an almost inaccessible cliff, surrounded by his bravest warriors—still I say he must be recaptured. There is no safety for us with him among his people."

It was a perilous expedition. It could not but fail, and yet the desperate Hernando dared try. Early one morning, he, with eighty chosen followers, scaled the steep cliff and attacked the fort. Down came a tempest of rocks and arrows and fiery darts. The Spaniards fought bravely, but

defeat was certain; and in a few hours Hernando led the fragment of his little band back into the city. Had they succeeded, Peru would, perhaps, have been theirs once more.

Almagro's Opportunity

Almagro had started southward with his soldiers to find another golden country of which, according to the king's grant, he could take possession for his own governing. But on the journey he had met with nothing but hostility from the natives, starvation and bitter cold.

It was through dreary and desolate wilds they had wandered. And when at last they were reduced to feeding upon the dead horses as their only food, and their hands and feet were frozen in the terrible cold, Almagro turned again northward. The expedition was indeed a terrible failure; and Almagro, who at his setting forth, had carried with him no little sullen hate towards Pizarro, returned more embittered, and filled more than ever with a sense of his own defeat and unfair treatment.

It was with a grim delight then that, as he neared Cuzco, he heard of the uprising of the people and the siege of the city. To him this seemed a golden opportunity for his own aggrandizement.

His brave little band eagerly listened to his plan for attacking Hernando, and gladly hurried on to this one last struggle for Almagro's success.

It was a black, stormy night; the rain and hail fell in torrents, when Almagro burst into the city, took possession of the square, burned Hernando's

house and took him prisoner.

Worn out with the long siege, weak and sick, Hernando's men were able to make little resistance. Almagro was in possession of Cuzco.

But danger was close at hand. Encamped a few miles outside the city, on their way to Hernando's aid, was a Spanish force sent by Pizarro from Lima, the new city.

"These must be attacked, and at once," said Almagro. "Surprise is our only method of dealing with them."

And so, with no warning of this new foe, the little detachment from Lima was attacked by Almagro and utterly defeated.

And now Pizarro, who all these weeks had awaited with impatient anxiety the arrival of aid from Panama, was gladdened by the appearance at last of vessels laden with provisions and ammunition, and bearing a goodly army of brave soldiers.

Pizarro was indeed sick of war. He was growing old; and, worn out by ambition, and struggle he longed to live his last years in rest in his beautiful new city. But this was not to be. The conquest of Peru had been his dream by night and his thought by day. He had made that conquest, and now he must reap the harvest of his own sowing. It was a bitter harvest; but we know that he had been selfish and greedy, his methods cruel and heartless.

It was in this mood that Pizarro set forth—

weary, but full still of firm resolve, his dauntless determination not one whit lessened.

Hardly had he left the valley when there reached him news of Almagro's revolt and the capture of Hernando. Moreover, a detachment sent forward had been routed by Almagro, who was advancing to meet him.

"We must return and receive our coming guests within our new city," said Pizarro with grim humor. A messenger was sent to meet Almagro and offer terms of agreement. But it was too late now. Almagro, who would once have been satisfied with half the power, now, flushed with success, scorned any terms and demanded all. "Cuzco is mine—and Hernando," said he. "And Lima *shall* be mine—and, perhaps, Pizarro."

It was not long before these two, once such friends and help-meets, met in the valley with their forces. It would have been as well, perhaps, had they engaged in battle, and so have settled the dispute for supremacy. Instead, however, after some little quarrelling and bickering, a sort of compromise was made, Hernando was freed, and Pizarro in return solemnly promised to await honestly the decision of the king in the matter of Cuzco.

But Pizarro had little regard for his promises. No sooner was Hernando freed, than Pizarro sent word to Almagro that he would not abide by the treaty made the day before, but should proceed in

whatever way seemed to him best.

Almagro, on hearing this, broke camp, and speedily retreated to Cuzco. "We must not meet in battle here," said he, "but we will die, if need be, in defending Cuzco, the city that belongs to us."

The Battle

Hardly had Almagro reached the city, than across the plain came Pizarro's army, headed by Hernando.

Almagro himself, sick and unable to raise himself, was carried to his watch tower, while his army, under his faithful officer Orgonez, went forth to meet Hernando.

Orgonez took his stand and awaited the approach of the foe. On the hill tops swarms of Peruvians watched with savage delight the white men arrayed against each other.

Hard and hot the battle raged. The two leaders, always bitter enemies, now closed in deadly combat. Orgonez fell. The foe gathered around him.

"I wish honorably to surrender," said Orgonez, proudly. "Is there a knight here who will receive my sword?" A cowardly soldier sprang forward, took the sword, and then, dastard that he was, plunged a dagger into the brave cavalier's heart.

A shout of rage arose from Orgonez's troops.

"Vengeance! vengeance!" shouted Lerma, another officer. And rushing into the midst of the foe he sought out Hernando and fell upon him in desperate fury. Hernando and Lerma, charging upon each other, both fell wounded. Now the tide of

battle swept in between them, and they were parted. A little longer the battle raged, then Almagro's troops turned and fled. Hernando hotly pursued, and seizing upon Almagro himself, who was being carried on a litter by his faithful servants, threw him into prison, and entered the city triumphant. Again Hernando held Cuzco, and Almagro was his captive.

"When I was his prisoner, he was kind to me, he spared me, he saved me when his officers would have had me put to death, and he freed me," Hernando said to himself many times a day, as he thought of what must be Almagro's fate. "And still I dare not let him live. I have promised him that he should be spared, but it cannot be. Almagro must die."

The sick old man, his mind at rest in Hernando's promises, lay dying in his cell. Suddenly, one day, his door was thrown open, two soldiers entered and roughly seizing him, dragged him forth to trial.

"You are to be tried for treason!" said they. The trial, like those of Atahualpa and the old chief, was a mere form. Almagro was already doomed. As his death sentence reached his ears, Almagro, who, whatever had been his faults, was now merely a sick and dying man, and so might well have been spared this cruelty, fell upon his knees at Hernando's feet. "O spare me this cruel death," begged he. "What harm can I do you in the few days there would be left me to live? Look at me; does

this weak, sick body look like a dangerous foe to you? Think you my spirit is not already broken, and that I would, if I could, arouse one enemy against you? Spare me! spare me to die peacefully in my cell!"

But Hernando was hardened. "Arise," said he, with a sneer; "shame upon you, that you grovel like a dog." And with these words he turned and left him.

The next day, a priest and a hangman entered Almagro's cell. The priest prayed with him; the hangman strangled him. Such was the cruelty and wickedness of the times.

Plot Against Pizarro

The death of Almagro was not long to be unavenged. Almagro had left a son who, unfortunately for Pizarro, had inherited all his father's fire and ambition, and his revengeful spirit, perhaps, as well.

This son, Diego, was living in Lima, in a large, beautiful building in the square in which Pizarro lived. He had great wealth, and lived a gay, reckless life among his companions.

There were in this city many of Almagro's old friends, who, now that the old cavalier was dead, devoted themselves to adhering closely to Diego and heartily hating Pizarro.

Pizarro was now in Lima again, busy with his plans for the city, and resting in, what seemed to him, perfect security. Surely the Peruvian troops would hardly be likely to combine again after such disasters under their leader; Panama was friendly; the king was full of approval; and there seemed now nothing to interfere with Pizarro's selfish ambition to be himself "head and front" of all Peru.

But all this time that he had been away from Lima attending to the affairs of war, Diego and his friends had been secretly at work. Night after night they met together, to drink and carouse, to rehearse their wrongs, and to plan revenge upon

Pizarro.

Pizarro had been warned that such meetings were being held; but he, too proud to admit that fear of Almagro's son could for a moment be entertained by him, pretended indifference and scorn whenever he was told of them.

"Miserable wretches," he would say, "what can they do to me? Let them go their way. They have hardship enough." And so they were left free to meet and conspire as they pleased. Whenever they came in his way, Pizarro treated them with contempt, pretending not to know of their presence even. All this added to their hatred, and when Pizarro's secretary, a pompous, strutting man, began also to insult them, the conspirators grew more and more bitter, more and more determined to be done with this hateful tyrant, as they called their governor.

One dark, stormy night, twenty of Almagro's most loyal followers met at young Diego's house. Very stealthily they entered and were conducted to a secluded room in the back of the building. Diego received them quietly, and they took their places around a large table. By Diego's side sat a dark, fierce-looking Spaniard, with shining black hair, and wicked, glittering eyes.

The room was only feebly lighted, and the Spaniards were all closely muffled in long black cloaks. The fierce-looking man began to talk in a low, earnest tone with Diego. Diego looked

startled, but the glittering eyes were fixed upon him, and the speaker went on, gesticulating fiercely and earnestly, frequently appealing to his companions, until at last Diego, and all, seemed to agree upon some plan to murder Pizarro.

The plan that this Spanish cavalier revealed to Diego was this: Pizarro, on the following Sunday as he returned from the cathedral to his home, should be suddenly attacked by this band of men and stabbed.

There was, however, one of the men who, for some reason of his own, objected to this plot, and secretly resolved that it should never be carried out. So, turning against his own fellow conspirators, with that ready lack of honor so common to these people, he went at once to the priest and revealed the whole plot. The priest, in alarm, hastened to Pizarro's house and told the whole story.

"Oh! ha! ha!" laughed Pizarro, loudly. "You are a very cunning priest. You see in this a way to higher honors. But fear not for me. Pizarro has faced a foe more times than once. Do you think to frighten him with such a story now?"

The priest went away, crestfallen and frightened. Pizarro, for all his loud bragging and insolent laughing, thought it well to inform the judge of the plot, and to remain safely in his house on Sunday.

Death of Pizarro

Early on the morning of that day, the conspirators met at Diego's house, which chanced to stand beside the cathedral. The windows on the cathedral side were heavily curtained, and from these the men eagerly watched the arrival of the people at church.

"He has not come, or have we missed him?" said they when all had entered.

"He comes always with a guard of soldiers—we could not have missed him!" said one.

"He may have come alone. Let us wait until mass is over, and he comes out from church," said another.

And so the murderers waited. At last the people came forth. The cathedral was deserted, but no Pizarro had appeared.

The men stared at each other. "Can it be our plot was discovered?" said the fierce-looking leader. "If so, we may as well—"

"Flee the city! Flee the city!" interrupted one of the conspirators.

"Flee the city?" cried the leader. "Never, till that tyrant, that murderer of Almagro lies soaked in his own blood! Flee the city! Cowards! Rather let us strike the tyrant down! Let us to his house! Follow

me!" And with these words he rushed forth into the square shouting, "Death to the tyrant! Death, death to the tyrant!"

The men followed, others joined the party, and together they rushed to Pizarro's house. In through the courtyard, through the door, up the great staircase, straight to Pizarro's room rushed the excited band.

Pizarro's servants were now up in arms; and, rushing upon the conspirators, a fierce hand-to-hand struggle followed. Pizarro, hearing the commotion, boldly stepped into the midst of the combat. Before the conspirators even knew of his presence, he was dealing deadly blows on every side. Like a tiger he fought, and, old as he was, he drove back his assailants with his fierce blows. "Vile traitors!" cried he, as they fell stricken to the earth by his sweeping sabre, "Do you think to murder me in my own house? Down with you! Down with you!"

For a moment his assailants were stunned. About him lay already many of the conspirators writhing in the agony of death.

"Upon him! Upon him! Cowards, all of us! We are here to kill the tyrant! The tyrant! The tyrant!" cried the leader, gathering himself for a fresh attack. At this they closed around Pizarro, and five swords were plunged into his body. With a groan he fell, the blood spurting from his wounds. One more plunge of the swords, and with a shudder

Pizarro sank, dead.

"The tyrant is dead! The tyrant is dead! Diego is governor! Diego is governor!" shouted the half-wild murderers, rushing out upon the street again. "Our laws are restored! The tyrant is dead! Long live Diego! Long live Diego!"

The city was soon in the wildest excitement. Pizarro's house was plundered, his secretary was cast into prison, and but for the stern refusal and the protection of Diego, his body would have been dragged into the square, and hanged.

"There is nothing to be gained," said he, "by mutilating Pizarro's dead body. I command that it be spared all insult."

And so the body was quietly taken into the cathedral and a hurried midnight funeral mass said over it.

It was years after, when the body was taken from its resting place and placed in a magnificent tomb near the high altar. Later still, when Lima's new cathedral was built, it was again removed, and entombed, with all the honors of the country.

Pizarro was a wonderful man—one of the greatest in history; one of Spain's noblest subjects, and bravest, most enduring, most persevering soldiers. Judge each for yourself wherein his grandeur lay, and remember it. Judge each for yourself wherein his faults and vices lay; avoid, and then forget them.

Stories of South America

by

Eugene Clyde Brooks

Preface

Our schools have neglected too long to instruct our youth in the history and natural resources of the South American republics. Most of the literature on t South America published in this country consists of books of travel, which, as such, are unsuitable as texts for our elementary or secondary schools. The rising generation, however, should know that near our southern limits lies a continent that has a history as interesting as that of the ancient Greeks and Romans and as entertaining as that of any nation of modern Europe. They should know that within this century these South American republics may possibly become our greatest competitors in the commerce of the world and share the prestige of demonstrating the purpose of democratic government. They should know that many of our own citizens have moved to South America and established colonies in the Amazon valley and elsewhere; and they may ask, as our country becomes more and more thickly populated, whether the surplus from North America will not go to enlarge the peoples of South America.

Careful students of the movements of population predict that, in the time to come, great nations will develop on the southern continent which will surpass any now existing in the old world. These will be our nearest neighbors; yet of their civilization, past and present, our children know practically nothing.

On the other hand, the youth of South America are taught in the schools to speak our language, to understand our civilization, to appreciate our form of government, and to study our resources.

I became interested in South America when a teacher at Trinity College, Durham, where I collected most of the matter contained in South American Stories for use as illustrative material or type studies for my classes. This material has recently been rewritten, in order that teachers may have an available text to use in instructing students in this wonderful history, the interesting geography, and the strange fauna and flora of the great continent that lies to the south of us.

The Author.

Chapter I

South America, a Land of Adventure and of Promise

The history of the western hemisphere begins rather with South America than with North America. Students of United States history are familiar with the life of Christopher Columbus and his finding of the New World. Although he pointed the way for European nations to found valuable colonies in North America, there was an interval of a hundred and fifteen years between Columbus's discovery in 1492 and the first English settlement in 1607. In this period much history was made in South America. Spain and Portugal established rich colonies on the southern continent. They built cities and developed a valuable commerce that not only enriched Spain and Portugal but created commercial and political centers in South America rivaling in importance many of the cities of Europe. Students naturally ask how it happened that Spain and Portugal gained such an advantage in the sixteenth century over England, France, and the other European nations and why it was that they established colonies in South America rather than in North America.

In the fifteenth century, many cities on or near the Mediterranean Sea developed a rich trade with India, and goods brought from Asia were sold throughout Europe. This commerce made these cities

rich and powerful. But in the last half of the fifteenth century the Turks captured Constantinople. Moors had long before conquered the southern part of Spain. Having also taken possession of western Asia, through which the trade lines ran between Europe and India, the Turks made it exceedingly difficult for the cities of southern Europe to continue their commerce with the East. This caused distress to Europe and forced the traders to seek other routes to India.

Through the encouragement of Prince Henry of Portugal, daring seamen sought to reach India by going around the southern end of Africa. Others thought that India might be arrived at by sailing westward and circumnavigating the globe. Christopher Columbus, thanks to the aid of the king and queen of Spain, was the first to attempt to reach India by sailing due west. Instead of reaching India, he discovered the New World (1492). However, he thought that he had reached Cipango or Japan; nor did he, to the day of his death, know that he had discovered a new continent. Six years later (1498), Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese, succeeded in reaching India by sailing around the Cape of Good Hope. Thus, a water route to India was found by Portugal and a new world was discovered by Spain. These nations, being more familiar with long-distance navigation than the northern Europeans and having better vessels, were in a position to develop a commerce with the Orient.

Why was South America colonized before North America?

Christopher Columbus, after landing on one of the Bahama Islands, in October, 1492, and later on the shores of Cuba, founded his first colony on the island of Haiti. He christened it Hispaniola, which means Little Spain, and there set up the first European settlement in America. Returning to Spain, he let his success be known to the world.

This queerly-shaped island of Haiti, lying almost in the middle of the chain of West Indies, between Porto Rico and Cuba, is the second largest of these islands. It contains 2,800 square miles, which is about the area of the states of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. At the time of Columbus's discovery, the population was thought to be nearly 2,000,000. The island was rich in natural resources. There was much gold, and the fertile soil produced many things. The Spaniards, eager for wealth, sought to make the natives their servants, forcing them to work in mines and till the soil. As a result, the Indians became hostile and massacred the first colonists. But on his second voyage Columbus brought about 1,500 followers, and the colony, within a few years, increased so greatly that the Spaniards were able to subdue the island. In time they killed out the natives. Since the latter did not make good laborers, negro servants were introduced from Africa, beginning as early as 1512; this slave labor became most profitable. Thereafter, blacks were imported in such swarms that soon the number of negroes on the island was greater than that of Spaniards and Indians together.

In 1496 the town of Santo Domingo was founded; it became the capital of the island and of the Spanish dominions in the New World. Within a short time its streets were alive with adventurers, who flocked thither seeking wealth. For some years it was not only the center of Spanish control in America, but a city of much commercial importance; the island of Haiti was Spain's most valuable colony. Here in 1501 came Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a bankrupt young Spanish nobleman, who had decided to mend his fortunes in the New World. He did not linger in Santo Domingo, but sailed for the Isthmus of Darien, where he made friends with the Indians, established a colony, and discovered, the Pacific Ocean.

It was at Santo Domingo that Hernando Cortez landed in 1504, and from that place he led an expedition into Cuba and thence to Mexico, where in 1519 he captured Montezuma, the ruler of Mexico, and obtained enough gold to make Spain rich.

About the same time another Spanish soldier, Francisco Pizarro, full of the spirit of adventure, landed at Santo Domingo and later joined Balboa on the Isthmus of Darien. From Panama he led an expedition down to Peru, conquering the Inca, the ruler of that country. He, also, shipped enormous quantities of gold to Spain.

As a result of the activities of these and thousands of other Spaniards, Central and South America were explored and vast amounts of the precious metals were sent to Europe. The route down into South America seemed to be lined with gold, but little

of it was found in North America, outside of Mexico. For that reason the northern continent for a hundred years after the discovery was considered of small value.

Spain suddenly became great by reason of her territories in the New World. But Spain had one enterprising commercial rival, her neighbor, Portugal. England at that time was a small, struggling nation, hardly able to maintain its independence. France was not a commercial nation of prominence. Portugal, however, after Portuguese seamen sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and opened up a trade route with India, rose to great importance. The Portuguese government wished to secure a share of the wealth of the New World. In 1500, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, a Portuguese nobleman of illustrious family, set sail for America and took possession of the shores of Brazil, which had already been discovered by Pinzon, a companion of Columbus.

Henceforth, the rivalry for the possession of South America lay between Spain and Portugal, and for nearly a century these two nations vied with each other to see which could profit more by the wealth of the New World. Spain at first used the island of Haiti as a base from which to plant her colonies in Mexico, Central America, and along the northern and western coasts of South America. Eventually, as rich colonies developed, Haiti came to be almost deserted. It fell a prey to savage Indians and negroes, and to pirates that lurked along its coast.

On the return of Cabral, the Portuguese

government at once sent to South America a large expedition under the command of Amerigo Vespucci, who made a careful study of the coast from the Amazon to the Plata River. On the first day of January, 1501, he sailed into a beautiful bay which he thought to be a river. He, therefore, called it Rio de Janeiro, or "River of January." He was unable to find much gold and silver, but he did discover a very valuable dye wood of bright red. This Vespucci called "brazilwood," which means "wood the color of fire." It was so valuable that the land was called "The Country of Brazilwood," and finally Brazil. Hundreds of vessels, not only from Portugal but from other lands, sailed to Brazil, and fortunes were made by trading in dye-wood, which was greatly wanted in Europe.

Amerigo Vespucci declared that if there were such a thing as an earthly paradise it could not be far from the Brazilian coast. Returning home, he wrote an account of his voyage, with maps, and published it. Many people throughout Europe read it and marveled at the wonderful country he pictured. When they spoke of the New World, they called it the land of "America," that is, the land discovered by Amerigo Vespucci. Thus we have the name America.

The struggle was now fairly under way for possession of South America. Other nations watched with jealous eyes the stream of wealth flowing from Central and South America to Spain and Portugal, but they were unable to stop its flow or to profit much from it, save by making war here and there in a

piratical manner and robbing vessels as they sped along with rich cargoes. The great contest for world supremacy in that period lay between Spain and Portugal.

The Spaniards offered ships to those who would sail along the northern and western coasts in search of gold. The Portuguese planted sugar cane in Brazil and gave land to all who would settle in this fertile country and cultivate sugar. The Spaniards went into Mexico, took the wealth from Montezuma, and shipped great treasures to Spain. The Portuguese sent shiploads of dyewood and sugar back to Portugal. The Spanish built cities, enslaved Indians and negroes, and forced them to work in the mines. The Portuguese established rich plantations, brought in slave labor, and developed great cane-fields and sugar factories, which laid the foundation of a rich commerce.

The Spaniards moved down the west coast of South America and robbed the natives of their wealth. The Portuguese occupied the east coast and cultivated native plants that were useful to Europe. The Spaniards discovered the alpaca sheep on the western slopes of the Andes and, carrying its wool to Spain, gave royalty new fabrics. The Portuguese found the cotton plant in the valley of the Amazon. This plant has since become the principal material of dress of all the world.

While the Spaniards were seeking the Fountain of Youth, where it was believed old men might bathe and regain youthful vigor, the Portuguese were

searching for the Amazons, a race of female warriors said to guard the city of El Dorado, the wealth of which was declared to surpass anything in the East.

The Spaniards discovered on the plains of Peru the llama, the Peruvian sheep, with head like a camel, wool like a sheep, legs like a deer, and neigh like a horse. The Portuguese found in the Amazon an animal, half cow and half fish, the cow-fish, and, in the forests, the anaconda, a snake sixty feet long, as big round as a tree, and with a head like a dragon. They also discovered birds of beautiful plumage which excited the admiration of kings and queens.

All these stories of gold and silver and dyewood and sugar cane and cotton fields and strange animals and beautiful birds gave Europe a new lesson in animals and plants and precious metals. There had been nothing like it in the Old World, and European adventurers turned their eyes toward America as to a fairy region of riches and marvels.

The nations of Europe loved gold because it was the chief money of all civilized peoples. The nobles adorned themselves with it and churches and palaces were ornamented with it; but the sugar of Brazil brought as much joy to the world, perhaps, as did the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru.

South America was the great wonderland. The tales of adventure there were as marvelous as the Arabian Nights; every adventurer returning home could entertain his friends for weeks with delightful stories. So many people wished to hear of the

discoveries, made not only in South America but in India as well, that news bulletins became popular, and newspapers may be said to have had their beginning in this public demand for knowledge.

Gold and silver from South America flowed in a continual stream into the treasury of Spain. More money than the world had ever known before was suddenly thrown into circulation. As a result, banks sprang up and grew into important institutions: every progressive nation founded them to help in the commerce of the world. It became possible to carry on business on a large scale because money was more plentiful and credit easier to obtain than ever before; great commercial companies arose.

Europe was awake to the fact that a vast continent, wealthy beyond the dreams of the past, lay less than 3,000 miles to the westward. It was easy to reach America, but the voyage took a long time and so large were the cargoes that had to be carried and so numerous were the adventurers and settlers who voyaged that the tiny vessels then in use were not big enough. Ships began to be made larger and better for the trade of South America. Besides, stronger ships armed for war were needed now, for the selfishness and greed of the European nations caused them to prey on each other's commerce. A new era in shipbuilding resulted, therefore, from the discovery and colonization of South America.

These treasure ships from South America drew to American waters adventurers from other nations of Europe, who also were learning to build better

ships. It was not considered very wrong then for sailors of one nation to capture, by fair means or foul, the merchant ships of other nations. This piratical warfare went on in times when the nations themselves were at peace. A host of pirates, or buccaneers, skulked along the bays and rivers, waiting for these treasure ships; sometimes they even captured towns along the coast. The treasures of the New World were fair spoil for any who could take them. It was an age when bold sailors often made a fortune at a stroke. Such was the land and such were the adventurers that caused Europe almost to forget for the time the wealth of India and look westward. The continent that gave Europe a new lesson in the sixteenth century has a new lesson for the United States today.

In this great contest for possession of the New World, Portugal strengthened her colonies in Brazil and developed an important empire.

But what became of Haiti? The center of Spanish control passed from that historic island to Panama and thence to Peru. The story of this development will be told in following chapters. Unhappily, the later history of Haiti is a tale of cruel tyranny, misrule, and savage warfare.

The Spaniards, lured on in their quest for gold, well-nigh deserted the island which might have become the center of a great nation and a prosperous people. Even the city of Santo Domingo was allowed to decay. The Spaniards in their greed almost forgot that the remains of Columbus and his son lay sleeping beneath its walls. The little island that had once

aroused the interest of the Old World became, within a few decades, the stamping-ground of pirates and buccaneers and the football of nations desiring a hold in the New World. Spain established more prosperous colonies in Panama, Mexico, and Peru, and had so little thought of Haiti that it lay almost unprotected: France without much difficulty took possession of it. Later the negroes, who had increased so greatly that they far outnumbered the white or mixed races, rose in 1791 under the leadership of Toussaint l'Ouverture, and finally overthrew French rule and established an independent government. This was the second negro republic in the New World. The other was in the interior of Brazil, where the negroes greatly outnumbered the Portuguese.

The history of Haiti, since the republic came into being, is the story of a people's falling back to barbarism while struggling to erect something resembling civilized government. The first act of the negroes in western Haiti, on setting up their state, was to murder all the white people in that part of the island. The eastern portion of the island was largely Spanish, but the mixture of races and the threatening negroes to the west kept it in a state of turmoil and insurrection. The old civilization was fast passing away. The remains of Columbus and his son had been removed to Spain. Bandit warfare took the place of law and order. The negroes in the interior, no longer supported by civilization, went back to savagery and even to cannibalism, and the black rites of voodoo magic swept away the last traces of Christianity. The

life of the African jungle appeared in the New World.

In 1844, the republic of Santo Domingo, which embraces about two thirds of the island, was created, leaving the negro republic of Haiti to occupy the western third. The people of Santo Domingo are more Spanish than negro. They speak the Spanish language and are more capable of self-government than the Haitians. The inhabitants of Haiti are mainly of negro blood and speak a dialect of their own, hardly understood by the people of any other nation. The people of Santo Domingo are hostile to the Haitians, and the two nations have frequently been at war.

So low did the two governments in the island of Haiti fall, such a menace did they become to all nations trading in the waters about the island, so lost were they to the sense of right and justice, that the United States in 1915 was compelled to take over both of them in order to restore order and teach the people how to govern themselves.

Thus the first attempt of the Spanish to found a colony in the New World resulted in failure, and the island of Haiti, instead of becoming a factor in world progress, is a serious problem in social and political control. If the United States takes its hands off Haiti, will it revert again to complete barbarism?

Chapter II
Panama, the Gateway of the World

Within a few years of Columbus's discovery of America, Spanish adventurers were coming to the New World by thousands to seek fortune. One of the most notable of these was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. As was stated in the previous chapter, he arrived at Santo Domingo in 1501 and obtained land in the neighborhood, on which he tried to cultivate sugar cane with little success, and it became necessary for him to leave the island secretly in order to avoid imprisonment for debt.

Learning that two vessels would sail for San Sebastian for the purpose of carrying provisions to that newly-founded settlement, Balboa hid in a box of provisions and had the box carried from his farm to the ship. When he was discovered at sea, the captain of the vessel thought of sending him back to Santo Domingo, but Balboa begged to be allowed to go on with the party, and his request was granted. On reaching San Sebastian, the voyagers found the settlement in ruins. They then decided to sail for the Isthmus of Darien. This was in 1510.

Little was known at that time of the narrow strip of land connecting North and South America. Many Spaniards had touched the coast there at several points, but no one had gone inland. Balboa himself

was as familiar with this section as any other Spaniard, since he had visited the isthmus on an exploring expedition a few years earlier. After the party landed a new colony was set up; but quarrels broke out; the captain was deposed, thrown into prison and finally sent back to Spain, and Balboa came to rule in his stead.

Being now in control of the colony, Balboa began to extend his power over the surrounding country. By his bravery, courtesy, kindness of heart, and just dealing with the Indians, he gained the friendship of several of their chiefs. From them he heard for the first time of the great ocean on the other side of the mountains and of the marvelous stores of gold in Peru. Peru, however, could be reached only by sailing down the western coast of South America, which had not then been visited by any Spaniard. While these stories were taking hold of Balboa, an order came for him to return to Spain and answer for the part he had played in the rebellion that had resulted in his becoming the head of the Spanish colony on the Isthmus of Panama. In his despair over this command, Balboa resolved to attempt some great enterprise, the success of which, he trusted, would win the sovereign's pardon.

On September 1, 1513, he set out with one hundred and ninety Spaniards and several hundred natives to discover the great ocean of which he had heard. After finding that, he planned to lead an expedition down into Peru. The natives had told him tales of cities, with palaces ornamented with gold,

where food was served on golden plates.

On the isthmus Balboa had married the daughter of an Indian chief. Through her he learned of the nearest way across the mountains. He followed this Indian route. The party pushed its way with great effort across streams, through dangerous jungles, and over steep mountain ridges. The isthmus is only about thirty-five miles wide at its narrowest point, but it is such a mass of twisted mountain ranges that crossing it proved to be a most difficult feat. This narrow chain of high mountains seems to be meant to weld the two continents together. After a terrible journey, on September 25, Balboa, standing on the summit of a mountain, saw the measureless stretch of a great ocean; and four days later, on September 29, he arrived on the shore. Rushing down into the water and waving the flag of his country over his head, he claimed the "Great South Sea," as he called it, and all the land touched by it, in the name of his sovereign, the king of Spain. Later (1519), Magellan in his wonderful voyage around the world named the ocean "Pacific" because of its calm surface. The name Pacific has largely taken the place of the first name of South Sea.

Balboa and his men remained on the Pacific coast for several days. There he heard again of the wonderful country of Peru to the south, and he was filled with a desire to build and equip some vessels to conquer it. The Indians on the Pacific coast had many ornaments of gold, from which fact it seemed likely to the Spaniards that they were on the eve of finding

vast treasures.

Many years before the Spaniards came to the New World, the territory on the Pacific coast of the isthmus had been peopled by a race of Indians that mined much gold and silver. In their tombs were to be found golden images, golden ornaments, golden bells, and other articles of great value. Consequently, the Spaniards readily believed the stories told them of a superior race of Indians to the south, whose rulers lived in golden-covered palaces, bathed in basins lined with gold, and were served on vessels of solid gold.

Balboa collected many gold ornaments, which he carried back to his colony on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Darien. Some of these he sent to his king, together with the news of his great discovery. The king was so well pleased that he forgave Balboa for his past offenses and named him admiral of the South Sea and governor of the colony. Being thus granted legal authority, Balboa planned to build vessels on the Pacific coast and head an expedition into Peru.

When the story of the great discovery was heard in Spain, the Spaniards began to lose interest in Haiti. They desired to explore the country from which the gold had come and visit the region washed by the South Sea. The number of colonies on the isthmus increased rapidly. The leaders grew hostile to each other, and more than once armed conflicts occurred. While Balboa was planning his expedition to Peru, Pedrarias Davila with a considerable force landed on the isthmus. Balboa and Pedrarias soon became

jealous of each other. Balboa was finally arrested by Pedrarias on the charge of treason and thrown into prison. Pedrarias, now having his rival in his power, put him on trial for treason and forced the judge to condemn him to death. Balboa was publicly executed in 1517.

His great discovery, however, had opened the way for the flow of wealth to Spain. Spaniards continued to arrive on the isthmus in increasing numbers and soon they had a well-made road across the mountains. Within two years of Balboa's death (1519), a town was built on the Pacific coast by Pedrarias, which was called Panama, or "The Place of Fish," because of the abundance of fish found in the little bay on which the settlement was situated. This was the first city founded by Europeans on the American continent. The country around the town of Panama was fertile, and, as the number of settlers increased, great cattle farms and sugar plantations developed. Soon Panama became the most prosperous Spanish colony in the New World. Being on the Pacific coast, it was untroubled by the pirates, who swarmed in the Caribbean, and the people could live without fear of foreign invasion.

In the centuries that have passed since the founding of Panama, this city has had many changes of fortune and has been in turn rich and powerful, poor and small, and again prominent. During the sixteenth century it was, with one exception to be mentioned in a later chapter, the strongest Spanish fortress and most important city in the New World. The harbor of

Panama was filled with vessels built to ply along the coast, and through the streets of Panama flowed enough wealth on its way to Spain to support a vast empire. Here came great galleons, laden with gold and silver, from the countries to the south. Much of the gold and silver remained in Panama to enrich the inhabitants and adorn the city with costly palaces and cathedrals. As the city grew, it was laid off in truly Spanish style, having a wide plaza or open court around which were grouped the government buildings and palaces and cathedrals.

The Spaniards lived in the city, but they enslaved the Indians and imported negro slaves to work on the sugar plantations and cattle ranches or dig in the mines. They were cruel masters, desiring the service of laborers at the least possible expense. Therefore, few nations have made a worse reputation for cruelty than is theirs.

The difficulty of carrying gold and silver across the isthmus to the vessels on the eastern coast was another cause contributing to the prosperity of Panama. It will be recalled that Balboa and his men were nearly a month making the first journey to the Pacific. Even the earliest settlers in Panama saw the necessity of digging a canal across the isthmus. The difficulty of doing this, however, was too great at that time, though a road was built over mountain passes, across streams, and through dangerous swamps and jungles filled with all sorts of reptiles, wild beasts, and insects. Travel between Panama and Europe went that way, except in those rare instances when

an adventurer made the journey around Cape Horn. Moreover, all supplies coming from Spain were unloaded on the eastern shore and carried over on horse or mule-back to the Pacific coast. Immense quantities of goods were thus transported across the isthmus for a long period of time. When the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts and established the first colony on that rock-bound coast, Panama was a hundred years old and had the appearance of a city situated on one of the famous highways of the world. Lines of caravans, made up of horses, mules or oxen, were constantly coming and going over a road worn deep by the unceasing traffic of a century.

In the earlier days this great commerce tempted numbers of pirates to lurk along the northern coast of South America, lying in wait for the galleons freighted with gold and silver and other products going to Spain. Many schemes were formed to capture Panama, but the city seemed to be too secure to be taken. If a prize is large enough, however, some one will usually be found bold and daring enough to make any venture. Panama, however, was one hundred and fifty years old before it was even seriously threatened by the buccaneers who had made such daring raids on the Atlantic and Caribbean coasts of South America.

In 1670, Henry Morgan, a Welshman, and the boldest buccaneer on the high seas, set to work to capture the city. An irregular war had been going on for some time between the English at Jamaica and the Spaniards, and Morgan held a sort of commission

from the governor of Jamaica. Morgan sailed for the isthmus and ran his vessels up the Chagres River as far as possible: then with two thousand men, he began his journey across the isthmus. He had to avoid the old trade route in order to take the city by surprise. It was a risky march.

The men were lost in the tangled woods and floundered around in swamps until they nearly starved to death. They carried few supplies, expecting to take food from the natives and from the Spanish plantations. It was easy for pirates to fight and capture ships, but impossible for them to escape the miseries caused by hunger, poisonous insects, and dangerous swamps. As a result, many of them died in the woods. But the old buccaneer, Morgan, knew that great booty lay just ahead and he urged his followers forward.

Traders passing across the isthmus saw the vessels and heard of the large number of men that had disappeared in the wilderness. The inhabitants of Panama were warned. But the city had been secure for so many generations that little fear was felt at first. Then word came that the buccaneers were approaching. At this news the people were at length aroused. The entire male population was called out to defend the city. There was excitement and confusion — little order. The officials called out the Indian and negro slaves and secured all the cattle that could be driven in. The slaves were formed into companies and threatened with death if they did not remain in front. About a thousand cattle, on which

slaves were mounted, went ahead. Behind them the Spaniards were lined up to rush on the pirates after the slaves, riding on the cattle, had charged them and thrown them into confusion.

The Spaniards expected the cattle to stampede the pirates. They did not care what happened to the slaves. But the pirates proved to be too quick for them. They made a sudden assault on the column of cattle cavalry and frightened the slaves out of their wits. The shouts of the buccaneers, the deafening noise from their guns and their charge terrified the cattle, which, turning around in a panic, broke into the Spanish lines, creating confusion and consternation. The pirates charged behind the bellowing animals and gave no quarter, slaughtering all in their path.

The Spanish soldiers fled in every direction and were slain by hundreds. The inhabitants of Panama were terror-stricken. Some hurried into the swamps, others took to the vessels lying at anchor at the wharves. Women and children ran about the streets, helpless and deserted. Valuables were thrown into wells, carried out into the swamps, or placed on vessels and sent to sea. The pirates pursued the inhabitants and even made some who had sailed out to sea return. These fugitives were put to death.

The city was looted. The invaders spent several days in robbing and pillaging and drinking and gambling. When they had gathered everything that was worth carrying away, they collected the horses and mules. Two hundred of them were loaded with

rich spoils. The pirates then set fire to the city, which was completely destroyed. Returning to their vessels on the east coast, they divided the plunder. Morgan gained such wealth as a result of this adventure that he gave up his buccaneer life and went to England, where he was knighted by the king. He returned to Jamaica as lieutenant-governor.

So thoroughly was Panama destroyed that today only a broken tower and a few arches and columns mark the site of the old city. Vines and shrubs and even trees grow over the ruins, so that travelers have to be shown where stood the ancient Panama.

A new Panama, which likewise has its romance, was built near the site of the original town. However, Spain was growing weak, and trade across the isthmus had begun to decline even before the old city fell. Thus, the new town did not grow as quickly as had the former. England and France and the Dutch Republic had now become the great commercial countries. Yet even these nations felt the need of making a canal across the isthmus so that they might more easily reach the western coasts of the two continents.

It was not until after the English colonists in North America had gained their independence, and the revolt of the Spanish colonies in the early nineteenth century, that the present city of Panama became prominent as a trade center. This time the gold of California gave life to the trade route across the isthmus. When gold was discovered in California, the people along the Atlantic coast of the United

States went westward by thousands. That was in the days before the West was connected with the East by railroads, and overland travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific was most difficult. The easiest way was by sea to Panama, and thence by the Pacific up the coast to San Francisco. The old route followed by the Spaniards three centuries before became alive with gold-seekers, who went in ships to Colon, crossed the isthmus on mule-back to Panama, and continued the journey by sea to California.

In this way much of the gold of California flowed through the streets of Panama and helped to rebuild the city. The inhabitants drove a prosperous trade with California gold-seekers. It is said that they charged twenty-five cents apiece for eggs, and the ground rent for the space on which to swing a hammock for sleeping was two dollars a night. In Panama the gold-seekers had to buy provisions enough to last until they reached the coast of California. Many for the first time beheld in the markets of the city monkey meat and other tropical or semi-tropical food, which they learned to eat.

In 1855 a railroad across the isthmus was completed. This was the first railroad to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, and it at once became the most profitable railroad in the world for its capital. No wonder! The rate was fifty cents a mile; the trip across cost twenty-five dollars. Panama was for a time the liveliest town on the Pacific coast, but when the Union Pacific Railroad crossing the United States was finished it lost much of its importance. This was

regained when the United States decided to make the dream of the Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and English come true by digging a canal across the isthmus. All nations had seen the great value of such a canal, and France attempted it but failed. Finally in 1902 the United States prepared to undertake the tremendous task.

The great question was what was the best route for an Atlantic-Pacific canal — across Panama or Nicaragua. The matter was decided by a revolution. The state of Panama, which had been a part of the United States of Colombia since the independence of the South American colonies, desired the canal to come to Panama. Being unable to secure the consent of Colombia, the people of Panama revolted, set up an independent government, and sold the United States a strip of land ten miles wide across the isthmus. This is known as the canal zone, for which the United States agreed to pay $10,000,000, with an annual rental of $250,000 for the canal privilege.

When the United States decided to build the canal, few places in the world were more unhealthy than Panama. Consequently, it was necessary to drive yellow fever from the isthmus so that laborers might be able to work in safety. This task was given General William C. Gorgas of the United States army. It was a great task to put on any man, but he succeeded so thoroughly that the result of his work has had a vast importance for all the world and especially for South America. He first planned to kill the mosquito, since scientists had already shown that mosquitoes convey

yellow fever and malaria. Three million barrels of oil were poured into the swamps and streams, and not only the mosquitoes but also their breeding-places were destroyed.

But this was not all that he did. It is said that the engineers under his command "cut down each year five square miles of brush, drained one-third of a square mile of swamp, cut ten square miles of grass, maintained 530 miles of ditches, emptied 1,300,000 cans of garbage and fumigated 11,000,000 cubic feet of residential space, all to stamp out the mosquito" and destroy the breeding-places. It was the greatest fight against a disease pest ever waged in history, and as a result Panama has become a healthy city.

The task of building the canal went to General George W. Goethals. He was placed in charge of the work in 1907 and, by August 15, 1914, the canal was practically completed at a total cost of about $700,000,000. On this date the first vessel carrying passengers passed through the great water-way. At the Caribbean end is the city of Colon (the Spanish name for Columbus) and at the Pacific end is Panama, the capital of the republic. Both cities, though partly in the canal zone, belong to the republic of Panama. The canal is 43.84 miles long. Beginning on the Caribbean side, it follows the Chagres River until the latter stream reaches the mountains. By a series of locks, vessels are raised eighty-five feet to Gatun Lake. Thence for thirty-two miles they move under their own power until they arrive at a point where a lake of one hundred and sixty-four square miles has

been formed. Thence, by another series of locks, the boats are lowered to sea-level again.

Panama, therefore, is at the threshold of a new life that will give fresh chapters to its history. Great merchant vessels go by daily, carrying the trade from the east to the west. The most powerful war vessels, immense floating arsenals, thunder with their guns in formal salute as they sail by on their errands of defense. The flags of all nations pass in review before the city. Such is the contrast between the modern water-way and the mule-road over the mountains in the days when the old city was famous.

How did the wealth of Peru find its way to Panama and why did the center of Spanish control pass from Panama to Peru? This development was made possible by the courage of another Spaniard, Francisco Pizarro, who carried out the plans of Balboa by first discovering and then conquering the land of Peru. His story will be told in the next chapter.

Chapter III
Pizarro, the Great Adventurer

The question naturally arises why did the Spanish colonies in South America develop so rapidly in the sixteenth century? It was chiefly due to the tremendous power of Spain, whose sovereigns were the greatest rulers of the world in that century. Spain in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella had not been so strong a nation. Their grandson, Charles V., however, was not only king of Spain but also ruler of a territory including the Netherlands and much of Italy. Then he was elected king of Hungary and emperor of Austria and the German states, and later gained by discovery and conquest a large part of North and South America. He was known as the Emperor Charles V. He ruled over a wider territory and a larger population than any Christian sovereign had ever before done.

In 1519, the year in which Charles V. became emperor, Cortez landed in Mexico and overthrew Montezuma, the ruler of that land, sending to Spain a vast quantity of gold. This enabled Charles V. to build palaces, raise armies, strengthen his empire, and equip other adventurers desiring to explore the New World. As was said in a previous chapter, England was too weak to compete with such a sovereign. France was the next most powerful nation, and the only one that could hope to check the growing ambition of the young emperor.

Within a few years of Cortez's conquest of Mexico, Charles V. was surprised by the news that another Spaniard had led an expedition into Peru and opened a new country containing immense amounts of gold and silver. This was Francisco Pizarro, one of the most remarkable men that Spain has produced. Through him, Charles V. obtained further territory and more gold and silver than he had hitherto received from all other sources together.

The life of Francisco Pizarro is a story of poverty, cruelty, hardship, and distress, followed by boundless success. Pizarro was born in Trujillo, Spain, about 1471. Few boys have had a more unpromising start, and yet few men have played so large a part in changing the current of history. Pizarro's mother was an ignorant peasant woman without a home and without friends. When this son was born, the mother, it is said, was lying in the doorway of a church by way of shelter. Later she and the child were taken to a wretched hovel, where the babe was brought up on the coarsest fare. His cradle was a bed of straw on the cobble-stone floor in a corner of the hut.

Almost as soon as he could walk, the boy was hired out to feed hogs. In this way he got food. For every neglect of duty he was mercilessly beaten and abused as if he were not a human being. There were schools in those days in Trujillo, but the little swineherd had no time for learning. Early and late he toiled for the bread that barely nourished his body and the rags that scarcely covered his nakedness.

Such inhuman treatment usually kills children or

so hardens them that they turn into criminals. Francisco Pizarro did not die from ill-treatment and neglect, but his moral nature suffered. Nature, no doubt, intended him to be a great man, but the cruelties of his youth warped his character so that his after life reflected his early training. He grew to be hardened and cruel, careless of everything but his own interests.

The brutality of his masters caused him, at the age of fifteen, to run away and join the Spanish army. The kings of France and of Spain were at war in Italy, and Spanish soldiers were being shipped there to protect the Italian dominions of the Spanish. Pizarro joined one of these expeditions. His courage, his endurance, and his ability attracted the attention of his officers, and before the war was over he became a lieutenant.

After the war he went back with the army to Spain. Just at this time Columbus returned from his wonderful voyage to the New World, and all Spain was thrilled with the stories the discoverer told. Young Pizarro, who was then twenty-one years old, determined to seek his fortune in America. Little is known of his adventures until Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Darien and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Pizarro made the journey with him and took an active part in the expedition. When the town of Panama was founded, he bought a plantation near it and became a stock-raiser. He had a large number of Indian slaves to work his fields and tend his cattle. He built a home in Panama and for a time lived like a Spanish

nobleman, while his servants cultivated his land.

The story of Cortez in Mexico and his conquest of that rich country fired the Spaniards with a new zeal. Thousands of adventurers were coming to the New World every year, and Panama was growing rapidly. In such a time of excitement, Pizarro was not content to live the easy life of a cattle-farmer. He, too, had heard wonderful stories of a country far to the south, where gold and silver and precious stones were plentiful. At length he formed a partnership with a priest named Hernando de Luque and a soldier, Diego de Almagro, for the purpose of exploration and conquest. They agreed to divide equally among themselves the rich empire which they hoped to conquer and about which they had heard so many tales.

Two small vessels were fitted up for the voyage and a company of one hundred and twelve men was enlisted. By November 14, 1524, everything was ready. The governor of the colony, who was deeply interested in the success of the expedition, and other notables who had invested money in the enterprise, went down to the bay to see Pizarro and his company off. It was just four years after Cortez's thrilling conquest of Mexico. The vessels moved out of the bay, stopped a while at the Isle of Pearls, and then turned southward toward the unknown land. After exploring the coast for several days and finding provisions running low, the adventurers sent back one of the vessels. The condition of the voyagers, waiting on the shore, soon became desperate. Without provisions, and with little hope of obtaining food, their troubles

were increased by a deadly fever that carried off many of them. Moreover, the natives were hostile, and some of Pizarro ‘s men were killed by them.

The governor of Panama, learning of the hardships of the party through the vessel that returned, sent another ship with supplies and with an order for Pizarro to bring his followers back to Panama. But Pizarro had no intention of returning until he had accomplished his purpose. Drawing a line in the sand with his sword, he stepped in front of his men and invited all who wished to go back to Panama to cross the line. All but thirteen stepped over the line. They departed to report to the governor that Pizarro had disobeyed his orders.

Pizarro and the thirteen faithful were left alone, almost without food and among hostile natives. So far the expedition had been a failure, and all of Pizarro 1 s wealth had been lost in the venture. The explorers existed as best they might. They sailed out on a raft to an island, where they shot game with their crossbows. For five months they lingered on this unhealthy island, half-starved and with the clothing rotting from their limbs.

The governor of Panama, angered at Pizarro’s disobedience, sent another vessel with supplies and with positive orders to bring him and his men back to Panama. When this craft reached the island, Pizarro and his companions hardly looked like civilized beings. But the adventurer still refused to return. Instead, he talked with the newcomers, who were full of the spirit of adventure, and at last persuaded a

small number of them to venture with his party further down the coast. Setting out, they soon came to a region where they saw natives wearing gold ornaments. Pizarro was greatly pleased, believing that he was near the rich country of which he had heard so much. A little later, the eager company entered the Gulf of Guayaquil, which indents the shores of Ecuador. The prospects there were encouraging. Pizarro questioned the natives who came down to the shore to meet him. They told him that on the coast of the mainland further south stood a great city named Tumbez, which Pizarro at once determined to visit.

As the explorers cruised along the coast, a town of some size came into view, the sight of which filled Pizarro with amazement. He saw a strongly fortified city, with temples and palaces and aqueducts carrying water from the mountains to the houses. He saw broad, paved streets, stone buildings, and men and women dressed in gay colors and wearing rings, bracelets, and chains of pure gold. He marveled at the sight and learned that he was at last in the land of the Incas, the land from which so many wonderful stories had come. The city was Tumbez,

If you will look at the map of South America, you will see that Peru extends northward to the Gulf of Guayaquil and that Tumbez is situated at the northern extremity, near the gulf. The Indians of the city were friendly, giving Pizarro plenty of food and inviting him to visit their homes.

After spending several days at Tumbez and

visiting many points of interest, Pizarro decided to return and tell the governor of Panama of what he had seen. He was determined, also, to carry the news to Spain and inform the emperor of the new land added to his dominions by this discovery.

After Pizarro had collected as much gold as he could secure without angering the natives and after thanking the Peruvians for their kindness and promising to come back, he took his departure, resolved to return shortly and conquer the country. He hastened to Panama. Notwithstanding his glowing report, Pizarro secured little encouragement from the governor of Panama, who remembered that he had disobeyed orders and sacrificed a number of men in order to carry out his plans. Besides, the governor was jealous of the popularity of the new leader. Pizarro, therefore, decided to hasten on to Spain, to tell the emperor about Peru. He rode across the isthmus, taking with him such articles as he had obtained on his voyage, and soon was on the sea bound for Spain. He believed that when he told his story he could secure sufficient help and encouragement to conquer the new country and rule over it.

The emperor was highly pleased at what he heard and saw and at once gave Pizarro permission to conquer the land and add it to his vast dominions. Moreover, he appointed the discoverer governor-general of the new territory. Thus, Pizarro was following closely the footsteps of Cortez. He was now independent of the governor of Panama.

His next step was to secure men, ammunition,

horses, and equipment for the great venture that he was getting ready to make. There were so many things to do and so many difficulties to overcome in preparing his expedition that it was nearly six years before he saw Tumbez again. When he set sail from Spain, he had two vessels and about two hundred men. There were cannon, which he expected to use in overawing the natives, and horses to aid in carrying his supplies and in moving swiftly across the country. The Peruvians had no horses, no cannon, and no muskets. Their weapons were spears and bows and arrows.

On arriving at the isthmus, Pizarro had to unload and transport all his equipment across on horseback. But when he entered Panama this time, he was equal in power and dignity. to the governor. However, he called on the latter and obtained his aid for the approaching expedition to Peru.

His next act was to secure two more vessels. This was a difficult task; it is said that he had to wait for one of them to be built. When all was in readiness, he set sail for Peru. Coming into the Gulf of Guayaquil, he reached Tumbez a second time (1531).

Pizarro now had an opportunity to study the land of the Incas. He moved cautiously, laying his plans for conquest and observing everything carefully. It was a wonderful country the Spaniards beheld. They found it hard to believe that all they saw was true, that a civilized nation actually existed in the world, at such a distance from Europe. It was a country which had made considerable progress, though the

development was so unique that Pizarro and his men were puzzled in trying to understand it.

There were all grades of poverty and a high degree of progress. The better class of people lived in houses built of stone and had beautiful fields irrigated with water brought down from the mountains, since there was little rain near the coast. The more prosperous people were dressed in fine fabrics unlike anything that Europeans wore. Around the villages and towns were herds of tame cattle different from any the Spaniards had ever seen. These were llamas or Peruvian sheep, which were used as beasts of burden and for food.

The Spaniards saw temples of the sun and moon, and palaces belonging to the Inca, built of stone and containing queer devices of gold and silver and hangings of gorgeous cloth. In many places these buildings were surrounded by luxurious gardens of plants and flowers of every size and color. The explorers also saw public baths, filled with water brought down from the mountain streams and flowing through silver pipes into broad basins of shining gold.

This lavish display of the precious metals made the Spaniards stare with wonder. Evidently, the Peruvians did not attach the same value to gold and silver that the Spaniards did, for the natives freely gave the visitors enough of these precious metals to make them rich for life.

As the Spaniards advanced through the country,

they saw among the lofty crags or dotted over the plains busy towns and villages, connected by well-constructed roads, some of which ran straight from village to village while others zigzaged around mountain coves and over ridges.

There were caravans of llamas moving slowly along the roads, carrying provisions or merchandise. Sometimes as many as a thousand llamas were in one train, creeping along with small packages on their backs. The Spaniards learned that these beasts of burden were very tame and gentle, that their flesh was the best of food, and that their wool was used for clothing. Moreover, they learned that the llamas lived on the wild grass which was very plentiful in the villages and thus cost the owners nothing for keep.

There was another sheep closely resembling the llama. This was the alpaca. The Spaniards found that the rough clothing of laborers, the garments of the king, and the dresses of court ladies were made from this alpaca wool, which, as we well know, is capable of being woven into the finest cloth.

What astonished Pizarro and his men more than anything else was the well-cultivated land, especially the wonderful hanging gardens. Students have read of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, which were considered one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." The reader may ask, "What is a hanging garden?" It is a series of terraces on the side of a steep hill or mountain. Those of Babylon are said to have been only about seventy-five feet high, but the gardens that Pizarro and his men beheld were much loftier.

One mountain side had more than fifty terraces, of ten feet each, which thus formed a stairway as high as the Washington Monument.

One writer says, "The sides of the mountain had been transformed by long and patient labor into terraces which, rising one above the other, as far as the eye could reach, support luxuriant gardens and farms, rich in fruits, flowers, shrubs and vegetables of almost every degree of climate and temperature."

It is said that these beautiful terraces, built tier upon tier up the mountain side, were monuments to the rulers. Other nations much older than Peru erected great monuments or pyramids, such as are found in Rome or Egypt. But the Peruvians, it seems, believed that the most glorious memorial a king could have was a terrace that produced food for those who cultivated it. Which do you think had the better idea, the Romans and Egyptians or the Peruvians?

The Spaniards, furthermore, saw fields which showed a greater knowledge of agriculture than the people of Spain themselves had. The Peruvians understood the value of fertilizer and used the guano from the near-by islands. Guano was not found by Europeans to have any use until near the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the Peruvians placed such high value on it as an aid to agriculture that they protected the birds that made the great deposits. It seems, therefore, that the Peruvians had the first laws for protecting birds.

The Peruvians could have given the Spaniards valuable lessons in agriculture, if the latter had been interested in anything except gold and silver. Sometimes; when it was necessary to have water for their fields, the natives built long aqueducts; sometimes they changed the course of streams, and barren lands that never saw any rain were made to blossom and yield abundantly.

Agriculture was more highly developed in the land of the Incas than in most of the European countries of that day. Peru was the home of the potato, both the sweet and Irish. Maize or Indian corn was in a better state of cultivation here than anywhere else in America. The pineapple, the bean, the gourd, the tomato, cotton, and a variety of other plants were to be found. In fact, more plants seem to have been domesticated in the Peruvian region at that time than in any other section of the world.

But Pizarro was not much impressed by what he saw of the native agriculture; he wanted gold and silver. He wanted wealth, which comes most quickly through the precious metals. The Peruvians observed that the Spaniards attached a particular value to these metals and they began to wonder why. They wished to know the purpose of these visitors in coming to their land.

Pizarro and his companions saw a well-governed country. The Inca was absolute monarch and his word was law, but the people respected his government and honored him. They were honest and law-abiding: it is said that it was difficult to find a thief

among them. The story is told of an Indian who had 100,000 pieces of gold and silver stored away in his house. The door was never locked; the owner, when away, merely left a little stick across the door-sill as a sign that he was out; and nobody ever molested his treasure.

Pizarro realized that he had found a superior race of Indians. When he saw that they actually did have what appeared to be an unlimited amount of gold and silver, he determined to conquer the country as soon as possible. He went among the Indians in order to learn as much as possible from them before making his purpose plain. One surprise after another greeted him.

Once while he was riding across the country, his horse lost a shoe. As the Spaniards had no iron, the natives supplied Pizarro with a metal from which a horseshoe was made. It was a shoe of solid silver!

Pizarro saw paths, from one foot to three feet wide, leading from the seacoast to the interior. On inquiring, he learned that these paths were the special roads for bringing fish to the Inca. The ruler ate fresh fish for breakfast but he lived many miles from the seacoast. Fish were brought, therefore, by relays of swift runners who covered incredible distances. A fish would be caught the evening before and the runners, stationed at intervals of a few miles apart, carried it nearly a hundred miles to the Inca. Thus he had fish for breakfast. The remains of these foot-paths are still preserved.

Pizarro heard of the wonderful palaces and baths of the Inca, which existed in every important place. One was at Quito on the top of a mountain; one was in Chile, and at Lake Titicaca there was a great temple with baths of gold. The explorer wished to see all these places, but he especially desired to visit the capital, Cuzco, which lay somewhat south-west of the central part of Peru, several hundred miles distant from Tumbez. There lived the Inca, Atahualpa.

What Pizarro and his men beheld on every hand exceeded the wonderful stories that had traveled up the coast to Panama. But there were other sights surpassing those with which they had become familiar. The Indians were at first very friendly and showed a disposition to give Pizarro and his men all the information that the latter could possibly desire. The ruling classes seemed to take a great pride in their country, and when they saw that the Spaniards represented a civilization different from theirs and, in some respects superior, they desired the friendship of the foreigners.

Historians say that for many years there had been unrest in this far-away country and that different pretenders to the throne had been striving for supremacy, but that Atahualpa finally triumphed. His last conflict was with his brother, Huascar, whom he defeated and cast into prison. He put to death a number of chieftains who had been unfriendly to him. His triumph was complete, and when the Spaniards entered the country he was the absolute sovereign of a territory almost as large as that of

Charles V. of Spain. It took in most of the Andean country; it extended southward and included northern Chile; eastward, and much of Argentina, Brazil, and Bolivia; northward, and Ecuador, with a capitol at Cuzco, several hundred miles southeast of Tumbez. Such was the land of the Incas, the land which Pizarro desired to conquer for Spain and for himself.

Chapter IV
Peru, the Emperor's Treasure Chest

When Francisco Pizarro arrived in Peru, he had no idea of the size or the wealth of Atahualpa's country, but he had authority to take possession of it and send back to the emperor one-fifth of all the precious metals obtained. The remainder was to be divided between Pizarro and his men.

On the landing of the second expedition in Peru, the Spaniards presented a different front toward the natives from that of their first visit. Even before they landed they convinced the Indians that their purpose was unfriendly. Before reaching Tumbez, Pizarro commanded his men to fire off cannon in order to overawe the natives along the coast. The threat was successful, for the latter were so badly frightened that they all fled. The Spaniards found the little villages by the shore deserted, and, on entering the abandoned huts, they came across food in abundance, besides many articles of gold and silver and much fine cloth made from alpaca wool. Pizarro put on board the ships a considerable portion of the treasures captured and sent back to Panama for more men. He believed that he had force enough to hold out until reinforcements arrived and that he could secure an abundance of food in the country. He saw the vessels depart and then marched southward. In a few

days the expedition reached Tumbez, but, to the surprise of all, this town also was deserted. Most of the buildings had been destroyed, and the treasures had been carried away. Pizarro learned that Atahualpa, the ruler of all the Peruvians, was encamped at Cajamarca, about three hundred miles to the south of them. Cajamarca, one of the capitals of the country, was situated on a mountain plateau at an elevation of about 9,000 feet. The commander sent De Soto, who later became famous for his explorations in North America, with a picked body of men, to investigate and report on the size of the Inca's army and his purpose. De Soto returned after several days, accompanied by a messenger from Atahualpa, who extended to the visitors a welcome to his kingdom, inviting Pizarro to visit Cajamarca.

The invitation was accepted, and immediately the Spaniards began their journey to that place, which was even more imposing than Tumbez. Several days were spent on the way; everywhere along the line of march the Spaniards saw signs of great wealth.

When Pizarro entered the beautiful valley in which Cajamarca lies, as one writer says, "he could plainly discern the glistening white houses, the fortresses perched upon rocks, and the square temples of the town; and, extending his glance beyond, he could just see the white tents of the Inca's camps, dotting the plain and hillsides in the hazy distance."

A messenger was sent to Atahualpa to announce that Pizarro had arrived and that he wished to meet

the great ruler as "a friend and brother." The Inca received the messenger courteously and replied that he would visit the Spanish chieftain on the following day and extend a welcome to the pale-face soldiers from over the sea. It is probable that the Indian emperor was the victim of a fatal curiosity to see the newcomers.

The messengers, returning, reported that they had been treated with great kindness by the Inca, who seemed well-disposed and very desirous to visit Pizarro. They reported also that they had seen many articles of fine gold, that the nobles had rich ornaments, and that the Inca's meals were served in vessels of pure gold. In fact, it was difficult for Pizarro to conceive of so much gold in ordinary use as his messengers reported.

The Spanish leader now conceived a bold scheme. He announced to his lieutenants that it was his purpose to take the Inca prisoner when he visited him the following day. Remembering that Cortez by a bold stroke had captured Montezuma in Mexico, Pizarro believed it would be just as easy to seize the Inca of Peru; and, holding him captive, he might be able to rule the whole country through the prisoner. In such a way did the crafty Spaniard plan to meet Atahualpa as a "friend and brother."

Next morning Pizarro drew up his horsemen in battle array and formed his foot-soldiers so as to make a striking spectacle. Soon messengers announced that the royal procession was approaching. A little later the Peruvian army was observed passing

through the city gates. Four hundred Indian boys came first, singing as they marched at the head of the column. They were followed by a thousand men dressed in a uniform of red and white squares, like a chess board. Other troops, clad in pure white and carrying silver hammers, came in large numbers. Then appeared the royal personage in regal splendor. Eighty chieftains in costumes of azure bore a glittering throne on which, high above their heads, sat the Inca, adorned with plumes of various colors and almost covered with sheets of gold and silver crusted with precious stones. Behind him came the chief officers of his court, carried in the same manner. Several bands of singers and dancers followed, while the whole plain seemed to be covered with troops. The Spaniards estimated the number of the natives at over 30,000.

Pizarro sent a priest to meet Atahualpa and to announce that he himself was now the lawful ruler of the country, having been appointed to goyern it by the greatest monarch in the whole world. Atahualpa expressed astonishment. He seemed to scorn the priest, who shrank back at his gesture of disapproval. Thereupon Pizarro gave the signal for an attack on the unsuspecting Indians. Immediately martial music broke forth. The cannon roared with a deafening noise and spread death and destruction on every hand. The foot-soldiers charged with muskets and pikes. Horsemen rushed out with fiendish yells. The Peruvians were so much astonished and frightened that they fled panic-stricken in every direction,

except the bodyguard around the king, which sought to protect him to the last. The land of Peru had never witnessed such a tumult. Everywhere the Peruvians, seized with superstitious fear, rushed hither and thither without aim, desiring only to escape the fearful noise and massacre.

It was Pizarro 's order that the king should not be hurt. He believed that the people would be more impressed if they knew that he was powerful enough to capture the Inca with a small force and hold him a prisoner rather than kill him. Then, too, he might be able to dictate to the people if he had the king in his possession. But though the Peruvian army was scattered, it was not easy to take the Inca. His bodyguards fought desperately.

However, they were overpowered and slaughtered to a man, and Pizarro, pushing his way through the carnage, seized the Inca and dragged him away a prisoner, while his soldiers, pursuing the Peruvians, continued to slay them by thousands. Probably there was never a war with less provocation, but such was the character of the man who had come to rule over this new country. He was without conscience and without pity.

At first the Inca could hardly believe that he was a captive. But he soon realized his situation and saw that Pizarro was a man who coveted gold and silver above everything else. After the confusion of battle, the conqueror and his royal prisoner entered one of the Inca's palaces. Knowing that Pizarro would do anything for gold, Atahualpa sought to buy his

freedom. This was just what Pizarro wanted, for he believed the treasures of the country would now be opened to him.

The two were in a room about twenty-two feet long and sixteen feet wide. Atahualpa offered to fill this room with gold as high as his up stretched arm extended if Pizarro would free him and leave the country. Pizarro at once agreed and, drawing a line along the wall as far up as he could reach, he told Atahualpa to notify his countrymen that when the room was filled to that line the latter would be set free. If the promise were not kept, however, the Inca would be put to death.

Hoping thus to secure his liberty, Atahualpa sent messengers throughout the country directing the people to bring in the gold. Lines of llamas, hundreds long, came bearing the precious metal. Men brought it in on their backs; some of them walked six hundred miles with it. The time for ransom extended into weeks and months, but still the bearers came bringing gold.

The capital, Cuzco, was about thirty days' journey south from Cajamarca. This was the greatest city of the Incas. It was a rich town with gorgeous temples which had, it is said, floors and walls of pure gold. Soon after the capture of Atahualpa, Pizarro's vessels returned from Panama with additional troops. He now determined to push on as soon as possible to Cuzco. In the meantime, Atahualpa had an opportunity to study his captors. The point in which they surprised him most was in their ability to read and

write. He had never seen anything like it before. In this one respect he knew the Spaniards to be superior to the Peruvians, whose only writing was picture-writing. He took so much interest in the art of writing that his anguish at being a captive was somewhat lessened, and he expressed a desire to learn to read and write.

One day he had one of Pizarro's men write something on his thumb-nail. It was the Spanish word "Dios," which means God. The Inca then asked every soldier that came in what it was, and each gave the same answer. This entertained him very much. When Pizarro entered, Atahualpa asked him what was written on his thumb-nail. Pizarro made no reply. It was then that the Inca discovered that Pizarro could not read. By this he knew that his captor was a low-born man. Atahualpa's manner toward him changed at once, which made Pizarro furious.

Every day, however, the gold was coming in, and the promise of the Inca was on the point of being fulfilled. In the meantime, Pizarro had been entrenching himself in the country in every way possible. Still it seemed necessary to him to get rid of Atahualpa. As the captive Inca interfered with his plans of conquest, Pizarro decided to have him tried for treason on the pretext that he was secretly communicating with his followers and stirring them up to attack the Spaniards.

Thereupon Atahualpa was brought before a court and found guilty of treason. The sentence was that he should be burned at the stake, but that if he

gave up his religion and accepted Christianity he would be strangled instead. The unhappy Inca could not understand the sentence, but he accepted the easier fate. Surrounded by Pizarro's soldiers, he was tied to a stake and choked to death. His body was burned. Thus ended the career of the greatest ruler of the Indians.

The news of his execution was carried throughout the empire. Before resistance to the cruelty and oppression of the Spaniards could be organized, Pizarro had a younger brother of Atahualpa crowned as Inca in the midst of great pomp and ceremony, in order to serve as a tool for his government.

The treasure brought in made the whole army of Spaniards rich, even after the emperor's fifth part had been set aside. Pizarro's "brother was appointed to take it to Spain and deliver it in person to Charles V. The Indians submitted readily to the new Inca. The use of one language by most of the natives in the great empire made it easy for Pizarro to clench his conquest. The Indians, accustomed to obey their rulers, continued to obey after the rulers had changed.

Soon after Atahualpa's death, Pizarro set out to take possession of Cuzco. With him went the new Inca, whom he treated with great respect in order to impress the natives, for he expected to rule the Peruvians through him. After a long journey, covering nearly thirty days, they came to Cuzco, the capital. The ruins of that city today tell something of its greatness before the conquest. Pizarro entered it with no opposition. The Spanish soldiers were prohibited

from going into private homes, but they freely entered the temples and palaces. Without scruple they tore down the golden plates and ornaments that adorned the walls and, in their greed for gold, invaded the tombs of the dead and robbed the corpses. In caverns and in public magazines were brought to light a mass of gold vessels and strange utensils, fine cloth, golden sandals, and an abundance of grain and other food.

The Spaniards found so much gold that, night after night, the soldiers gambled away enough of it to enrich the kings of Europe. Pizarro had a huge pile of gold vessels and ornaments melted down; and again a fifth was set aside and sent to Spain for the emperor, who was fast becoming very wealthy from the returns from Peru alone.

Pizarro carried the young Inca into the palace of his fathers, where, surrounded by an immense crowd of natives, the latter was formally crowned ruler of Peru. The natives clamored their approval, and the Inca accepted the empty honors, not realizing that he was both the creature and the tool of the Spaniards. Thus did Peru pass from an independent nation into a province of the Emperor Charles V. Nevertheless, it was more than a mere province. It was one of the main props of the empire. It was a treasure chest, from which the emperor drew the wealth that made his court the most luxurious in Europe.

But Pizarro was not destined to enjoy for many years the ease and peace that might have come to a juster conqueror. He had murdered the rightful ruler

of Peru. He had massacred thousands of natives. He had tortured and put to death priests and other officials who stood in his way. He had visited the most brutal punishments on those who disobeyed him. He had enslaved the Indians and made them toil for the Spaniards. Moreover, he had not dealt fairly with his own men. Many were jealous of his power, and even his highest officials questioned his integrity. Therefore, some of his own company turned against him and incited the Indians to revolt. Pizarro had to fight the Peruvians and, also, a part of the Spaniards themselves.

Adventurers from Panama, learning of his wonderful discoveries, came to Peru. Many of them were as conscienceless as Pizarro. Large numbers joined the dissatisfied Spaniards in an attempt to break his power. Pizarro's early life had soured the milk of human kindness in him. He now fought his leading lieutenant, Almagro, with the same ferocity with which he had fought poverty in his youth, and when he made prisoners of Almagro and his followers he put them to death.

The conqueror moved the capital from Cuzco in 1535 and founded the city of Lima, about six miles from the coast. Within a few years the center of Spanish control in the New World passed from Panama to Lima. For nearly two hundred years Lima was not only the capital of the Spanish possessions in South America but one of the important cities of the world.

However, Pizarro did not live long after founding

Lima, "The City of the Kings," as it was called. Even his own countrymen would not submit to his tyranny. He was constantly at war with them as well as with the natives. He met cruelty with cruelty, treachery with treachery. Finally, on June 26, 1541, deserted even by his formerly faithful attendants, he was assassinated in his own palace by some of Almagro's followers. Thus ended the life of a man who was too brutal and cruel to have many friends and too crafty to be a great statesman. Yet his conquest laid the foundation of Spain's dominion over all South America except Brazil. Enough gold was shipped from Peru to enrich a great empire, and it is said that sufficient silver was discovered and sent to Europe to encircle the globe seven times over had it been minted into coins and the coins laid edge to edge. No wonder that Peru was called "The Emperor's Treasure Chest."

Chapter V
Lima, the City of the Kings

The spot chosen by Pizarro for the new capital of Peru was in the beautiful valley of the Rimac River, a few miles from its mouth. Here the cool currents from the snow-capped mountains and the soft breezes from the Pacific meet and produce an ideal climate. It was there, in January, 1535, that Pizarro founded "the City of the Kings," named after the three wise men of the East who came to see the infant Christ. Later its name was changed to Lima. It has remained the capital of Peru from that time to this.

Lima has been captured by hostile armies several times since its foundation. Sixteen times it has been injured by earthquakes, and twice almost completely destroyed. Yet it is still a city of nearly a quarter of a million population and one of the most beautiful and interesting places in the western world.

The gold and silver discovered in Peru and sent to Spain drew Europeans to South America by thousands. From Peru they crossed the mountains and settled in Argentine and Bolivia and Paraguay. They moved southward and established colonies in Chile. They stopped on their way to Peru and founded settlements in Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela.

In 1544, just three years after the death of Pizarro, Peru was made a viceroyalty, under a ruler

called viceroy, which title meant that he was acting in all matters for the king. Moreover, he was given jurisdiction over "the entire continent of South America." Lima, therefore, became the capital of all the Spanish colonies in South America. The city of Panama was eclipsed by the growing importance of the City of the Kings, and long before there was a single English colony in the New World the governor of Peru had become the most powerful Spanish ruler next to the monarch himself.

Lima was a typical Spanish city. It was built around a great plaza or open square, which was the center of the place. Roads extended from it to all the provinces, and traders from every part of South America brought their wares to the plaza to be bartered or sold. Lima, therefore, became the great meeting-place for all Spanish South America. Lines of caravans from the Atlantic coast came winding slowly across the pampas of Argentine and over the mountains bearing their merchandise. Negroes from the upper Amazon bore baskets of cloth and woolen stuff. Indians from the mountains and plains and explorers from Ecuador and Bolivia brought silver and gold. Farmers from Chile came laden with wine and wheat. All met in the streets of Lima, the proud capital.

The viceroy of Peru was the highest civil and military officer on the continent. At Lima he had a magnificent palace and an elaborate court, which rivaled that of the king of Spain. Here the supreme judges of all the continent had their palaces; they

maintained a style as regal as that of the courts of Europe. Likewise, here resided many noble Spanish families, whose wealth and social distinction gave the City of the Kings much gilded splendor. Here were large cathedrals and monasteries, and here the dreaded tribunal of the Inquisition had its chief colonial seat. Here also was situated the first university of the New World, that of San Marcos, which was opened in 1551, nearly a century before Harvard college was founded. It was modeled after the great University of Salamanca in Spain, one of the most famous seats of learning in Europe.

It was in Lima that the Countess of Cinchona, a beautiful Spanish lady, was residing in the seventeenth century, when she was stricken with a fever that alarmed the capital. The natives told of a tree, the bark of which contained a cure for this dreaded malady. The physicians of those days had not learned the cause of malarial fever, nor had they discovered an effective remedy. But they sent for this bark, from which a tea was made and given to the Countess of Cinchona. She immediately began to improve. The tea was very bitter, almost too bitter to swallow, but she drank it until she was well again.

This bark was a more valuable discovery than the gold Pizarro found, for it has saved perhaps millions of lives from malarial fever. It was the substance from which quinine is made, and is known as Peruvian bark. The natives were urged to bring in more of this bark, which was shipped to Europe, to North America, and to every quarter of the globe. Strangers came

from all over the world to see the trees from which the valuable drug is extracted. They learned to grind it and make a fine white powder from it, which is called quinine. One tree about sixty feet high and six feet in circumference yields, it is said, about a thousand pounds of bark and produces about $3,000 worth of quinine. A forest of these trees would be worth as much as a gold mine.

The Spaniards had discovered not only the center of the world's supply of gold, but the greatest medicine in the world. Other nations have since transplanted the cinchona tree. India, Java, Algeria, and even the United States grow it. For many years Peruvian bark collectors made great fortunes by selling their product to the different countries of the world. Finally, as other nations learned to cultivate the cinchona tree, the center of the quinine industry passed from Peru.

Across the mountains to the east were vast areas of prairie lands, or pampas, as they are called. When the Spaniards first entered this country, there were no horses or cattle on the plains, but within a few years the imported stock, turned loose, multiplied rapidly. Many escaped from their owners into the limitless prairies. Within a century, millions of cattle and horses flourished on the rich grass and roamed wild over the plains. Nature seemed to have given the Spaniards an opportunity to found one of the greatest countries in the world. Gold, silver, and other precious metals, plants that produced effective medicines, a variety of food — all abounded here.

Students will ask the question — why was it that from the City of Kings a wise government did not extend to all the Spanish colonies? The cause is not difficult to find. In the first place, no nation at that time had learned to govern its colonies wisely. The chief object in founding colonies was to enrich the mother country. In the second place, no people ever worshipped gold and silver more entirely than did the Spaniards. They did not migrate in families and seek to build up a great nation. Comparatively few Spanish women settled in South America, but thousands of Spanish men came over and intermarried with the natives or the negroes. As a result, a race of half-breeds sprang up, on whom the Spaniards looked as inferiors. They gave these half-breeds little or no part in the government. Thus there was a large population of mixed breeds governed by a handful of pure-blooded Spaniards.

The Spaniards, in colonizing a country, planned to live in towns or villages, or, if in the country, on large estates of which they were lords and masters. Usually, they lived in towns and enslaved the natives, requiring them to cultivate the fields and give them the fruits of their labor. The foreigners, other than the Spaniards, who came to the country were allowed no voice in the government; the descendants from marriages of Spaniards and Indians were treated little better than slaves. When a Spaniard married a white foreigner, their descendants were called Creoles. The latter were also considered inferior and were permitted little influence in the government. As a result, a

large part of the population grew to hate Spanish rule in South America. In reality, only the men who had come over from Spain had reason to favor it.

One of the first acts of Pizarro's government was to enslave the Indians, who were compelled to till the soil but could sell their products only to the land-owner on whose estate they lived. Sometimes they were made to weave and spin, but they could buy materials only from the owner. Taxes took all their profits, and the land-owners kept them always in debt. According to the law, no Indian could leave his place of residence so long as he was in debt to his master. Not only that, but if he should die the debt descended to his children, who were held in bondage until it was paid. This system of peonage, as it is called, was a great evil. It kept the Indians down.

Moreover, the colonies were held for the benefit of Spanish merchants, who bought from the crown the right to trade. Manufactured articles made in Spain and other articles of merchandise offered for sale were distributed among the natives, who were required to buy whether they needed them or not. On one occasion a vessel brought over a large quantity of spectacles. Now the Indians had no need of spectacles, but a law was passed to the effect that after a certain date the Indians in a whole province must wear spectacles while attending church. The poor natives had to obey. Silk stockings, fine clothing, and other articles of luxury which they did not need, were likewise sold to them, and they were required to work out the cost. Many Spanish traders who came

over poor returned home after a few years with considerable wealth.

Protests made by the natives did not bring relief but, as a rule, resulted in punishment. The Indians were required to work in the mines, and if they failed to perform their tasks they were flogged almost to death. It did no good to appeal to the courts, for the judges were Spaniards. The natives' only hope lay in revolt, which was frequent, though the armed forces of the government were able to keep down rebellion. After every rising, the leaders were massacred and slavery was more strongly entrenched than ever.

So grasping and merciless were masters that Indians working in the fields in the midst of plenty would beg bread from people passing by. "On the plantations," says one writer, "in the factories and in the mines, were usually three taskmasters who had constant supervision over the works. They were the overseer, his assistant, and his foreman. Each taskmaster holds his own scourge without letting it fall from his hands the whole day long. When one had done any wrong, he was stripped and laid on his face and beaten until his body was in sores."

As the local rulers tyrannized over the Indians, so the higher rulers tyrannized over the whole body of inhabitants. The lot of the Indians was bitterly hard, but the Europeans who had made their homes in Peru did not escape. The cruelty and inhumanity of the rulers, both civil and religious, were destructive of efforts to found a just government. The rulers needed money for their extravagant manner of living

and they shaped the laws so as to make every province contribute its share of plunder.

This was only following the example of the mother country, which framed its laws so as to make Peru contribute to its wealth. The inhabitants of the colonies were prohibited from cultivating the products that Spain wished to export to Peru, The result of these repressive laws was that the country did not prosper and produce the best type of citizens. Just as the government of Peru found many ways to cheat the home country, so the provinces found many ways to cheat the government of Peru. These acts of injustice produced a people either crafty and vicious, or patriotic and rebellious.

The king of Spain, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, went so far as to order all the factories in Peru manufacturing cloth or other products of domestic use in competition with Spanish manufacturers to be destroyed. Notwithstanding such laws, the country was so rich in natural resources that it drew large numbers of settlers. On the Atlantic coast, near the mouth of the Rio Plata, a thriving town was growing. This was called Buenos Aires because of its delightful climate. But Buenos Aires, although far nearer Spain than Lima, was under the viceroy of Peru and was prohibited by law from trading directly with the mother country. Throughout the Argentine, many other prosperous towns were springing up. Some of these had been founded by adventurers from Peru, others by settlers from Buenos Aires. Yet the law compelled them to

send their products across the mountains to Lima. The alternative was to carry on an illegal trade with Brazil or other foreign countries.

The distance from Buenos Aires to Lima, by the overland route, was about 2,800 miles. Yet this route, long as it was, by the middle of the eighteenth century had become very important. Although there were comparatively few settlements along the way, post-houses were kept for the convenience of the travelers, where they might obtain food and horses to continue their journey.

If you will take the map, you may trace this long overland commercial route from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beginning at Buenos Aires, it led northwest through Cordoba, Tucuman and Salta in Argentine; then it continued up the mountains into what is now Bolivia, through Potosi and La Paz; then over the Andes and through Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, and thence to Lima. Nearly a year was required to make the round trip of 5,600 miles.

A glance at the map of South America is sufficient to convince any thoughtful student that such a government as that at Lima could not forever hold under one authority the people of Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Venezuela, Colombia, Argentina, Paraguay, and Uruguay. Revolution was inevitable at some time or other.

As in Argentina and Paraguay, little gold was found in Chile. This was an agricultural country but the people had to sell their products in Peru. The only

two provinces that were even partly independent of Peru were Venezuela (called the Captain-Generalcy of Caracas) and Colombia (called New Granada).

Such was Spanish rule in South America and such was the government that emanated from the City of the Kings. No wonder that the people rebelled and broke the power of Spain in the New World!

Chapter VI

Sir Walter Raleigh and the Decline of Spain

The great empire of Charles V. began to decay at his death. In 1581 his son Philip II., who had succeeded to the throne of Spain but not the German Empire, lost the Netherlands, which began to develop as the Dutch Republic. At the same time England under Queen Elizabeth was making progress as a naval and commercial nation. Philip hated Elizabeth and made war on England. He equipped a vast fleet, in 1588, known as the Spanish Armada, for the purpose of invading England and conquering it.

Sir Francis Drake was one of the daring sea captains of England who, with a far inferior squadron, defeated the Armada in a great fight in the English Channel. Thus the commercial supremacy and naval strength of Spain were broken and the ascendency of England as a sea power and commercial nation dates from that time. Sir Francis Drake was now free to prey on Spanish vessels wherever he might find them; he voyaged frequently to the Spanish Main, making rich captures and carrying much of the wealth of South America to England.

The time had at last come for England to establish colonies in the New World, since her great rival was no longer able to oppose her vigorously. Students of United States history will remember how Sir Walter Raleigh attempted to make settlements in

what is now North Carolina. At that time England, as well as the other nations of Europe, was not much interested in North America, since little gold had been found in that continent.

Sir Walter Raleigh, after his colony failed in North America, fell into disgrace at the English court. He was also in straits for money. Therefore, he determined to go in search of the far-famed city of Manoa, or El Dorado, in the Amazon country — that fabled city guarded by female warriors, dressed in glittering garments of sheets of gold. The entrance to this golden land was supposed to be by means of the Orinoco River. Columbus had sailed along this coast; Amerigo Vespucci had visited it and written about it; Spanish explorers had entered the river and brought back some gold, but none had found the city which was supposed to be richer than Mexico and Cuzco.

Sir Walter Raleigh determined to make the attempt and if possible retrieve his fortunes and restore himself as court favorite. Consequently, in 1595, he sailed for South America on a voyage of exploration with a view to conquest. He reached the mouth of the Orinoco and spent several months in exploring the river and the coast of Guiana. He was even less successful than the Spaniards in finding gold in this region. However, on returning, he followed the example of Amerigo Vespucci and published an account of his voyage, The Discoverie of Guiana. It was an entertaining narrative, but the people of England did not believe his story.

After the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603,

Raleigh was arrested by her successor, James I., for an alleged conspiracy against the new king. James was friendly to Spain, while Raleigh had always been an enemy of the Spanish. His trial in 1603 ended in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to death, though the execution was delayed for many years. The adventurer still believed the tales of Manoa, the golden city somewhere in Guiana, and he promised King James, who was in great need of money, that, if restored to freedom, he would find it and make the English monarch as rich as the king of Spain.

King James thought enough of the stories circulated in Europe to try the venture. He believed it possible for Raleigh to succeed. However, the Spanish ambassador in England warned James I. that Spain claimed the land Raleigh intended to enter and that an exploring party in the Orinoco region would trespass on Spanish possessions.

James was in want of money, but he had no desire to become involved in difficulties with the king of Spain, who was still a very powerful monarch. He, therefore, assured the Spanish ambassador that if Raleigh should be guilty of piracy or of any hostile acts against Spanish authority Sir Walter would be executed on his return. Raleigh promised King James not to attack Spanish vessels or seize Spanish territory. On March 17, 1617, he set sail a second time for South America, taking his son with him.

It was generally believed that a descendant of the Inca lived in the interior of Guiana near a lake where immense quantities of gold were to be found. On the

banks of this lake there was rumored to stand a city whose houses were covered with sheets of gold, while in the royal palace the king and queen had gold dust sprinkled on their bodies, so that they were actually clothed with it. But Raleigh never found Manoa. The ill-fated expedition reached the mouth of the Orinoco River on the last day of 1617. Raleigh had been stricken with fever on the voyage. As he was too ill to proceed, he remained at Trinidad, but sent five small vessels up the Orinoco. His son accompanied the expedition. As they sailed up the river, seeking information from the natives, they found a small Spanish settlement. Now, wherever Spaniards and Englishmen met in the New World a fight was inevitable. When the English expedition came in sight of the Spanish colony, the Spaniards opened fire. The result was that, notwithstanding Raleigh's warning to the party to turn back from Spanish settlements, a fierce fight ensued. The Spaniards were defeated, but Raleigh's son was killed.

Meeting no further resistance, the expedition continued. The natives, who always fed the imagination of explorers, whether in North America or South America, with what explorers liked to hear, told them that a race of people higher up the river had an abundance of gold. The Englishmen, therefore, continued upstream for some distance farther.

All at once they beheld what seemed to be the golden tribe they sought. They saw the natives moving about through the forests, dressed in shining garments apparently of gold or silver, they could not

tell which. The English were carried away with joy, for they had at last found the object of their desire. Imagine their disappointment when they learned what the natives really wore!

Investigation showed that the Indians covered their bodies with turtle fat and then stuck thin sheets of mica over them, thus presenting a truly dazzling appearance. This was probably done to protect them from mosquitoes, which were terribly annoying in that region. The insects were so harmful that even the Indians, tough as their hides were, had to devise some means to defend themselves. They hit upon mica.

The expedition met with nothing but failure. No gold was discovered; provisions were running low, and it became necessary to return. When the party reached Trinidad, they found Sir Walter Raleigh still sick and weak. They told him of their fight with the Spaniards and the death of his son. Raleigh reproached them for disobeying orders, realizing that their act had sealed his own doom and possibly that of the entire expedition.

The leader of the expedition up the Orinoco, not caring to return to England, at once committed suicide, and for days it seemed as if there would be a mutiny among the men. Many did not desire to go back to England, fearing what their fate would be. But after much confusion and delay, the English went home.

King James was disappointed because Sir Walter Raleigh had failed to find gold. Moreover, he was

infuriated because the expedition had attacked a Spanish colony. As the king was under the influence of the Spanish ambassador, he assured the latter that Raleigh should pay the penalty for his disobedience; shortly after he ordered the execution of the famous explorer. On October 29, 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded. It still appeared that Spain had the power to check the colonial growth of England.

Thus ended the career of the man who first sought to erect England's dominion in the New World. Largely as a result of his ventures, a permanent English colony had been planted on American soil. This was at Jamestown in 1607. Later, the Dutch secured a foothold in South America near the mouth of the Orinoco River. In the same section of the continent, the French and English also occupied land, and English, Dutch, and French Guiana remain as the result of these seizures.

The appearance of the English, French, and Dutch in the New World at the beginning of the seventeenth century marks the decline of the maritime supremacy of Spain and Portugal; the center of interest gradually shifted from South America to North America. What was the purpose of these nations in establishing colonies? It was either to secure gold and other metals, or to set up centers of trade and commerce for the benefit of the mother country. It became the policy of the English to establish trade centers and agricultural settlements rather than to hunt gold.

England, France, and the Dutch Republic all made

settlements in America and in India in the seventeenth century. They engaged in the slave trade, just as Spain and Portugal had done in the sixteenth century, in order to secure laborers to cultivate the land. Great commercial companies developed; each nation was ambitious to conquer as much of the world as possible and build up an empire that would increase the wealth of the mother country. Such were the motives that prompted them to found settlements in America, India, Africa, and elsewhere.

This rivalry for commercial supremacy continued throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. At length in 1763, England definitely triumphed over France and took nearly all of the French possessions in North America and India. This struggle was known in Europe as the Seven Years' War and in America as the French and Indian War. England emerged as the greatest naval and commercial nation in the world.

But no European nation had yet learned how to govern its colonies. Spain had failed ingloriously. England also failed, as the people of the United States well know, because the thirteen English colonies revolted in 1776 and secured their independence, creating the first independent nation in the New World.

The English colonists in North America did not intermarry with the Indians and negroes as the Spanish colonists had done. Being mainly of one race, they were able to cooperate in a supreme effort to free themselves from the tyranny of English rule, and,

after independence had been won, to unite and form a representative government that was successful from the start. The Spanish colonists were composed of a mixture of races, one class hating another class as much as the government itself. Thus, the different groups of colonists of that continent could not unite as readily as the English colonists had done.

Yet a number of South Americans looked with great admiration upon the leaders of the thirteen English colonies. Some of them volunteered their services and fought under George Washington, who became their ideal patriot and military leader. After independence was won, these South Americans began to dream of independence for their own continent and they never ceased to work until their dreams came true.

The revolution begun in North America did not end there. Oppressed peoples in Europe sought to break the tyranny of their rulers, and France became the center of a still fiercer revolution. The king of France was beheaded. Then arose the greatest military leader, perhaps, the world has ever seen, Napoleon Bonaparte. He organized the French armies, took possession of the government, and soon brought Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, and Prussia under his power. Finally, all these nations combined against him, because his tremendous power had disturbed the equilibrium of the world; England, being the strongest of the nations in the alliance against Napoleon, took the lead. Yet for a time it seemed as if no power on earth could overthrow him.

In 1808 he completely humbled Spain, and its king was compelled to abdicate. It was at that moment that the Spanish colonies in South America struck for freedom, when Spain was powerless to check them. The regent of Portugal fled before the armies of Napoleon and established his throne at Rio de Janeiro. This kept Brazil from revolting, because the Brazilians, for the most part, were glad to have their ruler live with them. The combined forces of Napoleon's enemies were able finally to defeat him at Waterloo in 1815, and each nation conquered by him regained its former independence. Great Britain was mistress of the seas and possessed more colonies in North America, Africa, and India than all other nations combined. The Spanish colonies in South America, however, by this time had made so much progress toward freedom that Spain was unable to regain them. This was the final blow that left Spain one of the weaker nations of Europe.

What was the organization of the Spanish colonies when they struck for freedom? The continent of South America, outside of Brazil and Guiana in the northeastern corner of the continent, belonged to Spain and was divided into three vice-royalties. The oldest was the viceroyalty of Peru, which until 1718 embraced all the territory on the continent belonging to Spain. In that year the viceroyalty of New Granada was created. This included what are now Venezuela, Ecuador, and Colombia. In 1776, the viceroyalty of the de la Plata River was created, embracing all of South America south of Brazil and east of the Andes mountains.

At the beginning of the revolt of the Spanish colonies, therefore, there were three viceroyalties, all independent of each other but subject to the king of Spain. The ruler of each was a viceroy, and the territory under him was divided into provinces or captain-generalships, under captain-generals.

It is interesting to note that the revolt began in each viceroyalty in the same year, 1810, and almost at the same time. The first outbreak was in Venezuela, in the viceroyalty of New Granada; the second in Argentine, in the viceroyalty of the de la Plata River; and the third in Chile, in the vice-royalty of Peru.

The chief leader of the revolt was Francisco Miranda, a native of Caracas, in Venezuela. His teachings stirred the young men of South America. Simon Bolivar, the leader of New Granada, Jose San Martin, the leader of Argentina, and Bernardo O'Higgins, the leader of Chile, were students and disciples of Miranda, and the story of the revolution may be told in the life histories of these four patriots. Pew men have displayed more heroism and exhibited a finer patriotism than these leaders, all of whom, with the exception of Miranda, lived to see the independence of their countries secured and yet died in exile.

Chapter VII
How an Earthquake Stopped Miranda's Revolution

The Spanish colonists had great cause for hating the mother country. However, Spanish soldiers were always able to crush revolts until the mother country fell under the power of Napoleon Bonaparte. Patriotic leaders in South America who had aided the English colonies in North America to secure their independence waited for the proper moment to strike for freedom. As was mentioned before, the first province in South America to act was Venezuela. It was favorably situated, occupying the northernmost part of the continent and lying on the great highways of the New World. Being near the United States, it was most affected by the War for Independence and by the great arguments for human freedom that were influencing all the nations of the civilized world. The name Venezuela, meaning little Venice, was given to the province because the Spaniards saw in the country along the coast a likeness to beautiful Venice in Italy. Its capital, Caracas, situated in the mountains, is today one of the most picturesque and naturally beautiful cities of the entire world. Venezuela was considered by Spain as her most valuable province next to Peru.

One of the foremost patriots of South America was Francisco Miranda, who was born in Caracas in

1754. He had watched the early struggles of the thirteen English colonies and was electrified by their action in 1776, when they declared themselves independent. He looked upon the Declaration of Independence as the greatest liberty document ever written. He was a student of the political literature of North America and Europe, and he, too, became convinced that all men are created free and equal and that it is their right and duty to fight for freedom whenever it is denied them. Stirred by the heroism of George Washington and the other American patriots, he determined to lend his assistance to the Venezuelan rebels in their fight for freedom.

Miranda was in Paris when Benjamin Franklin persuaded the French to aid the North American colonists. He secured permission to go with the French army to America, and he entered at once on the service, fighting against the English until the independence of the thirteen colonies was won.

The success of the revolution in North America inspired Miranda with a belief that the colonies of South America might likewise win their independence. He remained in the United States in order to plan a great revolution on the southern continent. Spain had aided the English colonies in securing their independence, not because she loved them but because she hated England. In this respect Spain and the colonies of North America were a unit. As a consequence, when Francisco Miranda sought aid in the United States against Spain, the new government would not give him assistance because it might break

the recent friendship. Moreover, Spain still held Florida, and any hostile action on the part of the United States against that power would involve the republic in a dangerous war. Miranda became so active that the Spanish government took notice of it, and the United States had to request him to leave the country for fear that he would bring it into serious difficulties with Spain.

From America, Miranda went to France and joined the revolutionists of that country. He was given the command of a brigade and so distinguished himself that he was promoted for bravery. However, in France the revolutionists had not then found a great leader. One party after another rose to power, and Miranda was arrested and tried for treason but acquitted. He finally fled from France to England, where he sought to interest the government in the liberation of Venezuela from the Spanish yoke.

While in London, he gathered around him a group of patriotic young South Americans who had gone to Europe to complete their education. These students read his pamphlets, visited him in England, and became members of his secret organization, the chief purpose of which was to break the power of Spain in the New World.

It was customary for wealthy Spaniards in South America to send their sons to Spain to be educated. Thither came Simon Bolivar from Caracas, San Martin from the Plata country, and O'Higgins from Chile. These and many other South Americans were attracted to Miranda in England; they visited him and

became so fired by him that they never forgot his teachings.

Miranda, however, soon became an unwelcome guest in England, because England needed Spain's assistance in overthrowing Napoleon. He did not dare, of course, to go to Spain; but he visited Austria and Prussia, where his doctrines of liberty were not well received. Finally, he decided to return to Venezuela and make an attempt at insurrection on his own account. In 1805, by the aid of some citizens of the United States who appreciated his Revolutionary War services, he equipped a vessel. With the help of some sailors loaned by an English admiral, Sir A. Cochrane, who was later to play an important part in the South American war for independence, Miranda began his rebellion at Caracas. There he proclaimed a new republic, calling it Colombia in honor of the great discoverer. His opening efforts were crowned with some success; but the English withdrew their men, who returned to fight Napoleon, and Miranda's first attempt failed.

The condition of the Spanish colonies at that time was deplorable. Spain was sinking to ruin but still grasping at her possessions. The viceroys were determined to crush the revolt at any cost. It meant death to a Creole to protest in any way against injustice and oppression. The people everywhere were ready to rise against the cruelty of the viceroys, who were seeking to hold the colonies together until Spain could recover from the European wars and reassert her power. Only a spark was needed to fire

the powder.

In 1810, when Napoleon's army had about conquered Spain, Miranda again landed in South America and secured a large following. He proclaimed a republic in Venezuela and one also in New Granada or Colombia. It was Miranda's idea for all the South American colonies to form a federal republic in the same manner as the English colonies in North America composed the United States.

This plan was hateful to many who did not wish to unite under one government It awoke the selfishness of the leaders of the several provinces in the north. They were unable to unite in a common interest as the thirteen English colonies had done, for the leaders in the different colonies were jealous of the power that the head of such a confederacy might secure. Thus South American patriotism was local and narrow.

However, Venezuela received Miranda with enthusiasm and, on July 5, 1811, it declared itself free and independent of Spain. An attempt had been made to reach this decision on July 4, the anniversary of the independence of the United States, but there was a delay of a day.

Miranda was given an ovation by the new government, which appointed him lieutenant-general of the army. He was looked upon as the man of the hour. Appointed with others to draw up a constitution, he took as a basis the Constitution of the United States and devised a plan for the federation of all the colonies of South America in one nation.

As a result of this plan, not only did Spanish sympathizers everywhere rise in opposition but patriotic leaders who were jealous of Miranda's position opposed his plans. Affairs became so critical that he was appointed dictator of the new government. The boldness of his scheme, however, had struck terror to all faithful servants of Spain. That anyone could raise his hand against the Lord's anointed, as the king of Spain was called, shook the superstitious minds of the people; many priests who remained loyal to the king declared that independence was contrary to the will of heaven. However, a number of high officials of the church were true patriots and did not seek to excuse the tyranny of the king or the cruelty of the viceroys.

The cause of the revolutionists prospered for some time. The first year of independence was about to close with good prospects of ultimate success. Then an unexpected calamity upset all the plans of the patriots. The spring of 1812 had opened and the Easter festival was at hand. Men, women, and children were rejoicing in the streets of Caracas in the new age that seemed about to dawn. March 26 was Holy Thursday, and extensive preparations were made for the celebration of the next day, Good Friday, a day that would usher in a happy future for South America.

The churches were thronged with worshipers. In the middle of the afternoon, which was excessively hot, drops of rain began to fall. The atmosphere became oppressive. In the great cathedral, the people,

in holiday dress and filled with religious enthusiasm, were assembled. A little before four o'clock, the vesper hour, when the service was to begin, the world suddenly seemed to come to an end. One writer, describing this awful scene, says:

"At seven minutes past four, when the solemn services in the churches were beginning, the earth seemed to reel. There was a fearful crash, followed by a deep sound as of thunder. It came not from the sky, but from the caverns below. The people started up. What was happening? Where? They felt their feet unsteady, and in the tremor buildings were crumbling, melting away as it were. People ran hither and thither calling on Heaven for mercy. The beasts sought the caves. Birds screamed afright in the air."

Buildings, great pillars, and heavy walls quickly crumbled away; 30,000 people perished. Caracas was not the only sufferer: town after town was destroyed. Some disappeared; the town of San Felipe was totally swallowed up. Its houses, public buildings, and inhabitants were never seen again. The survivors fled to the fields and wandered about, lamenting and praying. No one knew what members of his family or friends were saved. Many families were parted. Husbands never saw wives again; little children, their parents; men and women were swallowed up alive in awful caverns in the earth.

In the church of San Jacinto, the groans of the dying arose on every hand. The priests, in great alarm, told the people that it was the curse of God visited upon them for their sin in revolting against

the king. Amidst the ruins of the once magnificent cathedral of Caracas, the people rended the heavens with their lamentations and cries for mercy. Frightened priests called all to repentance for their sin of rebellion, the consequences of which might be visited upon their children and their children's children. On all sides the people hearkened to the invitation of the priests and poured out their curses on the patriot leaders who had led them to this calamity.

Suddenly a young officer rose above the stricken multitude and, standing on a broken pillar, raised his voice loud enough for all to hear. "It is not the wrath of God, but an earthquake!" he shouted. The people gazed at him in astonishment. "This is merely an act of nature," the young officer continued. "The cause of the patriots is just, and if nature opposes herself we will wrestle with her and compel her to obey."

The priests exclaimed that this was sacrilege, and the people applauded the priests. The young officer was Simon Bolivar, who had been serving under Miranda. Finding himself unable to check the influence of the hostile priests, he directed his efforts to relieving the distressed.

Out in the streets whole regiments of Miranda's army had been swallowed up. The patriots were thrown into the wildest confusion. The terrified people, ignorant and superstitious, believed the words of the priests and turned against the leaders of the patriotic army. The royalists took courage at once and made capital of the mob's superstitious fears. The morale of the patriots was completely broken. In

battle after battle they were defeated, and four months later Miranda himself was captured. The officials sent him to Spain to be tried for treason. There he was confined in a loathsome dungeon, where he died on July 14, 1816.

The seeds of revolution, however, had been too deeply planted to be destroyed. They were destined later to spring up in new life and break forever the Spanish rule in South America.

The teachings of Francisco Miranda, as was said before, converted three young South Americans who were to lead the continent to freedom by breaking the power of Spain. One was Simon Bolivar of Caracas, destined to carry on in Venezuela the work begun by Miranda. Another was Jose San Martin, a Creole of Argentina, who was to become the liberator of the southern provinces; and the third was Bernardo O'Higgins, "The Father of Chile." The first two were to meet on the shores of the Gulf of Guayaquil, where Pizarro landed and planted the Spanish flag. There they were to unite their forces and banish that flag as an emblem of authority on the southern continent.

Chapter VIII
San Martin

It has already been stated that all of South America except Brazil was under the rule of the viceroy of Peru until the eighteenth century. Everything possible was done to make the different Spanish provinces contribute to the prosperity of Peru and the court at Lima. However, several towns of importance were springing up in the Plata country which looked more and more to trade on the Atlantic, not the Pacific, for their prosperity. The principal one was Buenos Aires, destined to be the greatest city of the continent.

So important was this Plata country becoming that, in 1776, the king of Spain, separating what are now Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Argentina from Peru, created the viceroyalty of Bio de la Plata. This was done chiefly for the purpose of forming a government on the Atlantic to check the growth of the Portuguese in Brazil, which province embraced about half of the continent and was threatening to push southward across the Plata. When the war for independence began, this territory was known as the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata. It was not until 1860 that the young nation adopted the name of the "Argentine Republic."

The government of Spain had waited too long to

give needed relief to this part of the continent. Misrule had destroyed the affection of the people for the mother country. Therefore, when the fires of revolution were kindled and the hope of independence stirred in the hearts of the people, Argentina was the second province to revolt from the mother country. This section of South America, like Venezuela, had been greatly stirred by the success of the United States. Moreover, the teachings of General Miranda had strengthened the determination of the people to throw off the Spanish yoke. They saw their opportunity when Napoleon Bonaparte was at war with Europe and held Spain in his power. After Venezuela led the way, Buenos Aires and the Plata country followed within a few weeks. The North and the South moved almost at the same time for independence. Would the patriots of the two sections of the continent unite their forces and break the hated rule of Spain in South America or would they keep apart and fail?

Argentina was without an army. A group of leaders had organized bands of citizens into fighting forces, but there was little unity of purpose. The soldiers were undisciplined and without a recognized leader. This was the state of affairs on March 9, 1812, when Jose de San Martin, a veteran of the European wars, landed at Buenos Aires.

San Martin was born in the upper part of the Rio de la Plata valley, in what is now Paraguay, on February 25, 1778. His father was Captain Juan de San Martin, a Spaniard of rank. His mother, however,

was a Creole, and the son, not being wholly of Spanish blood, was classed as a Creole. It has been stated before that a Creole was a descendant of Spanish and foreign parents — for instance, the son of a Spanish father and of an English, French, German, or Italian mother would be a Creole. The children of such parents did not rank socially with full-blooded Spaniards.

When San Martin was eight years old, he was carried to Spain to be educated, and the lad received the best military training that the country afforded. At an early age he entered the service of Spain and fought in its defense. While serving as an officer in the Spanish army, he learned of the teachings of General Miranda and was converted to his philosophy. He, therefore, joined one of the secret societies pledged to work for the independence of South America.

The young patriot was just thirty-four years old when he arrived in Buenos Aires. When he landed, few people noticed the thin, serious-looking stranger. His appearance — dark complexion, with long, dark lashes and heavy eyebrows, large black eyes, small mouth, and long nose — was not unlike that of the Creoles to whom he was related. His heavy chin and jaw were noticeable; and his rough voice, quick and commanding, always attracted attention. This quiet, modest, sad-faced newcomer was to exert more influence in South America than any man since Pizarro, though in a very different way.

On his return from Spain, in 1812, he was practically unknown in Argentina. But as soon as possible

he made the acquaintance of the patriot leaders, who recognized at once that he was bringing a military skill and an experience to the country sorely needed in organizing the revolution and giving it direction. San Martin was not only educated in the best military schools of Europe, but he had seen the strategy of the greatest generals of the world and had a practical training in war such as no other officer in Argentina, or, for that matter, in all South America, had received. The leaders of the revolution knew that he had served at one time under Wellington against Napoleon. Consequently, he was made lieutenant-colonel and was entrusted with the formation of a squadron of cavalry. His first important work was to establish a school to train officers.

"Until now," he declared, "the United Provinces have fought for no one knows what, without a flag, and without any avowed principles to explain the origin and tendency of the insurrection. We must declare ourselves independent if we wish to be known and respected."

Buenos Aires had declared her independence on May 25, 1810. But the entire province did not take the final step until July 9, 1816, which may be given as the date of independence.

The royalist army in Argentina had been temporarily driven back to Tucuman to await reinforcements from Peru. It was there that a council of the patriot chiefs was held. What impressed the leaders most was San Martin's unselfishness. He seemed to have no secret ambition for himself, to be wholly

disinterested. One writer says of him, "He worked in silence, showing neither weakness, pride, nor bitterness at seeing his work triumphant and his part in it forgotten."

The story is told of King Arthur, the legendary ruler of England, that when he came into the presence of the Knights of the Bound Table and looked them full in the eye, so righteous were his aims and purposes that his likeness shone in the countenances of the knights and they shared his desire to think pure thoughts and do noble deeds. San Martin had a somewhat similar effect on the soldiers and officers who came under the spell of his personality.

The government, recognizing his ability, placed him in command of the Army of the North. So tactfully did he conduct himself that General Belgrano, who had been in command, was not envious of him but swore eternal friendship and even went to school to him to learn military science.

It was very evident to San Martin that the power of Peru must be broken, that the City of the Kings must be captured, if the Argentine country was ever to be free. At the same time he saw that the road to Peru was not the ancient highway that traders had traveled for centuries, but by way of Chile, which must be freed first. Therefore, he asked to be relieved of the command of the Army of the North and to be placed over the obscure province of Mendoza, which bordered on Chile. Everyone wondered at this act, but San Martin kept silent as to his plans.

Mendoza, a prosperous town at the foot of the mountains, was on the highway between Chile and Argentine, and southern Chile was already striving for independence. Here where San Martin met Chileans coming east and Argentinians going west, he set up his headquarters and was able to build a fire under the Spanish leaders that ultimately destroyed their power.

Again the first thing necessary was to train officers. San Martin established another military school at Mendoza. Rigid discipline was enforced, and the people marveled at his control over his men. Besides, his unselfishness and his sense of justice made him so popular in Mendoza that the people elected him governor of the province. It is said, "They saw in San Martin a father whom they loved and a ruler whom they respected."

It was at Mendoza that he organized the Army of the Andes, one of the most efficient forces in history. The government of Argentina in 1815 appointed him general-of -brigade, which position he accepted with the understanding that he would resign as soon as the country was freed from Spain. During this period of training he was joined by refugees from Chile. One of these was Bernardo O'Higgins, a noble patriot and skillful officer, who studied under San Martin and entered the Army of the Andes when it was ready to begin its expedition across the mountains. O'Higgins was San Martin's most valuable subordinate.

At the beginning of 1817, San Martin was ready to launch his expedition into Chile. On January 17, the

ladies of Mendoza, who had already given their jewels to be used in buying supplies, presented him with a silken flag decorated with precious stones. A special holiday had been declared, and the streets were crowded with people to see the troops depart. As San Martin accepted the flag, he waved it over his head, exclaiming in a voice that could be heard by the great multitude:

"Soldiers! This is the first independent flag which has been blessed in South America."

A great shout arose from the people, "Viva la Patria!"

"Soldiers! Swear to sustain it and to die in defense of it, as I swear!" San Martin went on.

"We swear!" came the answer from four thousand throats.

The greatest difficulty ahead of San Martin was to carry his army safely over the Andes Mountains. It must scale the snow-capped barrier and descend into the plains below, a very hazardous undertaking. But with the aid of O'Higgins he conducted the expedition so skillfully that he kept the enemy on the other side of the mountains guessing as to what route he would take, carrying safely across four thousand troops and all their equipment without the loss of a man.

It is said that the passage of the Andes by San Martin is one of the most remarkable feats in military history. It probably required greater strategical skill to cross these lofty mountains under the circumstances than to cross the Alps under the conditions

confronting Hannibal or Napoleon. Several passes were used; San Martin himself crossed by Patos Pass.

San Martin's troops poured down the mountain side into Chile before the enemy realized that he had achieved what was thought to be impossible. Meeting the Spaniards at Chacabuco, San Martin administered a decisive defeat. The assembly of Chile was so delighted that it 'elected him governor with supreme power. He declined the office and, summoning another assembly, advised it to elect his lieutenant, General O'Higgins. The advice was accepted, and Chile had for a number of years one of the ablest rulers on the continent.

When Buenos Aires heard of San Martin's victory, the people shouted for joy. The streets were crowded with an applauding multitude; cannon roared at the fort; medals were given the soldiers, and San Martin's daughter was voted a life pension which was devoted to her education. The government then elected San Martin to the highest military grade in the service. But he likewise declined this honor, asking instead that the government send him more men and supplies. Chile showed her gratitude by voting him 10,000 ounces of gold, which he refused for himself but used to build a public library.

The royalists in Chile were not yet completely overcome. At times it seemed that the fruits of San Martin's victory might be lost. However, on April 5, 1818, another great battle was fought at Maipo. This engagement destroyed the Spanish army and secured the independence of Chile, which had been

declared on January 20 of the same year.

After this battle San Martin went to Buenos Aires to consult with the government about the expedition to Peru. This was his final objective, for no province was safe so long as Peru remained under Spanish rule. It seemed to others, however, that the power of Spain was really broken; and the government of Buenos Aires asked San Martin not to request further funds. Immediately he sent in his resignation. It produced so much consternation that the patriot leaders told him to take any amount of money he needed.

San Martin was at length ready to proceed against Peru. The most natural route was by sea. But he lacked war vessels as well as transports for his soldiers. In order to secure ships it was necessary to resort to strategy. After the battle of Chacabuco, San Martin kept the Spanish flag flying over Valparaiso, the chief seaport, in order to deceive Spanish vessels that might stop there on their way from Spain to Peru.

The strategy succeeded; several Spanish vessels dropped anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, only to be called on to surrender by the patriots. In addition to these captured vessels, one ship was bought in America and another in England. San Martin then sought the best commander possible for the expedition. The man selected was a nephew, Admiral Cochrane, who had given aid to General Miranda in his first expedition against the Spanish government in Venezuela. San Martin next issued a proclamation

to the patriots of Peru announcing his purpose to lead an expedition against the Spanish government in that province in order to free an oppressed people and give them an opportunity to form a government of their own.

The fleet under Admiral Cochrane, consisting of five vessels, was sent out ahead in January, 1819. It reached Callao, the seaport of Lima, early in February, and there defeated the Spaniards.

Just at this point San Martin was given a great surprise. Spain, at last free from European war, was equipping a large fleet to regain her lost possessions. Buenos Aires was in a panic at the news and sent a hurried call to San Martin to return with his troops to protect the city. But he refused. The order was repeated, and this time San Martin sent in his resignation rather than depart from his plans.

The government, however, refused a second time to accept his resignation. San Martin, therefore, decided to go to Buenos Aires and consult with the government. While he was away, Admiral Cochrane won a great victory over the Spanish fleet. The Englishman thereupon aspired to supreme command. But the Chileans could not forget the services of San Martin, whom they made generalissimo of their forces.

San Martin, who had worked hard for years, was now broken in health. But seeing the condition of his army and realizing that traitors in the pay of the Spanish government were undermining his plans, he

started back to join his men. He was so feeble that he was carried on a litter much of the way across the mountains. He felt that no time could be lost, that the Spanish power in Peru must be broken without delay. On July 22, 1820, he was ready to start out. On the eve of his departure from Valparaiso by sea he addressed a proclamation to the people of Chile, concluding in these words:

"Whatever may be my lot in the campaign against Peru, I shall prove that ever since I returned to my native land her independence has occupied my every thought, and that I have never had other ambition than to merit the hatred of the ungrateful and the esteem of the virtuous."

At the same time he wrote the government at Buenos Aires that he would turn over the command of the army to the central authority just as soon as his purpose was accomplished. He took every opportunity possible to assure the people that he was seeking no power or position for himself, that his only desire was to break the tyranny of Spain.

On August 20, the expedition sailed from Valparaiso, Admiral Cochrane leading the way. The army landed about one hundred and fifty miles south of Lima, and immediately San Martin issued a proclamation to the people, in which he declared:

"The last viceroy of Peru endeavors to maintain his decrepit authority. I come to put an end to this epoch of sorrow and humiliation."

Lord Cochrane continued along the coast and,

sailing into the bay of Callao, completely destroyed the Spanish fleet. The army then marched northward. Everywhere the oppressed people flocked to San Martin's standard and hailed him as their savior.

General San Martin's forces crushed the opposing Spanish army, and on July 6, 1821, entered Lima. San Martin was now at the height of his power. Writing to Governor O'Higgins of Chile, he said:

"Peru is free. I now see before me the end of my public life and watch how I can leave this heavy charge in safe hands, so that I may return into some quiet corner and live as a man should live."

On July 28, 1821, the independence of Peru was solemnly proclaimed with inspiring ceremonies in the great square of Lima. San Martin displayed the flag of Peru as the procession marched by, and the liberated inhabitants showered flowers on him in expression of their gratitude. Then the people urged him to become their ruler; on August 3, 1821, he accepted the offer and was styled "The Protector, of Peru."

Just as the Spanish conquest of South America began in Peru and extended southward through Chile and eastward across Argentina, the van of revolution started on the Atlantic coast and rolled westward into Chile and then northward into Peru. It came like retribution, retracing the path of blood that the conquerors had drawn across the continent and along which their heartless tyranny had left its toll of death and ruin.

The government of Peru gave San Martin $500,000, derived from the sale of Spanish property, but he divided the sum among his twenty generals, keeping none for himself.

The great leader, the Protector of Peru, was now weak and almost exhausted. His body was attacked by a slow disease and he desired to return to private life. He saw that his generals were jealous of his great popularity, even Admiral Cochrane being ambitious to succeed him. Cochrane, however, disappointed in his hopes, resigned and returned to England.

San Martin, although at the head of the Peruvian government, found himself in a precarious position. The royalists in Peru were still strong and only awaited an opportunity to rise against the patriots. The people had welcomed San Martin, but nobody knew better than himself the fickleness of popular favor. The patriot cause in Peru needed strengthening, and there was only one man who could strengthen it. That was Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of the North, who was on the borders of Peru with a large army. San Martin determined to call on him for aid.

Chapter IX
Bolivar

The first war for independence, begun in Venezuela under the leadership of Francisco Miranda, was suddenly brought to an end upon the downfall of that patriot. Even his young lieutenant, Simon Bolivar, who had tried to calm the crowd during the confusion caused by the earthquake, made peace with the government and sought refuge in the island of Curacao for fear that Spain might reconsider and punish him for his part in the rebellion.

Simon Bolivar was an extraordinary man. He was born in the city of Caracas, Venezuela, on July 24, 1783 — about five years after the birth of San Martin. He was the son of a noble family. His father and mother were Spanish people of great prominence. He was left an orphan at an early age, his father dying when he was only three years of age and his mother three years later. He was heir to a vast estate with hundreds of slaves. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Spain to be educated, as was the custom of wealthy Spaniards in South America. After finishing his education, he married at the age of nineteen the daughter of a Venezuela nobleman and returned to Caracas. His bride was just sixteen years old. Three years later she died, leaving no heir. Thus bereaved, Bolivar was living a retired life on his plantation when the insurrection in Venezuela broke out.

He took no part in the movement at first, but finally accepted a commission to London in behalf of the new government. While in London he became acquainted with General Miranda and joined a secret society, the purpose of which was to work for the liberation of Spanish America. Soon afterward he returned with Miranda to Venezuela. He then entered with much enthusiasm into the war for independence, serving under Miranda until the latter was captured and sent a prisoner to Spain.

On the island of Curacao, Bolivar laid his plans to lead an expedition against the royalists of his native country. The other provinces of northern South America had followed the lead of Venezuela and Argentina and were attempting to overthrow Spanish rule. Thus, it was not difficult to secure adherents to his standard. The people of Venezuela were cowed by the sufferings resulting from their political calamities. A reign of terror had broken out; many persons fled to the mountains, and even the unexplored parts of the country, where misery caused them to cry aloud for vengeance.

Bolivar quietly slipped back into Venezuela and, organizing these fugitives, began his descent upon Caracas. His march through the country was a triumph. Everywhere the people flocked to him. Victory after victory crushed the royalist forces, and, on August 4, 1813, Bolivar entered Caracas in state. When he reached the outskirts of the city, he was placed in a triumphal car drawn by twelve young ladies dressed in white and ribboned with the

national colors — all of them selected from the first families of Caracas. He was hailed by the people as "The Liberator," the title he ever after-ward preferred to wear.

The patriot government was so grateful to him for his brilliant victories that it proclaimed him "Dictator of the West," and gave him almost absolute power. People everywhere crowned him with honors. When he appeared in the streets, the women strewed his path with flowers. Prison doors were thrown open, and pale and emaciated convicts came forth to breathe pure air for the first time in years.

The oppressed classes hated the Spaniards with such intensity that some of the rebel leaders planned "to massacre the accursed race of European Spaniards." As a result, an order was issued for the slaying of all royalists, and the atrocities that followed were heartrending. This is an illustration of the extremes to whick a people will go when justice hasten violated for generations.

The royalists, in the meantime, were very active. They organized the cowboys of the plains, called llaneros — wonderful horsemen and fierce fighters. When these rough-riders were thoroughly equipped, Bolivar's army could not resist them. He went out to meet them, but was beaten in battle after battle. He had to leave Caracas and flee for his own life, followed by a great horde of refugees who feared the consequences of rebellion.

Many royalists had been killed as a result of the

order of the patriot government. Now that the royalists were on top they retaliated in another horrible massacre. All Venezuela was again in the hands of the Spaniards except the little island of Margarita. In the meantime Bolivar had fled to New Granada, as Colombia was then called, to seek help for Venezuela or to join the patriots of that province in their campaign. New Granada was at that time a confederacy compose of several provinces.

Bolivar, now without a force of his own, was one of a number of soldiers who fled from Venezuela and entered the service of the patriots in New Granada. His fame had already preceded him, and his appearance was hailed with enthusiasm. He was placed at the head of a force to reduce Bogota, which had rebelled against the patriot government. In December, 1814, Bogota, the capital of the confederated provinces, was taken by him.

Bolivar had rendered such signal service that he was named "Captain-General of the Confederacy."

It was his dream to see all South America united in a single federal government corresponding to the United States of America. Therefore, the title, Captain-General of the Confederacy, pleased him greatly.

Few men have enjoyed such great triumphs and suffered such fatal reverses in quick succession as Simon Bolivar. While riding a wave of popular favor, he prepared an expedition against the Spanish stronghold of Cartegena. In the attempt, in May,

1815, he was wholly unsuccessful. Whereupon he resigned his command and withdrew to the island of Jamaica.

Simon Bolivar's enthusiasm for independence took strong hold on all who came in contact with him. This was the principal source of his power. As a general, he never planned his battles with care and skill, but acted on impulse. This accounts for his quick successes and his equally sudden failures. Bolivar knew better, perhaps, than any one else the temper of the South Americans. No honor was too great for a leader who guided them to success and no blame too severe for one who failed. This fact doubtless accounts for Bolivar's many hasty resignations and frequent flights. He was a typical South American, though he added genius to his native emotionalism.

While in Jamaica, bolivar published his ideas as to the future organization of South America. He now advocated the independence of each colony. It was his belief, though, that New Granada should be united with Venezuela and the union called Colombia.

Bolivar was the most powerful man in northern South America. So influential was he that the royalists were exceedingly anxious to capture or kill him. On one occasion a slave was employed to murder him. Fortunately for the Liberator, he did not spend the night at his usual place and the assassin killed another in his stead.

It was Bolivar's great desire to return to Venezuela and arouse the people again. Consequently, he

left Jamaica and, going to Santo Domingo, secured arms and ammunition; on July 5, 1816, he landed once more in his native country. But his countrymen no longed believed in him. They did not think him a wise leader, remembering only his failures. Indeed, the people actually jeered at him, and he returned to Santo Domingo with a crushed spirit.

Unquestionably, Bolivar is not to be compared with San Martin as a military chieftain. But he was a great patriot. No adversity was so great as to crush him permanently. Few men could rise above misfortune more quickly than he, and he was almost without an equal in his ability to organize discordant elements.

Even after his own people rejected him, he made a second attempt to arouse the country but failed. He led still another expedition, but was routed so completely that he fled into the woods and wandered about almost without companions. The handful with him accused him of leading them astray and being the cause of their misfortunes.

Notwithstanding the gloomy outlook, Bolivar returned to New Granada and issued a new proclamation declaring that "The day of America has come. No human power can stay the course of nature guided by Providence. Before the sun has again run his annual course, altars to liberty will arise throughout your land."

Bolivar's proclamation and his determination to break the power of Spain in the north attracted the

attention of the patriots throughout South America; San Martin wrote him, urging him to keep up his spirit. Governor O'Higgins of Chile proclaimed him the champion of liberty in the North.

These cheering messages came when Bolivar was deeply disheartened. In fact most men would have given up the fight, but he had a will of steel. His own countrymen were again turning to him as their real leader. By degrees a part of Venezuela was wrested from royalist control, and in February, 1819, Bolivar was a second time elected to command the patriot army.

He was profiting by the experience of San Martin, who was the best tactician and drill-master on the continent. In these respects Bolivar had been weak. Henceforth, he took more pains to discipline his soldiers and prepare for war, and New Granada began to appreciate his power over men. Bolivar now planned to unite his forces with those of the neighboring republic and crush the Spanish army.

The forces from New Granada and Venezuela were brought together at Boyaca, where, on August 7, 1819, a great battle was fought. This time General Bolivar had prepared for the struggle. He spared no pains. On the day of the battle the patriots were equipped and ready, and the royalists were completely crushed. The victory was as famous in the North as the victory of Maipo in the South.

When Bolivar entered Bogota the municipality gave him a triumphal reception. A cross of honor and

a crown of laurel were presented to him. A picture of liberty supported by the great Liberator was set up in the council chamber, and it was declared that the anniversary of his famous victory should be celebrated forever.

Bolivar now carried out the first of his plans in uniting New Granada and a part of Venezuela. On December 17, 1819, the new nation formally adopted the title of "The Confederacy of Colombia," in honor of Christopher Columbus. A few years later Panama declared its independence of Spain and announced its decision to join Colombia.

The Spanish power was at last broken in the North. Only a part of Venezuela remained in the hands of the Spaniards. Turning upon the royalists in Venezuela, Bolivar met them in a decisive battle at Carabobo and completely crushed them. He was now able to enter Caracas; the people hailed him anew as their savior. Venezuela agreed to the proposed union of Colombia and Venezuela, and Bolivar, on August 30, 1821, was elected president of the "Greater Colombia."

At this time there were two outstanding figures in South America, San Martin and Bolivar. The former had just been made Protector of Peru, and he was occupying the palace of the Spaniards in the ancient City of the Kings. Pie was the most powerful man in the South.

Simon Bolivar was the president of Colombia. No man in the North was so powerful. Between

Colombia and Peru lay the province of Quito, the present republic of Ecuador. At first it had been a part of the viceroyalty of Peru, but in 1718 the king of Spain attached it to the viceroyalty of New Granada, now Colombia.

Bolivar was anxious to march his forces into Ecuador and attach it to the republic of Colombia, of which he was president. Already parts of Ecuador had declared their independence, but a formidable Spanish army still held most of this territory. Such was the situation in 1822 when the two great leaders, one from the North, the other from the South, were free to render Quito aid in overthrowing Spanish rule in the province that lay between them.

Bolivar was exceedingly anxious to move into Ecuador. He notified San Martin of his purpose and asked him to lend some help. The latter complied with his request. As a result, Quito surrendered to Bolivar in June, 1822.

When the patriots of Ecuador learned, however, that Bolivar intended to annex their province to Colombia, they were distressed and appealed to San Martin to aid them in maintaining their separate independence. San Martin wrote Bolivar to let the people decide for themselves. At the same time he notified the leaders in Guayaquil that he would come to their assistance if necessary. The two great generals had never met. Would Ecuador be the cause of future trouble between them?

The Liberator of the North and the Protector of

the South had already disagreed as to the policy to be pursued with reference to this newly-liberated province. It was finally agreed that they should meet at Guayaquil and together, face to face, decide not only the fate of Guayaquil but perhaps that of all South America as well.

San Martin knew that it would be a fatal mistake for Bolivar and himself to become enemies. He greatly needed Bolivar's assistance in Peru. His only thought was for peace and harmony and the independence of South America. Bolivar knew that San Martin was the most skillful general in South America. He recognized that his own power over men was such that an interview might settle all difficulties and enable him to carry out his plans.

In the meantime the people awaited with keenest interest the outcome of the interview.

CHAPTER X

San Martin Meets Bolivar

The meeting of Jose de San Martin and Simon Bolivar was arranged to take place in the town of Guayaquil, situated on the Gulf of Guayaquil. Here, lying under a tropical sun but within sight of snow-capped mountains, the two master minds of the continent held the most portentous conference in South American history.

It was fitting that such a meeting should take place on historic soil. It was on the shores of the Gulf of Guayaquil that Francisco Pizarro first landed and planned his conquest of Peru. It was near here that the mother of Atahualpa, the Cleopatra of South America, won the love of the Inca of the Peruvians. Over this territory Gonzales Pizarro ruled as governor under his famous brother.

This is the land of volcanoes and earthquakes. Twenty volcanoes surround the valley in which Quito is located. Would the conference in this historic spot, in this land of violent eruptions, result in a political earthquake that would cause a great national upheaval? No one knew, for the two foremost men in South America had never met. Temperamentally they were wholly unlike. Would they be able to agree or would there be war between them?

The little town of Guayaquil made ready to

receive the two distinguished visitors. The calm Pacific lay peacefully at their feet, though Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, mighty craters, rumbled ominously to the east.

Finally the time approached, July 26. 1822, when the two generals were to meet. Bolivar, who had his headquarters at Quito, was the first to enter the town. He entered on July 25, the day before the conference. Triumphal arches had been constructed in his honor, with his name inscribed on them. When he came in sight of the harbor, the gun-boats hauled down the flag of Guayaquil and hoisted that of Colombia.

"What, so soon!" the Liberator exclaimed, thinking they were turning the province over to him and to Colombia.

But this was only a compliment to him. As soon as the salutes were fired, the flag of Colombia was lowered and the flag of Guayaquil was again raised. As the latter flag went up, a great shout arose from the multitude: "Long live the independence of Guayaquil!"

Bolivar was chagrined, for he was determined to annex the province to Colombia. He could not control his feelings even in the presence of the officials of Guayaquil, who were much excited. After the entry of the great general, they quietly disappeared, fearing that they would be compelled to sign away the independence of their province.

The reception of Bolivar was suddenly interrupted, for in the harbor a vessel was just dropping

anchor. Immediately the news spread through the community that San Martin had arrived. Bolivar, on receiving the information, sent at once two aides to offer him hospitality and welcome him "on Colombian soil."

The entry of this modest, unassuming soldier was quite in contrast to that of the Liberator from the north. San Martin hated pomp and ceremony. But Bolivar, notwithstanding his great qualities, could not exist without public demonstrations. His spirit needed them.

San Martin remained aboard his vessel until the next day, July 26. At the time appointed for Bolivar to receive him, long files of soldiers lined the way and great crowds of people filled the streets and shouted for joy.

Bolivar, dressed in full uniform and surrounded by his staff, had made great preparations for the interview. The meeting was just inside the entrance of the building. The two generals embraced each other and, turning, entered the salon together, arm in arm. The officers of Bolivar's staff were presented to San Martin. Then the authorities of the city came to make him welcome. A group of ladies presented a formal address, after which a beautiful girl placed on his head a laurel wreath of pure gold. The hero of the South was always embarrassed at such ovations and, it is said, now blushed like a child. Taking off the wreath, he replied, very modestly, that he would keep it because of the patriotic sentiments that had inspired the gift.

Then the citizens departed, and the patriot leaders were left alone together. A historian of South America describes the interview in the following words:

"The two representatives of the revolution being left alone, walked up and down the salon together, but what they said to each other could not be heard by those in the ante-room. Bolivar appeared to be agitated. San Martin was calm and self-possessed. They shut the door and talked together for more than an hour and a half. San Martin then retired, impenetrable and grave as a sphinx. Bolivar accompanied him to the foot of the staircase, and they took a friendly leave of each other."

The next day, July 27, San Martin sent his baggage on board his vessel, but that afternoon he attended a banquet given in his honor. At five o'clock the two generals sat down together at the banquet table. Bolivar, standing, proposed the following toast:

"To the two greatest men of South America — General San Martin and myself!"

San Martin immediately proposed the following toast in reply:

"To the speedy conclusion of the war! to the reorganization of the different republics of the continent, and to the health of the Liberator of Colombia!"

After the banquet Bolivar and San Martin passed out into the ball-room. The Liberator of the North gave himself up with juvenile delight to the pleasures of the waltz. But San Martin looked on coldly,

evidently thinking of the future of South America. At one o'clock in the morning, calling his aide, he exclaimed, "Let us go. I cannot stand this riot."

Taking leave of Bolivar, who was enjoying himself to the fullest, San Martin hastened back to his vessel, and an hour later he sailed out of Guayaquil harbor, never to see that country or Bolivar again.

No one really knows all that went on at that memorable interview. San Martin believed that South America would prosper better under independent monarchies or republics. Bolivar dreamed of one great empire under one man, and that man himself. San Martin wished above everything else to bring the war to an end. He offered to serve under Bolivar. The latter declined. Then San Martin saw that Bolivar would not make common cause with him — that one or the other must give way. He had for months been waiting for a time when he might surrender the command to one who would lead the patriot forces to final victory. He now felt that the hour had come, and that Bolivar, notwithstanding his great vanity, was the man.

On arriving at Lima, San Martin wrote Bolivar that he was leaving for Chile, in order that the latter might enter Peru in triumph. He sent him a fowling-piece, a brace of pistols, and a war horse to carry him on his campaign, and added, "Receive, general, this remembrance from the first of your admirers, with the expression of my sincere desire that you may have the glory of finishing the war for the independence of South America."

It is evident from the letters that San Martin wrote and from his talk that he believed Simon Bolivar able to bring the conflict to a close, and that time alone would decide which was in the right as to the form of political organization that South America would take.

Later, on September 20, 1822, San Martin resigned as dictator of Peru. He gave his reason to O'Higgins. "I am tired of hearing them call me tyrant, that I wish to make myself king or emperor. On the other hand, my health is broken. The climate is killing me. My youth was sacrificed to the service of Spain, my manhood to my country. I think I have the right to dispose of my age."

It was comparatively easy to fight for and win independence, but exceedingly hard for people who had never governed themselves to perfect a stable government. Here was the great difficulty. The South Americans were too emotional. Their prejudices and passions drove them frequently into civil war, and it was this that San Martin especially wished to avoid.

The people of Peru, however, heaped great honors on him and urged him to remain. Congress voted him generalissimo of the land and naval forces with a pension of 12,000 dollars a year. He accepted the pension but declined the office.

"I have kept the promise," he said, "that I made to Peru. But if, some day, her liberty is in. danger, I shall glory in joining as a citizen in her defense."

He quietly announced his determination to leave

the country. Many years later a letter of his was published which shows how he regarded the situation at that time. "There is not room in Peru for both Bolivar and myself. He will shrink from nothing to come to Peru. It may not be in my power to avoid a conflict if I am here. Let him come so that America may triumph. It shall not be San Martin who will give a day of delight to the enemy."

Few leaders have risen higher in patriotism than San Martin. He stands out in the world a worthy companion in the realms of the immortals with George Washington. The people of Peru, Chile, and Argentina reproached him for retiring from the army. But he uttered no word of complaint or defense. His letter to Governor O'Higgins giving his reasons was not published until many years afterward.

Simon Bolivar carried out his purpose and annexed Ecuador to Colombia; it remained a part of the confederation until 1831, when it withdrew and proclaimed itself the republic of Ecuador. Bolivar, as soon as possible, made preparations to march into Peru and take possession of Lima. The royalists had been very active. But on his approach they gave way, and he entered the City of the Kings in triumph.

In the meantime Spain was planning to regain her colonies in South America. The European wars were over, and the emperors of Russia and Austria and the king of Prussia entered into the famous Holy Alliance. They prepared to assist Spain in reconquering her provinces. This gave great encouragement to the royalists in South America. So

active was the Holy Alliance that President Monroe of the United States took a hand and, on December 2, 1823, promulgated the famous Monroe Doctrine, which ended the interference of European powers in the two American continents: Spain could not be assisted without drawing the United States into the war. This doctrine made it possible for the colonies to fight their battles with Spain and insured the independence of the South American countries. The Monroe Doctrine has rendered it very undesirable for European nations to make war on South American republics.

There were many factions, however, in Peru. Ambitious leaders thought more of their own personal fortunes and political positions than they did of independence. Therefore, Simon Bolivar was compelled to withdraw from Lima. This gave the royalists their opportunity, and while the jealous patriotic leaders were quarreling they captured Lima. The government was again in great confusion. San Martin was gone, and Simon Bolivar had been forced to leave. The success of the royalists, however, was only temporary. Bolivar suddenly reappeared and defeated them at Junin. Finally, at the battle of Ayacucho his army, under the command of his lieutenant, Sucre, crushed the Spaniards completely. This great success thrilled the people, who for the moment forgot their quarreling and elected Bolivar dictator of Peru. It seemed that his plan of a federated South America would succeed by his becoming dictator of each province in turn.

In the meantime Bolivar had driven the Spaniards from the territory just across the Andes which had been a part of the viceroyalty of the de la Plata River. This new territory was organized into a separate government in 1825 and was named Bolivia in honor of the Liberator. The government of this new republic elected Bolivar perpetual protector.

The Spanish power was at last broken. But Bolivar's hardest task now faced him, namely, to administer wisely and satisfactorily the affairs of the liberated province. Neither his organization of the government nor his administration gave satisfaction.

While he was in Bolivia, the republic of Peru fell into confusion; and while he was in Peru, Colombia called him back home to save it from civil war. No sooner had he reached Bogota than he learned that civil war had broken out in Venezuela. These outbreaks were evidences that the several republics could not be united under one government. Besides, Bolivar was accused of seeking to have himself made perpetual dictator of a confederation of all the republics, and this caused jealousy and unrest.

Bolivar called a council of the republics to meet at Panama in June, 1820. At this international congress, he intimated that the time had come for all American republics, both in North and South America, to form a league for the protection of the peace and liberties of the western world.

The international congress was a failure. It encouraged Bolivar's enemies to push the charge that

he was seeking greater power for himself. Nevertheless, he continued to labor in the interest of freedom, until his death on December 17, 1830. At that time he was temporarily in exile, waiting for the passions of the people to subside.

Bolivar had spent his fortune in the interest of liberty. For a considerable period he had unlimited control over the revenues of three countries — Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia. But he died without a cent of public money in his possession. He won the independence of these states and called forth a new spirit on the continent of South America. He purified the administration of justice, encouraged the arts and sciences, fostered national interests, and induced foreign countries to recognize the independence of the republics of South America.

In 1842 his remains were carried to Caracas, where a monument was erected to his memory. A statue of him was put up in Bogota and one in Lima, and in 1884 the United States honored him by accepting a statue of him, which was erected in Central Park, New York.

San Martin lived many years in Europe in retirement, accompanied by his daughter. Being in feeble health, he spent his time in reading and watching with interest the trend of affairs in South America. He, too, was penniless in his last days and was supported largely by devoted friends. On August 17, 1850, he died. Chile and Argentina erected statues to him. Peru decreed a monument to his memory, and Argentina brought his sacred ashes back to his native

country, where his tomb may be seen today, in the metropolitan cathedral of Buenos Aires.

Bolivar's attempts to form a federation of all South American countries failed. San Martin was the true prophet, for he saw that the different republics could not be united under one government. Bolivar's dream, however, of a union of the two Americas has become partly true within recent years. The Pan-American Union, with headquarters in Washington, D. C, and the Pan-American congress uniting both North and South America, in which representatives of the republics of the western hemisphere meet and discuss matters of common interest to both continents and to all republics of the western hemisphere, are now a reality. And as the republic of the United States of America and the republics of South America become better acquainted, the bond of friendship is steadily strengthening.

Chapter XI
O'Higgins of Chile

The third disciple of Francisco Miranda to exert a determining influence on the history of South America was Bernardo O'Higgins of Chile, who has already been referred to as the lieutenant of General San Martin in his famous expedition across the Andes. Ambrose O'Higgins, the father of Bernardo, was an Irishman by birth, but when a small boy he was sent to Spain to be educated for the priesthood under his uncle. However, his talents lay in another direction, and he chose the life of a trader. Through the influence of the uncle, he secured from the king of Spain the privilege of trading in the Spanish colonies of South America.

Within a few years, the elder O'Higgins became very wealthy and settled at Santiago, Chile. The country at that time had few roads. O'Higgins, seeing the need of a highway between Chile and Argentina, offered his services to construct such a highway for the government. His plan was accepted, and the road across the mountains to Mendoza was opened; it was along this route a generation later that his son, under San Martin, led the patriot army into Chile. So influential did Ambrose O'Higgins become that in 1792 he was appointed captain-general of Chile and four years later rose to the highest office in South America, that of viceroy of Peru. Here in the City of

the Kings, where years before he had peddled his wares unknown, he returned as vice-king and was invested with the supreme rank in the New World.

Bernardo O'Higgins, his son, was born on August 20, 1778. His mother was a native of Chile and a descendant of one of the most aristocratic Spanish families. Great attention was paid to the education of this youth. After receiving his early training under the best masters in Chile and Peru, he was sent, at the age of fifteen, to Spain to complete his education. While pursuing his studies, he had an opportunity to watch the growth of the French Revolution, which was affecting every nation in Europe.

Francisco Miranda was then in England, engaged in organizing his secret societies and planning for the overthrow of Spanish rule in South America. In 1799, O'Higgins, just twenty-one years of age, visited England to see Miranda; and when he fell under the wonderful spell of that great spirit, he, like Bolivar and San Martin, became a disciple. On O'Higgins's return to Spain, fate brought him and San Martin together. The latter remained to help defend the mother country against the armies of Napoleon, while O'Higgins sailed for home, reaching Chile in 1802, just after his father's death.

He was devoted to his mother and his sister Rosa, and his sister's love for him, how she served him and administered to him throughout his remarkable career is a part of the history of Chile. In 1803, O'Higgins settled with his mother and sister on an estate about sixty miles south of Chilian. This was a

large ranch, containing, it is said, about 7,000 cattle, 600 horses, 180 mules, and 900 sheep. O'Higgins gave close attention to business and became very successful as a stock farmer. There were also extensive vineyards, which grew to be exceedingly profitable.

The population of Chile at that time, as now, was more purely Spanish than that of any other country in South America. The blood of the inhabitants was little mixed with that of negroes and Indians. It was a purer stock. The best families lived on large plantations, as a rule, and the fine estates of Chile made that province a very desirable home. A glance at the map shows that a large part of Chile is in the south temperate zone and consequently has a good climate.

In 1810, when Venezuela and Buenos Aires revolted, the desire for freedom in Chile was so strong that within a few weeks the Spanish captain-general was forced to abdicate; on July 16, 1810, a provisional government was created with Jose Miguel Carrera as dictator. The feeling between patriots and royalists was so bitter that civil war immediately ensued. Bernardo O'Higgins, having become an ardent patriot since his return from Spain, at once offered his services to Carrera. Soon achieving distinction by his skill in handling his forces in a successful campaign, he was hailed as "The first soldier of Chile." Later he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army. Carrera at length became very jealous of him. The sudden rise of O'Higgins into public favor wounded his vanity; and thereafter he

hated the latter and sought in every way to destroy him. He grew so bitter that at length he came to think more of putting O'Higgins out of the way than of defeating the royalists. He was plotting to ruin O'Higgins when he happened to be captured by the royalists, who held him a prisoner for quite a while. This left O'Higgins unhampered to conduct the campaign against the royalists, whom he defeated in 1814; the independence of Chile was thus temporarily gained.

Soon afterward Carrera escaped and at once began to excite strife. The royalists plucked up courage and renewed the fight. No act in O'Higgins's life brings out more clearly the unselfishness and fine patriotism of the man than his conduct at this time. It was a crisis. Carrera would have gone to any extreme against O'Higgins. The latter, seeing the imperative need of cooperation, consented to resign as commander-in-chief and serve under Carrera in order to avert civil war and present a united front to the enemy. He saw that this was the only way in which to save the country, though he fully realized the extent of Carrera's malice. He did not consider his own personal safety or reputation when the freedom of the country was at stake.

The royalists were carrying everything before them. Carrera, with O'Higgins as his second in command, was forced to give battle at the town of Rancagua. O'Higgins commanded the division first sent into battle. Carrera held the rest of the army back and saw with fiendish delight the royalists cut

O'Higgins's force to pieces. O'Higgins made his last stand in the open plaza. His regiment of 2,500 men fought on until only about four hundred remained alive. All this time Carrera stood motionless with an army large enough to have overthrown the royalists, but not until he thought that O'Higgins was crushed did he move.

The enemy were so awe-stricken by the courage of O'Higgins and his devoted followers that when the little band of patriots was surrounded and about to be overwhelmed they hesitated to close in. O'Higgins and the four hundred survivors, taking advantage of the pause, suddenly charged out of the burning town, under the cover of the smoke and dust, and escaped. The heroic force had fought for over thirty hours without cessation.

Rancagua stands for all that is sublime in the eyes of Chileans, and if O'Higgins had fought no other battle he would be held in affectionate admiration by them. This is the "Pickett's Charge" of Chilean history.

After O'Higgins's regiment had been crushed, it was an easy matter for the royalists to fall on Carrera's army and rout it; Carrera himself barely escaped. The royalists were now supreme, and for about two and a half years Chile was helpless. The refugees fled after the battle of Rancagua across the mountains to Mendoza, along the road built by O'Higgins's father. At that time San Martin at Mendoza was fitting out the army which was to strike the final blow for Chilean independence.

Carrera reached Mendoza a short time before O'Higgins and sought to ingratiate himself with San Martin. A little later O'Higgins arrived, to the great surprise of Carrera, who thought that he had been slain in the battle of Rancagua. San Martin, learning of Carrera's treachery, banished him from the province and made O'Higgins his own lieutenant.

San Martin and O'Higgins became devoted friends and for nearly two years they worked together to equip the army that was to make the daring march across the Andes. The story of this wonderful expedition has already been told. When the army poured down the mountainside into Chile, San Martin permitted O'Higgins to lead the force that broke the power of the royalists at Chacabuco. Thus he avenged the defeat of Rancagua. It has also been told in another chapter how the government of Chile offered the dictatorship to San Martin, who refused the honor but persuaded those in control to select O'Higgins in his stead.

Soon after O'Higgins had been put at the head of the government, Carrera returned from exile. It seemed that this human fiend was destined to pursue the former at every turn; for whenever Carrera appeared, it was for the purpose of injuring O'Higgins. Carrera had hardly entered his native country before he began to stir up strife. However, he was soon captured and imprisoned. Escaping, he sought to organize a royalist rising against the patriot government. Once more he was captured and this time he was put to death. But the royalists had been

given another opportunity to rally, and the situation was perilous. San Martin was in Buenos Aires. O'Higgins needed funds. He appealed to the people and they responded nobly. Jewelry, coins, and concealed treasures were given up, and the country was again saved. O'Higgins was so touched by the patriotism of the Chileans that he afterward caused a record of this sacrifice of patriotism to be placed on a monolith which had been erected by his father on the Valparaiso road just outside of Santiago. It contains these words:

"Strangers who enter here, say, if such a people can be slaves."

Later, the battle of Maipo was fought, on April 5, 1818. This ended forever the ascendency of Spain in Chile. Carrera was now dead, and no one else dared to interfere with the progress of the revolution.

O'Higgins was not only a great general but he was perhaps the greatest administrator in South America in the period immediately following the revolt of the Spanish colonies. His father before him had been a noted reformer, improving the laws, establishing courts, promoting agriculture, and relieving the distressed condition of the lower classes. The son followed in the footsteps of his father but was even more progressive. He sought the aid of the United States in perfecting the government. After the war he gave land to the soldiers who had fought for independence, thus imitating the action of the United States in settling veterans on public lands. He sought to strengthen the rural districts and make agriculture

profitable. He encouraged trade between Chile and foreign countries and was exceedingly desirous that his country should be respected throughout the world. The bandits who thronged in the outlying districts were destroyed. Law and order were restored, and in a short period of time O'Higgins gave his native country a good government.

When San Martin organized his expedition to break the Spanish rule in Peru, O'Higgins was his most helpful ally, and as the squadron of five vessels sailed from Valparaiso, in October, 1818, O'Higgins waved a farewell to San Martin, exclaiming:

"The king of Spain three centuries ago with five small ships won this country. We shall drive them from it with five. On them depends the future of South America."

O'Higgins was not a professional soldier, although he was a leader of men. They trusted him. He led them successfully, and when the power of Spain over Peru was broken O'Higgins was in the zenith of his influence; it is said that he was transforming the character of the people of Chile by sheer force of personality. Still he recognized what Bolivar and San Martin likewise so clearly saw, that the people were not ready for self-government. The descendants of the haughty Spaniards were not disposed to unite with Creoles and half-breeds in one body for the purpose of working out a popular government that would give equal advantages to all. After independence had been won, petty tyrants of all colors and races sprang up here and there and sought to

overthrow the local government.

O'Higgins recognized, more fully perhaps than any other man of his day, the need of public schools. At that time the most enlightened nations of the world were trying to found school systems that would give the poor opportunities for education. O'Higgins invited schoolmasters to Chile, introduced the Lancasterian system of primary schools, and sought to extend education to all classes.

His next reform aimed at bettering health conditions by improving the sanitation of towns and villages. O'Higgins advocated free libraries, built good roads, increased the water supply, strengthened the public revenue, and, what was most important of all, saw that the laws of the land were enforced.

On July 23, 1822, O'Higgins opened the Chilean congress with great ceremony. Up to this time he had been governing without a legislature. His purpose was to organize the machinery of state, establish a system founded on genuine constitutional principles, and thereby give Chile a free and representative government. He was taking as his model the government of the United States and the example of Washington.

The privileged classes, however, many of whom had been either royalists or royalist sympathizers, were very active during the period following the war. They considered themselves the ruling caste and were bitterly opposed to anything resembling true representative government. They sought a

government of the classes, with special privileges for themselves. They hated O'Higgins and were anxious to see him removed from his position as head of the state. They were so well organized that when congress convened they were able to block all of O'Higgins's plans. Successful at every point, they loudly called for his resignation.

This was not altogether a surprise to O'Higgins. In fact, he was seriously considering whether his resignation would not produce a union of the factions and insure a more satisfactory government. Finally he agreed to resign on condition that he be allowed to set up a provisional government to rule the nation until a national convention could meet and decide on a constitution.

His abdication, on January 28 9 1823, was perhaps the noblest act of his whole career. He knew it would not be safe for him to remain in the country. Consequently, he left his native land never to return alive. He made his home in Peru, where he lived surrounded by some of his closest friends. After his abdication petty tyrants arose and representative government was long delayed. The Spanish-American people required further training before they were capable of self-government. O'Higgins, San Martin, and Simon Bolivar all learned this fact after years of bitter anguish.

The life of Bernardo O'Higgins in exile was different from that of Simon Bolivar or San Martin. He retired to an estate in Peru, having as his chief companion his sister, who had been his counselor and

advisor throughout his whole career. Here the leading men of South America visited him and sought his advice. His own countrymen came to him frequently and he advised them fully. In 1839 his native country invited him to return, but he delayed, believing that if he went back then his people would reelect him president despite the fact that he desired to remain a private citizen. However, in 1841, he had made all arrangements to return, when he was taken ill. He lingered for many weeks, dying on October 24, 1842. All Chile went in mourning for him. Later his remains were brought home and a magnificent monument was erected in his honor.

Few countries can point to a nobler leader. The people of Chile today honor his name and speak of him as their greatest ruler. "First in peace, first in war, first soldier, and first patriot of Chile."

Chapter XII

The Age of Tyrants and How a Cowboy Became Dictator

The progress of the South American countries for the first few decades after independence was won was such as to give the world a poor opinion of South American capacity for self-government. Often a people will fight heroically for freedom and exhibit all noble virtues until independence is won. But it requires the greatest possible patriotism and unselfishness to use that freedom wisely. The problem confronting the United States immediately after the War for Independence was to set up a representative government that would guarantee freedom and equality of opportunity to all. It should be remembered that the monarchical countries of Europe had little faith in the power of the thirteen colonies of North America to govern themselves. These were, however, finally able to unite and produce a national government that has outlived most of the monarchies of Europe. Success came because of the capacity of the people for self-government.

The governmental difficulties in South America after independence had been gained were tremendous. In the United States the free population, as was said before, consisted for the most part of one race and one language. Negroes and Indians remained apart from the white race. Therefore, the leaders in

North America belonged to the same race, spoke the same language, and had similar ideas of government, so that it was not difficult for them to unite in a common cause.

In South America it was very different. The European races had intermarried with negroes and Indians and their descendants had again intermarried, so that there were several different races: Spaniards and Portuguese, other Europeans, Creoles, mulattoes, negroes, Indians. Leaders from each of these races desired to head factions or to rule provinces. No one wished to be second to others. An example of this may be observed in the enmity of Carrera for O'Higgins. The former was a Spaniard, the latter a Creole. When the common enemy had been defeated, the patriotic leaders in many instances became bitter enemies of each other. A defeated candidate for president would not accept the result of an election, and civil war was chronic. This, therefore, was the age of tyrants. The leader with the strongest following would drive out his opponent and reign as an autocrat until he was himself deposed. As a result, the more progressive nations of the world put little faith in the governments of South America.

Such conditions existed in all South American countries except Brazil. The great patriots Simon Bolivar, San Martin, and O'Higgins saw the storm rising and abdicated. The example of the United States, therefore, could not be followed at first in South America — the example of obedience to the

Constitution. For instance, many of the political leaders in the United States resented the election, in 1828, of Andrew Jackson as president, but they accepted the result of the election and continued to work for a greater nation. In no South American country at that time would the leaders peacefully accept the outcome of a bitterly contested election. Even in the United States the leaders disagreed over the question of states' rights and finally went to war. But this was the only case of civil war. In South America, on the other hand, one tyrant after another usurped authority, and for more than half a century civil war was the rule rather than the exception. It was rare that a tyrant held his power more than a year or two.

Since government in South America in this period was insecure, foreigners visited that continent but little. Few emigrants from European countries settled there, while millions came to North America. Trade developed slowly, and the various countries were so weakened financially by incessant war that their credit in the markets of the world was low. This was preeminently the age of the military chieftain, selfish in his ambitions, merciless in war, and ruthless in his rule over a rebellious people.

One of the most spectacular tyrants of this period was Juan Manuel Rosas of Argentina. Argentina is more like the United States in soil and climate than any other South American country and has made wonderful progress within the last generation. But in the age of the tyrants it, too, was torn by civil war.

Juan Manuel Rosas was a product of the pampas, the immense prairie lands of Argentina. He was born in Buenos Aires in 1793 and was so neglected by his parents that he did not learn to read and write until after he was married. It seems that his parents thought only of making money, and the boy was sent away from them very early and reared on the pampas, being cared for by the cowboys, or gauchos, on one of his father's ranches or estancias (cattle runs), as they were called.

One writer describing the pampas in 1820, when Rosas was a young man, said that the number of wild animals was such that all Europe did not contain so many horses, cattle, sheep, ostriches and game of all kinds as wandered over the plains of Argentina. The fertile lands, almost treeless, produced a luxuriant native grass that grew as high as a man's head and was very nourishing to animals. The Spaniards who first came to that country brought over the horses, cattle, and sheep and turned them loose on the pampas; these multiplied so rapidly that by the nineteenth century millions of their descendants roamed the plains.

The pampas also produced a type of man whose story is as romantic as that of the cowboys on the prairies of North America. In Argentina those cowboys, or gauchos, were the offspring of European colonists and Indians. The gauchos have practically disappeared today, just as the cowboys of the United States have about passed away. If we believe the stories told of them, they were the most skillful

horsemen in the world and created just the right kind of an environment to produce a daring leader such as Rosas. It is said a circus once went to Buenos Aires and advertised that it had the best riders on earth. Before the circus had ended its performance a group of gauchos rushed into the ring and completely outdid the circus men at every one of their tricks.

The gauchos were not only very skillful in the use of the lasso, but they also used equally well the bolas, which consists of a leather thong from eight to ten feet long weighted at each end with a small ball of stone or iron. The gaucho, in hunting, swings the bolas around his head until it attains great velocity and, riding at full speed, hurls it at the legs of the game. Wrapping quickly around the legs, it throws the animal to the ground and enables the gaucho to capture it. This was the favorite method of hunting the ostrich.

The gauchos did almost everything on horseback — hunt, fish, carry water, and even attend church; they refused to march or fight if they could not ride. Children were taught from infancy to use the lasso. They practised on chickens and dogs and then tame cattle. By the time a child was five years old he could ride horseback. Within another year he was sent out to hunt, and from then on he lived in the saddle and was taught that it was a disgrace to walk.

In those very troublous times, the gauchos were the fiercest warriors in Argentina, and they were constantly at war. If they were not defying the government, they were fighting bands of robbers or

Indians. The government needed their aid in keeping the Indians at a distance, and then it needed troops to keep the gauchos from defying the government. Such were the people who received among them Juan Manuel Rosas, the Creole, when a very small boy.

Rosas was quick to learn, and the gauchos trained him as they did their own young. He was so apt that, by the time he reached manhood, there was nothing the gauchos could do that he had not learned to do better. One writer says of him: "He would mount a horse which had never been ridden before and, with a gold piece placed under each knee, let the enraged pony buck under him without displacing the coins. "

A favorite performance of his was to suspend himself by his hands from the crossbar in a corral filled with wild horses: at the moment when the wildest of them dashed beneath him, Rosas would drop down on its back and, without saddle or bridle, ride off over the plains until the beast was tamed. Sometimes he would have a gaucho lasso the hind legs of his horse while at full gallop, and as it was thrown forward, Rosas, pitched over its head, would land gracefully on his feet.

Naturally the half-civilized gauchos of the plains worshiped a man who could lead their life so surpassingly well as to excel them in almost everything. While he was a mere boy he began the management of his father's cattle farms, and wherever he went the gauchos flocked to him, asking to serve under him. But Rosas was more than a leader of cowboys. He saw

very clearly, perhaps more so than any other man of his day, the possibilities of the pampas. The gauchos led an idle, careless life. In order to keep those on his father's estates busy, Rosas introduced the cultivation of corn and wheat on a vast scale. This was the beginning of the agricultural development of Argentina, and today seas of wheat, corn, and alfalfa take the place of the wild grass of a few years ago. It was Rosas's youthful genius that pointed to the immense possibilities of wheat and corn production, an industry that has since made Argentina famous as one of the world's great food-producing centers.

Not only the gauchos but the Indians came under Rosas's influence. The latter were so loyal to him that no man dared to speak a word against the "White Chief," as they called him. It is said that an Indian walking the streets of Buenos Aires heard some one criticizing Rosas. Immediately the savage drew his knife and stabbed the speaker to the heart.

Life on the pampas in those earlier days was hazardous. There was little law save what a man could himself enforce. Because of these conditions, Rosas organized the gauchos on his estate and exacted from them the most severe discipline. So complete was his organization that he was ready and able at a moment's notice to repel attacks from bands of roving Indians or hostile groups of gauchos roaming the plains as cattle thieves. His iron rule taught both the gauchos and Indians the meaning of law and order, a lesson that all classes needed to learn.

When Rosas visited his parents in Buenos Aires,

his faithful band would follow him until ordered back; and his return after a long absence was celebrated by fiestas and dances lasting two or three days, on which occasions, it is said, from ten to twenty oxen were roasted in their hides.

Rosas's life was interrupted by a strange incident. His mother accused him of taking money belonging to the family. This so enraged the youth that he left his father's ranch and worked as a cowboy or overseer on another estate. He taught the people how to salt beef and prepare it for exportation. Until that time the country had derived little profit from the great cattle industry. By means of the trade in beef and hides, Rosas made money enough to buy a cattle ranch lying about one hundred and fifty miles south of Buenos Aires in a wild section of the country.

Here he formed another army of devoted gauchos. He dressed them all in red uniforms, which pleased them very much. He also organized the Indians who lived near him. Indeed, he was the only man in the province who had any considerable influence over the Indians. Consequently, when a fierce tribe of savages revolted and even threatened the capital of Buenos Aires, the government, which was weak because of the many civil wars, sent for Rosas. He charged upon the Indians and scattered them over the pampas. Then he and his faithful gauchos quietly rode back home.

The government in Buenos Aires was very unstable. One bitter conflict after another broke out. The people in distress called frantically for somebody

to relieve them of these internal feuds. Suddenly Rosas at the head of a band of faithful gauchos rode like a cyclone one morning into the city and took it by storm. When the contending factions had been silenced, the administration called Rosas "The Liberator of the Capital," and he was made commander-in-chief of the fighting men of the southern part of the province of Buenos Aires.

Much damage in the meantime had been done to the farms. Cattle had been stampeded. Some had been slaughtered and carried off. After the war Rosas raised a fund to repay the farmers for their losses. This, of course, made him very popular with the agricultural classes.

By 1830 he had become the leading man in Argentina. He decided matters between contending parties, and revolutionists consulted him before making an outbreak. Between 1810, the date of its declaration of independence, and 1835. at which time Rosas became dictator, Argentina had thirty-six changes of government, an average of one for about every nine months. Naturally life and property were insecure under such conditions.

Bosas was born in the midst of revolution and brought up on it. He was the most skillful soldier in South America after San Martin. Because of his immense power and as a reward for defending the capital, he became governor of Buenos Aires for a term of three years. He began at once to rule with an iron hand and to demand the same severe obedience of the inhabitants that he had exacted of the gauchos.

Those who rebelled were promptly shot without trial. He was so successful that in 1835 he became dictator of Argentina. At that time lawlessness, bloodshed, and murder were commonplace. Bosas restored order first. Then he whipped the rebellious people in line and organized the first substantial government in Argentina. He excited the admiration of San Martin, who, watching the civil strife from afar, out of admiration presented him with his sword.

Bosas loved his country and was exceedingly jealous of foreign interference. When a French admiral threatened to bombard Buenos Aires, he replied: "For every ball that falls into town, I will hang a French resident." The English minister was bound for the capital in order to issue an ultimatum. "When he comes put him to pounding the maize for my breakfast porridge," Rosas said, with a sneer.

A conspiracy was hatched to murder the dictator. On the night when the conspirators were to carry out their plans he invited them all to a great reception; the last guest had hardly reached home before every conspirator was arrested and executed on the palace grounds. These were the methods of a tyrant. Such a reign as this could not last. The people would not suffer it to continue. Rosas had welded the nation together, but his grip was about to break. He had a spy system which developed into a most formidable secret society. Men suspected of plotting against the dictator were ruthlessly put to death. He had conflicts with Uruguay, Paraguay, and Chile. By 1851 the opposition to his tyranny had become so serious that

the little nation of Uruguay, always hostile to Argentina, was besought by the Anti-Rosastos to head a war against the tyrant. A large Brazilian army was also employed to break his power.

The next year, on February 3, 1852, Rosas was overthrown. His own tyranny had at length destroyed his usefulness. Even at the height of his power many of his former friends could not endure his tyrannical reign, which had transformed him into a human fiend. He saw his power crumbling away. His army was beaten almost in sight of the capital. Rosas slipped aboard an English vessel, disguised as a sailor, and quietly left the country forever.

He was the last of the tyrants in Argentina. He was the most bitterly hated man in his native country and it is said that even today the people celebrate the date on which he was finally driven from the government.

Two years later, on May 1, 1853, a constitutional convention, called for the purpose of framing a government, met and adopted a constitution mainly copied from that of the United States. This constitution, with a few amendments, has continued to be the fundamental law of the Argentine Republic. However, it required a tyrant's reign to make the people appreciate representative government.

Rosas fled to England at the age of fifty-six and there he again became a stock-raiser. For twenty-five years he lived the quiet life of a country gentleman. A writer describing him in his old age said, ''No one

would have thought that the singularly handsome old gentleman who lives quietly and unobtrusively on a little farm near Southampton, England, was the once-famous despot of Argentine."

The life of Rosas covered a period when all of South America was struggling through civil wars to more stable government. His example of tyranny and bloodshed was reproduced in every South American country. But the second half of the nineteenth century has a different story to tell, and in that period Argentina, Chile, and Brazil set an example in good government which the other nations of South America are following to their advantage.

Chapter XIII
The Christ of the Andes

At the fall of Juan Manuel Rosas, Argentina determined to have a representative government founded on a constitution. It was very difficult to establish such a government until the people had become educated in the ways of self-government. In 1862, General Bartolome Mitre was elected president after a bloody civil war. His administration covered a period of industrial progress. Railroads were built, and within a comparatively short period, Argentina, which had been a backward nation, became prosperous. This was largely due to the development of its agricultural resources.

Domingo Sarmiento, the "School-master President," succeeded Mitre in 1868. His election is said to have been the freest and most peaceful ever held in the republic. President Sarmiento established public schools and normal schools and even sent to the United States for a number of teachers to aid him in reorganizing the educational system of Argentina. He was a close friend of Horace Mann, and as a result of the foundation laid by him, Buenos Aires today has excellent schools. It is said that Argentina spends more money per capita on the education of its children than any other country in the world.

The people were at last learning to govern

themselves, though they did not yet know how to live in peace and harmony with neighboring republics. Few of the first seventy-five years of the nineteenth century passed without war or rumors of war in the Argentine Republic. This was true of all South American nations.

The trouble usually grew out of disputes over boundary lines or claims to territory. It is a singular feature of human nature that nations incompetent to rule the people already within their borders will go to war for more territory. Such has been the history of mankind since the beginning of time. This was particularly true of South America. Nevertheless, the nations which set the example of settling disputes without war, not only for South America but for the whole world, were Chile and Argentina.

If you will take the map of South America and look at Argentina and Chile, you will see that the boundary line of these two nations is the Andes Mountains. Chile, a narrow strip of land between the mountains and the coast, is nearly three thousand miles long, but nowhere more than one hundred and thirty wide. The last stretch of seven hundred miles southward is for the most part a series of islands, many of them unpopulated. The extreme southern end of Chile is inhabited by a few scattered tribes of Indians so uncivilized that they do not even wear clothes, although it is very cold. They live on roots, wild berries, and shell-fish. These Indians are the lowest kind of savages known to exist. They possess no horses, have no tame animals, and have learned

little from civilized man except to use tobacco, of which they are passionately fond.

On the Argentine side the Rio Negro was the southern boundary line of civilization so late as 1878. In that year a tribe of fierce Indians was driven south of the river by General Julio Roca, who became president of Argentina in 1880 after another civil war. The people of Argentina thought that President Roca had done a wonderful thing when he expelled these Indians from the country north of this river and opened vast areas of rich land to settlement, extending the boundary westward to the mountains.

It was in General Roca's administration, also, that Argentina had its first wave of material prosperity. Great cattle ranches developed, and the republic became recognized as one of the leading agricultural countries of the world. Its expanses of fertile land were discovered to be equal to the best anywhere. Vast wheat fields were planted. The grazing prairies were converted into stretches of corn, oats, and alfalfa. Near the foot-hills of the mountains grew some of the finest vineyards in the world.

The land-owners took much pride in their stock and imported the finest breeds to be found. The gauchos began to disappear rapidly. Many became stockmen and super-intended large estancias or plantations. Italians came over and settled in large numbers and grew wealthy in cultivating vineyards. French colonies were established, likewise English and German. North Americans also settled in this country. All joined to make Argentina one of the great

nations of the world; Buenos Aires, its capital, became one of the world's largest cities, resembling New York in its business bustle and Paris in its gay social life.

General Roca was an able executive, and in his administration the outside world began to respect the Argentine business man. Railroad lines were built, and the country began to grow very prosperous. Later the country south of the Rio Negro was opened, and that part of Argentina has become one of the main sheep-raising regions of the globe. Both Chile and Argentina thus grew into prosperous agricultural nations. Yet as this new territory southward was opened, the two countries were constantly contending over the boundary line along the ridge of the Andes, which had never been determined. Through the wisdom of President Roca, who was one of the really great rulers of the world at that time, war was averted, and the two countries continued to prosper, though there was much ill-feeling between them.

General Roca retired from office in 1886. He was succeeded by men who were not so able as he, and the country was again thrown into confusion. Civil war once more broke out, and the prosperity of the nation was much lessened. Again, in 1898, General Roca was elected president.

For ten years Chile and Argentina had been on the verge of war over the boundary line. Though the southern part of Argentina was being opened for settlement or being explored, where did the dividing

line between the two nations run? No one knew. This was the question to be settled. Both countries were spending large sums of money in preparing for war. Each was purchasing battleships and raising a large standing army.

A few weeks before Roca was elected president, Chile sent an ultimatum to Argentina demanding arbitration. Many factions in Argentina advocated war. On the other hand, the bishops made fervid appeals to both governments to avert war; and it is said that the women pleaded with their husbands not to join the army but to compel the rulers to submit the question of the boundary line to arbitration. People believed that if the nations went to war it would mean the ruin of both.

The two countries were proud. The people of both came of fighting stock, and it seemed that war would occur in spite of all efforts to avert it. The wisest men of Argentina, however, still looked to Roca to carry them safely through this crisis; furthermore, Europe and the United States became greatly interested in the effort to preserve peace. There had already been far too much warfare in South America. The world asked whether it was indeed possible for these countries ever to rise above the primitive instinct to fight on any provocation.

This question became serious when it began to appear that Chile would also go to war with Bolivia; many thought that war between Argentina and Chile might involve South America in a general conflict. Just when it appeared that the continent would be

plunged in a great struggle, the British government, which had once arbitrated a dispute over the Chilean boundary line, again offered its services, and the offer was accepted. There were many British subjects in the two countries, and much British capital was invested in South American enterprises: all might be ruined in case of war. The British ministers to Argentina and Chile submitted the claims of the two nations to King Edward VII., who rendered a decision a few months later; and, to the relief of everybody, this decision was accepted without controversy. It was largely due to the calm resourcefulness and level-headedness of President Roca that the most critical period in the history of the two nations and, perhaps, of South America thus passed without war.

The two countries did not stop here. They proposed to make it impossible for them ever to go to war, if such a consummation could be reached. Therefore, they agreed to erect on the boundary line of the two nations a great statue of Christ, the Prince of Peace, as a symbol that disputes should be settled in the Christian way as well as a memorial to their common faith. The statue was cast at the arsenal at Buenos Aires from cannon taken from an old fortress near the city.

The site selected for the statue was the crest of the Andes, on the Cumbre ridge, which is hardly a quarter of a mile across. The spot was one hallowed both to Argentinians and Chileans by its historic associations. There, at a high altitude and in intense cold, one may stand and look down westward into

Chile, or eastward into Argentina. There a part of San Martin's army camped in 1817, on that memorable march across the Andes when Argentinians and Chileans stood side by side to wrest Chile from the tyranny of Spain. There, on the great highway between Argentina and Chile, in the Uspallata Pass, a little stone house had been built many years before to afford protection from the cold for Argentinians and Chileans crossing the mountains. All these sentiments counseled peace. On the level summit of this pass was erected the heroic figure of Christ, a bronze statue twenty-six feet high, standing on a pedestal rough-hewn from the natural rock of the mountains, twenty-two feet high, which in turn rests on a huge base of stone.

March 13, 1904, was the date set for the unveiling. Thousands of men, women, and children from Chile and Argentina came to witness the ceremonies. Many were weeks making the trip, and hundreds camped below on the mountain side for days preceding the dedication.

On the appointed day the crowd was separated. Argentinians were arranged on Chilean soil and Chileans were grouped on Argentine soil. Between them was the great statue of Christ, facing northward and guarding the peace of both countries forever. His left hand supports the cross, while the right hand is outstretched as if in the act of blessing the multitude. On the granite base are two tablets, one presented by the working men's union of Buenos Aires, and the other by the working women. One gives a record of

the making of the statue; on the other is inscribed these words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the Argentines and Chileans break the peace which they have pledged at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

The statue was dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson in peace and good will. Immediately afterward Chile sold her warships for £1,000,000 ($5,000,000), a sum sufficient to pay her debts and make some needed improvements. The next year a dispute with Bolivia was settled in the Christian way. Moreover, a much-needed railroad was built across the mountains from Chile to Argentina; this is the Trans-Andean railway, connecting Valparaiso and Buenos Aires, one of the world's wonders in railroad construction. The peace of the two nations watched over by the Christ of the Andes is a fine example of a Christian and patriotic purpose to end strife and promote good will.

The two nations have prospered greatly since that memorable event. Argentina and Chile, following the path of peace, have become great agricultural and commercial nations. Their boundary lines are now clearly marked out, and their climate and resources afford an opportunity for a mighty development.

Argentina is one-third the size of the United States, or about equal to that portion of it east of the Mississippi River. Its population, however, is only a little more than that of the state of Pennsylvania. This

gives some idea as to the vast resources not yet developed. The country has variety of climate, ranging from tropical in the extreme north to almost arctic in the extreme south, though the larger part of Argentina is in the temperate zone. Its government is similar to that of the United States. The nation is divided into fourteen provinces or states, ten territories, and one federal district, corresponding to the District of Columbia.

Buenos Aires, its capital, has prospered greatly since the beginning of the era of peace. It is now one of the largest cities in the world, having a population of about 1,700,000. Only two cities of the United States are larger, New York and Chicago. Visitors who see Buenos Aires for the first time marvel at its beauty. Its broad, clean streets, its ninety-seven parks, its underground railway system, its museums, theaters, libraries, art galleries, hotels, public schools, and government buildings are a marvel to those who have not kept up with its progress.

The life of the young people is similar to that of the young people of the United States. The boy scouts may be seen taking their long hikes. The seacoast has delightful pavilions and bathing resorts; horseback riding is a popular sport, and the free outdoor life makes for health and pleasure.

The prosperity of the country is emphasized in the growth of other large cities: Rosario with a population of 250,000, Cordoba, with over 100,000, Mendoza with 60,000. These and like towns, connected by great railroad lines and supported by a rich

agricultural country, tell of the great development that has taken place since the Christ of the Andes raised his hand over the boundary.

Chile also has prospered since it declared for peace and sold its warships to pay off its debts and establish the confidence of the world in its financial integrity. This nation is divided into twenty-three provinces, or states, and one territory. As was said above, it stretches along the Pacific coast for more than 2,600 miles and its climate, like that of Argentina, varies from semi-tropical in the north to frigid cold in the south.

The capital, Santiago (from Santo Iago, meaning St. James), has grown greatly in the era of peace. It is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in South America, with a population of more than 400,000. Situated in a lovely plain and surrounded by fine farms, it has probably a great future in store for it. Its handsome shade trees, beautiful parks and driveways, beds of gorgeous flowers, fountains and statues and costly public buildings give the city an attractive picturesqueness.

Chile has other important cities that have prospered likewise. Valparaiso (Valley of Paradise), a city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, is the most important seaport on the Pacific coast next to San Francisco. It is situated about the center of Chile. If you will look at your map, you will doubtless be surprised to learn that Valparaiso is due south of New York city. This is due to the extension of South America toward the east.

Chile is noted in the commercial world for its mineral products, especially for its nitrate of soda, which is so valuable as a fertilizer that every agricultural nation must use it or some substitute.

Argentina and Chile, having prospered so greatly from this era of peace and good will, were anxious to lend their services to the United States and Mexico a few years ago when these two nations seemed about to go to war. The story of their services in this respect will be told in a later chapter.

Chapter XIV
How Brazil Became an Empire

The history of the republic of Brazil is somewhat different from that of the other South American countries. Although this part of the continent was discovered in 1499 by Pinzon, a companion of Columbus, the Portuguese commander, Pedro Alvarez Cabral, followed him by accident a year later (1500) and took possession of the country in the name of the king of Portugal. It was thus, accidentally, that Brazil became a province of Portugal rather than of Spain.

The country did not appear to be rich in minerals or other natural resources. Consequently, no European nation was at first interested in it. The colonization of Brazil was at length begun by subjects of the Portuguese monarchy who traded in brazilwood. Presently sugar cane was introduced and proved to be more valuable than gold mines; colonies developed rapidly along the coast. In this way Brazil came to be the first colony founded in America upon an agricultural principle, for until sugar cane was introduced precious metals were the main attraction in the New World. Large plantations arose, sugar factories were erected, and thousands of negroes were imported to work in the fields. A sugar plantation or fazenda, as it was called, constituted quite a village, where the planter lived, surrounded by

factory, shops, cabins, stables, and fields. He was an independent feudal lord, sometimes the governor of the province and always a person of considerable importance. Much profit was derived from the cultivation of sugar cane, and along the coast of Brazil there were many plantations. In fact, the king of Portugal divided the country into hereditary captaincies and granted large sections of land on the coast to persons willing to undertake a settlement, together with unlimited powers of jurisdiction, both civil and criminal.

This method of granting land was successful in attracting many Portuguese families to Brazil. The settlements increased so rapidly in the last half of the sixteenth century that by the time the Puritans landed in Massachusetts the inhabitants of the coast of Brazil numbered, it is said, over 100,000 people, including several small towns ranging from 5,000 to 10,000 inhabitants. Among them were Bahia, Pernambuco, and Rio de Janeiro; Bahia was the capital.

Students of United States history know that the early settlers at Jamestown were supported in their days of famine by maize or Indian corn, the principal bread of the Indians. The story of Hiawatha is an Indian legend telling of the mythical origin of this valuable plant. In Brazil, the early Portuguese settlers discovered a native food which became as valuable to the newcomers as Indian corn was to the early English settlers. This was manioc, which is the most widely used bread food in Brazil today. The

legendary origin of this plant is as interesting as the story of Hiawatha.

It is said that a great plague was sweeping over Brazil, threatening to destroy the entire population, when a beautiful white virgin named Mani came down from heaven to help the natives. She went among them, caring for the sick and distressed, and wherever she appeared the disease fled before her. But just as the plague was conquered she, herself, fell a victim to it and died. The people were in great distress. They were not only panic-stricken from the scourge but were also without food. The body of the beautiful maiden was buried in the house where she had made her home, in accordance with the custom of the Indians. The grave was watered daily, and very soon an unknown plant sprang from it. When this matured, the earth cracked open and revealed a round white root the color of Mani's body. Being very hungry, the people ate the root and found it not only good to the taste but nourishing. They believed the root to be the body of Mani, the woman who had died that they might live. Therefore, they called it mani-oc, or the house of Mani, and it became the chief food of the Indians.

The roots of the plant grow in clusters and resemble turnips. One plant produces as much as twenty or thirty pounds of food. In preparing it, the roots are scraped and the juice is squeezed out. The substance is then laid out to dry, whereupon it forms a white meal or flour from which bread is made. The sediment from the juice, called tapioca, is well known

in America, where it is widely used in making a delicious dessert.

The manioc plant has become so valuable that it has been introduced into other countries. In the southern United States it is cultivated and factories are built to extract the starch from it for commercial purposes, since it has a higher percentage of starch than any other plant. The inhabitants of Brazil still use it widely as a bread food.

The cultivation of manioc secured to the early settlers an ample supply of bread. The sugar industry developed so rapidly that by the seventeenth century Brazil was supplying Europe with the bulk of its sugar. The American colony had little competition in the whole world. Consequently, the colonists fixed prices that made them very wealthy. The gold and silver of Peru were no longer enriching the court of Spain, but the sugar of Brazil was carrying pleasure to all Europe and bringing back to Brazil a permanent wealth. Such is the difference between wealth dug from mines and wealth produced by the soil.

About the beginning of the seventeenth century Europe was thrilled by another discovery in Brazil. One day a negro slave woman picked up a beautiful stone. It was so brilliant that she realized it was valuable. Carrying the stone to her master, she showed it to him. When he expressed great delight and wished to take it, she drew back and agreed to give it to him only on condition that he granted her freedom. He at once consented. The gem proved to be one of the most valuable diamonds in the world. Later, it was

sold for $15,000,000, and it is said to be now in the possession of a king in India.

The diamond mines, located chiefly in the mountains of Minas Geraes, one of the largest states in Brazil, were for many years the most famous in the world. A convict one day discovered another diamond of great value. He sent it to the governor of the province, who accepted it and pardoned him. That gem is today one of the famous diamonds of the world, worth millions of dollars.

In addition to diamonds, gold and silver and the commoner metals were discovered in the mountains of Brazil. When it was at last learned that the country was rich in precious gems and metals, the nations of Europe became as anxious to secure a part of this vast area as they had been to take from Spain its colonies. In consequence, Portugal was constantly at war with the English, the Dutch, the French, and the Spanish for possession of this part of South America. However, Portugal was not only successful in holding what she had, but in extending the boundaries of Brazil westward until they reached the crest of the Andes Mountains. Portugal at the close of the eighteenth century, when the colonies of other nations were planning to revolt from the mother countries, was in possession of one of the largest, most productive, and most valuable dominions on the globe. In fact, so wealthy is Brazil in natural resources and so vast in size that its possibilities are not fully realized even today. Few people in North America know that Brazil is larger than the United States and

richer in natural resources, perhaps, than any other land in the world. The majority know nothing at all about it.

The government of Portugal, while not so brutal as that of Spain, was oppressive to a people with such opportunities and such resources. As was inevitable, therefore, when the other colonies of South America were fighting for independence, the spirit of freedom spread in Brazil. The success of the United States had deeply affected this great colony, and in 1785 a Brazil club was organized to work for independence. The members corresponded with Thomas Jefferson, then United States minister to France. They asked the great philosopher and apostle of freedom to secure the aid of the United States. He wrote them that it was necessary first for Brazilians to show what they could do. They made one attempt at revolution but were suppressed and some of them were hanged and others banished.

The independence of Brazil was not to come through the usual channel of revolution and war, as had been the experience of the Spanish colonies. In 1807, Portugal, unable to check the armies of Napoleon, was forced to yield to him. Prince John, regent of Portugal, realizing that he had a province in South America larger than half of Europe, decided to move his court to Brazil and thus escape French tyranny. He arrived in America on January 21, 1808, and established his court at Rio de Janeiro, which he made the capital of the country. Some years later the queen died, and the regent became king under the

title of John VI.

While the other Spanish colonies of South America were seeking independence from the Spanish king, the Brazilians welcomed their monarch with rejoicings and with the gratification arising from the fact that the seat of government was now Brazil instead of distant Europe. This made a great difference in the history of that country. The people of Brazil, generally, were delighted to have their king with them. The whole nation seemed to forget its revolutionary leanings and made a spontaneous effort to show its ruler how well satisfied it was with monarchy. Dom John, for his part, was glad to have a splendid dominion in which to take refuge. While war raged in Europe and while Miranda, Bolivar, San Martin, and O'Higgins, were fighting for South American independence, he lived quietly in his new palace in Rio de Janeiro for thirteen years, with nothing to disturb him save here and there an expedition to put down a disturbance or to increase the size of his territories.

Naturally, the country prospered more under the direct government of the king than it had before his coming. Repressive laws were repealed, and the people had more latitude in trading with foreign nations; hence, this was a period of great prosperity. The influx of many educated Portuguese and the introduction of the printing-press gave new life to the land. Many foreigners found Brazil a desirable place in which to live. English shipbuilders. Swedish ironworkers, German engineers, and French

manufacturers settled in the country and gave it new industries.

King John established a government in Brazil similar to that in Portugal. The upkeep of the court and the salaries of a large number of officials increased the taxes, which the people were little disposed to pay. Moreover, the government was not in the hands of the Brazilians but of the Portuguese who had followed the court across the sea. Discontent grew as taxes increased. John, however, was of an amiable disposition, and the people, as a rule, liked him, though they were determined to have a representative government. They did not intend to be without a voice in the expenditure of public funds. The king's son sided with them. Finally in 1821, the king yielded. The people were thrilled with delight.

The king's attention was called at this moment to conditions in Portugal. The European wars had ended, and Portuguese themselves were clamoring for representative government. As the king could not leave Portugal to itself, he first decided to send thither the prince, his son, as regent. But Dom Pedro had acquired such popularity and had exhibited such a thirst for glory that the king feared to trust his adventurous spirit in Europe. Therefore, he decided to go himself and leave his son as regent in Brazil.

Soon after the arrival of the king in Portugal, the newly-elected parliament passed a decree ordering the prince regent, Dom Pedro, to return to Portugal. This filled the Brazilians with alarm. They foresaw that without a central authority the country would

fall back to its former status of colony. Consequently, some of the provinces began to clamor for independence. They wished to be separated entirely from Portugal. The province of Sao Paulo in the south asked the prince to disobey the decree of the Portuguese parliament and remain in Brazil. The council of Rio de Janeiro followed with a similar request. The Brazilians were keenly interested in Dom Pedro's attitude, for they realized that a critical moment had arrived. The prince was in the great coffee state of Sao Paulo when the parliamentary mandate was delivered. The Brazilian leaders gathered around him, with a vast concourse of people, on September 7, 1822. In the midst of the great assembly and with dramatic gestures, he laid the decree in the flames, and as it burnt to ashes he raised his hands aloft and exclaimed: "Independence or death!"

The people were wild with joy. Since the young prince would not obey the parliament and the court of Portugal, they made preparations to give him a warm welcome on his return to the capital. Everything was carefully timed for his entrance into Rio de Janeiro, and when he appeared he was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. On October 12, 1822, he was solemnly crowned Dom Pedro I., "Constitutional Emperor of Brazil." The country was at last free from Portugal; the people would no longer take orders from the Portuguese court. This is how Brazil became an empire at a time that the other South American countries were becoming republics.

The Portuguese troops and citizens who did not

approve of the independence of Brazil were sent back to Portugal. A few feeble attempts were made by the mother country to reestablish its power. The Holy Alliance of Europe, referred to in another chapter, planned to come to Portugal's aid, but the sudden action of President Monroe in announcing the Monroe Doctrine checked this move. Ilfll825, Portugal acknowledged its independence. Etfazil, therefore, secured freedom with less bloodshed than any other nation of South America.

It was the only independent country in the New World that retained the monarchical form of government. The other nations had banished all thought of a king or emperor. The Monroe Doctrine laid down, the principle that European nations should not aid any country in the New World in establishing such a government. It declared that no nation would of its own accord establish one.

The monarchical form of government in Brazil was a source of much trouble, though many years passed before it was changed. Dom Pedro was unsuccessful as a ruler. There were insurrections and wars with other countries. In utter despair of ever enjoying peace and quiet, he suddenly, in March, 1831, without consulting anyone, abdicated in favor of his infant son, who became Dom Pedro II., the last emperor in the New World.

Chapter XV
The Last Emperor of Brazil

Brazil has experienced fewer changes of government than any other South American country. When Dom Pedro was crowned emperor of Brazil, the people rejoiced because of the separation from Portugal. Yet the Brazilians, like the citizens of other South American states, were universally discontented. One faction was opposed to absolutism but feared anarchy if the emperor fell. Another party wanted to have a strong — almost absolute — government. Dom Pedro won some popularity by persuading the councils to adopt a constitution in 1824. Later, however, he was engaged in a war with Argentina and suffered a severe defeat. His administration, as a result, became so unpopular that, as we have seen, he abdicated in 1831 in favor of his son, then only five years of age, and left the country forever.

The son became emperor under the title of Dom Pedro II. For the first ten years after his father's abdication, the government was in the hands of a regent, who was regularly elected like a president. The effort to establish a representative government proved a failure because of the bitter factional struggles and the unpreparedness of the Brazilians for self-rule. At length the people became so dissatisfied that in 1840 Dom Pedro was declared old enough to take charge.

He was then just fifteen years of age. This measure improved conditions very little in the period before the emperor himself was mature enough to rule. When he reached manhood, he made an excellent constitutional emperor and was perhaps the ablest ruler in South America for more than a generation. Brazil prospered greatly under his reign. Occasional political outbreaks occurred, but none was sufficiently important to disturb the government seriously. The emperor was opposed to war, and his nation was strong enough to repel invasion, though it was occasionally drawn into conflicts with neighboring states to the south. These wars did not seriously interfere with the prosperity of Brazil or greatly affect the popularity of the emperor.

Dom Pedro was a highly educated man and he desired to improve the intellectual condition of his people. He founded schools and promoted the cause of education generally. Realizing that Brazil was capable of a great development, he sought to attract citizens from other countries. He visited Europe and the United States several times, in the effort to show the world the extent of Brazilian resources. He also made a study of liberal governments in order that his own nation might profit by their experience.

Dom Pedro was so simple in his manners and so democratic in his way of living that the Brazilians were very fond of him. He mixed with them freely — altogether unlike the tyrants of South America or the kings and emperors of Europe of that period. He was profoundly interested in the prosperity of his people

and everything that concerned them. He cared little for his personal appearance. His clothing was ill-fitting and shabby. He might be seen driving about the streets of Rio de Janeiro in a rickety old carriage with broken-down horses, just like any, careless trader or farmer. A stranger seeing the kindly, fatherly old gentleman stopping here and there to converse with people would never have guessed that he was the ruler of one of the largest countries on earth.

The period from 1845 to 1870 was one of revolution throughout the world. It was the age in which the German Empire was created, when France became a republic, when Italy was united, when the War between the States was fought in the United States. In fact, nearly every important nation was involved in war during this time. Many citizens of these countries, disturbed by wars and the evils resulting from them, grew dissatisfied with their native lands and sought homes elsewhere. Dom Pedro used the opportunity afforded by this general unrest to present the advantages of Brazil, especially southern Brazil, as a place in which to live.

Many Southerners of the United States became interested in Brazil immediately after the War between the States. Representatives from South Carolina and Georgia were sent to southern Brazil to make investigations. They traveled over a large part of the country and on their return reported that Dom Pedro had not exaggerated its possibilities. The climate was very similar to that of Georgia, Alabama', and Florida; cotton, corn, sugar cane, tobacco, grapes,

and watermelons grew as well in Brazil as in the Southern States of North America. As a result of this survey, several hundred men, women, and children from South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and other parts of the South settled in Sao Paulo, one of the southern states of Brazil, in the period from 1866 to 1870. The name of one of these settlements has been for years Villa Americana. Here the people laid out their farms, built homes, such as they were accustomed to in the United States, and bought slaves to work their fields. Soon many of them became prosperous. They produced from one to two bales of cotton an acre and raised the finest watermelons in the world. Yet cotton was not the chief agricultural product of southern Brazil. The state of Sao Paulo is famous the world over for coffee. Dom Pedro, seeing the great possibilities of this product, encouraged its cultivation and was instrumental in extending its sale until almost every civilized nation imported it from Brazil. Villa Americana lay in the richest coffee country in the world. Settlers came thither in great numbers from Germany, Italy, France, England, and other European countries.

Wealthy Brazilians, dwelling on their coffee plantations, had good homes and lived well. They were friendly neighbors. Still they had many customs that Europeans did not like. Portuguese, Brazilians, Indians, free negroes, and all shades of mixed races associated freely. They visited each other in their homes and formed business partnerships. The children of all races attended the same schools and

churches; and the men and women of all races intermarried. The Brazilian is a new race formed from this amalgamation, which has been going on for several centuries.

At the time that Villa Americana was founded, Brazilian parents decided whom their children were to marry: the boy or girl had very little to say in the matter. When a young man fell in love with a young lady, he first mentioned the matter to her parents. The question was taken up by them. On a certain evening the family and near relatives of both parties met. The young man unfolded his reasons for desiring to marry the young woman. The parents, if favorably impressed, gave their consent. Rings were produced and exchanged between the young man and young woman, and the evening was devoted to dancing and music. Next morning the young couple, accompanied by relatives, attended a religious service, and the engagement was announced and published in the papers. The couple then appeared together in public places with a chap er one. After the engagement was announced, the future bride could not appear in public with any other young man or the prospective bridegroom with any other young woman. The marriage was expected to follow within a year.

Besides this custom, the Americans found other usages that impressed them as singular. Fashionable Brazilians dressed extravagantly. In prosperous families even small children wore expensive jewelry. The men always kept their shoes well-polished and

fretted if their clothes were not always in perfect order. On entering one of the better homes, coffee was invariably served; water was kept boiling all the time for that purpose. Wherever one went coffee was served. People drank it in the cafes, much as people today in North America take soft drinks in drug stores. Another custom that seemed peculiar to the Americans was the conduct of the population when a funeral procession was passing. Everybody would stop and remain with hat off until the procession had passed.

Girls were not permitted to appear in public when strangers were present, and if visitors were in the home girls were not seen. Even their mothers did not sit at the table with strange guests. Since that time, however, the women of Brazil have acquired more freedom as a result of the influence of the foreigners who have settled in the country. The customs of the Brazilians, so different from those to which Americans and Europeans were accustomed, had the effect at first of causing foreigners to live in separate settlements and have little to do with the native people. The Americans were confronted by another disagreeable circumstance. The Brazilians were able to pronounce or spell their names only with difficulty, and it was hard for Brazilians to trade with them. Therefore, many Americans changed their names entirely or added Portuguese affixes or suffixes, so that they could be more easily pronounced. North Americans likewise find it hard to pronounce foreign names. So in the same way, foreigners

sometimes have their names changed after coming to the United States.

Although the Americans were in the midst of a coffee country, they did not at first attempt to produce coffee. They confined themselves to raising cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, rice, and watermelons. They could easily raise one and one-half bales of cotton to the acre, and the finest of watermelons. Since that time Villa Americana has become the greatest watermelon center of Brazil.

The production of coffee, however, due to the influence of Dom Pedro, has overshadowed everything else in Sao Paulo. Santos, the largest city in Sao Paulo, is the greatest coffee port in the world. A traveler, returning a few years ago from that city after visiting Villa Americana, wrote:

"No matter which way you turn or where you go coffee looms up in some form or other. If you walk down a street you see drays going by laden with sacks of the berry; if you go near the railroads you see train-loads of it; if you go to the docks you see ships laden with it; if you go into a cafe it is served to you instead of the drinks usually found in such places. You smell coffee everywhere." A large percentage of the coffee of the world is cultivated in the state of Sao Paulo and passes through the streets of Santos.

A couple of centuries ago coffee was considered a medicine, not a beverage, and was sold as a drug, though it has been known in the Orient as a drink for a thousand years. At the opening of the eighteenth

century, people in Europe and America began to use it as a beverage. At that time it was not cultivated in South America; it was derived chiefly from Abyssinia and was sold to America by the Turks, who called it "kahveh." When the English spelt the word, it became "coffee."

The beverage grew to be such a popular drink that other nations tried to cultivate it. The conditions required for its production are a warm, moist climate and a rich, well-drained soil. It was discovered that Sao Paulo possessed the right kind of soil and climate. At the time Villa Americana was founded, the province was becoming famous for its production of coffee. The reader may be interested to learn more of this great industry promoted by Dom Pedro.

The coffee seed is planted, as a rule, in a nursery; as soon as the sprouts are twelve or fifteen inches high, they are taken up and planted in rows from fifteen to twenty feet apart. About the third year the plant begins to bear flowers and a small quantity of berries, but not until the fifth year does it begin to pay for the cost of cultivation. For twenty years the tree produces abundantly. Many trees, when well-cared for, continue to bear until they are fifty and even seventy-five years old.

The flower is very pretty and has a sweet jasmine-like perfume, but it withers and falls off after about twenty-four hours, when a little green berry begins to form. This berry requires about seven months to ripen, and then it is very much like a ripe red cherry, though occasionally of a deep yellow

color.

If you will examine a coffee bean you will notice that one side is nearly flat. The berry contains two beans stuck together. When the berry is gathered the beans are separated, and the thin, light skin covering each bean is removed by soaking in water and by drying and rubbing. After this the beans are graded and are ready for the market.

One small plantation may contain 10,000 coffee trees, requiring the attention of about three or four people. By careful work, such a plantation will produce from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels annually, which, at the usual prices, will net the owner a good income.

A young coffee plantation looks very much like a cherry orchard. The months of May and June are the period of harvest. Some of the estates, or fazendas, are very large, containing as much as 15,000 acres of land. Large corporations are formed for cultivating and marketing the coffee crop. The government looks upon this industry with such favor that it determines the number of acres that may be cultivated in order to maintain favorable prices.

Long lines of railroads have been built through coffee estates, and the country has prospered tremendously. The owner of a plantation usually lives in becoming style. He has his own automobile, and passes from one field to another quickly. He is generally well-educated, being able to speak English, French, and Spanish, in addition to his own language.

Dom Pedro, in encouraging the agricultural

development of Brazil, in which he took great pride, saw the southern and eastern portions of his country becoming rich and prosperous. Great cattle farms were established by foreigners, who settled in large numbers in Brazil. As the plantations developed, slavery extended. The cultivation of coffee, sugar cane, and cotton depended upon slave labor. But the enlightened nations of the world had done away with slavery. Dom Pedro, being a student of government and a humane ruler, desired to see his country follow the example of other nations and put an end to slavery, which was contrary to the intelligence of the world.

In 1884 two of the states of Brazil freed their slaves. But the leading land-owners in the coffee and cotton regions did not see how their great estates could be successfully conducted if the slaves were freed. Dom Pedro was growing old and feeble, and the Brazilians realized that he would probably be unable in the future to give much attention to public affairs. He had already largely turned over the government to his daughter, the Princess Isabella, whose husband was much disliked. The agitation for the freedom of the slaves, together with the unpopularity of Princess Isabella and her husband, fostered the desire for a republic. All classes liked Dom Pedro, but in the last years of his reign he spent most of his time in Europe while the movement for freeing the slaves and establishing a different form of government went on. The Princess Isabella, who acted as regent, was even more opposed to slavery than was her father.

She was so hostile to it that she did not believe the government should even pay the owners on liberating the slaves. This angered the land-owners, who feared what might happen on the death of the emperor and realized that he could not live much longer.

Through the influence of Princess Isabella, a law was passed in 1886 setting all the slaves free. It had little opposition because it was seen that the whole world was against slavery. The wealthy land-owners, however, informed Princess Isabella that this measure meant the fall of the empire, which was already unpopular because of the autocratic power of the princess and her husband, a penurious old man who cared only for his own comfort and pleasure and had little sympathy with the Brazilians.

This state of unrest, coupled with the discontent caused by the emancipation of the slaves, brought the various factions together in a determination to establish a republican form of government, at least on the emperor's death. All the other nations on the continent had republican governments, and the feeling was general that monarchical forms should be abolished in the New World.

In the midst of this crisis, Dom Pedro returned from Europe. His officials, some of whom were very unpopular, attempted to send the army away from the capital and disperse it, since it was apparent that the government could not rely on the troops to protect it in the growing dissatisfaction. In fact, the military leaders were openly in favor of a republic.

Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca, the head of the army, resisted the order of the officials. Realizing that the time had come to act, he ordered the arrest of some of the government officials who seemed to be usurping authority. Many patriotic Brazilians wished to put an end to the empire and to establish a republic such as the United States. Nevertheless, a great majority of the people little dreamed that the emperor was to be dethroned.

On November 14, 1889, a group of citizens met at the municipal palace and formed a provisional government, electing Marshal Fonseca as head. The palace was surrounded and the aged emperor, greatly astonished at the progress of the revolution, received a notice that the peace of the nation and the prosperity of the people depended upon the abolition of the empire and the erection of a republican form of government.

The people loved Dom Pedro, but he was too feeble to guide the affairs of state. The revolutionists knew that if he remained in Brazil the imperial faction would seek to have him reinstated or, if he should not live long enough for that, that the presence of his daughter and her husband might be the cause of a bloody civil war. In the note that was sent him announcing the transition from empire to republic were these words:

"We are forced to notify you that the provisional government expects from your patriotism the sacrifice of leaving Brazilian territory with your family in the shortest possible time."

In order to provide sufficiently for the emperor's household, the provisional government agreed to pay him and his family £350,000, or nearly two million dollars, and make a yearly allowance of £26,000, or about $150,000, on condition that the family embarked the next day on a vessel that lay in the harbor waiting for them.

The emperor, broken with age and ill-health, complied with the demand, sending the following note to the provisional government:

"In view of the address handed to me on the 17th of November at three o'clock in the afternoon, I resolve to start with my family for Europe tomorrow, leaving this beloved country, to which I have tried to give firm testimony of my affectionate love and devotion during nearly half a century as chief of the State. I shall always retain a kindly remembrance of Brazil and cherish hopes for its prosperity."

The next morning the vessel lay in readiness, and the emperor and his family were escorted aboard. The deposed monarch knew that times had changed and that the people thereafter would prefer to choose their own rulers. The steamer conveying him and his family was convoyed away from the coast of Brazil by a small naval squadron. Two years later Dom Pedro II., the last emperor of Brazil, died in Paris.

Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca was elected first president of Brazil, and later a constitution very similar to that of the United States was adopted. Under it the provinces, twenty-one in all, became

states with separate legislatures. It took some years for the people to grow used to a republican form of government, but Brazil today is recognized as one of the foremost republics of the world.

Chapter XVI
The Wonderful Amazon

The Amazon is the most wonderful river in the world. In the first place, it is the largest river in the world and has more navigable tributaries than any other. Ocean steamers may ascend it for more than two thousand miles and smaller steamers for nearly a thousand miles further.

At its mouth it is about two hundred miles wide. It is a vast river system, containing more than three hundred and fifty branches and tributaries and draining nearly half of South America.

In fact, the Amazon is too large even to have one name, and until South America was explored the various tribes of Indians gave different names to the parts inhabited by them. Even today it is divided into three parts and called by three names. It is the Amazon from its mouth to where the Rio Negro empties into it. From the Rio Negro to the Peruvian border it is called the Solimoes; and in Peru it is known as the Maranon. People say that it has many tributaries as large as the Hudson or the Potomac that have never been explored and are wholly unknown to geography.

The great valley had much interest for former President Roosevelt, who had a desire to visit this back country of Brazil and explore some of its rivers.

In 1914, five years after his term of office as president of the United States had expired, he explored one of the Amazonian tributaries, which he called "The River of Doubt." He chose to enter the country not by way of the Amazon but by the Rio de la Plata. Thence he sailed up the Paraguay several hundred miles and, crossing overland a comparatively small distance, came to "The River of Doubt." Few knew anything of this river at that time, what its source was, or into what body of water it flowed. Following the course of the stream, he proved to the world that it emptied into the Madeira, which flows into the Amazon just below the Rio Negro. The Brazilian government named the new river Rio Roosevelt, in honor of President Roosevelt, but later it was changed to Rio Teodoro (The river of Theodore), after President Roosevelt's Christian name. One of the tributaries was named Rio Kermit in honor of Kermit Roosevelt, President Roosevelt's son, who accompanied his father on this expedition.

The towns and cities on the Amazon are very interesting to travelers. They are the outgrowth of the resources of the great Amazon valley, which is more varied in its products and perhaps more interesting than any other river valley in the world.

Para (Belem), one of the oldest cities in Brazil, is situated near the mouth of the Amazon. It was a prosperous city of several thousand inhabitants long before any English settlements were made in North America. Para is famous as the greatest rubber market in the world. The Amazon valley is the original

home of the rubber tree, from which India rubber is extracted. As Santos in southern Brazil is the greatest coffee port in the world, so Para in the north is the greatest rubber port in the world. Para rubber is known wherever rubber is used.

About five hundred miles up the Amazon is Santarem, a place of considerable size. Soon after the North Americans came to Brazil, after the War between the States, about fifty families of them settled on the Amazon near Santarem and, establishing plantations, began the cultivation of cotton, sugar cane, and rice. About five hundred miles beyond Santarem is Manaos, another large city. It is situated on the Bio Negro, a few miles above the Amazon; back of Manaos is a vast country still unexplored and, of course, undeveloped.

A traveler going from Para to Manaos would see many strange things. In fact, Para itself would present surprises to him. He would see all types of the population of Brazil and even of South America. He would see the swarthy Portuguese, cultured and prosperous. He would see foreigners from every country — North Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and others: some prosperous and some of the lowest poverty. He would see the Brazilian proud of his country, the office-holder, or, perhaps, the bandit type. He would see many negroes, some almost naked, doing odd jobs for a living. Moreover, he might see, in the wealthier and more cultured classes, representatives of many races, including negroes, Indians, foreigners, and

Brazilians, all associating on terms of equality. All races and classes and degrees of people meet in the streets of Para. Street peddlers may be seen offering for sale birds, snakes, monkeys, and the various strange products of a tropical clime.

If the traveler wished to visit the homes he would find every sort, from palaces to filthy hovels. In many homes he would be surprised on entering to see a snake coiled up in the corner of the room and protected as a household pet, in much the same manner as cats and dogs are in our homes. These snakes, as a rule, are of the boa-constrictor type and are useful in keeping the place free from mice and rats, which are a great pest in Para. Poisonous serpents, of course, are not domesticated. It is said the snakes do their work very well and live on terms of peace and harmony with the members of the family. On the streets, one will find peddlers offering for sale a choice selection of ratkillers and advertising their rare qualities in truly salesman-like manner.

The Amazon valley seems to be the home of all the snakes in the world, but not many species are poisonous. However, they are numerous enough to destroy much life. The Brazilian government, therefore, has established a hospital in which to treat people bitten by snakes, and a staff of physicians is employed to find a cure or a remedy that will make the individual immune from snake poison.

Thousands of adventurers annually visit the wonderful valley. Some seek the rubber tree, or the crude rubber collected by the natives; others gather

Brazilian nuts and cocoa; others hunt wild game; still others collect specimens of beautiful birds, curious insects and monkeys, or inspect the fine lumber trees and dye-woods and purchase stock-farms or cotton and sugar plantations. So little of this wonderful country has been developed that it is a fair field for all comers.

If you will take your map and follow the Amazon from Para to Manaos, you will see a number of islands. One of them near the mouth of the river is about a hundred miles in breadth. This will give you an idea of the width of the Amazon River. Many foreigners have settled along the banks of the river and on the islands. Great stock-farms have been developed here and there, and numbers of cattle and horses are raised.

As one proceeds westward, the Amazon presents new sights at every turn. The forest is alive with insects, birds and beasts. The most beautiful birds in the world are found here, birds of such gorgeous plumage of every color and hue that they delight the naturalist. The Amazon is the hunter's paradise. Every kind of game may be found — monkeys, wild fowl, jaguars, wild pigs, tremendous serpents that roll over in the water like sea dragons; all these and many other forms of life unlike those of any other continent keep the hunter busy.

However, the insects are a pestilence. Mosquitoes are so bad in some sections that it is almost impossible for travelers to live unless they take precautions in advance and protect themselves with

great care.

As the steamer plows its way up the river, numerous flocks of parrots may be seen every morning and evening flying across the boat. The sluggish streams flowing into the Amazon are alive with alligators and all kinds of fish. The mornings and evenings are filled with the chatter and challenge of monkeys swinging from limb to limb and from tree to tree.

Hunting alligators was at one time a favorite occupation of the natives. They would rush into the water in dull and sluggish streams and with long poles drive the animals to the bank, where other natives stood ready to lasso or harpoon them. When the brutes had been pulled out of the water, a native would creep up with an ax and cut a deep gash in his tail, for the alligator fights with his tail. Another blow across the neck would keep him from biting. Thus disabled and rendered harmless, he was left alone while the natives went off to capture others. When a number of alligators had been killed, they were cut open and the fat was taken out and stuffed in their skins. The oil made from alligator fat is very valuable. There is a smaller kind of alligator that is good to eat.

When travelers run short of food, they hunt wild pigs or monkeys. Monkey meat is considered by the natives a delicious food. When prepared for cooking, it looks much like dressed rabbit. A traveler on the Amazon may sit down to a dinner where many strange dishes are served. He may choose between fried monkey, alligator tail, boiled turtle eggs, wild

pig, and a variety of fish and game.

In going from Para to Manaos one still hears strange stories of river serpents that live in the Amazon and of wild Indians, who at one time made travel dangerous and difficult. What would you do if you suddenly saw a frightful water monster raise his body about ten feet out of the water, shake his head and neck savagely, and roll over with so much force as to rock the steamboat? Such is the anaconda, the largest snake in the world, being from thirty to forty feet long and about five or six feet around. Some people say that the anaconda has been known to attain a length of sixty feet and a girth of fifteen feet. When not hungry this immense snake usually lies in the mud sunning himself, but when seeking food it climbs a tree near the water and waits quietly until dark. Then it is able to choose its food from the beasts that come to drink. The serpent belongs to the same family as the boa-constrictor, which is much smaller. The Brazilians frequently capture the boa constrictor, it is so lazy and harmless. They even train it to protect the home, as was told above.

One of the most valuable products of the river is the sea cow, which is half fish and half animal, and about fifteen or twenty feet long. It is usually taken with the harpoon. As the oil is exceedingly valuable, it has been much hunted.

Another interesting game animal is the wild pig. Pigs were found in Peru by Pizarro when he first landed. They are not very harmful unless they are hunted, but when one is killed or wounded the whole

drove turns on the hunter and, unless he is very agile, kills him.

All along the river one may see Indians, but the farther one goes from the coast the less civilized they are. When a traveler enters the part of Brazil west or north of Manoas, he may encounter bands of Indians almost as wild as they were when the Portuguese first entered the country. One still hears stories of fierce cannibals who used to capture prisoners and make a feast for the tribe. It is said that it was the custom for the women to lead the prisoners in. The men, after drinking a strong beverage until they became savagely drunk, would torture the prisoners to the great delight of the assembly. Then the chief would enter with a club and kill the victims one by one. The cannibals all disappeared many years ago.

Nearly all of the population west of Santarem is Indian, and travelers tell even today of their strange manners and customs. Their method of hunting in certain wild sections of the Amazon valley is as primitive as in the days of Pizarro. The blow-gun is one of the weapons still used among the most uncivilized tribes. This consists of a large reed ten or twelve feet long, perfectly straight, through which are blown small arrows tipped at one end with a sharp metal while the other end contains a piece of cotton to prevent the air from passing through as the arrow is being shot. The natives hide in trees until a bird appears within twenty or thirty feet. With the blow-gun they can pierce the bird by blowing an arrow through the reed. For killing large animals,

they use arrows tipped with poison so deadly that it paralyzes the muscles, and, the victims die a horrible death. These arrows are likewise used in war and the effect on human beings is almost instantaneous: death results in a few minutes. Bows and arrows are also used. A skillful hunter shoots with unerring aim and can pierce a turtle through the neck at an incredible distance. It is doubtful whether Robin Hood was more skillful than these Indians in the use of bow and arrow.

A traveler must respect the customs of the Indians in this wilderness if he expects to continue his journey without trouble. One may travel for miles without seeing any sign of a human being. In fact it often appears that the entire country is uninhabited. But at nightfall, while the traveler is sitting at the camp-fire and fighting mosquitoes or other pests, he will hear a strange, shrill cry. If he is acquainted with the habits of the Indians, he knows at once that a band of them surrounds him and that a warning has been given.

Nothing is done until next morning, when the traveler hangs some presents of colored cloth or beads, or a small mirror, on the trees in the neighborhood whence the warning came. Then the traveler returns to camp and waits. No Indians appear, but the journey must not be continued until the unseen natives give some sign. If no cries are heard the second night and the presents are taken, the traveler will find on the following morning an arrow sticking in the ground. This is a token that the Indians are

friendly and that the journey may be continued. But if the cries are heard again and the presents remain untouched, the meaning is that the journey must be abandoned. To disregard the warning and go on, is very dangerous.

If you will take your map and follow the Rio Negro northward, you will come to another river, called the Rio Branco. At one time it was believed that a race of female warriors lived in the mountains between these two rivers. The country they inhabited was El Dorado, supposed to contain vast treasures of gold and silver and precious stones. These women wore their hair short like men and were very skillful hunters with the bow and arrow. It was told that wherever one of them went she was accompanied by a waiting maid, who served her very much as the pages in the Middle Ages served knights.

The Indians, in speaking of this strange country, said that it lay between two great rivers, one of which flowed with black water and the other with white water — hence, the names Bio Negro and Rio Branco. Between these two rivers lie mountains that contained, they said, great treasures guarded by Amazons.

No man has yet been found who has actually seen an army composed of women, long before South America was discovered the people of Europe heard stories of female warriors, and it was supposed that they lived somewhere near the Black Sea, where an independent kingdom existed under the government of a queen, who occasionally with her fierce women

would swoop down on neighboring regions and play havoc with her armies. Men were not permitted to reside in this country ruled by women. If any of the women left the country and married, when they returned their husbands were not permitted to accompany them and all male children were put to death. Female children were kept and brought up by their mothers and trained in agriculture, hunting, and the arts of war. These warlike women were called Amazons.

Such legends were told throughout Europe long before Columbus was born and were handed down in much the same manner as folk stories are told by father to son today.

Orellana, a Spanish soldier serving under Pizarro, crossed the Andes from Peru and, descending, explored the headwaters of the great river. When he and his men entered this wild country, they were surrounded by a tribe of very warlike Indians, and, to their surprise, they saw women fighting side by side with men. The Spaniards believed that they had encountered Amazons, and a story arose that a race of warlike women lived to the north of this country. In such fashion the name Amazon came to be applied to the great river.

Many people actually believed that a race of female warriors guarded treasures in the mountains between the Rio Negro and the Rio Branco. Sir Walter Raleigh, you will remember, sought to find this fabled land. Numbers of other expeditions went in search of it. Companies were actually formed to encounter

these strange women. All that remains today of these stories and the expeditions is the name given to the most wonderful river in the world.

Chapter XVII
The Lazy Man's Tree

A few years ago a traveler from North America was visiting one of the sugar plantations on the Amazon. As the host walked with him through the plantation, they came to a large tree standing alone in the middle of a cane field.

"That," said the planter, "is the lazy man's tree."

It was a tall and exceedingly large rubber tree, belonging, perhaps, to what had once been a rubber estate, or seringa!. It stood alone, long after rubber-hunters had extracted all the sap that it was possible to collect from the forest, and what had once been a rubber estate was now a sugar plantation.

For years all adventurers up the Amazon thought little of developing the resources of the country and thus building it up with a stable population. It was so easy to make a fortune collecting rubber that only a few settlers thought of cultivating the soil. Although many thousands of people were attracted to the Amazon valley annually, they had no particular interest in the country except to take from it the most valuable natural product of the time.

Rubber was not known to the outside world until the Amazon valley was explored, and not until near the middle of the nineteenth century did it come into commercial use. Explorers brought into trading

relations with the South American Indians saw the natives playing with soft elastic balls of a very peculiar formation. They also saw some of the Indians wearing shoes made of the same substance. It was further discovered that this peculiar material had the power of removing lead-pencil marks from paper. It was, therefore, called "rubber," because it rubbed out marks. The Indians, in hardening the rubber, sometimes used a clay mold resembling the human foot. In this way they molded rubber shoes that were worn by the natives long before the North Americans or Europeans knew of such things. The Indians made many other articles from it that excited the wonder of foreigners.

When North America and Europe really learned the value of rubber and the many uses that could be made of it, thousands of adventurers nocked into the Amazon valley. As a result, many fortunes were made by foreigners. Traders would go up the river seeking rubber trees, depending upon negroes or Indians for labor. They never thought of cultivating the land, which was very fertile, but brought food a thousand or even two thousand miles up the river to support them while they "milked" the rubber trees. Consequently, until comparatively recent times, there have been few attempts to develop the country back from the coast.

The man who owned a rubber estate, or seringal, and could work it properly had a small fortune awaiting him. The seringal included a large area marked out in a dense forest containing rubber trees

here and there. In some places it was almost impossible to reach the trees without cutting a path through the tough undergrowth. This had to be done while fighting snakes, wild beasts, mosquitoes, flies, and a variety of other pestiferous insects. Sometimes the land was under water the whole year, or it might be under water only during the rainy season. Before 1867, foreign nations, as a rule, were not permitted to send trading vessels up the Amazon. But about that time Dom Pedro, desiring to increase the trade of Brazil, threw the whole valley open to the world. There was great rivalry, therefore, in the rubber industry, and rubber-hunters from all quarters of the globe flocked in large numbers to the valley. This was the beginning of the great expansion in the rubber industry. As a result, the world today largely derives from this valley one of its most valuable products.

How many articles made from rubber are used in your home and in your community? When you attempt to answer that question you will see how necessary rubber is. In what way is the material of commerce derived from the rubber tree? This question puzzled North Americans and Europeans for years.

It is extracted from the rubber tree in much the same way that turpentine is obtained from the pine tree in the South. Early in the morning the tapper goes through the forest and with a hatchet gashes the sides of the trees. Under each gash he fastens a cup to catch the milk that flows therefrom. In the afternoon he returns and collects the liquid accumulated in the

cups.

The rubber tree has become so valuable that other nations have transplanted it, in order that they may not be wholly dependent upon the Amazonian forests. It is now cultivated in Ceylon, India, Malaya, and Australia: these countries annually produce large quantities of rubber.

There are a great many varieties of rubber-bearing trees and plants, but the best is found in the Amazon basin. This is a large tree, often as much as twelve feet in circumference, and very tall. The young trees begin to yield milk after the fourth year, and may be systematically tapped for twenty years and more. Some have been known to yield milk for more than fifty years.

The method of gathering the milk and hardening it for the market is interesting. After the estate is laid off, a tapper will have from a hundred to a hundred and fifty trees to look after. The tropical growth is so dense as to make it difficult to pass through the forest. Therefore, the tapper has to cut a path from tree to tree. He usually makes his path in the form of a circle, so that when he has finished his day's work he will be back at his starting-point. In the evening he completes his round, gathering the milk from the cups in a large vessel It is interesting to see how this milky fluid is turned into hard rubber. After collecting the milk for the day, the tapper builds a fire and on each side of the fire drives down a forked stick. Oily palm-nuts are thrown into the flames, as the smoke produced thereby is essential to giving the

right kind of hardening to the rubber. Over the fire is placed a horizontal pole. The milky fluid is pasted on the pole just above the fire, and it at once begins to harden. Then more milk is added. With one hand the tapper slaps the milk on the pole and with the other keeps the pole turning round and round. The ball of rubber enlarges as fresh milk is added, until it grows to be about the size of a man's head, but sometimes it is the shape of a ham, hence the term "ham" of rubber or "biscuit" of rubber. After the product of the day has hardened, this "smoked ham" of rubber is ready for the market without further preparation.

The most successful rubber gatherers are those who know how to make the Indians work. Their estates are sometimes located in wild, undeveloped sections of the country, where only the Indians can stand the snakes and the mosquitoes, and other insects that swarm in that damp climate. Moreover, the overseer must be prepared to protect himself and the servants from the dangerous wild beasts lurking in the forest. A good overseer, knowing the nature of the Indians, will keep for distribution a lot of cheap and gaudy articles — clothing and other things. With this bait, he may succeed in coaxing the Indians to work for him. However, after an estate has been laid off, only a few hours a day are required to keep up with the work. Rubber collecting is not strenuous labor.

The life on a rubber estate is interesting and full of adventure. Once an overseer built his little cabin on high posts near the banks of the Amazon, and

others were erected near by for his servants. The overseer's cabin was screened so as to protect him from the mosquitoes. Around this little cabin, the Indians gathered to barter monkey meat or turtle eggs for his cheap stuff. Some of them would be employed in gathering the milk from the rubber trees. The question of food was always troublesome. Much of it had to be obtained from the forest. The natives could live very well without imported food, hence they were valuable to the overseer. In some parts of the valley a tall slender tree known as the "cow tree" was found. When the trunk of this tree was. pierced, it gave forth a rich, nourishing juice resembling milk in appearance, taste, and quality. After standing a short time, the milk furnished a yellow cream, which gradually thickened until it looked like cheese. The negroes and Indians drank freely of this "milk," but the white people rarely cared for it. In addition to the "milk," the forest furnished wild game, nuts, manioc, bananas, and other things. But white men required other food that had to be brought from the outside world.

One morning the Indians and negroes on the seringal had been out only a short time when the Indians sent up a distressing cry. "Onca! Onca!" was what they called. A huge black jaguar had been seen crouching in the forest, watching the men. The beast had smelled the meat from the cabin and had come to get it. The jaguar is the most dangerous animal in the forest, and the Indians have a superstitious "fear of it. Consequently, they fled in every direction and were

not seen again that day. The first night and a second passed without incident.

The third night, as the overseer lay asleep, he felt the cabin shake as if an earthquake rocked it. He sat up immediately and saw the flaming eyes of a beast that stood in the door-way. His gun was on the other side of his cabin and no help was near. An ax was lying by the bed. He quietly drew it to him, keeping his eye on the beast and one hand on his hunting knife, which was never far from him. Then he waited for the animal to draw nearer before attacking it.

The jaguar kept sniffing and stealthily moving closer. The man raised the ax cautiously and suddenly stove in the beast's head. The jaguar made a convulsive leap. For a time no one could have told which was on top — man or animal. The overseer drew his hunting knife, and they rolled together out of the door and fell on the ground. When the beast struck the earth, its muscles relaxed and the man knew that it was dead.

Next day it was told throughout the forest to every Indian that the overseer had killed an "onca" with his own hands. The Indians all believed that this was the supreme test of strength and courage. They thought the overseer greatly superior to ordinary human beings and that he even possessed supernatural powers. They were now ready to obey him in everything. Thereafter, he had little difficulty in securing sufficient labor. He had won the respect of the natives.

Traders along the river while gathering rubber usually employ the Indians also to gather the Brazilian nut, which is to be found in abundance in the forests. This is one of the most valuable of nuts and one with which all children in North America are acquainted. It grows on very tall trees and is contained in a shell about the size of a cocoanut. One large shell contains from sixteen to eighteen nuts. It is dangerous to be under a tree when the nuts are ripening. As the wind shakes the branches, the heavy globes crash down through the leaves and limbs with almost the swiftness of a cannon ball and with force enough to kill a man. After the nuts have been gathered, the outer shell is crushed with an ax or some other heavy instrument and from sixteen to eighteen black triangular nuts fall out. These are shipped to all parts of the world.

But the harvesting of nuts is a side-line as a rule. The chief concern is the gathering of rubber. Some men in the Amazon valley have fifty seringal estates, running into millions of acres, and several steamboats trading from the numerous depots to Manaos or some other of the river cities. Workers are now carefully instructed in the latest method of tapping and collecting milk so as to preserve the trees.

Manaos has grown into a large city as a result of rubber and other products of the Brazilian forests. Around it great cattle ranches have developed. Cocoa and sugar-cane planting are important industries also. Whenever the valley is developed, Manaos will perhaps become the Chicago of this western country.

One may go up the Rio Negro by boat and enter the Orinoco and thence reach the ocean. Moreover, he may go up the Madeira and pass into the Rio de la Plata. Manaos has an immense unworked country to draw from.

It is no longer easy to secure a comfortable living by milking rubber trees, although this is still a great industry and will so continue. The country is developing slowly, and it is being demonstrated that other products of the soil of the valley are as valuable as the "lazy man's tree." But before the greatest possibilities can be attained it is necessary for settlers to learn how to destroy the mosquitoes and the other multitudinous pests, in order that life may be more secure and more comfortable. The problem of the tropics is the problem of insects.

Chapter XVIII
Brazil of Today (1922)

While the people of South America have been slow to bring the interior of the continent under subjugation, as has been long since done in North America, they have built great cities along the seacoast rivaling those of Europe and North America. They have developed the coastal country, erected schools, built railroads, cultivated the land, and established stable governments. All this shows what may be done in South America. But even yet there is enough land uncultivated and enough natural resources untouched to support the entire population of Europe and America. The climate is such in a continent that extends from the Equator to the Antarctic Ocean as to afford any temperature desired. The land is fertile; the forests have been barely touched, and the mineral resources are unsurpassed.

What has been said of South America as a whole is particularly true of Brazil. The population of Brazil barely equals that of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, although its area is larger than that of the entire United States.

Suppose the inhabitants of the four above-mentioned states were spread unequally over the whole United States, with a rather dense population along the coast. This will give the reader some idea as

to the distribution of people in Brazil.

The southern states of Brazil, including Rid de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Parana, Santa Catharina, and Rio Grande do Sul, which are farthest from the equator, have the best climate. In the extreme south frost and snow appear. There also the white races predominate because these southern states have been settled chiefly by Europeans. Their civilization, therefore, is farther advanced than that of the northern states.

In the central and northern portions of Brazil the mixed races predominate. Negroes are to be found in far larger numbers than white inhabitants. At one time, generations ago, the negroes set up a small state of their own near Pernambuco and maintained it for over half a century. They were finally conquered and enslaved. The hinterland, or interior, in the northern states is still inhabited by a backward type of people. They have few educational advantages and lead a life of adventure that has tended to perpetuate the clannishness of a primitive race.

On the other hand, the strip along the coast has been built up, and large cities, with fine harbors and an extensive commerce, have been developed. Much of the back country is still in a state of nature, especially that which lies near Pernambuco and Natal. The country is mountainous in some parts, and few railroads have been built. This makes it impossible to travel with ease and rapidity. It is difficult for people to overcome primitive conditions when they cannot communicate with the outside world.

Students of United States history may recall that one hundred years ago, before the railroads connected the Atlantic seaboard with the Mississippi valley, the principal method by which settlers in the valley traded with the cities along the coast was by riding horseback across the mountains carrying their produce or by driving hogs and cattle on foot. The old highway from Baltimore to Pittsburgh was famous. At first long lines of pack-horses came over it; and then a wagon road was built, along which caravans traveled, keeping up the commerce between the coast and the Mississippi valley. In similar manner, the inhabitants in this Brazilian back country today communicate with the commercial cities along the coast.

Visitors in Pernambuco or Natal see a long line of caravans, divided into four or five groups of fifty or one hundred mules or horses each, passing through the streets on their way to the big warehouses. On each horse or mule are two large packages containing cotton or other produce. Alongside the pack-animals rides a rough-looking, swarthy Brazilian of the lower order, shouting at his mules and whipping them up. The mules carry bells that tinkle as they proceed. The shouts of the drivers and the ringing of the bells create much confusion in the narrow streets. When the caravans come from the interior, their drivers, like the cowboys of the western United States a generation ago, are heavily armed for protection against the highway robbers who lurk in the mountains. Schoolboys in the United States like to read of the

great stage-coach robberies of a half century ago in the Far West. These scenes are repeated in Brazil today wherever railroads have not opened the country.

The population of this section of Brazil consists largely of negroes, Indians, and half breeds. Many of the inhabitants are very ignorant and superstitious and wear few clothes. In fact, they go half naked all the year. In Amazonas, which embraces a large part of the valley of the upper Amazon, the Indians are numerous. Many Indians of the valley have become civilized and have adopted European customs. A traveler a few years ago passing along the river heard a graphophone in an Indian hut, hidden by trees, playing "Suwannee River." Many prosperous towns have taken the place of forts and trading-posts, and Indian belles may be seen in the streets attired in the styles of Paris or New York.

The western part of Brazil is undeveloped. Much of it is still unexplored. Along the Amazon and some of its tributaries great plantations are found, here and there, on which almost every variety of food and fiber that the soil yields is produced. This promises to become a cotton country, and travelers predict that it will be the center of a vast production in the future. Cotton plantations and ranches, with attractive homes lighted by electricity, may be seen where a few years ago the forests yielded only quantities of rubber. In many places the farmers do not even have to replant the cotton every year, as in America. They simply cut it down, and it sprouts out anew the next

spring. So fertile is the soil of the Amazon valley that, it is said, for every bushel of maize, rice or beans planted eight hundred bushels are harvested. Cacao, from which cocoa and chocolate are derived, is one of the oldest products of the valley, and people are cultivating it on an extensive scale. North America and Europe derive the greater part of their cocoa and chocolate from Brazil and Ecuador.

The large plateau north of the Amazon, known as Brazilian Guiana, is to a great extent a stony desert. But in some parts it is well-forested or has broad areas of grassy plains. To the south of the Amazon, in the interior but far removed from the coast, is another large semi-arid plateau that yet has some resources.

The heat on the coast is not more oppressive than it is in the mid-summer months in certain parts of the United States. The evenings, as a rule, are delightful. Travelers say that they suffer more from cold than from heat, because the houses, as a rule, have no stoves or fire-places, except in the south and in the higher altitudes. The summer temperature at Rio de Janeiro averages 75 degrees and the winter temperature 65 degrees.

Santarem is a great industrial center and Para a prosperous city of over 100,000 population. Far back of these cities are areas of forest containing a variety of nut-bearing trees, but only a small percentage of their products can be saved. This is, perhaps, the greatest timber country on earth. The forests of the Amazon valley have hardly been touched. They can

supply the entire world with lumber for a long period of time.

British, Italian, French, German, Scandinavian, and North American explorers have been making extensive investigations since the European war, and it is believed by many that the Amazon valley is on the eve of a great industrial activity. All signs point to a prosperity such as it has never before known.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The Brazilians have a legend that the Creator sought to make an ideal location for a great city, and when he completed the bay of Rio de Janeiro, he was so well pleased with his work that he erected a monument to mark the place. This is a granite peak, 2,200 feet high, known as "Sugar Loaf," which rises almost perpendicularly near the entrance to the harbor.

The development of Rio de Janeiro was hindered for a century or more by the deadly plague of yellow fever. When the United States took charge of Cuba in 1898, after the Spanish-American War, Havana, like Rio de Janeiro, was frequently visited by the deadly plague. However, the wonderful results of General Gorgas's methods soon became known throughout the world. They were applied in the United States, in Panama, and in Central and South America.

One of the most notable and effective applications of General Gorgas's methods was in Rio de Janeiro. The president of Brazil appointed a commission of engineers and medical experts. The

government appropriated large sums of money: over $100,000,000 was spent. The streets were widened. Beautiful avenues were opened. The water was made pure and wholesome, and today there are no flies or mosquitoes in Bio de Janeiro. If anyone sees a fly or mosquito, he must report it at once to health officials, who send a man immediately to destroy its breeding-place. The people, as a, rule, do not use mosquito screens in their homes. They have no need for them any more. It seems almost impossible that this city, once the lurking place of tropical fevers, should be so scrupulously clean and healthy; hut it is true. These diseases have disappeared, and the mortality rate is one of the lowest in the world.

The city has many new marble buildings. One of these is Monroe Palace, erected as a testimony of the regard of the nation for the Monroe Doctrine. Parks have been laid off, made beautiful with birds and flowers and palms, and the streets are so well cared for that a torn-up pavement is a rarity. Other cities of Brazil have followed the example of Bio de Janeiro: Santos and Sao Paulo in the state of Sao Paulo have been made over. Bavines have been transformed into handsome boulevards. Pest-holes have been turned into parks; magnificent hotels for tourists have been erected; and through Santos thousands of immigrants pass almost daily on their way to the interior to seek land or to hunt the gold and silver that abound in the mountains. Other cities along the coast are under process of reconstruction. Factories are being built, and magnificent buildings of architectural

beauty are springing up like Aladdin palaces.

The greatest cattle ranches in the world are in Matto Grosso. This is one of the largest states in Brazil and lies far from the seacoast. For this reason it is very thinly populated. Santa Catharina, in the southeastern part of the republic, was settled by Germans and is almost a German colony. Its capital, Florianopolis, is one of the prettiest spots in all Brazil, and has been described as a "garden of beauty."

Immigrants continue to flow into Brazil in large numbers. For many years the Portuguese outnumbered all others, but since the abolition of slavery the Italians have been more numerous. The white races of southern Brazil engage in industry, and the large cities have manufacturing plants of cotton, wool, cigars, cigarettes, boots, and shoes.

The educational system in the south is good. Children attend the public schools, as a rule. Brazilians love art, music, and literature, and the schools are well provided for. But in the northern and western states, where the dark races predominate, the schools are poor and there is much illiteracy. Speaking generally, an educated Brazilian can use two or more languages; for the young people in the schools and colleges are taught not only to read foreign languages but to speak them. How does this compare with the training of college men and women of the United States?

The Brazilian is generous and kind-hearted and very loyal to his friends. He is intensely patriotic:

Brazil is the dearest land in the world to him. He is ambitious for his boys to have the best education possible. As a result, the wealthier people send their sons to European or North American universities. However, they are not so ambitious for their girls, and in the education of its women, Brazil has not kept pace with North America or Europe. Yet the women are eager to learn; and of recent years they have been given more liberties, and their opportunities are broadening. A quarter century ago the women did not appear in the presence of strangers in the homes. But when President Roosevelt visited the country this custom had changed, and women sat at table with him and mingled freely with the guests.

Most people of the United States have a notion that Brazil, because it lies partly within the tropics, is uninhabitable except for savages and inferior races. This is a great mistake. It is not a land of dark, swampy forests, where the air is laden with deadly fevers and the dense tropical growth and noisome streams are infested by crawling reptiles, prowling beasts, and treacherous alligators, as North Americans think. It is very different in fact. The people of the United States know so little of this wonderful country that they have imagined much that is not true.

Many Europeans still think that the United States is a dangerous country in which to live. Wild stories have led them to imagine that even New York and Boston are in peril from Indian raids, that grizzly bears eat children for breakfast, and that negro

babies in our Southland are fed to alligators by way of amusement.

These stories are, of course, untrue, and their prevalence is due to a lack of interest which people of one nation usually show for people of other nations. North America should study the countries of South America, in order to learn of the blossoming civilization to the south of us. When nations understand one another, as a rule they become friendly. North and South America have every reason to be the best of friends.

Chapter XIX
Other Republics of South America

The story of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile has been presented somewhat in detail. An account of South America would not be complete, however, without a view of those other nations, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, 'and Bolivia, whose destinies were shaped so largely by that great patriot, Simon Bolivar; and of the two southern nations of Uruguay and Paraguay.

The United States of Venezuela, as it is called, occupies a prominent place in the history of South America. Caracas, its capital, must be regarded as the cradle of South American independence, since it is the birthplace of Francisco Miranda and Simon Bolivar. The people of Venezuela are proud of this distinction. As an evidence of it, in the streets of Caracas may be seen two fine statues: one of George Washington, the Liberator of North America; the other of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator of South America.

Venezuela includes twenty-two states and a federal district. The government of each state is somewhat similar to that of the states of the American Union, thus showing again what effect the example of the United States has had on the organization of the South American republics.

Caracas is a city of about 100,000 population,

with many attractive buildings and streets. It is situated in a beautiful valley surrounded by lofty mountains. Its elevation, about 3,000 feet, is so great that, though it lies within the tropics not far from the equator, the climate is delightful. The beauty of the landscape is unsurpassed by that of any capital in the western hemisphere. Since the world has learned the cause of malaria and how to destroy the mosquito and since the opening of the Panama Canal, Caracas and Venezuela in general are becoming not only healthful but prosperous.

Like most of the other republics of the continent, Venezuela's most important industries are agriculture and cattle-raising. It is also famous for its minerals, especially asphalt. The value of asphalt is well known in the United States. It has many uses in our daily lives, and is known by several names — asphalt, asphaltum, bitumen, maltha, mineral pitch. The chief sources of this mineral in the western hemisphere are Venezuela, Cuba, and the island of Trinidad. In the Orient, it is found on the shores of the Dead Sea and in other places in Asia. It is said that bitumen was used to cement the stones of the Tower of Babel, that early eastern navigators calked their vessels with it, that the ancient Egyptians preserved their illustrious dead with it and used it in building the pyramids. It is extensively employed in every civilized country today in erecting large buildings, in street paving, and in a variety of other ways. Thus, Venezuelan bitumen is used to protect the tunnels of the New York subway from moisture.

The "pitch lake" of Trinidad is one of the wonders of the world. This is a lake of pure asphalt about a mile and a half wide. It has been mined for years, but as fast as the viscous substance is removed the lake fills up again, and apparently the supply is as inexhaustible as when it was first discovered. The asphalt of Venezuela is equally as valuable and is found in even larger quantities; and as the country develops great prosperity will spring from it, as there is a growing demand for the material in the United States.

Venezuela has made remarkable progress in recent years. The government has become more stable since revolutions are no longer annual events. Venezuela has established a system of public schools, colleges, and universities, and the population, although composed of a mixture of races, is gradually learning the ways of self-government. It has a promising future.

The country that should profit most from the Panama Canal is Colombia. Until Panama revolted and set up an independent government, the zone through which the canal passes was Colombian territory. It is believed by the people of that republic that the United States aided Panama to achieve its independence in order to secure the strip of land through which to cut the canal. Consequently, Colombia is still not well disposed toward the United States. However, the development of the latter country will probably come as a direct result of the digging of the canal, and so its hostility will vanish.

Colombia, unlike the neighboring republics, is

not composed of a federation of states. It has a centralized form of government, established in its present form in 1831 after the death of Simon Bolivar. It is largely undeveloped, having an area of nearly 500,000 square miles, which is about equal to that of the United States south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi River. Its capital, Bogota, has a population of 150,000, and is situated on a high plateau at an elevation of nearly 9000 feet. The coast, or hot region, produces tropical fruits, plants, and wood, while the uplands yield many of the staple products of the temperate zone. Colombia has rich deposits of minerals, such as gold, copper, platinum, and coal. It leads the world in the production of emeralds, one of the most valuable of precious stones.

South of Colombia is Ecuador, so named because it lies on the equator. It was Simon Bolivar's dream to annex Ecuador to Colombia. Although he succeeded temporarily, immediately after his death it became an independent nation. Ecuador is one of the smaller republics, being about the size of Virginia and North Carolina, with a population about half that of North Carolina. Its capital is Quito, which has a population of 75,000. The largest city, Guayaquil, has 85,000 inhabitants. It was here that Simon Bolivar and San Martin met to decide the destiny of South America a hundred years ago. For generations Guayaquil was a pest-hole of yellow fever and other plagues, but now that yellow fever is on the road to extirpation Guayaquil will probably become one of the great ports of the Pacific.

The treasure of Ecuador consists in the groves of cacao trees, from which cocoa and chocolate are derived. This country largely supplies the world with these products. The cacao tree was originally a wild evergreen growing from twenty to forty feet high. It has become so valuable, however, that it is now carefully cultivated, and the cacao groves are to Ecuador what the coffee plantations are to southern Brazil.

Chocolate and cocoa, used in so many ways, are derived from a cucumber-shaped pod, five to ten inches long, three to four inches thick and containing a number of seeds that resemble an almond in size and shape. The pods are cut from the trees and cured for a few days. The flavor of the chocolate depends upon the degree of skill with which the seeds are cured when they are being prepared for commercial use. "Cocoa butter" is a fat derived from the bean. It forms the basis of toilet pastes and pomades.

Ecuador is also famous for the fine straw hats its produces. These are the so-called "Panama" hats. The raw material comes from a shrub from six to ten feet high, resembling the saw palmetto. The fan-shaped leaves are cut from the trees and stripped of their outer filaments, dipped into vats of boiling water, and hung up in the shade to dry. A day or two later the leaves are put in the sun to bleach. Lemon juice is added to the hot water bath to complete the whitening process. A skillful weaver will complete one hat in five or six months, working only in the late twilight or early dawn. This, of course, is true of the best grade of hats, not the cheaper. Some of the best hats sell for

as much as $100 apiece. They are so pliant and flexible that they can be folded and carried in the pocket without injury. One woven for the Prince of Wales was so fine that it could be folded into a package no larger than a watch. The natives have achieved a world-wide fame for their skill in making these hats, and so valuable is the trade that schools have been established to teach the art of hat-weaving.

Bolivia is the third largest republic in South America. Through the instrumentality of Simon Bolivar, it was separated from Peru and made into an independent nation. It is so far removed from the coast and so shut in by mountains that it has not kept pace with the more progressive republics. Notwithstanding that it has an area almost as great as that part of the United States east of the Mississippi, it has only about 3,000,000 inhabitants, a little more than the population of Virginia. Its capital, La Paz, has 110,000 people. So mountainous is this republic that its largest cities are located on plateaus of an average altitude of 12,000 feet above sea-level. Here, also, is found the highest navigated lake in the world, Lake Titicaca. Its banks were the scene of a very ancient civilization. The ruins of palaces and temples may be seen today by travelers.

Bolivia is chiefly noted for minerals. Its gold and silver mines have been famous since the days of Pizarro. Its rubber industry is also valuable. The soil on the plains and in the valleys is very fertile, and recently the government established agricultural schools to encourage farming and the stock industry,

since cattle, sheep, and llamas abound in the country.

Two other nations remain to be mentioned — Uruguay and Paraguay. For many years after the colonies won their independence from Spain and Portugal, it was a question whether or not these two countries would be able to maintain their separate existence. They lie between Brazil and Argen-tine, and both of those large nations desired to annex them. In consequence, war was chronic. However, Uruguay and Paraguay have successfully maintained their independence, and nowadays they are, like the other republics, making great progress.

Both Uruguay and Paraguay are rich in agricultural resources, and their stock industry is attracting the attention of the markets of the world. Moreover, the cities of the two countries are turning to manufacturing on a large scale.

Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, has a population of 400,000 and is one of the principal seaports on the Atlantic. Asuncion, situated on the Paraguay River, is the capital of Paraguay. It is one of the largest inland cities in South America, with a population of 100,000.

In studying the South American republics, certain features stand out prominently. In the first place, the population is composed of many races differing much in color, blood, and customs. As a rule, the aristocracy is composed of one race and the middle class of another, while the lowest classes belong to a third race, or to a mixture of races. This mingling of races produces a condition of affairs difficult for

Europeans and North Americans to understand.

In the second place, the South American republics have built large cities near the coast, while the interior has been little developed. This also has its effect on population. Few travelers know anything of this back country; the civilization of the cities of South America is much better understood. The primitive condition of the natives, both in the cities and in the back country, is a serious handicap. However, this undeveloped continent and its unexhausted resources offer immense opportunities to the people who have the skill and courage to take possession. No region in the world possesses finer agricultural lands, which are almost always the basis of a great development, and no continent on earth equals South America in mineral resources.

Travelers who have studied the progress of that continent and have reached a fair understanding of its tremendous possibilities declare that it is destined to become "The Future Land of Promise,' for the following reasons:

(1) Its soil and climate make it habitable from the equator to the southern extremity; (2) its unused resources are the greatest of any part of the world and afford opportunities for every variety of adventure and heroic enterprise; (3) it is forming stable governments under which immigrants find opportunities to grow and develop and secure the blessings of liberty for themselves and their posterity; and (4) only the coastal regions and comparatively small parts of the interior have been touched, leaving the

greater part of the continent still to be settled and developed.

With the establishment of good school systems, the application of modern knowledge of sanitation and health preservation, the wise use of natural resources, and an understanding of self-government, South America will become "the land of promise," one of the most magnificent regions in the world.

Chapter XX
Pan-American Union

Before the World War, North Americans gave little thought to the tremendous resources of South America and showed little interest in the growing civilization of even its leading republics. But since the war the industrial leaders of North America are turning their attention to South America as never before. Its raw material and its products are greatly needed today to help rebuild war-stricken Europe and to replenish the world's stock of necessary supplies.

Farseeing statesmen of the United States for many years have realized the necessity of forming a closer union of North America and South America. The famous Monroe Doctrine, announced by President Monroe in 1823, had as its chief purpose the protection of the South American republics, then righting for freedom; and for a century it has preserved the independence of these countries. However, the Monroe Doctrine was not proclaimed so much in the interest of South American republics as to prevent European nations from securing new territory in the western hemisphere and thereby endangering the liberties of the United States. Thus, the people of the United States have had little direct interest in South America.

It will be recalled that Simon Bolivar, while

fighting for the independence of South America, proposed a union of all the republics in the western hemisphere. But the United States held off and would take no part in the conference called at Panama. The people of the United States differed racially from those of South America. They spoke a different language. They had different manners and customs. They had sufficient resources without developing large trade relations with South America. It was not until after the middle of the nineteenth century that the rubber of Brazil, the nitrates of Chile, and the guano of Peru were demanded in any considerable quantities by the people of the United States. As there was no need for many of the products of South America, small commerce or intercourse between the continents developed. The South American republics, consequently, were left to themselves, while both continents alike developed a great commerce with Europe. Thus South America learned to look to Europe for aid and comfort instead of to the United States.

Little was done by the United States to form a closer union with the South American republics until President Cleveland's first administration. In 1888, Grover Cleveland, in accordance with a measure of Congress, invited the Latin-American republics to join the United States in a conference to be held in Washington in 1889 to consider means to preserve the peace and promote the prosperity and well-being of both continents. As a result of this invitation, the first Pan-American conference met in Washington on

October 2, 1889. Seventeen republics, including the United States, sent representatives. The chief result of this meeting was the establishment in Washington of an International Bureau of American Republics for the collection and publication of information relating to the commerce, products, laws, and customs of the countries represented.

The Latin-American republics, however, were suspicious of the United States, because the latter had not always appeared friendly. Not all of the nations would attend the first conference. This suspicion was partly allayed by the Spanish-American war, when the United States freed Cuba, the last of the Spanish colonies in the western hemisphere, without asking anything in return. Such an act as this had never before been recorded by history. Soon afterward, 1901, President McKinley was instrumental in having the second Pan-American congress called in Mexico. This was much more successful. The third congress met in Rio de Janeiro in 1906. This was followed by a fourth congress, which met in Buenos Aires in 1910. As a result of these congresses, the leading republics of South America were not only growing more friendly to the United States but were becoming factors in world politics.

The three most progressive nations of South America are Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. For many years these countries have been free from internal wars and have demonstrated to the outside world that they are developing strong governments and a civilization that merits the respect of the most

progressive nations of the world. They were especially concerned in 1914 over the possible effect of the Mexican revolution on the United States. The Mexicans, being descendants of the Spanish conquerors, are kinsmen of the South Americans. The United States had once made war on Mexico and had taken a part of its territory. Most people in the United States, in 1914, thought that the country would go to war again with Mexico. The South American republics were greatly concerned over the Mexican situation and were exceedingly anxious that the United States should not fight their kinsmen, the Mexicans. Consequently, when the United States ordered its fleet to Vera Cruz and war seemed inevitable, the diplomatic representatives at Washington of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile made a formal offer in behalf of their governments to bring about a peaceful and friendly settlement of the controversy between Mexico and the United States. This occurred on April 25, 1914, when no one was dreaming of the World War, only three months before all Europe was plunged into the most terrible conflict in history.

President Wilson at the beginning of his administration, in speaking of the relations of the country to the Latin-American republics, declared, "We must show ourselves as friends by comprehending their interests, whether it squares with our own or not." Then he added, "I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest." These expressions of friendship and of assurance that the

United States would make no war of conquest gave the Southern republics hope of a successful issue to the controversy. When the representatives of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile offered their services to help settle the difficulty between Mexico and the United States, President Wilson at once accepted their offer.

These three countries were referred t& as the "A, B, C nations" (A, B, C being the initial letters in their names). Many newspapers which had been urging President Wilson to declare war on Mexico were inclined to resent this intervention and used the term "A, B, C nations" as a term of reproach. They even sneered at the proffered services of the A, B, C, and abused the president for accepting them. This is an evidence that some of the larger newspapers of the United States did not really appreciate the importance of South America in the politics of the world.

However, on May 20, 1914, the A, B, C mediators began their conference at Niagara Falls, and on July 1 they had completed their work. So fair was the report that both Mexico and the United States have followed it almost in detail. This diplomatic masterpiece gave North Americans a different impression of South Americans, for a new record had been made in American diplomacy. Thus, for the first time in history, South American republics in council helped to decide an issue for North America and marked out lines along which the United States might proceed with profit to all concerned.

This is one splendid result of the Pan-American congress. Another result is the formation of the Pan-

American Union, which is an international organization embracing all the republics of the western hemisphere, being composed of twenty-one nations, as follows: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, San Salvador, the United States, Uraguay, and Venezuela. The Union headquarters are in a beautiful building in Washington, D. C, erected by the munificence of Andrew Carnegie and contributions of the American republics.

The governing board consists of the Secretary of State of the United States and the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the other American governments. These elect a Director-General, an Assistant-Director, and such international experts, clerks, and stenographers as may be needed. The Union has a library of about 40,000 volumes for the use of all who desire to become better acquainted with the Latin-American republics. It also keeps an exhibition of specimens of South American resources, including birds of gorgeous plumage, palms, minerals, and many other things that are exceedingly interesting to visitors. In addition to this, it publishes in English, Spanish, and Portuguese. *The Pan-American Bulletin,* a monthly magazine devoted to recording Pan-American progress.

The purpose of the Pan-American Union is to promote the development of commerce, friendly intercourse, good understanding, and aid the keeping of peace among these countries. The expenses of the

organization are borne by contributions from each nation, based on population.

Since the World War, North America has felt the need of a closer relationship with South America. Before the war, the South American republics looked almost entirely to Europe for their commerce. In fact, goods exported to the United States and practically all communication with the United States passed through European ports. But the World War broke down old trade lines. The conditions in Europe are such that the old relations cannot continue as they were. Circumstances have forced North America and South America to seek to understand one another in order that they may be mutually helpful.

The opening of the Panama Canal, moreover, has made it much easier for New York and the other seaports of the Atlantic and those of the Gulf of Mexico to carry on commerce with the Pacific ports of South America than was formerly the case. The Pacific countries, which have been more or less backward, now have a quick communication with the Atlantic seaboard.

North Americans are beginning to feel the need of a more accurate knowledge of the Southern republics — their geography, history, government, business enterprises, and natural resources. In consequence, Spanish is being widely introduced into our colleges and high schools; Spanish books are in demand; and the two continents are at last on the threshold of a mutual understanding and a mutual friendship.