

when fully aware of their tender wrongs, can exclaim, in the words of the Spanish lady's ballad:

"I will not falsify my vows for gold nor gain.  
Nor yet for all the fondest swains that ever lived in Spain."

## CHAPTER LIV.

THE public edifices of Lima, which are so closely connected with the History of the Conquest, and the bloody revolutionary struggles of Peru, have no other attributes, either in architectural beauty or position to recommend them.

The Cathedral occupies nearly one side of the grand plaza; the exterior is painfully decorated, without taste or system; within is a solid silver altar, paintings of archbishops, and their earthly remains also, mummified in leather, and reposing in open coffins.

The Viceroy's Palace fills the northern face of the square—a low, irregular collection of buildings—the lower parts, fronting the plaza and streets, occupied by small shopmen, similar to the hosts of tinkers, fringemen, hatters, and cooks beneath the opposite ranges of the *portales*. Opening into the inner courtyard are the public offices and the private residence of the President, General Castilla. He was a soldier of fortune, had risen from the ranks, and passed through many vicissitudes of life before being chosen the supreme governor of Peru; not more surprising probably even to himself, than the extraordinary anomaly, that he has held his position the four years since the election, without a revolution having arisen to disturb his tranquillity. This security he owed, in a measure, to his individual bravery and soldiership displayed in times past, and the belief generally entertained by



dissatisfied persons of his upright character, and his indifference to execute summary vengeance on whomsoever should incur his displeasure, by again involving the country in the turmoils of civil discord.

The General and staff visited our frigate at Callao, and were received with manned yards and the usual artillery. In person he was about the middle stature, with a frank, bronzed face, and agreeable address.

Many curious objects are pointed out within, or in the vicinity of the palace, rich in reminiscences of the Pizarros, and the tragic drama connected with the life and death of the Conqueror—the room wherein he was assassinated, and the balcony from whence he was afterwards hurled by the Almagros.

The main Patio was thronged with troops of eager and expectant cormorants, who, my informant stated, were gentlemen in waiting upon the treasury—officers and *empleados* with large salaries in perspective—but, strange to say, the vaults were invariably empty; or, in case there should be a surplus on hand, it is a description of money composed of so base a metal that it will not pass for one-fifth the nominal value out of Lima.

A national museum has lately been established—a small enterprise thus far,—containing a few Cacique antiquities, Island weapons and ornaments, a coat worn by Salaverry when he was murdered—bedabbled with mud and blood—and the walls are hung with portraits of the forty-seven Viceroys of Peru, but placed in so bad a light that, with few exceptions, the features and expression of the different rulers were indistinctly visible. They begin with Francisco Pizarro,\* and are all miserably executed specimens of

\* This is the same portrait from which the engraving in Prescott's Peru is taken, but the latter bears but a faint resemblance to the original.

painting, without grace or harmony, and it would seem that the artists, in their anxiety to have them of a uniform length, in the absence of correct notions of drawing, have jammed heads and heels close up or down to the frames, leaving the intermediate portions of the person harsh and ungainly.

The theatre is a mean edifice, and the immense rafters that uphold the flat roof are apt to keep a nervous person in the pit somewhat anxious and uneasy, anticipating a shock of the *tremblor*. It is sufficiently commodious, but badly ventilated, dimly lighted, and without decorations or scenic display. The first representation we attended was mediocriously performed by an Italian troupe—there were three prima donnas—who, apart from being ugly, which, of course, was no fault of theirs, were regardless of taste or execution, and all strove to outshout the other. Indeed, a fifth-rate artiste, coming so far abroad in these climes, deems it imperative to take a tip-top part; besides, I have remarked among opera people, that there is always a cruel *Empressario*, who tyrannically will have something to say in the management of his theatre—very much to the disgust of the performers, and who is, moreover, expected to pay handsomely, even when the troupe cannot half fill the house.

On the occasion referred to there were myriads of fleas, and what with Beatrice di Tenda—a donna in red—we were fain to quit the opera. Subsequently the performances were very creditable, and living in the same house with the Contralto and handsome Barrytone, we became enlisted in their clique, and did battle against the unreasonable manager. One evening, whilst assisting at Linda di Chamouni, between the acts I was sitting behind the scenes, in a temporarily-constructed saloon, condoling with the interesting Contralto, sympathising with her griefs, and admiring



her open-worked clocked stockings—for she was costumed as a Swiss peasant—and when nearly wound up to a pitch of desperate frenzy, against the barbarous *Empressario*, the lady's tire woman tripped in. *Signorina*, said she, *la scéna!* The call-keeper's pipe chirped musically. I flew to the front, and getting comfortably ensconced beside a lovely Liménean, with a little mouth like a slit in a rose-leaf, up flew the curtain. The scene was similar to one in *Fra Diavolo*, where Antonio returns down the mountain-steep after an unsuccessful search for the devil's brother; lots of peasants, flower-girls, and a horde of attendants, had already ascended, together with the Contralto, and Linda herself, who weighed fourteen stone. Tap! tap! led the orchestral baton. Now began the *cavatina*. I was half entranced in melody, cigar-smoke, and the smiles of her with the rose-leaf mouth, Doña Margarita, when, as the sweet notes came trilling forth, in wreaths of exquisite harmony—crash! scream! crash!—the platforms gave way! The prima donna made a demi-volte, threw an involuntary summerset, and vanished head-foremost through Mont Blanc, severely damaging the picturesque village of Chamouni; our friend the Cantatrice, and the little slashed trowsers and silk stockings, were seen plunging and struggling in an Alpine torrent of pasteboard. All was tottering scenery, shrieking supes, clouds of dust, terror, and confusion. Some villain had cut the cords that upheld the mountain-pass. Our Contralto warbler escaped without a blemish, but the unfortunate Prima was pulled out from beneath the treacherous planks in hysterics, and borne off kicking violently in the arms of stout peasants. Of course the play was ended: but there nearly arose a revolution in Lima that night, for it was strongly urged that the murderous *Empressario* had con-

spired against his troupe, although, poor man, he swore until black in the visage, that he never dreamed of so heinous a crime; and if he might be allowed a conjecture he should say, that it had been a little ballet got up among the *Cantatrici* themselves, to get rid of performing for a week or two! but no one believed him.

Our hotel was the *Fonda de los Baños*, the best in Lima—faint praise this. It faces the cathedral in the plaza, and is a capital point of view for strangers desirous of seeing the motley panorama of the city from the balconies without mingling in the dust and fleas below. Our host was an old, frowsy-wigged Frenchman, pleasant and conversible, who made out the accounts with a crotchety style of calligraphy—fives and nines hardly to be distinguished apart—although with never an error in your favor in the arithmetical *calculé* at bottom. The lady of the mansion was a fine-looking, although *passée* person, who presided at table d'hôte in *grand tenu*, and served coffee and *italia* for *chasse*, with a little dessert of *monté*, if called for in the evening, at a side-table. Underneath the Fonda were billiard saloons and cafés, with warm baths adjoining. This establishment was cared for by a vivacious gentleman, extremely popular with navy men, named Señor Zuderel. I would advise all homeless wanderers journeying towards Lima to seek lodgings at this Caravanserai. I was pleased myself, and shall ever bear Monsieur and Madame Morin in agreeable recollection, for a correct knowledge of the world, tolerably well-served dinners, expensive wines, and a just appreciation of the *sous entendu*.

It was my intention to have made a hasty visit to Churillos, a small fishing village on the sea coast, where, at certain seasons, all the world resort for bathing and gaming—both amusements



carried on day and night without cessation; but finding the time approaching for our departure, after spending eight days at Lima, one afternoon I buried my shoulders within a glaring red poncho—and was warned by Zuderel “not to carry much money, for fear of the ladrones,” which I considered purely a supererogatory piece of advice, as any economical person may convince himself after a few days visit only!—*El que bebe de las pilas se queda en Lima*—He who drinks of the fountains will never leave Lima, is a favorite proverb. Inasmuch as I had only sparingly indulged in the delicious waters of the city, save when mingled with Bordeaux and pure blocks of ice brought from the Andes, I cannot be said to have entirely destroyed the truth of the adage; so, trotting leisurely through plaza and streets—invoking a blessing from Our Lady—I pursued my ride beyond the gates, steering for Callao. It was thus I departed from the “Paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and hell of jackasses!”

We sailed for Valparaiso.

## CHAPTER LV.

WE found Valparaiso very much improved since our first visit, more so, in fact, than would be generally believed for a Creole town. Streets had been newly paved and extended, whole squares of fine warehouses, and long rows of dwellings completed; all tending, with a rapid increase of population, to make the port most flourishing. As in the Islands and Callao, the discovery of the El Dorado of California had thrown the entire community into a state of feverish excitement, which was augmented by every fresh arrival. Ships touching here, no matter whither bound, or for what intent, were either bought before their anchors were down, or chartered for passengers or freight. Day by day vessels sailed, loaded high up the shrouds with any articles of merchandise that could hastily be thrown on board. The city was drained of wares and goods of every description; merchants, clerks, artisans and mechanics were hurrying, as fast as sails could bear them, to the swamps and sands of the Sacramento. Fortunes were made in a minute, and it only appeared necessary to purchase a ship and cargo at any price, and the day or hour after be offered twice the money for the bargain. One merchant actually paid twenty thousand hard dollars for the information contained in a letter from San Francisco—a more valuable missive was probably never penned. The mania was



equally violent throughout all classes of the community—natives, foreigners, men, women, and children.

We mariners were merely lookers on, having neither cash nor commodities. Some of us talked of deserting, and scratching a little fortune of gold dust with our several digits; others of resigning, and seeking employ in the merchant service; but in the end we bore the good fortune of mankind around us, with philosophical equanimity, and remained contented with our lot.

Notwithstanding this *auri sacra fames*, the same generous hospitality awaited us, at the hands of our countrymen, as of old, and we passed the time delightfully.

The rides around Valparaiso are almost destitute of interest; for many leagues the main roads lead over dry and hilly ground, with no relief from their dullness, except an occasional glimpse from some more elevated ridge, of the broad Pacific or the shining snow-capped Cordilleras far in the interior. There are neither forests nor grasses, nor yet running water. Even in the most secluded valleys, the herbage is pale and withered, and vegetation stunted.

Excellent horses are easily found; and after passing over the paved streets at a slow gait, to escape lynx-eyed *serénos*, ever on the watch to recover a two-dollar fine from strangers for fast riding, you may then, at early morn, before the breeze stirs the fine, choking dust, or in the evening, when the high winds have expended their rage over the Plaiancha and Point of Angels, take a lively gallop with some degree of enjoyment. Our rides were usually along the Santiago road towards the post-house, where a nice breakfast was always procurable, through the kindness of a motherly Yorkshire dame, whose husband was at all times

particularly vinous; the breakfast, however, never suffered on that score.

The Chilians, men and women, ride admirably; but there are none who indulge in this healthful exercise to a greater extent, and who sit the horse more gracefully and securely than our own fair countrywomen residing in Valparaiso; and with all their manifold charms, they are accomplished in the proper understanding of a pic-nic. I am ignorant of the correct etymology of the word, but have heard it expounded as "all ham, and no punch;" be this as it may, these agreeable ladies comprehend the thing thoroughly; they know the most sequestered little glens for leagues around, when and where, and how to go; they have their own spirited steeds, too, like their mistress's riding robes, always ready. The excursion is arranged in five minutes, so, cavaliers, you have only to send for horses and borrow a whip, and if you know of any troupe of more charming doñas, pray don't keep it a secret.

Out of the hot city, with veiled faces—up ravines and down dales—leave the dusty road—clear the hedges, and scamper over the upland downs, until we have lost sight of towns, suburbs, shipping, and harbor; perhaps a pair of bright eyes looks back to the nice matrons who play propriety—pointing with a little gauntleted hand—"There! in that shady glade, this side the Rancho"—winding about the declivities, we reach the base of a sheltered valley—we dismount, tie the animals, and then breaking through interlaced thickets of undergrowth and herbage, a little trickling rill will possibly be found, bubbling deep down the cleft of a ravine, on whose margin is a plot of grass, where we clear away the brushwood, spread saddle-cloths for the ladies, and make ourselves happy.

Some one must go to the neighboring farm-house in search of



fruit—not everybody, for there are two country belles there, who keep a guitar, and put on airs of rustic coquetry—besides, it is not complimentary to the lovely ladies we attend, to be gallivanting or straying elsewhere—they demand, by laws of chivalry, our homage, and they well deserve it. By and by, there appears a brown dame, with a huge tray of biscuits, peaches, “and a dish of ripe strawberries, all smothered in cream!” What a perfume! “Hand over the *alforgas*, those pockets attached to saddle housings. Oblige me, sir, by guarding this plethoric napkin of sandwiches! Stop! here’s another; don’t let anybody take even a bite until the Señora gives the word! What is this; a bottle of Xeres, as I’m a sinner—claret, too! *Ave Maria!* Get water somebody, and let me show you the art, acquired by long practice, of pulling a cork without a screw. There! click! click! crack! Cleverly done, eh? Don’t cut your delicate fingers, Señorita! Are we ready?—we are, and almost frantic.” The time flits on pleasure’s wings—the shadows from the crests of the surrounding heights are darkening the glen—the strawberries and sandwiches are all gone, and the bottles are dying marines.

“Come, girls,” say the Señoras, “we must be in time for dinner. Caballeros you will dine with us?—they never forget that—we shall dance in the evening, but not too late—to-morrow is Sunday.” Now hurrah for the *carrera*—race. Be under no apprehensions, my friends, when you see those slight forms, with streaming tresses and dresses, flying by leap and bound over the narrow pathways, rocky descents and water-courses!—have a care to your own horse, never mind your fair companions—their sure-footed steeds would race blindfolded, and, I doubt not, snap their legs short off, rather than injure the gentle beings who so easily

guide them! We soon reach the environs of the city, and with horses all in a foam, pace sedately through the streets, towards the terraced residences.

The society of natives and foreigners is quite distinct in Valparaíso, and general re-unions only take place at the monthly Philharmonic balls. Those we attended were very elegant and select assemblies, with a large proportion of beautiful women: all danced with charming grace, and were most becomingly attired with all the exquisite taste and refinement of French fashions; and with a fine, brilliantly-lighted saloon, excellent orchestra, the white fluttering dresses of the women, gayly contrasting with the gleaming lace and bullion of hosts of officers from foreign ships of war, it made altogether as inspiring and magnificent a display as can be found in any part of the world.

The natives are seen with even more attractions in their social circles. The *tertulia* is ever an impromptu affair, and nothing is more calculated to preserve a happy current of friendly feeling among the youth of both sexes. There is no staid form or ceremony: people meet for pleasure in the dance or love-making—’tis all the same—everything is frank and companionable.

Once get the *entrée* and make friends with the kind Señora—sip scalding *maté*, and never forget her at supper at the balls, or *dulces* for the *niñas*—you have the game in your own hands, and on velvet with the dear young *doncellas*, may whisper all the pretty speeches imaginable to downcast eyes at the piano or guitar, or blushing cheeks in waltz or polka! I do not believe Spanish girls often break their hearts—they ache sometimes, perhaps, but are easily consoled—and I advise all who set up graven images, and who wish to be in good repute with dark-eyed Creole maidens, to send anonymous bouquets unceasingly, and of



course divulge the donors' names afterwards—'tis a sure passport to the smiles of fair ladies everywhere, but these dear, little Chilians will positively adore you.

In a former sketch of Valparaiso, I touched upon the quiet, cool retreats perched on the salient crests of the adjacent hills. One of these terraces, Monte Allegro, is the beauty-spot of Valparaiso. Ah! the agreeable dinners, tea-parties, promenades and dances, given there by the charming residents, from the little balconied house in the rear, to the entire cottage-range in front! Heaven help us! we owe them many a debt of gratitude we may never be able to repay, save in kindly remembrance to all. There was one, too—

“Of all that sets young hearts romancing,  
She was our queen—our rose—our star;  
And when she danced—O! Heaven! her dancing!”—

Ah! Doña Pepe! I may never forgive the malicious delight you exhibited at the Filharmonica, where the thin lady took a first lesson in the polka—may Terpsichore and all the Graces of the light fantastic toe befriend her!—but yet, although a few months have borne me thousands of leagues away, I still preserve your little flower, and shall ever remember our parting among the brightest of lingering things in Valparaiso.

Aside from the lovely living attractions of this little *cielo*, it has much else to recommend it. In the calm nights you can stand on its lofty esplanade, towering above the heart of the city, and look down upon the world below. The faces of the tops, with the steep sides of the *quebradas*, are twinkling with myriads on myriads of bright lights—long streets and avenues are seen coursing in the opposite direction along the Almendral, dotted and sparkling with cab and lantern hurrying to and fro, until far

away, all is blended in one even line of perspective; and perhaps there is seen a procession of flickering torches winding up the Campo Santo, bearing some unconscious clay to a last home; then, when the guns from forts and ships have ceased their everlasting peals among the hills, music from different vessels of war arises in delicious strains, clearly and distinctly, from the port—while their black hulls, illumined sides, spars and rigging, are reposing motionless, with mazy shadows mingling with the starry reflections upon the polished surface of the bay from the blue vault above. The whole scene is framed by the crowning heights circling around the city, and the base is girdled by the glittering waters of the ocean.

I was never tired of musing over this bright and varied picture, or inhaling the sweet perfume of the *florapondia* blooming on the terrace. It is a spot to which the innocent children, who now sport there in unconscious gayety, will one day turn from all the toil and strife of future years, and smother many a sigh for the joyful reminiscences of their childhood.

Adieu to thee, Monte Allegro! May the dread earthquake never blanch the cheeks of those who tread thy brow, or rend thy firm feet from their foundation.