

**THE LAST INCA; OR,
THE STORY. VOL. I**

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The Last Inca; Or, The Story. Vol. I by Tupac Amâru

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TUPAC AMÁRU

**THE LAST INCA; OR,
THE STORY. VOL. I**

THE LAST INCA;

OR, THE

STORY OF TUPAC AMÁRU.

"The fate of the whole race might be compared to that of some beautiful and graceful maidens, who, on some fatal festal day, had playfully ranged themselves in exquisite order, to support on their heads, as living caryatides, a slight weight of fruit and flowers, which had all of a sudden hardened into marble, and crushed them under it."

SIR ARTHUR HAYS.

VOL. I.



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1874.

251. 6. 279.



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LOYRONI
BREWING AND CO. PRINTERS,
21 CHAY'S INN ROAD.

TO
HIS BROTHER
ALEC,
THE WRITER DEDICATES THIS STORY
OF A LOST KINGDOM.

THE LAST INCA;

OR, THE

STORY OF TUPAC AMARU.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

“Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where silent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.”—*Macbeth*, act iv., sc. 3.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF TELLING THE STORY —
THE CITY OF LIMA—A NOBLE MARCHIONESS—HER
HUSBAND—HIS SECRET MISSION, AND HIS VIOLENT
DEATH—A GARDEN FOR A GRAVE—WITH A FEW
SOBER FACTS CONCERNING TREES WHICH SEEM
LIKE FICTION.

IF we journey in the land of the
Pyramids we need no guide or
dragoman, for the Pyramids are
their own best storytellers. We travel

through all the land of Egypt and are at home, although we speak neither Italian nor the language of the Copt. Every town and city, village and ruin, has its story written on its face more plainly than it has ever been printed in type. But we had heard its outlines before—maybe, in childhood—and we stand before those hoary monuments like one who stands beside his friend who is in the act of recovering his life from the grasp of death.

If we journey in the land of the Incas, with its mountains reaching to a far higher sky than ever spanned the land of the Pharaohs; where nature is so stupendous that man has not dared to call her by any familiar names; where the hills have no mist, no known history, and no character, except that of size to distinguish them from each other; where the rivers are as desolate as deserts, and the desert is part of

the highway—there a guide becomes a friend, and the more talkative he is the better is he liked, especially if his talk carries the mind back to the time when the interminable, sun-baked, lifeless plain was peopled with human beings, and the great and haggard mountains were beautiful with trees and cascades.

This story is so far like the country in which it is laid, that everything requires to be explained before it can evoke sympathy. Nearly all its names are strange and uncouth to the eye and to the ear, and it has no associations which awaken our childish recollection, nor yet anything in common with the experience of riper age. The space of ground which it covers is overwhelming, and the distance of one city from another seems to forbid all hope of bringing the story into perspective, or of sustaining any enthusiasm which might be

created against what may be termed a tiresome, sunless rain of commonplace details.

But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, a story can be told of that land and its people such as shall delight and astonish the young, entertain the old, and even supply some rare lessons and examples of human conduct to those who are superior to the weakness of being amused.

He who writes it—having travelled from one end of the country to the other, and from the sea coast up to the mountain sources of its grandest rivers, across its storm-swept plains and its heat-oppressed deserts, as well as wandered through its groves and forests—will make it his endeavour to confine the story in a modest frame, and to pass much time under family roofs, where, by help of the life common to those

“ Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Are pregnant with good pity—”