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Abstract: Series of articles dealing with archaeological, anthropological, geographical, societal, religious, and historical aspects of ancient America and their connections to the Book of Mormon, which is the key to understanding “old American” studies.

Mr. Champ was barely able to go to bed; he was drunk. In such a condition he was a brute of the lowest instinct. He treated us roughly because we would not sing, but when he made a move to use violence the hurdy-gurdy girls took our part and saved us from a drubbing. He promised, however, to even with us the next day, but we will reserve for the next chapter the way in which he did it.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

ANCIENT PERU.

(Continued.)

ACCORDING to Montesinos Roeca was the first of the Incas. He, a youth of twenty years, was so handsome his admirers called him Inca (Lord), and his successors adopted this title. He appears to have had excellent qualities for a ruler. Obtaining possession of Cuzco, he made war on the neighboring rulers, and with success, extending his dominions greatly. The empire under his successors grew until it extended from Chili to Quito, and became the empire destroyed by the Spaniards. Montesinos argues that the Peruvian colonizers were from Armenia, and that Peru was Solomon's Ophir. Quito was not inferior in civilization to Cuzco, and its conquest had just been completed when the Spaniards arrived. The Chinus had been subjugated a few years before. Baldwin says, "The Peruvians at the time (of the conquest) were not all one people. The political union was complete but there were differences of speech, and, to some extent, of physical characteristics. Three numerous and important branches of the population were known as Aymaras, Chinchas, and Inuancas. They used different tongues, although the Quichua dialect, spoken by the Incas, and doubtless a dialect of the Aymaras to whom the Incas belonged, was the official language in every part of the empire. There was a separate and fragmentary condition of the communities with respect to their unlike characteristics, which implied something different from a quiet and uniform political history. These differences and peculiarities suggest that there was a period when Peru, after an important career of civilization and empire, was subjected to great political changes brought about by invasion and revolution, by which the nation was for a long time broken up into separate states. Here, as in Mexico and Central America, there was in the traditions frequent mention of strangers or foreigners who came by sea to the Pacific Coast and held intercourse with the people; but this was in the time of the Old Kingdom." (Ancient America, 271-2).

The Spaniards heard of Peru on the Atlantic coast of South America, and Balboa gained positive information of Peru, from the natives of the Isthmus, and there is no doubt that intercourse to some extent existed between Mexico and that country. With vessels like the Peruvian balsas, such communication up and down the coast was not impossible. Professor Orton says: (The Andes and the Amazon, p. 109) "Geology and archaeology are combining to prove that Sorato and Chimborazo have looked down upon a civilization far more ancient than that of the Incas." Mr. Prescott says, "There existed in the country a race advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas." Rivero and Von Tschudi state that the monuments "Indicate two very different epochs in Peruvian art, at

least so far as concerns architecture: one before and the other after the arrival of the first Inca."

Among the ruins belonging to the older civilization, probably the most important, archaeologically, are the ruins of Tiahuanaco, a few miles from Lake Titicaca. These ruins were very imposing when first seen by the Spaniards in the time of Pizarro. By many they are called the oldest ruins in Peru; this may or may not be correct, not much remains now of the buildings, which were in a very ruinous condition three hundred and fifty years ago. They have been described by Cieca de Leon, who accompanied Pizarro, and also by Diego d'Alcobaca. The learned explorer and archaeologist, Mr. E. G. Squires, visited the ruins lately and published the results of his extensive researches in Harper's Magazine, 1868. De Leon mentions great edifices that were in ruins: "an artificial hill raised on a ground work of stone, two stone idols resembling the human figure, and apparently made by skillful artificers." These statues were ten or twelve feet high. "One of them was carried to La Paz in 1842 and measured three and a half yards in length" (Baldwin 232). According to Cieca de Leon the figures were "clothed in long vestments," different from those worn in the time of the Incas. De Leon's description is as follows: "In this place, also, there are stones so large and so overgrown that our wonder is incited, it being incomprehensible how the power of man could have placed them where we see them. They are variously wrought, and some of them, having the form of men, must have been idols. Near the walls are many caves and excavations under the earth, but in another place, farther west, are other greater monuments such as large gate-ways, with hinges, platforms, and porches, each made of one single stone. It surprised me to see these enormous gateways made of great masses of stone, some of which were thirty feet long, fifteen high and six thick." One very remarkable building he traced, but says nothing remained "but a well built wall which must have been there for ages, the stones being very much worn and crumbled."

Many of the stone monuments of Tiahuanaco have been removed for building purposes. Baldwin mentions one case, where "large masses of sculptured stone, ten yards in length and six in width, were used to make grinding stones for a chocolate mill." Mr. Squires says, "The ruins of Tiahuanaco have been regarded by all students of American antiquities as in many respects the most interesting and important, and at the same time, most enigmatical of any on the continent. Unique, yet perfect in type, and harmonious in style, they appear to be the work of a people who were thorough masters of an architecture which had no infancy, passed through no period of growth, and of which we find no other examples." Again he says, "The first thing that strikes the visitor in the (pre-ent) village of Tiahuanaco is the great number of beautifully cut stones, built into the rudest edifices and paving the squalidest courts. They are used as lintels, jambs, seats, tables, and as receptacles for water. The church is mainly built of them; the cross in front of it stands on a stone pedestal which shames the symbol it supports in excellence of workmanship."

Describing the ruins, he says: "They are on a broad and very level part of the plain where the soil is an arenaceous loam, firm and dry. Rows of erect stones, some of them rough or but rudely shaped by art; others accurately cut and fitted in walls of admirable workmanship; long sections of foundations, with piers and portions of stairways; blocks of stone with mouldings, cornices and niches cut with geometrical precision; vast masses of sandstone, trachyte and basalt but

partially hewn; and great monolithic doorways, bearing symmetrical ornaments in relief; besides innumerable smaller rectangular and symmetrically shaped stones rise on every hand, or lie scattered in confusion over the plain. It is only after the intelligent traveler has gone over the whole area and carefully studied the ground that the various fragments fall into something like their past relations, and the design of the whole becomes comprehensible." The most conspicuous portion of the ruins (which cover an area of one square mile) is the central mound, originally terraced, the terraces supported by massive stone walls, the stones beautifully cut. This mound was crowned by structures of stone, the foundations of which still remain. This building is called by the natives the "fortress;" close by it is the "temple," defined by lines of erect stones ruder than those used in the "fortress." A row of massive pilasters stand in front of the temple, and still in front of the pilasters are the ruins of an edifice built of squared stones. Traces of an exterior corridor still remains; this building is called the "palace." Mr. Squires considers the "temple" the type and oldest of the group, it is rectangular in shape, 388 by 445 feet, and constructed of red sandstone; the stones for the most part are between eight and ten feet high, from two to four broad, and from twenty to thirty inches thick. That part of the stone entering the ground is the thickest. This building or enclosure has been aptly named by Mr. Squires "The American Stonehenge." The stones (some of which have fallen) slightly incline inwards, and appear to have had a wall built up between them; the sides and edges of each stone are cut away to within six inches of its face so as to leave a projection for the fitting in and retuning of any slab, and to prevent it from falling outward.

(To be Continued.)

EDGAR RAWLINS' PLEDGE.

BY ROLLO.

IN the year 187—in the pretty little city of T—— a merry crowd was gathered in the elegant parlors of Standish Warren Esq., one of the richest and most influential men of the city. The occasion of the gathering was the anniversary of the birthday of his eldest son. The sound of music and mirth flooded out on the cold, crisp, evening air, as the merry dancers whirled and glided around the spacious halls. Not a shade of sorrow was perceptible, and one could not help contrasting the merry and happy assemblage, who revelled without care, with the many poor wanderers who were 'abroad that night without shelter, warmth and food. But there was one person present who was weighted down with care. That person was Mrs. Warren, a kind and indulgent mother.

The son in whose honor the party was given was a bright, intelligent youth; but lately he had been associating with bad company, and it was whispered that the handsome Charley Warren had been seen frequently under the influence of liquor. And no one knew this better than did his mother, who night after night let him in at a side door, and hurried him off to his room, no person in the house, save herself, ever knowing of the sorrowful fact. But it was so, and Mrs. Warren had given this party to try and reclaim, by love and sympathy, her wayward son.

Mrs. Warren had protested against the use of wine on the supper table, but Charley had insisted upon it, and of course it had to be so.

Supper was announced, and the young man's health was toasted in many a bumper. There was but one person present who did not join in the toasts, and that was Edgar Rawlins, a poor, but rising and intelligent young man of the city. Many a fair hand offered the ruby liquid to him, but he refused all entreaties. At length one of his friends approached him and said:

"Well Edgar, old boy, why is it that you refuse to toast Charley's health to-night? I know you are an abstainer; but then, you might suspend the rules on an occasion like this."

"No, sir! I am sorry, but I cannot join in the toasts; with all due deference to our fair hostess and host, I must decline to do so; not because I do not coincide with the sentiments expressed therein, but because—well you would not care to know the reason."

"Oh; yes, we should be much delighted. Do tell us," said Belle Langdon, approaching just at that moment.

"Very well, I will. It is because I gave my solemn word to my dying mother that I would never touch spirits of any kind."

"Well, of course if that is your reason we can scarcely expect you to violate your word, but will you not tell us your reason for taking such a pledge?"

"Certainly I will."

And, standing by the head of the sumptuously loaded table, Edgar Rawlins related the following:

"My father, as you are all doubtless aware, died some ten years ago, and my mother not long surviving the shock, was laid by his side. Father was at one time a very wealthy man, his hard earned wealth amounting to over a million of dollars. We were extremely happy in our own home, very rarely receiving visitors, and all went smoothly until one fatal day in the spring of 18——, when a distant relative—father's half-cousin I think—came to visit us 'for a short time,' as he said. His visit lasted only a couple of months, but that visit was long enough to start my father on his downward course, for Gilbert Cameron was a drunkard, gambler and rogue of the deepest dye. The first intimation that we had of the occurrence, was on seeing father and this man, brought home in a carriage, in a state of intoxication. After this their 'sprees,' as Cameron called them, became more frequent and less secret, father and Cameron hardly ever reaching home before two or three o'clock in the morning. It went on in this way for some time, until one day father called mother and me into the parlor, and, with feeble voice, and pale and haggard face, told us the astounding news that he was a ruined man! In the short period that Cameron had been there, his entire wealth—except the house we lived in, and, perhaps a paucy thousand dollars—had been lost with that fiend at the gaming table! It was a great blow to mother, and father grew rapidly worse; and one cold winter morning, about one o'clock, father was brought home by some policeman—dead! he having been frozen to death on the streets! Not long after, my mother died, and our costly home and elegant furnishings had to be sold under the hammer, and I, to avoid the persons who had been our friends in sunshine, moved to this city. And that, my friends, is the reason that I have taken the oath referred to."

It is said that this simple narration affected Charley Warren so much that never afterwards would he either "taste, touch or handle." Let us hope that it was so!

WAITING for things to turn up is unphilosophical as well as unprofitable. Things will turn up just as fast and as often while you are working as while you are waiting.