

LIFE OF BOLIVAR.

CHAPTER I.

1783 TO 1806.

BIRTH OF SIMON BOLIVAR—INFANCY AT CARACAS—FIRST VOYAGE TO SPAIN BY WAY OF MEXICO AND HAVANA—GOES TO PARIS—HIS MARRIAGE AT MADRID, AND RETURN TO VENEZUELA—DEATH OF HIS WIFE—HE GOES BACK TO SPAIN—SECOND VISIT TO PARIS—HIS INTERVIEW WITH HUMBOLDT—TRIP TO ITALY—OATH ON THE MONTE SACRO—RETURNS TO PARIS, AND PROCEEDS TO HAMBURG BY WAY OF HOLLAND—EMBARKATION FOR THE UNITED STATES—LEAVES CHARLESTON FOR LA GUAYRA—ARRIVAL AT CARACAS AFTER TOUCHING AT ANTIGUA.

IT is a difficult task to compendiate the lives of heroes; much more that prodigy amongst mortals—SIMON BOLIVAR.

How enclose in limits—vastness! How analyze in the crucible so many virtues, refined from the spirit of God, who had destined that genius for the redemption of a world! To write the life of Bolivar—honorable undertaking, arduous achievement.

And that difficulty is augmented by the necessity of history, which if not sincere and extended, is valueless; posterity desiring to know all, either to profit by the experience in learning, or to admire those stupendous and successful fortunes, brilliant glories, which Providence has in store, as if to demonstrate to man of what he is capable when inspired by the fountain head of Eternity.

Notwithstanding all this, the undertaking does not intimidate me, being encouraged in this long and thorny way, by the pleasantness of the subject. And I will even say truthfully with the Roman historian, Titus Livius, in the middle of his work: "I would come to a stop here, were it not that my soul is fed by the sweetness of the subject." Besides which, I will add, that the Liberator, Simon Bolivar, wrote several of his own achievements, and was as consummate in his relation as in his execution of them, thereby aiding in a great degree towards so many details. So that the greater part which is in this history contained is owing to him, my duty will be reduced solely to write the truth and relate events as they occurred, unadorned and without pretensions.

It is far from my intention to enhance or exalt the South American Hero; his greatness consists in his immortal actions, and all the vim of eloquence would not be wanting in what is for itself so precious, nor communicate color which would be less than the beautiful light of his brilliant life. Thirty years were employed by Charlemagne to conquer Saxony. Ten years by Cæsar to subjugate the Gauls. Bolivar, without resources, with undisciplined troops, without arms, with no other help than his own genius, wrestling with insuperable difficulties, succeeded after fifteen years in gaining the liberty of a

world. If the Pope, in his congratulations to Charles V., called him "maximo" and "fortissimo" for his victory over the League at Elba; and if these praises "are as merited as they are well earned" according to a biographer of the same monarch, what should be the just title of the hero of a hundred battles, he who in America, hurled down, not the League, but the throne and power of the successors of this same Charles V.? Plutarch praises, and with reason, the intrepidity and virtues of Pelopidas, his great and glorious achievements, his wonderful undertakings, his conspiracy against the tyrants to free his country. This eulogy is only just, and I write my humble praises to those of the illustrious biographer of antiquity more so. How insignificant appear Pelopidas, and Marcellus, and Thrasylbulus, and Timoleon and all the heroes of the ancient world who hated tyranny, if they are compared with the great man of South America, to whom Heaven inspired the thought and gave power to wrest from the grasp of slavery a whole continent! What force of determination is to be compared to that of Bolivar, who fired in the hearts of so many millions of men the desire of liberty and the zeal to combat for it, communicating to them the spirit to dare death by attempts and constancy to suffer all so as to conquer all.

I do not wish to enhance the deeds of the Liberator; which, besides being vast and great in themselves, it would appear ill, that the liberty and glory which he gave to my country, be paid with flatteries which themselves have the praise of all and the admiration of posterity.

In those times of obscurity and oppression, God from the treasures of his love called forth a soul whom he invested with intelligence, justice, strength and sweetness: "Go," said He, "and introduce light into the domain of night, go and make happy and just, those who ignore justice and know not liberty." That soul was Bolivar! This was the mission confided to him by Providence.

A spirit high-minded and noble, humane, just, liberal in his views, Bolivar in his virtues and in the manners of his person was one of the most accomplished of men which the world has known; so refined and particular that in his kindness he resembled Titus; in his attempts and successes he was equal to Trajan; in his modesty and civility he resembled Marcus Aurelius; in his bravery similar to Cæsar, and in his erudition and eloquence he rivaled Augustus. Of remarkable and powerful memory, with his friends free and communicative, delicate and moderate in his pleasures, he knew how to unite the strength of the sword with the gentleness of the pen. In perils he proved himself courageous, in fatigues strong, in adversity constant, of an ardent resolution and insuperable integrity. As Charlemagne, and more so, he possessed the art of rendering easy, great things, and executing difficult ones with rapidity.

Who ever conceived such vast plans? Who ever succeeded with greater facility? Of quick and certain eyesight, a prompt intuition of things and time, a prodigious spontaneity in conceiving gigantic plans, the science of war reduced to a mere calculation of minutes, a conception of wonderful vigor, and a spirit fertile, inventive, unceasing, and you have Bolivar.

Victory was always an inspiration with him. Skilful in war, without an equal in council, he neither was puffed up by triumph, nor discouraged by reverses, nor tempted by cupidity (deadly poison to reason and truth), nor did he succumb to fatigue, nor was he troubled by ambition. As the light and eternal honor of South America, and principally of Caracas, his native place, the name of Bolivar will live as long as the world lasts! If a great part of for-

tune is due to the times in which a man exists (as several eminent persons depend in a great measure on the times), we must confess that Bolivar lived in his day. From the moment he appeared on the grand scene of the South American Revolution, he fed the expectations and attracted universal sympathy. As quick in thought as in execution, there were joined in him as well as in other times with Cæsar, the bounties of nature and the splendor of art. Exalted excellence, that of an intense singularity, which excites admiration and captivates the fancy! The Liberator, as he is seen in the likeness which ornaments this work, and such as he is to the lively remembrance of his coevals, was of middle stature; his exterior aspects, "that of an unsullied intelligence, which seemed to have derived from matter only sufficiently to appear visibly to humanity." That languid appearance, that extenuation which preceded the marches and fatigues of war, attested the internal fire, the vigilance, the overflowing of his soul. His movements, quick and determined; his eyes dark,* their expression electrical and penetrating; a prominent brow, revealing a superior spirit; fluent in speech, the voice sharp; his complexion darkened by the intemperatures and exposures of war; the beard trimmed according to the usage of the times; the eyebrow thick and arched; a mouth full of grace and expression; the neck erect; quick in his walk; an open appearance, and of an irresistible predominance. Many pleasant expressions and witty sayings of the Liberator are related as a sample of his perspicacious and exalted intelligence. He was consumed by the love of the independence and the glory of America; and when treating of the destinies of the New World he would lose his balance, not to fall, but to rise to be the genius of our liberty.

SIMON BOLIVAR was born the 24th July, 1788. In that same year, Charles IV. of Spain, united by bonds of family with the King of France, forced the English to recognize the independence of the North American Colonies. Who would have told him that the one who would also wrest from his hands his own colonies had just come to life! †

* "*His eyes are dark and penetrating,*" wrote General Miller in his Biographical Sketch of General Bolivar.

"Bolivar is endowed with much activity and strength of mind; his lineaments are regular and noble; he has in his eye an extraordinary fire; benevolent without weakness; the learning, the language and virtues which charm mankind; and that influence is strengthened in him with those faculties which command fortune, as following: promptness and certainty of view in his spirit, elevated in thought; *the perseverance, which nurses great designs; the courage, which brings them to an end, and that kind of impatience which demands of the future the security of the present.*"—Lallement, Hist. de la République de Colombie.

† It is sensible that in the most popular works of Europe there are found not only inconceivable errors respecting the achievements of the Liberator, but also untruths about the year of his birth. The Universal Geography of Bolla, translated by Bustamante, says that "the hero of South America was born at Caracas the 30 of June, 1793." The Repertory of Useful Common Knowledge, or the Dictionary of Conversation, dates his birth in 1785, that is to say eight years anterior. The same of Bescherelle and the authors of the Universal Biography of the Contemporaries. The Encyclopedical Dictionary published by Gaspar and Roig says 1780; Bouillet, 1790 &c.... "L'Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde" makes Bolivar an only son, which is untrue. And this is not saying much, when it occurred to the authors of the Geographical, Universal and Picturesque Dictionary to enter into the relation of the battle of Aya-

He received at the baptismal font the names of Simon José Antonio de la Santísima Trinidad; and his parents, Don Juan Vicente Bolívar and Doña María de la Concepción Palacio y Sojo, thanked heaven with joy for having poured this blessing on them for the fourth time on their home. But hardly had the child commenced to please with the charming graces of tender age, when cruel death spread its wings to prevent the father to recreate himself with them.

Don Juan Vicente Bolívar died on the 19th January, 1786. Thus did God, from the beginning and in the years of weakness, commence to take away the supports of him who should appear alone in the scene of the world, and made great by the mysteriousness and extraordinariness of his mission!

It was then the custom among well regulated families to administer Sacred Confirmation to children at the age of seven, as it seemed they had then arrived at the age of reason, and it was just, that they should be strengthened in the faith. The evening of the 11th of April, 1790, was the one chosen in which Simon received the Sacrament at the hands of the Bishop Don Mariano Martí, standing as his godfather Don Esteban Palacio, one of his relations who loved him with most affection.

The Señora Palacio, kind wife and affectionate mother, in the midst of the retiredness of her sorrowful state, carefully looked after the education of the child, fulfilling with exemplary and diligent attention the irreparable loss of the father. Don Simon Rodríguez, a professor of Caracas, a kind of Diogenes, a man of great probity, and adorned with sentiments of honor, was appointed as the teacher of the primary education of Simon; and afterwards, for superior accomplishments, the Reverend Father Don José Antonio Negrette, with the Señores Carrásco and Vide. Don Guillermo Pelgron inculcated to him the rudiments of the Latin language, which the child quickly forgot. Father Andujar, a Spanish capuchin, and Don Andrés Bello were also teachers of Simon. This last taught him a little of cosmography and geography.*

cucho, the battle of San Juan de Ulloa, uniting Mexico with Peru, in sharing the glories of Sucre with those of Bravo and Victoria. It is certainly inexplicable the neglect shown by the authors and editors of those works on the events of South America, and above all in the important life of the man who freed so many millions of men, when they are so minute and particular in following the steps of literary men, voyagers, artists, etc., so as not to commit an error in the date of the most trivial fact. The day and hour is known in which Leonidas defeated the Persians at Mycala; the circumstances, the place and details are known of the naval combat by which Lysander routed the Athenians; there is trouble in fixing how many years Herodotus was born before the foundation of Rome!... and the knowledge of the prodigies of the American Independence is neglected! and the birthday of the liberator of a world is not even known!

The date which I establish in the text is historical. The parochial records of the Capital of Caracas contain the following testimony:—

"In the City Mariana de Caracas, on the 30 of July 1783, Don Juan Félix Jerez y Aristegmeta, an elder, with the permission given to him by me the undersigned, curate of this Holy Cathedral, baptised, anointed and blessed Simon José Antonio de la Santísima Trinidad, a child born on the 24th inst., legitimate son of Don Juan Vicente Bolívar and of Doña María Concepción Palacio y Sojo, natives and citizens of this city. His godfather was Don Feliciano Palacio y Sojo, to whom the spiritual relationship and obligation was made known. And to certify this act I affix my signature.—Date *supra*.
Bachiller MANUEL ANTONIO TAJARDO."

* It is remarkable that a missionary should also interfere at the same time in the

When Simon completed his fifteenth year (at the time in which he had the misfortune to lose his mother), he was sent to Spain by his guardian, Don Carlos Palacio, with the intention that he should complete his education at Madrid. He then wore the uniform of a lieutenant of the militia of Aragua, of which regiment his father had been colonel.

On the 19th January, 1799, at midday, Bolivar embarked at La Guayra, on board the ship "San Ildefonso," commanded by Don José Uriarte y Borja, officer in the Spanish navy, and proceeded to Vera Cruz, in which port the "San Ildefonso" should receive the treasures which were from there sent to the metropolis. The time that the vessel should have to remain on these unhealthy shores, Simon took advantage of to proceed to Mexico, and visit leisurely the capital of the Empire of Montezuma. On his way he stopped at the cities of Jalapa and Puebla; this last celebrated for its quarries of marble, and one of the most important of the Spanish colonies, after Mexico, Guanajuato and Havana. At Mexico he lived in the house of the Marquesa de Ulmapa, who still preserved up to a few years ago the likeness of Bolivar, and who spoke with wonder of the vivacity of her youthful guest. He visited, in the company of the Oidor Aguirre, to whom he had brought letters from the Intendente Don Esteban Fernandez de Leon, and by whom he was presented to the Viceroy, Don Miguel José de Azanza, who was afterwards Duke of Santa Fé. The Viceroy seemed to be pleased by the conversation of the young Carraquenezian, on account of its openness and witty replies, and would put him question after question, so as to admire his fluency; until, on a certain day, he passed to political questions of dangerous examination. The Viceroy, being put on his guard, changed the conversation, and requested the Oidor to dispatch as soon as possible to Spain this young man.*

Continuing its voyage, the vessel again stopped at Havana. From this port she sailed in convoy with the ship "San Pedro de Alcantara," and the frigates "Carmen" and "Esmeralda," under the command of Don Dionisio Alcalá Galiano. Twenty-seven days were employed in the voyage from Havana to Cape Ortegál; but at this point they suffered a violent tempest, which in a few hours became worse. The unlucky vessels then put off. The "San Pedro" kept lying off the shore during the whole day; and the "San Ildefonso," wrestling with an angry sea, managed at the end of thirteen days to enter the port of Santofía, a harbor in the province of Santander, a short distance from this city.

From Santofía, Bolivar continued on to Madrid, by way of Bilbao.

At the Court, the future Liberator lived with one of his maternal uncles,

education of O'Higgins, the liberator of Chili. Whilst Father Andujar was giving lessons of Christian morality to Bolivar, on the banks of the River Guayra, the monk Father Francisco Javier Ramirez was also teaching them by O'Higgins, in the solitary forests of Maula. Two young men were being reared on the extremes of America, about of the same age, who were to lend their countries the most important services. They learned with fruit the true doctrine of Christianity, which is the doctrine of liberty; but its severe teachers thought they educated slaves. Destiny made them Liberators.

* The Liberator remembered that the questions of the Viceroy were upon the movement of insurrection which had been felt at Caracas. *I have entirely forgotten the words, he said, but I remember that I defended, without fear, the rights of the independence of South America.*

Don Esteban, who enjoyed the favor of the King, being a friend of Mallo, a favorite then of Charles the IV. and Maria Luisa.

Don Manuel Mallo was an American, native of Popayan, and had lived for many years at Caraca. Bolivar was much noticed by Queen Maria Luisa, as being a friend and countryman of her favorite Mallo. Chance gave him the opportunity of being one night at a certain house to which the Queen had gone under a mask, and he accompanied her on her return to the palace, a circumstance which favored him much in the esteem which Maria Luisa professed for him, and which procured him entrance to the royal quarters with much confidence. "The Prince of Asturias, Ferdinand, invited me on an occasion to play rockets," as the Liberator relates, "and I struck him on the head with the shuttle cock. Ferdinand got angry; but his mother was present, and obliged him to continue the game, because, as he had invited a young gentleman to play with him, he had put himself on the same level." "Who would have announced to Ferdinand VII.," Bolivar used to say with an air of satisfaction, "that this accident was only an omen; that I should one day wrench from his crown its most precious diadem."*

There then lived at Madrid, surrounded with domestic happiness and a surplus of merited respect, Don Bernardo Rodriguez del Toro, a brother of the former Marquis del Toro, of Caraca, a personage of a quiet condition, and frank and honest in his intercourse. He took great pains in the education of his children, and these continued cares were recompensed by the enjoyment of the sweetest sentiments of life. Bolivar visited him frequently; and the intimacy with which he was received on account of his being a relation and countryman, made him esteem and respect the merit which distinguished Teresa, daughter of Don Diego and of the Señora Doña Benita Alayza, descended from the Marquises of Quicio and Alayza. Bolivar loved Teresa with passion, and not only for her beauty and accomplishment, but also for her goodness and the gifts of her heart and mind. We love that which costs us the most, says the old apothegm truthfully, when desire has the most to do with it. Notwithstanding the inclination of Bolivar for Teresa was not costly to him, she corresponded with him with innocent love, joining affection and respect.

Don Diego being notified of what occurred by the Marquis of Ustariz and by one of the uncles of the young man, he consented to the marriage, but on the condition of deferring it for the moment; Bolivar hardly was seventeen years of age.

This is the place to designate an error committed by the historian Restrepo, when he asserts that Bolivar had the misfortune to lose by death his uncle Esteban, by which he was left to the care of the Marquis of Ustariz (vol. I, chap. v., ed. of Besançon, 1858). This is untrue; Don Esteban Palacio did not die in Madrid, nor at that time. In the year 1825 he still lived, residing at Caraca, and the Liberator wrote him a handsome letter from Cuzco, which will be found in the collection, dated 10th July of the same year. The Marquis of Ustariz exercised, respecting young Simon, the care of a guardian, and by his example and by his exhortations he devoted himself to study, in which until then he had been somewhat careless. Ustariz developed in a great degree the mind of Bolivar, and he in return professed to him all his life the deepest respect and veneration.

* Memor. upon the Life of the Liberator, by General Mosquera.

The events which then transpired in Europe, and which crowned the efforts of the French Revolution, were also very proper towards disposing him to study. The war of Syria, the return of Bonaparte from Egypt, the Consulate, the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden, famous in their results, were a school of interesting erudition and practical knowledge which Bolivar did not neglect, arriving by reflection to the full of the advertence.

In 1801, after the peace of Lunéville, concluded by France and Austria (9th February), Bolivar visited Paris, passing on his way through Barcelona, Marseilles and Lyon. Bonaparte, the First Consul, had then opened the brilliant era of the restoration, elevating the French nation from the abyss of anarchy. Bolivar admired, even more, loved Bonaparte; and that triumphant Republic over the old thrones, that hero of liberty, as fearless in the field of honor, as he was wonderful in the counsels of the cabinet, filled his soul with beautiful impressions which invigorated and exalted him.

On his return from France, Bolivar married the Señorita Teresa Toro y Alayza, and afterwards proceeded to La Coruña, where he understood there was a ship ready to sail for La Guayra. In her, her sails set, he left without delay.

The year 1801 was at its end.

Bolivar thought to enjoy at Caracas, by the side of his tender spouse, the numerous and rich possessions which he owned..... But, alas! our ignorance of the secrets of time is infinite; and that impenetrable curtain which hides the future is the skill with which Providence rules better over man. Bolivar should have neither father, brothers, nor wife; he should not have children..... Alone, he had to appear in the infinite space to uphold the heaven of our independence.Maria Teresa Toro died the 29d January, 1803, ten months after her arrival at Caracas, leaving her husband submerged in sorrow!

It was difficult for Bolivar to accept this absolute orphanage, and though his memory would leave sufficient material for his grief, he wished to abandon Caracas and return to Europe, as if to seek relief in the tiring sluggishness of continual travel, which he could not obtain near the tomb of Teresa.*

The voyage being determined on, he arranged his domestic affairs, and sailed directly from La Guayra to Cadiz, at which port he happily arrived at the end of the year 1803. Some time after he proceeded to Madrid, full of grief and mourning, to carry with him to Don Bernardo, father of the unfortunate Teresa, the relics of her that he had preserved. Father and son mingled mutually their

* The death of the Señora Toro had a great influence on the public life of Simon Bolivar. It caused him immediately to change his mind, to undertake his second voyage to Europe, and to situate him more resolutely in the path of politics. Bolivar himself confessed it. *I loved my wife much, said the Liberator, and at her death I took an oath never more to marry. I have kept my word. If I had not been bereaved, perhaps my life would have been different; I would not have been the General Bolivar, nor the Liberator, although I acknowledge that my talent was not to be alcalde of San Mateo. If it had not been for the death of my beloved wife, he would also say, I would not have made my second voyage to Europe, and it is to be believed that at Caracas and San Mateo, I would not have had the same ideas which I had in my travels, nor would have I had the experiences or made the study of the world, of mankind and of things, which has been of so much service to me during the course of my political career. The death of my wife placed me early in the road of politics, and caused me to follow the chariot of Mars instead of the plow of Ceres.*

tears. "Never," the Liberator used to remark, "never will I forget that scene of delicious torture..... because the grief of love is delicious." He had hardly been a few days at the Court when a decree of the King, by advice of Council, ordered that "all strangers and foreigners, of whatever position or state, should leave Madrid, if they were not domiciliated permanently." (Order of 25th March, 1804.) "And in respect to those who had come from the Indies and "Filipines, they should leave immediately, without being conceded any delay, "unless for powerful motives." Wonderful disposition which the Council of State pretended to justify with the pretext of the scarcity of bread, and which could only be given in Spain!

On account of this, Bolivar decided to continue his voyage, and crossing the Pyrennees he proceeded to Paris.

He was accompanied by his friend Don Fernando Toro.....

France was on the point of being the theatre of fabulous scenes. The future Liberator found himself there when the Empire was declared (18th May), and when that Bonaparte who had so fascinated him, naming himself Napoleon I., appeared in the Palace of the Tuileries with his train of imperial princes, dignitaries and marshals. Napoleon had now passed the last barrier, discovering the throne and seating himself. His hands still stained with the blood of the Capets, to whom he wished to be heir, he was bowed to as such by nations and kings!..... In place of the liberty which imperial monarchy could not bestow, he promised security, confidence and glory. From that moment Bolivar would not tolerate any praise of Napoleon. "Since Napoleon has been king," he would say, "his glory appears to me to be the brilliancy of hell, the flames of the volcano which covered the world." He did not wish to be present at the magnificent ceremony of the coronation, nor did he fear to criticize with bitterness the baseness of the people and the usurpation of the Consul, being so daring that he even disputed with agents of the same government. General Oudinot, who was afterwards Duke of Reggio, and who had been presented with a sword of honor by the Emperor, and a cannon taken from the Austrians; Mr. Delagarde, chief of the imperial police, General Savary, and other persons favored by Napoleon, participated in these bitter disputes.

At this time (August, 1804), the celebrated Baron Alexander Humboldt arrived at Paris, on his return from America, in whose equinoctial regions he had made important scientific discoveries. Humboldt had been at Caracas, and preserved pleasing remembrances of that city. Bolivar payed him a visit at his residence in the faubourg Saint-Germain, rue des Petite-Augustins, then frequented by the greatest men of the world: Cuvier, Vauquelin, Laplace, Gay Lussac, Oltmann, and others, who went there to admire the beautiful collections of natural history which the fortunate traveller had formed in the New Continent. There was immediately formed between Bolivar and Humboldt (names with which fame would have so much to occupy herself) the most cordial and friendly intercourse. Bolivar spoke the French with ease and perfection, and could find in it the terms most appropriate to express his ideas upon the indignity of colonial existence, upon the liberty and greatness of the future destinies of America; and the Baron would answer: "In effect, Sir, I believe that your country is in the state to receive its emancipation; but who will be the man that shall undertake such a great work?" The man stood before him, and still he did not imagine it. Bolivar could have answered him: *Ego sum qui loquor tecum.....* but he himself ignored it.

In the Spring of 1805 Bolivar proceeded to Italy, accompanied by his friend and former preceptor Don Simon Rodriguez. The excessive cold of the winter of 1805, which was rigorous, and which altered somewhat his health, and the vast preparations made by Napoleon, in France, Spain, Holland and Belgium, to carry on a gigantic war against Great Britain, disposed him to think of visiting the land of arts, and to search, beneath the clear sky of Rome and Naples, the amenities and content which he did not find on the banks of the Seine.

Bolivar crossed the Alps on foot, with only a cane, resting a week at Chambéry, where he visited the Obarmettes, celebrated as being the home of Rousseau. He saw Turin, and at Milan assisted at the Olympic Games, in celebration of the coronation of the King of Italy, Napoleon I. (26 May). That iron crown of the Lombards replaced on the brows of a French Emperor after ten centuries! Bolivar saw him place the crown on his head, pronouncing in a loud voice this haughty sentence: "God has given it to me; beware who touches it!"

At Monte Ohlaro, near Castiglione, he was present at the grand review made by Napoleon of the columns defiling into the plain, large enough to contain sixty thousand men. The throne was situated on an eminence which overlooked the plain; and Napoleon, on several occasions, looked through a glass at Bolivar and his companions, who were at the base of the hill. The hero Cæsar could not imagine that he beheld the Liberator of the world of Columbus!

Bolivar was yet at Milan, when Prince Eugene was named Viceroy of Italy (8th June); afterwards he went to Florence, and from thence to Venice, Rome and Naples.

In all these travels it was not only curiosity that was satisfied; the mind, also, was nourished by the study and invigorated with the reflection. Bolivar informed himself of all; he inquired into all, and in Italy, more than in any other part, he learned the instability of human happiness. That city, the wonder of history, when it was the city of the Gracchi, of the Marcellæ, and Scipios now a slave to strangers,

. "Servo di straniera gente,"

passed in idleness its languid days, forgetting its ancient glory. What a theatre for profound reflection was Rome to Bolivar! mistress of the world! Where were the conquerors of Carthage and the East! Where the famous legions who marched under triumphant arches! Manlius existed no longer; the Capitol was deserted; Apius Claudius appeared no more to the Senate with heroic resolutions; Varron, had disappeared, perhaps, grieving for the Republic! Nations, as well as men, have their moments of giddiness and languidness. If their magistrates communicate to them effeminacy of the soul, they dislike the sleep of virtue, indifference to good; they fall, and are consumed by misery. Tortured by the presentiment of their end, they only look at the present, and are not even inspired by the hope of the future. Italy is a beautiful, pallid image. Corruption has eaten her existence, her heart has died away—*cor optum tabescat!*

Thus did Bolivar behold it, and thus did he judge it.

Our young traveller, accompanied by his friend, D. Simon Rodriguez, lived in Rome at a posada in the Plaza de España, alongside the steps which conduct to the Trinita de Monti. His insatiable desire was to behold the Coliseum. The Coliseum is the most beautiful of the ruins. There you inhale all

the majesty of ancient Rome. Bolivar delighted in being alone there. There are feelings which cannot be communicated, emotions which are ridiculous when out-spoken. The world has seen nothing so magnificent as the Coliseum, so much more sublime to us when it is a living remembrance of these Romans whose history has occupied our infancy. What ruins! what vast ruins! The emperor of the world (and that man was Titus) came to the Coliseum and was greeted by the applause and *views* of a hundred thousand spectators. Now what silence! what solitude!

Rome contains in its walls ten or eleven hills, which encircle the Tiber, and cause it to be narrow and swift. These hills appear disposed in such manner as to give the eye a pleasure at once solemn and melancholy. On a certain day, one of the last which Bolivar should pass in Rome, he hired a gig early, and together with Rodriguez went to the Monte Aventino (Sacrum Montem). On the side of the river this hill forms a precipice; on the opposite side can be viewed the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the Via Apla and the country of Rome. That lonely and silent place predisposed the minds of the travelers. The view of the Roman country recalled to their thoughts the fertile plains of Caracas. They spoke of the Monte Sacro, and of the liberty of Venezuela. They were indignant at the oppression. The master and his disciple, placed on that famous hill, on the other side of the Anio, cheered for the future liberty of America, and in the same place in which Rome chose to affiance, on two occasions, her holiest rights, Bolivar, his heart inflamed, took the hand of Rodriguez, and, with energetic phrases, *swore by that holy and sacred land to the liberty of his country.*

An invincible and prophetic impulse thus anticipated the hope which we did not have. The liberator afterwards referred to this event, and facts have proved that he complied with his oath. Some days after, Bolivar, furnished with a passport, took the road to Naples, passing through Albano, Veletro and Terracina. He visited the grotto of Pausillipo, a sort of tunnel, a subterranean road nine hundred metres long, cut through by the Romans so as to open a communication between Naples and Pouzzoles, and was also at Capua, searching, perhaps, with the mind the tents of Annibal, the etruscan monuments, the ravages of Genseric, the trojan camps. From the opulent and delicious Parthenope, where Bolivar had occasion to see the new king, Joseph Bonaparte, monarch of the two Sicilies, he proceeded to Paris; and from thence, crossing through Holland, he went to Hamburg, a free city of the German Confederation. He remained here only a few days, taking passage to Boston, a beautiful and large city of the United States of North America. The flourishing cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and others attracted the curiosity of Bolivar. He visited several States, and, lastly, Charleston (South Carolina), where he embarked for La Guayra, stopping at Antigua, being one of the ports of the ship.

Bolivar entered Caracas towards the end of 1806.

Mores hominum multorum vidit et orbes.

From what we have already related may be deducted what faith can be given to a biographic notice of Bolivar written by Mr. E. Monglave, and published in the "Dictionary of Conversation" which Messrs. Didot Brothers, of Paris, have published. It is there affirmed that "Bolivar frequented the public courses of the normal and polytechnical schools of Paris, where he acquired the necessary knowledge to be a warrior and politician; that

as a friend of Humboldt and Bonpland he traveled through England and Germany in their company ; that, on his return to Madrid, his mind being full of the institutions which he had admired in France, he married the daughter of the Marquis of Ustaris, and returned to America to offer his services to General Miranda." This is not writing history ; it is only mocking at the present and deceiving posterity. Mr. Monglave did not entertain the respect due to the hero whose doings he related, nor even to history, which requires constant application, impartiality and truth. Some few facts, badly learned and worse connected, which are offered as the biography of an illustrious man, seems, to us, a mere business speculation. For the rest, the gigantic future of Bolivar was earned by the strength of his own genius. It was not at the polytechnic school of Paris (in which he never was) that Bolivar learned to be a great politician, a great warrior, a great orator, etc. As the happy tree, which will bring forth many fruits, anticipates its time, germinating, budding in early blossoms, so Bolivar, when young, showed signs that he would be a man of fertile and superior mind, capable of great undertakings. Sometimes nature, in children, communicates sparks of fire which are hid in these tender forms only to break out at its time in a conflagration ; but this fire is only proper to nature ; we are born with it ; it is not acquired in any part nor in any manner. No power can bestow it, no school teach it.

Bolivar thought a great deal, and his apparent distractions were the intimate retirement of discourse to reflect better. However, we should say, in ending this chapter, that his travels improved him in a great measure, because they were to him as were the deserts of Egypt to Moses, where he received the inspiration and the order to set out to the Egypt of the world, to free his brethren from the heavy oppression of Pharaoh.