

Potosí: 'The Eighth Wonder of the World' (c.1600-1601)

Fray Diego de Ocaña

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On the mountain of Potosí which is the eighth marvel of the world, as all this mountain is made of silver

After the fifteen days I spent on this trip, and in walking among these mines [of Porco], I returned to the villa of Potosí, of which I will now treat and paint here the mountain as it is, and with the tunnels and principal veins it has, all of which I entered into and walked through; and from all of them I take to Spain from each digging a stone of ore, with precise record of whose mine it pertains to, and of the Indians who go about working and extracting the ores, and the expenditures associated with them; the mills there are and the order of milling the ores, and the trade of the Indians and the victuals and drink they use. The costume is that of the Colla Indians, because those who most serve the mita of the mountain are Indians of Collao. I will treat a little bit of everything, touching on everything along the way, because to say in full what there is in each thing, it would never end. And so as to do it with greater punctuality, I went to the mountain and spent eight days there informing myself of some things and seeing others. And thus I will say what there is in Potosí, which is the following:

Now, it would be proper to treat of the mountain of Potosí and of the place and of the Indians, and of the things there are and the expenditures they make; and in all the universe I do not believe there is a more marvelous thing than to see a mountain greater than Cabeza Aguda [in the Sierra Morena near Córdoba, Spain] and all of silver, such that there is no fistful of earth on it that has no silver; from which so many millions are carried to Spain each year. And thus as a thing so notable I will paint it with all the veins it has, treating it with absolute truth, because I do not write about anything except that which I have seen and experienced, knowing that no one would admire something that has only been overheard; so I try to be true and if not, I cannot dare to write about it.

On the drawing of the mountain: Cerro de Potosí, Eighth Wonder of the World.

This is the eighth wonder of the world and the greatest of all; as all this mountain is of silver. It has on the lower part in circumference all around, measured with a cord, 11,033 yards. There work within this mountain, every day, 8,000 Indians, all with tallow candles, not counting those who carry out ores, who are another 4,000; such that the Indians who serve in the mines of the mountain, not counting those in the mills, are 12,000 Indians. They consume in tallow candles, which cost a real for four, 150,000 pesos of cash silver each year. And this I took from the accounts the mine owners give of the expenditure on candles, which out of curiosity I verified.

This mountain has, from the part at midday to towards the southern part, four principal veins, which run from the tip of the mountain downward: the first is called Mendieta's, the second Centeno's, the third is called the Veta Rica, and the fourth 'of Tin.' These four veins are worked open cast, into the entrails of the earth, so deep that in one whole day an Indian makes no more than two trips with the ore he can carry out on his shoulders, such that towards midday he does one trip and towards nighttime another. And it should be noted that this one does not excavate the ore, as there is another down below digging, such that he does not stay below longer than it takes to fill a bag in the form of a hide pouch, which he takes out tied to his shoulders. And all the rest of the time is spent in going down below and climbing up using some ladders of staves and rope, such that if he loses his footing he will be dashed to pieces. All the rest of the mines, outside these four, are not open cast, but rather as they are painted [in the missing image]. They have some mouths through which one enters, and afterwards there inside they go snaking, some through one part and others by another, and they enter through one and may exit through another. And they have some parts so narrow that if one is not stretched out on one's belly one cannot get inside, and many times there remain pieces of their garment [sayo] on the rocks; such that they go along like snakes when they move using their skin, through some very narrow part; and if they should loosen some earth or rocks that fall and close that entrance, the Indians remain entombed, with no means of getting them out, and in this way many perish.

This mountain is very high and very well formed. It only has on the western part a bit of a lump. It is necessary that a mule that must go up to where there is a cross be a very good one; it takes half a day to ascend all the way, and with the heat of the ores the breath is shortened, both for mule trains and for people, and many fall dead underfoot, as I saw a horse whose owner made to climb with some hurry and it fell dead there. **God sustains this machine of this mountain miraculously**, because all of it from below to above and all around, in all parts it is full of mouths, and in the part inside it is all hollow, such that one cannot know upon what it stands or what sustains it. It is a portrait of hell to enter inside, because seeing so many caves, and so deep, and so many lights in diverse parts, and to hear so many blows of those striking with the bar, it is a din that causes a man to lose his judgment and even his senses. There are some great adits through which the veins are connected and worked; and inside, in the crossings, there are some open spaces so wide and later some parts so narrow, sometimes straight and other times heading below, that should the Indian's candle be snuffed out, he will fall headlong.

I entered through the adit of Juan Ortiz to see these mines, so as to be able to write down what I am writing now, so far that it was not possible to go farther due to the narrowness of the place and due to the clothes we had on; where I looked from one part to another and saw so many lights and I heard so many blows that it seemed as if I were in hell. And I asked the minero who went with me how far it might be from where we were to the mouth of the adit and he said two long quarters of a league. And thus I did not want to go farther, and we turned about to leave, and once outside I made a circuit of the whole mountain, and saw all the works and mines there were and from there inside I took out two stones of ore, which I bring with me to Guadalupe as curiosities.

On this day that I climbed the mountain the feast of St. Francis was celebrated, whose chapel is the church that is on the mountain, where they say mass for the mineros. And we went to celebrate the feast with ten friars of the convent of St. Francis; and they served us a meal that

could not have been more abundant in Madrid; because in all of Potosí and for twelve leagues around there is not one tree, and in the church there were so many boughs and fragrant herbs and carnations, that as a marvel I put this to memory in order to write about it. There was at the beginning, to commence eating, raisins and almonds from Castile that cost, per pound of almonds, twelve pesos, which is 100 reals. The wine that was drunk was from Castile; with such abundance as could be drunk in Guadalcanal; each jug, which held half an arroba, was valued at a little over fifty pesos of cash silver, which is 400 reals. With fear I write this; but I tell the truth according to the law of the priest and I put this down as a marvel, a great one that it is, where the spirits of men are no less great. As for the rest of the meal I will not comment, as it would be a very long and tedious thing; I say only that there remained so many cakes of marzipan and of sugar that all the Indians left loaded up with food.

They bring the ores of this mountain down on 'sheep' [carneros], which are like one-year-old calves, tall in the legs, and thinner in all their limbs than calves. The sheep would have a height, from the feet to the loin, five long spans, which is almost a yard and a half; the neck is very high, without horns; the head is the same for the males and females, with ears a bit long; the features of the head are the same as a sheep's; the neck has a height of almost a yard no cabal, a little less; the tail is small; as for the neck and in lying down and getting up, they seem a species of camel. The male genitals they have below the belly, like sheep in Castile; but they do not have it facing forward but rather it makes a turn towards the rear like half a shepherd's crook such that when they urinate it goes out between the hind legs, as if they had the pizzle out, because it is great the turn it does; and to mate, the female drops to the ground and rests on her knees. Of the meat of these the Indians eat it, and the Spaniards, too; it is like beef; each of these sheep is worth 80 reales in Potosí, and in other lands whence they bring them, they are worth less. The ordinary mita that exists for the service of the mountain consists of 12,000 of these sheep, allotted in three parts, such that every two months 4,000 serve, and these 4,000 being tired, they bring from pasture another 4,000; such that in six months all 12,000 sheep serve. What they eat is a grass called hicho [ichu], which is like the esparto-grass of Spain.

They carry the ores of the mountain down in some small gunnysacks that would hold a bushel [fanega] of wheat. On these sheep they bring in all other victuals, such as wine and flour and fruits, because each sheep, as I said before, carries a weight of six arrobas as many leagues as needed. And ordinarily they bring the wine to Potosí from Arequipa, which is 180 leagues away. And these same sheep carry the [silver] bars belonging to the king and to private persons that go down from Potosí; and they carry them the eighty leagues it is to the port of Arica in eight days, because they have ready fresh sheep every four leagues. And they walk day and night so that the silver is not detained. And on these sheep the bars for Our Lady of Guadalupe were sent down on 17 March 1601, the same which I sent along with the royal officials who were loading up these sheep, since they go with greater speed than the mule trains; and all this is necessary due to the great quantity of silver that goes down from Potosí at the time of the small armed fleet, which is the beginnings of March. And what was sent down that year when I was there, which was 1601, in one month, that of the king and private persons and only from Potosí, was 5 million, as I saw and was assured by the registry, because as I said before, I do not write except about things that I see and experience.

The site of the mountain is at 20 and a half degrees to the south, according to the height of the sun, not below the same pole but rather to the right of it [en derecho del]; but not so distant that the Southern Cross, which are four stars in a cross, which are those that seem to be closest to the pole, go around the mountain like La Bocina [Ursa Minor] of the north does around north itself, except that this other circuit that these four stars make is much larger, which as our perspective and appearance from here would be half a league; I do not say that in the sky it would be half a league, but rather that what appears to us from here is that distance, which there would be more. Above the mountain of Potosí there are two vestiges, in the heavens, white in the manner of clouds, small in how they appear from here, like a blanket, one a little larger than the other; and these are a marvelous thing, that move with the heavens and circle around the mountain in twenty-four hours. They say they are consequence of heaven, which they are; because if they were clouds the air would carry them from one part to another, which does not happen, but rather at all times they are fixed, whether there is wind or no. And in other parts of these kingdoms where there are these same signs in the sky there are mines of silver, very rich, such as are those of Porco and those of Chococolochocha [near Huancavelica, Peru].

From the middle of the mountain upwards it never rains, but rather always snows, such that all that is water in the town is snow on the mountain. On Wednesdays and Fridays the Indian women climb to take meals to their husbands, and they are so many that they cover the mountain, and they most resemble processions; and if there are 12,000 Indian men, as I said above, those who are working, and all or the majority are married, from here one could take a few more or less women who could be those who climb with meals these days in the mornings; in my view it would be 10,000 or 11,000, more or less. And on Saturday night, from when they play the prayer, there begin to descend all the Indian men of the mountain and all with candles lit, that appear like nothing other than processions of flagellants; and for the Indian men to come down to the town it takes all night and into Sunday morning, as some of the mines in which they work are so deep that it takes them all night to climb out and reach the outside.

And to these Indians they pay them their day wages on Sunday nights, which for each week amount to some two or three ducats. And from Saturday night until midday Monday, there does not remain a real of this among them of all this, both of these who work in the mountain as well as those who remain in town; which if all taken together, according to the census of the parishes, which amount to fourteen Indian parishes, surpass 100,000 Indians. And all that they earn in an entire week they drink up in one day and one night. Because on food they spend very little; everything is drink, both for the men as well as the women, such that all of them get drunk. And it has been discovered according to the accounts of the grocers [pulperos], who are some men who have shops that sell wine and jugs of chicha, which is a drink they make from the flour of the maize they eat, which are those ears [mazorcas] that there in Spain are called wheat of the Indies, they sell in wine and chicha alone 300,000 pesos of plata corriente, each peso being of eight reales, every Sunday. This is the most notable thing I can say about Potosi and thus I put it down; and I would head off anyone who might say or to whom it would seem that I am getting carried away by offering as witnesses so many others who have been in this place who can prove that it is thus.

Of the site of the Indian townships [rancherías] and of the Spanish town in the Villa Rica of Potosí

The layout of the Spanish town is by blocks and streets; and the Indians' houses, which they call *rancherías*, surround the houses of the Spaniards, such that on every side the Indians have them surrounded such that their houses reach up to the flanks of the mountain. The houses of the Indians are like the pens or enclosures of pigs; some stones placed, mostly in a rounded fashion with a bit of clay, and for the part above with straw, and so low that one can barely stand up. They have no beds nor do they sleep except on the floor, at best with some skin below. Ordinarily they go about very pig-like with their hands and faces very dirty, such that they do not bath all year; their hair loose over their shoulders and very black; the men wear it shorter, so that it does not go beyond the collar. The Indian women use make-up and that which they apply is a reddish earth like *almagre* [iron oxide] and they daub the entire face, nose, and forehead, such that they appear to have a reddish mask on. Others use a color that is a little yellowish and they do not apply it except to the cheeks and nose, which to me makes them appear like demons; and with all this they do not lack Spaniards to sleep with them. They are very hedonistic, such that ordinarily they are drunk, and they eat much chili [*ají*], which there we call pepper of the Indies; they all go about barefoot and very few wear shoes, the whores only and the rich *pallas*, who are Indian women of better faces since they are daughters of Spanish man and Indian woman; but those who are of Indian fathers are ordinarily all badly ill-featured and very ugly, both the men as well as the women. And they sleep like pigs one with the other; and since ordinarily they are drunk and all mixed together the father sometimes comes to know the daughter and the son the mother; and this cannot be remedied, since they all sleep together and mixed up, one with the other. Their dress is a shirt of cotton or of wool from the sheep of the land [*llamas/alpacas*], sleeveless, with the arms and legs always exposed, without any other clothing. They do not spend anything on clothing, because that which each one brings, they weave in their houses, such that as much as they earn or bring in, they spend in drinking and eating. And before marrying they tend to spend two or three years in concubinage; and they say that that is in order to prove if they can live together, and in these two years the woman is trying to see if the husband is a good worker and if he is of good or bad condition; and it so happens that commonly the Indian woman has two or three children and later decides she does not like the Indian man and seeks to marry another. And neither can this be remedied, because once the preacher comes to know it, it is when they marry; such that the Indian men do not consider it dishonorable to find their women with others; and wherever they find themselves they lie down one with the other and the priest does not know if they are married or single; and as he is but one man, he cannot keep count with such large Indian villages as there are here. But this is certain: that no Indian woman marries without having first slept and carried on a long time with the Indian man with whom she marries.

And the women tend to run off on their husbands, and later these say masses to St. Anthony asking that their women return. And on the 27th of the month of April of 1601, I being in the sacristy of [the church of] St. Francis, after Easter Resurrection, there came to me an Indian man and he placed in my hand two pieces of eight (which is the standard alms they give in Potosí for a mass) and he said to me:

-Padre, give me a mass for Our Lady of Guadalupe.

And I asking him if it was for some sick person, he replied to me that it was not, but rather for his wife whom he had not been able to locate for eight days, and that he had already said masses

to St. Anthony and she had not appeared, and that he did not want to say any more except to Our Lady of Guadalupe. I said mass to him, and even so it did not end, the mirth this Indian caused me all the times he came back to the town, to see him with so much devotion, his hands together pleading with Our Lady to make his wife appear. I do not know if she came back, but this goes to show how many times the Indian women go off with other Indian men and stay away eight days; and it is given over to masses said for them that it is believed they will come home and when they return, the Indian men give great thanks to the saint to whom they ordered the mass said, and they remain very pleased and they are very tender with the wife and think that it was for some offence they had done to them, and they attempt not to cause them any more offense so as not to spend more pesos on masses. And the women do not leave again only because they are quite hedonistic and the greatest rogues. And along with this they are witches, the Indian women as much as the mestiza and creole ones, who go to search out a man wherever they wish even if he is many leagues away. And thus it happened to Simon de Torres, an apothecary and native of Guadalupe, being in Panama in the year [15]97; sleeping one night in his bed there came down from above through the roof a crash, and putting his hands out to see what had fallen he felt a woman, who got in bed with him; and asking him who it was, he said that it was so-and-so, with whom he had treated in Nombre de Dios, saying that for nothing more than seeing her she had come; and Simón de Torres telling her to stay in Panama for a few days, she said she could not because she had left bread to place in the oven and that she had to go back and cook it. And Nombre de Dios is some 18 or 20 leagues away from Panama, such that in half an hour she would have to return to cook the bread after being with him. This Simon de Torres recounted to me, to whom it happened, advising me to take care with the women of this land; and thus I did not visit with a single one although I was much bothered by very high-ranking women; but these are the worst and the more capital they have, the more vice they procure. And thus in this land, as all things in it are in reverse, this as well is in reverse; that women are the ones who solicit men, and the more they have, she is taken as the most honored, as it will seem according to what I say:

That in the city of Chuquisaca, riding by mule along a street, two women were laughing to themselves in a house, and among the words I heard, one said to the other:

You are a sow if you do not have more than two who love you.

And I said to the one who came with me: If that is the case, it would be better for her to have four.

And the one to whom I said this responded:

So it is, father, that the woman who does not have four or five is taken for a sow and of low esteem.

And the married men of this land are so good that all this goes on without any more pain than a headache, in that they need do nothing more than have masses said so that they [their wives] return home, as the Indian men do.

And so this is the business of this land. The outfit is that which I have said of the Indian women who live in the highlands. The outfit of those of the plains is different, because they do not put on anything more than a closed garment like a hooded cape [capuz], with some tails dragging, like the ones they have in Castile; naked, without any other clothing, tossing aside that black covering; and the hair black, loose spread out over the shoulders and breasts, and those black and toasted by the sun. And when they go walking the dust goes out through the opening of the cape, which they have at the breasts to put their head through such that when one sees them they seem, in their great filthiness and so on, like nothing other than witches, or something from hell, because they do not seem like creatures of the earth. And that land is so hot, and that sand, that the bodies of those who die, even 300 years afterward, remain whole, since it never rains in those dunes nor does anyone remember it ever raining in their lifetime; and as a result, since there is no humidity, the corpses do not putrefy. And all the plains are full of those bodies of mummy flesh, given how they are buried and everything is sand, within four to six months the air finds them, because the sand passes from one part to another, such that where one goes to bed with a plain, one awakes in the morning next to a great big hill of sand. And I experienced this from Paita to Olmos: so that three leagues before arriving at the city of Piura we walked at sunset toward a great hill of sand, like a small mountain, which with no more than two throws of a two-ounce stone I could have arrived at the top; it dawning the next morning, all was flat as if there had never been anything there. And I asking the Indians what had become of that mountain of sand, they showed how it had moved about a half-quarter of a league, where the wind had passed that night; And thus it was true that which they showed me, and I did not see it there in the morning but later, where I discerned it with the greatest care looking at the countryside and the disposition of the land.

This sand is very fine, ground like the sand of a sandglass and very subtle; and for this reason the air lifts it with such ease, and the largest grains remain amid the lifted. And thus the pack trains walk with great effort, usually placing their feet in the same footsteps. And upon this sand there sleep the Indians of the plains, without removing their capes from their bodies their whole lives; and in these also they are buried, not having any other shroud. And this is their dress.

The dress of the Indians of Quito and the New Kingdom of Granada and Santa Fe is quite different, the Indian women very white and very beautiful, more so than the Spanish women. And as it is so hot as Quito is under the equinoctial line, at zero degrees, they only wear some very light cotton mantles such that they reveal flesh almost transparently and if there is a light breeze it catches and lifts the cotton mantle from one side to the other, and all the features of the parts of the body so clearly revealed that one can see the one who has good and shapely legs.

All these things I took note of to write about them, although it may seem to come from excessive curiosity; but I place it alongside the rest, this not being a bad thing as long as the soul is not dirtied with sin. And so I felt this dress was more lascivious than that of the Moriscos of Granada, who paint themselves up to mid-leg; but on the whole they are covered with clothes and these others go naked with their flesh like an alabaster; and when they go walking, it is with such a short little gait that they seem to be dancing the saraband. Such that the priest desperately needs the spirit of God to find the power to recover his senses and think of other good things, so as not to divert himself in so much lasciviousness, so as not to offend the majesty of God with one's thoughts, so as not to desire that which the eyes see in those Indian women, as mortified as

they carry one away. This is with regard to the dress of the women of the highlands, whom as I said before are registered in Potosí among parishes and counting only Indian men and women they number 200,000 souls, not counting the Spanish; as there are fourteen parishes of Indians. And asking carefully of the parish priests how many Indians each has in his census, I came to find these: the parish of St. Martin, 700; that of St. Francis, 900; that of St. Peter, 1,200. To go through all of them would be a tedious thing; but for curiosity's sake there are many more than I have said, because I am only counting the married men, minus their children which are many and quite numerous, which if I could verify with some certainty I would put it down here.

In the middle of the Indian parishes is the town of Spaniards, where the main church is on the square. And all around it, two blocks apart, are the monasteries of St. Dominic and St. Francis, and of [Our Lady of] Mercy and St. Augustine, and the fathers of the Company of Jesus. The number of Spanish people in Potosí is many, almost as many as the Indians; and many soldiers who wander around without a trade of any kind. And these sustain themselves on gambling and by living in concubinage with rich black women and with rich Indian women, who supply them with food and clothing; and these [soldiers] have nothing more to do than to wander around all day on the cobbled part of the square, where none but the most valiant tread, and they are so numerous their quarrels that hardly a day goes by in which there are not two or three deaths of men stabbed right through. And this is so extreme that in the fourteen months I was in Potosí not a week passed without some five or six deaths of men, and most of them without confession; and days of three deaths that left me marveling at the quarrels. The folk are many and all soldiers without trades; they no nothing more than to strut, and with the least provocation to put their hands to their swords, and usually it is over gambling or women; and the most common is for calling in men for debts on their estates, in charging one with what he has borrowed, if they cannot come up with all that he wants, he later challenges the other so that they go together to charge his estate [?]. And thus there rise up some with their estates against others and they deny them and do not fear justice nor anyone. And it is a very free land because each one lives as he wants, with no one holding him to account for anything. And they do many harmful things to the Indians. And thus, the estates of this land are never enjoyed, because although one may have 100,000 pesos, in dying no part of them appears and no one knows what became of all that estate except that the Devil took it, as it was ill-gotten.

Everything they purchase in Potosí is in silver pesos: a pound of grapes, when they are first ripe, is worth four pesos, and after that they go down to one peso; and four figs, a real; a fish they call dorado, which would be twice the size of a sea-bream, an artisan comes along and gives thirty pesos for it, such that they do not recover the lost silver; a partridge, one peso; a hen, 2 pesos; a kid goat, two or three pesos; a pair of shoes, three pesos; some lace boots or buskins, eight pesos; and a dozen apples, twelve reals if there are many, and if not they are worth much more. And in this way all the other things are valued: meat is not too costly, as a sheep costs two pesos, and a quarter of a beef another two; bread sells at a real for two pounds. And this is the smallest coin there is, although for giving alms on Holy Week they do so at Lent with some half reals.

There are along the banks of Potosí's main creek and in Tarapaya 97 mills that crush the ores. They call it a bank not because it has trees, of which there are none for twelve leagues around Potosí, but rather because it forms a ravine through which water flows to drive these mills, such that in each mill they take each day two 'pinecones' of silver, and thus in each day in Potosí they

extract 194 pinecones of silver, of that milled in the mills; and this is the harvest of this land. And the silver is so much that in the book of fifths pertaining to the king, our lord, I found that from the first of January until the end of April, which is four months, they had poured 4,300 bars of silver of more than 800 pesos each. And from this one could more or less how many bars they take out each year, which would be more than 14,000. This is the greatest wonder the world has, and I know of none greater.

Each of these mills has a great wheel moved by the water; and this, with its movement, which has a great axle that runs through the middle of it like in the wheel of a gristmill, lifts eight stamp-heads that crush the ore. And with each four wheels there are so many Indians who go feeding [ore into] them, some by day and others by night, such that at no time do they stop. And another four Indians sift the ores, and another dozen take them to the basins [cajones] to refine them and add mercury to them. And each night they light a fire beneath those basins until it appears to them that the mercury has recovered all the silver. In this refining they also add salt and later take out what remains, as it emerges in the same way as clay, from which they make tiles or bricks in Spain; and they put this in some barrels like round washbasins, where another wheel some things like paddles which go along washing, and the water carries off the earth that remains and what is left at the bottom, at the base of the washbasin, is the mercury with the silver, and it is left in the form of a ball, and later with the fire of charcoal the mercury is driven below and what remains is the pinecone of silver, clean as a little sugarloaf.

There are also mills powered by horses for when there is not enough water in the creek, which does not last all year as it is not from a spring but rather that collected from the rain that falls in winter. And the horses turn the wheel in the same way one would turn the wheel of a gristmill; and in that way the wheel lifts the stamps, just as if by the movement of water. And this is very costly, because to sustain a horse for a day costs a peso, which is eight reals; and this is not to fill [its belly] but only to keep it from dying of hunger; and this I spent on a mule I had, eight reals a day for just one mule. The water that runs the mills comes from some large reservoirs located above the town, about a half a league from it; the water therein being collected from the snow of the sierra thereabouts; and should these reservoirs break open, they would carry away the whole town. And for this reason they pay a salary to a master who goes about continuously repairing and also managing some floodgates, taking care to release the water necessary to turn the mill wheels, but not too much, so that the water lasts longer; and this one takes care to release it after feast days and to let some out every Saturday at midnight. The reservoirs are six, three in one valley and three in another, and they go connecting up each with the next, such that the water of one feeds into the other.

There are in Potosí very rich Indians, in particular one they call Mondragón. One day I went to the house of this Indian, who holds the office of inspector of weights and measures [fiel ejecutor] in perpetuity, just to see him and his house; and from Spain one may come to see this one's house. And I found him eating on the floor, on a low table, as the Indians typically eat on the floor without a table at all, nor do they use even a chair, but rather always sit squatting like broody hens. And this one, being hispanized in dress, had a table, but very low like a small stool. And he has all of his capital in his house at all times, before his eyes. He has a room filled with silver, in one part the bars, in another the pinecones, and in another, in some jugs, the coins

[reals]. I was quite stunned to see so much silver in one place and I asked him how much was there, that I was seeing, and he replied to me:

-There are 300,000 pesos of assayed silver.

This one loans to the king every year 100,000 or 200,000 pesos for the fleet to take; and later they go discounting from the fifths that he has to give the king from the bars he makes, because the business he has is to buy pinecones and make bars and hammer them into coins [via the royal mint]. And in each one of these things he earns in all at such and such a percent, and little by little it gets to be more as he does not engage in other exchanges where he might risk his estate, but only this which he has constantly going on in his house. He is a man who must make many secret pious donations, but public ones, no, and the general opinion is that he makes none. There is another called Hernán Carrillo, a mestizo, son of an Indian woman and a Spaniard, who is a man of much machinery in mill complexes; but this one I do not take for so rich, because if he mills many ores, he has enormous cost. And so as to write this I went to his house one Sunday after eating, to see him pay the Indians; and he paid them that afternoon, the wages he owed for only that week, 6,000 and some pesos of corriente silver; such that every week he spent and paid out this quantity of silver, only for the Indians he had excavating in the mountain and working in the mills, not counting the salaries of the Spanish majordomos he has in these complexes.

There are also very rich Indian women and mestizas [pallas], with whom the soldiers live in concubinage so as to sustain them. And of these the fathers of the Company [of Jesus] have a confraternity dedicated to the Baby Jesus, so rich that in the world there is nothing similar. And on the morning of Easter Resurrection they make around the square a procession worthy to be seen and committed to memory, that which they carry in it; the same which I will describe here according to how I remember it:

In front there was a bordered standard, so rich it cost 12,000 pesos; the Indian who bore it went very well dressed, with a shirt of 'three-heights' brocade and a hatband made of gold and emeralds that cost him 300 pesos. He carried on with a large group of people and wore a mantle of crimson velvet with wide braid gold trim; and of all the other adornments they use, very rich. Later there passed another standard, also very costly; later a cross with a cloth sleeve at its base, the best in all of Potosí; later a pendant all bordered with pearls and gold, which I would not even know how to price, except to say that all was silver, gold, and pearls. There went along the sides in two files many Indian women, all in procession, without a single male going in between, dressed in very fine silks and worked velvets, and beneath the azú [wraparound skirt] a petticoat finer than those of the Spanish women. The llíquidas, which are what they put over their shoulders like a shawl, were of velvets and damasks; and the ñañaca, which is the cloth they put on their heads, the same; the chumbes, with which they bind around their bodies, were of wools of many colors, as they themselves use them, all of them most curious. All of them carried candles and fat tapers lit up, and as it was before dawn, at the break of day, there appeared so many lights in the square that it was as clearly lit as if the sun were out. And I put myself in a spot where I could count the fat tapers of five pounds each passing by and I counted on only one side almost 300, such that in that procession there must have gone by more than 500 five-pound tapers, not counting the Indian women carrying candles, of which there were many. And at this time, as I have repeated various times, a hundredweight of wax cost 300 pesos of plata corriente.

At the very rear there went some litters or biers of silver, all marvelously worked and inside the baby Jesus dressed in an Indian costume with a yacolla, which is a shirt without sleeves, and a squared mantle over his shoulders, so rich with pearls and emerald stones and so well made that it was worth a great sum of money. And in sum the Indians of this religious confraternity have, they being the richest of Potosí, the best of the entire town.

Of the many things there are in Potosí

The square of Potosí is most abundant in all things, the best plaza in all of Peru in provisions. In the six months of the year [sic] there is never a shortage of grapes. There are many apples that they bring from Cusco, 160 leagues away; a dozen apples costs one peso of plata corriente. Of green figs, four for a real; dried figs and raisins, all year; lemons and oranges, all year; pears they bring from Chuquisaca; fruits native to the land, many of them all year; garden vegetables and greens in abundance, brought from twenty leagues away; in particular the lettuces are very pretty and very white, and the leaves quite compact, like cabbages; radishes and thistles and kales and many other herbs of the land, that they eat in their pots and stews. There are many jugs of milk, and in the streets they sell curds and creams; there is much salted fish and fresh fish from the Pilcomayo river; every Friday many shad. The salt fish from the sea are all delightful. There is always much game in the form of partridges, which are as big as hens; and vizcachas, which are like hares in Castile. At any time, hens in the square, at two pesos each; and when you want to eat them, that is when they must be slaughtered, and if you slaughter them as night is coming on, because instead of becoming more tender they become rock hard with the cold; and thus having finished plucking them and placing them in the roaster, it is all one piece; and in this manner one may eat. The square is always well stocked with bacon from the town of Tarija, which is the best cured meat in all of Peru; and this is cheaper than in all the other towns, as a slab of bacon costs no more than five pesos; and a ham that weighs 16 pounds is worth 12 reals and sometimes less, such that with a peso one may buy one. For the better part of the year meat is very abundant, because an arroba of beef is three reals and a sheep, two pesos; and because it is always cool, it never spoils, and a quarter of beef lasts fifteen days in the larder, and the meat is so mellow and tender that it is the most delightful in all of Peru. The stews, so as to eat them at midday, are put on to cook the night before, such that, the night coming on, they light the charcoal and put the pot on and when they go to bed it has already been skimmed and the vegetables added; and they leave the charcoal lit and little by little it cooks. And this is due to the climate of the land; and if it is not done thus one cannot eat the stew the next day.

An arroba of charcoal is worth four reals, which they consider cheap due to the great consumption of it, because around Potosí, in those high places where there is ordinarily much wind, there is a great number of guairas, which are a type of tallish little ovens like the cork of a beehive, where the Indian women with charcoal 'guairan' the rich ores and take out the smelted silver, and they toss in there the ore stones and in between them the charcoal, and it has many little windows where the wind enters and ignites the charcoal and the silver goes out molten and running below. These ores that these Indian women smelt are rocks very rich in silver; such that the Indian man who is picking away in the mine, when he finds a rich stone containing much silver, he hides it, and when he goes out of the mine entrance to receive the food brought by his wife on Wednesday, he takes out the stones he has hidden and gives them to the woman; and although the mine administrators look them over carefully, with all that they still steal what they

can. And later, as they eat there by the mouth of the mine on Wednesday, and seated there for a moment with the wife, later they go back inside the mine and not until Saturday do they come back out. And they carry a little sack of toasted maize and a bit of chili or peppers; and there they sleep and take care of their bodily needs; and as a result, in the mountain there inside, in many parts there is a foul odor.

And the mine owners make the Indians work too much, and they do not let them sleep at night for the number of hours they have ordered; and as the miserable ones are continuously there inside picking, they know neither when it is dawn or dusk. And thus these folk are given a great amount of work, and many Indians die of illness, others from falls, others drowned, and others knocked out by falling stones; and others remain there inside buried, such that hardly a day passes without one of these things happening. And as they are so many, being more than 12,000 as I said those who are enclosed in the bowels of that mountain, between those who pick and those who carry the ores out, in one part or another there is some disgrace. It broke my heart to see when the Indian men came out on Wednesdays to eat at the mouths of the mines, to receive the food brought to them by their wives, with their wails and tears upon seeing their men come out covered in dust, skinny and yellow, sick and tired; and beyond this whipped by the mine owners and cudged for not reaching their daily quota with their mounds of ore; and there is no consideration that the vein is hard, and usually it is worst for the poor Indian who finds hard rock, as he spends half a day beating himself to pieces but cannot break it, whereas if the rock is soft they make him take out five small mounds of ore a day, which would be eight or ten arrobas, the five mounds.

And in the end, of those rich stones that have more silver that they keep hidden, they give to the women, and it is with these that the Indian women 'guairan', along with many others for which they barter in the square; and that barter is permitted in Potosí because of the excessive labor that the Indian men have. And in the end there is no pound of silver that does not cost another and more in blood and sweat for these most miserable of the Indians; such that at the cost of their blood they take out that which they refine. And although it is known that those ores they barter with are stolen, it is permitted after all for the reason I mentioned. About this there have been many opinions among theologians, whether it can be done or no; and in the end the mine owners go to great lengths, searching the clothing of the Indians when they exit; and in the end they know they are carrying what they will anyway, and they pass along and conceal it, and so they say it is not invito domino [the lord having worked against his will].

And the Indian women also look through the stones that are discarded at the mouths of the mines, which they call pallar, and they break them and choose the good and break off that which is not so good. And this with the other is sold in Potosí every day at noon. And before this hour not a single Spaniard may buy anything from the Indians; and this is done so that the Indians have a chance to buy these ores, as there are many Indians who buy them for their guairas. And for this reason firewood is expensive. That consumed by the ovens is brought by the llamas and each llama load is worth four reals, which one could hold in a fist, or at least with one hand, a whole llama load. The very same manure of the llamas is worth silver in Potosí, and there are Indian women who wander about the countryside collecting the droppings of livestock and for each small sack of them the mill owners give them a peso. And so as to show how extreme all this is, I say that the same excrement of humans is worth silver, and they sell it, and they have

built for this purpose in Potosí certain large corrals where the Indians who walk the streets come to make use of them; and that excrement they mix together and dry in the sun and later they gather it and pile it up and per sack of that they are given eight reals, as it is used to fire the *negrillo* ores, so that it may be refined and mixed with the *paco* ore. Although now a creole man from Mexico has discovered a means of refining this ore by adding lead to the mercury, and with salt, and they take out a great amount of silver, such that they write to His Majesty as a thing most certain that in the coming year they will yield two million pesos in royal fifths alone, because this ore is the richest one may imagine. And with this will be resuscitated not only these kingdoms of Peru but the whole world, because there is much of this ore all around.

The usual beverage of all the Indians, used by those of Potosí as well as all of Peru, is called chicha, which is made with maize flour; they put it in water and boil it; and five days later they drink it. It is so strong that it dizzies one and really makes one drunk, and from Saturday night until midday Monday they do not stop drinking. The Indians spend in the following manner: they buy numerous jugs of chicha, each jug of which costs them a peso; and an entire ayllu, which is to say a whole group of kin, gets together in a corral; and with a drum in the middle of everyone, they all circled around, each taking the other's hand, the Indian men and women go dancing heavily all night, not stopping, nor does the dance end, until all the chicha is gone, along with all the money they have. And at any hour of night one hears the drums of the Indian townships; and as they go whirling about dancing, all go drinking, both men and women, until the jugs of chicha run out; and both the men and women are left so drunk that they fall on the ground like pigs. And on Sunday very early in the morning they go to [the church of] St. Francis to hear mass, and later they return to their dance, such that they go so far as to consume everything they have earned that week in drink. And in eating they spend very little because they eat no more than that toasted or cooked maize; and with a bushel, which costs them five or six pesos, they have enough for many days. On clothing they likewise spend little, and the same with footwear, as they go about [all but] naked and shoeless. Thus drinking is everything; and if one says to them 'why do you not save money for your children?' they say they do not have an account for that, as their children work just as they do; such that those who want to eat and drink must earn it. And thus when they go back to the mountain the next week, they do not have even a real, nor anything with which to make a will should they die.

These Indians walk alongside the llamas, which are brought up with their same phlegm; and they have so much that if one of those llamas sits down while loaded, and does not wish to get up, even if the Indian gives it a thousand blows or all but kills it; and as much as they might twist its tail or squeeze its testicles, it will not get up. And the Indian sits in the road alongside the llama, and there he stares at it for two or three hours until the llama gets up on its own. And the rest of the Indians go walking ahead with the rest; and for this reason the Spaniards do not drive them, but only Indians, as it has come to pass that some Spaniards accompanying these llamas, stopping to lie down on the road tired, which is very common, the Spaniard wanting them to rise kills them with blows and leaves them dead along those paths; and for this reason no one accompanies them except Indians, as they are phlegmatic.

This is [not] a type of livestock for heavy labor, and it does not eat at night, and it dies very easily because it is very delicate, particularly in hot country, and the heat does them great harm, and it later gives them much mange [*carache*], the same which is treated with lard and ground

sulfur. And on these llamas they bring to Potosi all the supplies and all the flour, both of wheat as well as maize, and the wine and fruits, and all the rest, such that all year they do nothing but enter loaded with maize flour, which is all consumed in chicha, because they do not eat it. And all the maize they harvest in the valley of Cochabamba and that of Pitantora and on the frontiers of Tomina, which is a great quantity, and in all the other valleys, all this flour the Indians of Potosí consume in drink. Of the frontiers of Tomina I may write based on the time I was there, I found out that from that which had been tithed, that they had harvested 600,000 loads of maize; and all of it was taken off to Potosí, and they pay for it one year in advance. According to this one may figure out, more or less, how much Potosí consumes; and from each load of maize they make 16 jugs of chicha.

Potosí enjoys a wind they call Tomahavi, and they call it that because it comes from the direction of a town that has this name. It blows especially in June, July, and August; it is a great wind and it raises much dust from the dirt there is around the ore-crushing mills. This dries everything out, and the brains and head feel this very much as long as it lasts. There are ordinarily many quarrels and deaths. And everyone's clothing gets very dirty, and for this reason the men do not wear black but rather brown broadcloth. In these three months it tends to snow a lot. And all year, whether there is snow or not, Potosí is greatly blessed in its water, which is always so fresh and so cold, that a man cannot fill himself with water, nor satisfy himself quickly, since his sinuses will ache from the great coldness; and thus it is necessary to rest, because it feels as though one's teeth will fall out; and this is all year, and in any weather. At night the moon is very pretty, and very clear. There is a very faint breeze that goes right through to the bones; and thus one is always in need of clothing, a bed, and food. And the men live quite healthy because they have good supplies of bread and wine and meats; and all that is good they go looking for it in Potosí.

The people are of good understanding; and of 500 men who enter to hear mass, with their brown capes and full of ore dust, the one who knows least knows grammar. And thus, with those brown capes they argue when things are over, because one has a licenciante from Salamanca, another a bachelor's, one an artist and the other a theologian, one a civil lawyer, another of canon law, and physicians. And all together, all are devils in matters of trade, evil in rising up with their holdings these against the others. This is what there is in Potosí, and so on.

Feasts of Potosí, in the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe

The next year, which was [1]601, there arrived the feast of Our Lady, which was on the eighth of September; and the first thing done was to put the image in [the church of] St. Francis, with the solemnity we mentioned before. The town began to come together to celebrate it according to their devotion and done first in the Mercedarian monastery, which celebrates the eighth day of September, the following Sunday which is the infraoctavo of the Nativity, it was celebrated in the monastery of St. Francis in this way:

They said the solemn vespers which filled the choir with all the religious and singers of the main church and fifers, and to the church [came] the corregidor don Pedro de Córdoba Mesía, knight of the habit of Santiago, with all the town council and the whole town. And the vespers being over, a most solemn salve was said with the supplicatory procession that remained in place behind, the image being on a bier in the main chapel, with much majesty with great tapers and

candles in the lamps there. And from the church the corregidor went on horseback with the whole town council and all the rest of the people of the town to the house of chaplain Alonso de Villalobos, who was the master of the ring [tournament], and they went out accompanying him with trumpets and bagpipes and they paraded it through the streets of the villa; and ahead of the master, who went between the corregidor and the town magistrates, there went a young man of good body on a horse, well adorned about the bridle, the same [young man] outfitted with cuirass and back plate and helmet with visor, and in his right hand an unsheathed sword, and the left arm covered by a shield upon which were placed the challenge tercets that follow. And in this order they arrived at the square after having paraded through the streets; and they attached the placard to a canopy that was hung outside the town council building; and later the horsemen had their contest and the master returned to his home; and they lit lanterns and tolled the bells of [the church of] St. Francis and shot off many sky-rockets; and then the whole town went on reciting, until midnight, the verses of the placard:

Challenge placard of in the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe

Between hard-packed snow and white rime ice,
In the coldest and most frozen season,
Which the sun sees, for all the zones it passes,

His brazen force and proud brio
The strong Celinardo wishes to show
In public and honorable challenge.

Not excluding with the brave spirit,
So many who enjoy from the north our pole,
Summer gay and winter brown.

All that sustains, that which merits only
To serve the sublime and excellent lady
Whose light obscures the bright Apollo.

To which the printed word solicits and calls
Those who in the Antarctic regions
Want to win for themselves glorious fame.

To the City of Cusco:

And to those who among the fierce big-eared ones
And the respected Inca, their monarch,
They planted the Hispanic banners.

To the City of Chuquiabo (La Paz):

And to those with the benign mark of peace
The rich Peru whose eternal glory

Did not negate the inexorable fate.

To Chuquisaca and Potosí:

And to those who live where the memory
Of the fertile metal that this mountain engenders
Give name to the city and likewise victory.

To all in the square is the challenge,
To three lances, French or Spanish
In honor of the angelic Mary.

Do not fear the sea for her gathered waves,
Since in order to conquer the honorable prize
It is sufficient, with such favor, your strength alone.

Do not aspire in the dangerous moment
To defend of this excellent Virgin
That which, clearly, is not difficult.

And if the Omnipotent Father should crown
With twelve stars her imperial head,
What glory could useless people give her?

It is greater than the sun her celestial beauty,
More than the white moon her loveliness,
And more than the sun and moon her purity.

If she is the line between which God and the baby [Jesus]
Has its holy seat, it is no use
For him who would try to defend her holiness.

He is not rational the man who does not understand
That being mother of her eternal son
He chose her and he himself defends her.

And thus from happiness and mirth,
To visit us, this beautiful virgin,
The Imperial Villa as selected field.

Here could the one who is her devotee
To celebrate her holy birth
Come guided by such a bright star.

And if in rich La Plata was your intent
To demonstrate gallantry, where they find,

Apollo and Mars, their divine seat.

Who for such feasts is prepared,
Comes to the villa alone in all the world,
That Apollo and Mars should be there, she shall come.

That I defend alone, and without second,
That I deserve to serve her, and that it is owed
This, only to my furious arm.

Here may come he who dares
To put a price on ladies, that his skill
Is who makes him lose it, or who carries it off.

And he who knew to make curious display
Of his valor, and galas in La Plata
Well he missed the occasion, and may come to ours.

That this ring shall only wait
Till the day that Francisco, humble and holy,
Is given the seat that shall destroy Lucifer [que a Luzbel maltrata].

What ladies does it have, who deserve so much,
Potosí that in its garden [prado] they are flowers
As so many covered by the clear silken veil
To whom to give jewels and ask favors.

Prizes of the Ring

To the one of greatest invention, with the greatest subtlety and propriety takes it, he will be given as prize a rich silver fountain.

To the most gallant in body and livery, he will be given as prize a richly gilt silver flask.

To the one who brings the best lyric, according to the invention, most subtle and witty, he will be given as prize a very rich gilt cup.

To the one who best handles the lance, French or Castilian, with all its requirements, he will be given as prize a cut of rich fabric.

Rules of the Ring

The adventurer who does not sign shall not have a set time, and shall look for the unoccupied [moment] that fortune gives him.

No adventurer shall enter without a mask, much less with privilege [fuero] of man of arms.

The adventurers shall not pass through the cloth except at gallop.

To him who drops his piece or loses his stirrup, loses the prize.

The lances perforated and set in holsters [caladas y engargantado] also lose the prize.

No adventurer shall enter the square, with or without invention, without asking license of the judges.

He who wraps a lance with a [promissory] cord, may not go back to the tournament unless the judges give him license so that he may request a lady.

The exempted colors are black and white.

The judges of this ring tournament were don Pedro de Córdoba Mesía, knight of the habit of Santiago, corregidor of Potosí, plus the lieutenant and the two town magistrates.

The next day in the morning they commenced early to say mass, and there were so many people, Indians and Spaniards, that the church of St. Francis seemed like our own in festival season, and the image was in the middle of the chapel within a six-sided tabernacle, the same which covered half a cupola that sat upon six columns, all so adorned and with so much wax that it was set with greater authority than the one in our house [in Guadalupe, Spain] in terms of the wax, because there the image is within a grating upon a small altar and without wax, and in Potosí the whole eight-days' festival [octavario] had twelve huge church candles with twelve large tapers and many ordinary candles, and these burned brightly from the morning until 10 at night, such that only by force could we get the people to leave the church. The hour of high mass arrived, which was celebrated, as he was there in Potosí at this time, the most illustrious lord, the maestro don Alonso Ramírez de Vergara, Bishop of Charcas, the same who celebrated it as pontificate with the authority and majesty that one may appreciate because he was from Estremadura and most devoted to Our Lady of Guadalupe, and thus he asked me to make another image for his city of Chuquisaca for whom the lord bishop made a chapel that cost him more than 30,000 pesos, and there is no better thing in these kingdoms, as so many who come here can affirm.

On this day when there was a mass said by the pontificate there was no sermon, but there was one later, the next day, that I preached, and in it I thanked the townspeople for the great devotion they had for Our Lady, and for how well they served her, and of the hopes they might have for her favor, and I have come to this point as I have put down other notable things, as another one of them, and the most [significant] considering the circumstances of my few studies I put also here the sermon for the glory of Our Lady, and to console those who knew me in Spain, without the depth of knowledge [caudal] for such high ministry, I do not put it here as something of my own but rather as something received by the grace of the most holy Virgin in whose service I was occupied.

The pontifical mass being finished, there entered into the church more than sixty men from Estremadura in a disguise that greatly entertained the townspeople, all of them dressed as Jews

with red soldier's breeches, and they brought a Jewish fiancée and for this they sought out the tallest youth they could find in Potosí, and upon his high-heeled shoes one could see the fiancée from two blocks away. There came four musicians with their guitars ahead of the fiancée, and they sang a couple of tunes with much grace, and next the Jews danced, such that when they were finished, the townsfolk were doubled over with laughter. And later they went to the churchyard and rustled up a little cow and went out through those streets, wandering and gathering many people behind, in particular the Indians who had never seen that disguise.

With this the townspeople went to eat and in the afternoon, at two, things began to pick up again, and all the confraternities came with their crosses and long tapers, and the saints on biers, both the Indians and Spaniards, who are numerous, such that a procession went out as solemn as on the day of Corpus Christi. The streets were strung [with garlands] and there were very rich altars. The image [of Guadalupe] was taken to the square where there was a theatre and there they put on a play of the history of Our Lady herself and her miracles; the same which were represented by some street actors, but very well performed, such that the townsfolk were left with greater devotion; this play was also my own work, and was performed at the start of the festivities celebrated later in Chuquisaca because they also chose to perform there again just as they had in Potosí, [and] anyone who may have a taste for verse may read it.

The play finished, the procession went on, and we returned with the image to [the church of] St. Francis. The sun already being down a salve was said with the proper solemnity as always, the same which was said on all of the eight days, the whole town attending with much devotion, asking that many masses be said, and thus the whole time I was in Potosi I never lacked alms for masses with which I sustained myself, because the alms for each mass is two pesos of cash silver [plata corriente], which is 16 reals; and then on the next day there began the eight-days' festival [octavario], [and] the entire town attended the high mass, the lord bishop and the two town councils, secular and ecclesiastic, and the sermon I preached them on that day is that which follows, leaving aside others that I preached later.

In this order the eight-day's festival [octavario] went on being said, with the greatest solemnity, there being a sermon every day, these being allotted among the best preachers of the orders available, and afterwards each of whom I thanked individually for having occupied themselves in the service of Our Lady, and each one rose to the challenge such that all the sermons were extremely good, because all entailed very learned suppositions, and I, as a disciple of all of them, learned from them so as to preach on the last day of the octavario, such that I was the starter and the finisher. To Her the thanks for all, since with an abundance of grace she worked on the hearts for devotion to her image.

On all eight of these days there were festivities in the square in the afternoon, all very good, with bulls and the game of canes [an equestrian challenge] and a don peroleño [a spinning mannequin struck by riders] with which the costumed folks on horseback entertained themselves. There were good rounds with lances and poniards, and rounds with the people on foot because for each one there was a prize for him who did it best, all of which were distributed after the running of the bulls. There was also a literary joust in which the Most Holy Virgin of Guadalupe they celebrated with many and very curious verses, and to the two best poets they gave the prizes,

such that if I were to put down all the verses, both in Latin and Castilian that there were, a new book would be needed.

In this way they went on celebrating this octavario with much devotion from the townsfolk. And the platforms of the square were left in place, and they went on making many more and new ones and on one side of the square attached to the shades and windows of the town council building a screen was made, with a counter-screen, for the game of the ring. And in the middle of the square they set up a tent of crimson damask where the master of ceremonies remained while the adventurers entered into the square, and the festivities of the ring commenced on the assigned day, which was that of our father St. Jerome. That day they sent me to preach as if for a feast for our Glorious Father himself, and thus I agreed and preached the evangel *vos estis sal terrae*, and that which I lacked in grace was substituted by the devotion and pleasure with which they listened to me in Potosí; as on the day I preached the church was quite respectable with all the noble people of the imperial villa, of which there are many, and of very good understanding; and thus with their communication I went little by little polishing mine. The festivities lasted until the day of the seraphic father St. Francis, patriarch of the poor. The order in which the festivities took place was the following, and I will put down all of them because, most certainly, there were on those days things worthy of putting to memory and that in any part of Spain would have seemed well.

Later, at about two in the afternoon that same day of our Most Holy Father, there climbed onto the stage the judges of the [contest of the] ring, who were don Pedro de Córdoba Mesía, knight of the habit of Santiago, corregidor of Potosí; the general don Juan de Mendoza, the lieutenant and two town magistrates, among whom I [also] had a seat that day, so as to be close to the image and the display cabinet that was there, set up to place together all the curious works of silver and gold there were in Potosí, and which had been taken out of the merchants' stores, all the silks, fine fabrics, and rich cuts there were. They placed there corsets with ambergris, many bars of silver, and [silver] 'pinecones,' such that what was in the cabinet that day was appraised at 200,000 ducats, because this villa is the wonder of the world. Later the lord bishop was seated on a balcony where they had placed his chair, and with him were all the prelates of the orders and the clerics and friars seated in good order along some stands in the square. And the judges' platform was connected to another large one, upon which were all the ladies and ranking women of Potosí.

And later, once the townsfolk quieted down, a clarinet was played at the opening of one street, and the master of ceremonies entered the square with his godfather, and in front of them there entered two horses covered with drapes of damask, white and blue, which was the color the master of ceremonies took off behind these two horses that carried them so skillfully, and there entered 12 lackeys with the same outfit of white and blue damask and later the master of ceremonies with his godfather on white horses which for the occasion they searched out so that painters could apply blue patches so that they would match the outfits; and the master of ceremonies took up a long cape of blue velvet with slits of white, and on the blue fields of the silver harnesses was the name of Mary in white letters, and on the white fields, in blue letters. In the middle of the breast as a badge was a painted image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the hat blue, with its medal a Mary, with letters topped by a crown, and the horses' plumes and the feathers of the hats white and blue, and afterwards 24 pages with the same outfits of white and blue damask

such that it delighted the whole square and they circled all the way around it without doffing the hat to anyone until they reached the place where the image was and a curtain was dropped and the bagpipes played and [the master] doffed his hat before his lady and went on to his tent where he dismounted to await the adventurers who were to enter; the placard he carried said:

In my lady, although brown,
So much beauty she encompasses,
That she holds up both heaven and earth

These verses were done this way because that which the master of ceremonies was defending was that the Most Holy Virgin was the most beautiful, most lovely, and prettiest lady, and the most perfect creature outside her son, and the one who garnered the most interest of all the many there might be in heaven and on earth; and against this there were most gallant thoughts as will be seen in the discussion of the festivities that I am putting down here in the order in which they took place.

Later, as the master of ceremonies had dismounted in his tent and set up the shield on one side of it (on which was painted the image of Guadalupe on a blue background in the form of the heavens for half, and the other half like the sea, and on the half that looked like heaven there was a star and in writing below, in the sea, *stela maris*, and all around the shield as trimming was lettering that said *Regina omnius culmina coelli benet*; then they began to play the clarinets and make the call to battle; and afterwards there responded from the mouth of a street a couplet of bagpipes that came on a triumphal cart pulled by four horses, which came whipped by a savage; the car was all green and woody with many arches of ivy, and it is worth noting that within twelve leagues of Potosí there is not a single green branch. Between the arches there were twelve men and boys dressed as women and as savages, with all the best ornaments they could find, all with instruments in hand: violas, guitars, zithers, harps, and rebecs [rabel, pastoral instrument], and other instruments, all of them sang from the four corners of the square as they went, making rounds, four admirable tunes, with great dexterity and gracefulness of voices which they had, and good ones. What they sang were lyrics of love for the divine, since the adventurer who was entering was called the Cavalier of Divine Love. There entered later, behind the musical cart, four ladies on four tame horses fully caparisoned with velvet and with silver saddles, and seated, dressed in different colors according to what each one signified, with full flowing tunics [sayas] so rich, with so many jewels of gold and stones, and so many trappings of extraordinary ornaments that the story would never end if I were to specify in particular that which each one of these ladies carried. They carried from the reins to the tame horses some satirical half-bodied horses and jutting out were the heads and breast, and what these four women represented was mercy, justice, peace, and truth, each one holding in hand the insignia of the one she represented and by lettering that covered their arms in some white ribbons tied to the arms and on these was written that verse of the psalm *miser cordia et veritas ovia verunt sibi justitia et pax osculatae sunt*. Later there entered the Cavalier of Divine Love with his second, the same who wore as his cuirass, painted on the breast, a pelican spreading its wings and sustaining its little ones with its very own blood, which is a symbol of love, and the lettering said:

First the divine love
Who in God himself is sheltered

Was cause for our life

This lettering was in this fashion against that of the master of ceremonies who defended [the position] that the Virgin had caused greater effects in God than any other thing, and the Cavalier of Divine Love said that divine attribute was what moved God toward the redemption of the human lineage, and that it was the primary cause, and the Virgin secondary, and that thus the glory of redemption should rather go first to Divine Love than to the Virgin, which was a very gallant way of thinking. The outfit with which he entered the square was most admirably good because he came in dressed in the Roman fashion, the arms and legs naked, and on the feet some sandals with very rich pearls, the cuirasses and all those hanging flaps were of a silver cloth finely interwoven with purple silk, and on his breeches were the little slits and out of them fell gold leaf, such that when this cavalier ran, the little slits in his trousers were squeezed, and all along the raceway the townsfolk remained collecting the bits of gold leaf, and this was done to enhance the wonder. He went out crowned in laurel, and with a staff in hand, and the godfather took out a vaquero of blue velvet with braided hem of gold and silver, which shone brightly. There entered the lackeys and pages of the Cavalier of Divine Love in outfits of purple so as to match with the thoughts of love. This shone so, and the musical car so animated the square, that they said that the entry of this cavalier alone sufficed for the festivities of that day had there not been so many others. Then the master of ceremonies went out from his tent and mounted his horse and the godfather took up the lance and came to the site of the screen, and likewise the Cavalier of Divine Love, after the judges gave him license to run the race, and this with so much music of bagpipes and clarinets that came in with the cavaliers, that the whole plaza was gladdened with so much rejoicing that it seemed that Our Lady was moving it all, and in particular that she made the day, and the afternoon, gray, and without sun, such that it seemed that we had an awning placed over us, and it is certain that Our Lady placed it across the sky. Because ordinarily, in that season, there is most awful weather. In the end they ran their three lances, each one, and well did the master of ceremonies fill his prize, which was a rich cut [of cloth] that cost 70 pesos, plus two cushions of blue velvet worth 100 pesos, such that the Cavalier of Divine Love lost in those three runs of the lance 170 pesos, for which he paid later with a pledge of gold, left with the judges by this Cavalier of the Divine Love. They gave him the prize of gallantry, which was a very rich gilt silver decanter, because his Roman outfit shone so, and the display so extremely good because he wore the cuirass of silver cloth and the breeches of gold leaf in which he expended two pounds of gold dust that he bought to make the little slits, costing him 400 pesos. This was the alderman Juan Díaz de Talavera, and Captain Merlo his godfather, men with estates worth more than 100,000 ducats.

Later, this Cavalier of Divine Love having finished his run, a great music was heard at the door of the main church and there entered by way of the churchyard a great mass of people all dressed in the habits of priests, and there came down into the plaza from the churchyard some seventy mules, all caparisoned, and those mounted upon them all covered with surplices, such that there remained no cleric's outfit nor mule that was not brought out, and the more there were, the more they kept coming, all of whom accompanied a cavalier who was entitled Cavalier of the Church, and that one carried the prize of the lyric, which was a very rich gilt silver cup that cost 25 pesos per mark [1/2 lb.] to work, because the thought was very subtle and in which he reared his horse much. He carried as emblem the Church, which was a painted body: the legs made up of virgins

and confessors, the trunk of martyrs, the shoulders the apostles, prophets, and patriarchs; the neck the Virgin, and the head, Christ; and the lettering said:

It is my Lady in the head,
Much more beautiful and lovely,
Than that which is mother and damsel.

The thought of this lyric was most elevated, and thus it was given the prize later, because the preference Christ gives to his mother is well known; and as the head of the Church is Christ there was no doubt about giving it the prize, and thus it was judged to be his lady in that body part of greater perfection than the Most Holy Virgin. Behind all who entered on caparisoned mules, there entered four evangelists on four horses and they in apostolic garb with diadems on their heads and in the middle of the four evangelists a very pretty boy dresses as a woman with his hair down, atop a tame horse with caparison of crimson velvet and a silver side-saddle. The finery, the jewels, the pearls, the precious stones, dress, and adornment the boy who represented the Church carried was such a sum that there is no way to estimate that which he had on for this occasion because they searched out all the significant things they could find among all the ladies of Potosi, [and] from the four arms of the side-saddle upon which the boy rode there came out four large silk ribbons which were held in the hands of the four evangelists who carried the Church in the middle, and behind the four evangelists there entered the four doctors of the Church, each one dressed according to the dignity he had, the bishops with miters and the popes with tiaras, and he who represented our father St. Jerome with a cardinal's hat, and the caparison of the mule of cochineal, the same which the lackeys carried on their shoulders, with so many lackeys and pages as they could muster in Rome, behind the four doctors there entered the Cavalier of the Church with his second dressed in red, with his ponytail covered in brocade and crimson velvet, so brilliant with so many pages and lackeys that this Cavalier of the Church alone brought 200 people on foot and on horseback, with such great order and coordination, that many men who had found themselves in many parts of the world and among great festivities, affirmed that they had never seen anything like it. At the moment when they were set to run the lances there entered by another street on the plaza a demon on horseback, so dexterous that they appeared of one body, with a letter in hand and blowing a cornet like a mailman. The lord bishop ordered the Cavalier of the Church to suspend the running of the lances until he could find out what news that demon brought, and what the letter contained, the same arriving near the judges and he gave it to him and awaited a reply, and the tenor of the letter was as follows, the same which was read in a loud voice so that the bishop and the rest of the prelates and theologians would hear it, in order to respond to it.

Letter brought by the demon:

From the dark dungeon of these infernal caverns (where I have my royal throne of torment, with the nobility of the angelic nature that descended with me, in the middle of the Stygian lake, burning with live flames of sulfur, incited by the great fire of envy), there has now arrived news of such novelty that I am obliged to leave that fiery cavern: and it is that a cavalier who bears the title of the Church is there in that square to run at lances in the competition with Mary. And since the Church is running against the jewel and most principal member of her body, thus could a prince like myself defend on this occasion Proserpina [taken by Pluto], since to her alone must

the vassalage of beauty and loveliness be given. By force of arms may this be made manifest to the world, giving me license as judges, that I may appear in this square with my people. -- dated in this instant [deck?] of the boat of Charon, last of September, day of the bearded Jerome, year 1601. -- The Prince of Tartary [Hell].

After reading it, the judges formed an opinion with the bishop and the theologians present about how they had to respond; and with the joint opinion of all, the judges took ink and paper and responded with the following arguments:

-- Your letter we receive, Prince of Darkness, in which we have seen demonstrated your ancient arrogance and how you and those of your kingdom are authors of falsehood. You lie in the report of the Cavalier of the Church, because although it is true that he is in the square to run at lances, the intention and resolution he brings, according to his device, is not in competition with Mary, nor against her, but rather for her honor and glory, and so as to make her festivities more merry, which is all that act is. This would be still greater should your haughty pride be crushed, with humility for our Great Queen, with whose favor we do not fear your arrogance. And thus we give you license so that you may enter into the square at five in the afternoon, with the requirement that we make of you, in the name of Jesus Christ and of his Mother, that you shall not do damage in the square; and in a way that all may recognize you, and that you not return transformed into an angel of light. - dated in Potosí, on the 30th of September of the year 1601. -- The Judges.

This reply the demon took and off he went with the same nimbleness with which he entered; and as he was exiting the square he went tossing many broadsides to the people with this lyric on them:

The Prince of Tartary, who of sulfur
Sustains himself in the dark cavern,
Will present himself at half past five
And he thanks those that up to there shall suffer.

After the demon left the square and took the reply, it became unclear if the Cavalier of the Church would be able to run, contemplating the words of the letter from the Prince of Tartary that said:

Against the jewel and most principal member of its body.

The lord bishop said that if the master of ceremonies would defend that the image of Guadalupe was the most perfect image of all, that he could indeed run, because the image of the Church was the most perfect, and that it served Christ with the greatest number of merits and not the Virgin, leaving aside the prerogatives of the Virgin as a singular person. I responded that the master of ceremonies defended nothing less than the Queen of the Angels, represented in the image of Guadalupe, she was the creature of greatest perfection ever; and with regard to creatures, Christ was always the exception, and thus this was not treating of the head of the Church, but rather making up the entire body, but leaving aside the principal part which was the head; but with such there could be no competition, and for the rest it was not just that they go against the main member of all its body which is the neck, whose place the Virgin held. The judges remitted this

business until the lord bishop and the rest of the theologians spoke. And thus it was determined that they would offer a prize to whomever could run the best of three lances, dropping all competition and leaving aside the ideas brought forth; as they had already won the prize for the lyric which was a meditation of the highest order. And thus they ran for some cuts of very fine cloth, plus an amber corset. The master of ceremonies won at lances and gave the prizes to the ladies. As the Cavalier of the Church had finished running, he left, and the master of ceremonies retired to his tent to take lunch. And since the people of the square and up in the windows began to do the same, there began to go out from the master of ceremonies' tent the bagpipers piping and behind them the second, on foot, which was Capt. Martín de Gárnica; and behind him were eighteen pages, all in costume, with eighteen large silver platters, full of food, and behind them another 36 platters, which were carried by pages and lackeys, all in costume, piled with very good food, confections, slivered almonds, marzipan, and sugar-crusted pumpkin and citron. Of the sixteen platters that went in front they gave six to the judges, who were alone on one stage, and the other twelve they lifted up to the bishop's window, where he was with his prelates of the religious orders; and he took his food and sent the rest to his clerics, who were below. The 36 platters they gave to the ladies, who were all on one platform that took up a whole bolt of linen's worth of the square, where there were assembled all ladies and principal people of Potosí; and for each two ladies they gave a platter, such that the guardsmen were their guardsmen, and they took home prizes and food and they said that they ought to have those festivities every day. And thus the townsfolk demonstrated great merriment and contentment. And just as the lunch was finished, at the mouth of one of the streets they fired two pieces of artillery and many sulfurous sky rockets, such that it seemed like nothing less than the earth trembled. And then there entered into the square many demons on very swift horses, all with black clothes and flames of fire, the same which came accompanied by a cavalier in between them dressed in a Turkish outfit, with Moorish cape and turban who was said to be Mohammed, brought by the Prince of Tartary as his second, because the hood of Guadalupe, as the demons called it, took out the captives from his lands, and for this reason he was brought as second. There then came out from amid that artillery smoke a triumphal car, which was pulled by four dragons, which were being whipped by a demon, and above the seat where this demon whipping the dragons rode, there came a mouth of hell, out of which there spewed from time to time a huge flame. On top of the car, at the four corners, there came four statues of four famous heretics who wrote against the virginity of Our Lady, Justino [Giovano di Roma], Sabelius [Elvidio di Milano], and the rest. In the center of the car, a drapery of mourning; and, set alongside, two chairs: on the one on the right hand side there came seated Proserpina, her face and hands very white and beautiful, her hair black, and the veil on her head black striped with gold and from mid-body downward as a serpent with its tail wrapping around the car and holding in its grip the statues of the heretics. On the chair to the left side there came seated the Tartary prince, dressed like a tortoise; with wings and tail, winding around in his black locks some serpents; his beard long and black, and in his right hand a mace with so many flying fireworks that the whole time he went around the square he was emitting rockets that went into the sky. And thus as they reached the image a curtain came up and covered it, and he passed by without paying homage to her, and he went on ahead until he passed the counter-screen. He carried as device, on his shield, a painted image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and below, at her feet, there was painted a serpent that represented Proserpina; and in the middle there ran a label that said *inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem* [I shall create enmity between thee and the woman] and as orla of the shield, a verse on a black background, with large black letters, that went around the entire shield, saying:

The 'a-b-c' is reversed;
As the 'M' is before
And the 'L' comes after.

This verse was meant to show that the celebration of the name of Mary came against the opinion of Lucifer, whom that feast contradicted, and that he had only come out of his infernal caverns to revive the ancient hatreds that had existed between serpent and woman, and thus he placed the Latin verse mentioned before at the feet of the image of Guadalupe. This shield was placed in the tent of the master of ceremonies; and later a clarinet was played in the same tent, and the bagpipes responded, and out came the master of ceremonies, and he pulled the veil off the image. And then there came the Prince of Tartary's second, with all those demons, and they came shouting this verse:

That which Mary in heaven
Raises up, upholds, and elevates,
Does not reach my Proserpina
Covered in black veil.

And Mohammad, the second, placing himself before the judges, requested the field, and in response it was conceded to him, and that he should signal for what price the Prince of Tartary wished to run. He responded, 'The whole world.' The judges replied that the whole world was not his, and that since he was not the lord of it he could not set that price; and that he should set another. The prince responded from his car that since the master of ceremonies was defending that Maria was the most lovely lady, the most beautiful, most comely, discreet and perfect among all creatures, then he would defend the opposite, that all that which heaven had could not reach the beauty of his Proserpina, and that the price, with interest, would be that he who was defeated would remain prisoner of the lady of his opponent. The master of ceremonies' second responded that the contest would be allowed. And then the demons went and lowered the Prince of Tartary from his car and mounted him on a horse. And then the bagpipes sounded and the master of ceremonies ran and he took the ring, something not done throughout the whole afternoon; and there occurred something that seemed to all miraculous: he did the same the second and third tries, such that all three times he took the ring with his lance; and thus the lord bishop ordered it put down by scribe's decree in the form of an oath certifying the sentence pronounced by the judges. And thus by force of arms and by law, the most Holy Virgin remained victorious, as it seemed that she permitted even in those silly games, that the master of ceremonies would take the ring three times in a row, when no one had been able to do it all afternoon.

The lances run by the Prince of Tartary were all three of fireworks, such that the lance was hollow and filled with powder and rockets; and the fire so measured that when it began to split it began to spit fire, and when it arrived at the ring it shot out three or four thundering rockets and turned entirely into fire. Later there arrived both seconds to await the judgment, and as the master of ceremonies had taken the ring three times, and the lances of the Prince of Tartary had been lost, the Prince of Tartary was sentenced to remain prisoner of the Virgin; and the sentence proclaimed was the following:

'In the Imperial Villa of Potosí, of the Kingdoms of Peru, on the 30th day of the month of September of the year 1601, we find that according to the rules of the ring, we must declare and do declare the Prince of Tartary as prisoner of the most serene queen of the angels, the Virgin Mary, Our Lady, who is represented in the image of Guadalupe; for not having run, the Prince of Tartary, with all the legal requirements of a man at arms; and the lances, both French and Castilian, with which he ran, have been perforated, without having kept the order and sequence of the lances from taking them out of their holders and having lost them, for not remaining with a lance in hand in order to return it to its holder, as all of them turned to fire. And also for the master of ceremonies having taken the ring with such grace, we must condemn the said Tartar Prince to be removed from his horse and a chain attached to his neck, and his feet bound to the image of Guadalupe; the same which shall be done without disappearing from the square, in the name of Jesus Christ, under penalty of his disgrace and besides the intense fire of hell.' And the judges signed their names.

Then as the Tartary Prince heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced he fell from his horse, and Mohammad and all the remaining demons departed on their horses with amazing agility; and the triumphal car began to shoot off so many rockets and spew so much smoke that the serpents coming out of the statues of the heretics and from that of Proserpina all turned into fire, and in such a way that in a quarter of an hour there was not a moment when the rockets ceased going off, and we could not see each other amid the smoke, nor could we hear each other, as the noise was so great that it seemed like nothing less than all hell in the square, as they certified [later] that two hundredweight of powder in fireworks had been brought in; and flying out it seemed like a thing from hell itself. The fire over, all that machinery of the car was left destroyed and turned into ash, as if nothing at all had entered the square. The master of ceremonies' second, once the fire and smoke had ceased, and the clarinets and bagpipes sounding, took off his spurs and took a chain from the jail and placed it around the neck of the Prince of Tartary, and made him climb up onto the stage where the image of the Our Lady was and tied it to his feet. And then they brought the shield of the Tartary Prince that was fixed to the tent of the master of ceremonies and seeing that its lettering said *inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem*, we took off that insignia and broke it to pieces, and put up another that said *ipsa conteret caput tuum* [She herself will crush your head]. To this Prince of Tartary was given a large and very rich silver platter, weighing 25 marks of well wrought silver, as prize for his invention, which was admirably good and very costly, and all so timely as to cause great pleasure. He remained tied by his feet to the image until the night we carried her in procession to [the church of] St. Francis, and he went in front, with his chain around his neck; and there at the door of the church, he mounted a horse and left with the remaining demons who were waiting for him at the entrance to a street. This was so enjoyable that I have not been able to recount it as well as it appeared.

Later, from another street, there entered a cavalier bearing the title 'Savage of Tarapaya,' all dressed in moss from trees, the same which had been brought to Potosí from sixteen leagues away. There entered with him more than two dozen savages, all of whom came with maces in their hands and dressed in that moss, which was something to see, as they really seemed like wild men. In the middle they came with a huge rock outcropping, and inside it a horse and cavalier who represented the Inca, monarch and king of those Indians. The rock came constructed in such a way of hoops and mesh that not a thing could be seen of horse or rider. It came along in between the savages, and as the horse went walking along it carried the great rock,

going along with an armature, and draped with painted cloths and papier-maché, with some folds resembling a rock outcrop, along with some grass placed in certain parts such that it really looked like an outcrop; and all the savages surrounding it as it made its way around the square tossing proclamations. And the lettering said:

There comes within this rock,
In the middle of its hardness,
Our ignorance and coarseness.

This they said because there came there inside their king, as he and they both had lived like savages, in ignorance of the true law, the serpent having deceived them. And likewise the Incas have in their old coats of arms a snake.

Behind the savages there went following after the rock a very large dragon with wings that was so well constructed that the legs of those who went along inside carrying it truly seemed to be the legs of the dragon. It carried along the inside part, by the flanks, some great beef tripes, like intestines full of blood; and they went along announcing that that rock was enchanted and that from it there had to emerge a cavalier who in honor of the Virgin had to run at lances, and that this could not come about were it not for a lady so wise as to break that spell and free that cavalier who came inside. And having gone about the square they all stopped with that rock outcropping in the middle of the whole square, where everyone could see and enjoy it; and the savages placed the heads of their maces on the ground and waited for a short space of time, and then there entered the square by another street a multitude of Indians of all the costumes and lineages [ayllus] and provinces found in Potosí. They carried in front of them a standard they use, which is a long staff with some feathers all the way down in the manner of fletching on an arrow and on top the image of the sun who is the god they adored. These Indians came dressed in their native costumes and with so many feathers that it was a marvelous thing to see. They came playing the instruments that each nation used to play. Behind them came a lady in Spanish dress on a groom's horse with a caparison of cumbe in a thousand colors of the finest wool and a great silver saddle. And all the savages upon reaching the rock outcrop they raised their maces on high and the Indians came calling it to release their king from that enchantment, and begging for it in their language with great anguish. She responded that she could not do that unless they tore down that standard of the sun and set in its place that cross; the same which the Indians then did and the lady arrived at the rock and with the same cross gave it three strikes in the name of the most Holy Trinity. And at that moment it ignited with much fire and with so many skyrockets that it seemed twice as large, and little less than that of the Prince of Tartary's hell; and the whole rock went up in flames and there remained in the middle the horse, and on top of him the Inca, with the very same outfit he had worn, which was something to see. The lady took the image of the sun and threw it in the fire, and as the Inca saw the lady, he dismounted from his horse in order to kneel down before the feet of the Faith and adore her, and at the moment that he was going to put his feet on the ground there arrived the dragon who had been behind, and opened its mouth and swallowed him up, and then the Indians raised a great ruckus and voices, as if it burdened them greatly that their king had been freed from that enchantment and of that spell and danger in which he had been, and now another worse one had happened, which was to remain trapped in the bowels of that dragon and demon, who had impeded him from converting to the faith that he had begun to believe. And they went a second time circling around the square with

the dragon, pleading that if there were but one cavalier who would dare to fight with that dragon and free their king. The lady counseled them that if they did not entirely give up their adoration for Apollo, and adore instead that star who was in her place in the square, who was the Most Holy Virgin, that there would be no means by which their king would be freed; and that they should plead with her, that she send people to fight with the dragon.

And later there arrived the savages and Indians and they went down on their knees in front of the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe; and they being thus, there sounded from the mouth of a street some trumpets, as if from people on horseback in full march, and there entered into the square a dozen men at arms, all with breastplates, back-plates, and morion helmets, with such elegant plumes that it caused great contentment to see them; the same which came accompanying a cavalier who bore lance and shield, the latter representing the preaching [of the gospel]; and he carried a lance to wound with the divine word, which cuts more than any knife, with its two edges, as per the Apocalypsis, and the shield to parry the arguments of the heretics and of barbarous nations. The men at arms that accompanied him represented the power of Spain. Then the Indians and savages made a wheel and in the middle they had the dragon, and the men at arms formed a small squadron on one side of the square and the cavalier went after the dragon, and the dragon turned about with such agility, and the horse was so well trained, that he fought with it for a quarter of an hour, with such gallantry that the people were held in total suspense; and those who were inside the dragon swung its tail about with such swiftness that it struck the horse with great blows. And the cavalier so agile that upon one foot or one hoof he turned the horse about three or four times, and gave a leap from one place to another with such lightness and dexterity that although fighting until now he did not tire. And from each blow and thrust of the lance that was given to the serpent along those flanks, there flowed out so much blood from the tripe that were covered there that the whole ground was painted with it, and at times it yielded great spurts of blood, that a real dragon it seemed to be, up until finally tired it collapsed on its side on the ground, and the cavalier dismounted, and with a blade he pulled from his waistband he opened its breast. And he pulled out the Inca who seemed to emerge from the very entrails, his face so dumbstruck that it caused admiration; and he embraced the 'preaching' that had liberated him and he took him for his second in those festivals, and they put him back on a horse and accompanying him were the savages and Indians. They went circling around the square with the Inca, who carried many things to contemplate, both for his dress and for his arms and insignias of all the Incas that he bore on his shield. They went tossing many broadsides and the lettering on them said:

For this clear star
Which we have seen in our pole,
I cease to adore Apollo.

This lettering was of this variety since the devotion that the Indians reserved for Our Lady of Guadalupe was so great that they called her the Great Chapetona, which was to say, the New Lady in the Land. And seeing that the Spaniards celebrated her with so many festivities, they said that that lady was the most beautiful of all; and they entrusted themselves to her and brought her their sick, and placed them before her, and they received from Our Lady great favors. And so all those Indians and savages went on to reach the screen with the Inca, their king, whom they titled the Savage of Tarapaya. And they gave him a lance, and that cavalier who had freed him

from the dragon he made second; and they ran very well, such that it was necessary after having run three lances each, they were ordered to run two more since they were nearly equal in the previous ones, so much so that the master of ceremonies could not distinguish them. And in the two final ones, the Inca won, and thus he was given the prize, which was fourteen yards of spade velvet and some ambergris gloves. And the Indians remained quite contented to see that their king took the prize, and they celebrated much.

The cavalier was a good horseman, and thus did this all very well, and the invention he brought was quite ingenious and gave great pleasure for the great variety of things it had, such as the enchanted rock and the dragon swallowing the Inca, and the outcropping going up in flames and leaving the man on horseback in the middle, as if he had emerged from the entrails of the stone; and later the fighting with the dragon, which was done with such grace, spewing so much blood from the wounds that that whole area of the square was left looking like a bull had been killed and disemboweled. And afterwards they went with a cable dragging the serpent, and they removed it from the square; all with such cleverness that the dragon seemed to be of nothing if not flesh and bone, as it was so well painted and composed. And thus was ended this invention.

These four contrivances were the best of the lot, and for this reason I have put them down here, recounting in particular that which was most curious about each, and although there were many other challengers, some did not bring contrivances, and others were not as built-up as those I have mentioned. And thus I leave them so as not to tire too much, and because from that which I have said up to now one may take a fair impression of the whole fiesta together; and there were, for certain, so many things that in any part of the world would have seemed well. All of which I worked up and put in order, speaking up and urging on these and others so that they might serve Our Lady of Guadalupe; and all to establish her cult, and so that after I left they would carry on with it every year, in their way, this same procession. And the alms to be requested, and each day they are more and thus they shall be, because I left there named with the title of majordomos three councilmen [regidores], who call for alms every Saturday, and they are: Diego de Alviz, owner of mines and mills, a very rich man; and of the twenty-fours [town council members] Juan Díaz de Talavera and Martin Perez de Gallate, very rich and honorable men; and there is not a single Saturday when I was there that their call for alms did not yield less than twenty pesos of current silver. And thus, with these images I left in Potosí and in all the remaining villages of the Indies as a perpetual rent for the house of Guadalupe, since all the alms they collect are for Spain, in accordance with the documents I left regarding this matter.